

S T O P P R E S S N E W S

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Our Mollie Treneman (bless her dear little soul) dropped a brick on Tuesday evening the 8th. March,- but like a dutiful Leader kindly arranged for the Editor to be present to gather the information first hand.

It is with considerable interest, pride, and pleasure, that we are permitted to announce the engagement of -

M O L L I E T R E N E M A N
(one of our nicest girls)

to

R O D M c L E A Y
of Wellington.

We sincerely hope that this pair of fine people will be as happy as we are heartbroken and wish them nothing but the very best for their future.

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC)

Bulletin No. 12.

1st. March, 1938.

" Oh! there is sweetness in the Mountain Air,
And Life, that bloated Ease can never hope to share."

(Byron)

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ON GETTING BUSHED

by E. V. Hall.

"There is a sensation which no one can sense on mere hearsay - the sensation of being lost in the bush. No one knows very much about it unless at some time in his existence he has well and truly lost his bearings. But having once been lost, and having won out to freedom, he never forgets.

It happens so easily. You are going from the East Valley into the West Valley, of which latter you know little. But you know the crossing place on the dividing ridge. Below it is a creeklet that runs into a creek, and that creek runs into a river. Quite simple it is to go over the crossing, strike the nearby creeklet, follow it down to the creek, and follow the creek to the river. Nothing easier.

But is it as easy to return up the creek, find the creeklet, and follow it upwards and back to the crossing? Not always.

Movement in reverse would be simpler if people following a little-used trail would look behind them as carefully as they look in front. To look behind is to see what will be the front view as you return. Familiarity with the behind-view, at all key points, helps. The eye picture should constantly be taken rearward as well as forward.

Returning up the creek, the first necessity is to find the right creeklet. In steep, wellwatered bush country, a sizeable creek accepts the waters of many tributary creeklets, every gully, in fact, means a creeklet and a meeting of waters.

" This simple, inescapable fact of Nature supplies one reason why a man who walked unfalteringly down-creek to his destination may be faulted grievously on his apparently easy return up-creek.

Every meeting of the waters is likely to look alike. It is always the same creek, but it also seems to be always the same creeklet, and always the same sharp, sloping spur between the two. Even the vegetation may be alike. Unless you have marked your creeklet near its junction, you may easily select the wrong creeklet, and follow it up with ever-widening distance between you and your objective - the crossing on the ridge.

That is one easy way to get wide of your mark, and it may be the beginning of becoming completely lost.

To a Nature-lover there is a companionship in trees. But he will find it hard to realise that companionship when the cold shades of night begin to fall. The giants of the forest, so beautiful when the sun was on their crests, look you in the eye, and their glance is cold. Everything is cold, if you have been so foolish as to enter the forest matchless. It is still colder if you are foodless.

Calm judgment is difficult to exercise by anyone lost in the bush, matchless, foodless, and alone. Yet calm judgment is the prime need. A man who cannot think calmly cannot plan wisely. Panic undermines his moral and physical endurance as well as paralysing his thinking.

Given matches and food (and to be matchless is a cardinal sin) a man may camp warmly and wait for help or at any rate for daylight.

There was a case not so long ago when an angler made just such a trip as is described above. He left the East Valley via the crossing on the ridge, and descended, via the creeklet and the creek, to the river. He fished up that river perhaps for a couple of miles. In mid-afternoon he stopped fishing at a peculiar rock-ribbed pool, the waist of which consisted of a narrow dyke between rocks. On one side there was a ledge on which he could sit and gaze down into the deep waters, which, though clear, were shaded to the point of sombreness by the dense forest. On the other side the rocks rose sheer for thirty feet, bare except for fern in the crevices and except for a patch of the New Zealand orchid, *Earina autumnalis*. *Earina* hung down with pendulous grasslike leaves and fingers of exquisite white blossom. *Earina* made the still air heavy with its fragrance. Who knows not the fragrance of *earina* knows not the gorge-bound bush stream in its most exquisite setting.

" But there is a certain time on an early autumn afternoon when a sudden chill follows the waning of the sun, and even earina cannot make the prudent angler linger. He felt the beginning of the ebb of the day: with homeward intent he collapsed his rod and made downstream to the creek junction, where he ascended the creek, and followed, as he thought, the right tributary creeklet. Threequarters of an hour later he knew he had gone wrong, and far wrong. But he did not yet know that he was heading, by circuitous spurs, up the West Valley and further and further from the East. He had an idea that he had crossed the dividing ridge but at the wrong point.

The elucidation came in this instance not by camping but by following down a creek that crossed the course he was following. This creek had no gorges and the descent to the river was easy. And then - right in front of this angler was the rock-ribbed pool and again in the air was the scent of earina.

So there is at least one lost man who will never deny that lost ones tramp in circles. With a few more steps he was back on the rock ledge over the ever-darkening waters of the shaded pool. The scent of the orchid was heavier than ever, more exotic, less companionable. Even that beautiful spot now seemed a spot to get weel out of.

Being young and vigorous, he again started off down-river, mid darkening shadows, and retraced his vicious circle to the point of junction of creek and creeklet. But this time on the upward route he chose the right creeklet and regained his whare shortly after nightfall. He has not since entered bush country without matches - in fact, hardly dares confess that he was ever fool enough to do so.

His memento of that occasion is a clump of earina in his garden, sprung from a sprig of that orchid which still grows pendent on the high bank by the rock-ribbed pool. And when earina in the garden makes the autumn air heavy with fragrance, the mind goes back to a time when a man realised how small he is, and what a solemn menacing thing is the silence of the forest at nightfall. A silence full of voices - voices of hope and voices of despair.

Some years ago - in a unique periodical now unfortunately defunct, "The Forerunner," then published in Havelock, Hawkes Bay, - "The Herdsman" told a tale of how with two companions (an eminent botanist and a deerstalker) he crossed the Ruahine Range, from East to West, by the route taken sixty or seventy years ago by the veteran botanist Colense. The party of three was originally intended to be four; The invited fourth man was unable to come. But "The Herdsman" evidently a psychic, gathered the impression that the three travellers were, nevertheless, four. On the first night out he found himself planning four beds; next morning he victualled for four. On the second day's tramp they reached what they thought was "the very spot where Colense himself and his Maoris camped for the night, naming the place in their own tongue 'The Water of Weariness'." During that day's tramp the impression

of a fourth traveller had never died. "Surely as I saw there were but three of us, as surely I knew that there was another."

Adventures both below and above the Ruahine bushline followed. They crossed the mountains. Water was scarce, and at one camp none could be found. At last "The Herdsman" was "guided" to a tussock face. He tore away the tussock and found a drip, which, with leaves of wharawhara as conduit, filled the billy. "He, that fourth man, was there watching."

After several days they left the mountains and reached a homestead. It offered hospitality to the travellers of which they were glad. When they went to the dining table they found that the housekeeper had set four seats; asked why, she declared that she had seen four men "coming down the hill." In this seating performance "The Herdsman" had no part whatever, except to record it. But all those three travellers over the Colenize trail were now forced to bow to the theory of the extra man.

From this psychic story of the Ruahines, told in "The Forerunner," one hesitates to moralise. Spirit help is distinctly not one of the forest aids prescribed in the rules of the tramping clubs. At any rate, not that kind of spirit.

Yet it will not be denied that the very first precaution that a man lost in the bush has to take is a moral-spiritual one - he must assert self-control and must oust the devil of panic. Only if he does that can the angels guide him.

It is said that some of the best bushmen possess a sixth sense. Does "The Forefunner" story about the Colenso trail provide the clue to that sixth sense; and is "an uncanny sense of direction" - (that native possession of a few blest mortals) even more uncanny than it seems?"

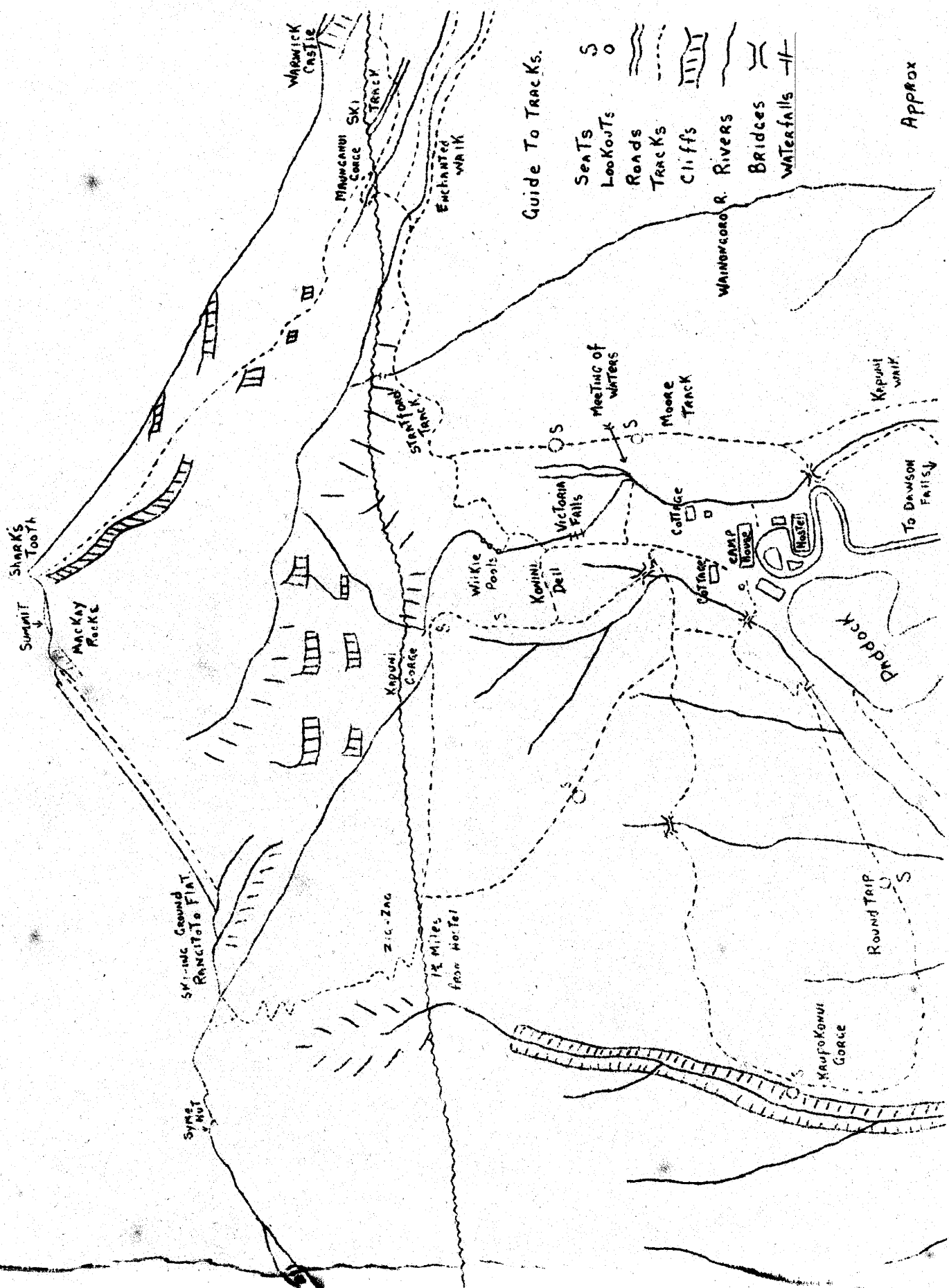
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A special advance party of the H.T.C. made a brief visit to Dawson Falls, Mt. Egmont, and as a result are able to supply members with information which should be useful on the forthcoming Easter trip.

The Map shown on the following page shows most points of interest and also the best route for undertaking the climb to the summit of Taranaki 8260 feet. Taking the climb in easy stages it can be done comfortably in approximately four hours from the camp site but for those who are reasonably fit, the time would be less.



Guide To Tracks.

- Seats S
- Lookouts O
- Roads
- Tracks
- Cliffs
- Rivers
- Bridges
- Waterfalls

Approx

The bush walks round about the Accomodation House are really splendid and for those who like paddling around like visiting tourists this could easily occupy quite a portion of the Easter holiday.

Dawson Falls - great sight - big time-worn boulders - photographers should have a bit of fun boulder hopping to best vantage points.

Accomodation Hut - very large and roomy - appears to be fitted with radio and seems as if it would lend itself well to dances etc. It has a Social Hall and a piano.

Taranaki 8260 ft - This mountain is to be treated with respect because although from Dawson Falls it looks quite easy to climb to the summit, more than ordinary care must be taken as more mishaps have happened on this mountain than on any other mountain in New Zealand.

Jim Palmer is giving a talk to the Club on the 8th. April and members participating in the trip should make a point of being presnet.

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SOCIAL NOTES:

It was with regret that the Committee had to accept the resignation of Lloyd Wilson from the position of Club Secretary. Lloyd has always devoted a considerable amount of time and energy to this office and his past efforts have been much appreciated by the Club.

Ron Craig hasbeen appointed to the position and if he is as keen on the duties of this office as he is on tramping generally we should have another good secretary.

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Congratulations to Janet Moncrieff and Lindsay Lloyd on their recent engagement. We understand that they first met in the Kaweks Hut but it will not be necessary for the Hut Committee to accept responsibility!

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In a recent letter Popeye Collett informs us that he now weighs 15 stone 10 lbs. Give the spinach a spell Popeye - Egmont is too big a mountain to try carrying extra weight on the ascent.

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"6"

Someone told us that Arch Toop is doing a heavy line of woo (having seen the "line" I don't blame him a bit, Ed.) Go to it Arch - but don't forget tramping !

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CLUB ROOM EVENTS:

4/2/38 - Fred Green gave us a description of his trip to Mt. Arthur Tableland, Nelson, during the Christmas vacation. Twenty-two trappers including three members of the H.T.C. left Nelson by lorry which conveyed them to the Graham Valley. The party climbed to Mr. Arthur Tableland spending some time at the Flora and Salisbury Huts. The surrounding country was well explored while advance parties covered the Cobb and Leslie valleys. Places of interest were Gordons Pyramid. The Enchanted Land, Bishop's Rock, Sphinx Cave etc.

Dr. Bathgate continued with a description of the Asbestos mine. Doctor was also a member of the party - he flew over from Rongotai with Piet van Asch spending the first night at Motueka. Met Dr. Wyn Irwin and together they explored the Leslie Valley spending several nights in the very fine huts there. The trip to the Asbestos mine was a feature of outstanding interest on the trip and several samples of the output were brought back in their natural state. Unfortunately the mine is practically inaccessible and it would cost approximately £250,000 to work the claim. Doctor paid a glowing tribute to the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. G. Chaffey to whom he presented the Club badge.

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FUTURE TALKS:

4/3/38, Doug Callow on Astronomy. This meeting will be held at Haumoana D.V.W.P. and should be a success.

18/3/38, Norman Davidson on "Movies"

1/4/38, Gordon Christie on "Experiences in America"

8/4/38, Jom Palmer on "Egmont"

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PAST TRIPS:

6/2/38. Makaroro Forks: The party consisting of 17 members left Hastings at 6.10, (only ten minutes late!) and proceeded to Waipukurau to collect Tubby and then to Peoman and Gardner's Mill arriving there at about 8.45. About half an hour later the party left the Mill site and followed up the Makaroro to the Gold Creek forks where after a confab with Mr. Barker of the Mill and the Club Captain it was decided to abandon the scheduled trip to the Makaroro Forks owing to the condition of the river after the heavy rains of the previous two days. As an alternative Gold Creek was crying out to be explored, and from where an advance party could make a dash for the high country and the Maropea Trig. Gold Creek provided a lot of fun in the crossing and re-crossing of the boulder strewn bed with a fair amount of water coming down. A meal was declared at 11.15 and eaten on the damp left bank - too damp to boil the billy without a fair loss of time. The party then split up, Norman Elder and the ten lads striking straight out of the creek bed up a shingle scree. Further exploration of the creekbed was carried out by the "left behinds" and a bathing party declared at a suitable spot upstream followed by a dose of sunbathing. Back to the lunchspot at 2.30 found three of the advance party returned for a little leisure and 4 o'clock found the ten at the Makaroro Gold Creek forks in a heavy shower of rain and so to the Mill site. The advance party blew in later (we won't say how late!) having had a good three hours' climb through some fine beech forest and reaching the Maropea Trig - unfortunately in a dirty shower of rain. They descended a leading spur and thence into the creekbed again after considerable scrambling about a small tributary.

17. L. Matheson.

13-14/2/38. Club Picnic Waimarama: A party left town at 2.30 p.m. Saturday and after picking up the Havelock contingent numbered 16. On arrival at Waimarama a big marquee was erected after which strenuous activity the party adjourned to the water. A meal was then prepared and as there had been no pack inspection (!) quite a number of good things, which don't usually come out on a tramp, were produced and consumed. It was necessary to walk this off in the cool of the evening and during this walk Ronagh produced a full basket of fruit which was emptied in less time than it takes to tell. Ron, Arch and Friend, arrived at 10.30 when supper was prepared - saveloys were the order of this meal then the party headed seaward again to see if the sags would float. And so to bed but not to sleep. Mosquitos and fleas decided to have a party and everyone supplied food for thought for those hungry little beasts. In the morning of Sunday breakfast and swimming were the main activities and with visitors to the camp the party numbered 21. Lunch went off very halfheartedly on account of the heat. In the course of the afternoon various games were played on the beach and then came the ceremony of "The Mowing of the Green." Fred was captured and tied to a chair while officials and members gathered round to witness the operation.

Fred was lathered all over and then scraped with a wooden razor, and strangely enough the hair stayed put. It must be real! As the operation was not a success the mistake was carried and dumped in the sea.

There was a better response to the evening meal when the balance of the saws were disposed of and the Club's third successful picnic came to a close at 7 p.m.

L. Holt

19-20/2/38. Blackburn trip cancelled on account of the weather but a break in the sky on Saturday tempted a private carload of four out on the road. Attempted the Tikokino road, found Maunga o nuku over the road in four places and the Onga road closed. Information at Wapukurau that the Onga road was neck deep. Waipawa and Tukituki much discoloured and bank high. Returned home for supper and were not unexpected.

Sunday: As the Kereru road appeared to be open a party left Hastings punctually on the stroke of 6. the car was left at Poporangi and walked to Wakarara, slips and Poutaki stream up across the road. Set off up ridge in mist and worked round head of Poutaki stream to hut behind Smedley (4½ hours) with the weather improving - then back by Bald Hill to Poutaki track and home. Country very barren and rocky with some awkward pinches.

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At a meeting of the Hut Committee on the 1st. March it was proposed to construct a bivy-hut in the Kawekas near Studholm's Saddle. Later the same evening at a meeting of the general committee the proposal was accepted and the Hut Committee were instructed to carry out their plan.

Les Holt, Arch Toopa and Doug Callow have generously offered to go into the Kawekas and spend a week there in which time they hope to complete the job.

The Club trip No. 64 March 20th. Southern Kawekas, has been altered to a Kaweka Hut trip and if a good muster of members would turn out to assist carrying in food supplies their efforts would be greatly appreciated.

As a suggestion, although a bit previous, the name should be L A D Hut - Les, Arch, Doug - get it?

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FUTURE TRIPS:

No. 64, 20/3/38, Kaweka Hut, Packing of food supplies, materials, etc for working party.

Leader to be appointed.

No. 65. 3/4/38, Shut Eye Shack, Trial search, Maropea,
Leader Janet Moncrieff
Phone, Napier 454.
Sub-leader, Norman Elder
Phone 2958.

No. 66 Easter. EGMONT

Leader, Ronagh Hoben
Phone 3996

No. 67. 24-25/4/38, Anzac Day

Kaweka Hut,
Leader, Arch Toop
Phone 4102

No. 68 1/5/38 Whakararas

Bald Hill and Little Andrews
Leader, Lloyd Wilson
Phone 2946.

No. 69. 15/5/38 Mangatutu Gorge

Leader Fred Green.
Phone 2242.

No. 70. 28-29/5/38, Howlett's Hut.

Leader Norman Elder
Phone 2968.

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