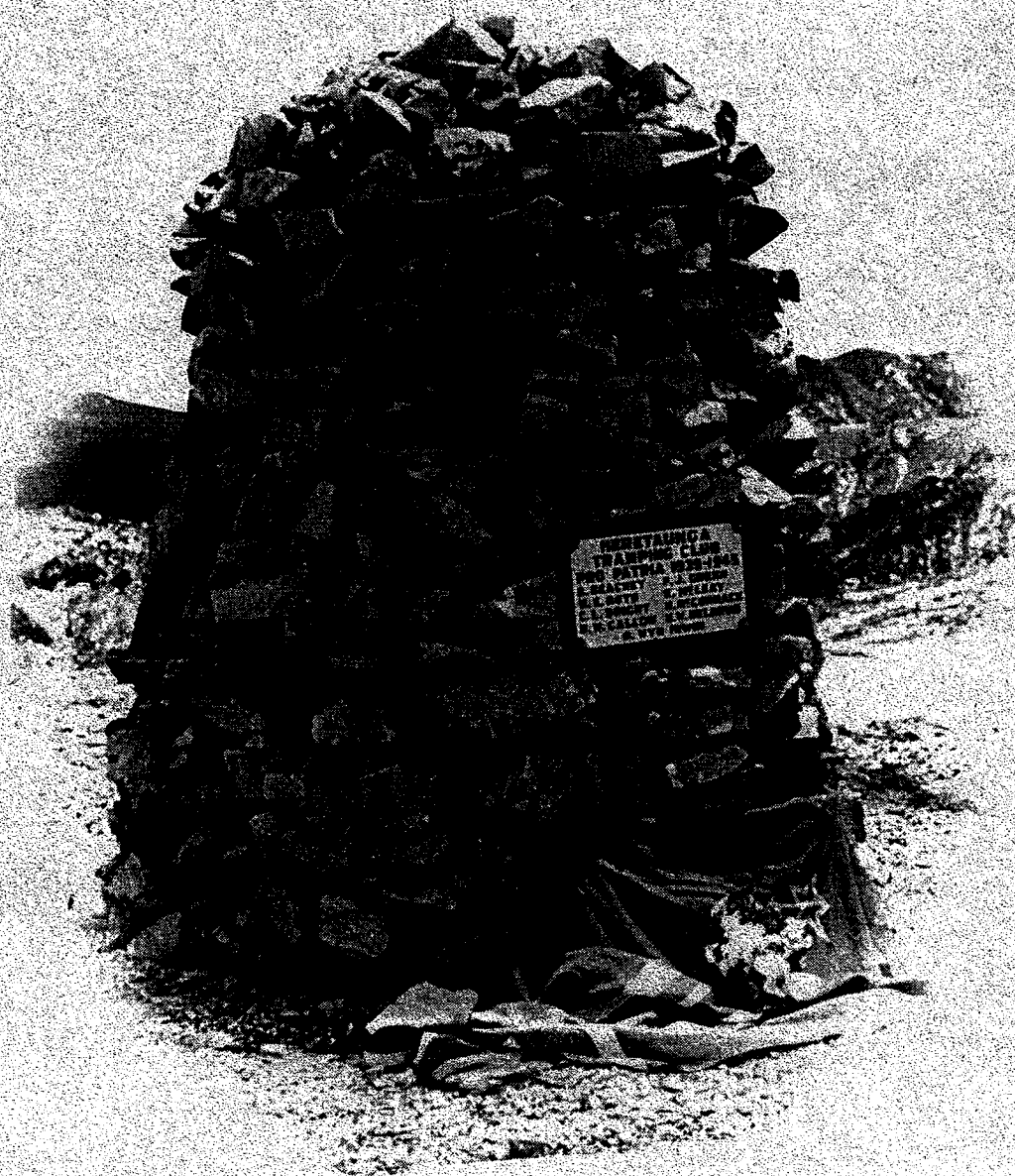


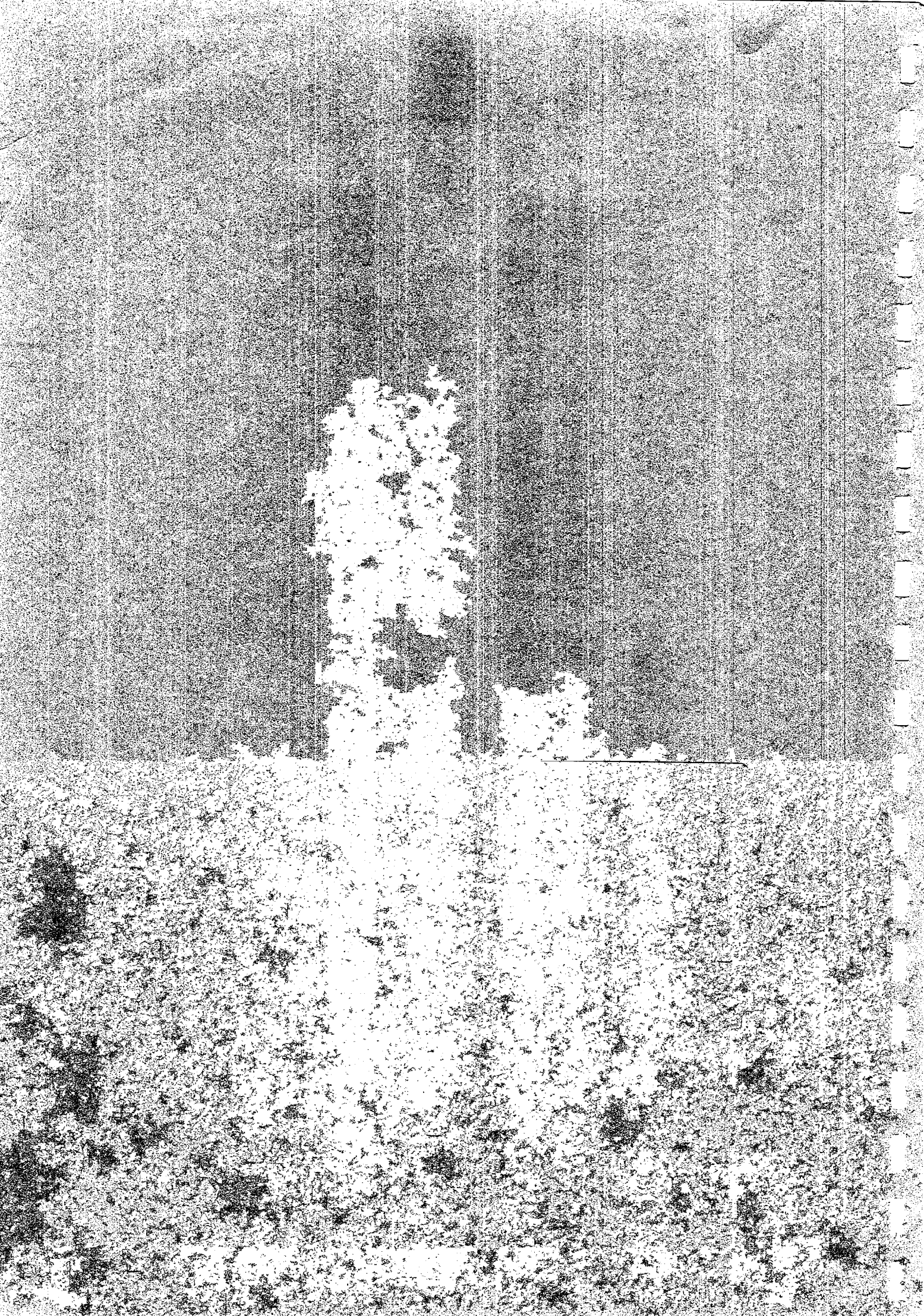
**HERETAUNGA
TRAMPING CLUB**



50th JUBILEE
POHOKURA



1935 - 1985



CONTENTS

| | |
|--------------------------------------|----|
| Preface | 1 |
| A message from our Patron | 2 |
| From the President | 2 |
| Club Officers | 3 |
| Formation of the Club | 4 |
| The first Bulletin | 4 |
| The Club Today | 6 |
| Pohokura | 6 |
| The Club Badge | 6 |
| The War Years | 7 |
| The First Cairn Trip | 7 |
| History of Club Transport | 9 |
| Club Huts | 12 |
| Mathew's/Masters Hut | 14 |
| The Armstrong plane crash | 15 |
| Fifty years of S.A.R. in Hawke's Bay | 16 |
| 1948 Howlett's Search | 19 |
| S.A.R. today | 21 |
| A novel form of S.A.R. | 22 |
| Two Club songs | 23 |
| Trips remembered | 24 |
| How Kuripapango got its name | 41 |
| The longest tramp | 41 |
| 50th Jubilee Weekend 1985 | 42 |
| Anniversary tramp to Kaweka Hut | 43 |
| - another view | 46 |
| Jubilee Toast | 47 |
| Acknowledgements | 49 |

PREFACE

"'Back to the land' is the soundest of all political cries, but more than that is required. 'Back to the wilds' is what will bring to each who makes the trial, the happiness that brings no later regrets, from which all troubles will be forgotten, and which unlike any other portion of our lives, will leave the memory only of its pleasures behind. Assuredly in this twentieth century we are attempting an over-civilisation, and men have almost come to believe that to walk all day in streets or to sit at a ledger desk is the natural lot. He who so thinks has but lived but half his life - he has failed to enjoy the savage latent in himself. It is hearing and sight, those most ancient senses in the frame of man, that give in their exercise the fullest joy, and to listen and watch are more than to think." So writes H. Guthrie Smith some 71 years ago in the introduction to his book "Mutton Birds and Other Birds"

"It is hearing and sight..... that give in their exercise the fullest joy, and to listen and watch are more than to think." All those who have tramped our ranges and valleys know something of the truth of these words. We have felt the raging snowladen gales of winter and the balmy summer breezes, looked at distant views and peered closely at a tiny mountain flower, heard the roar of the waterfalls, the singing of the Bellbirds and the spontaneous laugh or muttered grumble of our companions. We treasure the memories of our days in the ranges, our experiences and our friends, the huts, the campfires and the weather.

It is usually the very best or the very worst situations that one remembers best but in this Jubilee Pohokura we have also recorded some of the quieter, less adventurous moments. Perhaps of all the memories, the most poignant are not the time you almost got killed in an avalanche or the perfect day on the tops; but rather the quieter times talking with friends, shared misery plodding along in the persistent rain or maybe just eating your sandwiches with your back against a beech tree, the blowflies humming contentedly and the world at peace. Unashamedly we have looked back in this magazine, proud of our 50 years in existence and the people who have made the club what it is. In researching through the old Pohokuras, club photos and records we have found much of interest and it has been a fascinating exercise compiling the material.

We would like to thank all those who contributed towards this Jubilee Pohokura and we would also like to thank everyone who has helped with the rest of the Jubilee preparations, in particular, the Jubilee Chairman, Jim Glass who has done the lions share of the organizing. We hope that you enjoy this special Pohokura and by the time you read it we hope we are back where we love to be, not writing jubilee magazines, but back up in the ranges somewhere.

Peter Berry and Glenda Hooper

A MESSAGE FROM OUR PATRON

As we look back in our old Pohokuras a kaleidoscope of scenery is revealed;- coastland and river, plateau and peaks, Nepal and the Antartica.

It is the same with our Presidents, our Club Captains and the stalwarts who carried in materials for the huts. If we single out some for mention we leave out others, so all of you just think of the ones you knew best and thank God for the lot.

Janet Lloyd

FROM THE PRESIDENT

It is with great pleasure that, as the **twelfth** elected President of the Heretaunga Tramping Club, I welcome you all to help celebrate our 50th Jubilee year.

On the 3rd of July 1919 an advertisement in a Wellington newspaper invited all those interested in the tramping grounds of the Tararua Ranges to a meeting. This first meeting, convened by W.H. Field, Member of Parliament for Otaki, and F.W. Vosseler, a company manager, was held the same evening in a city billiard room. From that small group, about 20 people in all, came the numerous tramping clubs and many thousands of trampers of today.

A branch of the H.T.C. was formed in Egypt by members during a period of the Second World War. It must have been a tragic loss to the Club, during its formative years, to hear of those who gave their lives during this time.

The club must also have felt justifiably proud to have a member included in the team that succeeded in conquering Mount Everest in the year 1953.

Finally, I wish to wish the Club well and hope that it continues to prosper and grow during the next 50 years.

Geoff Robinson

CLUB OFFICERS

PATRONS

| | | | |
|-------------|------------------|-------------|--------------|
| 1935 - 1948 | E.J. Herrick | 1973 - 1978 | R.W. Chaplin |
| 1948 - 1973 | Dr D.A. Bathgate | 1978 - | J. Lloyd |

PRESIDENTS

| | | | |
|-------------|------------------|-------------|--------------|
| 1935 - 1938 | Dr D.A. Bathgate | 1965 - 1971 | P. Bayens |
| 1938 - 1948 | E.S. Caven | 1971 - 1975 | M. Taylor |
| 1948 - 1951 | L.H. Lloyd | 1975 - 1976 | A.K. Thomson |
| 1951 - 1958 | N. Elder | 1976 - 1981 | P. Bayens |
| 1958 - 1960 | R.W. Chaplin | 1981 - 1982 | T. Plowman |
| 1960 - 1965 | A.V. Berry | 1982 - | G. Robinson |

SECRETARIES

| | | | |
|-------------|--------------|-------------|-------------|
| 1935 - 1936 | G. Christie | 1959 - 1967 | A. Tremewan |
| 1936 - 1938 | L. Wilson | 1967 - 1973 | G. Griffith |
| 1938 - 1940 | R. Craig | 1973 - 1977 | G. Thorp |
| 1940 - 1946 | M. Molineux | 1977 - 1979 | D. Perry |
| 1946 - 1947 | N. Tanner | 1979 - 1984 | L. Hanger |
| 1947 - 1958 | U. Greenwood | 1984 - 1985 | R. Perry |
| 1958 - 1959 | N. Tanner | 1985 - | A. McAdam |

TREASURERS

| | | | |
|-------------|------------|-------------|----------------------|
| 1935 - 1936 | W. Rainbow | 1955 - 1956 | P. Wood |
| 1936 - 1940 | F.J. Green | 1956 - 1958 | A.V. Berry |
| 1940 - 1941 | A. Baird | 1958 - 1962 | B. Taylor (nee Hare) |
| 1941 - 1945 | J. Lloyd | 1962 - 1967 | K. Berry |
| 1945 - 1948 | N. Fendall | 1967 - 1970 | M. McConnell |
| 1948 - 1950 | M. Shaw | 1970 - | J. Smith |
| 1950 - 1955 | H. Hill | | |

CLUB CAPTAINS

| | | | |
|-------------|-----------|-------------|--------------|
| 1935 - 1946 | N. Elder | 1970 - 1971 | D. White |
| 1946 - 1951 | G. Lowe | 1971 - 1972 | A. Mace |
| 1951 - 1955 | R. Woon | 1972 - 1974 | T. Plowman |
| 1955 - 1956 | D. Conway | 1974 - 1976 | P. Manning |
| 1956 - 1959 | P. Bayens | 1976 - 1979 | R. Perry |
| 1959 - 1960 | G. Hare | 1979 - 1982 | R. Goldfinch |
| 1960 - 1963 | M. Taylor | 1982 - 1983 | E. Holmes |
| 1963 - 1964 | N. Tanner | 1983 - 1984 | C. Thurston |
| 1964 - 1968 | P. Lewis | 1984 - | P. Berry |
| 1968 - 1970 | G. Thorp | | |

FORMATION OF THE CLUB

"The Heretaunga Tramping Club started in the spring
They jumped into a lorry and they sang like anything
They 'crashed through the bush and leatherwood and on the mountain sat
Said parents and relations 'what on earth do you see in that' "

Actually the club got its official start on the thirtieth day of September 1935 when the first meeting was held in Dr Bathgate's rooms. Sixteen people were present at the inaugural meeting, many of whom later played vital roles in the Club's history. At this meeting the Club's name was decided and the first lot of club officers elected: Mr E.J. Herrick as Patron, Dr D.A. Bathgate as President, Mr N. Elder as Club Captain, Mr G. Christie as Secretary and Mr W. Rainbow as Treasurer.

The object of the club was defined as "To familiarize members with the country of Hawke's Bay". Although it is generally believed that the formation of the club was a direct result of the Armstrong search, which indicated that a unified body was required to organize future Search and Rescue operations, no mention of this was made in the minutes. As many tramping clubs were being formed at this time the search probably just gave the final impetus to get the Club started.

During the course of the first year the Club became affiliated to the Federation Mountain Clubs of N.Z. and joined the Forest and Bird Protection Society of N.Z. and the Hastings Historical Society. An official Club photographer (Lloyd Wilson) was appointed and a Club uniform decided upon. The Club uniform consisted of sky blue shirts, navy blue shorts or trousers and a scarlet badge. By all accounts the trousers were not colour fast and must have caused some hilarious navy streaks on some early members.

The first Bulletin, written by Norm Elder, was also produced during the first year. For many years this Bulletin was lost to the Club but recently a copy was obtained from Hugh Elder and its contents are reproduced below.

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HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB.

BULLETIN No. 1.

7th May, 1936

EXPLANATORY NOTE :-

The Club has now been in active existence for more than six months and may be said to have found its feet. The fortnightly fixtures continue to be well attended so that, although we are faced in Hawke's Bay with considerable road distance to suitable tramping country, we have, so far, managed to keep transport costs to a very reasonable figure. The notification of trips has necessarily been rather hurried at times and one of the objects of this bulletin is to give members an outline of the proposed tramping list and the club room fixtures so that they can make their arrangements a little more in advance.

We propose to bring out the bulletin at intervals of two months giving a summary of the club's activities and such information of interest on tramping matters as is possible within its modest compass.

SUMMARY OF PAST TRIPS :-

From October, 1935, to April, 1936 sixteen trips have been made with an average attendance of over twenty persons. Our luck with the weather, during a very broken summer, has been phenomenal and no trip has fallen through.

The coast has been reached at Red Island, Waimarama, Rangaiika and Waipatiki, the Ruahines at Otumore, Rangi-o-te-Atua and the northern range behind Big Hill, the Kaweka Trig and the Black Birch range. River trips have also been made along the Makaroro, Ngaruroro and Mohaka, and

an Easter Party visited Waikaremoana. A number of private parties have also covered a fair extent of country, the most ambitious being a seven-day trip from Kuripapango to the Chateau by way of the Manson Country, the northern Kaimanawa and the Waipakihi River.

One handicap peculiar to this district is that Saturday night is late closing night in Hastings and we fully expected to be limited to day trips but, recently, the demand for week-end trips was met by altering a couple of fixtures, and these were well attended and most successful.

EASTER TRIP - WAIKAREMOANA :-

About nine o'clock Friday morning saw the departure of what looked like a gang of shearers, but were really twenty-four members of the club in Gordon McCutcheon's lorry, for Waikaremoana.

Apparently the Wairoa road was new to most of the party judging from the way a lot of gazing heads protruded from the lorry.

Reaching Waikaremoana about six, camp was pitched below the hostel. Some turned in early while others awaited the arrival of a party coming later by car.

Next morning the party climbed Ngamoko, skirmished their way back to camp and went to Panekiri to perform photographic and acrobatic feats at the lookout. The day ended with what was alleged to be a dance in the community hall at the camping ground.

On Sunday a visit was paid to Aniwaniwa Falls and Waikare iti for the exasperating sight of a number of boats securely padlocked to the bank. The afternoon was spent in the launch on a trip round Waikaremoana and in the evening, another hobnail dance was held in the hall.

On the return trip the party visited the power house at Tuai but, unfortunately, refrained from indulging their curiosity to the full.

A stop of some hours was made at Wairoa trying to diagnose some ailment that was affecting the lorry but without success and the journey home was a protracted one, including even a little tramping on the grades; however, the party kept in great spirits and one visitor is reported to have said that it was the most enjoyable part of the trip. Napier was reached at 1 a.m., and Hastings an hour and a half later.

FIXTURE LIST.

MAY - JULY
1936

| <u>DATE.</u> | | | <u>LEADER</u> |
|-----------------|---------|--|---------------------------------------|
| May 10th | No. 17. | <u>Kahuranaki.</u> | H. Angus |
| May 24th | No. 18 | <u>Smedley</u> South end and Wakarara Range. | Jim Palmer |
| June 7th | No. 19 | <u>Omahaki</u> And Climb Cattle Hill | Lloyd Wilson Jack Agnew |
| June 23rd | No. 20. | <u>Ruahine</u> Shut Eye Shack | Mr. Wilson |
| King's Birthday | | | Ian Powell. |
| July 5th | No. 21 | <u>Titikura</u> Explore the Maungaharuru Range | Geof. Piesse |
| July 19th | No. 22 | <u>Kereru</u> Te Wakaari (Pa Site) | N. Elder |

.....

THE CLUB TODAY

Today, in 1985, the Club has 158 members, of who about 50 are active. We hold meetings every second Wednesday at St David's Hall in Park Road and these alternate between a training and a social input. Tramps are held on the weekend following the meeting and alternate between a day tramp (held on the Sunday) and a weekend tramp. We also venture farther afield during long weekends.

The Club maintains four huts, two in the Kawekas and two in the Ruahines and owns a 1971 Bedford Truck, a projector and an electric typewriter. We have a Club library which consists of books on the outdoors theme contained within a lock up bookshelf and, as in the old days, we keep a Club photograph album.

The Club also has a good supply of gear which is loaned out to Club members and school parties. Included in this gear is woollen clothing, boots, packs and ice axes. The gear is constantly being added to both by Club funds and by donations.

The Club magazine, the Pohokura, is still being produced three times a year and it includes reports on all Club trips as well as some private trip reports, a list of coming trips and training notes.

Social activities are still being encouraged. Three or four non-tramping activities are organized throughout the year, the main one for this year naturally being our 50th Jubilee.

"P O H O K U R A"

The Club announces with pride the birth of "Pohokura". For some time past there has been simmering an idea that the official mouthpiece of the H.T.C., the bulletin, more affectionately known simply as "The old Bully", should have a more imposing title and here it is. "Why 'Pohokura'?" ask many new members. The explanation being that it's the name of the lizard which adorns the Club badge, and just in case you have forgotten your Maori mythology, here's the whole story:

"On the arrival of the Takitimu canoe the newcomers, finding the land already inhabited, proceeded down the coast to pick out a suitable site for settlement. The most venturesome of them was Tamatea, known as Pokai Whenua - Tamatea the Map Roller - from the extent of his explorations. On reaching Heretaunga he set off up-country to pick up the lie of the land and eventually came to a pa called Otupae on the snowy shoulder of the Ruahines that we see opposite Ruapehu in the Taruarau gap. Here, while he sat and rested, he put down his calabash which always accompanied him containing his two pets, Pohokura a lizard, and Kahu-o-te-Rangi a crayfish, but when he came to pick it up his pets had escaped. Pohokura's outlines are visible today in the ridges of the Ruahine Range and the moaning of Kahu-o-te-Rangi who lurks in the valleys can still be heard when bad weather is approaching."

THE CLUB BADGE - There seems to have been a fair bit of dissention in the first year of the Club's existence over whether a boot or a lizard should adorn the Club badge. When a batch of designs were submitted, Dr Bathgate is reputed to have described three-quarters of them as looking like aborted alligators. Still the lizard won, which is just as well as every other tramping club seems to have a piece of tramping hardware on their badge, making ours uniquely or own.

THE WAR YEARS

The war started for the club, I guess, on the Waikamaka working party in September 1939. It finished with the dedication of the cairn on Sunday November 21 1948.

As the war went on more and more of the younger members, both men and women, left for overseas. Those remaining behind had to curtail their activities due to lack of transport and petrol. Not to be beaten they started cycling instead. Overseas, the Middle Eastern Branch of the Club was formed.

The Club made up parcels and wrote letters for those overseas while the letters received from abroad were published in the Bulletin (which was later renamed Pohokura) and this was also posted to those overseas. Thus contact was kept between club members throughout the war.

Once the war was over the members decided to build a memorial for the nine members of the Club who died during the war. It was decided a cairn on top of the Kawekas, at Kaweka J, would be the most fitting memorial. As one of the dead mens parents wrote in a letter to the Club "It was very fitting, I think to build the cairn on such a lofty peak; for surely the young men remembered, achieved the highest peak of service and sacrifice so that the cairn may well be an inspiration to us all as well as a memorial to them."

Later, in 1970, two more names (B. Woolcot and J. Cowley) were added to the plaque, one having been omitted from the original plaque and the other had died subsequently from injuries received during the war.

The proceedings of the original cairn service is given below. We still hold a memorial service on the weekend closest to Armistice Day every year, no matter what the weather, to remember the sacrifices made by all the members of the Tramping Club during the war and especially to remember those who died. After 40 years the events are remote to us but as we hold the service each year we are aware that we can be there now because they had the courage and the love of this country that made them fight for us and in far to many cases, die for us.

CAIRN TRIP

November 20-21 1948

Forty-seven members of the Heretaunga Tramping Club and guests climbed into the Kaweka Range during the week-end for the dedication of a memorial cairn, erected in memory of nine club members who gave their lives in the service of their country during the Second World War. The dedication was performed by the Rev. H.A. Mitchell, a wartime Padre overseas.

By 10 p.m. on Saturday 47 members and guests had assembled at the Kaweka and Kiwi Saddle Huts, the overflow from bunk and tent accommodation finding suitable floor space in the Hut. Despite wet and crowded conditions, a happy atmosphere prevailed with community cooking and fireside entertainment of song and reminiscences.

Fires replenished at dawn enabled breakfast to be served between 5.30 a.m. and 6.30 a.m. and the main party set off at 7. a.m. to link up with the Kiwi Saddle Hut party which had left at 6.30 a.m. The two groups met at a pre-arranged time (9 a.m.) on Kaiarahi (4915ft) and moved on to the Cairn sited near the Trig (5652ft) arriving at 10.50 a.m. in time for the ceremony to begin at 11 a.m.

The Patron of the Club, Dr. D.A. Bathgate, who was also the Club's first President, introduced the speakers.

Mr E.S. Craven, President from 1937 to 1947, spoke of the proud record of the Club during the Second World War, particularly of the 40 members who saw active service overseas.

The President, Mr L.H. Lloyd, spoke on behalf of the returned Servicemen, expressing appreciation of the present ceremony and for the close contact maintained between the Club and its overseas members to whom the Club had meant so much.

Mrs. N. Elder then unveiled the memorial and a sheaf of red, white and blue flowers from the women members of the Club was placed beneath the plaque.

The Rev. Mitchell, in his dedication address praised the spirit of self-sacrifice shown by the trampers on this occasion, and the example of self-sacrifice offered by those members to whose memory the present gathering was paying tribute. The members had strengthened all that was best in the Club. After a short prayer the cairn was dedicated to the memory of the nine members who had given their lives and the Padre pronounced the Benediction.

During the ceremony awe-inspiring atmospheric conditions prevailed. The day till then had been wet and over-cast with a steady wind. For an hour the wind dropped and a warm sun enabled the gathering to stand in comfort, after which a sudden hail-storm heralded severe weather for the rest of the day. The return to hut and road was safely accomplished. The 47 who set out made the distance without exception.

The Club has reason to feel gratification by the success of the occasion and by the interest displayed. One member, Miss Molineux made a plane trip from Christchurch for the week-end.

The names on the plaque are:-

| | | |
|-------------|--------------|--------------|
| B. Beechey | W.E. Boyd | C.L. Bright |
| D.W. Callow | B. Wyn Irwin | F.J. Green |
| K. McLeay | M. McCormick | H.W. Meldrum |

The thanks of the Club are due to The Rev. Mitchell who came such a long way to dedicate our cairn.

Apart from the solemnity of this occasion the trip had its lighter touches. We had thought that the previous record of thirty-two in Kaweka Hut was capacity, but forty odd all eating there at once was simply deafening, difficulty being experienced in keeping one's spoon on the same plate. Finding owners for eighty half-dry socks took some doing and who got down on the Doctor's boots?

The following are the names of those who took part in the ceremony:

| | | | | |
|--------------------|-----------------|-------------------|----------------|-----------------|
| Stan Craven | Doctor Bathgate | Rev. Mitchell | David Bathgate | Ray Custance |
| Ursula Greenwood | Kath Elder | Dulcie Vale | Barbara Hill | George Lowe |
| John McIntyre | Molly Young | Hugo McKay | David Sherry | Doris Torbett |
| Mabel Wyatt | Wendy Pascoe | Colin McLennaghan | Cyril Davey | Walter Shaw |
| John Bremner | John Mitchel | Lin Lloyd | Janet Lloyd | Harold Bush |
| John von Dadelszen | Blue Monaghan | Steel Therkleson | Shirley Single | |
| Bill Wilkie | Sam Haraldsen | Dave Lynch | Molly Molineux | Mary Moroney |
| Clem Smith | Joan Smith | Angus Russell | Betty Beckett | George Couper |
| Geoff Piesse | Bernard Piesse | Howard Piesse | | |
| 4 rovers: | Alan Oulaghan | Rob Comrie | Alf Dixon | Bruce Jenkinson |

ANZAC ABROAD

by Ken McLeay

Theres a place you may not have heard of in the South Pacific Ocean
 And never read of, though I know that I've a notion,
 That unless I'm back there soon, my peace of mind 'twill ruin,
 Oh I must get back to the Mountain Shack,
 And I must get back there soon.

Have you ever had the pleasure in that little land of greatness,
 Despite inclement weather, of conquering the boldness,
 Of rugged rearing ridges, looming large natural bridges,
 That take my mind right back behind
 To what's behind those ridges.

Ah, for softness underfoot of the snows and the valley soil,
 To mind again the trailing root in my straining uphill toil,
 To see again the forest fern in the bush for which I yearn,
 For no place on earth has given birth,
 To finer bush or fern.

HISTORY OF CLUB TRANSPORT

The saga of club transport goes back into the mists of pre-history. One famous incident:- "Piesse and Lattey are very useful guys, They took the broken axle out, while Ian saw brighteyes", appears to have taken place before there was any Bulletin. This was Gordon McCutcheon's truck, dangling over space on the narrow road to the Moorcock. The Club made a fortunate start with a member, Gordon, with a truck and made full use of him. But turning out for every trip became pretty solid, particularly in the busy season and before long the club was calling on Eric Draper, for long our mainstay. Eric was partial to a spot of shooting and after accompanying us on one trip, a day descent of Rangi o te Atua, preferred to amuse himself in his own way. In those far off days there were many day trips to the tops as Hastings observed Saturday late nights.

In May 1938 the Bulletin announces: "TRAMPERS PLEASE NOTE IN FUTURE ALL TRIPS WILL LEAVE FROM HOLT'S YARD" - and so a tradition was born. After, Eric got married and dropped out for a spell and the records show various substitutes.

Railway buses had been used for long distance Easter trips and in this way George Denford had been introduced to the Club. George joined the Club and was with us the whole way, solving the awkward question of driver's accommodation, though I remember a plaintive cry coming out of the mist on the divide near Te Atua Mahuru; "When do we come to the tarmac?" both George and Joe Nimmon took us on several week-end trips, but buses, though luxurious, were expensive and slow, so we persuaded Eric to come back and he or Wally Shuker drove for us until the outbreak of the war when his passengers licence was called in.

Various private vehicles had acquired fame by this time. Ian Powell's venturesome Austin 7 was a going concern before the club was formed, and Molly Molineux with my mother's Austin 10 had also been taking odd bodies on many occasions, I can remember John von Dadelszen coming to the rescue of a marooned and footsore party at the Ohara stream after a western crossing and Doug Cooke's "Floss" receives honourable mention in one trip account.

Clem Smith's Pontiac was a standby by the end of 1938 and from that date "Doug Callow the Ford Fury" receives frequent mention. One trip

over Gentle Annie on a pitch black night with Doug estimating the bends in advance and taking up several turns in the slack of the steering is on memory, another, some obscure breakdown in a gale at midnight coming in from Makaroro Mill while a third was a stage where he didn't dare stop and June Budd and her pack had to bale out on the move.

With the war, transport became a nightmare. Petrol was rationed, lorry charges went up, then lorries were limited to a 30 mile radius. We still made occasional lorry trips, but with numbers down, transport subsidies had to be increased and fares raised. For a while gifts of petrol coupons were eagerly welcome but later tramping clubs were given an allowance for hut and track maintenance. By this time however tyres were a problem and car after car of the club's trusty supporters could no longer risk the back country roads. It was now cycle or hike.

Ursula gets a special mention for taking a Greenwood truck to McCullough's in 1942 and the 1943 Annual Report records with pride that four trips had been made to the ranges. - And so the war dragged by.

The 1946 report mentions "We have a truck", presumably Harold Dunlop's but our trouble was how to fill it. Working parties were switched with some effect on to building up the transport fund and we battled along thanks to Pat Farrington, a very obliging driver. But they had a series of country contracts and week-end trips on top of this gave Pat practically no home life. It became a bit hard all round.

In 1950 Downey's informed us that they had inherited Draper's passenger licence so it was considered expedient to transfer our custom, but this raised the problem of drivers. We could occasionally persuade one of Downey's drivers on condition he went home for his Sunday dinner, doubling the mileage we paid for. This was obviously prohibitive and we were once more forced back upon private transport, now becoming more common. Charges were increased in 1951 to double petrol. Dick's van, the Woon trucks, Alec's jeep and Norm's station wagon appear in various convoys.

At this stage Ian Berry makes his bow and the wheel has turned full circle. As in Gordon McCutcheon's day the club has a member with a truck and as with Gordon we've made a welter of it but it makes heavy demands on Ian.

As far back as 1950 Geoff Gilchrist had suggested that we follow the example of A.T.C. in purchasing a truck and offered to keep a lookout for a suitable P&T discard. At last the summons came. A dependable Bedford truck with a long and honourable history was being superannuated and sold by tender. our representatives went over, inspected her and discussed her with Geoff and the overseer of the P&T yard. We decided to put in for her and our tender was accepted. Ian Stirling has offered to take on her maintenance and she is now in his capable hands.

N.L. Elder

Extensive reconditioning was needed to make the 1934 Bedford road-worthy but it gave two years of service with an outlay for truck maintenance of 196 pounds. In 1955 a heavier two and a half ton Ford, fitted with a 1946 reconditioned Mercury motor was purchased for 160 pounds, 100 pounds coming from the sale of the old truck.

The year 1959 saw the purchase of a 1948 3 ton Bedford ML for 395 pounds. The sale of the previous truck got 100 pounds and with another 100 pounds from a Government subsidy the club had to find 195 pounds. Part of this money was raised by interest free debentures from club members. Many of these club members then joined in the eight working bees picking beans and tomatoes to obtain the cash to pay themselves back. This truck had no deck so club members fitted it out with both deck and canopy.

In 1969 the Bedford ML was sold to be wrecked (although the canopy was sold seperately) and a 1956 "A" Bedford was bought for \$921. This truck was fitted with a full canopy with a pack space above the cab. There was always a race by the old hands for the front lefthand corner which was the only one which didn't leak. I remember a trip that went for four hours along gravel road - we all turned grey with the dust. Towards the end of the truck's life it had got so slow that when I drove it up one of the Kereru gorges some of the people in the back got out and ran past the truck.

The present Club truck was purchased in 1977. We got \$800 for the old girl and paid out \$9200 for a 1971 TK Bedford. It has a fully enclosed canopy which has recently been reroofed, carpet on the walls, a roll cage, 4 windows, a roll down back door with a window, an intercom, a gas cooker and all the older members reading this will think that we have got soft! Part of the money for this truck came from working bees, demolishing two houses (which was great fun) and the repairing of hundreds of fruit bins (not such great fun).

The Club is proud of its record over the years of raising money through working parties or Government grants and not having to resort to the task of raffle selling like most other clubs do. We have owned a steadily improving fleet of vehicles that we worked to get and worked to look after. It is a job well done and well worth doing as it gives a communal spirit and a sense of achievement to Club members.

It is not clear what direction Club transport will go in the future. Costs are high and are still increasing while numbers going out on trips appear to be decreasing. Perhaps we should purchase a mini-van or something similar to stay economical. However, no matter what vehicular transport we have we will always have those enjoyable sing-a-longs on the way home.

Letter to the Editor

WAIKAMAKA ABLUTION BLOCK

I have been concerned to note in the pages of your august journal of late, the sometimes disparaging, often frivolous and occasionally completely libelous references to the FEARSOME LONG DROP at Waikamaka.

Let it be known that this structure is something of an architectural and structural miracle, not quite ranking with the Sydney Opera House but definitely way ahead of the Beehive. It was designed and erected by an engineer with professional qualifications (as an accountant) and ill deserves the jesting and even vulgar comments that have appeared in trip reports form time to time.

Lacking privacy it may be, possibly even a little uncomfortable at times (although the bark should have long worn off the seat) and the chilly updrafts certainly do funny things to one's anatomy on a winter's morning. But where else in today's plastic and electronic society can one spend a few reflective moments in such awesomely primitive and rustic surroundings?

Scoff not, lest the delicately poised cantilever design be upset by your derision and plunge you to unmentionable oblivion for your sins.

A.V.B.

P.S. The trick is to wait until an easterly blows and then keep your eyes averted.

CLUB HUTS

KAWEKA HUT

The earliest mention found of Kaweka Hut is in the 5th committee meeting minutes (held 24/1/36) when Mr Ensor offered to pack in materials for a hut. Ian Powell had taken a reconnaissance party as far as Studholmes and declared it to be too far. On the way back they plunged off a ridge into a basin full of pigs and five stags roaring their heads off - a cracker spot to site a hut. By July Peter Lattey had done a hut design and it was decided to proceed with building immediately.

Chas Higgs and Dave Williams built the hut in ten strenuous days, erecting the rafters and Dave's 24ft adzed totara ridgepole in a snowstorm. The profits from an Easter trip were appropriated by Freddie Green for the purchase of iron to cover the original malthoid roof. It is said that Stan Craven complained of a "pane" in his back while carrying in the window and it must have been a fair effort for Les Holt to carry in the big circular saw blade for the fireplace.

Over the years a floor was added and the malthoid got a bit tatty. The hut was re-roofed in 1975 and the old roof was used on the walls. In addition a new fireplace was made and the chimney and the woodbox replaced. As he had done with other huts, Randall Goldfinch made the door higher so he would not bang his head on it.

Nowadays Kaweka Hut is too close to the road for the H.T.C. to get much use out of it but we still visit it as we pass through the area and it will always be remembered for the good times had there. Its main use these days is with school parties and youth groups and it is still a good base for snow-craft weekends.

As a final point I must make passing reference to the RATS. For those who remember with fondness those cute and endearing creatures who lived between the malthoid and the roofing iron, fear not! Despite misguided and concerted efforts at eviction, lockouts and eradication, their equally charming and indefatigable little long tailed furry descendants are still in residence, adding an element of taste and culture to the hut, now as in days of yore.

* * * * *

WAIKAMAKA HUT

Prior to 1939 the only huts that were of much use to the H.T.C. or the Internal Affairs deer cullers, who were moving up from the south, were Kaweka Hut and a few derelict Rabbit Board and musterers huts (eg Iron Whare, No Mans, Shut Eye, and Pohangina Saddle). There was thus an obvious need for new huts. In 1939 Internal Affairs suggested siting a hut at Weka Flat with funding on a 50/50 basis. The H.T.C. felt that the Kawatau was too far away for a Saturday afternoon start so they compromised on the Waikamaka site.

The site was pegged out and levelled in May and a thatched bivvy was built. Designed by Chas Higgs, the framing was cut and numbered on the Elder's front lawn. Carrying started in June and was hampered by heavy snow which covered material dumps for the following two months. Clem Smith went astray on one trip and the "Morice dwang" he carried was found near 67, nearly 1000 feet above the saddle. The working party building the hut camped on four foot of snow at the beginning of September and had the unforgettable experience of learning from the day party that we were at war with Germany.

The hut was finished mainly by private parties while the manpower was still available. The hut was used regularly and smoked very badly.

By 1966 the stream that was beside the hut had started to undermine it and it was decided to rebuild on the present site. Rebuilding continued for most of 1966 with some help this time from a helicopter. It is just as well that the hut has moved because now even the fireplace has disappeared under the shingle. In 1982-83 Randall Goldfinch and his cohorts spent much time carrying in a pot belly stove and improving the hut by fully lining it and painting it. (It is reputed that Randall had carried a whole bag of cement into Waikamaka some years ago). - The Hut is now in superlative condition.

KIWI SADDLE HUT

After the war the club decided to erect a third hut and sites in the Makahu Saddle, Mohaka hot springs and Te Atua Mahuru bush line were considered. In May 1946 a party of 9 high-school boys came out three days over due from a tramp in the Manson country. This illustrated a need for some form of shelter in the Kiwi Saddle area. The original proposal was to build a bivvy but enthusiasm and a 50% subsidy from Physical Welfare enlarged the plans to a hut.

The hut site was selected in July 1946 and Labour weekend of that year was used to form a track across the shingle scree and to cart the malthoid, wire netting and nails to the hut site. A party in February 1947 gathered timber and rocks to the hut site and the hut was built over the following Labour Weekend under Arch Troop's direction. Red beech was used for the piles while 4" diameter trees were used for the plates and the ridges. The hut was completed by the Monday and it had malthoid exterior with no windows or chimney. The door had been acquired by Angus Russell from the Napier Wharf and the bunks were made from woolpacks.

Two working parties in 1948 saw two windows and chimney material carted in and installed as well as some iron being carted in. The rest of the iron and some timber was carted in over the early months of 1949. The iron was put over the malthoid roof and painted with bituminous paint during King's Birthday of that year. The hut was then considered finished.

In 1962 the hut was renovated and improved. Maori bunks were installed and the porch was enlarged. Material for the floor was carted up in 1965 but it was 1967 before the malthoid walls were covered over with sheet iron. In 1975 the clubs attention shifted to the chimney and in 1976, with the use of a helicopter to cart in materials, the new chimney was completed. The last major thing to be done to Kiwi Saddle Hut was the installation of a new water tank. Again a helicopter was used and the tank was installed in 1984.

* * * * *

HOWLETT'S HUT

Howlett's Hut, H.T.C.'s most recent club hut, has its beginnings way back in 1937. The Ruahine Tramping Club had decided to build a hut near the site that Howlett, a rather eccentric botanist and mountaineer, had built on in 1887. The R.T.C. asked for manpower assistance from both the H.T.C. and the Manawatu Tramping Club to transport materials to the hut site. The H.T.C. gave a small monetary donation towards the hut as well as a lot of man hours assisting with the ferrying of 2.5 tons of material to the hut site. With no helicopters, and a 900 foot extremely steep climb, this was to be no easy feat.

In mid 1938 the H.T.C. helped carry the material two hours up river to a dump situated near where Daphne Hut is today. Labour Weekend of that year was when this material was passed upwards, in a human chain, up the Daphne Spur. This was done in three stages over the weekend and must have been one heck of a job.

Once the material was carried to the site the H.T.C. involvement ceased but members were invited to the official opening ceremony held November 1940. Sometime between 1940 and 1956 the R.T.C. became defunct and ownership of the hut was passed on to the M.T.C. Early in 1978 the M.T.C. relinquished its ownership and the hut became the property of the H.T.C.

The H.T.C. had great visions of turning this small, dirty, uncomfortable eight bunk hut into a hut to be proud of and Randall Goldfinch designed and drafted these visions into working plans. The plan decided upon was to extend at both the northern and southern ends of the hut, to rewall over the existing exterior and to reroof. In addition the fireplace and chimney were to be removed and a pot belly stove was to be installed. The bunks were to be replaced with Maori bunks and extra sleeping quarters were to be located in an attic above the entrance hallway.

Renovations started in Hastings with timber being cut and coded in Peter Manning's back yard while chipboard and hardboard which was stored in Phil Bayens' shed was painted. The material was then carted to Mill Road by truck from where it was helicoptered to a helipad which a working party had formed near the hut. Building of the hut commenced in February 1979.

In May 1979 thirty-two people carried a mass of food (including ice cream and a hut shaped cake) up Daphne Spur for the opening feast. Club Patron, Janet Lloyd opened Howlett's Hut from her sitting room in Hastings at 4pm using a mountain radio link and the celebration continued. The books show that the cost of renovations was just over \$1900.

Since 1979 a new water tank has been installed, the roof has been painted and two windows (one a dormer) have been installed thus making the hut what it is today - a mansion in the hills.

* * * * *

MATHEWS/MASTERS HUT

Not a Club Hut but an interesting yarn from Stan Woon

In mid 1951 the Deerstalker's Association had decided to rebuild Mathews Hut at the base of the Golden Crown near Mangleton. The H.T.C. offered assistance to carry in the material if transport was provided. In August we went off in Lester Masters' truck and we were dropped off above the Ohara River where there was a pile of timber and one deerstalker. We asked the deerstalker where the hut site was and he pointed towards the Golden Crown and said it was somewhere near a yellow tree at the base of the spur. We prepared our packs and got ready to carry but the deerstalker had taken off and none of our party had been in the area before. The shortest distance between two points is not necessarily the quickest as we were about to find out.

After an hour of heavy bush bashing, carrying timber bundles up to 15 feet in length we finally came across a horse track. Ten minutes later we came across some deerstalkers, their dogs, two dead pigs and a piece of timber each, the longest of which was not more than 3 feet and they were proud of themselves. Ken Thomas, the great story teller in the club, proceeded to describe their (the deerstalkers') pedigree for about five minutes without repeating himself once and finally asked them - did they want their bl... hut built or not! We finally made it to the hut site and had a very enjoyable time. Some of us found a cave which we later found out that Mathews had used as a store house.

The next Deerstalkers meeting was about two weeks later and some of us, who did a bit of shooting decided to join the association. By the time the meeting arrived we had done some hard talking to other members and during the meeting we put up a motion that there were to be no dogs or guns taken on any future working party to Mathews Hut. The motion was passed and some of the younger members were not very happy with the H.T.C. However, once they saw their hut being built they soon came round and were all great mates.

When finished this hut was a magnificent building and we spent many an enjoyable night beneath its roof. The name has changed to Masters after Lester Masters, a foundation member of the Deerstalkers' Association and a very knowledgeable man on the back country of Hawkes Bay.

THE ARMSTRONG PLANE CRASH

Hamish Armstrong frequently flew from his Akitio Station to the Hastings' aerodrome. His familiar green and silver Moth made the distance in good time, the two hours of fuel on board giving ample safety margin. Yet, on July 21, 1935, those two hours and more expired. Hamish Armstrong was never seen again.

Some would have it that he became trapped between two layers of cloud. Unable to pinpoint his whereabouts, hopelessly traversing a line perhaps as far north as Puketitiri, he must eventually have turned south one last time - back to the Ruahine Range. Whatever happened, he was at last forced to pancake the Moth. He chose to do this on the western side of a small saddle partially free from vegetation, relatively level, and one adequate for the desperate task at hand. The Moth was landed, almost certainly on its wheels and sustaining no great structural damage. Armstrong left the craft and attempted to walk out. The man was ill-equipped to do this. He carried little food (if any), he left his spare clothing in a suitcase in the cockpit, and he may even have been dazed or have lost his glasses without which he was virtually helpless. It seems that he must have headed off downhill into the relatively unknown waters of the Maropea, the headwaters of the Rangitikei, there to perish.

An immediate and extensive air search was launched. Several aircraft, including an amazing sixteen Moths, logged an aggregate distance of 35,000 miles. At no time, however, were the ranges completely free of cloud. Four feet of fresh snow further hindered their efforts. A small craft painted in colours which blended with the landscape, bearing none of the shining metal of today's machines, was proving impossible to spot. (A later simulated search confirmed that aerial identification was almost out of the question).

A fortnight later, almost to the minute, the plane was found. Ian Powell, Pat Wood and R. Bullen had climbed above Buttercup Hollow to test out the possibility of skiing and there, in clear view of the destination it had been unable to reach, lay the Moth. High winds had tipped the craft up onto one wing and caused extensive damage, but further investigation showed the very strong possibility of the pilot's safe landing. The ski party soon reported their find.

News spread quickly. On August 5, a small party under Capt. Forde and Const. Moss entered the search area equipped for ten days. They returned that same day, already disgruntled at other parties in the field and their unwillingness to conform to official direction. The weather too was most difficult. Capt Forde is quoted in the Press: "Unauthorised searchers are not wanted. Should any party be found occupying a hut when the official party arrives there, the other party would have to get out. Further help was not required!" Truly authoritarian, and indicative of a lack of community preparation for exercises of this nature.

The search was continued for a week. Other searched were mobilised as required, among them stalwart forerunners of the H.T.C. Great praise was made of Ian Powell by Capt. Forde - "... all others in the party were as pawns in the game compared to him." Search they all did and naught did they find. One party came all the way up the Rangitikei to the saddle; another traversed the range top and head of the Maropea. Their efforts were abandoned on August 13.

The saddle has since been named Armstrong Saddle. No sign of the Moth remains. Under the heading "Souvenir Hunters at Work", the Press expresses the Armstrong Family's disappointment at groups of up to forty people, some armed with hacksaws, ripping and cutting at the plane for mementoes!! The engine was eventually recovered by Mr Brian Armstrong. - The Armstrong search seems to have provided the impetus for the forming of the H.T.C. ... Less than two months later, in Dr Bathgate's rooms, ...

FIFTY YEARS OF SEARCH & RESCUE IN HAWKE'S BAY

The Club had its very origins in Search and Rescue and during the past fifty years successive generations of members have contributed countless thousands of hours to this vital community service.

When Hamish Armstrong crash-landed on the crest of the Ruahines in 1935, in the saddle that now bears his name he walked away from his plane but was never seen again. At that time there was no formal organization to mount a search in such circumstances and it occurred to a number of ex Tararua and Hutt Valley trampers living in Hawke's Bay that Armstrong's fate just might have been different had there been an active tramping club in the area.

And so the Club was born.

The most dominant personality in Hawke's Bay Search and Rescue over these past 50 years has undoubtedly been the late Norman Elder, the "father" of the Heretaunga Tramping Club. Norm was one of those who saw the need for a Club fifty years ago and he continued his active involvement in Search and Rescue until he moved away from the district and retired in 1966. We are very fortunate that Norm left behind him, his Search and Rescue files, which provide a fascinating insight into the development of SAR and the somewhat turbulent relationships that existed among the various bodies from time to time.

The groups that have provided the major input to the local Search and Rescue organisation during these past fifty years have been our own club, the Amateur Radio Emergency Corps, deerstalkers clubs, Venturer Scouts, Forest Service and the Police. Because of our wide ranging knowledge of the hills and our stable organisation, the Heretaunga Tramping Club has traditionally occupied a prominent position in Search and Rescue in Hawke's Bay.

One group with whom we have enjoyed a long standing association is the New Zealand Amateur Radio Emergency Corps. In a letter of 21 September 1937 G.E. Tyler, Section Leader of AREC, assured the secretary of our Club that AREC would be "...only too happy to provide radio communication should the occasion arise...". During the intervening 48 years, we have shared many exciting, nerve wracking and frustrating times with our friends of the AREC. The radio equipment in the early days was, by today's standards at least, primitive in the extreme. Not only was the range of their radio equipment very restricted but the gear was prone to all sorts of problems. Even in the 1950's if the b... radio didn't work you gave it a shake to see if some of the valves had fallen out of their sockets. The real workhorse of radio communications in Search and Rescue was the venerable ZC1, a powerful set developed (I think) during the war and which provided both field and town base communication for many years. It is only in relatively recent times that transistorised sets were introduced and communication became just so much more reliable. After all, communication is the very essence of an efficient search operation and all of us who have been there and done that know only too well what happens when the communication system breaks down.

Although deerstalkers have always participated in search operations, particularly local hunters with particular knowledge of the locality concerned, there appear to have been no formal deerstalkers clubs in the district until about 1949. In November of that year Norm Elder wrote to Lionel Harris, convenor of a meeting in Napier to consider the formation of a local branch of the New Zealand Deerstalker's Association. The meeting took place, a branch of NZDSA was formed

and since that time, the various clubs throughout Hawke's Bay have provided very valuable assistance in many Search and Rescue operations. As Norm Elder acknowledged at the time, the Heretaunga Tramping Club just could not put enough experience people into the field to run an efficient large scale search and the deerstalkers provided a much needed addition to the pool of searchers who could be called upon when required. Deerstalkers tend to know a more limited area of country very well, whereas our own members tend to have less intensive but much wider ranging knowledge of the Hawke's Bay high country. The two groups have therefore teamed together very well.

The New Zealand Forest Service have also provided very valuable assistance over the years, not so much in putting people into the field but in providing facilities and information. For many years the Venturer Scouts have joined in our searches and the St John Ambulance too have provided much backup medical services, seldom required by the missing persons as it has turned out, but much appreciated by battered and bedraggled searchers on many occasions. The relationships with the Police Department have been excellent over the last 20 years and these diverse groups have been welded into a very efficient Search and Rescue unit.

The only problem these days is that getting lost seems to have gone out of fashion. The Mountain Safety Council can doubtless take some of the credit and so too can the schools for their efforts in introducing young people to safe tramping in the hills. Whatever the reason, we are unlikely to again see some of the mammoth Search and Rescue operations of 30 - 40 years ago, when vast numbers of searchers thrashed their way through bush and scrub, across snow fields, up rock faces and down waterfalls and gorges, dragging some unfortunate rescued person to safety on an improvised stretcher. Very picturesque and great to reminisce about but definitely not much fun for either the searchers or the rescued.

The helicopter and fast, mobile, well-equipped teams have changed all that.

No commentary on the Club's involvement in Search and Rescue to date would, however, be complete without mention of some of the major searches during these past fifty years.

The first big searches did not really take place until after the war.

In May 1946 a High School/Rover Scouts party went astray on a trip out from the Manson Country by way of Kiwi Saddle and Kuripapango. Weather conditions along the Kiwi Ridge proved very difficult and a search was mounted when the party became overdue. All ended happily when the party was located safe and well after a three day operation. Several of the members on that trip went on to become active members of our Club. In reviewing this particular incident, it was felt that a hut somewhere towards the western end of the Kiwi Ridge would provide a useful haven in time of need and as a result, the Kiwi Saddle Hut was built.

George Lowe, in his 1949 Club Captain's report described the Howlett's search as "the most important task set the Club in its history". This was a task that the Club completed very efficiently and you will find details elsewhere in this magazine.

A massive operation was mounted in September 1958 on Ridgemount Station, just north of Tutira, in an effort to locate a topdressing

plane that just disappeared. It filled up with superphosphate, took off and was never seen again, although there was a report that it was sighted by another aircraft miles out to sea.

The disappearance of a fisherman in the Mohaka River resulted in the Calver search in April 1961. Several teams from the Club spent a very damp time in the Mohaka between the Napier-Taupo Road bridge and Pakaututu, but to no avail.

The big daddy of them all was the Neverman search in April 1964. Peter Neverman went missing on a brief hunting trip near Tataaakina on a Monday afternoon but for reasons which were later to give rise to a complete shakeup in the local SAR organisation, a full scale co-ordinated search did not get under way until the Thursday but was abandoned the following Sunday.

There was fairly widespread criticism of the way in which this search had been handled and in addition, further evidence had come to light during the closing stages of the search. As a result the whole operation was started again, this time with a Heretaunga Tramping Club member as field search controller. As it turned out, Peter Neverman was never found and the search was finally called off on the following Thursday. I believe that this search was the only occasion when SAR failed to find its man, in circumstances where we ought to have been successful. A lot of evidence was turned up in the field but it was too late. Peter Neverman had in all probability already left the area, quite possibly moving north into the Hautapu and an inevitable fate.

The lessons learned in this operation provided the foundation for the very successful and smooth running Search and Rescue organisation that we know today.

In October 1970 Wayne Joseph went astray while coming out from Back Hut to Makahu Saddle and ended up in Ballards instead. As with most searches during the past twenty years, this was brought to a successful conclusion within two days.

There have been plenty of others - searches, rescues, alerts, false alarms. And there have been regular annual exercises, with a lot of people putting a lot of time into maintaining the SAR organisation at peak efficiency.

Many of our members, some of them long since gone, have shared in the success, the failures, the frustrations and the sheer punishing toil of Search and Rescue over the past 50 years. To them all, we say "Thank you".

Alan Berry.

1948 HOWLETT SEARCH

Tuesday afternoon, 30 November 1948. Takapau residents fear a tornado as winds continue to gain strength. Ashley Clinton people see the Ruahines begin four days of bitter cold, continuous high winds, rain and unseasonably late and heavy snow. And some of them see an aeroplane disappear into cloud cover, approaching Parks Peak (Tiraha). Cullers working in the Pourangaki Saddle hear "the engine of the plane..... making a terrific noise as though in a power dive". Then - just the wind.

Ohakea Air Base reports overdue an R.N.Z.A.F. Airspeed Oxford with three men aboard, en route from Napier to Ohakea.

The Air Search response was practically immediate. During that same afternoon and following morning, twenty-two planes eventually took part in a grid search. Conditions were treacherous - no sightings were made. Little wonder with frequent cloud cover, dense vegetation, snow on the tops and a wood frame, fabric covered aircraft torn apart amongst it all. Too, Air Search adamantly pursued a concentration of the Pourangaki Valley based on their interpretation of the culler's report.

Wednesday afternoon

Dr D.A. Bathgate (Heretaunga Tramping Club Patron) contacted Police. The H.T.C. search committee met that evening and decided to press for ground search parties. Police approval was finally given on Thursday morning, against the express wishes of Wellington Air Search Organisation.

The H.T.C. justification: fears that the search was being concentrated in the wrong area, and Norm Elder's statistics of cloud cover seventy per cent of the time in this part of the Ruahines. Any chance of reaching survivors would best be met by foot parties.

The first parties left Hastings at 2 p.m., Thursday, already 48 hours after the disappearance of the Oxford. Norm Elder and Club Captain, George Lowe, led out teams, the whole party being under the control of Sgt. Le Forte of Napier Police. Here, Police inexperience began to show. The three policemen carried with them only one days rations, three grey blankets apiece, and a 40lb radio (plus batteries). Indeed the great sergeant himself wore heavy shoes, a sports coat, and swimming togs! (No wonder that later in the piece came a barely audible radio request for a pair of size 12 boots!!) H.T.C. were fully equipped, including rations for four days, and so too were the Rovers. Air drops were later arranged but were sometimes of dubious value.

Apart from the devastating accuracy, in dreadful conditions, of the R.N.Z.A.F., including one direct hit on Howlett's, the containers also held such wondrous items as pineapple juice, wood wool and chlorinated water!

Friday morning, and the parties leave Thomsen's mill for Howlett's. The following description from the Dominion (6.12.48) illustrates the drama the press were creating from all this: "To an inexperienced person, the hut is most difficult of access. From Thomsen's Mill, at the foot of the ranges, the route lies up the fast running, tortuous Tukituki River, and culminates in an exceptionally steep climb of 2500' straight up into the main divide. While the distance is not great in miles it represents many hours of backbreaking toil through broken and hazardous country, which only fit and experienced trampers could undertake."

They reached the hut at 1.30 p.m. greeted by (clearing) snow, cold S.W. winds, and cloud down to 5000'. There Maurice Forward (culler) told them he thought the plane had come down fairly close to Howlett's. Private search parties already in the area were searching the Te Hekenga - Tiraha tops but, because there had been no recent contact with this group, and because non-official groups seemed quite allergic to Police control, our groups set out to also search Te Hekenga and Sawtooth, and near Howlett's. A piece of fabric from the Oxford was found fifteen minutes south of the hut. This convinced our teams that the morrow's search should be in the hut branch

of the Upper Oroua River, between Taumataomekura and Taumatataua. Other teams, meanwhile, were preparing to enter the field, some under S. Craven, even being directed into Waikamaka. Communications were too poor to turn this group back in time.

At 6 a.m. on Saturday morning, now three and a half days after the crash, the first official parties were to begin their full search. Too late now to anticipate finding survivors. The Howlett's men moved in three teams around and into the valley behind the hut. By mid morning several pieces of fabric and an open, unused parachute had been found. The one party to discover virtually nothing actually reached a point no more than a few hundred metres from where the bodies were eventually discovered. By 1.30 p.m., all had returned, as per schedule, to the hut to report their findings. Tallying their information, a new party of four set off again to explore the most likely area. Late this same afternoon, these four, Maurice Forward, Bruce Jenkinson (Rover), David Bathgate and George Lowe, reached a creek bed whence was discovered a further parachute, again open but unused, much wreckage and an engine, then the pilot, dead, relatively unmarked, still strapped firmly in his seat. Shortly afterwards, the two others were found. All seem to have died instantly. After making positive identification, the search team returned to Howlett's, and next morning descended to the road end. Here ended most H.T.C. involvement, though one, Hugo McKay, schoolboy still in those days, managed to nip back into the fray with the recovery teams. What powerful attraction, the hills!

Recovery of the bodies was an extremely difficult task. They lay in a steep ravine in a side tributary of the Oroua, well guarded by dense stands of leatherwood and three waterfalls of 60', 30' and 50' respectively.

The impressions of both George Lowe and David Bathgate were that recovery was futile and dangerous, the route indescribably difficult, and the work of the R.N.Z.A.F. in continuing supplies fraught with risk. Eventually the Napier organisation talked of burial on site. Immediately, the Manawatu organisation rallied support for an expedition from their side. In two and a half days, they successfully recovered the bodies via the western side, down the Oroua River. It was difficult, but it was done. It's not too hard to imagine the controversy bantered in the firelight of tramping parties for some time afterwards: Why hadn't they been recovered a week earlier?

The Oxford, it was finally concluded must have been wrenched apart by winds of extreme violence, and had disintegrated before it hit the ground.

Thus ended one of the major searches of H.T.C. involvement. Police commendations of our participation was forthcoming, and supported the existence of a strong local S.A.R. organisation. Napier Police bought in ten sets of equipment to be permanently maintained there. Ground base S.A.R. was now alive and well, thanks in part to the excellent work of Sgt Le Forte, and the young but very capable H.T.C. members.

Those who were in the Howlett's party were:

H.T.C.: Norm Elder - carrying and communications, organisation

George Lowe, David Bathgate, Hugo McKay and John MacIntyre

Rovers: Bruce Jenkinson, Alf Dixon, Alan Oulaghan and Rob Comrie

Police: Sgt Le Forte, Constables Nathan and LePine

R.P.

Ref:1.Norm Elder's notes 2. News cuttings

SEARCH AND RESCUE TODAY

As with many other organisations Search and Rescue continues to evolve to meet today's needs within the current economic climate. While the general thrust of S.A.R. is much the same as it always was, many significant changes have taken place and these have altered the approach to operations. Even as I write this report another change has been flagged up, when we handed over the rescue of a sick tramp to the Hospital Board. A decision based on the fact that rescue of sick or injured people is a cost on the Hospital Board (Or perhaps the Accident Compensation Corporation) and not a cost to the Police.

The three main areas that have caused the biggest impact on S.A.R. over the last 15-19 years are:-

1. The effects of rising costs on the efficiency of each operation.
2. The rapid advances in technology.
3. The general economic situation and the changing lifestyle of New Zealanders.

A quick glance at the S.A.R. annual statistics clearly shows the effect of rising costs on S.A.R. Over the last ten years the cost of S.A.R. to the country has increased from \$19,920 to \$206,586 per annum. A very considerable increase when you consider the statistics don't cover the cost of leave granted to Government employees or the cost of military transport. The result of the increase is a call for more efficiency and a reduction in manpower involved. As Alan may have mentioned in his report on early S.A.R. the number of people involved in search teams has dropped off dramatically in recent times and it will only be in special circumstances that a sixty to seventy person (say eight teams of eight) search party will be used in operations.

Undoubtedly the greatest advance in technology affecting S.A.R. is the acceptance and use of the helicopter. The non-availability of military helicopters in our area has resulted in an almost one hundred percent use of civilian helicopters (The reason for the major increase in local costs). The size and speed of these helicopters enables quick aerial reconnaissance searches, often in very poor conditions. The many hours of walking previously required to get important information from hut log books and campsites is reduced to about two hours work with a helicopter before the teams reach the roadhead. Teams are often positioned and relocated from the air, a main factor in reducing numbers. Helicopter useage needs to be kept to a minimum, which usually means one team per trip, usually three or four people depending on the size of the helicopter. Team members must have more experience to undertake all the tasks that a large team would have done. S.A.R. personnel must make use of all the training programmes provided to ensure they are up to date with methods and procedures. The biggest problem with helicopters is cost, \$300 to \$800 per hour. All useage must be authorised and Police and search advisers can be called on to justify the use of a machine.

Technological changes have occurred in many other fields of S.A.R. The most notable being in first aid and the provision of SSB radios with both day and night frequencies. Radios are undergoing further changes with proposed new weights of 0.6kg and 1kg all up for HF sets and 0.5kg for VHF. Repeaters using VHF equipment are coming into use in some areas and the technology committee has even considered the use of satellites.

I believe the general economic situation and perhaps the changing outlook of New Zealanders has also had an impact on the number of searches required. Talking to clubs in the area about S.A.R. it is interesting to note that most are in the position where a few older members provide backing for a small younger but active membership. The number entering the field for serious hunting or tramping seems to be steady with experience tending to be greater than in the past. Hence the drop in the number of problems and calls for assistance.

As a cost to the country I believe we are getting the best value for money on a cost per operation basis. Search advisers, team leaders and members prepare and train in their own time with the S.A.R.E.X. and the occasional F.M.C. seminar paid for by the system. Even regular training carried out locally is organised at almost no cost to the system.

Efficiency has become extremely high with a professional approach on all levels. Police Squad members undertake regular training and are very fit (part of their job of course). Search advisers keep themselves abreast of developments and must have a flexible approach to handle the many unusual problems confronting them. Search team leaders and members must be more proficient than in the past as small mobile teams require a high level of ability and fitness. (This doesn't mean that some of us are past it though!)

Predicting the future is a little difficult. Financial restraints will probably prevent the Police from forming a fully professional system but on the other hand if the number of searches drops too far and team members allow their experience and fitness to decline there could be a change of emphasis. The standard of personnel in our area is quite high but I know that some areas are having difficulty gaining support.

Graham Thorp

NOVEL FORM OF S.A.R.

Norm suddenly received per phone one morning a call for help from Ocean Beach. A sheep dog, while mustering, had got stuck on a ledge on a papa faced cliff. It had been there for five days, and they were afraid they would have to shoot it as there seemed no way of getting it down. Naturally the owner was averse to the idea - could the club supply a mountaneer?

John MacIntyre agreed to see what he could do. After a careful survey he anchored 450 feet of rope to the top of the cliff and wearing crampons, lowered himself to the level of the dog. Not the least of his worries was how the animal would treat him when he did reach it, after five days without food. However it was most co-operative, which was just as well as John had to tie it to him and then continue down the face of the cliff. Both arrived safely at the bottom to the great relief of all concerned.

Two Club Songs - to bring back the memories

TRAMPING STORIES

Old folks, young folks, everybody come,
Join the Heretaunga Tramping 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 leatherwood 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 make 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 was 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 mountsain 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.

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 far, far away.

TRIPS REMEMBERED

Herein follows a pot-pourri of Club experiences. Three trips from each decade are reproduced, chosen because of their particular importance, or simply because they're fun to read. They give us a fascinating spectrum of the trials and joys, characters and charmers of fifty years of H.T.C.

No. 59 NEW YEAR 1937-38 RUAHINE CROSSING: The party reached Taihape by rail on the 29th December and spent the night in the Domain.

30th Dec. Nicholl's mail lorry left about 9 am next morning and the party had left Mokai station before noon, climbing 1500' on the pack track, then sidling into the saddle between Check and Mokai, then sidling again till a good spur into the Maropea presented itself. This reached the Maropea about an hour below the forks, which was under five hours travelling time from the homestead. The Maropea is narrow for some distance above the forks and the first possible camp sites were 3/4 hour on.

31st Dec. 3½ hours wading up a rather cramped stream bed brought the party to the upper basin, where there is an abrupt change, tributaries coming down from Maropea and Armstrong's Saddle to form an open basin worth future investigation. However, after a meal the northern spur was followed by a good game track 2¼ hours to the main ridge, 3 to the tussock south of Remutupo and 4½ to a camp site on a narrow bench beyond Te Atua Mahura. The weather promptly broke as the tent went up.

1st Jan 1938 Still thick and drizzling outside. Away at 11am, left Tupari at 1pm and, in attempting to steer by watch and compass round the head of the Mangatera, overshot the turn and after spending an hour or more trying to locate the route, dropped down into the bush to deer wallow and camped. Mist and intermittent drizzle all evening.

2nd Jan. The mist partly lifted at sunrise to show Pohatuhaha and the Makaroro Valley ahead. An early start took us back to the tops and less than two hours travelling had the party at the old camp at the head of the Makaroro at 9am. Mist was intermittent but not troublesome - the sharp turn off Piopio being clear.

The next two hours were entirely clear and the first part of the plateau was tackled in great style. All being fairly clear ahead, an hour's halt was made for lunch in a gully at the head of the tussock, but a misty drizzle set in suddenly and hopes of getting through that night were dashed. The next stretch, apparently level plateau, is actually a labyrinth of even topped ridges, and all smothered in scrubby bush which the deer appear to have abandoned, judging from the overgrown tracks. About 3 hours effective travelling by compass was done that afternoon and another 2½ hours exploring a very complete dead-end. The party turned one complete circle in trying to locate a track.

3rd Jan. An hour through some awkward bush saddles saw the party on tussock near Herrick's Spur and in familiar country. 3/4 hour was spent on Ohawai remapping the plateau and 2 hours at No Man's Hut. Tracks of the weekend party were first seen where the track turns south near Lessong's Monument, their note picked up at the gate. Leaving the Ruahine Hut at 3.25, the party reached Big Hill at 6.15 to find the phones out of order. However, a message was relayed through, thanks to Mrs Jowsey and John van D. made a very welcome guest to supper.

TRIP NO. 141 WAIKAMAKA HUT WITH MANAWATU 7th 8th FEB 1941:

One car load of 6 members left Hastings about 11am after a certain amount of re-arranging and general messing about. The weather was fine with light clouds which made the trip up the river pleasant. The hut was reached about 5.30, a meal and tea at the Mill making us late starting. After a meal the first 2 of the later party arrived about 7.30, having come in in 3½ hours. The Manawatus and the last of the Heretaungas arriving about 8.15pm. After

a pleasant evening chatting, yarning and eating we retired to bags, some sleeping outside where it was very warm and pleasant. Light rain fell about 6am and chased the outsiders inside to find most of the others sound asleep. Anxious to see the country, the Manawatus were astir early and after breakfast were away for the tops with Frank by 8am. From Mokai Patea Ridge they went along the ridge to the Rangī Saddle and then up the Rangī-O-te-Atua. Two other members scrambled up behind the Hut nearly to Rangī Ridge but the wind was so unpleasant that the return trip was made down a shingle slide to a creek which led to the Waikamaka Creek (west branch) and down to the hut. The Rangī party descended by the Spur leading right down to the Hut. Deer tracks are good about 15 mins up from the Hut, but up to that point it is a scramble. The trip from Hut to Rangī and back took under 3 hours. Another meal for the earlybirds and breakfast for the others and we were away by 11.45 for the Forks. (Waipawa) Frank & Nancy found a new route up 66, going from a point a little below the Hut and then straight up into a leading spur. The Leatherwood is very well grown and there are no deer tracks so that we gather that part of the route is not recommended; possibly a route from the stream above the Hut would be better. However, they struggled on, the wind to say the least of it being unpleasant, and they managed to make all but the final peak. From there they descended by shingle slide to a creek running into Forks stream and thence to Forks, the creeks being rocky and difficult. The main party reached the Forks about 1.30pm and after a halt for stragglers, began the climb up to Shut-Eye Ridge. There is no track up this spur and although full use was made of deer tracks, the going was slow and heavy with weekend packs. The tops were reached in 1½ hours and here the wind welcomed us with a roar. We struggled along to Shut Eye track and here Clem and Mollie went on to Buttercup Hollow and along towards Armstrong Saddle in the quest of a boot. The wind was terrific there, but luckily Mollie walked right into the lost property so they came down to the shack in glee. Here we had tea and food and the downward trail was started about 6pm. The track is getting overgrown at the top end and a slashing party could do good work there. The road was reached by the last ones at 7.15pm and a pleasant trip, except for the wind, came to an end. The Manawatu party went down by the river having seen enough of the country to make them keen to visit it again. The enjoyment of the trip was enhanced for the Heretaungas by the presence of the Manawatu members and we trust there will be many more such meetings in the future.

No. in party Heretaunga 10 Manawatu 4
Leader: J. Lovel-Smith

TRIP NO. 166 JANUARY 25th 1942 ERGOT GATHERING

It was to mixed feelings that I awakened one Sunday morning to hear rain pouring down from a darkened sky. The thought of collecting ergot in such weather, walking through long grass and receiving a shower bath every time I cut off or plucked heads of grass rather dampened by enthusiasm for the trip proposed for this weekend. Tramping may be all right in wet weather, but collecting ergot is a different matter. Then I realised that if ergot collecting was out of the question, I could have a good old sleep in, but before settling down I looked out of the window. Yes, the sky was nine-tenths black but that one-tenth which was a streak of blue towards Napier seemed to be increasing. Perhaps the old saying, "Wet at seven, fine at eleven" would prove true. By nine the sky showed more definite signs of clearing, and about 9.30am I started off in case some others would turn up.

At Pakowhai Bridge, I was joined by the Napier party and after waiting some time for the appearance of further members from Hastings, I decided to go to find out per telephone what had happened to the rest of the party. On informing them of the good weather which had just arrived from sunny Napier, the other members decided that they could make it by eleven. I rejoined the original party at the Bridge where we profitably filled in the time, looking for ergot till the main party arrived. When they joined us the sun was shining brightly, making everything hot and steamy. We then proceeded on down Farndon Road, turning in at a drive lined with tall fescue. This certainly looked good for ergot collecting, but the "inner man" was calling, so it was decided to press on down to the lake and lunch under the willows. Trampers were warned about a hidden ditch overgrown with grass and one soon found it, but did not seem too pleased with the discovery or his black stockings. The lake proved somewhat disappointing to some. Its placid green waters did not reflect the many willows surrounding and growing in the lake itself. The water being completely covered over with a green weed. It was more of a duck pond than a lake.

After lunch, a diversion was caused by the discovery of an old canoe (Maori) and we enjoyed trying to paddle the canoe. After settling lunch with canoeing, we started out again to collect ergot. We tramped by the edge of the barley field till we reached a place where fescue grew fairly abundantly. After a fair time of harvesting, members had scattered abroad. Some, working down back to our original place, had promised another prolific paddock. We were kept busy till it was time to boil up again for afternoon tea. We then spent a leisurely time winnowing the grain (seperating the blight from the grass seed). As anyone knows who has done this job, seperating the ergot from the grain takes time, and although many bright suggestions were offered as to quicker ways, we found that the "slow but sure" way was the best. When the time came to cycle homewards, everyone was unanimous in voting the day's excursion most enjoyable and profitable. Bags of unthreshed seed to be picked over at the next T.C. meeting were taken home, so that we could prove to other members who missed the pleasure of this outing that we indeed er-got some.

Leader: Julia Isdale 10 in party

TRIP NO. 278 MAY 5th 1946 COMBINED CLUBS - OTUMORE

Six am and rods of rain flashing past the headlights. Hastings awash with surface water but no gondolas visible. All aboard and away, Noel slightly damp from a mishap in fording Heretaunga St. - sheets of spray over the bows at intervals. The rain eased at Opapa - thence only intermittent drizzle. A deserted Dannevirke bus was parked under Pukenui and we picked up the Tamaki party brewing up at the whare along the road. The familiar faces of Lucy and Mavis.

The weather was now clearing with blue sky visible up wind. As we started on the sidling to Stag's Head, a hail announced the week-end party, emerging from the wet bush in the Moorcock in the manner of Venus Anodyomene.

We joined up dead on time though still some half-hour from the appointed rendezvous, and, after watching with interest the disposal of Angus's day rations in various hospitable packs, moved on. A concrete floor, some rusty nails and a stack of old iron were all that remained of the Stag's Head, and we turned into the blackened wilderness of the upper Moorcock valley, leaving the Makaretu and Tukituki practically untouched. As the mist thinned and the sun shone though, we had strange lighting effects. Distant figures shone white and spectral and beside us stalked a pale

lunar rainbow with at its centre a Brocken spectre with a small brilliant rainbow encircling it.

The site of the Pohangina Hut was a shambles of mud and old tins, with a tin dog-kennel or doll's house erected in the middle, into which it might be possible to slide on a sheet of iron in an emergency - the whole scene reminiscent of Polygon Wood in 1918. We found a dry spot to boil up, and went on at 1.15 to the top. The fire had just lipped over the divide for no more than a yard at Ian's cairn, and Otumore was as it ever was. The view was patchy with mist coming and going, but we could pick up a good deal from the Black Range to the Tamaki and over to Whanahuia.

It was time to return, and we jogged back to Milne's without undue delay, where the Heretaunga party packed into their cars, while the Tamaki party set off down the road to rejoin their bus at the road junction.

And so but for a few exchanges of repartee along the road, ended the first and we hope not the last, combined Heretaunga-Tamaki trip.

| | | |
|-----------------|----|----------------------|
| Tamaki T.C: | 11 | Leader: Lucy Hodgson |
| Heretaunga T.C: | 9 | Leader: Norm Elder |

TRIP NO. 423 TITIOKURA SADDLE - GALBRAITH HUT MARCH 1st - 2nd 1952

Twelve left Holt's at 8am and picked up two more en route. We parked the truck at Titikura Saddle at 10.12am and were off on the track eighteen minutes later, with an Auster monoplane dropping rabbit poison overhead.

Our intention was to spend a night at the Galbraith Hut below Taraponui and next morning explore that end of the Mangaharuru Range. We took a track to the left of the range, travelling due north for a mile or so. This led on to rolling country and eventually, 12 noon saw us having the usual at the foot of a huge basin, from which, half-way up, a spring issues forth. 2.15pm saw us at the hut after over an hour of Sol at his best, and a spectacle of burning-off operations down in the Mohaka.

Heavy mist enshrouded Taraponui (4281') ten minutes later, but that did not deter Stan and Doug (who had not brought their rifles) from enjoying (?) the wonderful freedom from danger thus afforded seven deer not far from the hut. Several boil-ups were enjoyed till the stew at 7pm. Then everyone sat back and laughter and gaiety were the dominant notes till 9.30pm bedtime.

A strong wind got up in the night with driving rain and many an ear was cocked for the flapping tents till, at 12.30am a large dead cabbage tree, to which a tent fly was tied, crashed down between Dave and Angus. Dave evidently received a glancing blow from the trunk, which broke his wrist and injured his chest and hip. People rallied round and soon he was in the hut being treated for shock and having his arm put in splints. At daybreak Peter and Ian set off for the road to inform Norm of the proceedings, the nearest telephone was at Te Pohue. The remaining party constructed a stretcher from young trees, groundsheets and sleeping bags, then all but Pam moved off with packs to halfway out. There six men dumped their packs and returned for Dave. The remaining three girls relayed the packs from there to the road.

Putting the tallest on the down side and the shortest uphill of the stretcher which we carried at shoulder height, we set out. We found we needed all six carrying at once, so there could be no change of bearers till Norm's party met us early in the afternoon. He brought eight men, a roadhead runner and a Neil-Robertson stretcher. This stretcher however would have applied pressure on the injured arm and could not be used. Steady progress was made till we reached Angus who had the billy ready boiling

at the stream.

A request for morphine had been sent to Napier. This was brought by Dr. Berry and reached us just as we got to a point overlooking the saddle. We reached the saddle at 5.15pm and the ambulance arrived a few minutes later.

No. in party: 14 Leader: Derek Conway

Helen Hill, Pat Bolt, Pearl Smith, Pam Dyson, Peter Smith, Ian Berry, Jim Gibb, Dick Burton, Stan Woon, Wally Romane, Angus Russell, Dave Williams, Doug Reid.

Rescue Party: Norm Elder, Hugh and Mark Elder, Ken Thomas, John Mitchel, J.L. Woon, Bob Woon, Jim McCahon (T.T.C.) Ian Stirling.

A WEEKEND TO REMEMBER - QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY 1953 - CORONATION DAY

The club trip was to the Back Ridge and beyond through Kiwi Saddle but Derek Conway and myself had decided upon a quiet weekend from Kiwi Hut over to Kaweka in hope of bagging a deer. After spending a night in Kiwi we moved around the ridge towards Kaweka. It was a beautiful clear day, Ruapehu looked to be just a stone's throw away. Near Kaiarahi, we managed to knock over two deer with some fluke shots, then we went down to Kaweka Hut for a big feed and a good night's sleep. After an early start we reached the pinetrees, around 11am, and went to the McDonalds for lunch (we had previously been invited provided we had got out in time). The hospitality and friendship that the McDonalds gave to anyone who stepped inside their gate was something that I and many others will never forget. They were typical of the back country people of those days.

After a very large meal we were sitting listening to the coronation broadcast when there was a news flash - Mount Everest had been climbed by Hillary and Tenzing. After a few loud yells, we thanked our hosts for the meal and their hospitality and headed towards the pinetree. The club party were all there and when told of the conquest of Everest there was such cheering and yelling that I am sure there wasn't a deer or pig to be seen in the area for months.

We then headed to town with horns honking and about 15 trampers singing and yelling at the tops of their voices. About Shereden we were met by a convoy of vehicles on the way out to tell us the news, I think they were a little disappointed that we already knew. What the people of Shereden thought of the H.T.C. that day I do not know! We then headed to town to let Hastings know all about Everest - it is a wonder we didn't get run in. But after all, not many tramping clubs around the world had one of its members on the first ascent of Everest.

For months we had followed with excitement and great expectations through the news media and letters from George Lowe to his sister, Betty. Betty would arrive at our club meetings with these letters and it wasn't long before we knew every member of the climbing party and the high altitude sherpas and porters. We had followed them from Calcutta to Bhadgaon, a small village just out of Katmandu, then on the 17 days journey to Thyangboche monastery, the first base camp. After awhile names such as Khumbu Glacier, The Ice Fall, Western Cwm, Lhotse Face, Geneva Spur and the South Col were common knowledge to us. We read of supplies and oxygen being carried up in readiness for the final assault and how rope handrails, rope ladders and aluminium ladders were fixed to make the route safe for the porters carrying these massive loads at high altitudes.

So on the 29 May 1953, at 11.30am, Hillary and Tenzing reached the top of the world and another great challenge to man had been beaten. Later we learnt how George had spent 11 days on the Lhotse Face. George was always a great eater and high up on Lhotse Face he still loved eating. Wilf Noyce had once found him asleep with a sardine hanging out of his mouth! And another night, he broke in on the radio to find out if they were eating peaches down on a lower face. Perhaps George's feat on the Lhotse Face can be best explained by Sir John Hunt. George Lowe, supported at intervals by others, had put up a performance during those 11 days which will go down in the annals of mountaineering history as an epic of tenacity and skill. That's our boy from the H.T.C.

While the expedition was being toasted around the world with champagne by royalty, lords and ladies, the H.T.C. were also doing their share. Somewhere in the Havelock hills we were having a celebration that went on well into the early hours of the morning. Dick Burton was the host and his home brew was appreciated by many. Yes, it certainly was a weekend to remember!

Stan Woon

TRIP NO. 525 NORTHERN KAIMANAWA CROSSING EASTER 30th MARCH - 2nd APRIL

We left Hastings at 4.45am on Good Friday in the Club truck, followed by Kath, Mavis and Norm in the Minx. We picked up Helen on the way and arrived at the lower Poronui homestead at 10am.

Norm, Mavis and Kath set off on their trip in the Kaipo and the remaining fourteen of us shortly afterwards shouldered packs and pushed off, arriving at the old cullers' camp at the junction of the Mohaka and the Kaipo at 1pm. Here we had lunch.

Jack had the fire going as we reached our camp site 100 yds up the Waitewhero Stream at 5pm, and in no time a fine stew and dried fruit were merrily boiling away as various members pitched tents, collected wood and bedding and otherwise made full use of the rapidly fading light. Of course, it rained that night to the annoyance of many who thought it would remain fine and had decided to sleep out. Els and Phillip did the decent thing by electing to cook breakfast the following morning and so it was that, thoroughly strengthened by a stiff brew of porridge, tea, Ryking and sundries, we sat on top of the Waitewhero Saddle at 9.45am, having left camp at 7am.

The contrast of the bush-clad valley of the Oamaru with the open tussock of the Ngaruroro was a fine climax to a wet morning's walk and with the mist just clearing off Tapui-O-Maruahine across the valley the scene was most impressive. At 11.30am we thought it wise to have a boil-up for we were now half a mile up the Te-wai-o-tupuritea, a main tributary which with the Mangamingi, forms the Ngaruroro half a mile down from where we sat.

We were moving up to the foot of an even bush ridge when a stag grunted ahead just inside the bush. We replied and very soon a magnificent stag was standing not 30 yards away, straightening his head and giving vent to his feelings. But press on we must, so we all shouted as one, upon which the stag, foiled again, soon retraced his steps into the bush with ourselves close behind. By 3pm we had arrived at the main ridge just slightly north of Pikiawatea and from a rocky knob jutting out of the beech which grew high all round we could plainly see Lake Taupo and a fair proportion of the head of Tauranga-Taupo, also Dowden and

Ngapuketurua. Without much ado we continued north for a quarter of a mile then took a steep plunge west into a well cluttered-up extreme tributary of the Tauranga-Taupo. At 6pm with a tired party strung out up this creek we called it a day and pitched camp 100 feet up on a plateau alongside a tarn.

It had rained all night and, as we lay abed the following morning on April 1st contemplating wet boots, wet socks, wet tents to be carried out, wet bush, in short, a real day for fools, through all this came a cry of porridge is ready". Alan and his crew had succeeded in cooking breakfast in spite of it all. Soon revitalised we were away and at 8am we were able to prove our correct position in relation to the map by a strong stream on the right which drained off Maungarahi, and an hour later the river gave way to broad flats at the junction of the Pikiawatea and Maungarahi streams.

Here a note of welcome was left on an obvious stake addressed to Norm who was whereabouts, but whereabouts? Whio or blue mountain duck were much in evidence as we continued down stream.

In the middle of a wide stretch of river bed we were commenting on the Tiger country appearance of all around when a mighty roar shook the air, to which we replied. The a mighty Red Stag came full bore up the river bed straight for the party whose footsteps faltered as the stag continued its charge. It finally stopped not five yards away, still roaring heartily.

A nasty gorge in the river at the foot of Ahipaepae prevented further river travel so we referred to Norm's written note on a possible-probable-might-be and could-be route over Ahipaepae trig. Three hours later, a forlorn and dejected party stood at the trig with a faint suggestion of Lake Taupo showing through the new beech growth and as what was to be the final destination, at least it was on our left and that was some consolation. After another steep drop we fortunately struck a good spur leading slightly west of North, which gave us good travelling through eaten-out beech forest about 100 feet above the Tiraki stream. Continuing until dusk we camped in the stream bed on a damp site but the only cleared one available. The next morning everything was soaked again, and we left without breakfast as the wood had reached saturation point. We verified our position at Papakohatu stream at 7.50 am finally emerging from bush edge at 11am with the prospect of several hours of stiff manuka bashing to reach the end of the bush track from Fletcher's Mill.

You can imagine how the tempo increased when Jack up front announced that just ahead was a road, and no mirage either. Learning from two stalkers that Taupo was 13 miles away we clapped the pace on, but five miles later the road was having a telling effect on all, so a halt was called and we boiled up and awaited the arrival of Alan who was fortunate to get a lift down to the settlement at Tauranga-Taupo where he picked up the truck, kindly brought round by Rex Chaplin. The rest of the trip home reads thus:- Ran out of petrol 1 mile form Taupo; consumed dozens of pies at Taupo; lights shorted on Taupo Road; home at 1am Tuesday morning. No. in part 14; Helen Hill, Marie Valler, Els Bayens, Geraldine Loftus, Edna Ansell, Jim Glass, Doug Napier, Owen Brown, Al Moffatt, Alan Berry, Jack Landman, Walter Shaw, Phillip Bayens.

Leader - Derek Conway

TRIP NO. 546 21ST ANNIVERSARY PICNIC - TUKITUKI FROM MIDDLE ROAD - 27th January 1957

A boil up on the Latteys' verandah at 9.30 on the Saturday morning struck the right note for the picnic. Heartened by this the females of the party set to work on the floral decorations for the Dinner that evening while the males went out on an advance working party to make the going easier for the children. There was a considerable distance to cover between the paddock and where we left the cars and the actual picnic spot on the bank of the river. This was overgrown with fennel and there was the odd patch of bog it was better to ignore. The party of six did sterling work. They put up a huge H.T.C. notice at the turn off on the road, another at the first gate, and smoothed out a track across the paddocks. Then they slashed and marked a track through the fennel, the odd rag fluttering on the tips of manuka poles (more like Tibet every day) pointed the way to the hugh willow tree specially selected. They established a stalwart fireplace (brick and iron rods specially imported), and even a privy discreetly in the distance.

Transport was by private cars + one pram. Another working party went out early on Sunday morning to cope with the parking problem, to give a hand with the toddlers and to get the kerosene tins boiling for the first boil up. (Billies were too small for a party of 160) Between forty and fifty vehicles came and went during the day.

Ages ranged from 73 (Angus) to 7 months (Denise Woon). There were 66 children. We had a few races and games in the afternoon for them. For the rest of the time they were perfectly happy swimming and climbing the willow trees. This one special willow tree selected by the working party was large enough to provide shade for the whole 160 of us. On that perfect summer's day its coolness had the same magnetic effect as a fire in the winter and all the adults were content to laze and natter in its shelter.

Some had to leave early to get back to Wellington, Hamilton, etc.. Others lingered on till after 6pm.

No. in party: 160 Leader Janet Lloyd

TRIP NO.561 COLENZO SPUR AND FLOODED RIVER 21-22 SEPTEMBER 1957

Following a mid-day start we were soon at the road head. Paddling up the Makaroro in a slight drizzle we made good time to the feet of Colenso's Spur and straight up through the bush to Colenso's 1845 Camp, by which time it was raining steadily. In the gathering dusk we pitched a wet camp, perhaps somewhat carelessly for next morning there were a few wet sleeping bags. The rain had set in so we now decided to make a retreat for home with our flashes and discs unused. But on arriving at the Makaroro we found it flooded, foaming white with the speed of the water and murky with silt. After a determined attempt at forcing a crossing by a party led by Philip it was decided to pitch tents and retire to the sleeping bags while Norman used his skills to produce a fire in the steady rain, and others got in a supply of wood and built a shelter over the fire.

The rain eased with darkness and Monday morning saw a clearing sky and the river falling, but still too formidable for an attempt down its course. With the aid of poles we now made a successful crossing in three parties and took to the bush of the outer range, eventually finding ourselves

forced up to the ridge at 3460 feet. This gave us a good view of Te Atua Mahura which showed clearly why parties so easily go astray coming down from the peak. A pleasant run down the ridge brought us to the junction of the Search Creek and the Makaroro by mid-day. Here we welcomed the appearance of Hal Christian and Alan Berry who had anticipated our needs and had come out from Hastings with ropes. With the aid of these we made three more crossings, not without a certain amount of misadventure and difficulty.

We hope our trip has at last lifted the hoodoo which appears to have reigned over Colenso's track in recent months. At least we have had some practical experience of river crossing and the party remained a very compact one throughout its two and a half days and was fortunate to include some very experienced trampers who maintained its comfort and entity under adverse conditions.

No. in party: 15 Leader; Rex Chaplin

Norm & Kath Elder, Els & Phil Bayens, Barbara & Graeme Hare, Nancy Tanner, Edna Ansell, Helen Hill, Dick Endt, Keith Garrett, Nigel Thompson, Jim Glass, Cyril Hargreaves.

TRIP NO.849 PAKAUTUTU - MOHAKA - HOT SPRINGS: 27-28 January 1967

As we numbered only twelve, including the three bound for Lotkow Hut, transport was by VW, Russell taking the Lotkow party up to Bald Hill, and Mr Lewis coming with us and bringing the Kombi round to Makahu, which saved us a long climb back to Pakaututu at the end of the trip. From the end of the road, in the bush behind Pakaututu where we must have already been close to a height of 3000 feet, the track wanders in a general northwesterly direction along the ridge which forms the divide between the Ripia tributaries to the N.E., and those of the Mohaka to the S.W. The "ups" of this ridge exceed the "downs" so we gained still more height. Occasional gaps in the trees gave us glimpses southward to the country behind the Kawekas, and, behind us, to the grasslands on some of the hills around Puketitiri, which were beginning to seem a long way away.

On top of a larger rise where the track makes a bend to the right, there was some discussion as to whether this was the place where we should turn off. We carried on but after another hour, when we came to the place where it looks as if the person who cut the track we were following had also gone wrong, our doubts swung the other way, and we turned back. After lunch we returned to the knob where the totara trees were, left the track and headed roughly south for a short distance along a ridge where the trees were almost completely bare of lower branches, then turned west along a saddle and crashed through vines and undergrowth up on to a high knob. The far side of this drops away almost vertically, to give a view of the Mohaka so far below that it looks like quite a small stream, with the Mangatainoka meandering to join it from the far side. We followed the bush edge to the left and eventually down a ridge to camp beside the Mohaka a few yards below the almost hidden junction of the comparatively small Mangatainoka. Even up here, near its headwaters, and reduced by weeks of dry weather, it was still a large and powerful river, with plenty of white water, and our two fishermen soon had their rods assembled, unfortunately without result.

The expression on the face of one of them was most amusing when an eel attacked his bare toe. Not long afterwards one of those who had thought it a great joke was rinsing some dishes when another eel had a go at his finger; somehow, that wasn't so funny. Someone's breakfast

provisions were raided to provide bait for a large hook on a stout cord, and almost immediately the boys had the problem of dealing with the wriggling monster they had hauled out.

As the night was fine, sleeping under the stars was pleasant. Setting off down river next morning, after allowing some time for the sun to take the chill out of the water, we provided ourselves with strong manuka sticks to help in the crossing. The boulders were rather slippery, so a prop to lean on was a great help. The river was mostly just deep enough to thoroughly wet our shorts, with a few crossings waist deep, and a few places in gorges where we floated down, relying on the buoyancy of our packs to hold us head and shoulders out of the water. One place was a bit awkward, with a nasty rapid at the beginning of a gorge, and we had to scramble around the rocks and lower ourselves into the pool. While doing this, one of our fishermen, who had tied his expensive rod to his stick, dropped it, and owing to the weight of the green manuka wood it sank to the depths of the pool and was not again.

Further down, one boy boldly launched himself into a whirlpool, forgetting that the waistband of his pack was not fastened. The current dragged him down while his pack floated out at an angle behind him, and after a quick rescue had been made the line of saturation on his hair could be seen to be about the level of his ears!

After all those hours in and out of the cold river, a good soak in the Hot Springs was most enjoyable, while Russell sprinted out to Makahu and brought the Kombi back to meet us at the Mangatutu Stream. Though we could not claim to have had a long dry journey, we once again enjoyed a cup of tea with Mr and Mrs Lewis on our way back.

No. in party: 9 Leader: Peter Lewis
Arthur Black, Bert McConnell, Brian Turner, Brian Mote, Warren Greer,
Russell Millington, Alan Thurston, John Mullinder.

PANIC STATIONS EASTER 1969

Madge, a friend and myself had gone for a day's fishing up the Ngaruroro towards Cameron Hut. The weather was fine and the river clear though quite high - in fact we piked at a deep crossing about a mile upstream and leisurely worked our way backfishing - without success. When we got back to the depth station where the wire crosses the river about 2pm Trevor and I thought we would try the next pool down stream. We dumped our packs - no point in carrying them to fish a pool 200 yards away! - and set off. I thought I'd get a better cast by crossing over the river so that I was now on the opposite bank to Trevor and Madge and the car.

I sat down at the river's edge to untangle my line - I seem to spend fair amount of my fishing time doing that. About ten minutes passed and slowly I became aware of water lapping round my feet. I looked up to see the clear Ngaruroro transformed into a muddy torrent carrying logs and other debris and rising rapidly. I was fascinated - I'd read about things like this but I'd never seen it before. The weather was still fine yet but this river was rising at about one inch per minute - I was so fascinated I timed it! By now boulders were rolling on the bottom and to have forced a crossing on my own would have been risky.

Trevor shouted caution over the roar of the river so had to think of alternatives:- What about the wire rope and cage? - no, the cage was on the other side and padlocked. The rope is rather high above the river so a Houdini act was out, too. That left only two alternatives:- Wait for the river to go down - not a very pleasant prospect with my pack

containing matches food clothes on the other bank! Don't leave your pack! How many times I'd heard it and told other people. Boy, was I sorry now! The other prospect was to fight my way through two to three miles of scrub down to the Kuripapango bridge where the road crosses the river before climbing up Gentle Annie.

It was infuriating looking at friends and car just across the river and not being able to reach them. I shouted what I intended to do and headed off. It was a race against time. If I did not make it by dark it would mean a night out. I crashed through the manuka and other rubbish for half an hour seemingly getting nowhere. I felt completely alone and began considering rash alternatives; I would make a headlong dash across the river. After all it was only 15-20 yards wide. This was panic. I forced myself to do what I had read so often. I sat down and rethought the whole thing. The going was impossible close to the river - very thick and overgrown - I could not use the river bed when it was full from bank to bank. I must get to a high point to get a better view of what lay ahead.

I went uphill for a way and climbed a tall manuka. The bridge was nowhere in sight but above me, about a mile away, I could see regular scars cutting across the scrub. I was convinced they were the cuttings on the Gentle Annie. I decided to head for them. At least there I would be on the road and could walk or hitch down it to the bridge. I half ran, stumbling getting torn and scratched. I had a stone in my boot. It hurt but I wouldn't sit down and take it out. - It was a race against the clock and I was panicking again. The going was terribly slow and the closer I got to my objective - the scars on the road - the more certain I became. By 5 pm I was about twenty minutes away but I had convinced myself I was lost - it couldn't be the road - I decided to head back to the river. This would have been my undoing. Just at that moment Madge appeared at the point I had been heading for. It was the road and they had brought the car up thinking I might do just that. Had she appeared five minutes later I would have spent the night out. As we talked about it coming home in the car I realised the mistakes I had made apart from the initial one of leaving my pack. Rushing to beat the clock, I could easily have injured myself necessitating a search and rescue operation. I used up my reserves of energy rapidly though I had no food to replenish this energy. A stone was rapidly making me lame yet I stupidly refused to take time off to remove it. My loneliness, fear, panic - call it what you will - almost persuaded me to abandon a sensible course of action for a much less sensible one.

Those of you who venture into the "back" country must face up to the fact that one day we can really be alone and thrown on to our own resources.

If we wish to survive we must be mentally prepared. My advice - read all you can about bushcraft and survival so you can recognise PANIC. This is what kills.

B McC

TRIP NO.971 HIKURANGI - EAST COAST - EASTER 31 March to 3 April 1971

Early on Good Friday the H.T.C. fleet of truck and Kombi, escorted by the Viva from Auckland, hit the long road to the East Cape. A welcome swim at Morere, lunch on Gisborne's Kaiti Hill and we finally arrived at the Tapaueroa Valley roadhead about 4 pm. Here the group separated into two parties.

The experienced party moved up the river and camped on a grassy shelf above it. Next morning our guide, Keith, had us up and away early. At the junction of the Oronui and our river - the Mangamauku - we met a hunter from Gisborne. After pleasantries had been exchanged, the art of conning an evening meal was demonstrated. The resulting shoulder of wild pork was very welcome.

Upstream a series of natural dams formed by silted up log jams were negotiated, with only slight delay. It was about here the party had one of its first views of Honakawa, a rugged rocky peak of 4678'. Lunch was enjoyed in a sunny riverside spot at the bottom of a ridge leading to the western side of Hikurangi. This was our route and Keith, who was one of the original track cutters, said he thought we would be about the third party to use this particular track. We stopped before dark at about 3500' and cleared a campsite. Moss was gathered for a mattress and the tents and plastic sheet shelters were erected. The evening's meal of pork stew was delicious and well worth the wait. Unfortunately a shortage of water marred the site. Sunday morning promised a good day, and the party set out without breakfast - there being little water.

As the track climbed above the surrounding country, the headwaters of the Motu - the Mangatutara - and the rugged tops of the interior came into view. And then the western side of Hikurangi was revealed through the cloud - fantastic - only three miles and 1500' to the top. We continued along the ridge, which had levelled off, and at midday came across water. This was even more welcome than the sight of the top. We had lunch and then climbed to the bushline. Liz's party was about a quarter of a mile north of us at this time so we ran over for a cuppa and to discuss whether or not we should spend the night at the summit. Eventually we decided to make for the top and come to a decision when we got there. At this stage the day was perfect - no wind, brilliant sunshine and good visibility. We followed orange painted markers and worked our way up a shingle slide and into a rather steep gut. This was not the best way, we discovered afterwards. Eventually all the party struggled on to the top and dumped their heavy four-day packs.

The view was sensational. The peak we had climbed was about 30' below the trig, so the party moved along the ridge about 200' to the aim and our object of our three day trek. This was duly recorded for all to see on many pieces of film. Returning to where we had left the packs, we observed the sun setting over the Bay of Plenty, and looked about for a place to spend the night. There seemed to be nowhere suitable at first glance. However, two plastic bivouacs, one tent and Keith's large plastic sheet were erected, and a silent prayer was breathed that no wind would come up overnight. The evening meal was cooked with water carried up from the afternoon tea stop and afterwards people settled down for the cold night out at 5,700'.

As Monday morning's sky brightened gradually, the whole party emerged into the chill air to watch the dawn. More film was exposed, capturing the delicate light. The sun broke over the low cloud on the horizon. This was the climax of the trip, the party being theoretically the first in the world to see the dawn on Monday 3rd April. When the sun rose higher it was fascinating to see the surrounding country change from a delicate pink hue to a golden blanket of warm illumination. Eventually the rays penetrated the valleys and the rivers materialized into silver trails stretching from the high interior to the coast.

We decamped and descended quickly to the Gisborne canoe and Tramping Club Hut 1700' below for breakfast. Here the two parties rejoined, the slower party moving off for the roadhead shortly after. The hut must be one of the best around - water on tap, club hut history book, and the ultimate comfort - two hot water bottles.

More photos, instant puddings all round and a laze in the warm sunshine made us wish we were not leaving. However all good things finish and soon we were off to the bottom - mostly over farm country. Back at the transport, the chaos sorted itself out and the convoy moved off to Tokomaru Bay for lunch. A swim north of Gisborne made a welcome stop. The vehicles gassed up in Gisborne and the passengers had tea. About 15 miles further on misfortune struck the truck when the generator died. This was quickly removed, taken back to Gisborne in the kombi, and swapped for a reconditioned model which was refitted to the truck.

The party arrived back in Hastings without further incident, understandably somewhat later than expected. My thanks to the drivers, to Keith for his welcome advice, and to Liz for her leading of the slow party.

T.S.P.

No in Liz's Party: 16

Leader: Liz Pindar

Russell Perry, Kevin Perry, Peter Robbins, Murray Ball, Trevor Hankin, John Berry, Peter Berry, Wayne King, Warren Saxton, John Duncan, Raymond Foote, Denis Galyer, Chris Burnett, David Smith, Trevor Harkness.

No. in Experienced Party: 12

Leader: Trevor Plowman

Trevor Plowman, Bruce Perry, David Perry, Malcolm Ingpen, Wendy Smith, Sandra Smith, Keith Thomson, Philip Friis, Paul Richards, Neil Lusher, Paul Maddison, Peter Lewis.

CHRISTMAS - NEW YEAR 1977-78

Big trips of this nature often start off with an itch which can get quite contagious. About August last year, a few of us chatted about the coming Xmas break and it was decided to head south. The question was whether to make it a club trip, or private with only the few of us going.

Club trip it was. We thought we'd get a good number like ten keen people... but what a response!! Finally a limit was set at thirty. There are a lot of things to organize for a trip of this size but they all got done - some things only hours before departure when the last of the food was packed - and we departed from Frank's yard in Havelock North at 2.00pm on Saturday 24th December.

Food under the false floor. Packs stacked in the "loft". Travel bags strung up to the beams. We even managed to get some people in the truck. The truck itself looked like Xmas with new paint, stereo, stacks of mattresses, wind-deflectors(?), and racing stripe on top. It even sported three flash club monograms.

The trip south was pretty uneventful, the features being the Kaikoura sunrise with snow-covered mountains glowing pink, a spell in Christchurch to buy gear at the Alp Sports and spin the frisbee, lupins at Lindis Pass, and coaxing the coin pump at Omarama. Cromwell 8pm 25th December. Thankyou to the Cromwell people allowing us the use of the District High as an overnight shelter and cooking area. After a massive Xmas Dinner (11pm) we crashed into our pits.

26th - Trev organised the lunches. Great job. Twentyfour people in the truck, four in the Datsun, and we were off to the Remarkables at 11.30am. The weather was hot and everyone was tired and it was a long way up there and ... only thirteen decided to carry two-day packs to Lake Alta for the night. Halfway up the others dropped off the ridge to camp beside a stream.

27th - Nearly all of the lower party joined the "Alta" group this day for fun and games in the snow and a look at Double Cone. The weather was a little cooler than on the 26th and everyone had a great introduction to this rugged range. A couple of falcons caused some excitement when we disturbed them on our way down.

It was time to play tourists and at 4pm we headed for Arrowtown. This place was a little disappointing because its pioneering atmosphere was wrapped in pretty bouquets and dollar signs, but it was a welcome stop for refreshments. Back to Cromwell for the night.

28th - "Whippee! We're off to the Matukituki!"

Leaving about 9am we travelled to Wanaka where the National Park Intentions Book was completed, post-cards were mailed, pies were scoffed and the truck admired. Then off up the shingle road to the Matukituki. A shelter belt of trees provided a fine windbreak at Raspberry Creek, the road end where we established our base camp - home base for the next ten days.

From here, various activities were undertaken, ranging from day trips to six day tramps and from casual wanderings to more adventurous climbing. The following give very brief summaries of the trip reports which are written up in the April 1978 Pohokura.

THE ASPIRING STORY: Trev, Murray, Tony and Paul left from the French Ridge Hut, went to the Bonar and then climbed Aspiring by the west face. The descent was down the N-W ridge, to the Bonar then back to the French Ridge Hut.

FRENCH RIDGE: Peter, Anna, Shona and Debbie climbed up to French Ridge Hut from Pearl Flat. They spent the rest of the day practising self arrest techniques before returning to Pearl Flat for the night.

EAST MATUKITUKI: Peter, Shona, Leon, Beth, Kerry, Colleen and Debbie spent 2 days up the east branch of the Matukituki River, spending the night at Junction Flat. The next morning 4 of them went on to the Rock of Ages Bivvy then all returned to the truck.

WEST BRANCH: Peter wandered in the west branch of the Matukituki River with Anna, Leon, Beth, Debbie, Colleen and Kerry. They visited both Liverpool Bivvy and Scots Bivvy before returning to the camp at Pearl Flat. Here they learnt that Derek Conway, an old HTC member, was staying at Aspiring Hut, so they visited him before returning to the truck.

CASCADE SADDLE ESCAPADES: Wendy T., Wendy G., Dave P., Dave W., Russell, Chris, Glenn, Carol, Allan and Graham made a base camp at Cascade Creek from which trips to Cascade Saddle and on to unsuccessful attempts of Tyndall and Plunket Dome and a successful attempt of Mount Ansted (Dave W. and Russell) were made. This was also used as a base to visit various glaciers, including the Dart Glacier.

SHARKS TOOTH: A playful attempt was made on Sharks Tooth by Russell, Glenn, Graham and Allan. Having not left until well into the afternoon, they only made 3000' of the climb before having to come back down for tea.

UPPER MATUKITUKI GERIATRIC TRIP: Frank, Les and Rob visited Cascade Saddle, Aspiring Hut, Pearl Flat, Scotts Bivvy, French Ridge Hut, Liverpool Bivvy and Mount Barff over a 6 day period.

HOMESTEAD PEAK: Graham, Glenn and Bruce attempted to climb Homestead Peak. They reached what they called "Homestead Peak that wasn't" but ran out of time before reaching the real Homestead Peak and had to drop down into Rob Roy Creek and follow the track down to the Matukituki Valley where the camp was.

Leader: Dave Perry

Wendy Thorn, Wendy Gordon, John Grover, Graham Bailey, Russell Perry, Bruce Perry, Allan Holden, Carol Climo, Fiona Law, Glenn Armstrong, Beth Curtis, Kate O'Malley, Colleen O'Malley, Shona McAuley, Peter Berry, Leon Smith, Paul Richards, Trevor Plowman, Les Hanger, Rob Snowball, Frank Hooper, Geoff Robinson, Joanne Jepson, Murray Ball, Kerry Smith, Dave Wilkins, Debbie Bayens, Anna Bloomer, Tony Connell

TRIP NO. 1243 HOWLETTS 17-18 APRIL 1982

This trip was to place a plaque in Howletts Hut in memory of Phil Bayens. It was very good to see Els and her family present for this memorial service. To see such a large gathering of trampers just shows the high regard in which Phil was held within the Heretaunga Tramping Club. To the writer it was certainly a tramp up memory lane, not just to Howletts Hut, but in memory of a young lad, the same age as myself who at the age of 22 years joined the H.T.C. and was immediately accepted as one of the boys. With my last trip to Howletts being around 1950, it was with great excitement and expectations I prepared my pack for this trip.

Saturday 17th April 1982 dawned a beautiful clear day. Off down to Holts for a 7am start. While driving from Waipukurau to Mill Farm and looking right up the spur to Howletts, it did not look to be far away. Arriving at Mill Farm around 8.30am we donned packs and headed off down to the Moorcock Stream. Moorcock! That brought back some memories of planting trees and flying tents while assisting the forestry plant some trees at the headwaters.

After 3½ to 4 hours of splashing our way up the Tukituki and noticing the big changes in the river-bed we arrived at Daphne Hut to a most welcome cuppa tea and lunch. Then over the river with dry feet and what was to be a very long, painful climb up Daphne Spur. Some grey-headed gentleman seemed to be climbing quite well until the half-way mark. Cramp set in, first in one leg and then in the other. After struggling on for a while, some very kind, fit trampers relieved him of his pack, thus enabling him to reach his ultimate aim - Howletts. Phil had described the hut and the alterations that had been done to me just after the grand opening. Seeing was believing - what a magnificent hut the club had made! My congratulations to all of those who did the planning and the slogging it must have taken to complete. WOW!!! I slept on a mattress in Howletts. It's far more comfortable than the old sack bunks.

With 23 bods all cooking tea at the same time, it was very surprising to see the variety of foods now available to trampers these days. The old stew used to be good but waiting 4 hours for it to cook was hard going.

After much scraping, ie scraping the paint off, and discussion by Randall and Trevor, the spot for the plaque in memory of Phil was ready for the following morning. As usual we were entertained for some time by the twit nits of the party with great yarns and talks. Trampers will never change, thank God!!

Sunday 18th, we awoke to brilliant sunshine, no wind and a light mist. Jenny Christmas and David Harrington arrived during breakfast, both looking very fit after their dash from Mill Farm.

With breakfast over and a clean-up, Trevor read several messages from some of the members unable to make the trip and several of those present said a few words on how Phil had touched their lives in some way or other. Craig Ball, the youngest member on the trip, ably assisted by Debbie Bayens attached the plaque above the stove. After standing for a minute in memory of Phil, the hope was expressed that the plaque remain forever at Howletts in his memory. Photographs followed and the 'very slow' party headed off down Daphne, some on very shaky legs. On the way down tuis sang their songs, wood pigeons were in abundance and a stag roared on the opposite ridge.

Arriving at Daphne Hut we had lunch and then headed off downstream arriving at Mill Farm around 4.30pm. After a very happy and successful trip we arrived back in Hastings around 7.30pm.

Stan Woon

Leader: Trevor Plowman No. in Party: 23

Chris White, Sara Gilkison, Karen Lancaster, Randall Goldfinch, Dianne and Greg Jenks, Els, Debbie, Phillip and Michael Bayens, Stan Woon, Michael Henley, Luke Holmes, Cliff Epplett, Jan Machela, Bill Bainbridge, Peter Berry, Peter McBride, Jenny Christmas, David Harrington, Lee Barrett.

TRIP 1330 MYSTERY PA HUNT, DONALD RIVER - 9 JUNE 1985

One Pat Parsons has often intrigued me with his tales of early pa in Hawkes Bay. He mentioned last year that he knew of a pa in the Tutaekuri - Donald confluence which no-one has yet located. What better people to look for it than a tramping club?

The information he gave us was this. "Ngutuhao was a pa site of the Ngai Tangihia section of the Ngati Mahu people. This tribe inhabited the land in the headwater area of the Tutaekuri River. Ngutuhao is described as being on the eastern side of the Kaweka Ranges. It was abandoned in the 1815 - 1830 period when the Tuwharetoa tribe from Taupo captured it and imprisoned Tuhirau and his sister, Kau. It was never reoccupied. ... Considering (the) Ngai Tangihia used the Tutaekuri as a highway, it is likely that they followed a tributary right to the site. The description of its location being on the eastern side of the Kawekas suggests the Donald River as the most logical starting point. It can't have been impossible to find as the Tuwharetoa discovered it. It will certainly be covered in bush now. Well concealed pa were often located a few hundred yards up a minor stream leading into the tributary. It is not unlikely that a palisade pole or two still stands. They still exist in comparable remote locations."

Armed with that lot, 18 of us crossed the Tutaekuri River via the swingbridge at Lawrence one chilly June morning, amateur anthropologists all. We moved the short distance upstream to the Donald River and struck almost immediately the first of many crossing. Oh dear! 'Tis the wrong time of the year for this nonsense. But, hardy creatures that trampers are, scarcely a moan escaped blue lips. To the slosh and gurgle of boots and the accompaniment of enamelled castanets dancing the light fantastic

betwixt clenched jaws, we marched forth.

Pat led for the morning. He was able to briefly search and dismiss any potential sites without troubling the bulk of the party. But, around 10 o'clock, we reached another possible site which turned out to be the most likely of the day. It was easily defended, with cliffs almost completely surrounding it, a small stream at its rear, two narrow paths climbing up to it at opposite corners, and commanding views of the Donald River so that raiders could be spotted easily if they wanted to advertise their presence. (It also is someone's excellent bivvy site, so I won't destroy their privacy by giving a grid reference.) A group of us had quite a nosey but found nothing to further the site as a positive pa site, so we moved on upstream to a sunny lunch spot.

Here, we split the party in two. A group would return down the Donald to where Cable Stream enters, then walk up this until they intercepted the Lotkow - Lawrence track, finally to follow this back to the Tutaekuri and the truck.

A smaller group, some of whom were greatly coerced into coming along, would continue to follow the Donald upstream hoping eventually to reach the Mackintosh track, thence to climb into the Mackintosh Plateau and follow tracks on it back to the truck too.

All went as planned, and everyone spent a most enjoyable afternoon. The Mackintosh group found the upper Donald Gorge distinctly chilly eventually reached one particularly narrow and deep spot where more bod had to be committed than what we were prepared to sacrifice! The constant immersions were causing cramps, and so out we lifted up a scrubby spur to the tops. Mackintosh Hut was not more than half a kilometre away from where we bashed our way out of the manuka.

By 5.30 everyone was back at the truck. We quickly peeled off the wet stuff, dived into the truck, and Mitch drove us safely home. That relaxing hour or so in the truck is so often one of the most pleasant of the trip. There's not a damn you can do but relax!

Thanks Mitch.

Thanks, Pat, for your motivation and assistance. Thanks, Ngati Mahu, for giving us something to seek. A very pleasant trip.

R.P.

Leader: Russell Perry

Party: Mitch Barrett, Peter Berry, Glenda Hooper, Hamish Tait, Lew Harrison, Sue Keswick, John Giddens, Marcus Reinders & friend, Ted Sapsford & son, Liz Pindor, Alva McAdam, George Prebble, Susan Lopdell, Tony Alexander and Pat Parsons..

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HOW KURIPAPANGO GOT ITS NAME

Makeo was a pa on Kohurau about ten miles from Puketitiri. The Kohurau Block includes the Blowhard and the pa was probably down towards the Tutaekuri, perhaps near Waiahenua.

Raupirau lived at Kohurau about 250 years ago. His grandson, Rangipotahi, went to investigate a fire which was seen burning at Kaimoko (Boyd's Bush). He reported to his grandfather, that from the speech, the strangers were from Whanganui, and because they had come under cover of darkness it was for no peaceful purpose.

Raupirau and his people attacked them and Mokotapuarua and Kuripapango were killed. This fight was called Whakaata-Marama, (which means the moon casting a shadow) so it appears to have been a night engagement fought at moonrise or moonset. This information comes from Mr Hamlin.

Kuripapango is said to have been so named from his conspicuous black dogskin coat. I believe Te Iringa o nga Kahu o Tamakorako, the full name of Te Iringa, has some connection with this fight.

Norm Elder

Mountain pool so clear and still,
reflected in the Pipit's trill.
Miles of tussock all around
in shades of Gold and Grey and Brown.

But what is this that man has done?
a pall of smoke occludes the sun
Greedy tongues of searing flame
the Pipit's life have come to claim.

So now it's gone. It passes so quick
the tortured hills look black and sick
Desecration swept the plain
the sparkling river now a drain.

Blackened pool so deep and still
Polluted by the fire's kill
You will clear and live again
but the land will never be the same.

Anonymous

THE LONGEST TRAMP

The longest tramp made by club members in New Zealand must be the North Island traverse made by Dave Harrington and Jenny Christmas (now Jenny Harrington). This tramp was made over the 1981/82 summer after many weeks of preliminary preparations setting up food dumps on the six roads they were able to cross.

Jenny and Dave started their tramp at the Orongorongo River mouth on Boxing Day and headed northwards. Briefly the route was along the Rimutaka, Tararua, Ruahine and Kaweka Ranges, across the Ahimanawa Range, through the Whirinaki Forest Park, Urewera National Park and Urutawa State Forest, along the Ruakumara Range and out to the coast via the Whangaparaoa River some 67 days later. The smallest amount of rations they had to carry was 6 days worth while the largest amount was a whopping 21 days supply. Suprisingly enough they still had room to cart a camera and they took about 230 slides of their trip.

The tramp was not without incidents and the trip report by Dave and Jenny in the August 1983 Pohokura makes very interesting reading.

50TH JUBILEE LABOUR WEEKEND 1985

After many months of planning and hard work it was with a sense of relief and excitement that the weekend had finally arrived. We turned up at the venue of the 'do', the Hastings High School Old Boys Rugby Football Club Hall at 1pm armed with candles, candle sticks, table cloths, pot plants, photo albums, old slides etc.

Our first guests started to arrive at 1.30 and at 2pm they came with a rush. It was great to be able to put a name to a face. Some were known to us some were not and it was great to see old friends meeting each other after all these years. A great deal of time was spent browsing through the old albums. Nick-names seemed to be the order of the day with pre-war trampers. Our patron, Janet Lloyd, arrived with Irene (Tubby) Farrall and also to arrive were Ian Powell and his wife Enid, both in their eighties. John McIntyre came from Cronulla N.S.W. and several came from the South Island.

Also to hit New Zealand was a Southerly storm straight out of Antarctica which gave us a bit of a worry for our trip on Sunday. By 6pm all 107 had arrived for the cocktail hour. John Hannah and Nora (Huck) Finn coming from the South Island, had their flight from Wellington cancelled so they hired a rental car and arrived just in time for dinner.

We sat down to an excellent dinner, hot beef, apricot chicken casserole, loin of pork, ham on the bone, hot veges and salad, plus strawberries cream and icecream. Our toastmaster, Stan Woon, guided us through the speeches. John von Dadelszen proposed the toast to the club and Russell Perry replied. The cake was cut by the foundation members present and Jackie Smith presented Patron, Janet, with a large bunch of flowers. More guests arrived after the dinner for the dance including a group from the Napier Tramping Club.

The dancing had to compete with the showing of old slides for most of the evening and the ones that early missed some good dance music and singing. It might have been the thought of the early start that sent most of the guests home before midnight. I think most of the workers didn't get much sleep as the clocks went on one hour and we had to be back at the hall by 7am to make the next days lunches.

By the time I got there the chain gang was in progress. You walked round and round the table picking up buttered rolls, filling them with a variety of fillings then stuffing them into a plastic bag, all 160 rolls. The hall was vacuumed and cleaned up then we were off to Holts just after 8am.

86 people crammed into a Nimon's bus, the club truck and a few private cars and headed off up the Taihape Rd towards Kuripapango. We had glimpses of fresh snow covering the Ruahines and the odd bit of sun breaking through. On reaching Robson's Lodge we found that Randall had the fires going and Selwyn and Heather had the billy going on their burner. We all assembled in the cold sunshine in front of Robson's Lodge where the Rev. Kim Bathgate conducted a short, moving memorial service.

After the service and a quick cup of tea some of the keen ones crammed on to the bus and headed off to Kaweka hut. I was feeling the effects of the night before and decided to stay at Robson's Lodge. We spent a pleasant day going for short walks or sitting in front of the fire talking. I found out that pre-war lady trampers couldn't get their minds off male trampers legs!

After lunch we all hopped into the truck and went off for a ride around the forestry roads stopping off at the lookout at the start of the Mackintosh Track. Looking up the valley we could just see wisps of smoke coming from Kaweka hut. We then went back to Robson's Lodge to get the

barbecue fired up in time for the trampers return. We were all treated to a great feed of sausages and venison, kindly donated by Graham Bailey. A great singsong was had in the truck on the way home and a tired group of people arrived back in Hastings after a great day.

Monday morning saw about 35 of us back at the hall for a final farewell and cup of tea, and more album browsing. Then Stan had us all up to sing Auld Lang Syne and everyone drifted away, after what I think everyone would agree was a great weekend. See you all again in ten years time.

Jim Glass

THE ANNIVERSARY TRAMP TO KAWEKA HUT

"Crikey! Fifty people, eh?"

"Reckon they'll all get in?"

"Dunno. They look game enough... Funny, though, to think some of them finished their active tramping before I tried on my first pair of boots."

"Right. Y'Know, there's a certain pleasure and pride in being part of such a group. Wonder if I'll be tramping in here at their age..."

"Not a chance. You're getting crusty already. C'mon, get them started!"

"Me!"

"Well, aren't you in charge? No one else is doing it and I'm not!"

"Nor will I," said the pig.

"Nor will I," said the duck.

"Nor will I," said the cat.

"Then I will do it myself," said the little red hen, and so it was.

"... Forty nine, plus Randall gives us fifty."

Away from the carpark at 11.40. The long centipedal, multi headed creature slipped its way, amidst much talk and blowing of steam down the track to the Tutaekuri. Tis many years since some have passed this way and such were the vegetation changes that they did not pinpoint their whereabouts until the familiar crossing was made. It was interesting to note the increased vigour and heartiness of many of our companions as they privately savoured old memories and stepped out to whispered melodies of old. What joy it is that our hills bring us.

We regrouped a couple of times just to check numbers but soon Kaweka hut was before us. All who left the carpark completed the journey in fine fettle. True the centipede became somewhat segmented but the "young ones" always did "rush" ahead. Randall had billies of hot water on and the hut was warm and comfortable. People and packs hung and sprawled in all directions, and if one listened attentively, all sorts of titbits could be gleaned:

"I was last here in 1935..."

"... and look, mattresses no less!"

"Better than the dirt floor, I suppose..."

"My goodness, its the same beech pole construction we put up!"

"Soft, these days aren't they?"

"Remember when the wind blew the malthoid..."

"For They Are Jolly Good Fellows" was sung to express our pleasure at everyone's being here.

By 2.30 pm, the first groups were dispatched to follow the trail down the true left of the Kaweka Stream. I counted off each group as it exited from the hut, making clear in my mind just who was going where.

"forty six, forty seven, ... forty eight! I've lost two! Where?" Nothing to be done but belt down the track and intercept the groups as they dropped off the spur and into the creek. Leaving the last few carpenters to tack up the new bunk boards, we raced off. We gathered in Geoff on the track, so that gave us fortynine, and there the figure stayed for the next two counts. Oh dear. Belly tightens. Uneasy feeling creeps into gut! Surely we haven't lost someone. What's more, there are some boards for the new bunks missing. Did the missing person have the missing boards?

Back at the bus, a bemused but cheerful crowd let me count them once again. Accounting for all who'd already driven off and the intrepid three who climbed up to the Fits, we again reached only fortynine. Ridiculous! Reluctant to cause alarm yet, I allowed the bus to return to Robson's Lodge for the barbeque. I figured I could check people off the bus against Jim's check list. Again, fortynine! To count once in error - sure. Twice, possible. But three of us doing it several times - surely not. 'Twas time to do something very positive. Graciously, everyone played their part while I aged a few more years. At last after one more persistent fortynine, we found the much desired fifty. Who it was, we'll never know. How it was is a mystery. The sensation of relief was definitely physical though. And the bunkboards? Well, they were found near the bus, forgotten in the morning's rush. Q.E.D.

Thus ended the Jubilee Tramp, truly a memorable and joyful day for all. "Viva la H.T.C."

Russell Perry

Members, past and present, Wives, Husbands, sons, daughters, girlfriends, boyfriends and mothers who attended the weekend.

Ian & Enid Powell
Trevor & Jeanette Plowman
Peter & Lesley Lattey
Geoff Robinson
Maurie & Barbara Taylor
Alister & Lois Moffitt
Joan Smith
Raymond & Raewyn Lowe
Keith & Anna Garrett
Hal & Heather Christian
Jackie & Mary Smith
John & Michelle von Dadelszen
Jim & Doreen Glass
Wally Romanes
Kath & Alan Berry
George & Jean Prebble
Edward & Susan Holmes
Kath & Stan Woon
Graham & Margaret Griffiths
Barry & Janice Donkin
Nigel & Carol Thompson
Allan & Wendy Holden
Nora Finn
Muriel Lowe
Heather Hill
Janet Lloyd
Irene Farrelly
David White
June Skinner (nee Budd)

Lindsay Going
Kim Bathgate
David Bathgate
Helen McLean Young (Nelly Bligh)
Des & Beverley O'Neill
Randall Goldfinch
Susan Lopdell
Russell & Joanne Perry
Graeme Taylor
Elizabeth Pindar
Rob Snowball
Selwyn & Heather Hawthorne
Glenda Hooper & Peter Berry
Graham & Marilyn Thorp
Rachel Thorp
Hugh & Elizabeth Wild
Delia Findlay
Russell West
Ailie & Doug Cooke
Owen Brown
Dorothy Cotton
Graeme & Helen Hare
John McIntyre
Jenny Lean
John & Karen Berry
Greg & Dianne Jenks
Pat Bolt
Keith & Trudy Thomson
Janet Brown

Peter McBride
 Karen Nowell-Usticke
 Judy McBride
 Graham & Tracey Bailey
 Anna & Ivan Stevens
 Vicki Blake
 Alan & Beth Thurston
 Dudley & Altheia Sheppard
 Nancy Tanner
 Malcom & Tracy Ingpen
 Peter Booman
 Nancy Urquhart
 Marjory Clayton
 Shirley Bosselmann
 Ron & Mary Craig
 Arch & Joy Lowe
 Brian & Pam Turner
 Julie, Kathy & Eileen Turner
 Patricia Taylor

Annette & Russell Berry
 Mark Berry
 Rob Vork
 David Butcher
 Alva McAdam
 Malcolm Lightband
 Glenda & David Smith
 Harry Osborne
 Heather Simms
 John Marshall
 Perry Hicks
 Alan Lee
 Peter Manning
 Rolf Keys
 Martin Glass
 Fiona McDonald
 Angela Milner
 Val Craven

Foundation Members Present
Leslie & Peter Lattey
 Janet Lloyd
 Ian Powell

Joan Smith
 John von Dadelszen
 Irene Farrelly
 Rolf Keys

Apologies

Gae Culver
 Robyn Taylor
 Sam Harold sen
 Derek Conway
 Jo Guymour
 Jan Stirling
 Len & Barbara Hodgson
 Catherine Sterling
 Lucy Hodges
 Ona Coatsworth (nee Allison)
 Irene Dawson (nee Watt)
 Mim Marcussen
 Brian Smith (in Antartica)

Tom Whittle
 Dick Endt
 Jim Witshire
 Mardi Green (nee Budd)
 Margaret O Connor (nee Culloty)
 Dave Wilkins
 Dempster Thompson
 Doug Thompson
 Karen & Clive Thurston
 Ross Berry
 George Lowe
 Harley & Owen Ebbett
 Shirley Hunt (nee Bathgate)
 Wendy McMillan

THE MANSON COUNTRY IN WINTER TIME

My creditors have sent me here
 To make a living shooting deer,
 How I'll do it I don't know
 This place is cursed with rocks and snow.

It nearly makes the squatters weep
 It takes five acres to a sheep
 And each year sees smaller flocks
 For sheep don't thrive on snow and rocks.

The weather could not be much worse
 Tis under God's most bitter curse,
 The driving sleets cut like a sabre
 Since God has leased this to his neighbour.

(Poem found written on the back page of a magazine in the Manson Hut and dated
 16th, October, 1941.)

THE JUBILEE TRAMP - A FOUNDATION MEMBER'S EXPERIENCE
KURIPAPANGO - KAWEKA HUT: 27th October 1985

Despite the weather looking to be a repeat of the previous day's full-scale winter, the turnout at 8.00 at Holts, was a nice mix of 'ancient and modern', and enough to fill a bus, the truck and some cars. All were 'sorted out' and set off by about 8.30. Over the Club's lifetime, there have been many changes in transport comfort and speed, and in road conditions, but thankfully nothing has changed that magnificent atmosphere of high hills which greeted us from Blowhard onwards. Memories came thick and fast - down the Swamp Cutting, - past the gate leading to the Swamp Cottage and where all Kaweka trips always started - on to a sight of the Ngaruroro and Gentle Annie - past the old so-hospital Macdonald house and on to what is now Robson's Lodge. There, a welcome brew awaited our arrival, and then a short service of reflection and thanksgiving was led by Kim Bathgate, son of the Club's first President.

Those electing to make the trip to Kaweka Hut then re-bussed and were taken by forest road, to beyond the Lakes, where is the present day start of the track. Booted and ready, all - totalling near 50 - set off, carefully tallied by the leaders. Weather was treating us kindly and the drop down to the Tutaekuri was taken comfortably at good pace, but from there onwards the grades - which surely have become much steeper and longer than ever they used to be - sorted out the age groups quite quickly. Here, a tribute to the leaders for their pleasant patience and tact in handling the "antiques". Even the slowest of us made the Hut intact and rejoiced to see the old mansion still in business and full to overflowing with joyful types - and a real wooden floor! ... An hour or so feeding ourselves and digesting the changes in the surroundings over the years and then time came to return. This was by the alternative route with its spectacular view point. Back at the Tutaekuri a couple of the "aged" reverted to their old habits, and stopped to replenish their energy supply with tea and chocolate. This stop gave rise to a quick mini-search by the leaders, but was in all probability the only thing that gave them strength to conquer that last grade to the bus. There we were uplifted and returned to Robson's where awaiting us was a grand presentation of barbecued fodder which was so welcome.

The last event of the day was the establishing that no one had been left in the bush and this took the form of a sort of musical chairs in and out of the bus. It worked OK but a silent movie without captions would be a whizz.

As one of the older members, this trip stands out for me as a bit of a physical triumph, but much more so, it is a great joy to have been absorbed into the "aura" of the Club on a trip again.

Congratulations Club; you are doing fine!

Peter Lattey

NB: Peter Lattey designed Kaweka Hut but shifted from the area before its completion. This trip was the first time he had seen the completion of his designs.

JUBILEE TOAST:

Mr President, Ladies and Gentlemen and fellow trampers: If that sounds slightly insulting, it is not intended to be. The two classes are not mutually exclusive.

This reunion brings back very happy memories for me and it is good to be here with so many old friends. I joined the Club as an active trampers in 1935 and I have remained a member, or at least an associate member, ever since. I was unable to attend the inaugural meeting, because in those days I was a hard working law clerk and spent most of my evenings swotting law by correspondence. I had to wait until after my yearly exams in November before I could make my first trip - an easy day trip to Red Island.

I have with me a snapshot, showing some very familiar faces, which was taken on a trip to Big Hill and Ruahine Hut. I am not sure, but I think this may have been my first weekend out with the Club. Those were the days before the 40 hour week and week-end trips didn't start before 1pm on Saturday, at the very earliest.

Most of you will know that the Club was formed, largely on the initiative of Norm Elder and Ian Powell, after Armstrong's plane was lost in the Ruahines - hence the name, Armstrong Saddle. "Doc" Bathgate became the Club's first President and Norman Elder its first Club Captain.

It would be difficult to overestimate Norman Elder's influence on the Club in its formative years. As well as being an experienced trampers he was one of New Zealand's leading botanists. He was also an accomplished topographer, who made all the early maps of the Ruahine, Kawek and Kaimanawa Ranges and named many of their prominent features. Norman was always good company and will be remembered too for his songs, such favourites as "Hi Rogerum" and "One Fish Ball" - not to mention "O'Reilly's Daughter," which was sung in male company only.

Kath Elder, Norman's wife and fellow trampers, with a keen sense of humour, will also be remembered with affection by those who knew her. It was she who wrote the verses of one of the first Club songs - it begins with the chorus, "Old folks, young folks, everybody come..."

Reading these, and other, verses in the old Club song book today brings to life the names of many early members - Dave Christie (who has asked me to give you his regards and apologies), Elsie Christie, Ronagh Hoben, June Budd (now Mrs Skinner), Peter Lattey, Lesley Matheson (now Lesley Lattey), Bill Rainbow, Geoff Piesse, Les Holt, Lindsay Lloyd, Janet Moncrieff (who became Janet Lloyd), "Tubby" Farrelly, Ailie Baird (who married Doug Cooke), Joan Lovell-Smith (who married Clem Smith), Jack Dempsey, Norm Collinge and Molly Treneman (now Mrs McLay) to name only a few. Some of these people are hear tonight and we welcome them. Others have sent apologies and yet others, alas, are no longer with us.

As I look back on my tramping days and some scenes stand out more vividly than others - lugging materials in to build the Kaweka Hut; tearing down the shingle-slide below Cook's Horn; boulder-hopping up the Waipawa River on a sunny day; climbing Moutn Egmont with Geoff Piesse on a Club Easter trip, when we saw the Sectre of the Brocken.

One of the club trips I remember best is the wet Labour Day weekend trip to Herrick's Hut, No Man's Hut and Ruahine Hut in 1936. led by Stan Craven. We were wet through when we staggered into No Man's

Hut for the night. This is the only occasion I can recall when the sexes were segregated, for the hut was very small and we had to sleep two to a bunk, or else on the floor. We actually rigged up a curtain to divide the men from the girls, the theory being that it was too wet to go outside, even for the most obvious reasons.

Then there were the private trips and I specially remember nine days over Easter in 1936 when Peter Lattey, Bill Rainbow and I, in almost perfect weather, made a leisurely crossing of the Kaimanawas from Kuri-papango to the Chateau. I also remember very well sitting up all night in Shut Eye Shack with three good friends (and maybe a bottle or so) to see the dawn breaking over Hawke's Bay.

When Norman Elder retired as Club Captain he was elected President, and this pattern has been repeated more than once in the Club's history. The Club has been very fortunate in the calibre of those who have been prepared to take office, whether as President, Club Captain or on the Committee, and so guide its destiny over the years. Nor are these the only offices. I think too of the Honorary Secretary, the Editor of "Pohokura" (an office held by Janet Lloyd for many years), the Social Committee and many other voluntary workers.

For fifty years the Club has given much enjoyment and good companionship to people of all ages, who love our mountains and hills, our rivers and streams, our open spaces and our native bush. Long may it continue to do so in the years that lie ahead. Friends, it is my privilege now to ask you to charge your glasses and to drink a toast to the Heretaunga Tramping Club.

John von Dadelszen

Janet Lloyd has told us of one of the early trips up the Tukituki River when building Howletts. It appears that the club members had set up their camp and had caught fire to a tree while cooking dinner. The fire was extinguished but later Ian Powell arrived and insisted that the camp be shifted. This the others did very reluctantly but the wisdom of Ian Powell was soon to be revealed when later on in the night the tree came crashing down on the original camp site.

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Our thanks must also go to the Editors of the Pohokura, both past and present for compiling the dossier of material from which most of this magazine was based.

Peter Berry & Glenda Hooper

C L U B S O N G S

KAWEKA KORUS

Way up in the Kawekas
 You climb among the rocks
 You scamper round the mountainside
 And scramble round the tops
 We have built a hut 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 tree
 Our hut in the Kawekas

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
 Singin aidal O Boy, sweet baby lie easy
 Your own Daddy will never 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
 An 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 be a hundred years from now?
 Where shall we be a hundred years from now?
 Pushing up daisies
 Pushing up 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 happen if you should die at sea

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 of 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

THE WIDOW

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