

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INCORPORATED)."P O H O K U R A".Bulletin No 46.August 1947.PRESIDENT:

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USING THE COMPASS.RULES:

1. Never trust a map. All maps are approximate but some are more approximate than others.
2. Always check a bearing. A scratched bearing, a rusty pivot, grit, tilt or water may cause the needle to jam. A fence-line, or a slasher or a dirty big sheath-knife may deflect the needle. So always take a second reading as a check. If they agree, trust the reading come hell or high water.
3. North by compass is not true north on the map. The compass points nearly 18° of true north, so 342 on your compass card indicates true north. 18° is not a great amount in itself but if your arithmetic is funny and you subtract when you should add you will be twice 18° out which is quite a lot.
4. Think the country into place. In thick weather it is easy to forget that a change in direction, also changes the direction of the invisible landmarks around you, so that a saddle which lay out on your left front when you started now lies out to the right. With every major change in direction replot the surrounding country in your mind.

5. Concentrate. working by compass demands close and continuous attention. It should be courteously but firmly pointed out to the nitwit who chases that particular moment to regale you with funny stories or autobiographical reminiscences that he is a greater menace than mist, snow or flooded rivers.

USES.

1. To fix your position.

Put the compass on the map.

Turn the map till the compass is pointing a little to the right of True North. (342 mag. is 360° True).

The map is now orientated.

If you know where you are you can choose your route from the map and get its bearing.

If you don't know where you are you can find out by taking bearings on two landmarks shown on the map. where the two bearings cut on the map (about a right angle apart gives the best fix) is your position.

If you don't know where you are and can't pick any landmarks retrace your steps.

If you can't retrace your steps, turn to page 33 of "Safety in the mountains".

2. To keep a direction.

Don't attempt to steer a beeline by compass. New Zealand isn't built that way.

Keep the compass behind. It is far easier to judge the general direction of a party from the rear and the leaders whole attention must be concentrated on choosing the easiest going for his party. The third or fourth man back is in a convenient position both to observe the direction and advise the leader.

Trust your compass. In mist it is easy to panic.

Heights and turns appear exaggerated and a minor dip or knob may lead you to assume you are off the route. A 6ft. outcrop has been mistaken for Cook's Horn before today.

Night Travelling. An army prismatic has two luminous marks, a diamond on the card and a bar on the glass. First you turn the glass on the case till the indicator points to the bearing you want to follow. Then lock the glass which has a clamp. Then turn the compass till the luminous diamond lies under the luminous bar. The line of the compass sight is now the correct ~~diamond~~ direction to follow. There is usually a luminous foresight but in any case so long as your thumb is through the thumb ring underneath the feel of the compass is usually a sufficient guide. Just keep the marks on and follow your thumb.

GEAR FOR A WEEKEND - A Guide to new members.

EQUIPMENT. sleeping bag or blankets with waterproof cover, short oilskin coat and sou'wester; change of clothing and socks; slacks; shorts; boots; gloves; scarf; torch; matches; First aid kit; plate; mug; eating irons; woollen clothing is most suitable. Bring spare long balaclava and extra pullover in winter. You would be well advised to put on all your spare clothing for the lorry trip because it can be very cold in spite of the inevitable rough-house and the general crush.

FOOD. Bread 1½ lbs. - meat 1lb. - butter ¼lb. - tea, coffee, or cocoa - dried milk - sugar - jam or honey - packet of soup - oatmeal - cheese - chocolate - cake or biscuits - dried fruit if available - any other idiosyncrasies according to taste and carrying capacity.

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PRIVATE TRIPS.

A Three Pass Trip.

being an account of the activities of Molly Molineux, Allison Wilkinson, George Lowe and Ian Wilkinson - activities which led them to the headwaters of the Wainakariri River, over Harman and Whitehorn Passes to the head of the Wilberforce River; then over Browning Pass into Westland (where the sun always shines), down the Ararua River, a sidestep into the Styx River and down this, then over to beautiful Lake Kanieri and so to Hokitika.

Actually there are more direct routes of getting ~~to~~ from Christchurch to The Red Lion, Hokitika but we were in no hurry and Three Passing is guaranteed to raise a thirst so :-

~~May 14th~~ 2.30 a.m. found us wearily climbing on to the railcar at Christchurch and 5.0 a.m. found us more wearily climbing off it at Bealey Corner, five miles this side of Arthur's Pass. Under a cloudy but fine sky we trudged up the wainak. to anti-Crow Hut where we ate breakfast and then continued very slowly to the Carrington Hut, groaning under the weight of heavy packs. We staggered over the doorstep at 1 p.m. and spent the afternoon catching up on last night's lack of sleep. Arousing ourselves temporarily for an evening meal we returned to the sleeping shortly after.

May 15th. A murky south west dawn greeted George as he threw the door open to greet "Hughie" but nevertheless we packed up and praying for better things, - we set off for Harman Pass at 8.45.

Progress up the Taipoiti stream was slow (as we had no porters) and we reached the Pass (4310') about the same time as some light but steady snow and an icy wind. Lunch was consumed with chattering teeth and we set off for Whitehorn Pass (5728') "somewhere up there in the mist". Snow conditions on Whitehorn Glacier were excellent, no step-cutting or floundering in deep snow being necessary. We roped just under the Pass and crossed over the top with a visibility of about twenty feet. Snow, sleet, wind and the local cold swept up from the Cronin Stream below and the general idea was "Let's go downstairs, it's unhealthy up here!" George took two steps-forward and stopped dead as an ice avalanche swept off the Cronin Icefall on our right with a deafening roar - well out of harm's way but disturbing when you can't see it and don't know that it is there. "Are we in the right valley?" says George, "Sounds more like the Linda to me!" The descent to the floor of the valley was very slow and time flew by. We pushed on down the Cronin (a tributary of the Wilberforce) as hard as possible but inky darkness caught us still an hour from the hut and at 8 p.m. we were forced to call it a day - and a reasonably comfortable meeting of "the night-out club" was held within a quarter of an hour of the Park-morpeth Hut.

May 16th. The snow is over, the weather is clearing and breakfast is on at the hut so we shifted fast and after having our first brew for 24 hours we settled down to drying out gear, sleeping, eating etc.

May 17th. The weather was gloriously fine and George and Ian set off down the Wilberforce on a boot repairing expedition; one of Allison's boots having sustained damage the day before. There was a last and horseshoe nails available at the Moa Hut - 12-14 miles down the river and we managed to do the job and get back that day but it was a long day.

May 18th. More sun and more salubriation round the Park-morpeth Hut with a little exercise in the afternoon just to take a look round.

May 19th. Enough of Canterbury - let's look at Westland so leaving the Park-morpeth Hut at 7.45 a.m. in perfect weather we left for the head of the Wilberforce about half an hour up the Valley and so up on to Browning Pass (4752'). It is a steep climb especially near the top, where we roped up, but conditions were good and we stepped into Westland at 10.15 and gazed into lovely little Lake Browning a few feet below us. A half hour spell here

and then off down the track into the head of the Arahura River. Initially, as height is being rapidly lost, the going is rough and rocky but once into the valley, a wide track greets you and stays with you for the next two days, right out to Lake Kanieri and civilisation. Lunch is enjoyed in perfect sunshine at the Pyramid Huts which is an old wreck of a hut near the head of the Arahura. It is built of rocks mainly with large gaps between them (anti-freeze device no doubt) but its situation makes it a real sun trap when the sun shines which is seldom. However George was proving that he could control the weather just as effectively in Westland as at the Waikamaka. Two hours down the rugged Arahura Valley (thank God for a track) and we reached the Styx Saddle so, saying farewell to the Arahura, we crossed into the Styx valley and dropped steeply down to Grassy flats and the shelter of the Kenton Hut where we spent a comfortable and happy night.

May 20th. "Awake my little ones and fill the cup etc." Its another gorgeous day and Lake Kanieri lies over the Hill. And so we departed on the last hop of the trip. We were now down to a fairly low altitude and in typical West Coast bush and for the whole day we were rarely out of it so under the existing perfect weather conditions the day was a sheer delight. We lunched just prior to leaving the Styx River and then crossed over a low saddle to the shingling expanse of Lake Kanieri surrounded on all sides by West Coast Rain forest - a magnificent sight on this glorious sunny afternoon. Half way round the lake, track becomes "road" at Dorothy Falls, and a little way past here we decided to sleep out for the night at a particularly nice spot on the lakeside. The next morning we wandered round the lake for the remaining three miles to the tearooms and telephone and while waiting for a taxi from Hokitika we breakfasted on iced cake and tea which was not very satisfying but the oysters in Hokitika about two hours later made up for any deficiency. And so back to the fleshpots again after a most successful crossing of the now famous Three Pass Route.

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TRAINING YOUNG MOUNTAINEERS.

Every Easter the Canterbury Mountainering Club uses the Carrington Hut in the Arthurs Pass National Park as a base for their school of instruction. Like Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea I attached myself to this centre of young-life journeying across the sea by the sweet and smart Minemona on a rough trip.

Mar. 30th. Mr & Mrs Edgar Williams and I arrived at the Bealey Bridge at 1.30 a.m. by goods train from Christchurch. A 15% moonlit our way to pitch the tent at 2 a.m. alongside the

graveyard. Next day 8 miles up the boulders of the Waimakariri River to the hut. April 1st, we visited the Barke hut near the white Col. This was the instructors home, alongside the ice and snow slopes. The two married people left on a showery Wednesday. The C.M.C. boys being shy prefer absent ladies. The hut has 16 bunks, and a cook house with 3 bunks and a stove, trough shaped, burning billets of wood, its top plate has holes for dixies to cook on. Old and young have done great work carrying everything up here a three hour trip. Vegetables were already packed in, but wood cutting, paving the approaches and general improvements were done prior to the noisy influx which began at 3.30 a.m. and continued all Friday, each man bringing some of the food from a depot near the train. Halves of sheep, ham, corned beef were soon piled up in the cookhouse by about 80 eaters and they ate. Dinner was served nightly as the stars came out, breakfast at 5 a.m. or earlier if wanted. Cooks rose 2.45 a.m. The queue at the serving table had no end it was a revolving circle involving second helpings. It was inspiring to mingle with keen men. To bed early, and away before daylight, torches flashing here and there up the rivers. Climbing out of a crevasse, cutting steps up and down an ice face, checking slips on slopes, made a full day for learners. All the high peaks were well climbed, even the oldest man climbed Mt. Rosamond (7173') via the Harman and Whitehorn Passes. He had the two youngest on his rope which was put on above the bergschrund and crevasses of the Cronin Glacier and returned along the rocky ridge to the top. At every point in lessons and climbs one saw the eager keenness of instructors and learners in the acquisition of safe and efficient climbing. Prior to the classes we had some in the hut, who sat up late and noisy burning firewood they did not chop, and got up late, but I was deeply inspired by the early to bed spirit of all in the class camp. The weather was brilliant and perfect. Mt. Cook, 112 miles away plainly visible. Alpine conditions and the rope automatically make each one watch over the welfare of one's mates and estimate their worth. Days of freedom and nights of rest, weather congenial and men at their best.

Angus Russell.

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CARE AND ATTENTION OF BOOTS.

We should like to place on record our appreciation of the kindness that we have received at all times from Mr. Mulgrove Sen. and Mr. Noel Mulgrove. New members would be well advised to consult them on the subject of boots and nailing as they will be sure to receive courtesy and personal attention from this firm.

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Federated Mountain Clubs of N. Z. Annual Meeting.

From our point of view the most topical matters discussed in May were the report on the Dobson accident, of which the sub-committee's recommendations are published separately in this bulletin, and question of sensational press reports of mishaps in high country.

PRESS REPORTS.

The matter was brought up by an Otago Delegate who had taken action to correct misleading reports in the general interests of tramping. It was agreed that where clubs were concerned the responsibility was on them, and on the loyalty and commonsense of their members. It was generally admitted that sensational reports, as such, could not be dealt with once they were published, for the damage was then done, while the full facts were seldom available for prompt correction. Ill-informed or biased criticism should however be dealt with promptly and it was agreed that it would be desirable to have district representatives, authorised to speak for the Federation particularly in cases where no individual club was concerned. A start has already been made with the appointment of these.

GUIDES' SCHOOL.

Probably the most important development this year from the point of view of general policy has been the decision of the Tourist Department to set up a school for guides at the Hermitage. This should have much the effect that was sought by the Mountain Guide's Act, of establishing a standard of mountaineering and increasing the present inadequate number of professional guides. This will in turn set a standard for amateur climbing and clubs will benefit through the knowledge of their keen members, and no tramping club can afford to neglect the elements of sound mountaineering technique.

FOREST PRESERVATION.

Differing views were expressed on the State Forest policy of milling Kauri in the Waipoua Forest, the main issue being whether in our present state of knowledge the claim could be maintained, that this could be done so as to ensure the regeneration of Kauri. The meeting decided by a majority vote that the F.M.C. should support the forthcoming deputation of the Forest and Bird Protection Society.

HUT LOCATION.

Your delegates supported a motion from the Tararua Tramping Club that the Federation should be notified of the location of proposed huts, this being on the lines of a remit put forward on a previous occasion by the H.T.C.. The proposal was again defeated on the grounds that the F.M.C. would be placed in the position of dictating to clubs where their huts should be sited.

INQUEST PROCEDURE.

The meeting went into committee to discuss certain aspects of the coroner's inquest into the Dobson accident. The incoming executive were directed to consider the whole question.

FINANCE.

The Federation's income from subscriptions only covers the cost of administration. There is power to raise a levy each year for special expenses, and this is being done this year, to enable republication of Safety in the Mountains.

ELECTION.

The club's nominee Mr. F. Akhurst of Palmerston North was elected to the executive committee.

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NEWS OF OVERSEAS MEMBERS.

Nora Finn from all accounts is enjoying herself in England in spite of austerity conditions. She and Sealy Wood have collaborated over several "juicy operations". Sealy has sold her the motor cycle idea so she will probably next be heard of zooming through Scotland. She writes;-

dear H.T.C.

Suede shoes and nylon stockings are not recommended as adequate to trek around England in or on! I have been thinking about you a good deal today and as my feet grew more painful I wondered if I ever did belong to a Tramping Club once or was it just a myth - as I feel about being in England. It is all so much like a dream. If you look up a map which shows N. Devon, the bit that sticks out into the Bristol Channel is the spot where I am perched like a seagull. I took the train from London to Bristol to locate some relatives and having successfully achieved this I looked up an old bloke - a great uncle of mine - had a non-sleep night in a hard and cold bed and felt that I must go off to a beautiful spot to recover. Caught the train at Castle Cary at 8 p.m. this morning - travelled at snails' pace to Tauton where a charming female planned my two days. Then I caught a slow train to Mine Head. Sampled their cider and food and took a bus route to Lyndon - dropped off a few miles out and viewed with great pleasure a most charming spot called Selworthy - a place right away from civilisation and motor cars. "Cross Acres Country Hotel" was very inviting plus the lovely scenery. From Selworthy I walked to Allerton and from there through Bossington. An "arty" female gave me directions how to reach Porlock via the sea and I finished up in a boggy field with a bull - half way through the bog I remembered that I was wearing a red blouse - fortunately the bull was colour blind!! Finally I caught the bus in Porlock and arrived in this lofty spot

an hour later. Tomorrow I arise with the sun and take myself off for Barnstaple and Clovelly and finally back to London. On Friday at 10a.m. I leave for Paris for whitsun weekend. Then I return to the "noble" profession on June 1st. after an absence of nearly 4 months. For the benefit of the H.T.C. - M.E.F.

I had two super days in Cairo and did most of the old haunts. You will be interested to hear that Sauls have a new door entrance - same place but new style. Lunched there saw no one in uniform - a bottle of "Stellar" cost 28 pts. there. Visited the sphinx and pyramids at night - I walked in high heeled court shoes, so wasn't in the mood for climbing it. A cafe has started up a trade at the foot of the Great Pyramid. Mena House is just the same - oozing with style etc. I patted horses' heads at the stables - some new faces there. Had a cheap tram ride out and in - stood all the way out for 1½ pts. Visited Jennings' Cap D'Or Bar and had plenty of Beer. Also went to the Mouski. Most of it closed, due to a "mysterious cool wind" holiday. A funeral of importance brought forth all the super Police Horses - I saw no coffin - an odd funeral. Went to Groppis had an ice-cream and then a zibib - had no effect. Sat on a suitcase in the middle of Cairo Main Stn. smoking a cigarette - the wogs with their crates of fowls revolving round me - it was an odd feeling. We had to sit in the porch part of a Pullman, the same old gag - 2nd class seats - 1st. class accomodation but we had to sit in the porch and not inside. Sang "Roll out the Barrel" and "Maori Battalion" - it was great to smell it all again. Peanut Alley still there. Had six weeks at sea and got very sick of it all - looked after a few babies and one night poured beer down the hatch on to the galley fire below into some frying fat! Enough said. I am intoxicated with so much to look at - the sooner I work the better. Hopped over to Dublin and went to the Royal Spring Show, not the Horse Show. I have seen the King and Queen twice - two processions - good views.

Must go to sleep I have a heavy day ahead of me tomorrow and I'm mighty tired now. Love to you all.

Huckleberry Finn.

N O T I C E S.NEW MEMBERS:

We should like to welcome the following new members and wish them happy and successful tramping with the Club:-

Pauline Tyers, re-elected, (You've had it Paul) Hugo Mackay;
Buntly Williams; Muriel Saywell.

SUBSCRIPTIONS:

The Treasurer issues a reminder to all those whose Subs are due that he would like them in as soon as possible. With the financial year drawing to a close he would be pleased if he could square off everything for the annual meeting.

EQUIPMENT:

Will those wishing to hire equipment collect it BEFORE the weekend as the equipment officer, Les Holt, is often inconvenienced with people hiring gear at the last moment.

MEETING NIGHTS:

Would members please note that meetings in future will be held ALWAYS on the first and third Thursdays in the month in the Red Cross Rooms. Therefore we will disregard any fifth Thursday so that the fixture list will stay in line.

CLUB BADGES:

A new supply of cap badges has come to hand and may be obtained from the Hon. Secretary - Price 5/6d.

FIRST AID:

Arrangements are being made with the St. John's Ambulance to give us instructions in practical First Aid. It has been decided to have a long session one night instead of a series of short lectures. Further notice of the date will be given to members when arrangements have been finalised.

CLUB ROOM EVENTS.

There has been an exceptionally encouraging attendance at Club meetings the last few months. On one or two occasions the Red Cross Room has not been available and we've trespassed once again on the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. E.S. Craven. We are grateful to those people who have come along and given us entertainment and instruction with talks and lantern slides.

Doctor Bathgate spoke to us on New Zealand Birds - a most instructive and enjoyable talk.

Bob Miller showed us a series of slides from photographs taken in Bombay, Greece and Egypt, and gave explanatory remarks as he went along. We should like some more.

Norman and Angus have given us instruction on various subjects - Contours on the ranges; Compass work; Elements of skiing; Dealing with the Press; and a description by Angus of work done at the C.M.C. instructional camp.

THANK YOU VERY MUCH.

CLUB SONGS.

In response to various inquiries we are printing the words of some of the less ribald songs that are howled forth on Club trips:-

TRAMPING STORIES.

Old folks, young folks, everybody come,
Join the Heretaunga Club and make
yourself at home,
Park your pack and tramping boots
upon the lorry floor,
And we'll sing you tramping stories
that you've never heard
before.

The Heretaunga Tramping Club started
in the Spring,
They jumped into a lorry and they
sang like anything.
They crashed through bush and leath-
erwood and on the mountains sat,
Said parents and relations - What on
earth d'you see in that?

When Heretaunga colours the Committee
had to find,
Some suggested colour schemes enough
to strike you blind.
The trouble was to hit on something
handsome and yet new,
So finally the chosen ones were
navy, red and blue.

The Club were busy tramping in the
ranges far away,
An aeroplane came buzzing round, it
was a lovely day.
Says Doctor to the pilot as o'er the
ridge she dips,
They're looking very happy but where
are those orange strips?

(With apologies to Pauline..)
A tramper went out tramping high
upon the range,
She thought she was a mountain goat
and found it very strange,
That when she started sliding she
somehow couldn't stop,
And landed at the bottom with the
ice axe at the top.

A stretcher party volunteered to
carry out the bod,
Along the track the day before
that tramper lightly trod,

So they put her on a stretcher
Made of sacks and bits of string.
Said the President, "You'll all
agree this is the very thing".

In the Heretaunga Tramping Club
you see some awful sights,
In balaclavas, skiing caps and
pink or purple tights,
With socks and shirts and pullovers
of every shade and hue,
So come along and join up with this
very motley crew.

KAWEKA KORUS.

Way up in the Kawekas
You climb among the rocks
You scamper round the mountainside
And scramble round the tops.
We have a hut built up there
It's the grandest place we know,
'Mid the manuka trees far away from
the seas,

Our hut in the Kawekas.

This hut was built by labour
As free as the open air,
'Twas the only thing that we could
do

No builder would go there.
The boys and girls they toiled so
hard

To make this place a Mecca,
In the mountains fast was a home
at last

Our hut in the Kawekas.

Now thank you folks for listening
This song is mostly joy,
It's made up of a few sweet words
And a helluva lot of noise.
We can add there's a bridge in Sydney
That's a mighty single decker,
But you ought to see, standing out
against the trees,
Our hut in the Kawekas.

Do you ever think
As the hearse rolls by
That some day it will be
You and I?

Now poor Miss Brown
She died last week.
The worms are eating
Her damask cheek,
And every time
She waggles her chin
The worms crawl out
And the worms crawl in.

Or take the case
Of Mr. Jones,
They dug a hole
And they buried his bones.
And of the worms
There came the best
And now they're chewing bits
Off his chest.

The worms crawl in
And the worms crawl out,
They do eyes right
And they turn about.
And a little brown worm
With a glassy stare
He nibbles your eyebrows
And parts your hair.

Now isn't it nice
For us to know
That the worms are waiting
For us below?

The moral of
The story related
Is don't be buried
But be cremated.

One day in the summer when daylight was fading
Way down by the river I wandered alone,
I met an old man who was weeping and wailing
And rocking a cradle that was not his own.

Singing aida! O Boy, sweet baby lie easy,
Your own Daddy will never be know.
Oh it's weeping and wailing and rocking a
 cradle
For somebody's baby that is not your own.

When first I married your innocent mother
I thought like a fool I was blessed with a wife,
But to my misfortune and sad lamentation
She proved both a curse and a plague to my life.

'Twas every night to a ball or a party,
She left me here rocking the cradle alone;
And innocent baby he calls me his daddy,
Though little he knows that I am not his own.

Now all you young fellows who, some day, may
marry,
Take my advice and leave women alone;
For, by the Lord Harry, if ever you marry,
They'll bring you a baby and swear it's your
own.

Where shall we all be a hundred years from now?
Where shall we all be a hundred years from now?
Pushing up the daisies,
Pushing up the daisies,
That's where we'll all be a hundred years from now.

Then it may happen that you may die at sea,
That would be another story,
Fishes bite your noses,
Chew bits off your toeses,
That's what would happen if you should die at sea.

THE WIDOW.

A widow sat on a graveyard wall, Woo-oo-oo-oo -a-a-a-a Chorus.
She was tall and gaunt and thin: Chorus.
Saw three corpses carried in: Chorus.
They were tall and gaunt and thin: Chorus.
Widow to the corpses said: Chorus.
"Will I be like you when I'm dead?" Chorus.
Corpses to the widow said
Lord Scream.

Around her leg she wears a yellow garter,
She wears it in the springtime in the merry
month of May,
And if you ask her why the heck she wears it,
She wears it for an airman who is far, far
away.

Around the park she wheels a baby carriage,
She wheels it in the springtime in the merry
month of May,
And if you ask her why the heck she wheels it,
She wheels it for an airman who is far, far
away.

Behind the door her father keeps a shotgun,
He keeps it in the springtime in the merry
month of May,
And if you ask him why the heck he keeps it,
He keeps it for an airman who is far, far
away.

Upon a grave she lays a yellow posy,
She lays it in the springtime in the merry
month of May,
And if you ask her why the heck she lays it,
She lays it for an airman who is six feet
below.

There was a rich man in the days of Methusalem
Who wore a top hat in the streets of Jerusalem.

At the Rich man's gate there lived a human
wreckium
Who wore a bowler hat with the brim around
his neckium.

Now this poor man to work he wasn't ableum
So he used to beg the crumbs from the rich
man's tableum.

The poor man asked for a little jelly pieceum
The rich man said I'll send for the policeum.
The poor man died and he went straight to
heavenum
Where he dances with the saints till half past
elevenum.

The poor man went straight to Abraham his
boseum
Pleasantly congested there with scores of
other jewseum.

The rich man died but he didn't fare so
welleum
For he fell in with a chemist who was
analysing helleum.

The rich man asked for a brandy and a
sodium
Because he found the heat so very
discommodium.

The rich man cried have mercy on my
souleum
But Satan only answered shovel on the
coaleum.

Now since we've seen that riches end in
smokium
Let's thank our lucky stars that we're
all stony brokium.

CLUB TRIPS

No. 299

LONGFELLOW

(via Whana Whana)

23rd March 1947.

We left Holt's 5 minutes late in dirty weather which didn't allow sunshine to bother us all day. After leaving the truck we started off for the Outstation which is guarded by a rabbitier and his pack and had it not been for the timely intervention of the "apparition" who turned out to be a real gentlemen, I fear that the club membership would have been somewhat reduced.

From the Outstation we passed on to the Omahaki Stream for a boil-up, after which we followed a scrubby ridge which lead to another scrubby ridge. Before we reached the top a thick mist spoiled the view so turned tail and hissed off down the ridge like so many startled pigs. Bob, by the way, had the embarrassment while looking over the edge at the lack of scenery, of finding himself standing on nothingness.

The mob regrouped at the Omahaki Stream and then set off for the Outstation for food. The splashing back from there to the truck did not make us any wetter so we were glad of a dry change. The whole trip was a most enjoyable mudlark.

Number in Party -
sometimes 12

Leader :
J. Mac.

No. 300.

EASTER TRIPKAWEKA HUT.

4th - 7th April 1947

A party of 15 left Holt's at 10 a.m. on Good Friday, arrived at the Willows at 12.15. Lunch at the cottage and a fairly early start into Kaweka Hut. The majority made good time, Ona, Pauline and Rangus took it more leisurely. Tea and an early night.

Next morning John and Pauline set off after deer but returned with a sheep, or parts of it. Meanwhile a party of five, Bruce, Ken, Walter, Peter and Bob, set off for the Bivvy, the rest of the party played round the hut and Kaweka creek. Dinner that night consisted of Roast Mutton and veges - very good. Sunday morning John, George, Pauline made an early start for Kaweka J, having had a very solid breakfast of porridge, but the fog came down so heavy on 4915 that they got "fogged" on Studholme's Saddle or some other saddle (nuff said) and after playing around on 4915 decided to make tracks back to the hut, arriving back at midday.

In the afternoon the weather cleared a bit so George, Peter and John went up Cooks , and using the clothes line from the hut , as a rope , climbed Cook's Horn . Others set off and climbed some of the ridges around the hut . Dave and Bob did some good work clearing the track a bit and clearing a space for 'plane messages near the hut .

Monday dawned clear - the only really clear day we had . A party of four (George, John, Pauline and Walter) roused the hut at some ungodly hour and after eating huge breakfasts (on other people's dishes) set off to return to the road via Kiwi Saddle . They were rewarded with a great view , Napier and districts being covered in fog , but the tops quite clear . They made Kiwi Saddle in $3\frac{1}{4}$ hours, with nothing more exciting than a blistered heel and a bit of buttering up - George recommends butter to be carried in every First Aid Kit . Lunch at Kiwi Saddle, and after an hour's rest, they pushed on . Ruapehu performed for us , sending forth volumes of smoke and/or steam . A steady trip back to Willows where the rest of the party had tea billy boiling . Others left hut and came out on Kaweka track .

Left for home 3 o'clock , arrived Hastings at 5.15 p.m.

Number in Party - 15.

Leader -
G. Lowe .

No. 301.

AHIMANAWAS

April 25,26,27.

Ten trampers arrived at the Mohaka at Midday after a very wet journey . We boiled up and by this time the weather had broken so decided to make a short reconnaissance but we did not see much of our projected trip .

We walked up along the south bank of the Ripia and camped the night below where a strong track went up the ridge on the other side of the river .

Next morning dawned bright and clear . We started up the track and were soon on a small plateau which the track crossed . We disturbed about a dozen pigs and came to an old camp site and then started to climb the ridge , from here we were soon in the bush . After losing the track from time to time we struggled on and lunched on a grassy flat (about 3000') and had a good view of Kawekas and Keimanewas including Makako .

By 3.30 we had reached 3500 ft. and as there was no view to be seen on account of the bush and to what looked like a deep gorge ahead of us, we decided to turn back . We camped the night on the grassy flat and as it was fairly exposed the tents were nearly blown away in the night .

We breakfasted on the plateau and were soon down to the Ripia which we followed until we reached the Mohaka . Most of the party had

a swim while the remainder organised a cup of tea .

Number in party - 10

Leader -

Noel Fendall

No. 304

WAIKAMAKA HUT

Kings Birthday Weekend

May 31st - June 2nd .

A party of 11 H.T.C. and 2 Rover Scouts left Hastings on time and arrived at McCullough's about midday . After a 'boil-up' and a bite to eat here - we set off . It was a beautiful day for the Waikamaka and the going was very pleasant - although there was a covering of snow on the Waipawa Saddle and a cold wind going over the top .

We were primarily a working party and carried in tins of paint for the purpose of painting the hut roof . All arrived in at the hut before dark and settled in for an early night . Sunday morning found the Waikamaka valley well snow-covered and our good intentions of working on the hut spoiled . However, the active members of the party found an outlet for their energy in various ways - one party went off to explore the lower reaches of the Waikamaka Stream, another group made a trip up 'Three Johns' and reported a rather cold atmosphere upon the top , while some others busied themselves to replenish the supply of firewood .

Later on it stopped snowing and looked as if it might remain clear for a while - took advantage of this to get busy with the paint pots . Angus made us a most admirable step ladder - very useful when painting the lower portion of the roof - although he would continue nailing on steps , much to his own risk as well as that of the person standing on the ladder with the pot of paint !

We made a start with the painting , only to be again daunted by snowflakes .

At 6 p.m. that night we were joined by a cold and wet Tararua party plus Nancy and Norman who had come in from Mokai . There were 20 in the party , - 6 of whom were accommodated in the hut that night - the others pitching their half-frozen tents . The Tararuas left us early next morning ; and half-a-dozen of our H.T.C. party , led by Noel , went out via '66' - where they found use for their ice axe , and so on down Shut-eye Ridge to join up with the main party which came out by the less ambitious route of the 'main highway' .

Number in Party - 12.

Leader -

June Hyland .

No. 305.

MOKOMOKONUI

14-15 June : 1947.

After a good deal of difficulty with transport , 12 people left

Holts in three cars at 8.30 on Saturday with the intention of camping up the Mokomokonui track somewhere under Tatara-a-kine . One party would inspect the Mokomokonui clearing and another climb Tatara-a-kine if the weather remained clear . When we arrived the peak was obscured in cloud and the weather forbidding with the forecast of a southerly gale, so we concentrated on finding a sheltered camp site . Finding nothing suitable on the open flats we pushed on to the bush-edge and here ran off the track which was much blurred with a multitude of pig runs and into a side gully . Rain now set in so we camped where we were and prepared for a wet night . Conditions were so unpleasant in the morning that we packed up with the intention of returning home , but on regaining the bush-edge , hit on the correct track . Most of the party decided to drop packs and continue upstream, expecting to reach the clearing within the hour . At the end of this time most turned back but four went on as far as the hut on the edge of the clearing and made fast time back to reach the cars at 5.30 , only to find that they had overshot the main party, who had gone for a jaunt among the pig tracks . However , they were not far behind and after a mouthful of tea and a scrambling change into dry clothes we piled aboard and left for home, picking up news of John's party at Te Pohue .

Number in Party - 12.

Leader -
Norm Elder .

No. 306.

TITIOKURA

22nd June 1947

The scheduled trip to Ball's Clearing being cancelled in favour of a look-see along the tops from Titikura Saddle the party left Hastings about 7.15 a.m. for Te Pohue . We picked up the odd individual along the way and by the time the Napier contingent had come aboard and settled in there wasn't much room to do anything else but verbally protest when things got too cramped . Having reached the Saddle we decided to divide the party , half going to Te Waka and half to Tarapanui Keeping a watch out for the lost plane on the way . Both parties had a very pleasant day and arrived back at the truck between four and five o'clock . The weather was clear and bright and good visibility gave everyone a chance to pick up landmarks far out on the horizon . For some reason or other the congestion in the truck was more acute than ever on the homeward journey and several of the members came out considerably flattened by the weight of one bod which comfortably reclined on top of everyone else !

Number in party - 22 .

Leader -
J. Goymour .

No. 307

July 6th (7th) 1947

Weather - Fine and Frosty .

Everyone was present on time for a 7 a.m. start by lorry from Holts .

Havelock North was represented by Jo. Goymour and 6 members of the Kiwi Tramping Club . Napier and Clive by Clem, Angus, Davie Williams and Mr. Tom Cockroft ., and the lady members by Betty, Wendy, June and Pauline. . The President arrived at the starting point by special car accompanied by Graham Will . Other Hastings members were John McIntyre, Bruce Hannah and John Bathgate , accompanied by the Leader . Later on Peter Lowe was picked up at Otamauri . A total of 22 trampers .

The lorry arrived at the Fluted Rocks on the Blowhards at 8.45 a.m. where the main party debussed while the lorry went on to the turnoff with John, Jo, Pauline, Graham Will, Bruce and Peter Lowe en route to the Kaweka Hut and the snow .

The main party proceeded through the Blowhard bush in the direction of Blowhard Hut on Waiwhere Station . The bush trip provided a most interesting and enjoyable experience - large Matai trees with Miro, Kahikatea and Rimu rising up above quite a variety of mixed bush . Much of the forest floor was covered with large fluted limestone blocks, roughly quadrangular in shape, round which, over which, and out of which the bush grew . The bush has been partly milled but no more cutting is to be carried out . The only adventure which befell the party at this stage was a one sided encounter between Betty and an outsize in stick insects - the latter being an easy winner . The party did not locate the Blowhard Hut at this stage, the aforesaid Hut being peculiarly elusive . The billy was boiled at the foot of the Northern face of the escarpment in warm, cloudless weather with a glorious view of the snow-clad Kaweka Range .

The men of the party then did a traverse of Boar Hill from the top of which a wonderful panoramic view was obtained right around the horizon, this view included the Blowhard Hut, the whereabouts of which was explained to the party by the President .

After another boil up with the ladies the party left for the road at 3.15 p.m. via the summit of Sandy Ridge , the road being reached at 4.15 p.m.

A note was left at a prearranged spot for John McIntyre and the party were starting to walk along towards the Roadman's where when at 4.40 p.m. the lorry arrived from the turnoff with Bruce and Jo in the front seat with the Driver . Ideas of a prompt return home were dispelled by the news brought by the two trampers that Pauline had met with an accident in the Kawekas and the whole of the Kaweka party had returned to the Kaweka Hut where Pauline's injuries were attended to and these two had been sent back to the road for help . It was reported that Pauline had begun to feel better and would be starting

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to walk out to the road . Two and a half hours had elapsed since they left the hut .

This meant a rearrangement of plans . It was decided to take the lorry back to the turnoff with a rescue party while the others went on to Waiwhare to wait for the return of the lorry . June came on with the rescue party while Betty and Wendy went back with three of the boys in a small truck belonging to a Mr. Bousfield - a son-in-law of Tom Mitchell's . His truck with a party of shooters providentially appeared coming from Kuripapango . Messages were taken by the "Waiwhare Ladies" to phone through to Hastings and Havelock North to acquaint the various parents and guardians of what was happening and to ring for the Hastings Ambulance and a Neil Robertson stretcher . Four of the Kiwi Tramping Club could not be accommodated in Mr. Bousfield's truck and one of the H.T.O. men - Clem Smith - was chosen by lot to accompany the four boys who were walking .

When the lorry reached the turnoff , Jo and Bruce were left to garrison the Swamp House and take care of the lorry driver's small boy . The Club billy plus tea was left with them .

The rest of the party, June Hyland, Stan, Tom Cockroft, Tom Guy (the lorry driver) , Davie, Angus and the leader proceeded into the Kaweka Hut which was reached shortly before 9 . On arrival the Hut party was found in good order and condition, the three men sitting on the floor of the hut in front of the fire with one tea-towel over their knees to keep them warm . The patient was resting in a bunk, her wounds having been skilfully attended to and dressed efficiently with first aid dressings . She was most appreciative of the attention given her by the hut party . John McIntyre must be sincerely congratulated for putting up a first-class show as a leader and as a nurse . He couldn't have done better than he did . It was seen by Pauline's condition that under no possible circumstances could she be moved so at 10.15 p.m. Davie Williams left the Hut accompanied by Tom Guy and Peter Lowe and bearing messages to the Ambulance Driver, to Norman Elder and Les Holt and to various relatives . On the way out (across the Tutaekuri) this party met Clem, the Ambulance Driver , Mr. Unwin and two St. John Ambulance men (Messrs. Cook and Kemp) who were carrying blankets and a Neill Robertson stretcher .

Davie Williams' instructions were to pick up the Ambulance men, the Swamp House Garrison and the Waiwhare party and return them all to Hastings . These instructions he carried out efficiently . The St. John Ambulance were asked to return to the turnoff between 10.30 and 11 a.m.

It was a relief to Pauline to have June in the Hut with her .

The night in the Hut passed as all nights do and at 8 a.m. John and Angus set out from the Hut , Angus to go right out to the road and wait for the Ambulance men and to guide them along the track , and John to go along the track till he picked up the Neill Robertson stretcher .

Stan attended to the making of a stretcher with two sacks , Manuka polls and crosspieces , nails and cord and made a very workman-like job of it , ably assisted by Tom Cockroft and Graham Will . June attended the patient and did the necessary chores .

The stretcher party and four men left Kaweka Hut with the patient and the nurse at 9.15 a.m.

Two-thirds of the way down the track to the creek John appeared with the Neil Robertson stretcher . The patient was transferred to this and the journey out proceeded . Two and a half hours after leaving the hut the relief party were met on the track leading up from the hut creek to the Tutakuri Ridge . This very welcome relief functioned most efficaciously and was further reinforced in numbers and in food after crossing the Tutakuri River. Mr. Fayen, Manager of Waiwhare , and one of his men were the only outside people present , all the others were H.T.C. members . It proved a most inspiring sight to see this large and efficient body of first class trampers which had been assembled and transported at such short notice . It must surely speak well for the future of the Club .

The party was joined half a mile in from the road by Superintendent Cook and Ambulance Driver Unwin of the St. John Ambulance Brigade . The road was reached at 3.15 p.m. where the billy was boiling .

The patient was transferred to the waiting Ambulance for the Hastings Hospital where she arrived (accompanied by June and Baillie) at 5.40 p.m. The stretcher bearers returned by cars provided by Les Holt, Sam Haraldsen and David Lynch.

I wish to report that it was a great pleasure , apart from Pauline's unfortunate experience, to note that every member of all the parties - Kaweka Party, Blowhard Party and Relief Parties, - acted in such a manner and carried out their duties so cheerfully and efficiently . It must surely redound to the credit of the good name of the H.T.C. which indeed functioned as a Club and not merely as a group of individuals .

Number in party - 22 .

Leader -
D.A. Bathgate .

RONGOTEA CROSSING

King's Birthday 1947

The Tararua truck picked up its country quota at Marton towards midnight and we debussed towards 4 a.m. at Mokai with snow falling steadily . Dossed down smartly in the very comfortable shearers' whare and did not get away next morning till 9.45 .

The long plug up to Mokai Hut in mist and snow took 4 hours and the hut was this time well and truly dismantled , but after a boil up we felt warmer . However it was now too late to get over Rongotea before nightfall , so we pitched tents and crawled into our

sleeping bags, except for Susie and Nancy who cooked and served an enormous meal .

Conditions were no better in the morning but we reached Rongotea by compass in 3 hours dead . The K.T.C. marker poles were still standing at the turn off from the Colenso Saddle Ridge .

Following the bluffs on the Kawhatau side led to a good deal of swinging and it is easier to keep slightly to the Waikamaka side in mist, both ascending and descending .

For the last two hours icing conditions were unpleasant, but on Rongotea the cloud rolled back exposing a dazzling panorama from the Kawhatau Saddle to Remutupo . Time was now short and we pushed on, changing into shorts at the foot of Collins Creek . Some even alleged that the water felt warm . Two of the advance party and one of the main party fell in at the gut - so they should know .

As we sighted the Waikamaka Hut, the H.T.C. mob , apparently kidded by Muriel, rushed for the top bunks with all their lootable property, but presently put their heads out and fraternized .

With the Rovers in their own tent and room for six more in the hut it was only necessary to put up three tents , and this was soon done and a garnishing of twigs spread over the snow . Several retired straight way to their sleeping bags, for in the hut there wasn't even standing room for all of the 33 bodies present and the cooking arrangements were a miracle of efficiency .

The T.T.C. left first in the morning, followed by John's Sixty-Six party while the rearguard toddled out later in the day .

No. 308.

THREE FINGERS

20th July 1947 .

A black frosty starlit night with the Pleiades just rising as we tumbled out . At Big Hill the sun was up but a bleak-looking scud was clinging to the tops . A slight delay while Angus borrowed a pair of boots, then we jogged off upstream in hopes - not realized - of crossing dry-shod . At Herrick's Hut (9.45) the main body pushed on towards the Gull , the rearguard following at a less strenuous pace , but with better judgement , as they kept to the track and had the billy on by the time the others had got tired of exploring the bluffs .

After an early lunch the majority left at 11.30 for Three fingers trig . The manuka has improved, being now tall enough to walk under until you get out on the bare ridge . Some turned back here but nine went on and were in sight of the trig two hours from

leaving the Gull . The tops were now clear and conditions were pleasant in the top basin with a thin cover of snow under the trees . But though the trig was only about 20 minutes on our time was just about up, the boys were lagging and one of the party was threatened with cramp , so we turned down again with some regret . The rest of the party had gone ahead, leaving a billy on the boil, and after a quick snack we followed them, just catching them up before reaching the lorry at 5.20 . The ride home was a feast of song and the transport fund showed a profit .

Number in party - 20 .

Leader :
Norm Elder .

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R O Y A L S O C I E T Y

We would like to bring to the notice of members that the Club as a body is entitled to attend lectures and film shows put on by the Royal Society . Meetings are advertised in the press and if there are any people interested it would be quite in order to put in an appearance .

FIXTURE LIST

<u>Trip. No.</u>	<u>Date.</u>	<u>Trip</u>	<u>Leader</u>	<u>Fare</u>
309	Aug. 9th-10th	Kaweke Hut.	N. Fendall	6/9d.
310	Aug. 23rd-24th	Hot Springs Puketitiri.	W. Pascoe	6/9d.
311	Sept. 7th	Maraeotera Falls via Clifton	B. Beckett	2/6d.
312	Sept. 20th-21st	No Man's Hut Rushines	C.C. Smith	5/6d.
313	Oct. 5th	Black Birch Range	J. McIntyre	6/9d.
314	Oct. 25th, 26th-27th.	Kiwi Saddle	A. Russell	6/9d.
315	Nov. 8th-9th	Rongaika	D. Williams	2/6d.
316	Nov. 23rd.	To be arranged .		
317	Dec. 6th-7th	Horseshoe Bend	E. Marven	-

Trips are subject to alteration at any time and fares may vary if parties are less than a paying load .