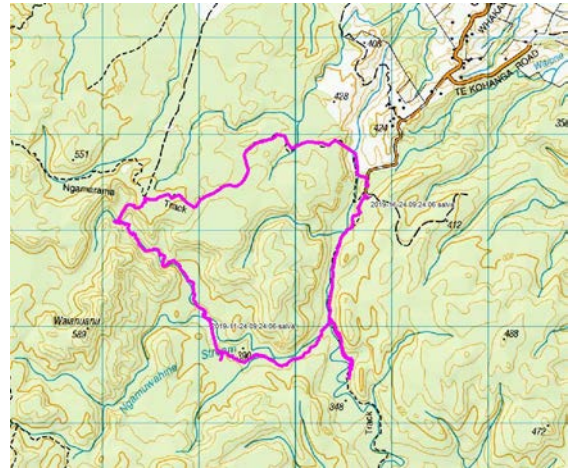


Salvation Hut. 24 November, 2019

Salvation Hut. No, it's not a church, even a little one. Small, though. 2 bunks and a cooking bench. Not on the LINZ map, nor is the track to it. And look up the web for it and you will find that many have found it hard to find. However we had Lorna's .gpx file, so knew where to look. For reference, the coordinates are S 37° 46.717', E 175° 56.596'.



Navigation was a continuing theme of this trip. Even getting to the end of the road involved a scenic detour. And once we started on the Leyland O'Brien track we had competing ways to work out where to leave it to get on Lorna's route. Phones with maps but no track. A paper map. GPS devices with tracks but no maps. And decision making by committee. Half a kilometre past the turnoff we realised what we should have done, but several commented on what a nice track it was and of course we wanted to do it twice.

Once located, the turnoff was obvious, and it was a good time to have morning tea.

Then the first river crossing, where a new Kiwi thought it would be good to keep his boots dry by taking them off. This was successful, but because he dropped a sock in the creek not entirely as planned. I hope he did not get a blister as he was trying to dry his sock as we travelled.

We found the correct tributary on the other side of the crossing, but after the first 50 metres found ourselves up the creek. Or in and out of the creek. We finally tried the other side and enjoyed a wide logging trail which was much easier.

With a combination of ribbon markers and navigation aids we eventually reached an open area with a huge dead tree still upstanding. We knew this was significant, but Grant knew a little more and while the rest of us were eager to follow the markers North, he went off and called us to go West, shortly to find the hut.

It was too early for lunch (11:30) so everyone photographed everyone at the hut, and we moved on. We became more and more reliant on ribbons of many colours as we progressed up a steadily narrowing stream. One side, the other, and in it. Lunch was nowhere in particular, but appreciated.



The gully became so wild there were no markers, but Grant insisted we should not abandon the stream because we were going to see a waterfall. Every now and then he was sure we could hear a waterfall! Certainly, there was lots of water. Occasionally, we saw ribbons that gave us more confidence. Then, triumph! Many tapes –

some going up the hill and others up the creek. 50 metres of easy scrambling up the creek took us to a magnificent pool with a 6m high waterfall dropping into it. Well worth the fun to get there.

From the waterfall we backtracked and started the 100m climb out of the gully to the Ngamarama track, which is an old tramline, so easy going back to the van.



A great day! Thanks Grant and Colin, and Carol for driving.

Ray