



PALMERSTON NORTH TRAMPING AND MOUNTAINEERING CLUB INC.

P.O. BOX 1217
PALMERSTON NORTH
NEWSLETTER

March 1992 Edition

Gear Custodian

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ALL TRIPS LEAVE FROM THE FOODTOWN CAR PARK IN FERGUSON STREET. IF YOU WANT TO GO 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.

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.

The PNTMC committee meets on the first Thursday of each month, at 436 College Street. 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.

TRIP LIST

MARCH

Date	Trip	Grade	Leader	Phone
<u>March 1</u>	Sunday Day trip opportunity?			
<u>March 7</u>	Mangaweka	Med	Chris Saunders	358-4899
<u>March 7-8</u>	Mitre	Easy/Med	Mike Johns	355-2162
<u>March 7-8</u>	Ruapehu	Technical	Tony Gates	357-0990
<u>March 14</u>	Atene Walkway	Med	John Barkla	06343-6022
<u>March 14-15</u>	Cattle Creek-Pohongina	Med/Fit	Paul Scheyvens	357-4338
<u>March 22</u>	Stanfield Hut	Easy	Mike Johns	355-2162
<u>March 28-29</u>	Parks Peak	Med	Mary Crow	329-0749

Club Nights 12th and 26th

APRIL

Date	Trip	Grade	Leader	Phone
<u>APRIL 4</u>	South Makaretu	Easy/Med	Perry Hicks	355-1393
<u>APRIL 4-5</u>	Waitewaewae Plus	Med	Mick Leyland	358-3183
<u>APRIL 11</u>	Ngamoko Biv / Loop	Fit	Daryl Rowan	356-4655
<u>APRIL 12</u>	Rangi	Easy	Sue & Lawson	357-3033
<u>APRIL 11-12</u>	Irongates	Easy	Dave Orbell	323-5145
<u>Easter</u>	Day Trips	Easy/Med	Tricia Eder	357-0122
<u>APRIL 17-20</u>	Otaki River	Med/Fit	Tony Gates	357-0990
<u>APRIL 17-20</u>	South Island	Med/Fit	Peter Wiles	358-6894
<u>APRIL 26</u>	Tukituki River	Easy/Med	Kevin Pearce	357-0217
<u>APRIL 25-26</u>	Moorcock-Longview-Howletts (with BushTC)	Fit	Brenton Shepherd	06-376-8474

Club Nights 16th and 30th

EDITORIAL

Many thanks are owed to all contributors of this fine newsletter. The last two have been 12 pages of great writing, and this edition should be a similar length. Keep up the great work all you contributors, and to all you readers, enjoy this edition.

Heaps of good tramps have gone these last few weeks, to many of the traditional spots, and a few places further afield. Read on for details. Summer brought the usual mixed bag of conditions, and as usual, mixed types of tramps. It is really nice to be in the hills with long daylight hours, warm weather, and river travel that is not too bad. Keep in touch with the club and trip leaders for details on the exciting programme of future tramps.

Tony Gates presented the first club evening of 1992 with tales and colour slides of skiing in deep powder snow off-piste in Argentina. The ubiquitous Don French, our beloved ex P.N.T.M.C. treasurer, gave us a stunning slide show the other day, of the N.Z.A.C. centennial expedition of 1991 to the peaks of "good" and "evil", in Kulu, northern India. There were 18 expedition members, of whom 7 gained mountain summits. Some lovely photos, and tales of mountaineering problems such as bureaucracy and avalanches. Tragically, Roger Redmayne, an ex P.N.T.M.C. member, fell to his death. P.N.T.M.C. is indeed lucky to have such excellent slide shows. Don was ably supported by Peter Barnes and Darryl Steel.

THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMME

MARCH

MARCH 12 Club Night

- Tony Gates and Brad Owen talking about the Christmas tramp - canoe trip to Lake Waikaremoana.
- Derek Sharp and Peter Wiles, on mountaineering in the Ahuriri Valley of South Canterbury, also a Christmas trip.
- Lyndon Badcoe, on Tramping in Fiordland Wilderness.
- Paul Scheyvens, on deer hunting in the Ruahines (leatherwood?).

MARCH 26 A. G. M., President's shout

How else can you be attracted to this auspicious occasion? It's really not boring, in fact the A.G.M. can be entertaining. It is an important Club evening, so think about supporting your Club, and assisting if you can.

Danny Bernstein, from New Jersey, will be showing slides and talking on tramping in the Appalachian Mountains of U. S. A.

Supper then to be served.

APRIL

APRIL 16 Dave Crawford and Peter Gates "The Olivines".

Dave recently led a trans-alpine trip to this remote corner of the Southern Alps, climbing most of the peaks around the Olivine Ice Plateau, Mt Aspiring National Park. They traversed several of the most rugged valleys in the area, then exited at the Matukituki. Some continued, to climb Mt Aspiring. A professional presentation.

APRIL 30 Dennis Moore "Chinwag evening"

Dennis is a foundation member of P.N.T.M.C., and has many stories to tell of Club activities in the early days. Featured are tales and pickies of the old Rangī hut, track, and bridge (remember?). He has to be heard to be believed!

MAY

MAY 14 Marcel Hollenstein, on cattle farming the North Island high country. In fact on the foothills of our favourite Ruahine Ranges. Marcel sacrifices weekend tramps to chase sheep and cattle over the hills. At least that keeps him fit! Should be a good talk.

MAY 28 P.N.T.M.C. slides, of Easter trips and others.

Members' opportunity to show the best they have (or save them for the Photo Competition next month). Details next month.

JUNE

JUNE 11 Photo Competition

This annual competition will be judged as usual by John Clelland in his regular democratic manner, i.e. you, the members and participants, do part of the judging. Start considering your contributions early. Sections and rules to be published later. This evening is always well delivered and received. Not to be missed.

JUNE 25 Mike Hewett

Skiing in North America. Just to get you in the mood for winter. Bit different to skiing at Rangī. Mike toured and skied in many states while we were enjoying the Southern Hemisphere summer.

Also, we will try to arrange some re runs of previous well received speakers, and there is the annual Debate, Quiz, and snowcraft lecture to consider.

Other speakers that may be presenting talks;

- Snowcraft lecture
- Vaughn Keesing
- Trevor Meyle
- Karen Thomason

NOTICES

Annual General Meeting

The Annual General Meeting will be held on the Club night of 26th March. Please focus your thoughts towards how you want the Club to be run and what activities you want from it. Please make an effort to attend. Please send apologies to Brad Owen or to a member who will be attending.

National "Walk-a-K-a-day" week

March 21 - 29 is national "Walk-a-K-a-day" week. It's not too early to start thinking about plans for this week. So dust off your boots, shoes or whatever and think about going for a walk with a friend or a group. Hope the weather is conducive for a good walk this week.

Climbing Wall Update

Progress is being made and I understand completion is at hand.

Giardia Update

A quote from some material from the Health Department that came to hand helps to put the issue in context: 'It has been estimated that a minimum of 10 cysts are needed to infect a person, and some stream water tested in New Zealand showed around 10 cysts per 100 litres.' Therefore unless you have a truly enormous thirst or the supply is very heavily contaminated, the water supply should not be a problem as a rule.

Update on DOC's Tararua Forest Park Development Plans

I quote from their news sheet.

'Huts in the park will be rationalized with the removal of six, and the relocation or replacement of four. Huts to be removed include Old Totara Flats, Waiotauru, North Ohau Bivy, Dobsons, Edwards Shelter and Tarn Ridge. Huts to be shifted to a better location include Dorset Ridge (to Tarn Ridge), Renata (to Renata Ridge, Nicholls (to Dracophyllum area). The Cattle Ridge hut and seven bivouacs will be retained for wild animal control by recreational hunters. There are three huts scheduled for minimal maintenance, with eventual removal (Sawyers, Blue Range and Ohau Shelter). Avalanche Flats Hut will be removed but a better located hut will be sited in the Mangahao Valley. The future of the

Harris Creek Hut will be reviewed.' (*This is great but DOC do not mention over what time frame these changes will be implemented - ed.*)

'A new track linking the Rimutaka Summit Track with the lower Tauherenikau River and Underhill Road is to be developed, and is the only planned addition to the track network.

Three areas have been designated suitable for intensive recreational development. The work at Otaki Forks and Holdsworth has been completed while the Waiohine Gorge work should be finished by the end of this summer.' (If anyone gets their hands on similar useful material please send me a copy, I can include relevant sections in the newsletter - ed.)

Southern Ruahine Track Maintenance

If you are interested in helping DOC on one weekend in June (27 or 28th) with the maintenance of tracks in the Southern Ruahines (Keretaki Hut area), please contact Paul Scheyvens 357-4138.

TRIP REPQRTS

LAKE WAIKAREMOANA - CHAPTER THREE CANOEING

While Julian loaded up the Canadian at Hopuruahine Landing, I went and bought at the Motor Camp shop all the things we had forgotten to provide or left behind; like breakfasts and cooker fuel (the Coleman went perfectly well on petrol, although not the multi fuel model). I also left our trip intentions at Park HQ and found out that 200 Hiko were tramping on a pilgrimage around the lake (and glad they were not in wakas). We embarked mid-morning and made quick progress with a northerly wind behind us. A lunch time landing was made near Ti Point where a sailing cruiser and a small inflatable were camped. A very pleasant spot where we were to return in a couple of days time. We paddled across the main expanse of the lake to beneath the Panekiri Bluffs and turned for an arranged meeting place with the tramping group in the Wairau Arm. It was then I discovered why Waikaremoana or Sea of Rippling Waters, gained its name. Turning into the wind the lake became more than rippling; it was decidedly choppy with waves breaking over the bows. After an apprehensive 45 minutes of this we came under the protection of the western shore and as we drew nearer were amazed to see Tony and Steve complete with rifle appear on the beach ahead - a surprising coincidence of timing. We soon paddled around a point and found their camp site in Morauiti Bay. A pleasant little spot where we sat around chatting, eating, drinking Tony's wine and throwing bits of steel at trout on the end of the fishing line.

The next day, the others were off tramping and we returned across the lake. At one bay we met an Auckland pair with the Rolls Royce version of a double sea kayak - \$5000 worth! I never thought I would encounter kayaking yuppies.

We eventually beached and camped near Ti Point where we had landed previously. A sheltered tent site in the manuka and a good centre for day trips. There were deer (moose) prints in the morning right by the tent door. By the size of the prints Tony's little gun would not have been enough, we would have needed a canon. We spent the days on visiting other bays, Maori caves, fishing and a short tramp on the round the lake track from Te Wera Bay to Te Puna Hut.

The days had been sunny and warm but with a decline in the weather we paddled back through the Whanganui Inlet to Hopuruahine; civilization, murders on the radio and milkshakes at Wairoa.

Brad Owen and Julian Dalefield.

RAUTITI TO "BRIDGE TO NOWHERE" 25-26 January.

Six of us, plus packs, plus the driver (from Raetihi Motor camp) squeezed into Dennis's Merc. on Saturday morning, to be ferried along the Orautaha valley to the Rautiti Road end. This was the start of our walk into the past - the interwar settlement by returning soldiers of the Mangapurura valley.

A three hour gentle slope up to the highest point, Mangapurura trig, 663 m, followed the old road - the main exit from the valley for the settlers. From here we should have seen Ruapehu and possibly Egmont, but we saw only mist and cloud. We had a leisurely lunch in sun and rain. The trig point is the start of the Mangapurura valley, which goes for about 20 miles to the Wanganui river.

The first section of the track is through virgin bush – the settler, on seeing the area he had been allocated, immediately abandoned it and opened up the Raetihi saloon bar instead. We met Trish and Margaret walking up to the trig, after their week as wardens of the John Coull hut. Then we found ourselves "swimming" through damp, chest-high, bush grass which covers the pasture flats cleared by the settlers. (I had walked this area six months earlier and then the cleared areas reminded me of English meadows, covered with buttercups; now it was more like African savannah/elephant grass. Sally even had a lime green safari hat to complete the picture).

In other parts we treaded gingerly below sheer bluffs - Cody's Bluff, Bettelman's Bluff - the names stay, but the settlers were all gone by 1942. Buildings and fences have all been removed; former homestead sites are now marked by redwoods, pine trees, and eleoagnus.

A few old fence lines and brick chimneys are the reminders of this ill-fated settlement; we camped Saturday night at the Bettelman's – the last occupied house.

Sunday, we carried on down the river, breakfasting at Waterfall creek, the site of the annual New Year picnic for the valley. We met a group of trampers, descendants of Bennett, one of the settlers, coming to the valley on a memory visit. One trumper, a nephew, had last been there in the 1930's, when he was 3 years old. Midday we reached the Bridge - still impressive and strong after 56 years. The remains of the old swing bridge hang across the stream. We had lunch and a welcome stop for some sore feet. Our jet boat driver was waiting – a 40 minute boat trip took us back to Pipiriki, with a great jet spin finishing our weekend.

(For some anyway - we still had some organisation for the transport and Dennis ended his weekend on the back of a motorbike, to collect the car from Ruahiti - thanks Trev). We were the Hewson/Moore family of Dennis, Glenda, Andrew and Sally, - with Yvonne and Pauline.

CATTLE RIDGE - 5- 6 October 1991

There's always the possibility of something going awry on a tramp, but 99.9% of the time things work out just fine. When we left PN the weather forecast was for gale force winds in the Wairarapa. Greg almost decided not to join us because of the winds buffeting his part of the woods. However, he didn't pike and with Steve was at the Putarora Road end to meet us.

There was some rain, but that had petered out before we got to the new bridge. About 30 minutes along the track misfortune struck! Ruth, while stepping down off one of the boards bridging a 60 cm gap, slipped off a tree root and fell on her hand. The result was a dislocated middle finger. Well what do you do when confronted with a finger tip at right angles to the rest of the finger?

- 1) Don't panic
- 2) Remove pack
- 3) Sit the patient comfortably
- 4) Administer some TLC. (This gives the other team members time to recall something helpful or pull the First Aid Manual.)

Well after gingerly touching the finger joint, which didn't change the situation; Greg suggested to Ruth - "What would happen if you pulled up the tip of your finger?" Well you'd have had to have seen it to believe how quickly and smoothly it just popped back into place!

After soaking her hand in the trickle which was under that bridge, Ruth decided to carry on for the weekend trip. With the finger roped to the other finger, Ruth needed to take care how she placed her hand, but was otherwise unimpeded.

The really bad weather that was forecast didn't eventuate. As we were going up to Cattle Ridge from Roaring Stag there were gusts of rain coming across but not sufficiently wetting enough for us to stop and put on our coats. Some light snow fell - enough to leave a dusting of white.

When we got to Cattle Ridge Hut, Steve had the fire going – not much wood up there - even the toilet door had disappeared and now it's a room with ventilation and a view. The sun started to shine and the wind had completely gone, so we decided to take a walk up to Cattle Ridge. We had perfect views to Whariti and Mitre. There was some snow on Cattle Ridge and I discovered how big seven league steps are! It is little wonder that Steve is able to cover the same distance in half the time. We also had clear views along Dundas and Bannister.

The return trip was uneventful. Ruth's finger showed signs of bruising and some swelling and it was more comfortable to keep it upright. Steve was in training for an ultra caving feat, whose title he was going to defend and was long gone from the car park when we arrived.

The team: Ruth and Donald Kerr, Greg Reid, Steve Glasgow and Tricia Eder.

NELSON LAKES TO LEWIS PASS – January 1992

January 5: From the head of Lake Rotoiti, we walked up the Travers Valley to Hopeless Creek, where we camped. The local sandflies appreciated our insect repellent very much.

January 6: Next morning we headed off through the beech forest. At John Tait Hut we halted to dry the tent and the tent fly, before continuing to Upper Travers Hut in time for a late lunch. The weather had deteriorated, which vindicated our decision to stay in the hut instead of carrying on over Travers Saddle.

January 7: In rain, wind and low cloud, we followed the poled route up to the Saddle (1,787 m). Unfortunately, there was virtually no view. After a group photo and some scroggin we dropped down into the east branch of the Sabine River while the weather cleared, arriving at Forks Hut for lunch and foot surgery. Following lunch we tramped up the West Branch of the Sabine and eventually struggled up the moraine wall to Blue Lake Hut.

January 8: Today was spent in the hut while it rained outside.

January 9: By the afternoon the weather had cleared, so we climbed up to the top of the moraine wall which overlooks Lake Constance and took some photos. We made a slight detour for Mike to look for his campsite when he was here over 30 years ago.

January 10: The day dawned fine, and by 7.15 am we were ascending the moraine wall again. The sidle around the lake was quite strenuous but before 10.00 am our party was trudging up the steep shingle slope to Waiau Pass. Dick, who tended to travel slower, was well in front having left the hut earlier. At the summit of Waiau pass (1870 m), hands were shaken and photos taken. The view was wonderful. There was some snow on the southern side, so we unstrapped our ice axes. As it turned out, the snow was very unpleasant and Mike slid about 20 m, losing a large patch of skin on his thigh, before a rock arrested his progress. We continued down to the Waiau Valley. At about 3 pm, we entered the bush and camped at an excellent spot which was relatively free of sandflies.

January 11: We walked over 20 kilometres down the valley in the hot sunshine to Lake Gyon Hut. The little hut is very nice but the sandflies... . Lake Gyon is no place for haemophiliacs.

January 12: Desperately in need of blood transfusions, we tramped back to the Waiau, forded it, and headed up the Ada River along the St James Walkway. We traversed the Ada Pass (1000 m) and passed the night at Ada Hut.

January 13: Having cruised down the right branch of the Maruia River, we arrived at Lewis Pass in time for lunch. After lunch we caught the bus to Christchurch and dined that evening with the Wellington cricket team at the Lone Star Café. Highly recommended.

Team: Chris and Rod Saunders, Mike Davidson and one other from Wellington.

Somewhere in the Ruahines 15-16 February by Danny Bernstein

My first week-end tramp with the PNTMC had no resemblance to the trips I had taken on the South Island. Those tourist tramps, such as the famous Milford track, were meant for high-volume, high-comfort experience. This tramp was neither but it was great fun.

The tramp into the Ruahine Forest Park was labelled a medium trip which seemed easy to me. Perry tried to describe the route but it meant little. The only thing that I understood was that our first river crossing was via a cable cage.

On Friday evening, the wind howled. I had trouble getting to sleep as I pictured myself swinging on the cable cage high above the river. I wanted to watch one person to see how it is done and then jump on or else I would worry about it even more. Perry agreed, "Usually, we have one bloke first and one bloke last since they have more strength to turn the handle". This was not the time to give him my women's equality lecture. All I wanted to do was to get across the river. I sat in the cage, held on to the bar and my breath and hoped that everything worked. It was a shame that I looked straight ahead and was too terrified to enjoy the view.

The track went straight up. No switchbacks, rails or steps here as I had come to enjoy on the South Island, just an eroded track. I scrambled up the mountain determined not to be last, but I was. I would have been much further behind but for Perry who had the patience of Job and walked with me.

An hour and a half later, we were out of the bush and on the ridge. By then Trevor was boiling a brew and had thrown in ground coffee. All of New Zealand seems to offer mostly instant coffee, but Trevor grinds his own coffee beans. The coffee was strong, gritty with no sugar or milk but it tasted wonderful. I regained my breath and looked around. It was then I noticed that Tony was carrying a rifle. I admitted that I have lived into fine middle age without ever getting this close to a weapon before. He found it as hard to believe that trampers in the States don't carry weapons as I was to learn that there is no hunting season. "Open season on everything", he said. "Deer are pests. They erode the trail and chew up the grass." "But how do you make sure that there are no accidents and that you are not shooting people?", I asked. "Well, you have to know what you are shooting at".

We continued walking on the ridge as the wind blew harder. It started to rain and the group decided that we were not going to camp but rather stay at McKinnon Hut. At two o'clock, we arrived for a late but warm lunch. We changed into dry clothes and spread out before Perry decided whether or not we were going to the next hut. But he did not have much choice since we were settled in. The guys would spend the rest of the afternoon searching for firewood. I explored the area around the hut being careful to always keep the hut in sight. With no real track to follow, one hill looked like another. Pauline crawled into her sleeping bag.

The question of safe drinking water came up in every area that I have tramped over in New Zealand. The official word from the group was that of course, the water was safe. "What was to be afraid of?", Trevor asked. "Giardia", we informed him. It was hardly as if I had brought over the concept of giardia to New Zealand. In Abel Tasman Park, there were numerous signs to treat the water. "Giardia is a trendy, lefty thing. It has been around for years. Just a stomach ache", he muttered.

The rain came down harder and we decided that we had enough wood for the evening. Time for another brew and teatime somehow slid into dinner time. We dumped our contributions into a large pot that we placed on the fire. I did not really want to calculate the fat content of the stew. Everyone had brought mince. My steak mince was 30% fat. The others did not even know how much fat their meat contained. Another lefty, trendy thing", Trevor said.

The next morning, the weather seem to clear. Our plan was to go down to Crow Hut, cross the river and go up to another ridge. Tony, who wanted to look for deer, started down earlier. The track was muddy, slippery and very steep. After we had gone down for half an hour, Tony came back up. "We can't cross the river", he said, "too high. It would take several hours for it to come down". So we made a dignified retreat back up the track. The only thing to do was to go back the way we came, with maybe a look at side trails. We were walking in tall grasses with sharp edges which cut my legs. I also grabbed some to hoist myself up at some places and cut my hands. The clouds were in and out all morning and although we took some side trips without our packs, we could not see much. We went down the same steep trail that we had climbed yesterday. Today, we were tramping down a mud slide. We arrived back at the cars at 2 o'clock in sunny weather and celebrated our finish with an ice cream cone on the way home.

P.S. At work on Monday morning, our secretary asked how I had liked the Palmerston North flood on Saturday. It seems that the city had gotten 30 mm(?) of rain in two hours. Rivers and sewers had overflowed and had caused a lot of damage. I told her that I had been on top of a ridge and I had apparently missed it all.

Our group included Perry (leader) , Pauline, Trevor, Tony and me (Danny).

RUAPAE FALLS - WAITANGI DAY

9.30 Heavy rain overnight
Oh well,
We can always go to Herepai Hut
It is an easy tramp.

Walk on up to second swing bridge
Creek still up, discoloured, cold.
Oh well,
We can always turn back.
It is an easy tramp.

Climb, splash, wade,
Slap, splash, slip, splash,
Climb, wade.
Not too good for the short leg club.
Climb, splash
Can you get around that way?

12.30 First grassy spot
Nowhere near destination
Better stop for lunch
Exactly where are we?
Still plenty of time, so carry on
Suddenly gradient changes.
Nice gravel bottom
Shallow water
What a lovely walk,
After all it is an easy tramp.

2.30 Two metre falls
No more stream bed.
Not even a bottom
Shear walls
Out with rope.
Wet, cold, push, cold,
Wet grunt, cold, slip,
Pull, cold, wet.
Everybody up.
Main falls just around corner.
Everybody made it. Woooopee

Great grate.

Took rather a long time
Do you want to be home late?
Do you want to do all that again?

Everybody tired and cold.
Good time for an accident.

Out with map
Change course
Over saddle
Down gully
Follow creek
Look
There's a farm track.
Look
There's the car park
Out by 4.00
After all it was an easy tramp.

We were Greg Reid, Jenny and Steve, Chris Kelly, Sue Bramley, Tricia Eder, Donald Kerr and Richard Lockett.

Tacos and fruit made up the evening meal,
and some cards were found and we proceeded to deal.
The sky that night filled with cloud,
and the "heavy dew" was rather loud .

So after breaky we filled our packs,
and threw the sods upon our backs.
The cage was crossed by those who dared,
while the others went down the river bed.

David missed the track and went downstream,
but was soon reunited back with our team.
Up the hill we did go,
and boy that wind did start to blow.

We met a joker, in for the day,
who told us Mt Cook had fallen away.
We strolled along for a wee while longer,
and had some lunch while the wind grew stronger.
Then down to the cars we did roam,
onto Mt Bruce, and than to home.