

ANNUAL OF THE TARARUA TRAMPING CLUB

Tararua



Tararua Tramping Club

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Tararua

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Descending from Adkin –
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Tararua Tramping Club 1919–2019,
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Tricky Piece – Honours, Below the
Bushline. Photo: Alan Graham.

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Bushline. Photo: Peter Smith.

Mavora Lakes – Honours, Below
the Bushline. Photo: Amie Claridge

**Thank you to all who contributed
so generously with articles, photos
and your time – Editor.**

- 3** Foreword
- 4** Finding Stanton Memorial *Carol Kelly*
- 6** Mataketake Range *Carol Molineux*
- 8** Protecting our Uniqueness *Mike Hannah*
- 11** Where Elephants Fear to Tread *Paul Maxim*
- 14** The Hunt for the Rare Black Lizard of the Annette Plateau *Nina Sawicki*
- 16** TTC Centennial Tramp 2019 *Chris Munn*
- 17** Centennial Book Launch *Denise Church*
- 18** Centennial Dinner
- 20** 100 Peaks & Places *Paul Maxim*
- 25** Mt Matthews Scree *Colin Cook and Jenny Mason*
- 26** Lathrop Saddle – Zit Saddle *Peggy Munn*
- 29** Life and 50-year members
- 29** Photo Competition Results
- 30** Kawhatau *Alan Knowles*
- 32** Patagonia *Jacky Challis and Graham Lonsdale*
- 34** October snow in the Kawekas *Janette Roberts*
- 36** Pohangina Trip *Christine Ben-Tovim*
- 37** Bushcraft *Peter Barber*
- 38** Obituaries: Peter Hicks, Stan Bathgate, David Castle, David Olsen, Beryl Wood, Edwin Poon

Officers

OFFICERS TO AUGUST 2019

President: Patrick Arnold

Vice President: Simon Davis

Secretary: Viv Johnstone

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Adventure Coordinator: Nikki Joseph

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Club night trip reporters: Peter Barber, Tish Glasson

Auditor: Michael Ayre

Social Committee to August 2019: Muriel Christianson (convenor), Peter Barber, Sally Carman, Hera Cook, Helen Gray, Rob Joiner, Lynne White

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Foreword

Hello Trampers!

Well, what a busy twelve months it's been. This year was obviously dominated by the Club Centennial, with a week of events to celebrate 100 years since the club's first meeting at an unsuspecting billiard table factory in Thorndon.

The highlight of the centennial year was the production of the excellent book. In carrying out their research, authors Shaun Barnett and Chris Maclean both mentioned that the Annuals of years past were invaluable due to their being a treasure trove of longer-form articles on the club's past expeditions and activities, and characters. The longer articles allowing more space for the personalities to shine through, along with the quirky moments, which tend to include themselves in every adventure.

The middle of this year's Annual includes accounts of the centennial walk, book launch and dinner. Paul Maxim rounds out proceedings with a summary of the 100 Peaks and Places attained over the 100 weeks (give or take) preceding the final celebratory dinner. It is also great to celebrate those long-standing and life members of the club. We saw during the centennial week how these members form the glue that keeps the club culture so strong and enduring.

On either side of the centennial reports we have those of our usual adventures from around the country and the world. It's great to see the trips from some big country: Westland (Carol Molineux and Peggy Munn), the Kawekas (Janette Russell), and the upper Ruahine (Alan Knowles), along with the usual club haunts and instruction: Tongariro National Park (Carol Kelly), the Orongorongo (Colin Cook and Jenny Mason), and the lower Ruahine (Christine Ben-Tovim).

Nina Sawicki and Paul Maxim keep the club's mountaineering traditions going, with adventures in the Annette Plateau and Mt Blanc respectively, with the overseas mountainous adventures rounded out with a visit to Patagonia (Jacky Challis and Graham Lonsdale), coincidentally on the 50th anniversary the TTC's Patagonia Expedition.

Finally, I would like to thank Mike Hannah in taking over the *Annual* this year to ensure we have a definitive record of what we got up to for whoever writes the bicentennial book.

Cheers

Patrick Arnold

President



PHOTO: SHANNON DOYLE



Finding Stanton Memorial

Ruapehu Lodge Trip, New Year 2019

Carol Kelly

Resting under Stanton Memorial rock PHOTO: CAROL KELLY



Five years on from our first trip to Tararua Lodge at New Year, and it always surprises me that we are still finding new corners to explore in the surrounding area. Each year we have found a couple of 'new' trips.

This year we had an enthusiastic group at the lodge ready to explore. There were 19 people for the week, with a few extras over New Year. With the gondola construction, there were no lifts operating, so it was a walk up with all our provisions and gear. The

Jane-Pyar Mautner crossing the Whakapapaiti Stream

PHOTO: CAROL KELLY



overlook the plateau, where Stanton Memorial Rock is located. A further scramble following cairns and we were there.

It took only two hours, so the rest of the day beckoned. We could see the Round the Mountain Track, and it was an easy decision to continue down off the plateau into another branch of the Whakapapaiti stream, a delightful narrow valley past two waterfalls, one 30 metres, the other 16 metres.

We followed a trail under the bluffs, staying on the true right of the stream, with views of the waterfalls and out to the Round the Mountain Track and beyond. The stream was running fast with meltwater, as there was still a lot of snow up high on the mountain. We finally joined the Round the Mountain Track just below the turnoff to Whakapapaiti Hut. It was then a walk out to the Bruce Road.

From the track we could see the plateau where the memorial is, now that we knew its location. For some of us, it was a ride up the road to the Top of Bruce car park. Howard went ahead and hitched up the road and came back to collect us. We then had the walk back to the lodge on the RAL-marked route, up on to Salt Ridge, past some lodges and into Tennents Valley, to avoid the gondola construction.

A fantastic day out on the mountain, thanks to our ace route finders, who found the cairns that led to routes down through the bluffs.

TRIP MEMBERS

Marilyn and Bruce Richards, Vince Jennings, Jane-Pyar Mautner, Kathy Griffin, Howard Symmes, Doreen Launder, Susan Guscott, Carol Kelly (leader)

weather was great, and we had lovely days to enjoy the area.

A highlight this year was finding the memorial to Warwick Stanton, who died in August 1931. He was one of 14 university students, who were caught out on the mountain in a blizzard. His group had set out to climb Ruapehu and descended when the weather deteriorated. Their route ended up in Whakapapaiti Gorge. There they sheltered by a large rock that now has a memorial plaque commemorating Stanton, who died of exhaustion when he went to get assistance. His body was found many kilometres west of the Chateau. The rest of the group survived, some spending three nights on the mountain. (See *Wilderness Magazine* article, May 2016.)

I had tried at Labour weekend in 2014 to find the memorial, and was keen to try again. So, on 31st December, nine of us set out from Tararua Lodge to traverse across to the West chair. From here we kept high, traversing on about the 1800m contour. When we were above Pt 1750 – a prominent rock outcrop, known as Camelback, visible from the carpark – we descended, and were fortunate to find cairns that indicated a route down through the cliffs to the Whakapapaiti Stream headwaters, which we crossed. We then scrambled along, following the cairned route to



Alpine daisy PHOTO: JANE-PYAR MAUTNER

Mataketake Range

February 2019

Carol Molineux

Mataketake PHOTOS: CAROL MOLINEUX

The thunder and lightning boded well for a southerly clearance. Unfortunately for the Whitefords and Carol Kelly, the rain brought down a slip, blocking the road north of Whataroa. This meant they wouldn't be joining us for the trip, but did an alternative trip that involved climbing up rata root 'ladders' to Mt Brown Hut overlooking Lake Kaniere and the Hokitika area.

Ray dropped me off at the northern end of the Paringa cattle track and continued down to the southern end to drop off the car. He was fortunate to hitch a ride back with a guy who had driven from Greymouth via Haast, keen to get to Franz Josef. The track into Blowfly (Blue) Hut took just over an hour along the old cattle track. The hut, built in 1903 and originally Jack Farrel's, sits in a clearing beside the Moeraki River.

The next morning dawned fine, but there was a strong south-easterly wind. We continued along the Paringa Cattle Track towards Whakapohai Saddle for a couple of hours, reaching the spur before Wrong Creek, where we would head up on to the tops. There was a pink ribbon tied to a tree where an old pack track had started from a mica mining

venture. However, there was little evidence of the old pack track, and we took a direct line up the spur. Periodically, we came across the cut-out bench track where it zig-zagged up, but it was very overgrown with thriving bush lawyer and wind falls, making it challenging to try and follow.

It took about two and a half hours to get to the bush edge, and a further hour through sub-alpine scrub to reach the saddle. There was still a strong south-easterly wind so, when we found a sheltered spot by a tarn below point 1280, we decided to camp there, rather than continuing along the ridge.

Alpine flowers, particularly gentians, were in full bloom, along with red Coprosma berries and Gaultheria (snow berry). The *Celmisia* were well past but still attractive with their seed heads. A botanist's paradise.

The view out to the West Coast and Lake Paringa was extensive. The peaks of the Thomas Range, which runs parallel to the Mataketake Range, looked impressive with the remaining cloud hovering above them.

The tarn where we camped was a mass of swimming black tadpoles, some forming their hind legs. It was wonderful to be in an area where nature felt untouched. As the sun set and dusk fell, a couple of keas visited and the frogs began to croak.

Morning dawned fine with lighter southerly winds, but still a bit chilly. We headed off at eight o'clock, moving easily across the tussock tops. As we climbed higher, views of the Southern Alps came into focus to the north, with Mounts Hooker and Dechen rising in the distance. Mounts Cook, Tasman, and Sefton were beyond. A kea came and chatted to us for five minutes before flying off to do its daily business.

We travelled easily between knobs, the ridge and basins scattered with tarns and multiple choices of campsites. Midway along the range is Lake Dime, where there are plans to build a hut. Access would be via the route we came up, and then a track down the ridge 20 minutes north of the lake, descending to Maori Saddle Hut on the Paringa Track.

As we continued towards the southern end of the



Mts Strachan, Dechen, and Hooker

Mataketake Range, we caught views of the coastline down to Haast, and could see clearly the route we would be taking the next day out along the Coppermine and Waita Rivers. Mount Smith, our destination for the day, came into view and we ascended to the top, and then dropped down to camp by a tarn above the lake on the eastern side. Arriving at 3.30 pm, it had been a very pleasant day.

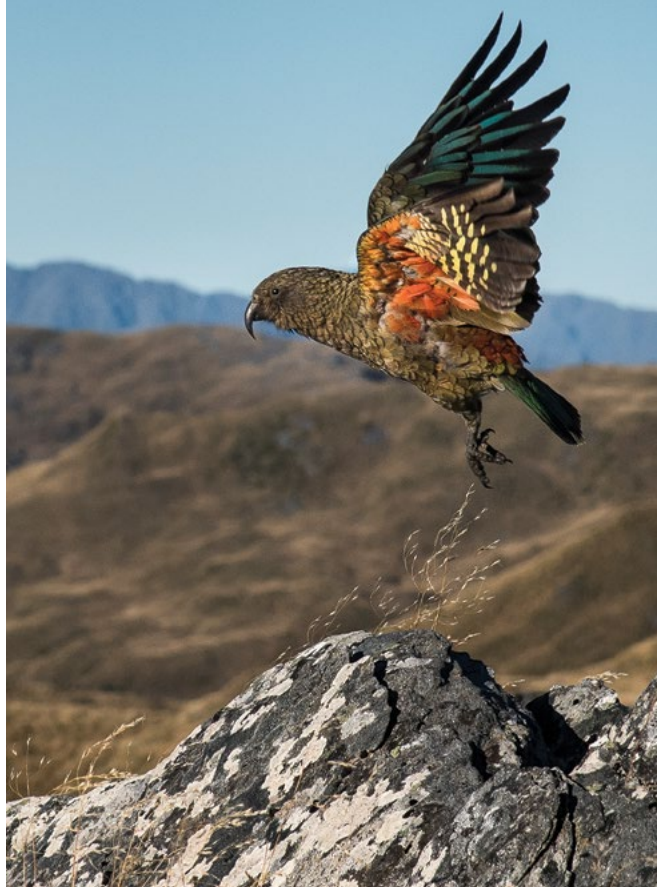
As the sun lowered, the mountains reflected into the lake, the wind having dropped completely. The only disturbance was a helicopter in the distance bringing out deer along the Haast Valley.

The next morning we were up at sunrise and away again at eight. We climbed the short distance back onto Mount Smith and then descended the spur immediately to the west of it. Although steep it was an easy descent to the bush edge through mainly tussock and flax, with a few small Spaniards. Once in the bush there was a very good deer trail for the first 100 metres. As the spur was well defined it was easy route-finding down.

We intersected the Paringa Track at 10.20 am. We noted the presence of beech forest and the prolific bird life, including kaka and keruru. After having a short rest, we continued south on the track, thinking we were going to have an easy few hours back to the car. A sign at the beginning of the track had warned of a recent slip on Chasm Creek with a 15-meter drop on the southern side of Maori Saddle, but we were well past that. An old slip was marked on our map at Robinson Creek and we had noted it looking down from the range, as it was just beyond the point where we hit the track. The track has been re-routed to accommodate this, but there is now only a narrow slither of vegetation remaining to access the track on the other side. Once this goes it will be a major deviation to get around it.

Continuing along the track, each creek we crossed had washouts and re-routing around them. There were lots of old wind falls blocking the track and there appears to have been very little track-clearing for several years.

Once onto the flats we continued down the river past Coppermine Hut, staying on the true left of Coppermine Creek. We passed through some lovely stands of kahikatea and enjoyed the bird sound from the numerous tui. There were lots of cattle grazing on the flats and, as we neared the swing bridge crossing on Maori River, the swampy flats were so pocketed with hoofs that it made travel very difficult, and we resorted to the river rather than following the DoC markers.



Kea

We arrived at the car at 5.15 pm, a longer day than expected. It was a great trip and, once the hut goes in and there are tracks completing a circuit at the northern end, I'm sure it will become very popular.

TRIP MEMBERS

Carol and Ray Molineux



Sunset over Jackson Bay

Protecting our Uniqueness

An interview with Chris Horne

Mike Hannah

The award of the prestigious Loder Cup this year to Chris Horne recognises a passion for the protection of our unique native plants that had its origins over sixty years ago in forest mapping surveys.

What Chris learned from those surveys was reinforced by the degradation he saw on later possum-baiting contracts in Wellington, as well as on tramps.

A TTC Life Member, Chris' introduction to native species traces back to university summer vacation jobs in the late 1950s with the Forest Research Institute (now Scion), which arose out of weekend tramping with the tramping club at Victoria University College of the University of New Zealand.

"Often on Friday nights we would go by truck to Kaitoke to work on the university tramping club's Allaway Dickson Hut, in the Tauheranikau Valley (it's long since disappeared). We also travelled by truck to the Ruahine Range, Tongariro or the Kaimanawa Range to go tramping.

"I grew to love the mountains and the native bush and regard them as my turangawaewae – my second home."

It was on these trips that he met Graeme Caughley, then a Forest Service forester trainee, who said one day, "Eh mate, are you up to being paid to work in the bush in the summer to earn some money?" (Caughley was author of *The Deer Wars – The Story of Deer in NZ*. 1983. Heinemann).



North Island Edelweiss (*Leucogenes leontopodium*) – familiar to Taranua members. Chris credits it being on our badge thanks to Barbara Mitcalfe PHOTO: JEREMY ROLFE

Chris said "Yeah", and shortly after he was hitch-hiking to Whakarewarewa, the base for the Ecological Forest Survey (EFS), run by the Forest Research Institute. Over the 1957/58 and 1958/59 summers, Chris gained his grounding in native plants through the EFS, which was creating maps of the native forest types in Te Urewera, Ahimanawa, Kaweka, Kaimanawa and Ruahine Ranges.

Armed with an aerial photo of a part of a range, a team of four would measure 30 yard by 30 yard squares, and list all the species they could find, measuring the diameter of those that were more than 4 inches diameter at chest height. They also compiled data on soil types, and recorded deer, goat and pig pellets seen on the forest floor.

"I could possibly have told a rimu from a tōtara before I went, from my tramping experience, but I knew no detail whatsoever, so it was forced learning – and I revelled in it."

A summer in the South Island followed on Forest and Range Experiment Station work, based out of Rangiora, covering the Craigieburn Range, the Eyre and Takitimu mountains with similar surveys of the high country.

Following a summer stint at Scott Base in the Antarctic helping with stores, Chris decided to hitch-hike to the UK in 1962, and it was to be 13 years before he returned home to New Zealand. Meantime, he worked with BP, two years in the UK and seven more in Canada, dealing with oil and fuel quality – an experience he looks back on wryly now: "a leopard can change its spots".

But tramping wasn't forgotten. With the Youth Hostels Association in Québec, he tramped and learned cross-country skiing, snow-shoeing and canoeing. In London, Ontario, he was in charge of trail construction for the Thames Valley Trail Association, clearing weeds and picking up a bit of local plant knowledge.

After a brief trip to New Zealand in 1971 for a family wedding, "being driven in a Morris Minor from the airport up to Northland, and seeing all these steep hills and bush, I wanted to be back here." So he came back in 1975, applied for



Chris Horne receives the Loder Cup from the Minister for Conservation, Hon Eugenie Sage (see Box) PHOTO: DOC, AND MARK TRANTON

a job with Shell in Auckland and a very different role with Outward Bound in Anakiwa. He chose Outward Bound. As Deputy Warden/Instructor, he found talking to the students in the bush about native plants had them rapt – “and it had me rapt”. A job at Forest and Bird followed.

In 1980, Chris went on his first trip with the Wellington Botanical Society. The following year he met Barbara Mitcalfe, and their relationship – and collaboration on native plants – started very shortly after that. He credits Barbara with a change in the edelweiss on the TTC badge, from the European species to the North Island species.

“We had a marvellous time working together. I said in my acceptance speech for the Loder Cup that, had Barbara been alive, she would surely have been co-recipient.”

Barbara and Chris had numerous ‘as-and-when-required’ contracts to do botanical work for DOC in fuchsia forests in the Tararua Range, kohekohe forests from Waikanae to Colonial Knob; and for local and regional councils around the Wellington region.

Contract work included possum poisoning. Significantly, after 18 months into a possum-poisoning contract, Chris started seeing on the forest floor plants in seedling form, e.g., kohekohe, common koromiko and bush lawyer, that he had rarely seen as seedlings.

“Koromiko and bush lawyer don’t have fleshy fruits, and I thought to myself, why the hell are they thriving now? I



The Minister of Conservation awards the Loder Cup to a person or group of people who best represent the objectives of the Cup, to celebrate their outstanding conservation work in New Zealand.

The Loder Cup acknowledges outstanding achievements in flora conservation work. Gerald Loder, later Lord Wakehurst, donated the Loder Cup in 1926 to ‘encourage and honour New Zealanders who work to investigate, promote, retain and cherish our indigenous flora’.

Gerald Loder was captivated by our indigenous flora on his first visit to New Zealand in 1886. Over many years Gerald collected a large selection of New Zealand and Southern Hemisphere flora to plant on his estate in Surrey, England.

realised that it was because the baits were falling out of the bait stations, the rats and mice were eating the baits and dying, and therefore the seeds on the forest floor suddenly had a chance to germinate.”

Chris remains a strong advocate for poisoning, including aerial drops of 1080 in our forest parks and national parks, to protect native species.

In the 1980s he noted the recovery of alpine plant species on the tops in the Tararua Range, the result of shooting by



Chris with Barbara: "...had Barbara been alive she would surely have been co-recipient." PHOTO: XXX

NZ Forest Service deer cullers, venison recovery and live deer capture.

His field work – and the sight of degradation of native species – led him to take an active interest in conservation policy in the 1980s, through drafting submissions on protection of native forests, and on other environmental topics for Action for Environment in the 1980s, as secretary for Environment & Conservation Organisations of NZ Inc (ECO), and secretary of Save the Rivers Campaign.

"Seeing forests that were devoid of palatable species was upsetting. I remember that near Te Urewera's Panekiri Bluff, when we did a plot in the bush there, the only plants growing on the forest floor were two species of pepper tree (both called horopito), crown fern and bush rice grass. You try chewing any of those – in the case of the two horopitos they're pretty damn peppery, unpleasant, no sugar; crown fern and bush rice grass are also unappealing. It's no wonder that deer and goats don't like them. The forests in those days were gutted, except for unpalatable species."



Veronica odora (formerly known as *Hebe odora*). The shrub is common, usually in wet areas, in the North Island and South Island mountains, and on Stewart Island

PHOTO: JENNY MASON, HONOURS, NATURAL HISTORY

However, ask whether environmental and conservation policies are going far enough to protect and enhance native plants, and Chris answers with an emphatic "No!"

"For example, Landcare Research estimates that about 250,000 deer range at will in our native forests. It is estimated that a male red deer stag can eat 20–30kg per day of native plant leaves, fern fronds, liverworts, mosses and lichens. Numerous other introduced animal pests continue to ravage our native plant communities every day."

What makes New Zealand plants so special to Chris is that about 80 percent of our flora is endemic – plants found nowhere else in the world. The other 20 percent we share with Australia, New Caledonia, occasionally South America. Chris has become a well-known advocate for protecting that uniqueness.

For Chris, uniqueness includes genetic identity. He wonders if we are "saving or sabotaging" our regenerating native forests with plantings from different genetic sources. "Over a million plants have been planted into our city's reserves, which means that over time those forests will become less and less useful for genetic study."

Chris notes the threat that climate change poses. He cites researchers of the alpine flora who predict that, as temperatures rise, the alpine species will be forced to higher and higher altitudes to experience the temperature that they are used to and evolved in.

"Eventually the change could become so severe that they become extinct, because they've got no greater altitude at their particular site to get to. That is devastating to think about – plants being driven to extinction in our alpine areas."

Encouragingly, there has been a marked increase in interest in native plants among TTC members, judging by the enthusiasm they show on TTC native plant identification trips, which Barbara Mitcalfe, Michele Dickson, Lynne Pomare and he have led over much of the last decade. At the same time, their names have become synonymous for TTC members with a monthly column in *The Trumper*, *In the hills*.

Chris' advice for trampers is to refrain from ever taking native plants home from their tramps, and ticking off anyone they see doing that.

"Share your interest in native plants with other club members, and with their families and friends."



Where Elephants Fear to Tread

A crossing of Mont Blanc July 2019

Paul Maxim

Halfway up the Gervasutti Couloir on the north-west side of Tour Ronde (3792m). We traversed the mountain by descending the easier south-east ridge PHOTO: GEOFFROY LAMARCHE

Some things in life start with a simple invitation: “Do you want to come over to Chamonix, stay in our family chalet and climb Mont Blanc?” Geoffroy Lamarche asked me one day about two years back. I didn’t really have to think too hard about the answer.

A broken ankle and life’s other complications pushed our time frame out to the summer of 2019. This gave us plenty of time to confirm the team and procrastinate endlessly about every detail. Geoffroy and Paula’s sons, Remi and Felix were enthusiastic, as was Martin Hunter who, despite being an Aucklander with a distinctly disrespectful attitude to Wellington, was a friend and fellow part-time mountain plodder.

As Mont Blanc straddles the French/Italy border, someone hit on the idea of starting the climb from the land of pasta and finishing up in the land of cheese – kind of like what Hannibal Barca did in 218 BC, except he took African war elephants and his crossing was further south and not as high.

Mont Blanc (or Monte Bianco in Italian) is a very popular mountain in summer. Thousands upon thousands climb it. Ninety percent of them depart from Chamonix, catch a tramway to 2400 m, and climb the final 2400 m on foot.

They stay two nights in the 150-bed spaceship-like Refuge du Goûter, which is perched dramatically above a rock face at 3800 m.

Joining the maddening crowd wasn’t our idea of fun, so the traverse appealed a whole lot more. It is a far less-populated route and, although long, is reasonably straightforward. Nina Sawicki had climbed Mont Blanc this way in 2014 and confirmed that it wasn’t death-defying, but warned that elephants may struggle. We decided to start watching our weight! Booking a night at Goûter for our descent proved troublesome and, right up until the final days, we were not sure if we had a bed. But Geoffroy’s perseverance paid off and we were finally locked in for nights at Gonella Hut on 30th June and Goûter on 1st July. There is no wiggle room on Mont Blanc! What we needed was fine weather. What we got was the 2019 summer heat wave.

The first week was dedicated to some pretty serious training. This consisted of a couple of steep morning walks up the sides of the picturesque Chamonix Valley, and then rapid descents in the gathering heat to rehydrate with beer at some pleasant watering hole.

In a burst of enthusiasm, and in the name of acclimatisation, Mont Blanc du Tacul (4248 m) was climbed,



Relaxing in style at Torino Hut the evening before our climb of Tour Ronde. Being able to buy beer at the refuges certainly has its attractions! PHOTO: GEOFFROY LAMARCHE

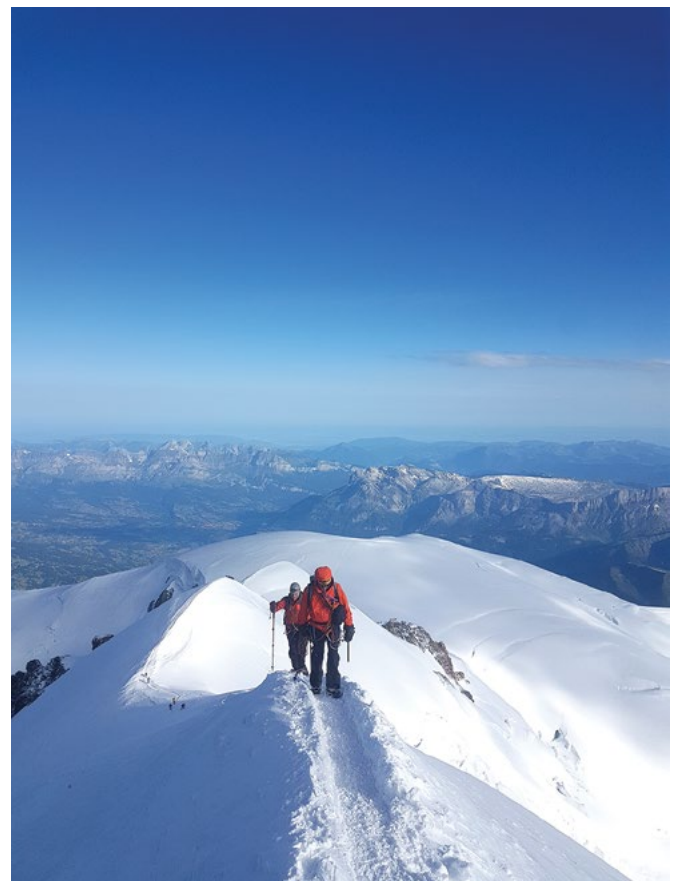
although catching the Aiguille du Midi gondola to 3800 m took a heap out of the ascent. But the 700 m vertical slog through sun-destroyed snow still guaranteed a headache and raging thirst. The post-climb rehydration did not go well. Marty burnt the soles of his feet on the baking hot pavement, and Geoffroy dinged our very expensive rental car going to his rescue. Marty announced that he was continuing his acclimatisation training by having a long lunch at the café atop the Aiguille du Midi, which he now recommends to everyone who has Auckland-sized wallets. The rest of us slogged it out the hard way by paying lip service to exercise and drinking French beer and wine at the chalet.

By now we were in tip-top shape and decided to lay siege to the Italian side of the Alps and show the locals how Kiwis climb mountains! A drive through the Mont Blanc tunnel, past the gorgeous old town of Courmayeur and a gondola ride to a mere 3375 m found us lunching in style at Refugio Torino. One can get used to European-styled approaches! The alpine start next morning was a shock, so we delayed things till first light then set off to traverse the nearby Tour Ronde (3792 m) by way of a steep couloir that splits the west face and a descent down the warm granite of the south-east ridge. Views from the summit were stupendous and spirits were high when we returned to the refuge mid-afternoon. I don't need to go into further detail about the trials of the descent back to the car. We now felt ready for Mont Blanc.

The Italian side of Mont Blanc is steeper and rockier than its French alternative and equally beautiful. The first day of our three-day climb entailed a six-hour walk from the road



Just follow the foot track! Looking up the final 300 m to the summit of Mont Blanc. Parts of the upper ridge were quite narrow and exposed PHOTO: PAUL MAXIM



Geoffroy and Felix Lamarche approaching the summit of Mont Blanc. Despite the intense heatwave in the valleys it was very cold on the summit PHOTO: PAUL MAXIM

end, up moraine-covered ice of the Miage Glacier, and a steep ascent through bluffs to Gonella Hut at 3071 m. We met a few climbers coming down who confirmed that the glaciated route to the summit was in very good condition.

Pasta was on the menu that evening, and it was refreshing to be in a refuge that was not crowded and didn't resemble a three-star hotel. There were about 15 other climbers there – a mixture of independents like us and guides with clients. We were the only ones from the southern hemisphere. Packs were light because all one must take is a sleeping bag liner, lunch and climbing gear. Blankets, dinner and breakfast are all supplied for about 50 euro. That evening the forecast thunderclouds rolled in and, for the next three hours, lightning flashed and thunder rolled around our little steel and glass refuge on its lonely ridge. Nature always puts everything into perspective.

At midnight we arose. Sleep had been non-existent. The thunderstorm had passed, and snow was falling lightly from a dark sky. The summit of Mont Blanc was somewhere 1800 m above. An Italian guide assured us that the forecast was for improving weather with no further thunderstorms until the evening. All parties roped up and set off up the quite steeply inclined Glacier du Dome. A good foot trail made navigation easy and the colder temperature was reassuring, although the slots were nothing like the crevasses on the big glaciers of Aotearoa. From the Col des Aiguilles Grises, the route changes from open glacier travel to arete climbing all the way to the summit. As dawn unveiled the majesty of our surroundings, we traversed the long, narrow ridge over the Piton des Italiens (4002 m) to the Dome du Goûter, where we joined the final 500 vertical metres of summit highway.

The thunderstorms must have put the Goûter hut crowd off because the top slopes looked almost deserted. The final part of the route is very straightforward, although there are sections where you wouldn't want to catch a crampon. Our fastidious altitude training obviously paid off and, while we didn't exactly sprint up, we topped out just before 9.00 am. It was a joy to stand at 4810 m on a near perfect morning and look across the European Alps of France, Italy and Switzerland. The feeling of elevation was palpable. For a while we even had the summit all to ourselves.

The descent to our spaceship lodging was pleasant. A French guide asked us to take a client affected by altitude down to the hut, which we were happy to do, but we all



On the summit of Mont Blanc (4810 m), 1 July 2019. From left: Paul Maxim, Martin Hunter, Felix Lamarche, Geoffroy Lamarche and Remi Lamarche PHOTO: TAKEN BY A PASSERBY



On the summit of Tour Ronde (3792 m) with Mont Blanc behind. From left: Felix Lamarche, Geoffroy Lamarche, Remi Lamarche, Paul Maxim, Martin Hunter. A bronze Madonna is visible above Paul's helmet PHOTO: TAKEN BY A PASSERBY

found the claustrophobic interior of the refuge very much at odds with the space and beauty we had experienced that morning. We were away first thing the next day for the comforts of the chalet far below.

Mont Blanc is a magnificent mountain and its first ascent in 1786 marks the beginning of modern mountaineering. Steeped in history, the peak offers a fantastic mountaineering experience to the absolute novice as well as the seasoned professional. We also enjoyed crossing the Alps from road end to road end. I think Hannibal may have too, if he hadn't taken elephants – most of whom sadly died on his epic crossing.



Nina on Mt Ollivier PHOTO: PAUL MAXIM

The Hunt for the Rare Black Lizard of the Annette Plateau

Easter 2019

Nina Sawicki

The Maxims' annual pilgrimage to the South Island attracted more interest than predicted this year, with the promise of a sighting the rare black lizard, *Francisco Hominis Reptilialis*, and the luxury of a longer Easter break with the combination of Anzac Day.

We did a warm-up climb to Kohurau (2009 m), from the back of the Awakino Ski Field. Paul had initially planned to climb to the Annette Plateau, cross Barron Saddle, and travel down the Dobson, returning across a high pass to Mt Cook National Park. During our ten-day break we predicted one front interjecting two fine spells.

All alpine trips, as readers well know, have plans A to Z, so, in true TTC style, we had a committee meeting, dutifully considering all these letters of the alphabet. The lure of high snowy peaks and potential sightings of *Francisco Hominis Reptilialis*, meant the Annette Plateau was the preferred choice, but the full traverse looked unlikely, with high winds thwarting a return across a high pass. Despite planning months in advance, Mueller Hut was fully booked. Nina had some advantageous social connections, so we got seven bunks at Unwin Lodge at the eleventh hour.



Checking out the little black bags PHOTO: PAUL MAXIM

Wearing his ethical environmental hat, Sean investigated human waste disposal options and, after an intimate wee chat with the MCNP ranger, we were off armed with little black bags, along with alpine and camping gear. Little did we know that the limitations of our little black bags might dictate our movements (no pun intended).

We set up camp some 100 m from Mueller Hut on some snowy ledges, and set off for an early evening climb of Mt Ollivier. There is a second peak of Ollivier involving a bit of rock scrambling, which was on fresh snow, the snow not quite deep enough to make an easy foot pad over the rocks.

Peggy and Helen retired quietly. Paul and Sean blocked each other's snores and whimpers with ear plugs, but Nina (in the middle), Ted and Franz enjoyed a good banter in their tent. Little did Nina know she might be sharing her tent with a lizard.

Travel up to the plateau the next day was tricky with soft snow on rocks, buried cairns, and some quite deep pot holes between rocks invisible. We made slow progress with route finding at times challenging.

We took a lunch break on a rocky outcrop along the ridge, with a long-legged Sean framing a panorama of the Hooker Valley. Soon after we climbed to a snowy bump above the infamous wind scoop, where we pitched our tents on a blue bird afternoon, and looked longingly at Mts Sealy and Annette.

We spied two climbers returning across the upper glacier, one of whom disappeared soon after into a slot, but thankfully popped out some ten minutes later and stood upright. The two climbers, camped below us, popped into our snow café, carefully constructed by Paul, for an alpine chat.

The unconsolidated snow clearly precluded an ascent



PHOTO: FRANZ HUBMAN



The rare black lizard PHOTO: NINA SAWICKI

of Sealy. Paul, Sean, Ted, and Franz (not yet an *animagus*), opted for an ascent of Annette. Nina, Helen, and Peggy planned to explore the upper glacier via a prominent rock rib, using the foot pad of the climbers to avoid said crevasses.

That night the tone of the expedition markedly deteriorated with all descending into our tent to play “Presidents and Arse’oles”. There were many arse’oles revealed during the night, but Nina was more distressed by the lingering aroma of the socks.

During the night there was a constant barrage of rock-fall from Eagle Peak. High winds in the morning thwarted an alpine start, but we soon were moving off to our respective adventures. The lads had an icy traverse above a schrund in order to access Mt Annette, and we made good progress up the rock rib, until we also hit a large schrund cutting us off from the upper glacier.

It was a perfect blue bird day with views to the head of the Mueller Glacier, Sladden and Barron Saddles, and the upper Welchman Glacier. After our post-morning rambles, we lazed in the sun, which was when we lost Franz but gained *Francisco Hominis Reptilialis*.

We had also been experimenting with use of the ‘little black bags’ and by now several members of the party were concerned that the little bags were perhaps now too little.

On the summit of Mt Annette, Sean managed to get cell reception and a forecast predicting high winds that night, so we packed up and made our way back down to Mueller Hut. Travel was again slow with softening snow on loose rock. *Francisco* shed his skin to reveal a light-footed Franz, who happily hopped from cairn to cairn. Falling light made for some interesting moves over rock guts.

Stalwart Sean at the rear provided guidance over the last tricky rock moves as we returned back to our original camp-site, now a pile of rubble with pointy rocks, making for an interesting night in strengthening winds. In the morning, hut wardens

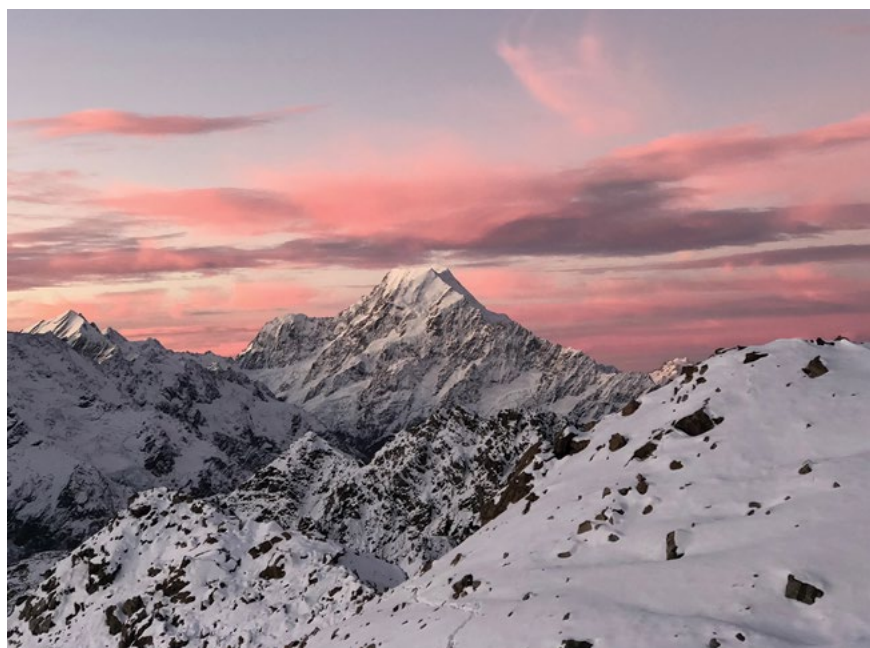
Euan and Jenny Nicol welcomed us in for breakfast. Steaming mugs of tea soothed bruised buttocks and arse’oles.

On descent, we passed scantily dressed hikers unprepared for the winds up higher. Nina worked her magic again and we managed to get seven bunks at Unwin that night.

Many thanks to Paul for organising the trip, and to Judith Maxim for letting us base ourselves at the *Maxim Omarama Retreat*. Let us not forget Stanley Maxim, who comforted canine-loving-Helen on the travel up and down the South Island, and Peggy who provided *boëuf bourguignon* au café du Plateau d’Annette.

TRIP MEMBERS

Paul Maxim, Sean Buchanan, Peggy Munn, Helen Chapman, Franz Hubman, Ted Bannister Sutton



Mt Cook from the summit of Mt Ollivier PHOTO: NINA SAWICKI

TTC Centennial Tramp June 2019

Chris Munn

As a key part of the Centennial Celebrations, a re-enactment of the first TTC trip, from Johnston Hill to Mount Kaukau, took place on Sunday, 30th June.

The inaugural trip was planned as an introduction to the rigours of tramping in the Tararua Ranges. While this may be difficult for us to relate to today, for most of the new members of the TTC they were about to traverse very unfamiliar ground. The founding members of the club recognised the magnitude of their interest in the undeveloped Tararua Ranges, and were not prepared to lead unprepared club members into what, for most, would have been a challenging environment, especially given their rudimentary equipment, lack of facilities, and time-consuming access.

Their decision to run an introductory tramp, taking the entire day to complete, was sound.

Within a few short years, two fatalities on the newly established Southern Crossing brought all of these challenges into sharp focus.

The initial tramp, with nine participants, set the scene for many thousands more TTC trips in the next 100 years. The trip was a good taste for what was ahead of them, right down to two of the initial party wandering off in the wrong direction in the mist and getting lost! Don't laugh, who hasn't done that themselves?

The planning for the centennial trip was on a scale that had no precedent, with all of the other tramping clubs in the Greater Wellington region invited to participate. To make organising manageable, the trip was structured more as a self-managed walk than a structured tramp. This was because the number of participants, their age, experience, and fitness, plus their personal details and club affiliations would be unknown until on the day. A register of all participants was taken, more for record keeping than some attempt to track and record everyone's starting and finishing. This was especially difficult, as some people opted to start and leave the walk at one of several



PHOTO: BARRY DURRANT

intermediate feeder tracks along the ridge.

Organiser stress levels were high in the week leading up to the Sunday, as Wellington had been enjoying a period of very settled weather. Would it continue? Sure enough, the forecast predicted a steady deterioration in weather towards the end of the week, with Saturday being particularly windy. Rain was on the way, but when exactly?

Sunday dawned cloudless and calm. A large group gathered at the Johnston Hill carpark for an introductory welcome from Patrick Arnold, then, after a briefing from Chris Munn on key times for photos at Mt Kaukau, about 130 people headed off up the track.

What a scene. Traffic jams at all of the obvious viewing places along the track, countless photos taken, and group after group of happy, cheerful people enjoying the camaraderie and unrivalled views from Mount Tapuae-o-Uenuku in the Inland Kaikoura Ranges to the south, to Mount Matthews in the Orongorongos, to the omnipresent Mt Hector in the Tararuas in the north, looking paternalistically down on us all. How fitting for the Centenary Tramp. And not a breath of wind.

To bolster flagging energy levels during the walk, Whittakers kindly donated chocolate bars, which were handed out by very popular Chocolate

Angels, Trish Gardiner-Smith, Janette Roberts, and Sieny Pollard.

Not to be outdone, Paddy Gresham and Rosemary Wilson made two batches of Tararua biscuits, to challenge the dental industry in Wellington on the following Monday. Paddy's description of his biscuits as "a boring success" was backed up by customer feedback on the track. The biscuit bunnies distributing these to any club member or random and unsuspecting passers-by were Jane-Pyar Mautner and Cathy Wylie.

The view along the ridge line was unrivalled, with what appeared like a slow-moving invading army winding its way towards Kaukau, sitting resplendent on the skyline. Not a cloud in sight and no wind. Time to stop, take in the views, and catch up with old friends.

By 12:30 pm, most had reached the top, with numbers being bolstered from feeder tracks along the way. All up, about 180 people took part including people from other clubs, and multi-generational TTC families. Lunch was then enjoyed in unbelievably fine and warm conditions, then the obligatory photo call, managed by Barry and Eva Durrant.

We all departed to our own timetables, some to the local pub, others back to their cars.

No one got lost. No one got injured. This was a special day.

Centennial Book Launch June 2019

Denise Church

The TTC's centennial history by Chris Maclean and Shaun Barnett was launched at a packed function, with an introduction by Denise Church.



PHOTOS: SHANNON DOYLE

Kia ora tatou

It's an honour and a privilege to be here tonight, and to be part of celebrating and launching *Leading the Way*.

When Paul asked me to speak, I thought: "What do I, possibly one of the club's least active members over almost 40 years, have to offer this august event?" But then I thought, being part of the TTC whanau has helped shape my life, just as it has shaped the lives of so many.

I want to recognise the terrific work done by Shaun and Chris in telling our authentic story, and the wonderful support of those who made this project happen.

What is a history? Clearly, it's about places, activities, the formal stuff around roles and organisation, and building. But, fundamentally, it's about people. He tangata, he tangata, he tangata.

Chris and Shaun, you have produced a skilled and sensitive rendition. We are an organisation, a community, but, even more deeply, we are whanau, family, and I believe that's what we celebrate and what you have captured.

We are woven together by our stories. We're connected in a fabric that goes back to the beginning. A great tradition of stories handed down: delights and dangers; deeds and legends. *Leading the Way* is a wonderful reminder, but also a catalyst.

When I joined, the Club seemed a place that was ageless, barrierless. And highly inclusive – unless you were Ed Hillary and didn't meet the membership rules!!

We became family. I remember kindness – a cheesecake carried for two days by Michael Taylor; Hugh Barr putting my feet in the right places.

It has been a story of constant adaptation, our evolution, including grades of trips that were almost comprehensive.

We learned from what was hard – skills development, and responsible guidance of new folk, bushcraft and alpine instruction. There have been constants – gatherings, ceremonies, events, from the Trampers' Marathon to sadness

and tragedy. Our strength is in the whole.

The book pulls no punches about the challenges. It has been a progressive club, yes, and we pioneered trousers and chaperoneless tramping (though that tradition was carried on in my day by Edith Gates, Chief Morals Officer).

But it was a half century before we saw women in the key leadership roles. And there have been vigorous debates about what to do, and when, including as we picked up new ground in conservation.

Images come to mind, each specific: a baby in backpack. Or relieved that cellphone cameras did not exist in the 1980s and '90s: a trip down the Tauherenikau river with Malcolm and June, hot weather, didn't want to get the clothes wet, so the solution was...

For most of us, we're unlikely to have a hut, ridge or track named after us. There were a few that we may have assigned names to. I remember on a trip in the Mount Owen area, and 'Divorce Gully' was named as a family crested the ridge to find...another downhill.

To TTC, Shaun and Chris, and this wonderful book: please raise your glasses as we celebrate our past, enjoy our present, and catalyse our future.

Let's toast to the next 100 years of TTC leading the way.



Chris Maclean, Patrick Arnold & Shaun Barnett

The Centennial Dinner July 2019

We celebrated our club's first 100 years with a dinner at Pipitia Marae on 6 July, which brought together members of all ages for conversation, dining, singing and dancing.



Every table had its hut



Life Members: Chris Horne, Janet Keilar, Ian Baine, Peter Smith, Alan Knowles, Vivienne Radcliffe, Carol Kelly, Jenny Lewis, Hugh Barr, John Gates, Tong Young, Colin Cook, Alan Wright, John Nankervis

PHOTOS: SHANNON DOYLE



Cone Hut





Past presidents: Paddy Gresham, Ian Baine, Chris Munn, Paul Maxim, Patrick Arnold, Peter Barber, Peter Smith, Jenny Lewis, Hugh Barr, John Gates, Peggy Munn, Alistair Betts, Alan Wright



Kime Hut



MC Paddy Gresham and Jan Finlayson (FMC)



Musician Murray Giblin



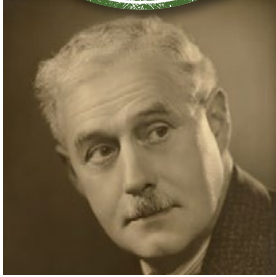


CONGRATULATIONS



TARARUA TRAMPING CLUB 3 July 1919 -

Aotearoa / New Zealand's most historic tramping club, has provided Wellington with a century of **tramping, mountaineering, exploration, skiing, conservation advocacy, outdoor instruction, and social connection.**



Central North Island:

- Mt Ruapehu
- Whakapapa ski field
- Tongariro Crossing
- Round The Mountain Track
- Tama Lakes
- Mt Tongariro
- Mt Ngauruhoe
- Tama Lakes
- Grand Pinnacle
- Mt Girdlestone –
- Mt Tahurangi traverse
- Dome-Paretaitonga peaks
- Mt Thunderbolt Kaimanawa
- Forest Park
- Whanganui River rafting

Taranaki:

- Mt Taranaki
- Syme Hut & Fantham's Peak

Wellington and Remutaka:

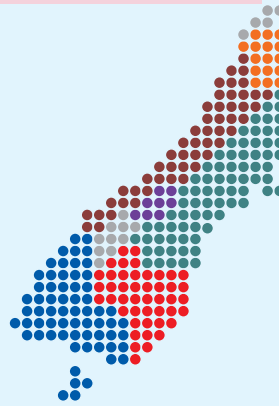
- Mt Matthews
- South Saddle – Mukamuka
- Pukeatua Ridge
- Mt McKerrow-Orongorongo
- Valley-Cattle Ridge
- Mt Tapokopoko
- Mt Kotumu
- Remutaka Incline –
- Baring Head cycle tour
- Southern Walkway
- Eastern Walkway
- Northern Walkway
- Skyline Ridge
- Mt Climie
- Paekakariki Escarpment
- Track

Tararua Range:

- Southern Crossing
- Neil Winchcombe Crossing
- Middle Crossing
- Northern Crossing
- Holdsworth – Jumbo
- Main Range & Neill Forks
- Ruamahanga & Cattle Ridge
- Waiohine Gorge tubing
- Otaki Gorge tubing
- Mt Kapakapanui
- Mt Reeves & Tauherenikau
- Valley & Cone Hut
- Carkeek – Dundas Ridge
- Waiopahu – Gable End
- Baldy – Three Kings traverse
- Mt McGregor – Dorset ridge
- Mt Bannister
- Kaiparoro

Marlborough / Kaikoura:

- Mt Fyffe
- Mt Tapuae-o-Uenuku
- Mt Alarm
- Scotts Knob peak



bivouac

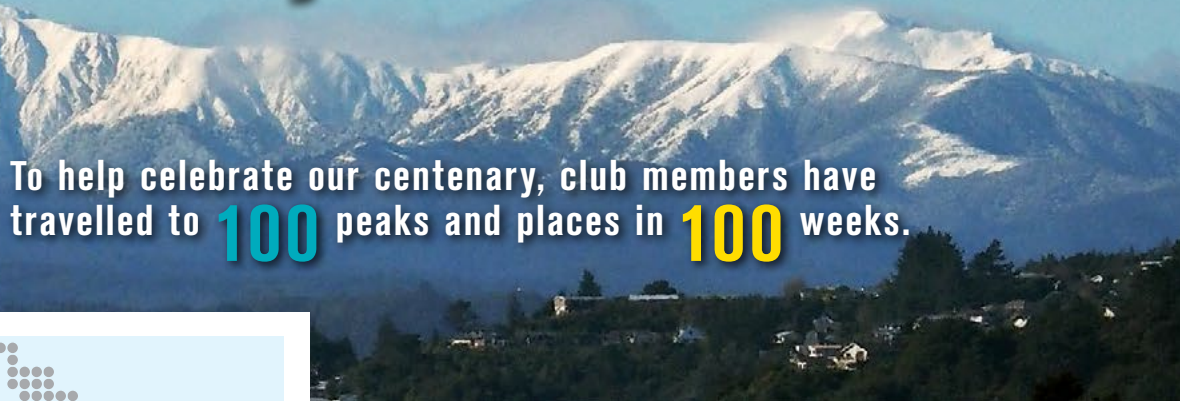
COMMITTED TO

ANNIVERSARIES



TRAMPING CLUB

- 3 July 2019



To help celebrate our centenary, club members have travelled to **100** peaks and places in **100** weeks.



Canterbury / Arthurs Pass:

Mt Oates
Mt Evans
Mt Somers
Cameron Valley – Pyramid –
Wild Man's Brother Range

Westland:

Pioneer Hut & Fox Glacier
Mt Lendenfeld
Mt Haast
Grey Peak
Almer Hut & Franz Josef
Glacier
Mt Drummond
Mt St Mildred
Newton Peak
Thelma Peak – Goat Path
route

Aoraki / Mount Cook:

Upper Tasman Glacier &
Tasman Saddle Hut
Mt Elie de Beaumont
Mt Green
Mt Walter
Ball Pass
Mueller Hut – Mt Olivier –
Mt Kitchener
Annette Plateau –
Mt Annette

Otago:

Mt Kohurau
South Temple – V Notch
Pass – North Temple
Emily Peak – Routeburn
Track

Southland / Fiordland / Stewart Island:

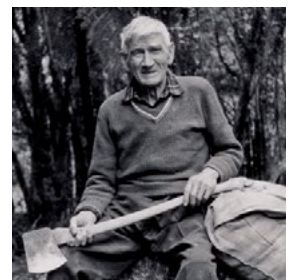
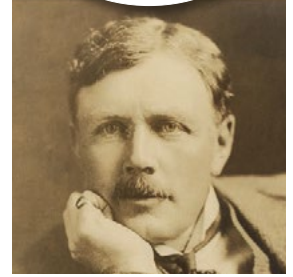
Mt Anglem & Hananui
Mackinnon Pass – Milford
Track

TARARUA TRAMPING CLUB

Adventure for all ages.

Here's to the next 100 years.

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PRO

/outdoor

ADVENTURE



100 Peaks & Places

A Centennial Celebration, 2017–2019

Paul Maxim

The question of how to acknowledge our club's extraordinary participation in outdoor activities for our centenary hung like an executioner's sword above the centennial committee's heads. It was not a particularly attractive scenario as we were all quite fond of our thinking caps and we were probably going to need all our grey matter in the coming months – if not years. Then, a burst of enlightenment and blessed salvation. An idea so cunning that we could put boots on it and call it a 'tramper': let's do 100 peaks in 52 weeks. NO WAIT. Too hard – not enough climbers! Let's do 100 peaks and places in 100 weeks. And so it came to be.

It was never our intention to select specific peaks and places. Or indeed even restrict it to 100. It was the simple concept of getting people out and about and recording their travels that was the purpose of the exercise. And club members endorsed the idea whole heartedly. Below is the list that started small and grew large. Apologies if I have missed out visited spots. How many peaks and places are on the final list? I don't know, but certainly many more than 100.

I'm now starting to feel sorry for the person who's going to have to do the 200 peaks and places in 2119. Mind you there's still plenty of time yet. Sigh.

PEAK / PLACE	DATE	CLUB MEMBERS	NOTES
Tararua Lodge	numerous	numerous	
Waerenga Hut	numerous	numerous	
Mt Tongariro (1967 m)	19 Aug 2017	D Grainger, P Arnold, C Campbell, M Fogarty, B Jack, M Johnstone, G Tatham	2107 AIC Numerous repeats
Mt Hopeless (2278 m)	14 Oct	D Grainger, P Harris, N Johnstone, N Geiger, T Williams	Via Hopeless Creek & Hut
Mt Taranaki (2518 m)	19 Oct	S Buchanan, S Hutson, M Allen	East Ridge – Surrey Rd. Numerous repeats
Neill Forks & Hut	21 Oct	C Wylie, L Buchrell, H Cook	
Cone Hut	22 Oct	C Wylie, L Buchrell, H Cook	
Tapuae-o-Uenuku (2885 m)	22 Oct	N Joseph, M Fogarty, J Go	Via Hodder River. The highest mountain north of Mount Cook NP. Repeats
Tapokopoko (843 m)	25 Oct 15 Nov	C Cook, J Basher, P McCredie, P Munn, B Stephens, L White, W White, M Arnold, M Pearce	Wednesday trip Day trip
Kotumu (786 m)	25 Oct	J Hill, D Ogilvie, P Smith, T Gardiner, J Thomson, R Chesterfield	Wednesday trip from Palliser Bay
Mt Holdsworth (traverse)	1 Nov	D Reynolds, D McNabb, M Pearce	via East Holdsworth spur
Eastern Walkway	3 Nov	P McCredie	Day trip
Mt Alarm (2877 m)	4 Nov	D Grainger, J Cincotta, M Allan	Via Hodder River. Repeats.
McKerrow (706 m)	5 Nov	P Maxim	Day trip
Kaimanawa Forest Park	13–17 Nov	C&P Munn, D Polaschek, S Pollard	Including Mounts Urchin, Umakarikari, Thunderbolt and Motutere
Tahurangi (2797 m)	18 Nov	S Buchanan, P Maxim	The highest point on the North Island. Repeats.
Belmont Trig (traverse)	11 Nov	J Cook, M Collinge, G Cook, C Leather, G Leather, G Marshall, D Olsen, J Olsen, R Willows	
Mt Ollivier (1933 m) and Mt Kitchener (2042 m)	November	P Hicks, N Josephs	Aoraki/Mount Cook National Park, including Mueller Hut
Upper Ruamahanga Gorge Gorge trip	24–26 Nov	F Hubmann, P McCredie	Also visited Roaring Stag and Cattle Ridge Huts
Mt Anglem / Hananui (980 m)	28 Nov	L White, G Leather, M Richards, A Webster	The highest point on Stewart island / Rakiura
Mount Kapakapanui (1102 m) traverse	29 Nov	D Reynolds, P Barber, T Gardiner-Smith, M Kane, C Kelly, A Knowles, D Lauder, J Mautner, B Molloy, P Morton, M Pearce, P Smith, S Sutton-Cummings, L Taylor, W Wright	

PEAK / PLACE	DATE	CLUB MEMBERS	NOTES
Pioneer Hut – Marcel Col – Mt Haast (3114 m) – Mt Lendenfeld (3194 m), Governors Col – Grey Peak (2882 m).	4–5 Dec	S Buchanan, P Maxim	Te Poutini / Westland National Park
Scotts Knob (2160 m)	17 Dec	D Grainger, M Fogarty, J Go, F Hubmann, P McCredie, J Morris, T Workmann	Raglan Range
Angelus Peak (2075 m)	29 Dec	S Buchanan, K Johnstone	Via Roberts Ridge
Tauherenikau Gorge	10 Jan 2018	B Wheeler, C Cook, F Hubmann, P McCredie, P Munn, L White	Gorge trip
Mt Arthur (1795 m)	19 Jan	C&P Whiteford	Kahurangi National park
Rimutaka Incline	20 Jan	D Grainger, L Watson	Cycle trip
Mt Reeves (899 m)	21 Jan	D Grainger, L Watson	
Te Matawai Hut – Girdlestone Saddle – Mangahao headwaters – Mt Dundas – Triangle Knob traverse	20–22 Jan	F Hubmann, G Leather, P McCredie, T&M Workmann	Tararua Range
Mt Matthews (941 m)	28 Jan	D Grainger, J Go, J Morris, L Watson	The highest mountain in the Wellington region. Numerous repeats.
Sabine Valley – Blue Lake-Wairau Pass (1870 m)	3–6 Feb	P Maxim, P Crosland, S Hutson, N Sawicki	Nelson Lakes NP
Hakatere Conservation Park	3–11 March	A Black, G Leather, C&P Munn, J Roberts, L White	Including Cameron Hut, Top Hut, Potts Hut, Pt 1546, Wildman Hut
Gordon Range (1519 m)	13 March	C&P Whiteford	Red Hills, Richmond Conservation Park
Mackinnon Pass (1069 m)	21 March	C&P Whiteford	Milford
Grandview Mountain (1398 m)	26 March	C&P Whiteford	Lake Hawea
Great Pinnacle (2190 m)	18 March	S Hutson, P Maxim	Mt Ruapehu
Southern Crossing of the Tararua Range	March	Anne Dowden and family	Including: Bridge Peak, Field Peak, Mt Hector, The Beehives, Atkinson, Aston, Alpha, Marchant Ridge + Field, Kime and Alpha huts
Middle Crossing of the Tararua Range	30 March– 2 April	P Barber, L Buckrell, P Clough, T French, M Kane, A Tucker, S White, C Wylie	Including Tararua Peaks, Maungahuka, Neil Forks and Totara Flats
Mt Somers (1688 m)	1 April	C & P Munn	Canterbury
Waiopahu – Gable End circuit	26–27 May	D Grainger, R Crawford, A Nachum, R Ota, L Wilson	Tararua Range
Mount Ruapehu trip	Queen's Birthday	20 members	Visited Whakapapaiti Valley, Tama Lakes and other areas
Mt Girdlestone (2658 m)	June	J Cincotta, H Dengate-Thrush	Tongariro National Park
Cattle Ridge exploration, Rimutaka Forest Park	18 July	H Beaglehole, T Black, C Cook, D McNabb, W Wright	Tararua Range
Three Kings Traverse	3–5 August	F Hubmann, P McCredie, S White	Tararua Range including Baldy, South, Mid and North Kings
Winter Tongariro Crossing	31 Aug– 2 Sept	P Comesky, R Cook, J Earthson, C McLachlan, J Sumner, L Thompson, F Girdwood, S Holmes, M Jacobson, B Panha	Youth post AIC trip
Girdlestone – Taurangi traverse	15 Sept	T Bannister, K&N Boshoff, J Cincotta	Mt Ruapehu
Pukeatua Ridge exploration, Rimutaka Forest Park	19 Sept	R Chesterfield, C Cook, T French, D McNabb, P Munn, M Pearce	
Tararua Main Range	6–7 Oct	J Cincotta, S Healy Cullen, J O'Carroll	Boyd Wilson Knob, Vosseler, Yeates, McIntosh, Tararua Peaks, Maungahuka peak and hut, Simpson, Wright, Aokaparangi, Kahiwiroa, Anderson Memorial Hut and Waitewaewae Hut/ Valley

PEAK / PLACE	DATES	CLUB MEMBERS	NOTES
McGregor – Dorset Creek trip	7–9 Oct	F Hubmann, P McCredie	Broken Axe Pinnacles, McGregor Peak & Biv, Dorset Creek and Hut
Mt Oates (2041 m), Arthurs Pass National Park	14 Oct	S Buchanan, J Cincotta, P Maxim, H Richards	Including Temple Stream, Mingha and Goat Pass Hut
Mt Paske (2216 m)	20 Oct	N Josephs, T Percival	
Mt Franklin (2340 m)	6 Nov	P Arnold, S Buchanan	Highest peak in Nelson Lakes National Park
Mt Holdsworth-Mt Isabelle traverse	14 Nov	J Basher, H Beaglehole, J Dement, T French, J Mason, D Ogilvie, M Pearce, J Roberts, B Stephens, D Wanty, L White, W Wrights	Tararua Range
South Temple – V Notch Pass – South Huxley – Hopkins	28–31 Dec	D Grainger, L Grainger, Anita & Clark Mclauchlan	Lake Ohau area
Waiohine-Carkeek Ridge/Hut	3–6 January 2019	F Hubmann, P McCredie, S White	Included Te Matawai Hut, Arete Hut, Park Forks, Carkeek Ridge and Hut, Arete
Almer Hut-Franz Josef Glacier – Drummond Peak (2514 m) – St Mildred Peak (2395 m) – Newton Peak (2291 m) – Thelma Peak (2087 m) – Goat Path route	14–17 January	D Bamford, P Maxim, J Wild	Te Poutini / Westland National Park
Winchcombe-Neill Southern Crossing	16 January	G Leather, T French	One day crossing taking in Winchcombe, Neill and Cone peaks
Otaki Gorge tubing trip	12–14 February	J Dement, J Mason	Waitewaewae to Otaki Forks
Penn Creek	27 February	W Allcock, L Buckrell, R Chesterfield, C Cook, J Dement, T French, D McNabb, J Mason, P Munn, J Roberts, J Thomson, L White, W Wright	Classic Tararua adventure trip
Waiohine Gorge tubing	5–7 March	P McCredie, S White	Including Mid Waiohine Hut
Peggy’s Peak – Mitre Peak – Brockett-Girdlestone – Tarn Ridge Hut	9–10 March	T Bannister, S Hutson, P Maxim	Tararua peak bagging
Eastern Hutt Gorge	13 March	W Allcock, C Cook, J Mason	Wednesday trip
Kaiparoro summit (808 m)	30 March	R Cooke, G Leather, D McNabb, B Molloy, S Pollard, J Roberts	Northern Wairarapa
Big Coast cycle traverse	30–31 March	G Cook, J Cook, J Dement, J Gibbons, J Mason, B Richards, M Richards, L Stowell, S White	Remutaka Incline to Baring Head cycle
Mt Kohurau (2008 m)	20 April	T Bannister, M Buchanan, H Chapman, F Hubmann, P Maxim, P Munn	via Awakino River, Waitaki Valley
Sunrise Hut	5–7 April	K Griffin, P & V Radcliffe, H Smith, C&P Whiteford	Ruahine Forest Park
Annette Plateau – Mt Annette (2235 m)	22–25 April	T Bannister, M Buchanan, H Chapman, F Hubmann, P Maxim, P Munn	Aoraki / Mt Cook National Park
Atiwhakatu-Jumbo-Pinnacle Ridge	11–12 May	E Bulmer, H Bulmer, E Clark, N Fyfe, A Jackson, F Hutson, L Hutson, I Kurta, E McLaughlan, R Mohibi, F Phan, J Rynhart, G Stewart, F Vidal	Youth trip to Tararua Forest Park by D Grainger, S Hutson and T Stewart
Te Heuheu (2732 m) – Tukino (2720 m) traverse	22 June	T Bannister, S Buchanan, K Boshoff, J Go, K Johnstone, R Willis	On Mt Ruapehu
Johnstone Hill – Mt Kaukau	30 June	About 180 club members and public	Centennial tramp
Mont Blanc (4810 m)	1 July	G Lamarche, P Maxim, F Lamarche, R Lamarche	Italy to France traverse

Mt Matthews Scree

May 2019

Colin Cook and Jenny Mason

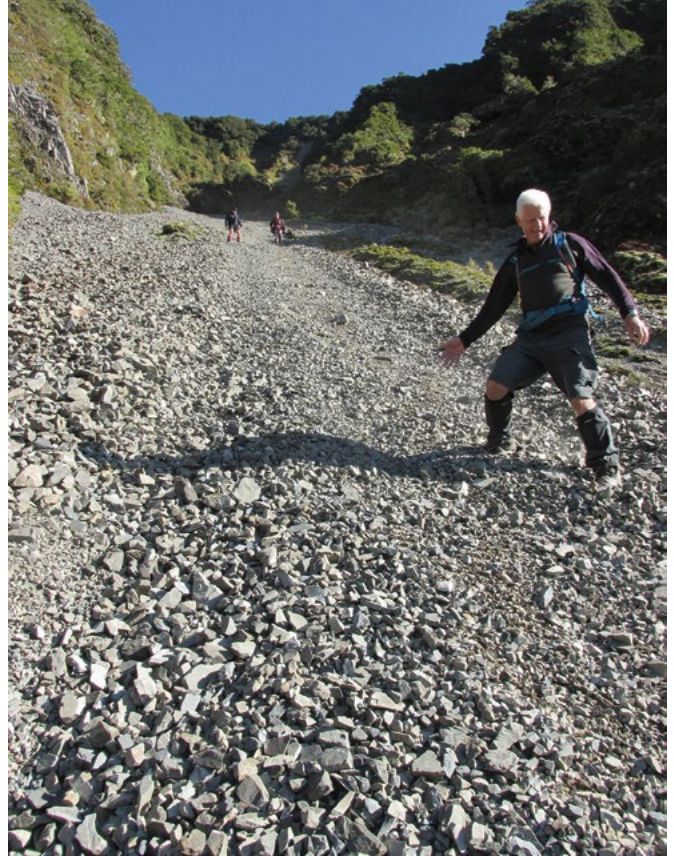
‘S HGL SLD’ says the sign, a short length of plank attached to a tree halfway along Mt Matthews’ summit ridge track. More vowels might help. We had seen the Shingle Slide sign on a January 2019 trip; a few months later, on the last Wednesday in May, Jenny decided to investigate. Conditions were fine, sunny and warm, an anomaly in a week of otherwise unpleasant tramping conditions.

The Orongorongo Valley glistened as we paused briefly opposite Browns Stream before continuing: around Big Bend, up Goat Stream Track, sidling across to the South Saddle and then, under attack by a strong northerly, ascending the 80 vertical metres of open ridge line to join the Mt Matthews Track. More climbing then an early lunch beneath the sign, with conditions still sunny but cold in the shade. Let the investigation begin!

From the sign, a reasonable pad marked with blue ties leads off, soon departing the spur crest and dropping steeply to the east, to end on a steep grassed bank above an open slip face. Steep country; cliffs and more cliffs.

A good length of knotted emerald-green rope has been placed to help access the slip face, which, when attained, at about 800 m altitude, reveals a genuine scree slope of some 250 m vertical fall.

On the scree slope it took a while to remember technique: face out from the slope, take loose strides, plant heels and –



go with the flow. An enjoyable experience, the more so in full sunshine, though we set the entire slope in motion and found ourselves up to the knees in rocks.

The slide ran out some 60–80 m above the true left branch of Matthews Stream, but there was no difficulty in making our way through manuka and ponga down to the stream, then to the upper forks and so on down to the Orongorongo River. The last section of Matthews Stream, below the lower forks, is an immense, gently sloping gravel plain, from which the stream soon disappears. After just under nine hours from start to finish, we were back at the carpark.



A Google Earth aerial view looking SW, showing the route in red down the Shingle Slide. Matthews 941 top is top left, the Knife Edge is bottom left. The stream at the bottom is the true left branch of Matthews Stream above the top forks.

TRIP MEMBERS

Colin Cook, Tricia French, Jenny Mason (leader), Peter Williams, Warwick Wright





Lathrop Saddle – Zit Saddle

March 2019

Peggy Munn

Lathrop Saddle PHOTOS: PEGGY MUNN

DAY 1

From the Styx carpark we headed off towards the river. After scrambling under the bluffs, we entered the bush on a benched track – bliss with heavy packs. The track descended back into the river and we cheerfully kept going, until we realised that it was a bit rough – and where were the markers? Oops, we had missed an entry point back into the bush. It was impossible to scale the bluffs back to the track, but up ahead the bluffs dropped down to the river. So, it was a bush-bash, straightforward enough, to regain the track highway. We laughed at ourselves, too used to rough terrain.

We climbed over a major slip and negotiated another with the help of a substantial chain, before regaining the beautiful benched track. Dropping down to grassy flats we saw patches of burnt tussock, which had been deliberately set alight by hunters to make it easier to spot deer. How incredibly stupid. The flats were covered with shoulder-high silvery tussocks that glistened in the sunlight and made for an attractive approach to Grassy Flats Hut. We were glad to get those heavy packs off.

DAY 2

Rain was forecast to arrive in the afternoon. We wanted to get over Lathrop Saddle before it arrived, so we got up in the dark for an early start.

It was a 1000 m ascent to Lathrop Saddle. A gradual climb up through the bush led to a steep stream and eventually a very steep 200 m to Browning Biv. After morning tea and on a good track we soon had extensive views out to the coast and of surrounding ranges. Then the track got very steep and, in some places, it was quite a scramble and hard work.

With an unpleasantly cold breeze wafting through the saddle, we huddled behind boulders for a hurried lunch. But it was a magic spot with giant boulders lying casually around quiet tarns, and we enjoyed picking our way through the long saddle.

The cold was now enhanced with drizzle. The route sidled downwards over steep scree before dropping over a mixture of loose, greasy rock and wet snowgrass. Gaps in the cloud would reveal Top Crawford Hut way down on the valley floor. We moved slowly, at one point unable to see the way forward. The GPS indicated that the track was on the next spur but, searching around, we spotted a pole and we decided to follow markers and not the map. Rock gave way to low scrub, then a steep drop down through a bluff. The route was overgrown and, with the vegetation wet, we were soon soaked.

Finally off the mountainside, we forged our way through shoulder-high sodden tussock, crossed the Crawford River and reached the hut. Wet boots, socks, gaiters, shorts

and parkas were abandoned outside while we eagerly searched out dry clothes and a cup of tea. Later, the cloud lifted sufficiently for us to appreciate the basin we were in surrounded by lofty mountain peaks. We tried to figure out our route down from the saddle. It wasn't at all obvious but, whatever we had done, it looked impressive.

DAY 3

We set off in drizzle for a short day. After a scramble down the river, blue sky started to appear and we hit a wide, flat track. It didn't last and the sidle track was interrupted by mossy boulder clambering, slippery root dodging, and a tricky, steep climb to avoid a massive slip. After a brief return to the river, we clambered up onto a terrace and there was Crawford Junction Hut in the sun with a view of the Kokatahi/Crawford forks and the ranges over towards Toaroha. We spent the afternoon drying wet gear.

DAY 4

Awaking to low cloud and a forecast for rain, our main concern was crossing the Kokatahi safely, and the hut book had many accounts of failed attempts due to rain. We decided to use our rain day and stay at the hut. After lunch, the rain set in and soon both the Crawford and the Kokatahi were running brown, high, and fast.

DAY 5

The morning revealed low cloud but it seemed thin and the rivers were down so off we went. A scramble alongside the river took us to the cableway. Ten minutes of energetic winding by Gerald and Wayne got us all across the river. The track was good although greasy, but after lunch the route got interesting. There were slabs of rock to slide down, massive boulders to summit, and impressive rapids. The river crossings required care but were straightforward. Finally, we were on a high sidle track but once again the route did not follow the map. We sat outside on the steps of Top Kokatahi Hut enjoying a hot drink and the view, and satisfied that we had had a good day.

DAY 6

We woke to steady rain and decided not to cross Zit Saddle since visibility would be poor. Once again there were many entries in the hut book about the difficulty of finding the way to the hut from the saddle. Now we would be out a day late and would have to ration food.

We drafted a message for Russell Cooke asking him to change the ferry booking, call the shuttle people and get them to drop off the van so it would be there for us whenever we got out, contact families to tell them of the delay, and rebook the Reefton motel. We hoped like hell that we could send the message from Zit Saddle.

It rained all day and the Kokatahi was roaring. But the rain eased off in the afternoon. Had we made the right decision, as more rain was forecast for the next day?

DAY 7

Sure enough, the rain set in again overnight and we woke to drizzle. As soon as we hit the stream leading to Zit Saddle, we had problems negotiating wet rock and white water. We paused to check the maps. My map and the iHike map showed different routes to the saddle. We could only hope to follow DOC markers. Rounding a small bend, we were confronted by a turbulent waterfall. Although there was a cairn in front of us, we decided to climb out of the stream to get round the waterfall. Janette said we were actually on the iHike route so we continued on uphill. The climb got steeper and steeper. Soon it required both hands and knees to secure footholds and it was pretty scary. A fall would have been disastrous.

We emerged thankfully onto a terrace and spotted a giant orange triangle at the top of a gut further along. We definitely had not come up the correct route. Later investigation determined that both my map and the iHike map were wrong. We could now see the marked route over the range. We knew the track did not cross the saddle, but not that it was so much further along the range.

It was a straightforward trudge to the crest. Conditions were not pleasant but phones were activated and with great relief our message went through to Russell.



Zit Saddle

After a brief celebration in the drizzle, we started the descent. Although steep and slippery, we took our time and instep crampons were invaluable. Even so, Wayne slipped and tumbled past me. Fortunately, it was on a less steep gradient and his speed was slowing as he reached Janette who helped bring him to a halt. Reaching a deep, narrow

gut, Gerald fell down head first, legs in the air before disappearing. Both he and his glasses survived. The narrow, slippery gut was tricky to descend involving sidling and clinging to scrub roots to avoid vertical drops that were not safe to scramble down.

After the gut, the route more or less levelled out and wandered seemingly haphazardly through scrub to Adventure Biv. It was just before 2 pm. Six of us crowded into the two-person biv to eat our meagre lunch in the dry.

Setting off again, we entered the bush and some protection from the drizzle. The descent was very steep down to the main Toaroha track. Great, we thought, not far to the hut. Two minutes later, we came to an abrupt halt confronted by a roaring Median Creek. A review of crossing options quickly confirmed that we should not cross the stream. It was 4pm so it seemed we would be spending the night on the wrong side of the stream. Out came the fly, we got changed out of our sodden clothes and had a hot drink. We had our remaining dinner rations watching the water level, which didn't seem to drop at all.

But suddenly, we realised that the drizzle had stopped and the cloud was lifting. Tricia went for a walk upstream, returning to say that one crossing option was now possible. In double quick time, we packed up, crossed the stream with ease and made it to the hut by 8 pm.

After a relaxing cup of tea in a spacious hut all to ourselves, we burrowed into our sleeping bags well pleased with the day's result.

DAY 8

After a tiny breakfast, we left with wet socks in wet boots and wet packs stuffed with wet gear. Again, we managed to miss the return to the track after the first descent to the river and had to backtrack. After a brief stop to consume whatever food was left, we continued without incident and enjoyed the pleasant walk on a good boardwalk and pack track out to the farmland. With great pleasure, we spotted the van patiently waiting for us like an old friend.

Back in the real world the tragedy of Christchurch hit us. We were stunned and shocked.

In a rather sombre fashion, we celebrated our successful trip with a meal that few of us could finish. They serve it up big in Reefton!

TRIP MEMBERS

Peggy Munn (leader), Janette Roberts, Lynne White, Gerald Leather, Wayne Perkins, Tricia French



Above: Stuck at Median Creek
Below: Sheltering at Adventure Biv



Life and 50-year members

2019 LIFE

Ian Baine
Hugh Barr
Michael Bartlett
Colin Cook
Sue Cuthbertson
John Gates
Chris Horne
Janet Keilar
Carol Kelly

Alan Knowles
Jenny Lewis
John Nankervis
Brenda Neill
David Ogilvie
Vivienne Radcliffe
Peter Smith
Alan Wright
Tong Young

2019 50 Year +

Alan Bagnall
Jill Bagnall
Ian Baine
Diana Barnes
Dave Bartle
Paul Bieleski
Graeme Claridge
Judith Claridge
Dave Clark
Ewan Clendon
Rowen Crawford
Winning Crawford
James Cruse
Tony Cunneen
Lindsay Cuthbertson
Alec Day
Al Donoghue
Cecil Duff
Tania Dyett
Max Feist
John Foden
Margaret Foden
Margaret Fyfe
Bill Gates
John Gates
Christina Gibbs
George Gibbs
Paddy Gresham
Wayne Griffen

Phil Harris
Trevor Henderson
Janice Hopper
Maarten Janse
Willem Janse
Michael Jones
Paul Jones
Janet King
Frances Lee
Margaret Maynard
Ray Molineux
John Nankervis
Brenda Neill
Kath Offer
Barbara Ogilvie
David Ogilvie
Celia O'Neill
Peter O'Neill
Peter Pohl
Vivien Pohl
Beryl Rodgers
Kathleen Satory
Allan Sheppard
George Spencer
Bill Wheeler
John Wild
Beryl Wood
Tong Young



PHOTO COMPETITION RESULTS

Champions

Above the Bushline: Jenny Mason – Descending from Adkin

Documentary: Jenny Mason – Dinner at Rangipo (see 2018 Annual)

Below the Bushline: Jenny Mason – Whakatikei River (see 2018 Annual)

History: Peter Smith – Acquiring a free dinner, 1976

Humour: David Ogilvie – Branchiosaurus Watering Hole

Natural History Flora & Fauna: Peter Smith – A Weka fight

Honours

Above the Bushline

Jenny Mason – Ngaurahoe
Alan Graham – Family Group
Trish Gardiner-Smith – A walk through the snow

Documentary

Peter Smith – The old Waiotauru Hut

Below the Bushline

Peter Smith – Reflections
Amie Claridge – Mavora Lakes
Alan Graham – Tricky Piece
David Ogilvie – Lower Tauherenikau
Lynne Pomare – Cathy on the Skyline Centennial walk

History

None

Humour

Alan Graham – Tramper Remains
Alan Bengé – Peter Shanahan climbing Makara stile
David Ogilvie – Hey I'm Next

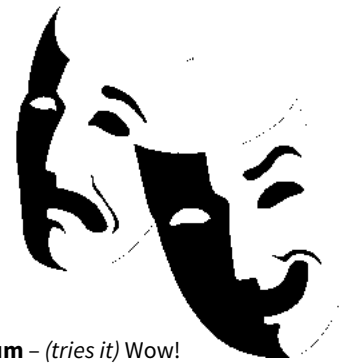
Natural History Flora & Fauna

Lynne Pomare – Pterostylisobula
Alan Graham – Wild Spaniard
Trish Gardiner-Smith – Karearea with Nikau
Jenny Mason – Hebeodora
Alan Bengé – Seagull Makara Wind Farms

Kawhatau

A play by Alan Knowles

Queen's Birthday Weekend, June 2019



Leaving Rangiwahia Hut PHOTOS: ALAN KNOWLES

Queen's Birthday in the Ruahines sounded a fine prospect to a number of Club members, so off they ventured to Kawhatau Lodge Education Centre, near Mangaweka. But, picturesque as the tramping was, it isn't all about tracks, especially when there's lambing, freezing rain, and snow. Filling in the quiet moments is also part of the trip. – Ed.

SETTING

The dining room of the sprawling Kawhatau Lodge Education Centre in the dank Mangaweka hinterland.

CAST

Forgetti	Bob Cijffers (Leader)
Hut-mum	Muriel Christianson
Digit	Howard Symmes
Gourmet	Vicki Wogan
Plunger	Ralph Wilkinson
Marmalade	Janet McFadden
Scrabble	Clare O'Brien
Stoker	Ray Markham
God	Richard Garringe
Mapguy	Alan Wright
Chauffeur	Sue Tunnicliff
Techno	Peter Tunnicliff
Nurse	Christine Ben-Tovinn
Chopper	Moyra Jones
Crusty	Virginia Ashcroft
Spag	Peter Shanahan
Goulash	Alan Knowles

Act 1

Forgetti – Welcome to the Queen's Birthday Lodge trip everyone – this time we are heading to Purity Hut, where we haven't been before.

Gourmet – (nibbling on a walnut cracker) Good! That's why I came. It's hard to get to Purity without God's permission – have you asked him?

Forgetti – Er I forgot, I'll call him tomorrow.

Everyone – (Shouts of disbelief)

Forgetti – OK, OK (dials 06 3825 856) Hello God ... we are trampers from Wellington and would like to cross into Purity.

God – No! Its lambing, and you're not my lambs, go to Hell! (hangs up). (General uproar)

Digit and **Gourmet** (in unison) – But we've been to Rangiwahia.

Chauffeur – (conciliatory) It is disappointing – but there must be somewhere we haven't been.

Mapguy – (consults maps) OK, you Purity maniacs, how about Mania?

Hut-mum – Good idea! (Marmalade and Chopper nod in agreement)

Act 2. Next morning freezing sleety rain is falling

Hut-mum – (vigorously rings brass bell) Get out of bed, we're off to Mania, who's coming?

Stoker – Not in this rain. I'll stoke the Marshall boiler to warm this place.

Crusty – I'll stay and read a book with Nurse and Chauffeur.

Plunger – (holding up Bodum coffee plunger) You know this is the first time in 60 years, I have read the instructions.

Scrabble – (setting up the board) If you read the instructions for this you might win.

Plunger – (mutters) Scrabble duchess! That's seven letters!

Mapguy – (digging into a pot of marmalade) Who made this, it's gorgeous?

Hut-mum – (tries it) Wow!

Who's the Marmalade Queen?

Marmalade – (demurs and blushes)

Goulash – (enters quickly) Hey Stoker, the water's boiling over the roof!

Spag – Haha, cold showers for you stay-at-homes. Wanna join the Maniacs?

(Marmalade, Techno, Hut-mum, Mapguy, Chopper, Digit, Spag, and Goulash put on packs and follow Forgetti outside. The others settle down with books.)

Act 3. Bedraggled, wet, and muddy trampers return from Mania

Crusty – Welcome back! You have had a lovely time. How about some of my crusty bread, carrot dip, and hummus?

Techno – (scoffs it) Yum! Forgetti forgot his pack and we had to feed and water him.

Spag – Techno climbs like a clockwork rabbit, I couldn't keep up.

Marmalade – Nor me. Coming down, I slipped over five times.

Goulash – (points to Chopper) We have a spy – sent from the Clerk's Office to report to Parliament on our nefarious activities.

Chopper – (with armful of kindling she had chopped) Yeah right, is that why you dragged me to the tops in a blizzard with Digit and Techno?

Spag – What have you pikers done all day?

Forgetti – (to Stoker) You haven't done anything except sit on your bum and drink coffee.

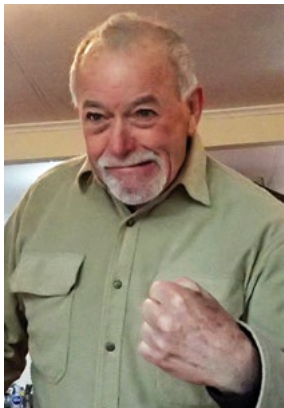
Stoker – (clenching fist) You are wrong. Chauffeur drove me to the supermarket in Taihape.

Chauffeur – Yes, and we did a grand auto tour of Rangiteiki back roads, but don't ask where we went.

Gourmet – The coffee at the Brown Sugar Cafe was good.



Kawhatau Lodge



Stoker



Crusty



Digit



Spag

Goulash – We picked up one of your lot, Plunger, wandering alone on the road looking like the landed gentry.

Plunger – Thanks, the farmer thought I was rustling stock; and another motorist behaved like the police.

Hut-mum – Time to get dinner, pre-dinner nibbles anyone.

Act 4. Around the dinner table

Nurse – (*bandaging Gourmet's hand*) She burned it reaching into the oven.

Gourmet – Ouch.

Spag – Have some of my home-made spaghetti bolognaise.

Hut-mum – Where's the Vegetables?

Spag – Oh, I forgot them.

Nurse – You men are so forgetful.

Goulash – Would it improve our brain power if we dyed our hair like you gingers.

Forgetti – Any suggestions for tomorrow's trips.

Goulash – I can take one to Rangiwahia Hut. The weather will be crappy all day. Any takers?

Nurse, Chopper, Mapguy, Crusty, Hut-mum, Digit, Gourmet, and Marmalade volunteer.

Act 5. Dinnertime Sunday night

Crusty – (*tucking into Goulash's namesake dish*) That was cold up there. I wouldn't give anyone a chance of surviving if caught out overnight.

Chopper – (*forking lasagne with a Moroccan chickpea/spinach/roast veggie salad*) When that wet snow freezes the track will be treacherous.

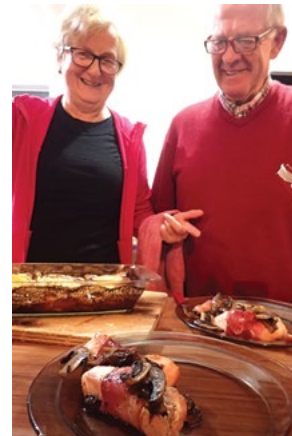
Marmalade – (*glancing up from her Forest & Bird magazine*) That was nice of Nurse to give us a chocolate bar each in that frigid hut.

Gourmet – (*savouring roasted maple banana with caramelised pecans and vanilla-bean yogurt*) – Wasn't the snow on the trees just lovely.

Forgetti – Mapboy has found us concretions in an ancient forest so tomorrow we'll visit the Whitecliffs Boulders on the way home.



On the Mania Track



Marmalade and Mapguy



Crusty, Nurse and Chauffeur



Hut-mum at the Whitestone Boulders



Nurse and Gourmet



Chopper, Techno and Digit on Mania tops



Patagonia

November 2018

Jacky Challis and Graham Lonsdale

Valley Frances PHOTO: GRAHAM LONSDALE

In November 2018, Jacky Challis and Graham Lonsdale joined a voyage to the Falkland Islands, South Georgia, and the Antarctic Peninsula – finishing with a couple of treks surrounded by stunning scenery in Patagonia.

The first three photos are from the six-day Torres del Paine ‘W’ trek.

The last three photos are from a three-day trek near El

Chalten in Los Glaciers National Park. Most people visit Laguna de Los Tres (at the base of Mt Fitzroy) and a second lake, (Laguna Torre), as separate day trips from El Chalten. But Jacky and Graham wanted to photograph these places at sunrise and sunset so did a round trip. They were rewarded with fresh snow one night and glorious views of Mt Fitzroy at dawn.

Torres del Paine ‘W’ trek



Glacier Grey PHOTO: JACKY CHALLIS



Cuernos del Paine under an angry sky PHOTO: JACKY CHALLIS

Hiking from El Chalten



Above: Mount Fitzroy range

PHOTO: GRAHAM LONSDALE

Left: Mount Fitzroy at dawn after over-night snow

PHOTO: GRAHAM LONSDALE



Mount Fitzroy range close up at dawn PHOTO: JACKY CHALLIS



October Snow in the Kawekas September/October 2019

Janette Roberts

Devon climbing to Manson tops PHOTOS: JANETTE ROBERTS

Where to go in the off season? As so often happens at the end of one multi-day trip, another is planned on the ferry on the way home. The group returning from Peggy's Lathrop-Zit trip decided they liked the sound of the Kawekas, even though few of us had actually been there.

I chose early October because it is the school holidays and I am a teacher. I planned a loop from the Lakes carpark on the Taihape-Napier Road. The forecast was not good, but plans had been made and leave arranged, so six of us set off on the last Sunday in September at 2 pm, heading for Kiwi Saddle Hut.

Arriving at 5 pm, we encountered the only people for six days, two hunters who knew we were coming and had lit the fire for us before heading out at dusk. We promptly let the fire go out in the midst of first-day pack reorganisation

and, keen to avoid embarrassment, a group effort ensued to reignite it. Like all the huts we stayed in, Kiwi Saddle is just off the tops in a sheltering band of trees, a lovely location.

Day 2 we intended to head for Manson Hut, with a stop at Kiwi Mouth for lunch. I was a bit concerned about forecast high winds for the afternoon and rain during the stream section in the morning. We all eyed the engraved stainless steel sign outside the hut saying "Kiwi Mouth hut 2 hours", then looked closer and saw scratched below: "Yeah right!". These signs are all over the Kawekas, and lots of other unique markers gave us a sense of the history of the place.

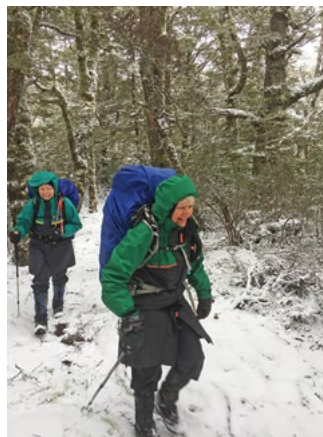
Off we went down, down, then down a bit more, some bits exposed, slippery red clay, until we reached Kiwi Creek for morning tea. Then it was in the creek as the rain began and gradually increased. But the map was right and the last kilometre to the hut was all on the true right on a nice terrace, save for one crossing over and back at the end. We shot into Kiwi Mouth Hut as the rain poured down, three hours after leaving Kiwi Saddle, ate our lunch and considered options.

A great plus of the Kawekas is the number of huts and on any day we could have stopped early. Most have four bunks but we could easily have fitted us six in. In the event, the rain stopped and the sun came out as we ate, so with renewed enthusiasm we set off for the swingbridge over the Ngaruroro, a substantial river by this point, and the steep climb up to the Manson tops.

We made steady progress initially through forest, then steep clay slopes between scrub. We reached the high point 1311 after 2.5 hours, then turned north along the open tussock tops. The wind was no bother and the route sidled mostly just below the ridgeline on the east. Another half



Descending in the snow storm from Spion Kop



Left: Departure from Tira Lodge. Right: Devon and Janette enjoying the snow en route to Mangaturutu

hour saw us at the lovely Manson Hut in a clearing sheltered by trees below the ridge. We were impressed that our group, average age 64, were today keeping closer to the times on the ubiquitous stainless signs. Three of us set off to look for Old Manson Hut, but the track is marked incorrectly on the map, you drop down straight from the main hut. After wasting time, we decided to enjoy the sun and views of the next day's route from Manson with a nice fire blazing.

We followed the pattern from Day 2, rising with the sun at 7 am and departing at 8.30. This was to be a day of extremes, although the forecast did not reveal all, and this looked like the best day of the week.

Initially we walked on gentle undulating slopes in fine clear weather. We paused to admire views of the volcanoes and high ground in the west, trying to identify the places we had visited in the Kaimanawas, and looked north towards what we thought was our destination, the Venison Tops. We crossed Manson Peak, 1448 m, then described a semi-circle around Spion Kop.

Morning tea time arrived, but a look west, where the Kaimanawas had disappeared in rain, kept us moving and picking up the pace. First the hail, then huge flakes of snow enveloped us. Suddenly, ground and trampers were sporting white coats. We scurried down for half an hour, pausing for a short morning tea just inside the trees. Another steep descent led us to Rocks Ahead bivvy and the cableway.

Devon had advised us it had a winder that was so high that it took a lot of upper body strength to work. The advance group had already discovered this and Tricia had spent an anxious moment above the middle of the Ngaruroro as Gerald and Lynne strained to move her and her pack over. Tricia managed to use the winder in the cage too and when the sore knee group arrived the decision had been made to send over people and packs separately. Winding people and then packs over a big river takes time, and it was thirty minutes later we walked the few steps to the well-sited Rocks Ahead Hut to enjoy lunch as the sun came out, warming the side of the hut so much that a group of trampers masquerading as reptiles leaned against its warmth.

It was 1.30 before we set off, and our departure mirrored the speed of our arrival as it was over a three-wire bridge,

usual stack of firewood at 4.30 pm, and soon were enjoying the large hut. This hut is the three-room model present in parts of the Kaimanawas and Ruahines, but thank heavens a doorway had been cut between the living area with the wood burner and one bedroom, so the fire could warm at least one bedroom – because, of course, this hut is so cold that it has another name, professionally painted on its verandah, 'Kelvinator Lodge'.

The forecast for Wednesday had lots of snow and rain, with the temperature dropping to minus 4. I decided this was to be the rain day and we spent it gathering and chopping a lot of the branches which had been trimmed and left for that purpose. The snow from the previous day had vanished quickly, but this day the afternoon was full of huge flakes swirling in a strong south-westerly past the window and coating the ground thickly.

Thursday, we awoke to lovely ice patterns on the inside of the windows and plenty of snow outside. Our intended route this day was east over Kaweka J, 300 m above us and round to Studholme Saddle Hut. Given the prospect of plugging steps in the cold wind, we looked for another option. We had found a small spot of cellphone coverage on Venison Top itself, and a message to Gerald's brother-in-law, Colin, in Napier enabled us to explore another section of the Kawekas, and still get back to our cars.

Accordingly, we left in a different direction, heading north and dropping through beautiful snow-laden trees, then up to Mangaturutu Hut for lunch with more spectacular views. Then a big drop to the pretty Makino River, before a big climb up, then a very pleasant three kilometres to Makino hut. Again, hunters had left firewood and, as in every other hut, we had a warm night with everyone in bunks.

We made fast work of our last day out to Makahu Road, near the hot springs, where Colin met us and kindly took us for a long ride, nearly two hours, back to our cars.

It was a great trip with good company, who were always up for a challenge.

a rather wobbly one with a ladder on the far side to descend. After waiting and watching three people inch over, Gerald decided on the stream, prepared to wear his boots in the forecast snow as they were already wet.

The climb up to Tira Lodge, set at 1450 m on the Venison Tops, was steep but efficient. The last kilometre over alpine herbfield was beautiful. We dipped into the trees to find the hut with the

TRIP MEMBERS

Russell Cooke, Tricia French, Gerald Leather, Devon Polaschek, Janette Roberts (leader), Lynne White



Pohangina Valley Labour Weekend 2019

Christine Ben-Tovim

At the historic Pohangina Council rooms, repurposed as County Fayre Cafe selling local products and crafts – and much appreciated Devonshire cream teas PHOTO: BY A HELPFUL LOCAL

DAY ONE, FRIDAY

Most of us arrived at Camp Rangi Woods in the Totara Reserve in the Pohangina Valley by Friday evening. We chose a bunk (there were 70 to choose from), lit the fire in the communal hall, and sorted a meal in the camp kitchen.

DAY TWO, SATURDAY

Jennifer explained the biking route: a 30 km circuit of Pohangina River Valley and, as we had a culinary stop at 10.30 am, departure was 9.15 am and we eagerly took to the wooded road. The weather was fine as we headed North up the valley, passing farms, and soon hit fine gravel, but made it without incident to the hamlet of Pohangina.

Alan Wright led the three trampers on a short local walk, and we all met at the County Fayre Café. This is the repurposed Council chambers run by local volunteers and opened for a few hours on weekends. All proceeds go back into the community: girl guides, scouts and rugby club. Kim Archibald and Scott had volunteered to host us and served up a tasty Devonshire Cream tea on bone china tea sets. To add to the atmosphere, we were seated at the beautiful, original Council horseshoe-shaped table. And they had free wi-fi, so phones were busy being checked. While we tucked into hot scones, butter, jam and cream, washed down by pots of tea or plunger coffee, a local, John Brock, filled us in on local history and the geology of the valley, and why New Zealand is so earthquake prone. We bought local cheeses and crafts and were on our way after a photo opportunity outside.

Next stop was the Wetlands where two Canadian Geese floated. Back on our bikes, we were soon heading up the other side of the river.

John had mentioned County Fayre's big fund-raising walk was to be held in November: the Branch Road Walkway. And that he and another local, Dave, were clearing the 7 km track that afternoon. Five of us joined them and Alan had

'fun' heaving some dead sheep off the track! Evening meal was a shared meal of great salads, meat on the barbeque, and desserts. Our happy campers headed for bed.

DAY THREE, SUNDAY – MOSTLY ON FOOT

At breakfast, Alan stunned us with the news of the All Black loss to England in the World Cup in Japan. Disbelieving, we gathered ourselves and a large group headed for Rangiwahia Hut in the Ruahines. Five of us did the local 3-hour Fern Walk, and in the afternoon the Kahikatea Walk. Some kept the fire company. Anne Opie set out on a solo cycle. We all met back for another tasty shared meal in the evening, and John arrived to deliver his powerpoint presentation on tramping, flora and fauna, and his big love, the moving earth!

DAY FOUR, MONDAY

This began with a small earthquake (a 5) at 6 am. We packed up, cleaned up the camp and, at 9.30 am, the rain started. Most of the group decided to drive directly to Wellington, with Sally cycling home to Palmerston North. Jennifer, Louise, Tricia and Christine MacKenzie stuck with the original plan and cycled the new cycle/walk way in Palmerston North. They had a great cycle and the rain stayed away.

The weekend was very successful, company was great, and we had a good time exploring this treasure of a valley only 2½ hours from Wellington.

TRIP MEMBERS

Christine Ben-Tovim (Leader), Jennifer Roberts, Alan Wright, Adrienne Vermeulen, Vivienne Healey, Jenny Olsen, Tricia Walbridge, Christine MacKenzie, Anne Opie, Sue Fish, Cecil Duff, Louise Pearce, Kate Williams. Yvonne van der Does and Sally Hewson joined us from the Palmerston North Tramping Club



Bushcraft

Labour Weekend

Peter Barber

By the Michael Taylor Wall. Back row L to R: Peter Barber, Elizabeth Reddington, Amie Claridge, Susan Comrie, Liz Martin, Alan Graham, Dan Tan, Philippa Sargent, Ray Cook. In front L to R: Jane Comben, Mary Kane. (Absent: Ray Dench) PHOTOS: PETER BARBER

Over Labour Weekend, the 2019 TTC Bushcraft students and I finally got into the hills. Prior to that they'd read the *MSC Bushcraft Manual*, and there had been four evening sessions at the clubrooms discussing related topics. With guest tutors Alan Graham, Liz Martin, Mary Kane and Amie Claridge, we walked into Waerenga Hut over Butcher Track and Cattle Ridge, stopping to practise map and compass skills.

There wasn't much sitting round for the next couple of days. We practised river crossing techniques, more map and compass exercises, and discussed safe practice. One group climbed Turere Spur, and the other walked to Papatahi Hut and back. Some pretty delicious dinners were cooked and consumed, and tramping songs sung to the ukelele. We walked out the easy way.

Our Labour Weekend retreat is being followed by two day-trips to see some more of the Wellington hills and firmly establish the map and compass skills.



River crossing (left to right): Ray Cook, Liz Martin, Susan Comrie, Philippa Sargent, Dan Tan, Alan Graham

ON THE COURSE WERE

Daniel Tan, Elizabeth Reddington, Jane Comben, Philippa Sargent, Ray Cook, Ray Dench and Susan Comrie

Obituaries



Peter Hicks

Peter died at Tasman Glacier, Mt Cook National Park, on 12 November 2018, aged 57 years.

From a Minister's family, he grew up in several small towns in the Lower North Island. He was Dux of his school, a good cricketer and footballer. He studied medicine in Auckland, taking up training posts in Auckland, Middlemore, and Palmerston North, returning to take up a specialist post at Palmerston North in 1993. It was there in 1995, that he was remembered for the copybook treatment he gave as first doctor at the scene of the Ansett Dash-8 crash, carrying 21 passengers, as well as Palmerston North's response to the incident. In 1998, he was appointed to Wellington Hospital.

Peter would tell our tramping club that he worked for IT at Capital Coast Health – not the full truth. His primary job was Medical Specialist and Clinical Leader of the Wellington Intensive Care Unit. Colleagues in the Australasian intensive care community have spoken of Peter's enormous legacy to intensive care and trauma medical practice. Through the roles and numerous organisations and projects he was involved in. They talked of him as a "wonderful clinician, mentor and friend".

Peter brought those same qualities to his tramping and climbing. He would buy second-hand boots and crampons for our tramping club, do the cooking for any Alpine Course he was instructing on. Subsidising the cost of the food, mostly as he'd bought what he considered the best and hadn't quite kept within budget, just because that was him.

Mt Cupola, a winter summit of the south face of Taranaki, and camping on Summit Plateau, Ruapehu. He relinquished a summit of Mt Tapuae-O-Uenuku to assist less skilled members back down from the main ridge with the peak in view. He counted a few Great Walks under his belt.

My beloved partner, father of Anna, Cate and Ben, son of Barbara and Harry, loved brother of Alison, Liz and Carolyn, loved friend of first wife Isabel. Mueller Hut Volunteer Warden, Gear Custodian for the Tararua Tramping Club, Board member of Life Flight Trust Wellington and of ANZICS.

I am thankful the mountains he loved did not take him. That we could bring him home. Peter collapsed of a cardiac arrest while we were practising snow anchors on Tasman Glacier on Alymer Col. He died in my arms, his last view being over the park that he loved so much.

Nikki Joseph

Stan Bathgate

1937–2018

Stan joined the Club in 1955 and was active in leading and doing many weekend and long tramping trips. In the 1960s decade, he served as Club Treasurer, then as a Committee member. He and his friend Colin Tutte did four Urewera trips and climbed Maungapohatu (with permission), and commented on the vandalism of village buildings and damage from forestry clearance, even in the sixties.

Stan was a great person to have on trips – happy, optimistic and sensible. You could rely on him to help others with good humour.

In 1995, he met Daniele in Tahiti and they married two years later, living there until his health problems caused them to come to New Zealand.

Although they lived in Waikanae and Rotorua, Stan kept up his membership

of the TTC and was still in touch with a few old friends. Stan passed away on 8 December 2018.

Margaret Foden

David Castle

1950–2019

David Castle passed away on 8 July 2019, after a long period of illness. His brother Phil Castle writes:

David had been a highly respected member of the club, a life member, and a very active trumper from his teens till shortly before he passed away.

David was the eldest son of Bill and Isabel, both keen trampers, who rejoined the club once their family had grown up. David's early tramping was with family and friends and, once I was old enough, I joined them also. I remember early trips to Tauherenikau, Wairenga, Renata, Hector and Holdsworth. I remember David teaching me how to self-arrest on a slope below the summit of Holdsworth. He was an old hand in these matters, though still in his teens at the time.

Studying engineering at Christchurch gave David an opportunity to explore the tramping and climbing in the central South Island, before he returned to Wellington.

David felt he need to see the world, and the late 1970s he travelled for 2 years through South America, Europe, Nepal, India, Pakistan and Burma. David returned early from Thailand after contracting hepatitis. After this he settled into a job with the Wellington City Council, where he worked for the rest of his professional life.

David was a regular on TTC trips and few parts of the Tararuas didn't pass beneath his boots. He was fit, fast and experienced.

During the oil shock and the "car-less" days of 1979/1980, David was one of the driving forces behind the club's purchase of a van. Since fuel couldn't be purchased in weekends, having a van with dual tanks was seen as necessary for the club to be able to run trips to further-afield places such as the central North Island. While the van proved to be unreliable, David put a huge amount of time and energy into trying to make this a success.

David was keen on skiing and was a regular on TTC trips to Ruapehu and the

South Island ski fields such as Broken River. He also went on a number of ski touring trips to the Southern Alps, with trips to the head of the Fox, Franz, Tasman, Murchison; some of these more than once. Also trips to more remote areas such as the Garden of Eden plus the head of the Whitbourne (Snowball glacier). Overseas ski trips were also something he enjoyed, with many trips to Europe and North America; mostly with TTC groups.

There were a few close calls: storm-bound for several days at Whitbourne Saddle, the group decided that a radio sched was needed to let people know that they were still OK. Despite misgivings about the stability of the slope outside the snow cave, David and Gordon Vickers volunteered to go out. The slope immediately avalanched, taking them with it. Luckily neither were badly hurt. David was buried completely but managed to get out; it was only luck that he wasn't buried deeper.

Over the years David held a number of positions in the Tararua Tramping Club – Secretary, Treasurer, Chief Guide plus many years on the committee. In 2005 he was voted as a life member – this was a great honour.

David's wife, Susan Guscott, says that she met David at the tramping club after joining in 1991:

We got together over extensive trips, mainly in the Tararuas, and skiing at Whakapapa and Broken River. We married in 1996 and launched immediately into renovating my house, in the process making it ours. David was in his element as a civil engineer and was supremely skilled both as a project manager and as a hands-on builder, since we did most of the work ourselves. At about this time he retired. As he said, there is far more to life than working for



someone else. He was a rare man, not married to his job.

Renovation largely completed, our attention turned to long distance tramping and over the next few years we completed the Bibbulmun, the Appalachian and Pacific Crest trails. David spent hours planning these trips and nearly wore out our sewing machine creating custom gear, including tents, packs, rain outfits and much much more.

It was on the Pacific Crest Trail that physical issues began to show up and seriously affect David's ability, to the point where I wasn't at all sure we would get to the end. In hindsight, he had had symptoms for some years, but we didn't see it then. In January 2011 he was diagnosed with Parkinsons.

He was not going to let this stop him, however, and we tramped the South Island of Te Araroa in early 2012 just after it opened. We were trail-breakers in the far south where some of the trail was marked only by poles.

He then planned an 800-mile trip from the southern to the northern border of Arizona, of which we managed to do 130 miles before being defeated by poor water sources and his increasing exhaustion. This was followed by a further defeat as we tried the Bibbulmun again. He said, if you can't tramp, what else is there? We were so lucky to share this. He was in every way my soul mate.

Despite his declining abilities, David continued tramping and walking. He definitely was not a person who liked sitting around indoors - being outdoors and walking was where he felt at home. The club's "old and infirm" Saturday walking group was a great support to him and me during this period.

Over a remarkably short time Parkinsons progressed into Lewy Body disease, the same as his father had, and eventually there was no choice but to go into care. He had no interest in this, and definitely no interest in lingering on, and just over one year later he died. It was a sad ending for someone who had been so strong and capable. He is much missed by Phil, sisters Andrea and Janine, and most particularly by me. I feel cheated of all those long-distance trips we will never do together. I carry his memory always.

David Olsen

1961–2019

David Olsen came to New Zealand from Maine, USA, with his family in the early '60s.

After settling in Wellington in the 1970s, the Olsen family soon joined the



Tararua Tramping Club. The Olsen family loved the outdoors and along with his father Bill, mother Ann, and sister Joy, David enjoyed many adventures tramping and exploring remote places around New Zealand. They learnt to ski at Whakapapa on family trips to Tararua Lodge (Hut). It was here he came across the Gates family and learnt to ski following Peter and Tony Gates.

As a young man, David left Wellington for Dunedin. Here he spent a number of years studying and acquired a range of degrees, including Bachelor of Science and Arts, Diploma in Parks and Recreation, Diploma in Teaching, and an honours degree in Masters in Applied Statistics. As part of his master's thesis he spent time at Tongariro National Park looking at hut usage. Here he developed a lifelong love of the park. He spent most of his career teaching, but in 2013 retired from this to start his own handy man business.

David re-joined the Tararua Tramping Club in 2004. He soon met Jenny Gates and became active skiing again and very involved in the club mountain biking trips. Both Jenny and David led many cycling trips often, with David arranging transport and being the shuttle driver. David was well known on these trips for staying at the back and helping people. He would often sacrifice his own cycling to do the shuttle transport. Jenny and David occasionally skied at Tararua Lodge (usually for Interclub ski sports), but spent many weekends at the Gates' cottage in Ohakune.

In 2014 David was a valuable member of instructors on Bushcraft. Many club friends have appreciated the work David has done for them as part of his handy man business. Cycling trips will not be the same without the trailer and, more importantly, his distinctive orange hat or helmet.

David died unexpectedly at home in Pukerua Bay on 26 July 2019. He will be sadly missed.

Jenny Olsen



Beryl Wood

1927–2019

Beryl Matthews was born in 1927 in Palmerston North (she had 4 sisters, 1 brother), and the family moved to Khandallah in the early 1930s.

Three of the sisters, Beryl, Peggy and Betty, joined TTC in March 1948, and Shirley joined in 1949. The sisters did many things together, including tramping, at first mainly in the Orongorongos and Tararuas, then through club trips throughout New Zealand. Among many of Beryl's favourite places was the Inward Kaikoura range.

In the summer of 1950–51, Beryl, along with Graham McCallum, Tom Barcham, and Ash Cunningham, completed an astonishing trip. Beginning in the Wilkin Valley, they crossed into and explored the Waiatoto Valley, then traversed the Haast Range to end with a successful summit of Mt Aspiring. Along the way, they accomplished ten first ascents.

Beryl got her passion for tramping and then mountain climbing through joining TTC. She totally enjoyed the company of other club members, and also grew a love and a knowledge of native plants – especially alpine plants.

Beryl married club member Keith Wood in 1955, and in the same year the pair worked on the construction of Tararua Hut II. In 1968 they built their hut, Mahoe, in the Orongorongos, a second home on weekends, holidays and many other times, both for day trips or longer. They had two daughters and two granddaughters.

Both Beryl and Keith were involved with club trips and gatherings, working parties and volunteer work, e.g. planting on Mana island.

A 50-year TTC member, Beryl never lost her interest in the TTC, ensuring that a friend wore her treasured edelweiss badge on the centenary tramp in June this year. Beryl passed away on 28 July 2019.

Carol Wood

Edwin Poon

1964–2019

Edwin joined TTC in the 1980s, after moving to Wellington from the Hawkes Bay for his NZED cadetship. A keen trumper since school days, an early purchase with his first pay packet was a tramping pack. After learning to ski with tramping friends, he became passionate about the alpine environment. He loved to climb and ski and would travel to Ruapehu every weekend possible to keep skiing. Always a keen trumper, he travelled to many parts of New Zealand and was an outstanding tramping companion. Edwin was known for his quiet sense of humour and clever way with words. He was always fun to have along on a trip.

In the early 1990s, he was one of a group of TTC friends skiing at Whakapapa nearly every weekend in the winter. He came up with an apt name for the group, “Terry’s Tearaways”, as we went everywhere possible on that ski-field. He also made the observation that “if the weather is fine Terry will say ‘Let’s stay out to make the most of it’ and if the weather is bad ‘Let’s stay out in case it clears’”. This statement rang true for Edwin as he was always more than happy to stay out skiing no matter what. He would usually write the log book entry at Tararua Lodge at the end of the weekend with humour and finesse.

Another memorable adventure with Edwin was a climb up Ngauruhoe in the spring and skiing down again in poor viz. Or on a Christmas tramping trip in the Wilkin Valley, Edwin was frustrated about not being out there tramping on a hut-bound day and was “climbing the walls” of the hut before persuading everyone to get out there in the rain and



cold rather than just sit around. Or the time Edwin was running around with arms outstretched “being an aeroplane” on a big grassy field while waiting for everyone to get ready to start the trip after our transport dropped us off.

In 1999, Edwin and his soon to be wife Rhondda moved to Wanaka where skiing every weekend was easy and tramping in the summer was a way of life. Their daughter Robbie was absorbed into this lifestyle with her first solo ski run at 5 years old, and tiny, baby walks in the bush at 3 or 4 years old.

Edwin was passionate about volunteers and spent hundreds of hours as a volunteer for TTC doing ski instruction, St John Ambulance Service in Wanaka, and latterly at the Napier Sailing Club as a keen sailor and junior sailing programme volunteer. The family moved to Napier in 2007 to be with Edwin’s Hawke’s Bay-based family, though they have always maintained their membership of TTC. Edwin passed away on 1 August 2019 and is survived by his wife Rhondda, daughter Robbie, and brother Leonard Poon.

Rhondda Poon, Ruth Gilbert and Terry Pinfold



Wild Spaniard (*aciphylla squarrosa*), Honours, Natural History Flora & Fauna PHOTO: ALAN GRAHAM



