

HERETAUNGA      TRAMPING      CLUB (INC)

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In view of the fact that this is the last Bulletin of the third year of the Tramping Club it would be fitting to take this opportunity to commend members who have helped make things go by turning out regularly on trips, and to have a dig at would-be keen trampers.

In, round, and between the lines of the following rough verse will be found something which it is hoped will act as a spur to those whose interest has cooled slightly during the last few months.

A man once tall and shapely  
An athlete they say  
He used to walk some forty miles  
And do it in a day.  
But now that man so shapely  
Is no so good you'll find  
The mighty chest he used to have  
Has slipped down and behind.  
Now any of our trampers  
Who give it up will find  
That laze and young retirement  
Will put it on behind.  
So if you take up tramping  
And give the game a go  
You'll find that on the rolling stone  
No meaty moss will grow.

Helpful ! ??? - perhaps but very  
rough)

SOCIAL NOTES:

The major calamity to report in this issue is our Helen's departure. Last time we saw her Helen Bligh told us she was leaving for Wellington but she said it so jiff-handedly that many of us didn't realise she was going until after it had happened. However, Helen, The Club wishes you all the very best for the future and happy tramping days in Wellington.

X X X

During last month Southland Road was the scene of an extraordinary exclusive wrestling match between

J U N E B U D D ( 10 stone) ??????????????

and

A Y E B I K E ( 4 stone)

To the spectators it was a poor show until Bike got his toe under the mat and brought Budd down hard to complete the only fall in the match.

One fall was enough however and June limped to work. Describing the bout later in the day June complained that the bike was on the offensive right from the start and she had no time to work out any counter holds.

Since then the bike has been restrained from further exhibitions and has been kept well in place by being sat on - And when June sits on things they usually stay put.

(Hope I've got the story right June ????? Editor)

X X X

September the 29th was the date of that brilliant fixture the Third Annual Tramping Club Dance and the thanks of the Club are due to the Social Committee and the untiring efforts of our excellent chief-organiser, Rolf Keys, for the successful manner in which every detail was carried out.

Many of our Club members were almost unrecognisable dressed in civilian finery and among those present were -



Mavis Keys - beautiful in a gown of wild cerise  
 (Rolf probably teased it to make it wild)  
 Ronagh Hoben - magnificent in a delicate pale blue.  
 Beryl Stack - bewitching in shot kingfisher blue.  
 Molly Treneman - delightful in floral - with a wet seat.  
 Ailie Baird - tantalising in black net and a tartan 'kerchief  
 June Budd - dynamic in black and silver - streamlined  
 Mardi Budd - lovely in snow white with no dwarfs  
 Mim Laing - superb in marina green (why Marina was blamed was  
 not mentioned)

and most of the lads in dark black.

Fred Green should be told that "to trip the light fantastic" means to dance - not crash in the middle of the floor with a charming partner.

Jim Palmer carried out the duties of M.C. in a masterly manner and kept the ball rolling from start to finish.

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In connection with the agreement between the Federated Mountain Clubs of N.Z. and the Mt. Cook Motor Co. Ltd. whereby members of affiliated Clubs are granted concessions at the Hermitage, the Federation advises that members of affiliated Clubs must be in a position to produce evidence of their membership to the Hermitage Manager otherwise they will be refused the concession.

They should, therefore, take with them either the receipt of their current year's subscription or a letter from the Club Secretary stating they are financial members.

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#### CLUB ROOM EVENTS:

On August the 11th. the few members present were wonderfully entertained by the showing of a film entitled "Taranaki" - the shining spear. This film dealt with the story of Egmont or Taranaki and the Clubs activities there last Easter. It was edited by Ron Bowie of Auckland and the Club has to congratulate him on his masterly effort. It is certainly the best film we have ever seen.

There have been no other Club Room events since the last Bulletin but is hoped in the Club's fourth year to arrange entertaining evenings and more social activities.

#### PRIVATE TRIPS:

After the heavy snowfall in August a party attempted to reach the Kaweka Hut but found snow at the top of the Blowhard from which it took  $4\frac{1}{2}$  hours heavy plugging to Kuripapanga where they camped near the swamp house. Next morning they reached the lakes but the going was very heavy with scrub bent across the track and buried deep in snow. On their return they met Miss McDonald and learnt that large numbers of sheep had been buried for ten days. A deer culler had made a crossing from Puketitiri to Kuripapanga via the Donald - a pretty stout effort.

A picnic party made the White Pine Bush recently finding a good deal of damage done by boulders and silt and the stream much cut into the limestone. Goats and cattle had broken through the damaged fences. Bulldozers had just made their way through the Devil's Elbow section - to see them shifting slips is a sight worth seeing.

A party spent three days up the Tukituki putting in a day shifting the dump above Government Spur and a day on Daphne Ridge clearing the track of fallen timber but soft snow and threatening weather turned them back above the bushline.

X X X

#### PAST TRIPS:

Black Birch Range - 17/7/58: With this trip the Club had its first snow trip of the season. An early start was made at 6.30 a.m. and on arrival at Puketitiri the party had a light meal before setting out for the range. The trip to the top was rather slower than usual on account of the numerous snow fights on the way up. From where the party had lunch they had a wonderful view of the Kawekas and the surrounding country. After a snow fight on a grand scale the party split up - the main division going onto look for possible signs of three crazy members who had announced their intention of making a winter crossing of the Kawekas while the rest of the party went back along the top thus making a round trip, reaching the lorry at about 5 p.m.

Meanwhile the three crazy members, Cap Cooke, Harold Christie and Geoff Piesse were doing their darnedest to carry out their intention and were ploughing a track along the top of the Kawekas about three feet deep. They left the Kaweka Hut about 6 a.m. and took six hours to reach Trig 5652. From there Puketitiri seemed a H--- of a long way to go but as most of the climbing had been done they skidded downhill almost lightheartedly.



Near the foot of the Kawekas they saw a smoke signal from the main party and making a bee-line for the signal floundered along Black Birch Range and staged a meeting in the bush which was only about 2 mile out. However, what did it matter. The meeting was wonderful to behold and three crazy chests swelled with pride of achievement.

The final stage of the trip went off quite well and had a wonderful climax in the reception staged at Mrs. Holt's residence at Puketitiri.

20. L. Holt.

Maungaharahu's 14/8/38: Actually this trip should have been a poor show as a large number of our members were away ~~on~~ on a week's trip to the Chateau but surprisingly enough a large party of 31 turned out and had a great day. On arrival at the Titikura saddle the party struck off to the north heading for large patches of snow. Once over the first rise excellent snow slopes were encountered and most of the party glissaded down in the direction of Kopua Trig. The billy was boiled under difficulties as snow had first to be melted. Some of the snow drifts were six to eight feet deep and in one drift three sheep were found almost completely buried. On digging them out one was found to be still alive and none the worse for its unenviable experience. After Kopua Trig was reached the party returned the way they had come and were soon on the lorry headed for Hastings. It is interesting to note that of the 31 members on the trip 22 came from Havelock North.

One up to you Havelock ????

31. Fred Green.

Kaweka Hut: 27-28/8/38: Only two carloads went out a total of nine persons, the first on Saturday morning, the second in the afternoon. The leading party, whose main concern was with clearing the track into the Hut from the vegetation bent across it by the recent snowfall, made a fair clearance as far as the lakes, - those not cutting relaying packs on and relieving the cutters. Daylight did not permit of much further work and the tall manuka on either side of the Tutaekuri crossing was only cleared sufficiently to burrow a passage through, considerable areas of manuka being bent over or snapped to form a tangled mass.

In the Cook's Horn basin the damage was considerable - beech trees stripped of their branches or bent into hoops and hoho and manuka smashed everywhere. The parties arrived at the Hut at nightfall at intervals of a few moments to find it undamaged though still surrounded by the remains of deep snowdrifts.

A steady drizzle set in during the night and continued with little respite on Sunday leading to a certain Sunday atmosphere about the morning which passed pleasantly enough with breakfast washing -up, conversation and even some knitting. After lunch we shuddered our way into wet shorts and oilskins and packed everything dry as carefully as possible. A slasher party went ahead to clear the track as far down as the river while the rest cleared up the Hut and

replenished firewood. There was not time to clear the track properly but with the assistance given with relaying packs and clearing the debris from the track the worst of the obstacles were hacked out as far as the river. We had brought down a length of rope in case the ford was awkward but the water, though discoloured, was not alarmingly high.

The cutting party now dropped to the rear and put in some warming exercise on the track out of the river, the remainder keeping up their circulation by stepping it out for the cars. When the rearguard came in it was about half an hour before dusk with a steady drizzle falling and pools of surface water all around. Changing was proceeding under extremely cramped conditions when one car was found to be ominously slow to respond to the starter. No doubt about it - the engine was dead!

The coil of rope now came in useful to tow the derelict up on to the road and down the hill, but with not the slightest response from the engine. An examination of the ignition had just started when a truck loaded with pigs and dogs came down the road and its two anonymous human occupants unhesitatingly came to our assistance to stand ankle deep in mud for three quarters of an hour going methodically over the circuits and drying and re-drying the leads. Suspicion centred on the distributor but when everything that had suggested itself had been done the engine remained "dead as a mackerel." All that could be done in the state of the roads was for the other car to go on and phone for assistance leaving the stranded car and its occupants to pray for the A.A. of dawn.

Quiet settled down, so did the drizzle. The where near the road was padlocked. We might have thrown ourselves on the McDonald's hospitality but the comfort of dry clothes (our very last) was too present and anyway someone had to stay at the car. The first half hour passed well enough with biscuits and conversation, the next hour at two in wriggling and snoring according to taste, after that pins and needles, biscuits, and the driver was relieved from his cramped posture among the controls. Headlights upon us and our parking lights hurriedly switched on. Good for the A.A. service. Time 1.25 a.m. and the drizzle only intermittent. A few minutes inspection locates the distributor and the next step is the solution - a short through a microscopic crack in the moving portion. "Have you any chewing gum?" "No - but its at moments like these you need Minties" and a fragment of Mintie is putted in - "Try her now" She goes.!

So we slither home across the Blowhard in thick mist with the glare of the rescue-car's lights behind us and this tale ends with something hot - call it later supper or early breakfast, as you choose - at 5 a.m. - with a real full length bed to follow.

Kahuranaki 11/9/38: A very enjoyable day was spent when 23 members left Havelock North for Kahuranaki. Leaving the lorry the party climbed the front face and reached the trig in good time. A very extensive view of the surrounding country was had on the way up and



from the Trig. After a short spell the party left the Trig to explore a cave and then made down to a whare at the back of "The Hill" for lunch. On the way back to the lorry several stops were made at patches of native bush where enthusiastic botanists had an opportunity of airing their knowledge.

23. Joan Leicester.

(I could have a crack at one or two Coal-miners about their little hole in the ground - but I wont. Editor.)

Cattle Hill. 25/9/38: Originally an easy trip was planned for the weekend to be undertaken by a small party of less than a dozen/ By Sunday however numbers had increased, there being a muster of eighteen members who set out in cars. The scheduled time of departure was 7 a.m. but owing to there being a slight difference of opinion regarding the putting forward of the clocks it was well after the hour before the cars finally got away, the last one leaving about 7 35 (Summer time) However everyone arrived almost simultaneously and making a quick change set out for the ridge. The negotiation of an uncertain looking length of manuka across a narrow "defile" was accomplished in safety and the top was reached after an uneventful climb of  $1\frac{3}{4}$  hours. A glorious view of the surrounding country was to be had from the summit and specially of Ruapehu which was well covered with snow.

It was decided to ramble along the ridge after which the party plunged down a precipitous slope through scrub and other unpleasant obstacles to a small stream where the billy was boiled not without difficulty on the part of the stokers whose efforts were rather dampened by members indulging in aquatic sports while waiting for the longed-for tea. Then down to the creek-bed up which the party scrambled and waded without any untoward occurrence bar the discovery of a few prehistoric specimens ! (not mentioning any particular species) As some of the party were due home at 7 p.m. a track was found out of the creek finally emerging onto a fairly well defined path which led onto the road. Recent signs of the passing of deer stalkers were evident on the way home. The comfortable feeling of dry clothing was much appreciated and the party left for home having voted the day a thoroughly enjoyable one.

18. P. Morris.

(This is the best report I have ever had from a lady leader - Editor)

FUTURE TRIPS:

No. 80. 9/10/38. Mangatutu Gorge from Hawkston Road.

Leader Fred Green  
Phone 2242.

No. 81. 22-23-24/10/38 Tukituki River-Daphne Ridge.

The Ruahine, Manawatu and Tararua Clubs are sending parties in to assist in getting material for Howlett's Hut up the final pinch. All hands will be welcome in any capacity.

Leader Doug Callow  
Phone. NAPIER 496

No. 82. 5-6/11/38 Rongaika

Crayfish are alleged to be at their best this month.

Leader D. Williams.

No. 83. 20/11/38 Bog Hill-Herricks Hut. An advance party to climb Three Fingers Spur.

Leader Arch Toop.  
Phone 4102

No. 84. 3-4/12/38 Makaroro River. - The pleasantest river trip in H.B. Camp on river flats optional round trip Tupari and Te Atua Mahuri

Leader. N. Elder  
Phone 2968

No. 85. 18/12/38 Tukituki River - Raft packs down from Middle Road to the bridge. Bathing togs, boats and Lilos.

Leader Harold Cooper

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR. An attempt will be made to arrange trips for any members who wish to go out.

No. 86. 15/1/39 - Tongolo Bluff to Waipatiki

Leader Harold Christie.

No. 87. 22/1/39 Kidnappers - The Tararua Tramping Club are having a weekend to Kidnappers and our members should combine with them.

No. 88. 4-5/2/39 Boyd's Bush - Meeting with Otaihape Tramping Club.

Leader Geoff Piesse.  
Phone 4140

No. 89. 11-12/2/39 Waimarama Club Picnic

Organiser. Les Holt  
Phone 2071.



"9"

No. 90. 19/2/39 Rangitote Atua Leader Max McCormick.

No. 91 4-5/3/39 Black Birch Range - Camp in Whittles Clearing and tackle direct ascent of Kaweka Trig

Leader Doug Cooke.  
Phone 3613.

No. 92. 19/3/39 Wakarara Range - Poutaki Hut from Smedley. This trip was very successful two years ago

Leader Bill Hayman  
Phone 3012

Easter 1939 Suggestions.

Mahia Peninsula  
Urewera Country via Waikaremoana  
Wanganui River  
Mangatepopo Hut (Tongariro)

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