



PALMERSTON NORTH TRAMPING AND MOUNTAINEERING CLUB INC.

P.O. BOX 1217

PALMERSTON NORTH

NEWSLETTER

May 1991 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.

THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMME

<u>May 16</u>	DAVE BARKER VOLCANOES OF ECUADOR Climbing "CHIMBOROZO", the highest mountain in the world.
<u>May 30</u>	PNTMC potpourri of talks of recent trips – more Stewart Island is rumoured, and other areas (Easter trips).
<u>June 13</u> snapping!	The annual photographic competition. Rules will be published next newsletter. Watch this space and get snapping!

TRIP LIST

<u>MAY 11/12</u>	TARARUAS, Easy, Mitre Flats Easy medium (Sunday) Mitre Flats	Leader: Alison McColl Ph 89-326 Leader: Tricia Eder Ph 70-122
<u>MAY 16</u>	Club evening	
<u>MAY 18</u>	Sue & Lawson Pither's trip has had to be postponed.	
<u>MAY 18 &/or 19</u>	RUAHINES, Medium, Oroua - Iron Gates	Leader: Brad Owen Ph 83-467

MAY 25/26

RUAHINES, Medium, Keretaki – Maharahara

Leader: Mick Leyland Ph 83-183

MAY 30

Club evening

Note change of plan:

Liz Morrison's day trip on 26 May now rescheduled for Saturday 8 June instead.

JUNE

JUNE 1/2/3	Q's Birthday	KAWEKA'S	(M)	Leader: Peter Wiles	Ph 358-6894
JUNE 8/9	TAKAPARI RD		(M)	Leader: Tony Gates	Ph 357-0990
JUNE 8	Area to be advised		(E)	Leader: Liz Morrison	Ph 357-653
JUNE 9	Diggers Hut		(E/M)	Leader: Mick Leyland	Ph 358-318
JUNE 13	Club Night: Photo Competition – See rules below.				
JUNE 15/16	IRON GATES RUAHINES		(M)	Leader: Dave Orbell	Ph 323-5145
JUNE 22/23	Mid Winter Gourmet at "SHALIMAR" ORONGORONGO Valley			Leader: Tony Gates	Ph357-0990
JUNE 27	Club Night – Videos of various activities – watch this space.				
JUNE 29	WAITEWAIWAI			Leader: Paul Scheyvens	Ph 357-4138

EDITORIAL

Another bumper edition, so read on and enjoy this newsletter. Thank you to all the contributors, keep up the good work.

Despite some pretty wet weather recently, some of us have managed to find some in the hills. Some stories below dwell on poor weather because it is so cursed and memorable, but that gives even more reason to appreciate good weather. Twice recently I have enjoyed my daily "siesta" up in the tussock of the Ruahines, soaking up that weak autumn sunshine and enjoying some of the best views around. But it can be pretty cold in the hills, so take warm clothes. And the snow can make travel very difficult (remember McKinnon Tricia?) Only yesterday (May 5) I was floundering knee deep in soft snow above Purity Hut, then scratching my way on skis across shady, icy slopes. But this isn't supposed to be a trip report, rather a reminder that WINTER is here.

Phil Cawley recently presented P.N.T.M.C. with his talk on tramping food. There was free tasting, no shortage of tasters, and a bit of business for Phil (but is it really as bad as Swiss Army food?). I think **RATION PACS** are excellent.

The new TRIP CARD is at an advanced stage of preparation, so should be available shortly. Leaders have thought of many excellent placers to visit. There is a definite "Ruahine" flavour, but we cannot be blamed for that!

NOTICES

Subscriptions: The AGM resolved to maintain the subscription rates at their existing level. They are now due for the 91/92 year and are still the bargain value of \$20 ordinary members and \$25 for family members. Payments at these rates should be paid to the Treasurer as soon as possible. This will be the penultimate newsletter for non payers!

New Members

The club extends a warm welcome to two new members:

Mark Clements
4 Hill Court
18 Pitama Road
PN Ph 357-9865

Brian Lawrence
RD 9
PN Ph 328-4552

Navigation: Map Reading Course

Q.E.C. Continuing Education

Basic introductory course to map reading and compass work. Four night sessions of 2 hours duration and 1 3-hour day session for practical application. Ideal for new trampers or those who want to learn navigational skills.

Courses start: 30 May (a day course)
 24 September (night course)
Details from Queen Elizabeth College, Continuing Education.

Rules for Next Month's Photo Competition

The sections are:

LANDSCAPE- THESE PHOTOS SHOW NATURAL FEATURES AND MAY HAVE THE PRESENCE OF MAN.

TOPICAL – TYPICAL TRAMPING EVENTS, ESPECIALLY PEOPLE, PERSONALITIES AND HUMOUR.

NATURAL HISTORY – DEFINITELY NO EVIDENCE OF MAN-MADE FEATURES.

CATEGORIES ARE: Colour slides, black and white prints and colour prints. Please label slides (red or black dot on the bottom left corner to ensure correct placement in the cassette).

The rules prohibit any photograph from being entered in more than one PNTMC competition. There are a limit of three entries per person per category.

Change of Phone Numbers:

Very soon the local phone numbers will change. We will make every endeavour to adjust numbers accordingly, however there will inevitably be some errors. Please let Peter Wiles know if there are any errors.

Climbing Wall

The club is generally supportive of the construction of a sizeable, (nearly 15m high we understand), climbing wall at the Massey Recreational Centre. The club has donated \$100 to facilitate its construction. (Budget is about \$4000, we are lead to believe.) We are considering holding some further fund raising to generate additional cash for this project. Anyone able to assist with the construction, please contact Jenni Madgwick. If you have any suggestions to generate funds contact our committee. Ideas to date are an auction or perhaps a fund raising dinner of some sort.

TRIP REPORTS

HEREPAI – SUNDAY MARCH 3

We left Foodtown car park heading over the Track for Putara road end. The intention was to walk up Ruapae Stream in order to see the big waterfall. However, that particular trip went on hold for a later date; it had been raining heavily and continued to do so for most of the day. We decided to carryon up to Herepai. Of the 8 trampers only 2 of us had been to Herepai before.

During our long leisurely lunch stop at the hut, the rain continued to fall and the tops remained clagged in.

On the return trip, the puddles were deeper and mushier, but once we were following the river, the skies cleared and the sun shone brilliantly. Sunlight glistened on the wet foliage and also reflected in the puddles. Back at the cars, the weather by way of a complete contrast to the morning, saw the tops perfectly clear!
Gavin Rogerson, Dave Orbell, Tricia Eder, Julian Dalefield, Joyce and Warren Duggan, Mike Clark, and Roger Johnston.

WAITANGI DAY TRIP TO BRUCES HILL - 6 FEBRUARY

17 of us travelled down to Mt Bruce Bird Sanctuary and met up with Greg, our leader, plus 3 more club members. Access to the Mt Bruce Hill track is from the pull-over picnic area just past the Sanctuary.

The tramp was designed to be relaxing and enjoyable. A leisurely pace was set. The rest spots were at vantage points where views forward, backwards and across were to be had. The sun shone the locusts sang and the people enjoyed it all.

The starting point of the downwards track is slightly overgrown and care needed to be taken to ensure we came down to the correct point. Time was a leisurely 5 hours. Once down, the drivers were ferried around to the cars which then returned to pick up the passengers. (The editor tried to have an off-road encounter, with a bank on the way.) Some people stayed on to view the bird sanctuary, while the others returned to PN.

Trip members: Greg Reid, Steve, Jenny, Kathy, Peter, Linda, Daryl, Staffan, Margaret French, Margaret Foot, Jan Narran, Sean Hurley, Jan Minahan, Chris, Ruth Flack, Rose McCann, Jo O'Halloran, Tricia Eder, Dianne Weston, Lesley Warburton, Monica Cantwell.

WHARITE PEAK

We were going to Kapakapanui, but there were; no takers – so the day was changed and the place became Wharite. Then, between Friday night and Saturday morning, I had 10 phone calls. Unfortunately the change did not suit

some, but don't worry folks – we will reschedule the Kapakapanui trip for later in the year; so you will still get the opportunity to go.

So it was 5 who walked to Wharite, along the new track which is in need of some maintenance work. It was a pleasant jaunt on a track close to PN. Those on the tramp were: Joan O'Neil, Jan Naran, Fiona Keith, Susan Orme, Tricia Eder.

EASTER IN THE EREWHON DISTRICT

We arrived at Erewhon Station at 1.30 am and bivied under the pine trees, but not before waking up at least a dozen dogs. Next morning started rather chilly but appeared to herald a promising sort of day. We set off into the middle of the Clyde River bed (not related to the dam), which for those unfamiliar with the area is one of the more stony river beds to negotiate. After about 2 hours we reached the critical Black Bluff area. There was no water to be sighted although we could hear what sounded like the river reflected off the wall of the bluff. After a snack, followed by another hour's travel we entered the more intimate company of the Sinclair River tributary. Progress slowed somewhat as the gradient increased. The valley was rather rocky and tended to rise in several steps. At about the 1200 m level we kept a good look out for the bivy rock we aimed to stay at. At about 1300 m we began to wonder where this thing was, but found a bivy rock (of sorts) which had been developed to the extent of a couple of substantial rock walls and included an abandoned pair of plastic climbing boots. (When I briefly visited the area in February 1980, I had no recollection of staying at this spot. The weather began to look like rain, which soon demonstrated that the place leaked like a sieve. An examination of all likely rocks in the vicinity turned up nothing better. We decided to rearrange the sleeping chamber by shifting a large rock. This we sort of managed after an hour or two of struggle in the rain, using, slings, 3 to 1 advantage systems and straight levering. Remarkably, nothing got broken and no one got hurt! Eventually, we had a platform for two. However, there were still several drips. While it was raining there was insufficient room for 2 people to either sit or stand in the dry. It was dark when we settled and fortunately, shortly afterwards the rain stopped.

The alarm went at 5 am. It was beautifully fine and we were off at first light (6 am). After gaining another couple of hundred meters up the valley we turned off to climb up to Crossbow 'Saddle' (2070m). Before long we found that the rocks were covered with ice and when we reached the snow, found it was covered with a good layer of soft powder. This proved to be our frustration for most of the day. Lance's crampons decided that since adjusting them in PN, were not going to stay on. After at least 3 stops for adjustments we reached the saddle. Here the powder snow was about 10 cm deep. We caught our first view of Warrior Peak (2580m) – the focus of the area. . One look at it, convinced us that there was no way that we were going to get up it in these conditions – long steep snow slopes up to 2400m and then a steep(ish) rock face / ridge (eastern) for the remaining height plastered in fresh ice and snow. Instead, we turned our attention to the more straight forward Amazon Peak (2480m). Now that we were in full sun, we made heavy work of heading up the long snow slopes. Day cloud rapidly gathered but did not give us much shade. After a brief excursion onto some rocks we reached the summit and had lunch. The descent was incident free apart from terrible balling up problems and avalanche worries, which fortunately did not eventuate. We got back to the bivy about 3 pm.

The next morning (5 am) the weather had changed to westerly, with bad weather not too far away. Nevertheless, we got going, and were back at Crossbow Saddle by 8 am. We imagined that our footsteps from the previous day would be an advantage. Alas, the wind had blown powder around filling up all our steps. This time we headed in the opposite direction from the Saddle along the ridge to gain access to a large snowfield which provided routes to Outlaw and Renegade Peaks – both about 2380m). (We had done a little reconnaissance the previous afternoon.) After leaving the snow and committing ourselves to scramble up a rock buttress, we became engulfed in cloud. Once we reached the main ridge of Outlaw, the rain started and the wind increased. The summit was no fun. We considered a more direct route back onto the snowfield, but found that, in the conditions – too tricky. We could follow our tracks in places along the ridge, but had difficulty locating the turn-off to the buttress. We found it after some back tracking and a slight break in the cloud (but not the rain). The rest of the way back to the Saddle was windy and wet. At the Saddle we found the powder snow was now paste so we abandoned our crampons. Halfway down the snow slope, I got hit on the back of the boot by a dinner plate size rock that whizzed down past us. Apart from dragging my foot around – no damage. Almost immediately we saw more rock fall to our right which descended across our path below. This all seemed to confirm our conviction that it was a good idea to get out of the area. We got back to the bivy by 1 pm.

The next 40 hours, the less said the better – in the pit gradually getting wet – Lance more so than me. Waterfalls appeared all over the place. The river was impressive both in sight and sound.

Early on Wednesday morning the rain suddenly stopped and shortly afterwards the sky cleared. When the sun reached us, it was time to start the drying process and attend to various other things. After a couple of hours, it was obvious that it was not going to stay fine for long. We decided that we would not continue the plan of crossing over Musterers Col at the head of the Sinclair over into the Lawrence Valley. Rather, while we had the opportunity it might pay to get out of the area. We packed up after lunch - amidst the odd shower, and headed back down to the Clyde. After descending about 100 m we found the bivy rocks we had missed – set further back from the river than I recalled. One definitely looked like class accommodation. (Must remember – the map does correctly show its location.) Now that crossing the Sinclair was not feasible, we had a bit more work to do heading down.

In the late afternoon we reached the Clyde Riverbed and had to confront the Black Bluff situation which now had a great deal of water flowing up against it. We managed to cross all the channels flowing into the bluff – after considerable walking between the braids and getting a sprained ankle for the effort. However, we found that the flow emerging from the bluff tended not to braid before taking off over to the other side of the valley. We decided not to try a crossing - (a bit of a split decision here). Instead, we decided to head over to the far bank where there is / was a hut (derelict 10 years ago). I very naively imagined we had done well in crossing the bulk of the river – about 500m across the bed (when the far bank began to look close) we had a slight problem. We had only crossed a fraction of the flow – about a third perhaps. Another march up stream followed to where there were at least 3 braids. We managed one but the rest was hopeless. It was well after 6 pm by now and the middle of the Clyde riverbed is no place to bivy in a flood. We recrossed everything that we had crossed without incident and headed up stream along the bank to a 'patch of scrub. The first lot was unsuitable – further on – nearly 7 pm – getting dark. We found a spot with water nearby. We crawled in and arranged our bivy. Not long after we had settled drops of water began to be felt. Fortunately, the rain during most of the night was very light and did not penetrate the scrub. We had a very comfortable night in comparison to the bivy rock.

In the morning (still drizzly rain filled the valley), the all important question centred around the bluff again. (To climb over the bluff is about 400m of very steep scree on one side and steep grass on the other.) Fortunately, the flow was now a fraction of the evening before and the recrossing was no problem. We still had one further obstacle to encounter, however. What state was the Lawrence River in? We kept close to the true left bank of the Clyde and rounded the corner at the Lawrence confluence. We stopped for a late breakfast at the Erewhon Station Hut on the corner. The rain was heavier now with more wind. We left the hut (a handy spot if the river is a problem) and headed for the river. This was crossed without difficulty. Then it was a matter of travelling down the side of the river to Erewhon. We were forced up into the sheep tracks and matagouri in several places.

By midday we reached the road – it was raining heavily again.
Peter Wiles and Lance Broad.

WHAT THE WEST COAST IS FAMOUS FOR -- the story continues, up the Waitaha Valley --- March 28 – April 6 1991

DAY 2

In Kiwi Hut log-book was an interesting memory of being stuck in a hut in the rain by flooded rivers – a recipe with the principle ingredients being 15 year old N.Z.F.S. supplies (reprinted with original spelling mistakes) (more on them latter, from another hut log book, also more on flooded rivers).

KIWI FLAT CASSEROLE

1 tin savoury beef casserole
1 tin dehy beef casserole
1 tin baked beans
1 small tin mushrooms in butter sauce
3/4 bag surprise peas
1/2 bag surprise mixed veges
1 shake soya bean sauce
1 shake Worcester sauce
2 shakes white pepper i.e. 4 shakes
2 shakes salt
pinch mixed herbs
pinch mint
1/2 tin H₂O
1 chicken cup of soup (maggi)
2 finely diced onions

Place all ingredients in F . . . large pot and heat. Stir continuously till hot, put into plates, and devour while hot. (Feeds three pigs. N.B. this recipe was actually made and consumed by two hungry (desperate ?,ed) men. Leftovers used for breakfast.

DAY 3

Departed Kiwi Flats 7.45 am in overcast conditions. A good track to Moonbeam Hut, but with the occasional West Coast style log-jams and slips to cross. Quote "interesting grovels" N.Z.F.S. had even custom made some aluminium ladders, bolted into place! – a sign of a more prosperous past. Their bridges didn't last long due to the huge floods of the area, but these ladders, the huts, and much of the tracks have lasted extremely well, and are a credit to those who worked in the area. So it was a good 8 hours to the very welcome shelter of County Hut. A similar distance untracked would take a fit party all of 3 much more difficult days.

DAY 4

Fine and calm. No success hunting, so we headed off up valley to camp above the scrub level. Some good bivy rocks about.

DAY 5

Under a full moon we departed at 4.45 am. This was to be our big day, our day to climb Mt Evans, which is one of the West Coast giants, and a very worthwhile summit. Awesome terrain. The weather turned a bit doubtful, so we sadly but in the event wisely, turned back at about 2000m altitude. We had seen the summit, and it was a long long way off.

A helicopter was buzzing about down valley. Unknown to us then, and for the rest of the week was it's purpose, to lift out bodies of two trampers who fell to their deaths off a bluff.

DAY 6

Exciting day watching flooded rivers. Drank numerous cups of tea and read the hut's library. One gem from the hut's logbook relates to the surplus ex-N.Z.F.S. tinned food (1978 vintage).

"Note, All food in cupboard and bin is to be eaten by anybody who feels like it. Good luck, especially with the ten year backlog of Irish Stew and corned dog. The Forest Service has for years tried to feed it to track cutters and vege surveyors alike. These types, although of sub normal intelligence, have proved too clever to be fooled by the glossy and I might add misleading labels on the containers. We also tried it on the keas, no don't bother, they also weren't interested. No doubt after 14 days in a snow cave on Mt Evans, eating glacial schist porridge and toe-nail clippings someone will be game. In any case, the tins provide a good ballast to hold the hut firm in high winds, and in 100 years or so they might have some historical value, so they are worth leaving in the cupboard. Finally, I might add with tears gathering gently in my eyes that we are departing for the last time as the great anachronistic New Zealand Forest Service. When we return we will all be (with some superficial but hardly noticeable modifications) all DOC's, whatever they are. So for all those who hate the N.Z.F.S. out of principle or prejudice, this is your last chance to complain, get in a dig, kick the corpse. Go to it people."

DAY 7

Thunder storm, and mega rain, with rivers and creeks totally uncrossable turgid masses. But lo and behold, the sun came out after lunch. Being eternal optimist's; we were already dreaming of all that delicious food stashed at Kiwi Flat Hut, and the huge supply of **IRISH STEW** at our hut. The side creek dwindled, but surprisingly and unfortunately for us, the main river remained uncrossable. **IRISH STEW** for dinner, yuk!

DAY 8

Quote for the morning "bloody rain!" After another false start, we sat out the day in the hut. Plenty of **IRISH STEW** – for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Plenty of reading material too, that is if you like 1964 "Playboy" magazine, and early 1970's Readers Digest! Boredom. Actually, as I have said, it was a very nice hut, and was kept warm by a kero heater – a real life saver.

DAY 9

Still optimistic! We tried to cross the river at 7.00 A.M. and failed. Shit, looks like another day (or two) in the hut. So by 11.00 A.M., with grim determination, we plunged into that river, fully aware of the dangers, but also fully aware of the consequences of remaining at the hut - insanity, and more of that **IRISH STEW**! Flooded river's can look pretty fearsome from close up, and especially so when the water level rises up to waist level! Not the sort of thing you want to do very often. However, the crossing was short and quick (and bloody cold), and we were soon very relieved to be basking in fire warmth at Moonbeam Hut. Kiwi Flat Hut was even more welcome, as we made it just before dark, to build a roaring fire and sip on some beer kindly left by the previous occupants. Chocky bikkies never tasted so good.

DAY 10

Due out, and we made it too. You beauty. Mike's foot was somewhat worse for wear. Thus ended the tramp, in dazzling West Coast sunshine.

THE "DAY TRAMP" – APRIL 14 by Jane Davies

I want to write this down while it's still fresh in my memory - although a day like Sunday 14th will never be terribly far away.

So here I sit pen in hand nursing scratches and bruises as I begin an account of every trampers nightmare (okay – so that's a bit exaggerated!). We arrived at the carpark at 7 am and were on our way at 7.15 am. The weather was brilliant and a warm wind was prevailing. The tramp up Shorts Track was uneventful and good. We arrived on top of Whaingapuna in good time where we promptly sat down for morning tea. Soon after we carried on and took a ridge which we thought was the ridge that would take us down to Ngamoko Hut it wasn't! Jane 'very wisely decided to turn back and wait for us back on the tops. We assured her that we would only be a couple of hours at the most. We pressed on and suddenly found that we were up to our necks in that very hostile mountain growing tree that we all love to hate LEATHSRWOOD. We kept going for about an hour – always hopeful that the track to Ngamoko Hut was just out of sight. We finally stopped – time for a drink, smoke and pow-pow. "Right it's over the side", said Mick because by this time every step had become a stab of agony as the relentless leatherwood took hold.

The slide down the side of the ridge was interesting with some of us ending up upside down and others suddenly disappearing down 3 m drops, but we made it to the sweet sweet sight of a stream. We followed the stream to the

Pohangina River, where we had lunch (about 2 pm) and decided the only way out was up to Leon Kinvig Hut and then out over Toka (some day trip).

We got to Leon Kinvig about 3.30 pm, stopping only to admire a pair of Blue Ducks on the way.

Then it was straight up Toka. By this time, this particular member of the party was totally exhausted, and finally arrived on top of Toka at about 5.45 pm – where the rest of the party was freezing having waited for half an hour. After a brief rest it was full steam down the other side. It got dark just after we reached the bushline, but with our one torch between 4, we bravely pressed on. Finally, we reached the sign saying "Knights Track" and "Shorts Track". However, by following our routine of the day we went the wrong way round the loop track! Mick assured us that the loop track must join up with the main track ... doesn't it?? It did, PHEW! We got out at 8.15 pm and there was Jane waiting patiently for us by the car. She told us she'd spent a lovely afternoon sleeping in the sun and thought that we had probably missed her as she'd been sleeping. (I wish it had been that simple.)

Don't let this put any of you off going tramping with Mick. It leaves you with a wonderful sense of accomplishment, but just take a torch! (I think I recall a similar piece of advice awhile ago - editor.)

We were Mick Leyland, Gavin Lambert, Jane Davies, Jane Williams and Brian Lawrence.

Postscript: Tony was up there earlier in the day glassing for deer. All he saw was lovely views of the Tararuas, Ruahines etc. and the above bodies in the distance in the Leatherwood. He also had a "siesta" in the sunshine. It really was a lovely day.

MCKINNON HUT April 27 – 28 by Rod McCormick

After a two hour trip by car, we arrived at the carpark at about 6 am and Paul was muttering something about who had forgotten to check when the sun was meant to appear.

We set off half an hour later as the sun rose, winding our way through mist drenched vegetation down to the river cage. Definitely not for the faint hearted; this certain contraption consists of a steel box, no larger than your average outhouse and half the height without sides or top and with a pulley system grinding overhead! Being a two person operation, you cautiously place yourself and pack in, before being winched from one side to the other.

Upon crossing, our nerves feeling somewhat relieved, we tramped up steep terrain on a well marked track – only stopping for the odd photo and a quick breather.

A lunch break on tussock ground opened up a panoramic view of the surrounding area – Tongariro in the background, covered in snow, a clear blue sky and unlimited sunshine. We followed the poled route up to the highest point of the tramp – about 1500m.

After taking in the view, we descended down to McKinnon Hut, slipping here and thereon melting snow. Once at the hut, we ditched our packs, cranked up the billy for a cuppa, lit the fire (talk about smoke Trev – about time a little revision was made to the design of the fireplace) and broke out the new ration packs for tea.

Soon after sunset we headed for the kipper still savouring the flavour of beef stew on our taste buds.

We awoke to the sound of rain the next morning. I headed for the loo which was missing its door. Great view though – they should all come with this open plan concept. We cooked up the ration pack number 2, of rubbery looking omelette with ham (quite tasty) and then left the hut.

We tramped in the pouring rain for about 3 hours, dodging misty clouds and wet branches along the way.

PALMERSTON NORTH TRAMPING AND MOUNTAINEERING CLUB INC
1990/1991 PRESIDENTS REPORT
TO THE
ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING
FROM
TONY GATES
11 APRIL 1991

I have enjoyed being President of P.N.T.M.C. It is now my pleasure to present to you my President's report for the 1990/1991 year. It is a chance for me to have my say, to reflect on some of this Club's activities of the past year, and to summarise relevant statistics.

P.N.T.M.C. is an excellent club, with a great deal to offer. It has organised many trips and social activities of a similar nature to previous years. The committee has been the driving force behind the club's administration, so is owed a great deal of thanks. I hope it's achievements have been appreciated. My job has been chairman, and a sort of "Chief Guide" to organise, or at least try to organise, tramps and leaders. With assistance from **Jenni Madgewick** and others, I have organised the club evenings. **Tricia Eder** has been our experienced Vice President, as well as taking membership enquiries. **Peter Wiles** once again handled the clubs financial matters, the club membership list, distribution of our newsletter, and production of our Event Calendar. **Lawson Pither** was auditor as well as being the club Patron and a contact for overdue trips, and **Brad Owen** was secretary and another of our overdue trip enquiry people. Also serving on the committee were; **Mary Craw** (always on time for supper duty), **Doug Strachan**, **Monica Cantwell**, (publicity), **Gavin Rogerson**, **Dave Orbell** and **Jenni Madgewick** (for part of the year).

Many duties were also performed by others not sitting on the committee. The most important of these was production of our monthly newsletter by the notorious "**D. R. I. GANG**". **Sheena Taylor** assisted when necessary. **Daryl** and **Linda Rowan** also acted as contacts for overdue trips, and Daryl as gear custodian. **Lance Broad** was the club conservation officer, presenting with Peter, on behalf of P.N.T.M.C., a submission regarding the proposed logging of the Aorangi Awarua Block in the Northern Ruahines.

MEMBERSHIP

Club membership has remained similar to previous years, with a few more than 80 financial members. There always seems to be