

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INCORPORATED)

Bulletin No. 23

Ron Craig,
Hon. Secretary,
1113 Ellis Street,
HASTINGS.

F. J. Green,
Hon. Treasurer,
P.O. Box 86,
HASTINGS.

ON EASTER ECSTASY.

A trip both long and snappy
To keep them out of the rut
Was lately taken by our Club
To the Mangatipopo Hut.

For four full days of real work
Our members there did toil,
And twice climbed Ngauruhoe
Though the heat made them boil.

Lots of fun they all did have
Many feet above sealevel,
Romping round about the Park
To leave it was the devil.

Owing to unforeseen circumstances (that's a good one!) the bulletin as scheduled, was unable to be completed before Easter, and we offer our humblest apologies for its very late appearance.

Ed.

EASTER - 1940

As no leaders report is to hand it has been necessary to elicit the required information from various sources - Here is the News!

Thursday.

The complement left Hastings at 10.30 p.m. stopping only to pick up the Napier members. A pleasantly cool evening for travelling was somewhat marred by minor disturbances of the engine, which caused a delay or two. About 20 miles from the journey's end the engine went on strike and continued intermittently for the remainder of the time. At the scene of the major delay the leader and companion were seen by the wayside and deprived of a bottle (contents then unknown) by Lallie Holt.

FRIDAY:

The bus finally pulled into the hut turn-off at 9.30 a.m. and after a meal and a wash the mile train set off down the track

to the abode to be - Mangatipopo Hut (five very long miles away). At the hut; more feeding, and some were wafted off into the arms of Morpheus, while five made a return journey to collect the remainder of the gear. It is worthy of note that these five were also received by Morpheus when they hopped into the bus for a 5 minute rest and awoke shivering 1 hour later. The early t bed maxim was closely followed by everyone that night.

SATURDAY:

Cooks were less fortunate than their fellow members and up at 4.30 p.m. to be followed at 5.30 by the boarders. A c misty morn greeted the first member out the door and with a " he closed it.

At 8.a.m. a general exodus was made and the crowd depart into the mist for Ngauru. A blanket of mist prevailed all making visibility very poor. A light fall of snow combined the heavy mist gave the crater an eerie appearance but nothing daunted, the Club went through it, down to a partly active crater below, and made a big hole in the days provisions. Sulphur gave the meal a spicy flavour and boiling pods took the chill the chilled bully beef. Back at the crater edge the mist obligingly cleared enabling Tongariro, and the way to it, to be seen. A glorious slide down the mountain side parted out the timid from the tempestuous and at the bottom a general emptying of boots, and licking of wounds resulted. Across the flats and assault on Tongariro - a mere scramble - to the red crater. Clem assured all and sundry that the Blue Lake was "over there" as it no doubt was but owing to the mist this was just taken for granted. On the way down three scene shifters were responsible for a large well balanced rock shifting to firmer ground. Across the flats and down the valley to a very welcome Mangatipopo.

SUNDAY: A day of rest?

A bright clear dawn saw a few sleepy trampers forcibly called out of their warm bunks to be shown Mt. Egmont (the scene of a Easter trip 2 years ago.) George was deceived into seeing two

The calls of Ruapehu and Ngauruhoe split the party evenly between the two calls for those wishing to see under favourable conditions yesterday's scenes, while the former call was for those wanting fresh worlds to conquer. The Ruapehu party were driven to the and caught the Chateau bus to Salt Hut. Up a rocky track to a luncheon spot beside the ski hut. More rocks till the tongue of the Wakapapa Glacier was reached. George aptly described the Wakapapa Glacier as going on, and on, and so on. A few inches of snow covering the ice made wariness of crevasses essential.

To the tune of may yodels the party reached Crater Lake and admired the views and envied some little dots on the highest peaks. Mist on the glacier did not prevent a swift slide to the foot. The trudge back to the Chateau was well worth while as luxurious

showers topped the tramp. Thus rejuvenated the party straggled back to the Hut. The last stragglers were rewarded with a fine sunset over Egmont. The rest of the trip was made in moonlight.

A tribute to the enjoyment of the day was plainly seen by the fact that members of both parties vowed theirs must have been a decidedly better trip. The Ngauruahoe party were loud in their praises of Taupo and Rotorua.

George again entertained with musical interludes.

MONDAY:

A dull morning but cleared later. The party was all aboard by 10.30. A bay on Taupo's shore proved an ideal lunch spot. The Spa baths were sampled and found up to expectations.

Afternoon tea at Rangitaiki was a case of necessity for the bus stopped quite politely but forcibly. The only other stop was made $\frac{1}{2}$ way up Tarangakuma - another necessity. Hastings was reached at 10 p.m.

HIGHLIGHTS:

1. Snoring; in all sharps and flats rising from a gentle diminuendo to a violent crescendo - talking and singing was also heard in the still of the night.
2. Doug Callow's altimeter which registered a constant 12,000ft.
3. A sale of onions, Bacon and salt in large quantities, anyone wishing to purchase sample to committee members.
4. Les Holt's and Arch Toop's brilliant traffic conducting:

"Never cross your bridges till you come to them".

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL:

News of some of our members, past and present has drifted through, and we congratulate:-

Ronagh Hoben who tells us she is leaving to be married in August.
Helen Bligh who has become engaged to be married to Harry Barraclough of the H.V.T.C.

Beryl Stack who is married.

And Popeye Collett who has also joined the ranks of the rapidly growing list of "About to be Married."

This news is abit disconcerting, for it would appear that the unmarried trappers are in the minority and in the eyes of the unmarried ones this doesn't seem right. We wish the above trappers the very best of good luck and extend our best wishes for future happiness.

All members will be very pleased to hear that Geoff Piesse is back in little old Hastings again and as the old T.C. is not a thing of the past with him, we will have him in our midst again, and will be able to welcome him back to the fold.

Robinson Holt and Crusoe Hunt put up a find combined effort at the Annual Picnic. As a means of ridding themselves of superfluous energy they decided to try their skill as goat-catchers; they had their time cut out in accomplishing this feat but eventually arrived back in Camp with the goods.

Two silly goats being led by two sillier goats, all bloating in different sharps and flats proved to be the star turn of the days events.

Molly Molyneaux and Joan Lovell-Smith have just returned from a very interesting trip and have many tales of adventure to relate. The trip originally planned as a 530 mile trip, owing to botanical fervour on the part of one of the party resulted in a 750 mile trek.

The famous Hikurangi, north of Gisborne mentioned by Cap. Cooke was one of their conquests.

CLUB ROOM EVENTS:

17/12/39. The Christmas Party was held this year in Napier, and took the form of a Back to Childhood evening. The children began arriving from 8.15 onwards and by nine o'clock a large number of

awkward looking "kids" were romping about in great style to the rythm of Napier's Swing Band. It would take up a great deal of valuable? space to go into full details of the show, but it should be recorded that we had a very obstreperous baby in our midst and that its goings on tired to the utmost the good nature of its nurse. A superior sort of Christmas Tree held a prominent place on the floor and even old Santa remembered his tramping children this season.

Prizes for the biggest kids were awarded to Mim Laing as the bonniest baby girl and Dudley Shepherd as the biggest bouncing baby boy. It was a toss up between him and our friend Spriggles for the former distinction. However the little Napier lass took the judges fancy and romped home with her prize.

The Social Committee fair outdid themselves for this event, and we must thank them for the super evening.

11/1/40

This the first meeting of the New Year was held in our New Club Room, the time being spent mostly in admiring the new quarters. This place is the answer to our needs and has every facility for all our requirements which are somewhat varied. The general business was hurriedly run through and the remainder of the evening spent discussing our new domain.

Supper concluded the evening.

18/1/40

x A number of new faces in the gathering although the President and Club Captain were conspicuous by their absense. June Budd made her first Public Appearance since panding back. Quite like old times.

A certain amount of messing about was engaged in, as no difinite programme had been arranged, and the meeting broke up fairly early.

25/1/40

In the absence of the moon and owing to the presence of rain, the moonlight picnic arranged for the evening at Haumoana was held in the Beach Improvement Society's new hut for wayside travellers. In spite of the weather conditions most of the party had a dip in the briney but were not very enthusiastic over it. The club seems fated to encounter adverse conditions on their moonlight picnics. However no matter what may be the

weather the Club has the happy knack of making the best of a bad job and fairly revelling in ~~an~~ one another's company & needless to say everyone had a great time.

1/2/40

With our President and Club Captain back in our midst things assumed their normal proportions and the general business was run through without a hitch.

A very good attendance was a pleasing feature and we were pleased to see Joan Leicester again for a short while.

Ronagh Hoben has been and gone and done it and got herself engaged. We all know she went over to Australia shortly before Christmas and a dance was organised to welcome her home again but when the ulterior motive was revealed further jubilation was called for and our dance went with a bang. The thought of Ronagh's marriage seemed to be upmost in everyone's mind and a full dress rehearsal was performed.

CLUB ROOM EVENTS

1/2/40

This little evening was a great success and we have christened our new Club Room well and truly.

Ronagh was congratulated singularly and collectively but we weren't pleased to hear that her new home will be in Australia- but as she said-

"Its only 1500 miles away"

Any trampers wishing to pay her a visit in her home to be had better start now?

15/2/40

As with many other things the war has affected our activities to a large extent and the main hindrances were dealt with by our President and possible methods to lighten the burden suggested. As these suggestions appear separately we will not set them out again, but again ask members to do their best to help in this cause. A couple of notable notables were in attendance and we were pleased to welcome Molly McLeay & Geoff Piesse.

29/2/40

Joe Nimon "put across" a very edifying talk when he told of his impressions in England during and after the declaration of war. We had read a certain amount in the papers about the happenings but it was very interesting to get the news straight

from the horses mouth. A speaker who can hold the attention of every member in the way Mr. Nimon did, deserves great credit. - he must be congratulated on his most interesting talk.

GENERAL

With a view to helping new and prospective members a new idea has been inaugurated. The idea is to make a pool of old gear such as boots, packs, waterproofs etc. for the use of those not having such equipment. This is a sound scheme and with the full co-operation of members will boost up the numbers on our trips. Please lend a hand and your surplus gear.

From now on transport will be our biggest consideration and we take this opportunity to ask you one and all to turn out on every suitable opportunity and give us your support and thus fill the lorry. If the lorry is only going to be half filled it will mean abandoning the trip.

Do your best members.

The committee has decided that any members joining up with the Forces will continue to remain members of the Club for the duration of the War without further subscription.

We acknowledge receipt of a letter from Arch Lowe who has been keeping up his tramping activities and made a trip with the C.M.C. This trip was termed a pansy trip by the C.M.C. but Arch remarked that he would not like to go out with them when they were "fair dinkum"

Try again Arch - it can't be as bad as you make out and when next you write we hope to hear how the honour of the old school tie was upheld.

Calling all gear! - calling all gear! Will members possessing club gear please return same to the custodian (Les. Holt) at the earliest opportunity. -Thank you.

AGONY COLUMN:

It is very annoying to find that some leaders of trips are not fulfilling their obligations and their reports are either a week or so late or not reaching the press at all. An account of every trip is supposed to be printed by the

papers not later than two days after the trip but if no report comes to hand this has to be waived. Future leaders please note! Leaders with uneasy consciences please forward that overdue report.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT:?

On two occasions lately (To Koau & Kaweka Hut) after the tea had washed down lunch, the disintegrating body of a deer was found lying in a stream just above the spot where the billy was filled. It is said that on the first occasion the discovery caused Ronagh's complexion to change to various hues other than her own. However no one seemed to have any serious after effects and the tea tasted up to standard. It would seem that trampers are tough on germ life.

Methinks the brew doth never taste so well
as when some poor misfated animal
(Above the pool wherein the can was dipped)
To its sad watery grave hath slipped

Oh Omar!

Apparently the Club is definitely improving its social position. In our last bulletin we reported one of our number being mistaken for a real tramp. Since then however four Club members returning from a trip were asked if they were shearers. The unshorn countenances of our trampers resembled collision mats.

The plan of the bivouac on the new ~~hub~~ site has been used very largely by some person or persons unknown in making a shelter further down the river. The architects of the original construction are now taking out patent rights.

True Greatness:

Doug's remark upon seeing three wild sheep with about 3 year's growth of wool after having climbed 2000 ft. out of a river bed in the boiling sun on Anniversary Day "I'll bet they are hot!"

Collapse of companion.

Joan Sherlock -Smith does a spot of amateur sleuthing. On the New Year trip she had the misfortune to lose two camera filters and a view finder. However about three weeks later a small party including our Sherlock made a trip in the same area and Joan quickly got onto the trail and picking up landmarks quickly got onto a firty sort of scrub covered ridge

and with whoops of delight cried

"Theres the tree, here are the filters?"

Elementary my dear Watson - a fine piece of work Sherlock. Anyone having similar little problems please apply to Joan Direct.

PRIVATE TRIPS

WAIKAMAKA HUT

17 -21st December.

Sunday - Left the mill as the Rangū party arrived and took it easy going up, while still in the saddle were diverted by the sight of Dick Harrison racing down a blind spur from 3 Johns Saddle. Spent the afternoon twitching up the wall netting. Well on in the afternoon a line of mannikins appeared on the western skyline following the Rongotea ridge and a few minutes later a perspiring secretary burst across the flat closely pursued by the vanguard of the party that had come down the stream. Some useful hips from Torch and they departed for home.

Monday - Roof netting, malthoid on walls and iron laid, making a habitable shell - without a hitch. Finished up the day with closing the gaps between top plates and purlins and assembling flat stones for fireplace.

Tuesday - Took the day off and went downstream. Beautiful going except for one gut $\frac{1}{2}$ hour from hut just above stream from 66. Lost some time following deer tracks up spur before finding a route down. Beautiful going again.- still dryshed 3 hours down. Here John and Dudley went on and the other two returned and found a better route round the bluff.

Wednesday- Hut party put in two hanging bunks and a cross bar for a maori bunk. Downstream party returned naked at 2.10 having negotiated the gut. Camped 7 hours downstream having met no difficulties and left up spur at 7 a.m. which took them direct to Rongotea. Saw a mob of polled Angus just below trig. Started back along ridge but found track in poor condition and left it at the saddle in bush below Rongotea, returning via creek to the Waikamaka in 50 mins. thence $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours to hut.

Except for this saddle creek all side streams have waterfall falls- most smaller ones direct into the Waikamaka.

Hut party climbed ridge in the evening and examined the ridge again. There appears to be little between the ridge and the stream as alternative routes from the hut to Rongotea - if the track is in bad order the stream would be preferable.

Thursday- Dug a latrine, cleared up bivvy and hut -left at 2 p.m. and reached mill in 2 - $2\frac{1}{4}$ hrs.

The weather was beautifully fine all through, clouding over each afternoon. One mild thunderstorm with a short shower,

PAST TRIPS

Trip . no. 110
2-3/12/39

Kaweka Trip Direct

Via Pukitibiri to the Black Birch range the programme for the 18 members this trip.

Leaving Hastings at 6 a.m. the party arrived at the foot of the range via Napier at 9 a.m.. An immediate start was made in perfect weather and by noon they were lunching in heavy birch bush on the broad flat top. One and a half hours of easy travelling through rather confusing bush followed when the party came upon an open clearing at the foot of the ridge leading to the Kaweka trig.

Time was too short to continue further so they retraced their steps through the birch forest and returned to the foot of the range via a more northerly ridge

After a most enjoyable day the party returned to town at 9 a.m.

No. in party 18
Leader F. Simpson.

Trip no. 111
17/22/39

Rangi O te Atua

" And does the road wind uphill all the way?
 Yea, to the very end"

(Rosetti)

The usual route via 3 Johns Ridge was taken by the party of 16 leaving the mill at 9 a.m. The day was one out of the bag and by 10 o'clock we were feeling the heat and progress up the final stages of 3 Johns was pretty slow. We were by this time reduced to the minimum of clothing but even so it was hot. Ten mins beyond the Johns Peak we rested our warm wearied bodies and sank thankfully into tufts of tussock. A dirtyish tarn nearby did not appeal to the palate so Dick Harrison did the Gunga Din act and came back with a billyfull of the welcome beverage. At 1.45 our bodies were sufficiently rested to continue the climb and after scrambling up through a lot of tough spaniards we reached Rangi at 2.45. Assembling on top we surveyed the surrounding country. The Three National Park Peaks were outstanding and visibility all round was very good. The bottle containing the list of names was unearther and another list of names attached.

At 3 p.m. a general exodus from the top and we came down Rangi on to the Mokai -Patea Ridge and while half the number followed the Waikamaka stream down to the forks the rest followed

the Waikamaka Stream down to the forks the rest followed the ridge for about half a mile before dropping down a shingle spree to a rough track leading to the hut. We were welcomed by the hut party with a billy of soup Oh boy It were good! A late afternoon siesta for half an hour and away again on the final stages of the trip reaching McCullochs at 7 p.m.

No in party 16.
Leader : B. Beachey

NEW YEAR

RONGOTEA

Saturday: To the Waikamaka Hut, 9, strong, taking a couple of sheets of iron.

Sunday: Finished the roof and set off downstream at 9 30. Located overland, waterline, and submarine routes past the first gut and went about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour up the creek off 66 finding a deer sidling round the right hand side of the fall. Continued down the main stream to the Rongotea Saddle creek and had a look at the sheer bluffs below this, then struck up a dirty spur to the first knob on the Rongotea ridge and camped for the night at the big tarn just beyond the Trig.

A magnificent sunset heralded a change in the weather. The wind got up in the night and soon after daybreak trailers of sand started to form on the peaks north and south. A few wisps like smoke, then the cloud was down on us too.

Monday: After breakfast in a sheltered hollow we went back to the first knob and held a council of war which was settled by Doug's pack starting off on its own initiative down a scrubby hollow. Doung and Tony took the hint and followed the stream down to the Kawhatau arriving $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour ahead of the main party who followed the ridge. Fair going except for a path of windfalls and scrub half way down. Fine open red beech forest lower down. A broken strap and a lost torch Doug's worst misfortunes,. The river was steep sided but easy going. Traces of two people going downstream were seen. We had previously picked up recent footprints on Rongotea and Clem who had returned via the ridge track saw footsteps there too, these apparently of one man.

2 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours easy travelling brought us to Iron Peg Creek, and at 3.30 we stopped at the Weka Flat Camp/ Most of the party went on upstream to the Kawhatau Falls (1 hr. 10 mins) where the Druces located routes up both sides and reported a second fall 20 minutes further on upstream.

Tuesday: After a windy night with some heavy showers of rain we lay in till a suitable lull occurred for breakfast &

packing up. Left in a squall at 10.30 and returned to the hut at 12.50 with the weather much improved. Pooled our depleted rations for a filling lunch and went out to the road in a leisurely fashion.

Trip no 113

14/1/40

OHARA STREAM

ABANDONED

Trip no. 114

ANNIVERSARY DAY

No leaders report
 to hand.

Trip no. 115

4/2/40

ELLIS HUT - TRIG "K"

Four car loads of pleasure seekers? despite a miserable blustering sort of wind left for their fortnightly limber up reaching Gardner and Yeomans Mill shortly before 9 o'clock Norm Elder in his usual fatherly fashion buzzed off immediately after arrival and came back with the welcome news that he had collected three recruits. However this proved to be gross exaggeration, and only Desmond Barker joined the band of Hope.

We toured down the Makaroro for a bit before striking up Dutch Creek - this stream was pleasantly warm after the cold welcome we got from the Makaroro. We splashed our way upstream for close on an hour before someone found an inviting looking track leading out to the flats? above. Ten or so followed this track while the remainder followed the creek. The latter had the easier path. Those on top after rushing through burnt scrub and up and down through several gullies reached the hut (fair worn out) to find the stream party with their feet on the mantelpiece shouting

"Leader where's the billy?"

This essential article was produced and a meal was readily got underway.

At 1 p.m. 8 of the party set out for trig K. The wind had by no means abated and if anything was stronger than before. Wind being a minor consideration the eight breezily set off & found the bush none too open which slowed the rate of progress. Arch Toop and another mug left the party and struck off almost due south and reached the mill via the train track. Anyone wanting a ripping time could use this way - thistles and scrub etc abound. Getting back to the trig K party then toiled onwards and upwards reaching K after 2½ hrs from Ellis Hut and after locating the trig lost no time in quitting the wind swept tops. Three and a half hours later

they were safely back at the Mill.

Those who stayed at Ellis Hut lay basking in the sun on the leeward side. till 3 p.m. They then wandered over to the foot of the Whakamaras and came onto the wide open grassy track which we have heard so much about but seldom seen. The time from the hut to the mill was $1\frac{1}{2}$ hrs and this way is undoubtedly the easiest and shortest (future leaders please note).

At 7.30 all had assembled again and soon quitted that windy place - Gardner Yeomans Mill.

No. in party 16
Leader B. Beechey

ANNUAL CLUB PICNIC:
10-11 Feb/40.

This year the picnic was held at Waipatiki instead of at Waimarama and it was whispered that the chief reason for the change was that the Biten (in the person of the treasurer) did not like being bit by a nastily inclined spider last year. He was not amused. However the change was quite successful and the 25 members all seemed to enjoy themselves. On leaving Hastings the weather looked rather doubtful and things looked even more doubtful when the Napier contingent came aboard complete with fishing lines, crayfish pots and BAIT (POOH)

The weather continued to deteriorate and a sharp shower heralded our arrival. The crowd set to with a will to erect the large marquees and we were soon showerproof - the rain then stopped. The tea came next on the programme but it was then discovered that the Leader had forgotten the billy. Luckily our old friend Geoff. Harding was in residence at the beach and remedied the deficiency. The hardy spirits in the party (mostly ladies of course) then visited the beach for a swim.

The evening was commenced by a satisfactory singsong round the fire and then the fishermen (and women) set forth to fish. After much scrambling over rocks, falling into pools of water and messing round generally our joint efforts met with the success they deserved(?) and a large sack of poor innocent crayfish was duly boiled not in oil but in sea water. The morning dawned finely and everyone bounded out of bed although some took a little gentle persuasion. The day was spent in a thoroughly lazy fashion by most of the party in swimming and sunbathing although others indulged in the time honoured sport of goat chasing. Les Holt led a small party which did some much needed metalling work on the access road. So eventually the sun started to fade and tenets were struck and it was a case of "Home James" (sorry Eric) Once again the Club picnic was over. Ave Atque vale.

Leader Fred Green
No. in trip 25

STOP PRESS:

Doug Callow hints that his time with us is now very limited and that he expects to be transferred to Gisborne shortly. Surely this can't be true Doug?. This expected transfer may leave you cold but to the old tramping Club its leaves us all hot and bothered. We await your further advice with palpitations.

FUTURE TRIPS

Trip no.118
16-17 March

Shut Eye - Te Atua Mahuri

Leader
Bill Hayman

About four hrs along the top
from Armstrongs saddle then down to
the Makaroro

Trip No.119
22-25 March

Easter
Mangitipopo Hut - National Park

Leader
F. Simpson

Trip no. 120
7th April

Purahotangiha
Shepherd's lookout

Leader
D. Sheppard

Trip no.121
20-21 April

Waikamaka -Tuki Tuki
Private cars working from
both ends.

Leader
N. Elder

Trip no.122
5th May

Makahu Stream
Over Black Birch and down to
Mahaka

Leader
S. Craven

Trip No 123
18-19 May

Tupari
Up Makaroro R. and over Tupari
and Te Atua Mahuri

Leader
A. Toop

Trip no.124
1-3 June

Kings Birthday
Kaweka Hut(as base)

Leader
J. Lovell
Smith

Trip No. 125
16th June

Ruahine Hut
via Hollowback Ridge

Leader
W. Hayman

Trip no.126
30th June

Kopua Trig
Early snows should make this trip
worth while

Leader
M.McCormack

Trip no.127
13-14 July

Waikamaka Hut
via "66" and Shut Eye

Leader
E.Simpson
