



Newsletter of the
NELSON TRAMPING CLUB
Founded 1934, Nelson, New Zealand
www.nelsontrampingclub.org.nz

EDITORIAL COMMENT >

Team Players

We all love them. They fit into a group seamlessly, do what they're told, and never rock the boat. They are considerate, courteous, cuddly ... they make great friends and are the perfect person to make up numbers on a club tramp.

Fortunately, however, there are other personalities among us, that prevent us from experiencing the same old same old. Without visionaries and secure leaders, nothing would get done. Without the colourful and playful, party-going extroverts, life would become boring. Without the quiet, thoughtful, task-oriented perfectionists, we'd lose the sense of order and attention to detail to 'get the job done right.'

That ancient Greek scientist, Hippocrates, classified the human race into four cookie-cutter categories: Sanguine, Phlegmatic, Choleric and Melancholic. Myers-Briggs complicated it all with 16 different personality indicators. Dr. Gary Smalley suggests we each have a unique blend of personality traits depicted by four animals: The Otter, Golden Labrador, Lion and Beaver. Susan Scott has aligned the four types to fit under sporting titles: Cheerleader, Team Player, Coach and Manager.

Of course, no one person can be pigeon-holed



Nelson Tramping Club February 2014



into a single personality type; we are all custom-made. So, the main point I am making is that each of us are unique, one-of-a-kind individuals. Each exhibits particular strengths, and on the flip-side of these welcome traits lie our weaknesses, for which we require grace and understanding. Lots of it!



For example, what I call perseverance or tenacity, others may see as stubbornness. Your greatest strength may be seen by others as your Achilles Heel. The Choleric Coach, can be tactless and lacking in empathy. The Melancholic Manager can be pessimistic and inflexible. To them, fun is a foreign concept. The Sanguine Cheerleader can be impulsive and impetuous, a right pain in the neck.

And our favourite, the Phlegmatic Team Player, can become apathetic and indecisive.

So, let's make room for each other and celebrate our differences.

See you at Club & Pub Nights...



Raymond Salisbury,
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**"Knowing yourself is the beginning of all wisdom."
Aristotle**



PHOTO > LIAM SULLIVAN

Carole, Mike, Ian, Dion & Wade on Lookout Range

TRIP REPORTS

December 2013–January 2014

19–20 October – Hope & Lookout Ranges, Kahurangi National Park

Leader: Mike Drake

Having successfully made our rendezvous with Mike Drake within the Tadmor CBD, our intrepid group of six began the trip by firstly leaving a car near the Tadmor Saddle; the endpoint for our trip. It was then onward to the start, at a berm area off SH6, some 5km south of Glenhope. There, an unofficial flagged track began, following a spur up onto the Hope Range. The first task was to drive our two vehicles partly up the track, then disguise them from unwanted eyes from the road. This was duly done; a sprig of broom flowers across the right rear light of Mike's vehicle completing the job.

After a two hour walk we had gained the ridge. The option of a side-trip to Mt Hope (about 2km SW) was mooted, but rejected due to potential time constraints (this option, with a return back down the track, would make a good day trip).

The ridge is broad with large, unavoidable areas in low bush, which probably can only be savoured by bush-bashing aficionados. We were forced to duck, dive & crawl our way along at times, quickly learning to keep a safe distance from the person in front, to avoid the whiplash from a bended branch. Dion valiantly lead the way, searching out areas of clear ground to aim for, or the path of least resistance.

As the crow flies, the distance along the ridge to our proposed camp, was some 6km northwards, & after six hours travel we reached our campsite, near a prominent rock outcrop.

With a fair wind blowing along the ridge, we found sheltered spots within the bush & settled down to our gourmet dinners, watching a distinct-

ly orange, full moon appear courtesy of the large bush-fires across the Tasman.

The following morning we set off to a prominent spur linking to the Lookout Range. In contrast to yesterday's travel, the climb up onto the Lookout Range (1.5 hours) was rapid & unhindered. As with parts of the Hope Range, the Lookout Range has an abundant number of spectacular rock outcrops, some appearing decidedly precarious. Before our return, we climbed to Pt 1577 & then north to Pt 1515 which provided million dollar views out to D'urville Island, Mt Tappy & just a stone's throw across the Owen River valley to the two rugged, southerly aspects of Mts Owen & Bell.

After packing up our camp site, we followed a marked trail down a spur to the Hope River (1.5 hours), crossing the dam and following a metalled road out to the Tadmor Saddle ... and the welcome sight of the 'champagne-gold' gleam emanating from Ian's waiting car.

Participants were: Mike Drake (leader), Carole Crocker, Dion Pont, Ian Morris, Wade Glover, & Liam Sullivan (scribe).

1–3 November – Iron Hill & Diamond Lakes, Kahurangi National Park

Leader: Andrea Cockerton

Supercalifragilisticexpialidocios – one word to describe another awesome time in the hills and on this occasion time spent meandering up, down, ditto, ditto, along and around the Lockett Range.

Our weekend started on Friday afternoon, which proved to be a good call enabling us to get a full day's exploration in on the Saturday. Seven eager trampers turned to eight, as we welcomed Gina's company from Golden Bay at the start of the track to Lake Sylvester. This wound gently up through native forest, guiding us to the hut after 90 minutes.

Snowfall continued throughout the night while we were snuggled in the warm cosy hut, awakening us to a beautiful sunrise over Hoary Head, saddled by Mts Campbell and Crusader. As the wind was fair whipping we elected to initially stay off the tops, instead heading for Diamond Lake.

Elizabeth had planned a more leisurely day around Lake Sylvester, taking in the ambiance and happily indulging in the local flora. Also happy, and free of cumbersome overnight packs (aside from Ray who was electing to camp at Lake Lockett), we gaily skipped up the ridge leading from the hut and heading toward Diamond Lake. Ken did a sterling job cheerfully leading the way in the absence of good route markers, setting a good pace too. We arrived in two hours, had a spot of R'n'R and made tracks. Ken opted to retrace our path and the rest bush bashed just above the true right of Diamond Lake Stream, dropping down and then climbing north through a clearing up to Lake Lockett.

Four hours after leaving the hut, we had arrived



Ray elected to camp at Lake Lockett, while the party returned to their base at Sylvester Hut (inset).

at this very special place, for once outnumbering sandflies.

Leaving Ray to settle in and pursue photographic opportunities, we five strolled back down through the clearing, surprisingly stumbling on Sue's sunnies dropped on the way up!

This time, we headed southwest up the ridge toward Iron Hill. More bush-bashing turned to rock climbing. Barry supplied some restorative chocolate. The hill appeared littered with giant snowballs which were, in fact, white marble

Taking the usual route down from the summit, we passed by Iron and Sylvester Lakes, arriving safe and sound at the hut by 5pm. Gina then headed back to Golden Bay; we all enjoyed her company and route-finding skills too. After dinner and an impromptu spot of yoga, Ken impressed us with his 'down-dog' pose, then we all retired feeling pleasantly exhausted.

Sunday, a beautiful dawn, blue skies, no wind and feeling refreshed (despite the antics of the late arrival of a hunter disturbing one and all, Grrrr).

Elisabeth and Ken retraced our steps back up Iron Hill, others opting for the long way round, attaining the ridge south of Sylvester Hut and heading east. A beautiful meander up takes you past some prime camping spots, open grasslands and small tarns. As you climb, the view is magnificent over the Cobb and to the Arthur and Peel Ranges.

The ridge looks hairy from afar but Chris did us credit with choice route-finding and we all worked together to traverse safely – good teamwork! We came back to the tops, north of Lake Sylvester to complete

the birds-eye view of the area.

Using a cellphone, Ray txted ahead for a cuppa, arriving shortly after us, himself having enjoyed the past day. All together, we lunched and headed back to the cars.

The plan to slow Chris down with a covert rock, nicely tucked into his bag, was rumbled after just five minutes, then he very uncharitably ditched the specimen. (There will be a Plan B in trips to come...)

The trip epitomised reasons for tramping with a group: high-spirited good company, skill sharing, support, encouragement and fun.

Thanks to fellow trampers: Sue Henley, Gina Andrews (Navigator), Elisabeth Dooley, Ray Salisbury (Navigator), Chris Louth (Navigator), Ken Ridley (Navigator), Barry James (Navigator), & Andrea Cockerton (Scribe).

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBER...

Elisabeth Dooley

PHOTO > RAY SALISBURY



Dion Pont exits the restored but rustic Riordans Hut



David's party in Christmas costume, en route the lighthouse

PHOTO > DAVID BLUNT

9 November – Riordans Hut, Kahurangi NP

Leader: Uta Purcell

Followers: Ray Salisbury (Scribe), Dion Pont, Chris Louth, Chris Tilley, Bruce Alley, Lou Kolff, Graeme Ferrier, Marie Lenting & Elisabeth Dooley.

7am at the cathedral steps. Ten trampers squeezed into two cars, making it all economical for the 1.5 hrs travel over The Hill. Our last loo stop was near Lindsay bridge picnic area/reserve, thanks to Uta's strategic planning and years of leading experience.

The aptly-named Killdevil Track was made for graziers and miners in the late 1800s. Its interminable 69 zigzags weave up 1000m onto a spur through regenerating tea tree to top out onto a bare, rocky plateau. Took us three hours to reach the archiac Tin Hut, renovated with a wooden floor.

Our fast men's party took 4.25 hrs to Riordans Hut, restored ten years ago in 2003 by Max Polglaze (ex-NZFS) and John Taylor (DoC).

Riordans Hut was originally re-built in 1926 by brothers Laurie & Fred Riordan as a musterer's hut. They ran 2000 wethers on these burnt-off tops before grazing ceased around 1950.

Unfortunately, the entire day was cloaked in low cloud, so, no views. Uta discovered (and Dion photographed) an unusual orchid, trackside.

Total time: 7.5 hrs for the 'advanced' party to reach Riordans Hut and return to the cars.

17 November – Cape Campbell - Marlborough

Leader: David Blunt

It was a 6am start from the Millers carpark for three early risers plus two more from Marybank for the 2.25-hour drive to Clifford Bay, 45km south of Blenheim. At Marfells Beach camping ground we were joined by two more members, Gail & Graeme, who had stayed there overnight in their camper van.

Our party of seven set off along the beach on a receding tide for what proved to be an easy 1.5-hour stroll, following the coastline south for 7kms.

It was an overcast day, ideal for walking, if not for photography and we got our first glimpse of the imposing lighthouse when we rounded Mussel Point.

Some interesting rock and sandstone formations were sighted on the way, etched out by tidal erosion. Robert managed to climb up and sit astride a slippery, pointy-capped one with the assistance of a large piece of driftwood propping as a ladder. The grey, clay-like structure was further eroded by his efforts leaving muddy deposits on his legs, but it was worth it, to be 'king of the castle'.

At the base of the lighthouse was the cute wee keeper's cottage with several other baches nearby. We stopped here for a break and a general fossick around then headed up the steps to the lighthouse at the southernmost extremity of Cook Strait.

The lighthouse is the main feature of Cape Campbell with its wide black bands making it more visible against the white siltstone cliffs behind it. It is a 22m-high cast iron tower replacing an earlier wooden one. It features on a postage stamp produced by NZ Post for the Blenpex stamp exhibition from a photo taken by Ruth Hesselyn not long before her untimely death on the Mount Arthur Range last year.

Peering through the windows at the base we spotted the original lens resting on the floor inside. There were some good views to be had so we clambered up the white, siltstone cliffs that stretched back the way we had come then dropped steeply down to the beach on the other side of the cape.

Returning to the picnic tables outside the baches, we stopped for a leisurely lunch then retraced our steps back along the beach to the DOC campsite. Graeme raced back to the campervan to put a brew on and Gail served up a very welcome cup of tea and gingernuts while we relaxed outside and admired the view of the Norfolk Pines below and the sweep of the bay. A fitting end to the trip and a great day out.

The beacon-seeking, beachcombing bounders and browsers were David Blunt, Uta Purcell, Marie Lenting, Gail & Graeme Malinosky (hospitality), Robert Wopereis (WTC) & Bruce Alley (scribe).

1 December – Big Beach Cleanup – Horoirangi Marine Reserve, Nelson

Leader: Bob Janssen

Nine hardy souls gathered at Glen Duan, down from the 16 registered due to the inclement weather. The main BCCU was on 9 November, but we delayed for a more favourable tide.

We ascended up the Cable Bay walkway into lowering cloud and mist. At the toilet/shelter atop the airstrip, it began to rain quite heavily. We decided that the steep descent from the saddle to the reserve would be treacherous when wet. So, discretion being the better part of valour, we descended back to the Glen and headed NE along the beach towards MacKay Bluff, setting aside rubbish for the return.

It took about two hours to reach the end of the marine reserve beneath Sentinel Hill. The weather improved during this period and became nearly fine although breezy. Two disappeared up the steep, but now dry, slopes to the saddle for a return along the walkway. The rest trudged back to Glen Duan collecting a modest amount of rubbish along the way (filling the rear of Bob's 4WD). Not collected were four large black mussel buoys, one large steel crayfish pot, two dead goats, one dead shag and, unfortunately, one dead blue penguin. We also sighted a large pod of orca and some surfers – all alive!

It was a pleasant day's workout: 2km and 400m vertical to the airstrip then return and 9km along the bouldery beach (there and back). Plus, of course, NTC's contribution to a huge community effort. Thanks to DOC's Janice Gravett for coordinating.

Helpers were: Bob Janssen, Pat Holland, Marie Lenting, Kelvin Drew, Bruce Alley, Ian Morris, Richard Talbot, David Blunt & Zoe Alder (visitor).

13–15 December – Tapuae-o-Uenuku, Inland Kaikoura Range, Marlborough

Leader: Mike Drake

Our trip effectively began at the entrance to Bluff Station, Kekerengu, some 68 south of Blenheim. This high country station, running both merino sheep & beef cattle, covers some 13800 ha and includes some impressive scenery. Five of us in Mike's 4WD were able to soak it up as we travelled over 30km along a well-maintained metalled road through the station, with not a gorse or broom bush in site, but plenty of manuka in flower (plus gates to open and close).

After two hours' driving, we parked up at the end of the airstrip just along from Branch Cottage. After a relaxing lunch, we reluctantly hoisted on our heavily laden packs, headed west across farm meadows and gained the ridge above the true left of Branch Stream. This was followed up to the 1300m mark before sidling across a large scree slope, descending a tributary of Branch Stream, gaining an-

other narrow scree ridge & further stream crossing before eventually arriving at our campsite (4.5 hours) at some 1500m on a plateau at the foot of a wide gully. The gully ultimately leads to a saddle between the summit of Tappy and the rocky top of Pt.2711, which was to be the following day's route.

Another party of young climbers, intent on the same route as us, were already in camp. Fortunately, there was plenty of tent space.

The following morning, it was the scribe's duty to give the 4am wake-up call. By quarter to five, it was with some horror that Mark, who had been mistakenly assumed awoken, was still sound asleep. We set off at 5am leaving him to hurriedly get sorted. We began climbing NW up the wide gully, initially up a large scree slope. Mark, his poles working like pistons, easily caught up with us as we gained altitude.

Out to the east, the sky was clear but the valley below was covered in a blanket of early morning cloud, pierced only by the tops of the Seaward Kaikoura Range.

Once onto unbroken snow slopes, we donned crampons, climbed to the saddle and gained the SW ridge. The snow was much firmer from here as we made our way carefully along the more exposed ridge and last 200m to the summit (5–5.5 hours).

The day was clear and calm, with unhindered views, most notably south to the Clarence River and to the aptly-named summit of Mt Alarm.

We retraced our steps back to campsite by early afternoon where we had the opportunity to relax in the afternoon sun with a wash in the nearby snow-fed stream.

The following morning afforded us the luxury of a sleep-in till 6am. Then a 3.5-hour walk back out to the vehicle. After a coffee back at Kekerengu on SH1 we said goodbye to Pam, who was driving south, & headed back to Nelson, tired but content with having spent another great weekend in the Hills.

Participants were: Mike Drake (leader), Gina Andrews, Mark Stevens, Pam McKelvey, (visitor), & Liam Sullivan (scribe).



Intrepid quartet of climbers below 'Tappy'



Uta's party above the new Anchorage Hut

PHOTO > UTA PURCELL

14 December 2013 – Anchorage Hut – Abel Tasman Coastal Track

Leader: Uta Purcell

We set off early. Soon, though, we were among the many tourists, all enjoying the contrasting colours of the ATCT on a brilliant summers day.

In our group of six trampers we were thrilled to have a visitor from the North Island, Barbara Morris from Taupo, who is an FMC Executive member. It provided a good opportunity for sharing.

After an appraising look at the new and impressive Anchorage Hut, we enjoyed lunch in the shade. There were picknicking parties with big chilly bins straight off a boat. One smartly dressed party, adorned with leis, promenading around, would also have dropped in by boat. That sight really made us feel like trampers. A highlight for most of us was to observe a different kind of family on the bank behind the hut: two quails with perfectly camouflaged, tiny, fluffy balls of chicks. After an hour we were quite happy to leave the setting of a South Pacific paradise and tramp up the hill again. For a side trip we went down to Watering Cove, which we expected to be isolated and quiet. One tent was pitched, festooned with chilly bins, sun-bathers behind rocks, beached kayaks, and several kayaking groups receiving their instructions on the beach before launching themselves. That was a hilarious source of yet more entertainment. When we returned to Marahau at 5pm, we had been out for 8 1/2 hours with ample breaks, feeling slightly weary: Elizabeth Dooley, Val Latimer, Philip Palmer, Zoe Alder (visitor), Barbara Morris (FMC Executive visitor) & Uta Purcell (scribe).

15 December – Mount Arthur, Kahurangi NP

Leader: Andrea Cockerton

Nine others took up the challenge to work off some calories before the Christmas indulgence. Leaving Nelson at 8am we headed out to brilliant

blue skies, our destination calling from the horizon. The Graham Valley Road, forever changed since the slip, still looked precarious to us but remains accessible to two wheel drive vehicles as before.

A few cars littered the carpark, but we met only one family heading up to the summit that day. Choosing the Flora Saddle Track, we meandered up to Mount Arthur Hut.

We were rewarded with splendid views from the ridge, with the Cobb Valley to the North West dominated by the Lockett Range. We trod amongst the yellow *Rannunclus*, *Bulbinella hookeri* (Maori Onion), *Anisotome pilifera* (Alpine carrot), flowering Spaniards and dandelions.

As we approached the turn off to Gordons Pyramid, chatter turned to return route options from the summit.

Traversing up to the summit, one happy trumper opted for some sunny R'n'R and waited for party members to descend. The summit was calm and tolerated the arrival of nine festive Santas atop,. Thanks were made and several cherry stones planted.

Two returned the traditional route down and the rest of us made downward tracks via the north-east ridge. Barry's cave was an interesting find. Basically, it meant dropping down the north side of the ridge, popping through a hole in the rocks, and out onto the south side. The 'hole' involved a short descent, a step over a void, then a climb.

In searching for the entrance, one trumper inadvertently ended up enroute to the Leslie River, or at least that was where it seemed when he was finally spotted 30 minutes later. (It's a long story but one with a happy ending. He would have got a good spanking for all the worry caused, had he not been so cheerful.)

We finally assembled on the Gordons Pyramid track and soon made our rendezvous.

The rest of the walk was, thankfully, uneventful and we were no less subdued on the return. Arriving at the cars by 6pm, everyone had earned their Christmas Santa (yes, even the naughty one) and Aunt Dorothy's Ambrosia Pudding recipe.

Thank you to everyone for a most enjoyable day. Trampers were: Kate Krawczyk, Marijke Boers, Richard Talbot, Mark Graesser, Bruce Alley, Grayham Ferrier, Barry James, Ken Ridley, Ian Morris and myself, Andrea Cockerton (scribe).

4 January – Cloustone Mine Circuit, Kahurangi

Leader: Chris Louth

After a series of cancelled trips, due to either the weather or a lack of participants, it was nice to see a trip go ahead.

Bad weather was due in the late afternoon so we decided to go clockwise around the circuit and tackle the high country across to Gordons Pyramid before the wind and rain arrived.

Five of the regular suspects set off from Flora Saddle and made good time up the well-worn track



PHOTO > CHRIS LOUTH

Sharing a joke on one of the steeper sections of the track – Kate, Andrea, Sue & John

past the hut and on to the ridges below Mt Arthur.

The alpine flowers and prolific flowering Spaniards made for a very pleasant walk. Many stories were recounted along the way though some of the topics would make grannys blush and young children cover their ears.

From the top of Gordons Pyramid, we followed the new blue snow poles back down to the bush-edge at Cloustone Mine. As usual the floor of the mine was under six inches of water so we didn't venture too far in.

An hour later we were at the junction of the main Flora-Salisbury Lodge track and decided to head a bit further along and check out Gridiron Gulch.

A group had taken up semi-permanent residence in the upper shelter and we noticed that a DoC ranger had been there the day before and, in their absence, had written in the hut book that he would be back in a couple of days to evict them. They had written a barely decipherable, rambling diatribe after his entry that led to Kate deducing they were 'Germans'.

Just before Flora Hut, we caught up with a lady from Friends of Flora monitoring kiwi in the area with a radio tracker. She kindly answered a barrage of questions, explaining the 28 known birds in the Flora Stream/Deep Creek area. One pair incubating an egg is a testament to the good work this group have done controlling predators in the area since 2001.

We arrived back at the cars, seven hours after leaving, with impeccable timing as the first drops

of the forecast rain started falling.

Sometimes hilarious, always entertaining the crew were: Kate Krawczyk, Andrea Cockerton, John Whibley, Sue Henley & Chris Louth (scribe).

12 January – Robert Ridge – Nelson Lakes NP

Leader: Andrea Cockerton

Nelson lakes, a familiar tramping ground for the club. Is it possible to tire of the Robert Ridge on a glorious day? ...the Pinchgut track, perhaps!

The circuit took us up Robert Ridge to Julius Summit and dropped us down into the Speargrass On cruise control, with the odd grunt thrown in, the route took seven hours. The great vista on this fine day revealed how busy this track is, with trampers to-ing and fro-ing to Angelus Hut, expelling the previous nights' full house and awaiting the new influx.

We joined the flow just as far as Julius Summit, stopping with a crowd to enjoy the antics of four kea. The playful birds chatted away, admiring various goods, not shy, bold in colour and damned difficult to photograph in flight! (Not that this deterred one member's visual instruction on how to flap your wings and pose).

Moving on, Kate and John opted for a scree run to the basin beneath Julius. Others traversed around and boulder-hopped down to meet them. We then followed a spur, initially out in the open dwarfed by the Robert Ridge and later heading into the bush to follow a good track.

Here, we then competed with our GPS's, Chris goading Andrea to find the bridge leading to Speargrass Hut. Other trampers were wondering if we knew where we were going. They had their confidence installed when we practically fell onto the bridge.

A fine and dandy rest at the hut, then a stroll along the river and finally, the bit up to the cars.

Souls brave to follow my GPS were: Richard Talbort, Bruce Alley (no spanking threats applied this trip), Dan McGuire, Chris Louth, David Wheeler, Graeme Ferrier, Kate Krawczyk, John Whibley & Andrea Cockerton (scribe).



NZ's infamous mountain parrot, the kea, on Robert Ridge

PHOTO > ANDREA C



PHOTO > CHRIS LOUTH

The group posing on top of Crusader (1428m), the crux of the Arthur Range north of the Lodestone

18 January – Crusader from Flora – Kahurangi

Leader: Chris Louth

For the second time in three weeks we were up at Flora Saddle, this time for a ridge walk to Crusader. This peak is usually done as part of a crossover from Mt Campbell but, so everyone could walk together and to save the hassle of a car shuffle, it was decided to do an in-and-out trip.

Six club members were joined at the carpark by guests Kenny and his two kids Charlie and Joe, aged 12 and 10 respectively. I had some doubts that they'd be able to handle the walk. But the lads put most of the adults to shame, no problem at all!

We made short work of the climb up Lodestone and rested in brilliant sunshine on the top to survey the route ahead. The ridge plunged down from Lodestone but looked fairly straightforward from above.

The ridge generally undulated through quite open forest, with a faint track in places and the odd piece of pink or blue ribbon.

As we approached Mt McMahon the ridge steepened and became much rougher until we emerged above the bush-line once more. From here Crusader was just a 30 minutes on. 4.5 hours after leaving the cars, we reached the top.

On the summit, Kenny phoned a mate near Motueka and asked him to go outside and point a mirror towards us. We could clearly see the flashes as he got his angles of incidence and reflection right.

Thankful that we (Andrea mainly) didn't have to tackle the much steeper northern side of Crusader,

we retraced our route down through tussock, nei nei, and into the bush.

The last 400m climb back up to Lodestone was a real challenge after all the other ups and downs of the day had taken their toll, and we flopped in the sunshine on the top for half an hour before the final descent back to the cars. The round trip took about nine hours, including stops.

Crusaders were Sue Henley, Kate Krawczyk, John Whibley, Andrea Cockerton, Bruce Alley & Chris Louth (scribe). Kenny and his two very polite, very fit boys, Charlie & Joe, came along as guests.

1–3 February – Mole Tops – Nelson Lakes NP

Leader: Andrea Cockerton

With the promise of glorious weather and magnificent views there were no shortage of willing participants keen to explore the Mole Tops. Choosing to travel via the scenic old road to Murchison from Lake Rotoroa (Braeburn), with only an assembly of horse riders sharing the road that day, we safely arrived at our start point in the Matakita Valley.

There are two tracked options to Mole Saddle. We chose the Jamieson Ridge track, initially following the true right of Mole Stream and later climbing slowly up 700m over 7km to a delightful ridge. Tantalising glimpses of the tops could be seen and the delightful melodies of the kaka and bellbirds heard.

We had all elected to camp, which turned out to be a sensible decision as the tiny, cramped Mole Hut accommodates four, but has no suitable camp-ground nearby.

yeahnah

2013 > The year in review

Good club night turnouts	Gt White Butterfly scare
Pub nights!	Richmond floods
Kate's 'knobs'	German wasp epidemic
Maitai Valley re-opened	Graham Valley slip
Old Ghost Rd completed	That kahikatea destroyed
New members!	Kiwi numbers in decline
1st Crossings TV series	Another Hillary movie
All Blacks unbeaten	K2 tragedy
Nick Smith stopped the Milford Tunnel	Monorail might still go ahead

Choosing fine real estate on Mole Saddle with 360-degree vistas it became home from home. The nearby water source colloquially became known as Tadpole Tarn and served well (if you liked tadpole tea). For the more energetic (or vegetarian) a stream was a further ten-minute walk south. The more delectable offerings from nature were the abundant snowberries and nectar of the flax.

We rose eagerly to calm, cloudless skies. The route to the tops is marked from the hut and from the saddle a well-used spur serves equally well to join the track further up. After around ninety minutes we topped out, and what a magnificent sight to behold...

To the east lies the striking skyline of the mighty Travers Range dominated by Mts Travers, Cupola, Hopeless and Angelus. The Mahanga range and Mt Misery, separating the Sabine and Durville Valleys, a splendid foreground and the tarns and basins on Mole Tops completed the vista. The snow-topped Mt Ella, just visible to the south and even lake Rotoroa to the north gets a look in.

The tops consisted of two large basins and our party headed into the second basin towards Mt Watson. Here, Ken and Lou headed up a nearby peak off a spur between the basins. Peter and Nina went for an amble around the basins and the rest continued along the ridge. Ahead, some uninviting rocky climbs on the ridgeline halted progress towards Mt Watson. Sue decided to rest easy and Barry scrambled down the scree to the west to pick up the ridge further along. The rest headed east, joining the ridge an hour later as Barry was on his final ascent 100m ahead. We waved merrily, us on the now-named Paparazzi Rock and Barry en route

to Mt Watson. Barry continued on his way as we decided to head back to check out the ridge north of the tops above Lake Rotoroa.

Picking up Sue and Nina along the way, we met the others at the 'Mole Top Riviera' tarn. Perfectly positioned stones provided good launch pads and much hilarity eventuated. One brave soul, wearing just his birthday suit and glasses, promptly lost the latter as he dived in. With full audience participation and in good team spirit, the said spectacles were duly located and returned.

Refreshed, we all headed to check out the northern ridge, some rested easy along the way to wait for our return.

One soon realises that 'lets just get to point' rarely ever collates to X being the end point, coining the phrase 'incremental walking.' Ah, the innocence of newbies - this is motivational walking at its best!

Finally satisfied by all the Point X's of the day we made downward tracks, not before spotting Barry on his return. We arrived back ten hours after departing, Barry sharing his story and photos on his return, having taken a further 40 minutes to reach Mt Watson and coming back via a quaint stream with pretty celmisias, abundant in the area.

On Monday we awoke to mists; the night had been warm. Feeling rested and refreshed, we decided to head back down the ridge track.

A big thank you to everyone who all individually made this an awesome trip. Happy trampers were Pete Peters, Kate Krawcyk, Chris Louth, Ian and Sue Dohoo, Ken Ridley, Barry James, Nina Solter and Lou Kolff. Written and (sort of) coordinated by Andrea Cockerton (scribe).

TRIP LEADERS!

**Monday 10 March
6.30pm**

Sprig & Fern tavern, Richmond

We need you to help brainstorm ideas for the next Programme.

If you haven't yet led a trip, we can advise & encourage you!

Free Finger Food

BUY YOUR OWN DRINKS

UPcoming CLUBNITES...

Monday 10 March

Social Night

Sprig & Fern pub, Richmond
6.30pm, Trip Leaders to brainstorm for next Programme.
Free finger food provided.

7pm, Everyone else.

For more info, email Kate:
k8k@xtra.co.nz: [Kate Krawczyk](mailto:kate.krawczyk@xtra.co.nz)
"BRING YOUR PARK MAPS"

Monday 7 April

Brook Sanctuary

7.30pm, Nelson Intermediate School, Tipahi St, Nelson South

Guest Speaker : Hudson Dodd

Hudson Dodd is general manager of the Brook Waimarama Sanctuary. His professional background spans the public, private, and non-profit sectors, with extensive leadership experience in community-based wildlife habitat conservation initiatives in the United States' Pacific Northwest.

He will speak on the urgent need for fenced mainland island wildlife sanctuaries as a key component in NZ's wildlife conservation movement.

He will also provide an update on the plans and timelines for completing the development of the 14km pest-proof fence to enclose 700ha in the Brook Valley. This will create NZ's second largest fenced sanctuary and visitor attraction.

Monday 2 June

Club Night

7.30pm, Nelson Intermediate School, Tipahi St, Nelson South

Guest Speaker : TBA

Monday 4 August

Club Night & AGM

Guest Speaker : TBA



COURSES RUN IN NELSON

<http://www.mountainsafety.org.nz>

River Safety

9 March > COST: \$35
Venue: DOC Motueka & Mot Rvr.

Entry-level instruction. Participants may travel 4+ hours across bouldery riverbed with full pack.

Risk Management Essentials

10-11 May > COST: TBA.
Venue: TBA.

This course teaches participants how to apply risk management principles in outdoor activities and tests their ability to cope with emergencies.

Risk management is defined as "the process of reducing potential loss to an acceptable level".

Outdoor First Aid: Refresher

15 June > COST: \$95
Venue: Nelson Girl Guide Centre, Lee Valley, Brightwater

Participants will work together to treat people injured in mock accidents and emergencies.

Some classroom based theory work. Must have a valid 1st Aid certificate already.

CONTACT DETAILS >

Contact: Evelyn O'Neill.
Mail: 23 Coleridge Place, Stoke.
Telephone: (03) 547 2426
Email: nelson@mountainsafety.org.nz

BEACONHIRE

Our five PLBs can be borrowed from **Rollos** or **Stirling Sports**.

Please remember to:

- 1) Fill out the *entire* form. The details are what SAR need to find you. Explain your intended route & possible alternatives.
- 2) Before activating the beacon, get into a clearing. Satellites can't pick up signals in thick bush. Keep the PLB upright.
- 3) Hold up bright clothing or pack liners to assist the helicopter in sighting your position.
- 4) Consider using a cellphone 1st - this can provide two-way communication & save money.

PRIVATE TRIPS

If you've borrowed our beacons for your personal tramp:

EMAIL your intentions to Pat Holland, Lawrie Halkett or Chris Louth before leaving. They are the SAR contacts, especially if the hire shops are closed, (e.g. at midnight.)

COMMITTEE :

President: Lawrie Halkett
Correspondence Secretary: Pat Holland
Minutes Secretary: Kate Krawczyk
Treasurer: Brenda Griffin
Gear: Mark Stevens
Programme Co-ordinator: Chris Louth
Committee: Dion Pont, Mike Glover, Bob Janssen
Newsletter Editor: Raymond Salisbury
Post trip reports to: 71 Montreal Rd, Victory,
or email to: newsletter@maxnet.co.nz

Website: www.nelsontrampingclub.org.nz
Mailbox: PO Box 1238, Nelson 7040.