



# PALMERSTON NORTH TRAMPING AND MOUNTAINEERING CLUB INC.

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

**September 1992 Edition**

Gear Custodian

Newsletter Editor & Newsletter Distribution

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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.

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### 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

#### SEPTEMBER

<b><u>SEPTEMBER 26-27</u></b>	TARARUAS Cow Creek	Medium	Nigel Barrett	356-1568
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#### OCTOBER

<b><u>OCTOBER 4</u></b>	3rd Birch Whare/ Makeretu	Medium	Perry Hicks	355-1393
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<b><u>OCTOBER 10-11</u></b>	RUAPEHU Igloo Building/Alpine	Fit	Tony Gates	357-0990
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<b><u>OCTOBER 11</u></b>	TARARUAS Kiriwhakapapa	Medium	Tricia Eder	357-0122
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<b><u>OCTOBER 17-18</u></b>	Ruahines ?
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<b><u>OCTOBER 18</u></b>	TARARUAS Mangahau	Easy / medium	Kevin Pearce	357-0217
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Labour Weekend	KAWEKAS Hot Springs	Any	Mick Leyland	358-3183
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<b><u>OCTOBER 31-1</u></b>	RUAHINES Sawtooth Ridge	Fit	Jenni Madgwick	354-0536
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**THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMME**

**SEPTEMBER 24 STEVE BOULTON, OF DOC, POHANGINA BASE** will be presenting this evening's talk on the Ruahine Ranges. Steve has been working there for nearly 15 years, and has many stories to tell. He has been involved in forestry, wild animal, pest and weed control, search and rescue, soil conservation work, fire fighting, routine hut, track, and bridge work in the DOC estate, and of course recreation. Recently, he was involved in building the new hut at Lake Colenso, and clearing most of the tracks in that area, as well as in the Kawhatau and Porangaki Valleys.

Do you want to know what is going on in the Ruahines? This talk is not to be missed.

**OCTOBER 15 VAUGHN KEESING TONGARIRO NATIONAL PARK.** Vaughn is working at Massey University, studying the exotic heathers that grow around the Chateau environs. There are vast areas of these plants on the slopes of the mountains. Are they weeds?

**OCTOBER 29 CAVING, BY STEVE GLASGOW, GREG REID, AND BRUCE HARDING.**

These gentlemen are experts at their game. And this is one of those games that PNTMC has been involved in for a number of years. It is an amazing activity crawling underground and getting very dirty, and goes to places no one else ever does.

Bruce has many fine photos of the beauty underground. They all know the good caving spots around, and Steve will be leading this club's annual expedition to the underground, a couple of weeks after this talk.

And there will be many more interesting Thursday evenings put on by PNTMC and friends. Stay tuned.

**PINUS CONTORTA WEEKEND**

We have a confirmed booking for a Pinus Contorta pulling weekend 21-22 November. The essence of this caper is a group environmental interaction effort. It is planned to leave on Saturday morning and to camp out on Saturday night, so you have a bit of time till then to air your tent or fly and around to checking the seams for leaks. This is an event we have not participated in for a few years, so keep this weekend free and start to get your hands into condition for the big pull. Give your name to Perry Hicks ASP.

**LABOUR WEEKEND**

End of winter ascent of Tapuaenuku a mild hillock in the Inland Kaikoura Range. Enjoy the 68 river crossings, marvel at the avalanche prone slopes, and do the climb from the comfort of double glazed windows.

If the Tapu thing has to be binned, (e.g. river in flood or avalanches have made the route overly interesting) we will shoot off to the Nelson Lakes area and do something around the Travers Valley area. If you are interested and can throw a sickie on either the Fri preceding or the Tues after Labour Day, give your name to Pauline Ph 356-6882. (She's doing the sheila things for it.) You have to be confident (and have experience) in snow / ice work, otherwise the trip would be a medium class. (Trevor Meyle) - Thanks Trev.

**EDITORIAL**

It rained a lot last month. PNTMC did however get out and about quite a bit, so we have plenty to report here.

Firstly though, our Thursday evening programme continues to be of high quality. Vic Vercoe, of Forest and Bird Society, presented us with a fine slide show of some of his interests. Lots of "oohs" and "ahhs" at his pickies of such things as native snails, fungi, Coprosma berries, insects, orchids, and the native forest environment. Educational. Stewart Miln, of MTSC spun a few yarns about travels through darkest Africa. A good talk. The annual debate against MUAC, doesn't appear to be all that popular these days. Those that attend know that it is a lot of fun, and the "boot and rock" is a very worthwhile trophy. Next year we host this great debate, so be forewarned all you potential debaters.

Our annual Snowcraft course suffered somewhat from the weather this year. Nevertheless, some of us know what good cramponing is like aye. The weather isn't always bad. And the snow is fantastic. To gauge the snow quantity up in the Ruahines, I look for "the Pussycat". This is a slip face on the Ngamoko Range that one can see from Palmerston North/Ashhurst when it has snow on it, it is shaped like a white pussycat against a black background of leatherwood! Look for yourself one day, its quite a landmark.

Spring must be here now, because Marcel is busy with his lambs and all the dairy cows are in for milking. Longer days at last, that means longer tramps to better places. Hopefully all the river levels will gradually drop and the place will dry out a bit. Keep in touch at club evenings, and/or phone the listed leader if you are interested.

**NOTICES**

## **CHRISTMAS TRIP KAIMANAWA- KAWEKA CROSSING**

Just getting in early here. There has been quite a bit of interest in this proposal, to cross the Kaimanawa and Kaweka Ranges.

It will take approximately one week of reasonably medium-ish tramping (with two or three complete rest days). We would most likely start at Kiko Road end, aiming for Boyd Lodge area. The route would then dawdle (sweat?) up to Te Puke, and on to the high Kaweka tops, then end at Makahu base. The Mohaka River, with hot and cold pools, is at the end of the tramp.

Wild horses to look at on the way, large areas of wilderness, and some great country. Contact Tony Gates if you are interested.

## **CONGRATULATIONS**

Congratulations and best wishes to Perry Hicks and Jackie Pillet who recently announced their engagement.

## **ERROR IN CALENDARS**

Hedgehog House have advised us that there is an error concerning the dates for Easter in their 1993 calendars. (They claim that the Department of Infernal (sorry) Internal Affairs incorrectly advised them.) Some stickers are available to correct things. See me - ed.

## **COMMITTEE MEETING**

The next committee meeting will be held at Mick Leyland's place. If any member wishes to attend or has any issues that they would like to air at the committee meeting feel free to come along.

## **FOR SALE**

Pair of ASOLO ASS Superflex boots (never been worn). Price negotiable. If interested, phone Stuart Thompson on 326-9362.

## **THREE BOOK REVIEWS** By Tony Gates

Every trumper and climber collects, or at least reads books about their recreation. There are many, many shelves of books pertaining to these activities, and no area features as strongly or as in as much detail as the Himalayan-Karakoram ranges. Expeditions to peaks of these great ranges are numerous, so are the books so one can gain an idea of "the scene" of the great mountaineers. Often repeated names of peaks and people quickly become familiar. Of all these people, Doug Scott and Peter Boardman were up there with the best, and not infrequently on top of the highest peaks on the planet. And they present wonderful books of their efforts.

Firstly, and all time classic, a must read book, a compilation of truly great adventures (in paperback): **SACRED SUMMITS**, by (the late) **PETER BOARDMAN** (1982) (Arrow Books, London).

Stories are told of three expeditions to very sacred places, to untrodden summits that will hopefully remain that way. Because they are extremely difficult mountains to climb, and their summits are sacred to the locals, the author and his companions do not actually reach the summits, they deliberately stop climbing a few metres short, so the actual summits remain virgin and inviolate. And isn't it the getting there that is the most fun. There are some rules and ethics of mountaineering. They may not be written, and there may be some dispute as to the "correct" way to climb, but what is know as "alpine style" climbing is defined, i.e. fast climbing, not using oxygen, and most importantly small sized expeditions.

The author was sensitive to religious, legal, and geo-political implications, and considered himself environmentally sound in an extremely competitive pastime. Peter Boardman did not want to displease the locals or the gods of the mountains. There is no doubt that he was one of the greatest mountaineers. He also was a brilliant writer.

Chapter one is on a climb to the Snow Mountains of New Guinea. Remote, tropical, and nearly five and a half thousand metres altitude, the most difficult part was bypassing Indonesian bureaucracy. Then there was the jungle, glaciers and alpine dangers, and tropical storms.

The third highest peak in the world, Kangchenjunga, was climbed, all but the final few metres that is, with his famous partner Joe Tasker, and Doug Scott (refer below). A gripping story.

The Ganges River is deeply sacred to Hindus and Buddhists. At the headwaters of its principle tributary lie the twin 7000 metre peaks of Gauri Sankar, the true birthplace of this mighty river. A point a few short metres from Gauri, the south summit, was reached after many epics with Pertemba and Guy.

Peter Boardman disappeared with Joe Tasker near the summit of Mt Everest during 1982. He is remembered by his writings, and by the prestigious "Boardman- Tasker Award" for mountaineering literature.

For those who really want to impress, one of the ultimate books for your coffee table, a pictorial autobiography of the great British mountaineer: **DOUG SCOTT, HIMALAYAN CLIMBER, A lifetimes quest to the world's greater ranges**. Diadem, London (1992)

The photos are stunning, Mountains, climbers and locals, and the places on the walk in to the mountains are all displayed on 200 glossy pages. From 1953 to 1991 are covered, with emphasis on the mid 70's onwards, when Everest and other giants were climbed. Most of the book concerns the Himalayan/ Karakoram mountains, with some mention of climbing in UK., Islamic lands, and the European Alps. Each chapter reflects a few years of the authors life and/ or a few expeditions. If the text seems brief then the photos and their annotations certainly are not.

This book includes trips with many of the true greats; Messner, Whillans, Bonnington, van Brunt, Chouinard, Boardman, and others. There is obvious competition between some, and some difference in styles. Scott's bivy with Dougal Haston without oxygen near Everest's summit, and his epic descent with two broken legs with Chris Bonnington from the Ogre were incredible feats. But the book has to reflect danger and death at times. Scott has seen avalanches, oedema, rockfall etc kill many of his friends, including Nick Estcourt, Dougal Haston, and Peter Boardman (refer above). The question "why?" is therefore asked, and is answered in the postscript as "something extraordinary", or "questing for that hidden treasure on those shimmering islands in the sky". Maybe the pickies in this book will answer that question?

Then there are the great New Zealand mountaineer/ writers. Dingle, Temple, Hall and Ball, Hillary, Monteith, and others, and a bit earlier, specialising in our own mountains, **JOHN PASCOE**, author of **UNCLIMBED NEW ZEALAND** (3rd impression, 1954), Unwin, London.

When asked "Why they do it"?, Pascoe replied "Because they must". (Hillary replied to the same question on Everest with "Because it's there.")

From the 20's to the 60's John Pascoe was very active in the New Zealand Mountains, and wrote many books about them. He explored, climbed, and named much virgin territory. A different age and a very different style to what we are used to today, and to the two books above, but John Pascoe's trips are sure to ring a bell with some PNTMC members. "Unclimbed New Zealand" tells of several pass hopping trips, tramper/ climber type of trips to parts seldom if ever visited even today.

I enjoyed reading of their clothes and equipment. Pascoe seemed impressed with his stormproof clothes, and they weren't Goretex. Keas were on the menu when possible, and tobacco was more precious than food. Party members were all referred to by their sir names alone. But their trips were, I'm sure, every bit as rugged as those to most of the areas today.

Some quotes are lovely. "The pen cannot describe...", ".. the Adams River, a living chaos...the cataracts were feasible to Olympian salmon, but not to mortals..."

Pascoe tramped and climbed over vast virgin areas of Canterbury and Westland. He named many peaks and places, including the legendary "Gardens of Eden and Allah", and observed many glaciers in a very different state to how we see them today. His style was often to avoid the unnecessary danger and effort (and glory) of first ascents, preferring the tramp and to write a valuable route guide, some of which can still be used today. It was of course no less dangerous in the wilderness than it is today. Anyway, there were simply far too many peaks for one man to claim the first ascent of. A few of us of PNTMC, only a few, know what it is like to tramp and climb in "unclimbed" New Zealand.

Other books to look at next month include the ageless **Barry Crump** with his latest autobiography "**The life and times of a good keen man**".

## TRIP REPORTS

### **SNOWCRAFT 1 - 19 July 1992 by Bruce van Brunt**

Although the above trip was initially envisaged as a weekend adventure, it was transformed, after some negotiation, into a day trip to Rangipo Hut on Mt Ruapehu. We drove to the repeater station near the Tukino skifield off the Desert Road. The weather had been fair the previous day and this had taken its toll on the snow around the lower slopes of Ruapehu. The paucity of snow was evident, yet we could see isolated snow patches in shaded spots. Armed with this observation, we embarked for the hut with various implements indicative of a snowcraft course.

The path to the hut was essentially free of snow; however, there were several snow slopes bordering the route which afforded ample opportunity for practising basic skills such as cutting steps and self arresting. Lunch at the hut was a leisurely affair; we rested and enjoyed some of Tony's fresh "hut-made" soup. Leaving the hut, we revisited the snow slopes to practise more snowcraft and then returned to Palmerston North.

Our party consisted of: Adrienne, Andrew, Chris, Nigel, Tony and Bruce.

### **HUTCRAFT 2 Mt Egmont - August 8-9**

Three car loads of intrepid climbers headed off on Friday night, with a weather forecast which was not sounding the best. We met at North Egmont road end and people headed off in groups in cool and showery weather for Tahurangi Lodge. We were all at the hut by just after midnight, and everyone dried off and then warmed up with a hot

drink. There was heaps of snow on the last section of the road, but it proved no obstacle to our groups. The wind was picking up and the rain getting heavier as we settled down for the night.

Next day did not dawn fine, so it was a session on the ropes in the hut, practising knots and belays. The afternoon turned into a great card game of 'GRASS'. Chief chef Bruce took charge of the kitchen and produced a culinary delight for the group's tea.

Sunday was also not a good day, so after a long discussion, it was decided to pack up and head for the valley, do some self arrests and then continue on down the road home.

We were: Mike Johns, Mick Leyland, Tricia Eder, Pauline Coy, Bruce van Brunt, Andrew Jones, Cris and Roderick Saunders and Doug Lagerstedt.

PS. We will be back for another go!

### **Mt Lees Reserve - 15 August**

Mt Lees is a very scenic little reserve situated just 10 minutes from Halcombe. Two carloads had arranged to meet at the reserve at 10 am. One car couldn't find Mt Lees signpost around Halcombe, but after asking directions from locals (thankfully 1 out of 3 knew of the place) we made it.

Eventually the lost car arrived and we set off down their ever-so-nicely beaten track. Well some of us were quite surprised! Even though this was classed as an "easy", a stroll is a more suitable word. The leader was Mr PRESIDENT himself, so we were expecting something on the tougher side of easy. We were definitely not prepared for the neatly gravelled, wide levelled track. Boots were not needed at all.

The reserve is a beautifully cared for place, with an extensive blend of both natives and exotics. Many of which were labelled for identification. The track loops around native bush featuring kauris, totaras, rimus, nikaus and tree ferns, then through rhododendrons, magnolias, maples, red hot pokers and fields of forget-me-nots.

We managed to stretch the walk by stopping frequently to study the plant life or the view. After a very relaxed hour, we arrived back at the start of the track and made ourselves comfortable in the padded chairs of the covered lunch area. We talked, laughed, soaked up the sunshine, drank a (well deserved?) cuppa and surveyed the beautifully landscaped, spacious lawns and blooming daffodils. How's that for luxury!

We were: Tony, Yvonne, Maria, Denise and Adrienne.

### **NEARLY A WEEK'S WORTH AT MT ASPIRING NATIONAL PARK (MANP) by Peter Wiles**

John and I had planned to go down to MANP for some time but there was only one week overlap between the end of the Massey vocation and the start of the Wellington Polytechnic holidays. Having got to Chch on Friday evening and picked John up at the airport we were confronted with a weather forecast of snow down to 300 -500 m in Otago and Canterbury. Would we be able to get over Burke's Pass let alone the Lindis Pass? The following morning we headed towards Wanaka to find out. Burke's - no problem - what snow? - only something more like frost covering the ground. We passed through a frozen fog full of snow flakes near Omarama and emerged before long into improving weather as we reached the Lindis Pass. This was a breeze and we reached Wanaka at midday. We filled up at the local bakery on the waterfront (thoroughly recommended) and after clocking in at Park HQ and listening to the 5 day forecast, headed for the Matukituki Valley.

I last visited the Matukituki in 1976 or 77 as I recall and I was very keen to see it again. The road was no problem and the car park, on this fine Saturday afternoon, was a hive of activity. (Mountain bikes seem to be the way to go these days.) The walk to Mt Aspiring Hut takes about 2 hours and these days is basically along a road. (Didn't exist when I was last there.) The snow loaded peaks were a marvellous sight. We wondered about the strength of the high level southerly wind that we could see blowing sheets of spin-drift off many of the ridges and peaks? The hut was surrounded by snow and was occupied by 2 young Brits out here on OE. This was the first visit to this legendary hut for either of us.

Next was going to be hard work day up to French Ridge Hut. We made a good start in superb weather - first into bush then into open clearings on crunchy snow - followed by more bush then Pearl and Shovel Flats covered in powder snow. We knew there was a newish bridge over the (West) Matukituki just beyond the top flat but were not sure exactly where. (The old bridge was destroyed in the 70's (I think) when an avalanche debris dam burst creating a massive flash food.) The river, however, was so low that a crossing could be made very easily and possibly without even getting our feet wet. However, at this stage we wanted to be sure they stayed dry. After crossing on the bridge we turned back to the start of the French Ridge Track.

Of the 1000 m climb to the hut, the section through the bush seemed easy. The section through the scrub zone was not too bad, partly because we were able to make use of the remains of tracks left by the last party a week

previous. Beyond the scrub unfortunately it was straight slog in soft snow up to our waists on the steeper slopes. The last 100 m must have taken us at least an hour to climb. The hut was 2/3 buried in snow and the bog 95%.

Next morning we set off for a reconnaissance trip up to the top of French Ridge to inspect the Quarterdeck area of the Bonar Glacier. The weather was partly cloudy with a light westerly. We found the snow hard going on the 800 m climb up the ridge. To start with it was nearly up to our knees but gradually got more firm as we gained height. At about 2100 m we entered a layer of cloud for the last 200 m to the ridge top. We passed a couple of small ice cliffs on our right, keeping well away as we had no desire to find out whether there were any hidden crevasses at their base or not. After about 2 3/4 hours (the guide book suggested 2 hours, we stood over looking the Bonar except, for a dense whiteout which in the event meant that we could not see anything beyond our arms and feet. We returned to the hut for lunch. It started snowing in the afternoon and the barometer commenced a long and dramatic plunge.

On Tuesday we were hut bound while the northwest blizzard continued. It was impossible to adequately dry anything living inside the equivalent of a large refrigerator. The best that could be done was to allow body heat to drive the moisture to the outer layers where it would condense and remain. We had a slight problem with our supply of matches (vital for obtaining water) - we found that we had a total of less than 20 left for the rest of the trip and then due to the dampness we found they would no longer ignite. An hour or so in John's chest pocket solved the latter problem.

On Wednesday morning it was fine and calm outside so we decided to head back up French Ridge to Mt French. This time heading up the ridge we found that our tracks (route) from Monday were not only obliterated but that we sunk into the snow on average twice as deeply as before and that conditions did not improve as we gained height. There was high cloud to the northwest (no great concern) and heavy lower cloud to the south towards the head of the Shotover and Rees / Dart Valleys - further more it was gradually approaching us. We noticed that the snow on the river flats far below had all melted. By the time we were 2/3 of the way up the ridge patches of cloud caught up with us. Progress was absolutely exhausting. The headwall at the ridge top was quite steep - well over 45° on the left and declining in gradient towards the right near some more small ice cliffs. John, who was doing all the good work was about 5 or 6 m from the ridge top and 15 m in front (and above) me, had taken a fairly steep line towards the left. (The run out being better on the steeper left as apposed to a possible massive drop past the Quarterdeck into Gloomy Gorge on the right. Suddenly I heard a shout, which while I didn't quite catch it, it only took me a second to figure it was AVALANCHE! A couple of seconds later the snow started to pour down over me. There was nothing I could do. Fortunately, after 3 or 4 seconds and after a hopper load of frozen icing sugar had swept down over me, it stopped and I realized that I was not being swept away. I looked up and for a moment could not see John, but then I found him sliding gracefully feet downwards 2 or 3 metres above me and a couple of metres to my right. He stopped almost opposite me. I noticed that there was a break-line about 10 cm thick up close to the ridge top near the bluff to our left. John said that when the layer gave way his feet went and he somersaulted over backwards! He had not hurt himself in part because the snow was so soft. I was glad the slab was not 20 cm or more - then it would have been a less certain outcome. We saw little point in continuing. It had already taken us 4 hours to cover the same ground that had taken 2 3/4 hours on Monday. The cloud was getting more dense and the wind rising. We heard some fairly substantial avalanches; most likely over on the other side of the valley, but in the whiteout we could not tell where exactly. The weather was getting worse to the extent that in places on the descent our tracks were already disappearing and in parts we had to peer very closely to find our way. Skies would have been good on the way up but would be useless in the conditions on the way back. Back at the hut, John was worried that he might have got frost bitten feet - especially when he found that one of his socks was frozen with ice on it. A southerly blizzard swept the hut for the rest of the day further burying it until only feeble light filtered through what was nominally the window.

On Thursday morning there was no change in either the weather or the barometer. We saw no point in continuing to exist in the vegetable compartment of a fridge. We packed up and headed out into the freezing storm and took a compass bearing. After dropping 100 m or so we crossed a small flat basin where to our consternation we sank into the snow up to our chests. Crawling was hopeless. The iceaxe was useless - it just disappeared into the surface up to your shoulder! A sort of swimming motion was the only way forward. We dropped below most of the cloud and then noticed that the flats far below were completely covered with snow again. Once halfway through the scrub zone we lost the track. After 3 or 4 attempts to investigate various options we gave up and then by chance found it. The descent through the bush seemed steep and slippery. At the bottom we forded the river (one foot damp) and arrived back at Aspiring Hut in time for afternoon tea. The place was empty and we were able to get a good fire going. It was great at last to get warm and dry. It snowed on and off for the rest of the day.

Next morning we left shortly after 8 am for the road. The weather was cloudy but more or less fine although the temperature was little above freezing. The valley was covered in snow way down the road beyond the car. We arrived back in Wanaka at midday to keep an appointment with the bakery and catch up with the news that there was a civil defence emergency in force in parts of Christchurch and that Chch was just about at a standstill with snow.

The route back to Chch was not assured. However we elected to give the Lindis Pass a go and if Burke's Pass was closed we could go down the Waitaki Valley and out to near Oamaru. In the event neither pass presented any problem - in spite of dire warnings and the need chains etc. There was no snow around Omarama, but from Twizel there was continuous snow alongside the road all the way back to Chch apart from an area around Ashburton.

It looks like MANP would be worth another visit in summer when things are a bit warmer.

(Those members who have had to battle rock hard snow/ice this winter on Egmont might like to contrast these conditions to the conditions down south where on ridges at 2300 m we found no ice build up or sastrugi - just bottomless wind packed dry powder.)

John Thomson and Peter Wiles

### **TONGUE-IN-CHEEK ODE TO WEDNESDAY WALKERS**

Oh noble trampers of every girth  
You must be the maddest on this earth.  
You persist in tramping in the worst of weathers  
Gaily exposing all yours nethers.  
You must drink DEEP at the Eternal Fountain  
The way you climb the highest mountain  
And tramp all day in knee deep water  
Doing what you didn't oughter.  
(My husband who actively disbelieves in tramping contributed that last line.)  
Dear fellow trampers I love you dearly  
But never understand you clearly  
Yet I will say this for the Wednesday walkers  
They are all quite fantastic talkers.  
And this line is the best I've written yet  
You are the nicest people that I have met.

Anne Hayman (was a PNTMC member some years back)

PNTMC  
Box 1217  
Palmerston North

Postage Paid  
Permit Number  
286  
Palmerston North

**FINANCIAL MEMBERS OF PNTMC AS OF 1 SEPTEMBER 1992**

BARRETT BRAMLEY BROAD	NIGEL SUE LANCE	126 RUGBY STREET, 2C DROYLSDEN PLACE, 6 SALISBURY AVE.,	356-1568 358-6290 355-3749
CANTWELL COLLIS COOPER COY CRAW CRIPPEN CURSON	MONICA GAYLE JIM PAULINE MARY TERRY MICHAEL	25 WAICOLA DRIVE. OROUA ROAD, RD 5., 15 WILLOWSTREAM GROVE. 7 JUST PLACE, ARANUI RD. NO.5 RD, 24 MORRIS ST. 9 JOHN F KENNEDY DRIVE,	354-3834 329-0888 354-9861 356-8782 329-0749 356-3588 358-8283
EDER	TRICIA	57 FIARS RD.	357-0122
GATES GLASGOW	TONY STEVE	22 IHLE STREET, 11 HUIA STREET,	357-0990 (06)376-8838
HEWSON HICKS HOLLENSTEIN	SALLY PERRY MARCEL	22 IHLE ST. 6 ADAMS PLACE, ARANUI ROAD, No 5 R.D.,	357-0990 355-1393 329-0749
JOHNS	MICHAEL	FLAT 3, 17 GUY AVE.,	355-2162
KELLY KENNEDY	CHRIS LAURIE	273 BROADWAY AVENUE, 6 DITTMER DRIVE.	355-4980 357-4360
LAWRENCE LEYLAND LOCKETT	BRIAN MICK RICHARD	PENNY ROAD, No 9 R.D., 38 PAHIATUA ST. 1 NORTH STREET, FEILDING	324-8552 358-3183 353-6489
MADGWICK MEYLE MOORE MORRISON	JENNI TREVOR DENNIS LIZ	7 CARTER CRESENT, C/- RAP IRNZIR, FOREST HILL ROAD. AOKOUTERE, 5 LESLIE AVE.	354-0536 351-9471 357-5651 357-6532
NARAN	JAN	22 MEREMERE AVE.	358-5860
OWEN	BRAD	436 COLLEGE ST.	358-3467
PARKER PETERS PITHER PRICHARD	MALCOLM GRAHAM LAWSON_&_SUE LLEW	64 PAHIATUA ST., UTUWAI ROAD, POHANGINA VALLEY WEST RD., 4 ATHLONE PLACE, 10 GAINS80ROUGH GROVE,	357-5203 329-4722 357-3033 358-2217
REID RIORDAN ROSS ROWAN	GREG MARGARET ADRIENNE DARYL_&_LINDA	RD 2, MASTERTON 23 RANGIORA AVE., 87 STORTFORD STREET, 110 MANAWATU ST.,	06-372-5878 356-7460 326-8367 356-4655
SAUNDERS SCHEYUENS SCHUPBACH SCOTT SHARP SHORT STOCKDALE STRACHAN	CHRIS PAUL URS_&_RUTH BARRY DEREK TIM PETER & JUDY DOUG	96 BRIGHTWATER TCE., 22 ANGLESEY PLACE, 94 WOOD ST., 62 BUICK CRESENT, 144 OXFORD ST. OHAUITI ROAD, RD3., RD 1, AOKAUTERE, 117 PAHIATUA ST.	358-4899 357-4138 358-0245 357-1731 326-8178 07(5)443418 355-5277 357-5732
TAYLOR THOMSON TODD	SHEENA JOHN ARTHUR_&_LIS	26 SUTHERLAND CRESENT, FLAT 6, 7 KONINI RD., HAITAITAI, WELLINGTON 2 HEAYNS PJJACE, FEILDING	357-6665 (04)386-2609 323-6246
VAN DER DOES VAN BRUNT	YVONNE BRUCE	24 SPRINGDALE CRES., 26 MANCHESTER STREET,	357-7439 356-4217
WILES	PETER	12 JENSEN STREET.	358-6894