



PALMERSTON NORTH TRAMPING AND MOUNTAINEERING CLUB INC.

P.O. BOX 1217
PALMERSTON NORTH
NEWSLETTER

March 1993 Edition

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TRIPS OFTEN LEAVE FROM THE FOODTOWN CAR PARK IN FERGUSSON STREET UNLESS THE LEADER ARRANGES OTHERWISE.

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 unless otherwise notified in the newsletter.

SCHEDULED EVENT LIST

MARCH

Date	Trip	Grade	Leader	Phone
<u>MARCH 14</u>	Cattle Creek/Mid Pohangina	M	Paul Scheyvens	357-4138
National Walk Week 13-21				
<u>MARCH 13-14</u>	Pinus Contorta	M	Pauline Coy	356-8782
<u>MARCH 20</u>	Blue Range/Kiriwhakapapa	E	Jenny McCarthy	06-376-8838
<u>MARCH 21</u>	Stanfield Hut	E	Mick Leyland	358-3183
<u>MARCH 20-21</u>	Waterfall Creek	F	Peter Wiles	358-6894

<u>MARCH 28</u>	Sunrise Hut Ruahines	E	Tricia Eder	357-0122
<u>MARCH 28</u>	Te Atuaoparapara	M/F	Peter Stockdale	355-5277

Club Nights: Thursdays 11th and 25th.

APRIL

Date	Trip	Grade	Leader	Phone
<u>APRIL 4</u>	Herepai/East Peak	E/M	Chris Saunders	358-4899
<u>APRIL 4-5</u>				
Easter Weekend				
<u>APRIL 9-12</u>	Mt Taranaki	Open	Mike Johns	
<u>APRIL 18</u>	Atene Skyline Walkway	M	Richard Lockett	323-6489
<u>APRIL 25</u>	Rangi	E	Jenny McCarthy	06-376-8838
<u>APRIL 24-25</u>	Howletts	M	Mary Crow	329-7868

Club Nights: Thursdays 15th and 29th.

THURSDAY EVENING PROGRAMME

EVENTS PROGRAMMED FOR 1993

THURSDAY 11 MARCH

Map and compass skills will be put to the test. This will be the last club night before daylight saving ends so we propose to make full use of it. Linda Rowan has agreed to organise this activity. We will meet at the Society of Friends at 7.45 pm sharp and perhaps have a brief session on the theory before heading out into the great unknown. Bring a compass and a local street map, jersey, raincoat / umbrella.

1. Greg Preston: Climbing in Greenland
2. Clive Jones: Climbing in Argentina
3. AGM - End of March

EDITORIAL

Summer wasn't too bad really. We had several weeks of excellent weather and some of us even managed to grab a few good days in the hills during January and February. As usual, there is plenty happening.

Andrew Spence, of the Department of Conservation (Wanganui), provided us with an extremely full and interesting talk and slide show on DOC activities. There were pictures of much of the DOC estate in this region, including many small areas and scenic reserves, and a few scientific reserves, which DOC is very concerned about. Problems such as weeds and pests were illustrated and proposed additions to Whanganui National Park were discussed. Firstly, DOC want to find out what exists in the DOC estate, then a strategy can be formulated on what they can do about it. That is where we, as recreational users come in, because DOC welcomes public comment. We did touch on some controversial issues like track maintenance. It is hard to believe that it is 5 years since DOC was formed.

We will shortly be placing a third order with DOC for annual hut passes. Be in. At \$40, they are good value and very popular. Contact Tony ASAP.

The long awaited NZMS 260 H36 (Mt Cook) map has emerged. It covers a magnificent piece of real estate from the Fox Glacier to Mt Chudleigh and Gorilla Stream to the Mueller Glacier and the Landsborough River - Mataihi - Jacob Rivers and up the coast to the mouth of the Cook River. Some surrounding maps are out now, the remainder are due out sometime this year. It makes a person dream of the hills and mountains and plan for future trips. Right now, it feels like a good time to go there before daylight saving ends and before winter. Contact a trip leader if you are interested. There are lots of great places to go to yet.

THURSDAY 25 MARCH (couple of weeks before Easter) "ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING"

AGM AGM AGM AGM AGM

Entertainment always is provided. Last year supper was, maybe this time we will have a speaker after the AGM, then supper. Not boring. This is the principle administrative evening for PNTMC, when we elect officers, present annual reports, and discuss club matters. On the agenda is as usual, subscriptions. More details in March newsletter. It is good for the club to have good participation and members prepared to assist when and where required. Contact a committee member if you are interested in standing for office or committee. No Job is too onerous.

AGM AGM AGM AGM AGM

NOTICES

SAREX 93

A SAREX is being held this weekend (March 6-7th) and PNTMC has a team participating.

CONGRATULATIONS

The 1993 Kaweka Challenge was held a couple of weekends ago in miserably wet conditions. The course was slightly rearranged accordingly. Three club members participated (Trish, Adrienne and Mick). Trish and Mick competed in the veterans section and came second winning a collection of socks, I believe. I am not sure how Adrienne and her partner got on. Well done folks!

CHANGE OF TRIP DATE

Jenny's trip was scheduled for March 21st now 20th leaving at 7 am.

MARCH 20 Blue Range/Kiriwhakapapa E Jenny McCarthy 06-376-8838

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Mike Johns is now at RD 2. Bishop road New Plymouth. I do not have his phone number at this time.

ANNUAL HUT PASSES

Contact Tony for passes, details etc.

PINUS CONTORTA

Yes folks that subject again! We will tap into one of the groups going on this on the 13/14 of March. This will be about the last opportunity for this season to get on P Contorta. So don't just be an armchair environmentalist – get out and participate in the real thing and earn a few dollars for the club. Contact Pauline Coy. (Ph 356-8732) who is organising the proceedings.

WANTED TO BUY

Small MACPAC for weekend trips ph. 354-3834.

TRIP REPORTS

Don't forget to get your trip reports in, or a letter to the editor, or some good gossip, or a poem or what ever.

AN INVITATION

We have received an invitation from the Wanganui Tramping Club to join their trip to the Atene Walkway on Anzac Day 25th April. If interested ring Cecily Matthews on 06-343-4833. The rendezvous will be at the Deerstalkers Club, 100 Peat Street at 8 am or at the Northern entrance to the track at 9 am.

BOOK REVIEW by Tony Gates

"The life and times of a good keen man" ("The way I seen it") (The first of a trilogy) by Barry Crump (1992) (published by Barry Crump Associates)

The author has written much about his experiences in New Zealand. From "A good keen man", published in 1960 to this autobiography, Barry Crump has written 20 books and has seen in excess of 1.3 million copies of them

sold. He has lived the life of a bushman, farmer and of course a writer. Barry Crump has been internationally recognised as a humorous writer. He has carried his fame.

The story begins on a dairy farm near South Auckland. He learned about horses, farm and hunting dogs then deer culling in the Central North Island - where he began writing. Crocodile hunting in Australia was next on the agenda, then drifting around New Zealand working in a great variety of jobs, including broadcasting. The big smoke of London beckoned, from where Barry toured many countries in Europe and Asia, finally landing on an island in a lake in Kashmir, India. Back in New Zealand, he began to reflect on spiritual matters and became a Bahai faith follower. That led to the second Crump wedding and further adventures in the bush and the inevitable whittling away of funds and deterioration of his car until a shiny new Toyota Hilux was spied, and with it a new idea. The Barry Crump that we all know now drives his own new Toyota. His face also appears frequently in book shops.

Barry discusses with great relish some of his ideas on racism, friendship, sexism, religion and employment (or lack of it), money (money or lack of it), some different cultures, travelling to Europe and India. He has many ideas on living in New Zealand bush or on a farm and environmental issues. He is a raconteur who obviously enjoys telling stories and jokes as much as listening to those of others. You can pick up the story anywhere and in a page or so be right there with Barry. The book is like a sort of chin wag, an easy reading story of the life of a real character.

This is genuine New Zealand book quite suitable for the bedside, the coffee table and the library. This is a book for all good keen men and women.

TRIP REPORTS

MITRE by Dave Hodges

We left the road end about quarter past nine, a bit late for such a long day, and after a long walk through farmland headed up the Barra Track, high above the Waingawa River. The predicted strong south-westerly had not materialised - the few small white clouds high above the Tararuas were not moving at all. When we stopped for munchies after an hour and a half gentle stroll, Doug, Monica and Malcolm decided that Mitre was a bit too far so I ran on ahead. The mud on the track had dried out so my running shoes were much better than heavy boots. The river was low so it was about 15 minutes quicker to cross it at the hut than to go to the bridge a long way upstream.

By the time I got to the hut a breeze had picked up so I thought that gale force winds on the tops would not be unlikely. The others told me that it rained while they were at the hut but all I got were two extremely brief, inoffensive hail showers. Not far below Peggy's Peak I met three MUAC members who were on their way down, having left considerably earlier than us. Mitre was easy to get to - only minutes from Peggy's Peak - but not very impressive - from Mitre, Girdlestone looked higher. Surprisingly, the wind was no stronger at the top than at the bottom. The Spaniards looked nice in full orange-yellow bloom, colouring the otherwise bleak landscape.

When I got back to the hut, the others had predictably got tired of waiting after 2 hours and left half an hour before me. I had caught up with the MUAC people on the way down and we took turns passing each other most of the way back to the road end, eventually catching the others when they stopped to photograph a wood pigeon.

In the last five minutes before we got to the cars it rained, drenching those who were silly enough to hope it would stop, instead of putting raincoats on. It stopped raining shortly after we got into the car, of course.

MAROEPA FORKS January 9/10

This trip offered me the opportunity of a big red line on my map, so naturally I jumped at the opportunity to discover this "navigator's nightmare", the Mokai Patea, and beyond. With a good forecast ahead, this was shaping up to be a great weekend.

We got under way from Kavhatau Base by 8.30 am, heading for Colenso. The morning air was cool and crisp and the bush was quiet and peaceful, a Morepork perched by the track before continuing on its way. Soon after reaching that oddly placed steel frame, the bush line was reached. We stopped here to put on windbreakers and took the opportunity to photograph the Spaniard in flower. An attractive plant but still a bit of a pain.

Walking further on to the signpost on the Patea range was easy, but I was however warned of the deep holes that dotted the range like traps. I must say I never found one, but Mick was not quite so lucky.

Further on in the morning the cloud dispersed and the sun appeared, sunglasses were put on and we made our way lazily towards Rongotea. A type of track was found on the right (southern) side of the range which we tried too follow. We were in no hurry to get to the hut; rather we made the most of the day and enjoyed views of the snow dotted Hikurangi, Hawkes Bay and Main Ranges. All too soon we reached Rongotea and we made our way down to Wakelings Hut (Great Spot) for a brew and lunch.

Those of you that have ever been away with Mick Leyland will know about his coffee and I have read many trip reports referring to such. So I thought it was about time to try the legendary stuff myself, my verdict is that it is indeed a great cup of COFFEE (TRUST ME).

From Wakelings the rest was a breeze, nice bush, great track along the ridge top and a quick and easy descent down to Maropea Forks Hut. Tea that night consisted of 98% mushrooms and 2% everything else, washed down with many concoctions of COFFEE.

Sunday morning broke and we were up and on our way quick smart. We were heading to Otukota Hut and the track on the way passed through some great open bush (a deer was heard) and an amazing amount of bird life. We reached Otukota Hut before midday and took the opportunity to rest up before heading back up to the Mokai Range. As we left there was confusion as to where the track went, a rummage in the bush yielded nothing until we found the track discreetly winding its way up a grassy patch behind the hut. Slowly we trudged our way up in the heat of the day, passing the remains of a crashed helicopter and eventually reaching the signpost again.

A final word of warning, if Mick ever mentions the phrase "We'll just drift down to the car", you would be gravely mistaken by thinking that he actually implied a leisurely type of activity.

Two great days had by: Brian Lawrence, Nigel Barrett and Nick Leyland.

CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON TRIP - by Monica

This trip was held later than planned. The weather was very cold and everyone was wrapped in winter gear. Trish thought it a good idea to use her big sun umbrella for the light rain falling. We met 2 hunters coming out who informed us that snow was falling on the next ridge over from where we were. Heritage Lodge was very inviting, with the stove well alight and lovely and warm. The spread was lovely, all Xmas goodies and 2 bottles of wine, plus a lace table cloth, red candles and paper napkins. We enjoyed relaxing and each other's company for 3 hours. Then we decided we had better make our way back up the hill to the car park. We all really had a lovely time at Heritage Lodge. The party were Peter and Judy Stockdale, Liz Morrison, Gail Collis, Margaret Riorden, Trish Eder and Monica Cantwell.

NORTH RUAPEHU WANDERINGS - by Peter Wiles

There was not an overwhelming response to go on this trip so I went anyway. On a gloriously sunny Saturday morning I set off up the Tama Lakes track from the Chateau. It was new country for me until I got to the saddle and the Waihothonu turn off. Once on the saddle I left the track and headed south towards Ruapehu choosing a route that avoided the bulk of the scrub before climbing up onto the lava field. I reached the edge of the lava field in less than 2 hours from the road and since it was midday stopped for lunch.

After lunch I continued south and very soon plodded my way amongst the lava ridges and scoria on open ground. After about half an hour I came to the end of the field in its south west corner where a stream plunges over a lava bluff from the valley above. As I approached the waterfall, at first I could not see any water and began to wonder what to do if it was dry – Tama Lakes were one possibility. However my concern evaporated very quickly as I got closer and could see the water glistening in the sun. Here is water, shelter from the west and almost perfect campsites. After a drink and a rest, I set up the tent and tossed my gear in it and pondered what to do with the rest of the day (one of the few advantages of the Kea-less North Island). I thought of Pauline and her group who at that time were probably sitting up on Ngauruhoe which boldly rose into the clear sky to the north. I wondered about walking up Te Heu Heu - too far, too hot, too lazy and too late in the day (1.30 pm). Anyway I had visited Te Heu Heu several times, although not from the north, instead I decided to visit the Pinnacle Ridge. I had never really been on them before and I presumed that not many people climb up from the northern side rather than directly from the Whakapapa ski field.

I set off up the valley behind the waterfall and after gaining about 200m (to 1700 m) I found a metre high pine tree. After giving it the necessary treatment, I continued, wondering what else I might find. I crossed onto a basin beyond, crossed a larger stream and some snow. Here I found a good towel; the only thing unusual about it was that it was made in West Germany. Next I had to climb over another lava escarpment before finally reaching the base of the Pinnacle Ridge. I chose a spur that led practically directly to the high pinnacle. The scramble upwards seemed to go on forever. Twice I thought what were skyline pinnacles (and hence the top) turned out to be just preliminary obstructions on the way. On one of them I wondered whether I would be able to make any further progress upwards as there was nearly vertical ground all around. I also wondered about the prospects of getting stuck up here as back-tracking my route up might be difficult to follow. I found a way round the tower at the upper edge of a steep snow-filled gully. At about 3.30pm I finally got to the top at a little over 2200m (higher than I imagined). After a drink, a snack and some photos, I thought about returning. I decided to do a long sidle to the east to gain a spur coming down off Te Heu Heu which would take me directly back to my camp.

I sidled across several rather steep snow slopes which in places I had a bit of trouble gripping with my boots. The iceaxe was very useful at this stage. At about 2050m I came across the remnants of a crashed aircraft. I wondered what the tragic history of that was. After a couple of excellent glissades I did a short climb up onto the spur I

had sought. I got back to the camp at about 5.30 pm. It was still rather early for dinner so I sat in the sun and read for an hour.

After dinner and getting close to sunset, I walked eastwards over to the extinct crater at the south-eastern corner of the lava field. I climbed up about 50 m onto its southern rim and looked out over the lava field and out towards Ngauruhoe. I took some photographs of the long shadows gradually extending over the lava ridges. I could not help but notice a colony of noisy black-backed seagulls coming into roost on a grassy area directly below me on the lava field. I tried to estimate their number – certainly more than 10 and probably less than 1000 - in the order of 100 was my best guess.

There was no wind during the night and the deterioration in the weather that I expected did not eventuate. In the morning I awoke with the sound of some of the seagulls. There was a blanket of fog around the Tama Lakes extending out to the east. By the time I had packed up most of the mist had dispersed. I headed back up the valley behind the waterfall with the intention of sidling around the western end of the Pinnacle Ridge at about the 1800 m level so as to work my way to the Top-of-the-Bruce. From there I planned to walk back down the road.

As I climbed out of the first basin I looked behind me and was both surprised and concerned to notice that Ngauruhoe was now about 2/3 to 3/4 blanketed in easterly cloud. Tongariro was engulfed and my campsite was already covered with probably 100 m of cloud. I did not want to lose my view at the top of the ridge because I thought that I might need it to locate a feasible route through the bluffs to the ski field. I decided to take a more, direct and higher route onto the Pinnacle Ridge. After a bit of a grunt and scramble I reached the ridge top at 9am and the height was around 1900 m. The air was still but already a lower section of the ridge to the west was under cloud. I took a chance and abandoned my Top-of-the-Bruce plan and instead decided to traverse the ridge back to the Chateau. I hoped that I would not have problems finding my way in the cloud but I had heaps of time at my disposal.

As I progressed down the ridge the breeze started and I entered the cloud. I wondered whether the ridge fractured at any point and whether I would be able to find my way. Sure enough the ridge became vague and I sidled across to the southern side - it did not look very promising - so I sidled back to the northern side. At this stage the cloud around me happened to break up and I could clearly see the problem. Exactly as I had feared - I should descend onto a subsidiary ridge to my left (south). I continued on in clear conditions but increasing wind. I imagined that not many people ventured along these parts and I hoped that I was not going to get bogged down in scrub near the end. Suddenly I almost crashed into a group of about 10 people. They were obviously locals or people who knew the area very well. They asked me where I had come from and asked me "near Saddle Cone"? to which I replied, "where is that?" That was the crater I had visited that evening. They also asked me whether I had seen the seagulls. I told them I had camped a couple of 100 m from them. I told them they had at least put my mind at ease in terms of finding a route down off here. To which I was told, "there is a metalled path lower down through the bush"!

The track emerged onto the road a short distance up the road from the park headquarters. I logged out and headed home just as the wind started to blow quite strongly from the east and the rain started.

MAHARAHARA 28th February

The PNTNC trip to Rimutuka Walkway became the Maharahara mud bath trip when the original numbers dropped to the extent that a car-ferry to cross the walkway was not practical, so a handy destination was chosen instead.

We started at the bottom in mud.

We arrived at the top in mud.

We passed 30 bedraggled Feilding Ag pupils spattered in mud.

Apart from this minor problem, it was a most enjoyable day and we had a really good day tramp.

We were: Sue and Lawson Pither & Tricia Eder.

HOME HEART BREAK

Sturdy river rock, splashing sunlit stream,
Clear cut crystal sun, casting lines of warmth
Briar and tussock windwaving
Picture speeches of my home - heart yearning home.

And yet I sit and fester, desk bound chained
In-tray, out-tray, a telephone conspiracy
Serious people, passionless people, glass and concrete people
Noise fetid smells and abstract work

It's always the wind, Wellington wind'
Strong, blasting up from the south
That clears my brain, clears my way
To the south, spineful south, mountains magnificent

For you cleanse me, mountains magnificent, Aoteoroa backbone
Recharge my soul, myself, my being
Snowcapped rugged ageless chameleons
Picture speeches of my home, heart yearning home

Craig Stobo (1984)