



PALMERSTON NORTH TRAMPING AND MOUNTAINEERING CLUB INC.

**P.O. BOX 1217
PALMERSTON NORTH
NEWSLETTER**

June 1992 Edition

Gear Custodian

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ALL TRIPS LEAVE FROM THE FOODTOWN CAR PARK IN FERGUSSON 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

JUNE

Date	Trip	Grade	Leader	Phone
<u>JUNE 7</u>	Wharite-Coppermine	Easy	Dave Orbell	323-5145
<u>JUNE 6-7</u>	Maropea Forks	Med	Mick Leyland	358-3183
<u>JUNE 13</u>	Purity-Wooden Peg	Med	Derek Sharp	326-8178
<u>JUNE 13-14</u>	Mystery	Fit	Tony Gates	357-0990
<u>JUNE 20-21</u>	Mid-Winter Stanfield	All	Tricia Eder	357-0122
<u>JUNE 28</u>	Longview	Easy/Fit	Daryl Rowan	356-4655
<u>JUNE 27-28</u>	Trip to be arranged?			

Club Nights 11th and 25th

JULY

JULY 4-5	TARARUAS Otaki Forks	Easy		
JULY 7	Club Evening QUIZ for the "Trevor Bissell Memorial Billy". Held at The Pavilion, The Square. Between M.T.S.C., M.U.A.C., and the staff of Mountain Equipment.			
JULY 12	RUAHINES Takapari	Medium	Mick Leyland	358-3183
JULY 16	Club Evening SNOWCRAFT LECTURE Peter Wiles			
JULY 18-19	RUAPEHU Snowcraft 1 instruction Rangipo		Tony Gates	357-0990
JULY 18-19	OHAKUNE Open weekend	Easy	Sue and Lawson Pither	357-3033
JULY 25-26	RUAHINES Rangī Hut	Mixed	Tony Gates	
	WHANGANUI BAY (Rock-climbing)		Jenni Madgwick	354-0536
JULY 30	Club Evening PETER STOCKDALE Rockies			

EDITORIAL

Marcel Hollenstein gave the club an informative and well organised slide show last month about farming activities. There were tales and pickies of Switzerland, then some of his farm at Apiti. You don't have to travel the world to find "exotic" places, our own back yard has it all. Yes, a very interesting talk. PNTMC's own members have some great stories to tell.

The next club six monthly Event Calendar is in the printing process. Hopefully, you will receive it with this newsletter. Enjoy It, and use it well. A lot of work has gone into it, and a lot of good keen people are out there willing to lead trips. Contact them by phone or at club evenings. Highlights include a talk by Steve Boulton, of DOC, two other talks on local conservation issues, the usual inter-club competitions, and of course and "regular" tramps. Also featured are the snowcraft and SAREX weekends, and a few interesting places that we seldom, if ever go to. More info later.

Alpine/ Antarctic Calendars for 1993 are shortly to be ordered. It is assumed that they will be every bit as good as previous years. You can obtain a bulk buy discount through PNTMC, so contact Tony to place your order. Sorry, can't remember the price, it will be approx \$13.

Winter is here now, and I see a good dollop of snow on the Ruahines and Ruapehu. It is very icy too, but the ski season looks to be promising. Days are short and the frosts sometimes hard, but it is still a good time to get out tramping during crisp, clear weather.

THURSDAY EVEI-ING PROGRAMME

JUNE 25 Rock wall Mike has gone overseas again, so we have a change to what was scheduled for this Thursday. As a pre-runner for our snowcraft course, and for a bit of advertising for this fine exercise piece, we plan to have this club evening at the Rock Wall, Massey University Rec. Centre. It is a lot of fun, possibly a bit of sweat and body contortioning, but very rewarding. There are mattresses to cushion those who fall! Practice rope skills, wearing a harness etc. More info below.

JULY 7 (Tuesday) Trevor Bissell Memorial Quiz (at The Pavilion) This annual inter-club competition against MUAC and MTSC (and possibly Mountain Equipment) vies for this old billy. We won last year, so this trophy has been proudly displayed on various club members mantle pieces for the past year, and of course should remain there. It's a real laugh.

JULY 16 Peter Wiles, Snowcraft lecture.

JULY 30 Peter and Judv Stockdale. The Rockies etc.

AUGUST 13 Not committed at this stage

AUGUST 27 (to be confirmed) Darren Scott talking on South America. Darren visited Parts of Peru and Bolivia earlier this year, so has a few tales to tell and slides to show. Featuring the legendary "Inca Trail" to Macchu Picchu, the ultimate tourist destination of South America.

We hope to have a talk from Steve Boulton, of D.O.C., Pohangina.

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

RESULTS OF THE PHOTOGRAPH COMPETITION

There was a very good selection of slides and prints in this year's competition - especially the numbers and quality of the prints. The results are roughly as follows. Unfortunately I did not manage to record the 2nd and 3rd place getters in the print section.

PRINTS

Natural History

1. Stalagmites - Marcel

Topical

1. Ruahines - Tricia

Landscape

1. Lake scene - Pauline

SLIDES

Natural History

1. Spider and its web - Tony
2. South Island Robin - Lyndon
3. Tuatara - Lyndon

Topical

1. Derek's belay - Tony
2. Climbing on ice - Tony
3. Round rock - Marcel

Landscape

1. Glaisnock Valley - Lyndon
2. Rock pitch on Mt Barth - Peter
3. Lupin meadow at Mt Cook - Lyndon

NOTICES

SUBSCRIPTIONS

The subscriptions for 92/93 are Family members \$30, Ordinary members \$25 and Junior members \$10. Please, forward your subs to the Treasurer ASP, please.

GEAR HIRE

The club's gear has a new home at Mick Leyland's place at 38 Pahiatua Street, Phone 3583183. A schedule of items available and a price list will be produced, in due course.

NEW MEMBERS

The club introduces to members new member:

Richard Lockett
1 North Street
Feilding
Phone 353-6489

and reintroductions to the current generation:

Dennis Moore and family
Forest Hill Road
Aokoutere
Phone 357-5651

PHOTOALBUM

Does anyone know the whereabouts of the club's photoalbum? I can not find it amongst the clubs archives. I seem to recall that several years ago (after some discussion at either the AGM or a committee meeting or both) that someone was to do something with it. Contact the editor if you can throw any light on it.

VISIONS OF THE PAST FOR THE NOSTALGIC GEAR PHREEK!

Many of us were raised amongst the spirit of the hunt; the tales of the deer that fell to a shot through the eye at 300 yards; the smell of bloodied and unwashed swani and pikau; a fly, the: hard ground, the huge camp fire and feel of a well oiled rifle.

Yet others of us were raised on the tramping 'competitions' that abound, when the track times tumbled to world record levels; the frame pack that all but crushed the kidneys but you would never part with for all the cooked tea in China; the smoky hut that watered the eyes and cooked your sox and the Tararua biscuits that broke your teeth and laid the foundation for many a good yarn.

So what's changed? It's quite remarkable what has changed over the last 25 years.

How many of us still have our heavy old frame packs - hands up those who still use them? Perhaps you need to buy a new light aerodynamically balanced, ergonomically premeditated, computer designed with a drag factor of 0.25, ostentatiously magniloquent pack. One that will decrease your travelling times, carry anything you want, tell the time, give your current altitude, predict the weather, take phone calls, put out the cat and basically be a good all round companion on a cold night.

How many of us still wear woollen shirts or swanis into the bush? Great stuff wool, one of the best clothing insulators still in use. It's only, and main problem, is that once wet, it takes a devil of a time to dry out, and weighs half a ton in the process!

Maybe you should go and buy some of those garments manufactured with this new unadulterated synthetic material, and designed perspicuously to meet the ebullient lifestyles of those irrefragable new breed of outdoor consubstantiates. (I don't know what it all means, but it looks impressive.)

And what about that old, floorless 'A' frame tent we still swear by? The one that lets the mossies in by the hoard, the water flow in one side and you out the other? The same one that when the wind caught it last, you were still trying to recover it from the tree tops four days later!

Looks to me like you need one of those new tunnel tents. The one straight off the NASA computer screen, tested in their 1000 km/h wind tunnel and attached to their rockets for re-entry into the atmosphere. The material has also changed. Gone are the days when you can enjoy a good condensation soaking on a fine winter's night, and no longer can you get your early morning's brew water from the tent floor! Now all this lovely water is wasted into the air through the fancy 'breathable' material, rather than way back when, it enhanced the outdoor experience of the breed of hardy soul, who lived above and beyond the call of duty!

Someone the other day suggested I get rid of my old 20 year old John Bulls. No way I said! But I went to the shop anyway out of curiosity.

You should have seen them. All lined up spiffy and glowing. There were plastic ones that would go well drying in front of a roaring fire, there were ones that breathed as you walked, making it easier for you to climb hills. Some were of such bright colours, that you could get lost in thick bush and be found by passing aircraft at 25000 feet. One pair was even equipped with an outboard motor for crossing rivers, and a parapent for faster descents. I had to have those ones!

My old 1968 sleeping bag is complaining about going out in the cold now. The poor thing is getting arthritic and a bit stiff in the joints. I've been down to the shop to trade it in. The store person pulled out the brochures, unfolding before my eyes the most wondrous array of phallic symbols yet to be devised. Sleeping bags have also changed. They now come with separate compartments for each item of clothing, a fully air conditioned cooking vestibule, a lift between compartments, a drying room for wet clothing and full valet services. So I bought one. Cost only \$55000 plus GST - a bargain.

And the one thing I enjoyed most of the outdoors, has been taken away by those inconsiderate manufacturers of parti-coloured paraphernalia. The sleepless night in the cold, hard ground and stiff back in the mornings!

And how have they achieved this you ask? By producing products that not only insulate you from the cold, but also blow themselves up! vary their temperature to suit your desire, can be converted to become a raft for crossing rivers, can be filled with helium to float you home when lost, and guarantee a nightmare free sleep as well! Well I HAD to have one of those!

(Thanks Sue for that one.)

TRIP REPORTS

RAMBLINGS IN THE RICHMOND RANGE by Peter Wiles

I had planned to visit the Richmond Range at Easter. This is the range on the northern side of the Wairau Valley just down the road from Nelson Lakes National Park, and located between Blenheim and Nelson. During the May vacation the opportunity rose again and this time Bruce and I were off on the Tuesday evening ferry.

We arrived beside the Wairau River about midnight with the ground frozen hard. We crawled under some large manuka trees for the night. Unfortunately a westerly breeze came up well before morning which blew straight through our bivy site.

Shortly after 8 am next morning we were off down a farm road for about 8 -10 km to reach Boulder Stream. Then it was up the stream until we discovered another farm track which offered much easier travelling. By mid morning we stumbled on a Forest Service Hut which as yet DOC does not appear to have taken possession of. After a snack it was into Boulder Stream for real this time. Not big BIG boulders or anything dramatic like that just football to wheel barrow sized types. This would have been easier and less frustrating in summer - who knows - but all the rocks in the stream were remarkably slippery and all the wet rocks out of the stream were almost as slippery and the rest of the rocks were covered in ice. Both of us went arse into the water at least once. At times going along the terraces was good but regrettably short lived.

By 1 pm we thought we had made respectable progress and had lunch. Further on our exact location became hard to reconcile with the map. The bush and scrub margins did not seem to correspond. We were looking for the point where to leave the stream and climb out to the ridge top. (This was one of the inherent hazards of entering an unfamiliar area.) It was almost 3 pm when we were definitely clear of the bush / manuka and a spur presented itself to gain the tops. While we had a tent and it was clear that it was going to be dark by 6 pm at the latest, it was our intention, however foolish in retrospect, to get to Top Wairoa Hut for the night. We started climbing. Now we were on this magical ultramafic rock I had heard so much about over the years. Like weathered brick but ten times as rough as the coarsest sandpaper. If the surface is less than 45° (wet or dry), place your boot or hand on it and apply load and you are making progress upwards. (It does not bare thinking about an uncontrolled downwards encounter: you would end up looking like being attacked by a disc grinder or a chainsaw or something.) Anyway I digress. It was steep going and at about the 1000 to 1100 m level, we encountered the first signs of snow. The angle kept gradually getting less and the snow increasing. We finally were assembled on a frustratingly broad ridge top at 1400 m at about 5.30 pm. It was clear that we were somewhat off route and had climbed a good 200 m too much and it was going to be dark in 15 minutes. Bruce announced that he had sprained his knee coming up the spur (after having fallen over and bruised it in the stream).

My plan right or wrong was to get back onto our original route (which in retrospect is not a satisfactory route). If progress uphill was now reduced to a snail's pace, descending was at a glacial pace. However in the dark progress was going to be snail's pace at best without knee problems. We had several things in our favour, it was a calm clear night with a moon nearly full and at 6 pm already well up in the sky. By some accident or luck we managed not to get bogged down in scrub or get channelled into any gullies or - worse combinations of both. We reached the bush proper at about 10 pm, got out our torches and continued. The bush had quite a lot of under storey vegetation to push through, but we continued to make progress, avoiding a stream (and gorge on our left) then crossing a stream on our right. We had dropped nearly 800 m by now and according to the map were near the bottom. The time was after 11.30 pm. The ground was getting very steep (60°) typically and the slope rapidly increasing further. There was the roar of water everywhere and the faint glimmer of turbulent water 20 m or so below through glimpses in the bush. Was this the main river or were we being squeezed into the side stream near the bottom? We tried sidling to the east - still nearly vertical ground - this was hopeless. At 11.45 pm we admitted defeat. We would have to bivy and sort things out in daylight. The wisdom of this decision was almost immediately apparent when Bruce's torch ran out.

It's not easy finding a bivy in the dark in dense bush on steep ground. We moved up hill about 10 m and found a spot only sloping 30° and without under storey. (With our single torch it looked nearly flat compared to the ground we had been on a few metres further down.) This was going to have to do. Problem? How do you get into a nylon covered sleeping bag on a Thermarest without being efficiently launched down the slope into the void below? Clearly a parallel alignment with the slope was out of the question but a transverse arrangement using two or three handy trees as backstops fixed the slippage problem. Bruce was asleep within 60 seconds of hitting the pillow.

When it got light, it was time to move. We were indeed 20 m above the main river. Our first attempt to find a route down what in essence was a bluff was abandoned as too dangerous. We sidled still further eastwards. The second location was not much better necessitating complete reliance on rather flimsy vegetation. Having got down it was apparent that not a lot of progress was going to be possible in the river bed at this point in the gorge. Was there a route up to the terrace on the other side to reach the track? Fortunately there was - with some very handy good rock holds this time - although Bruce got his pack hopelessly stuck in an overhanging tree in the process. The track was almost on the edge of the terrace.

We reached the Top Wairoa Hut at about 10 am. The first thing was BREAKFAST with heaps of tea. After that we had a brief reconnaissance. The hut was located on a raised terrace about 30 m above the junction of two streams. The stream to the west formed another contact zone between the ultramafic belt and the sedimentary rocks. This was dramatically demonstrated with the complete absence of beech on the area we were on and the bush reaching up to the skyline and beyond on the other side of the creek. The terrace appeared to be located on part of

the ultramafic belt which was predominately serpentinite (green material) rather than the hard brick rock (Dunite). On a raised knob above the junction of the streams we identified the most feasible route back out to Boulder Stream.

Back at the hut it was time for lunch. We felt that the previous night's dinner rations would not be amiss. If things had gone to plan we would have spent the day exploring the tops around the area. In any event, rain set in from about 4 pm and continued well into the night.

Examination of the hut book revealed that a Wellington party had reached the hut via "Star Hill". Searching of the map eventually revealed that this was a hill (nearly 1400 m) located on the eastern side of Boulder Stream. A long spur dropped off emerging directly opposite the Forest Service hut we had passed on the way in. We resolved that this would be the route out.

By morning it was fine again and we left shortly after 7 am. Our initial progress was up a creek for a few hundred metres before climbing up the side of a slip. This then gave access to a mixture of fairly steep scrub and Dunite boulders / rock outcrops. We made steady progress gaining about 400 m before we could start a long side above the scrub back along the ridge heading for Star Hill. We gained the ridge and in so doing passed through a saddle which again crossed the fault zone leaving behind the ultramafic rock. In the space of 10 m the change was very noticeable and a whole new set of plant associations. The ridge traverse was easy except that after lunch more and more cloud started rolling in from the south east. We had to navigate our way through several sections of fairly open bush and open ridge before reaching Star Hill at about 3 pm.

It was going to be a very close thing: we had almost 1000 m to descend and a little under 3 hours daylight left. Could we make it? Was the navigation going to be successful in this dense cloud? It is easy to get led off into side spurs on unfamiliar ground like this. We plodded on into a freshening south easterly. I wondered whether the drizzle might turn to snow. We reached the scrub which was mostly manuka and which mostly occupied the eastern side of the spur. Further down, a corridor through the scrub began to appear. A quick examination showed that it was a cut track. The old Forest Service never did things by halves - what the justification for this job was goodness only knows but it was 4 or 5 m wide and just what we needed. When we were less than 200 m from the bottom we dropped below the cloud to see Boulder Stream carrying what appeared to be quite a lot of water and filling the valley with a roar. It was now after 5pm. Would we get to the bottom before dark? Could we cross the stream or would we have to tent on the bank? We reached the stream just before 5.30pm. We could cross without difficulty. Now where was that hut? Up stream or down? I opted for down but that soon established we were on the farm road so it must be the other direction. We reached the hut at about 5.45 pm with a few minutes of light to spare.

Over night it snowed well down into the bush. We had heaps of time to spare so we did not get going until nearly 10 am. Then it was a simple but tedious walk back along the farm road to the car.

After I had got home the phone rang later that evening. "The Palmerston North Police here". "Are you still the owner of vehicle registration number IA8628?"
"Yes".

"The Blenheim police have received a complaint regarding poaching in the Wairau Valley and your car was noted in the area. Were you in the area?"
"Yes "
"What was the nature of your activities in the area?"
"Tramping"
"Tramping you say? Could you give me a description of where you went and for how long?"
...need I go on? Interestingly enough, just we were approaching the main road coming out, we heard several rifle shots but thought nothing of them at the time.

IRON GATES by Brian Lawrence

The weather forecast was for strong southerly winds and snow to 500m. They were right!

I was on the road as per schedule to pick up Tricia at 5.45 am, but she had just got out of bed! Mike Johns was still in bed so around to Mick Leyland's for a few coffees to kill time.

We arrived at Heritage car park a little after 7 am and headed straight into the snow. By the time we hit the trail I was almost suffering from frostbite but that soon changed and we even had to take off some gear when we reached Heritage Lodge.

It was really nice being in front - walking along with fresh snow covering the track. I pointed to our intended route up the track to the Whanahuia tops, but they just said NO! This was very wise in the circumstances as it was snowing, cloudy and windy.

I was happy to get across the Tunipo creek without wet feet and we had a brew up on the creek bed. Lou made more derogatory comments about Mick's coffee. Then we wombled along to the Iron Gate Hut and got the coal range burning. It was a bit chilly as we settled into some lunch.

Then hoards of trampers (17) from the "other" club began to pack out the hut and almost immediately it was standing room only. Mick, Tricia and I were among the last to leave the hut and Tricia kept the "pedal to the metal" until all of the opposition had been "blown into the weeds". Unfortunately it began to rain on the trip out and I got soaked. However, Mike Johns assured me he was perfectly dry in his high tech jacket and I tried hard to believe him.

Soon we were in Lou's van and heading for Kimbolton where we stopped at "The Cottage" for afternoon tea. There were two fires going and lots of interesting paintings, crafts etc. on display. After that pig-out, we said our goodbyes to Trev and Paulene and cruised on back to PN with some nice sunshine to bath down on us at last!

We were Tricia, Pauline, Trevor, Lou, Mike, Mick and Brian.

Thanks to Lou for transport in the van -the ultimate trampers' vehicle.

HARRIS CREEK

The weather didn't look too wonderful as we headed towards the bustling municipality of Shannon. Mick and Tricia and Adrienne were waiting for us at the Power Station and Richard was heard to utter something like "I thought you said Sanson, not Shannon". The slow drive to the road end followed. I was expecting to drive around a corner and come out in the main street of Eketahuna at any time!

We eventually arrived at the road end. This was quite obvious to newcomers to the area such as myself, because some thoughtful person had erected a huge concrete structure across the road that prevented further vehicular travel. Very thoughtful of them.

The stroll around the edge of the dam was as slippery as would be expected. Upon reaching the river, our brave trip leader suggested we follow the river up to the footbridge. She was sure we would have to get a little wet sometime. (Little did she know what was ahead or how wet she would get or how cold it was.)

A pleasant trip following the river up to the bridge followed whereupon we joined the track and toddled along up to the hut. A leisurely snack (some called it lunch) was partaken and the brave sampled Mick's coffee.

We decided to follow the river up and have a good look around. By this time we needed to extract the raincoats to fend off the light drizzle. An hour or so of this and it was time to head back. After referring to the map for guidance, we thought it should be quite easy to find the track back to the hut. So at the first side stream the map was consulted again and the experts with map and compass established that the track was about 10 minutes up this side stream. I am convinced the track has been moved or the scale of the map was wrong because the track was only 200 m away!!

Hereabouts we came across a group from Wellington that had intended heading in past Avalanche Flats but had been forced to retreat after Merv took a tumble. The nurse in their party believed had had broken or cracked a couple of ribs. Mick took his pack and we headed back to the hut for a brew and another snack. Merv decided that he was okay to walk out so gear and packs were reorganized so he wouldn't have to carry his and we wandered out.

Some of the scrambling sections he found quite difficult in his damaged condition so we decided to drop into the riverbed - with the promise of only one deep crossing - waist deep in fact. We discovered that waist deep assumes you are at least 6 feet tall. Shorter meant higher in this case. Reasonable time was made back to the cars where we left our Wellington colleagues to get their injured to hospital for repairs.

The final episode in this storey involves the remaining five in the Wellington party arriving at the road end on Sunday with no transport back to the second car at Ohau. They were fortunate to meet yet another group who kindly offered to fit the four adults from their party plus five adults from Wellington plus nine packs into a tired Toyota Corolla in an effort to rejoin civilization (imagine all those sweaty bodies and smelly socks packed into such a small car – hardly pleasant).

We were Tricia Eder, Adrienne Ross, Malcolm Parker, Richard Lockett and Mick Leyland.

MANWATU GORGE WALK - 22 May by Janet Ryan

The day dawned bright and crisp with a frosty 'edge' to it. The sun, although lacking strength, had cleared away the coldest part of the morning by the time six of us left PN with our supplies checked and gear stowed on board.

Tony and I, the two drivers, left the other four donning their layers in the small car parking area at the Ashhurst of the Gorge while we drove to the other end, left one car, and returned. I say "donning" but in fact in true Kiwi style "un-donning" was the order of the day where legs were concerned - although in true Brit style mine stayed under wraps!

After a quick stop to read the engraving on the remembrance monument, we set off across the road and on to the Gorge Bush Walk. We quickly gained height along a recently upgraded path, following a small running stream for part of the way. After crossing the stream we continued at a fair pace through stands of various New Zealand trees and vegetation which I won't pretend to remember the names of, although I do remember (because it is one of the few NZ trees I can recognise and put a name to!) - a couple of fairly grand rimu.

Along the route we took advantage of the views - to watch the river and its rapids flowing below, the Ashhurst dwellings, the pasture directly across from us on the other side of the gorge above the bush and Mount Ruapehu in the far distance. We stopped for lunch at a handy, if rather windy point and contemplated 'life, the Universe and everything' over a mixture of goodies.

After setting off with energies recharged, we picked our way between gin-traps all set-off to avoid holding up any unsuspecting weekend hikers, or trampers (depending whether Kiwi or Brit once again). Occasionally you could smell if not see a forgotten victim of one of these modes of capture which somehow seemed so cold and pathetic in the never ending war against the local population of the estimated eighty million country wide possum population.

The route was well marked, if a little muddy in parts and in the final descent the vegetation became very useful as banisters in the hope of avoiding an uncontrolled mud-slides. Indeed some of the vegetation appeared as if it too was just holding on and you hoped weren't to be one to take it with you.

Four hours from start to finish, we sorted rides and to Palmerston North with exercised hearts and raised satisfying way to spend an early winter's morning.

The walkers were Doug Strachan, Tony Gates, Yvonne van der Does, Tricia Eder, Janet Ryan and Sally Hewson (on her once per year walk).

IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOUR TRAMPING BOOTS

If it weren't for your tramping boots
Where would you be
You couldn't slosh in mud pools
Or go down on scree
You wouldn't get corns or
or even sore feet
If you didn't have your feet in your tramping boots

Our tramping boots are dirty but we think the're swell
Mine keep in the water
Mary's keep in the smell
We crash through bush and loose the track
But always we will be
Safe, secure and happy in our tramping boots
Anon.

MICHAEL JOHNS

Building Contractor

FOR ALTERATIONS, ADDITIONS
AND NEW HOMES
F3 17Guy Avenue, Phone (-6) 355-2162

MOUNTIAN EQUIPMENT

What's new in the outdoors with Mountain Equipment?

Well the new leather boot hasn't turned up yet so more on that next month. The information that I have is that it has:

- : full leather uppers for even better waterproofing;
- : a protective rand around the sole;
- : Vibram soles for excellent grip and good wear;
- : male and female sizes for a better fit.

Price is approximately \$275 but stay tuned for an introductory offer when prices are confirmed.

FLEECE

These days packs are getting smaller as you need less of the "night gear" to head into the hills.

- Fleece is a 100% polyester fibre. It is lighter than wool for the equivalent of warmth.
- It is densely woven and therefore much more windproof than the old fibrepile.
- It absorbs less water than wool which means that it doesn't get as heavy when its wet.
- It dries faster than wool yet it can be wrung out and warm almost straight away if it gets wet.
- It is easily washed in a washing machine with no risk of stretching or shrinking and it will be dry enough to wear almost straight out of the machine!
- For warmth without weight it is definitely the way to go -I'm only a recent convert. It's excellent for canoeing too.

If you have been confused about what the different garment manufacturers are calling their products, here is how it really is:

Fairydown Earth Sea & Sky Wilderness
Polartec 300 Polarplus Solarplus
Polartec 200 Polarlite -
Polartec 100 -Solartek

Polartec 300 / Polarplus / Solarplus are by far the warmest of the grades. These are brushed on both sides, very densely woven and almost windproof. They are excellent for cold and windy days either on the street or in the bush.

Polartec 200 / Polarlite are not a lot warmer than Polartec 100 / Solartek, but are still brushed on both sides, giving then a luxurious warm feel. Commonly used for active tramping and also street wear, but needs a wind shell for these blustery days.

Polartec 100 / Solartek is woven on the inside, brushed on the outside and is excellent for cycling, rock climbing or as an extra thermal layer.