

H E R E T A U N G A T R A M P I N G
C L U B I N C .

Bulletin No. 14.

July, 1938.

Some of our Bulletins have started off with apologies while others have come into being quite unadorned. This one, however, just to be different, starts off with a real good old-fashioned moan. The Club 's third financial year is rapidly drawing to a close, in fact another two and a half months will see it through, but (now here's the MOAN), Fred advises that a large number of subscriptions are still unpaid.

Short of asking financial members to pay twice, the Treasury is facing a crisis unless something is done about this in the near future so - would those who haven't, "please come across."

Our Fred did toil away one night
To make the books look flash
And found to his extreme delight
He'd made a lot of cash.
His comely smile soon turned to rage
The error stood out clear
He'd added the date at the top of the page
Including the blooming year.

So you see how it is. Given nothing to add up, the answer might be anything so without hinting any further, members are asked to -

"Pay up, pay up and Play the game."

SOCIAL NOTES:

Some of our members may be interested to know that our old friend Jim Ogilvie was in Hastings recently and strange as it seems Jim has taken unto himself a wife and some of us had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Jim.

We were sorry to lose Margaret Milson last month. Although she didn't come out on a great number of trips we appreciated her company when we had it. There was an offer to all male members of a kiss providing they went down to the train but as no reports are yet to hand it is hard to estimate how many were collected. (I got mine as the train pulled out past Christies - Ed). All the very best Margarte.

Although it is sometimes considered that married members are generally a kind of back-number Elsie and David Christie recently went on a holiday during which they tackled several tramping trips. In Rotorua they met a Mr. Norman Nevison from England and decided to go to Tarawera to have a look at the stalking country. Dave had his eye on the mountain and as the party were interested decided to climb it.

They rowed across the lake and from information supplied by the boatman set out to climb to the summit. The boatman seemed doubtful whether they could make it - his last party lost themselves and he had to look for them up till 10 o'clock at night. Much to the boatman's surprise the climb and descent was made in good time. Dave recommends this trip as a good one for the club.

Mr. Nevison was so delighted with this method of seeing our country that he told Dave he hopes to come back here sometime in the future.

From the Chateau Dave climbed Ruapehu with a guide in very ordinary weather. Mr. Nevison accompanied them but, handicapped by lack of good equipment, was able to go only as far as Salt Hut. Up near the top it was so bitterly cold in the open that Dave and the guide climbed down between two walls of ice to have lunch in shelter. In view of the weather no time was wasted at the top and a fairly quick descent was made. This all goes to show that Elsie and Dave can still tramp even though they can't come out as much as we'd like them to.

FEDERATION BUSINESS:

Maps: A list of maps available for the tramping and climbing districts of both Islands has been issued with particulars. Useful for members who may be breaking new country.

Booklet: The original of "Safety in the Mountains" is by now nearly exhausted. As the total new membership of affiliated clubs is in the neighbourhood of 500 members per annum a second edition will be required shortly. It is proposed to enlarge the scope of the booklet by including lists of affiliated clubs, maps, huts, and similar information and any suggestions for alterations or additions will be welcome.

Annual Meeting: Fairly full reports appeared in Wellington papers. The shortage of Guides, inquiries into accidents, the control of National Parks and matters of search organisation were among the principal subjects. With the affiliation of the Canterbury Mountaineering Club the Federation is now fully representative of tramping and mountaineering organisations. Norman Elder was elected as Vice-President and Ian Powell a member of the committee for 1938-1939.

CLUB ROOM EVENTS: On the 16th June, Doug Callow in his inimitable style, gave an account of the activities of the Post & Telegraph Dept.'s linesmen when faced with general disorganisation of the telephone lines such as happened during Anzac Week-end.

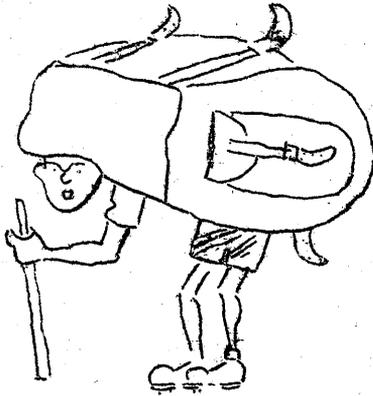
As the instrument for detecting breaks is accurate to within approximately 60 miles or so linesmen were sent out in all directions to track down the breaks like G-men. Two men repairing the Taupo line brought flood-refugees out across country from Te Pohue. Doug went out with one party who were repairing the Napier-Wairoa line and in places where the breaks were irreparable installed a new line. Apparently they had quite a good time on this line - crossing streams on rafts - sleeping between five blankets each etc.

On poles where private line owners have a say in the National hook-up any method of securing their line is good enough. They do not knot knots in the approved manner. Doug gave us many other side-lights on tackling telephone troubles and so passed an evening which was one of the most entertaining we have had this year.

30/6/38; Norman Elder gave an interesting talk on the Rev. H. Colenso's attempted crossing of the Ruahines in February 1845, from an account published by Colenso and some friends in 1884.

On arrival in Hawkes Bay, Colenso, who up to that time had lived in the north, had his first glimpse of snow in New Zealand, on the Ruahines. After having a talk with a Maori - Mawhata - who had been held as a war-slave by the Waikato's in the country behind the Ruahines, he decided to make up a party to cross these mountains and penetrate the country beyond. Starting out from Waitangi with six porters Colenso went down through Paki Paki, passing near the Whakarara's where they encountered several herds of mean-minded wild pigs, then, crossing the Waipawa River eventually arrived at the Makarora. It was decided to go up this river but as the banks were covered with impenetrable scrub and native bush the only method of progressive travel was to wade upstream but this was not without difficulties as in places the banks narriwe to sheer rock-faced gorges. From a point an hour from the foot of a long spur leading into the ranges Colenso describes a wonderful view of Te Atua Mahuri. As the Maori guide was uncertain as to the track Colenso took the lead, guiding the party through dense forest by compass bearings.

Food supplies were getting short and on arrival at a spring called Te Waiokongongo (Water of Weariness) sent Paora, who was related to the Patea Maoris, and Mawhata ahead to make peace with the tribes in the interior to endure the party a reasonable kind of welcome. Colenso was enchanted with the botanical specimens which were in profusion everywhere and spent several days collecting varieties while waiting for his advance party to return.



THIS ?



OR THIS ?

REDUCE WEIGHT !

TRAMPING WAS A NIGHTMARE

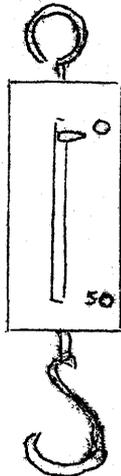
Her pack seemed made of lead; her friends said she couldn't take it; now she is one of our tough trampers. Read this marvellous testimonial -

" Three months ago I seriously contemplated giving up tramping. Though in the lorry I was the life and soul of the party, once on the track I began to lag and it was an effort to struggle along.

Since trying your natural method of weight reduction I have never looked back, and now run up hills to keep warm."

Signed:

Our natural method is simple, inexpensive and produces immediate results. There is no mystery.



This is a spring balance (Price 1/- all stores)

"6"

Use it - At least use the top half

A mule can carry more - but why be a Mule ?

A reasonable weekend pack

25 lbs.

Pack, Sleeping bag & Cover

8 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs

Bush coat, sou'wester, 2 prs sox
longs, shirt singlet, pullover,
scarf, gloves, shoes and towel

7 $\frac{1}{4}$ "

Torch, pannikin, plate, spoon,
knife, compass, matches, toothbrush,
sticking plaster etc.

2 $\frac{3}{4}$ "

FOOD:

Bread 1 lb, Biscuits $\frac{1}{4}$ lb.
Butter $\frac{1}{2}$ lb, Jam $\frac{1}{2}$ lb (tea)
Milk $\frac{1}{2}$ lb, Sugar $\frac{1}{4}$ lb, Meat 1 lb
eggs 2, fruit $\frac{1}{2}$ lb, cake $\frac{1}{2}$ lb,
Rice $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.

5 lbs.

IDIOSYNCRACIES: such as extra
pullover, notebook, tobacco,
soap, olive oil, strawberries,
beer, oranges.

1 $\frac{1}{2}$ "

25 lbs.

We have advice from the Hutt Valley Tramping Club concerning their King's Birthday Trip in which they say -
 "Our Rangiwahia Trip was a great success - Sunday was a fair day but not too good at 5000 ft. A cold wind and occasional snowstorms kept us moving and I got the girls into Parks Peak in 3½ hours from the Hut. I took the main party back and sent on a few of the fast lads to Tiraha - they went from Park's Peak to Tiraha and back in 50 minutes."

Ian.

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PAST TRIPS:

Kaweka Hut - June 4-5-6th, 1938. (The following is an account which was handed to me by the Leader of the trip and while I consider it a very fine report I am taking the precaution of refusing all responsibility in case there should be any trouble. Ed.)

"Party of 12 males and 6 females left Hastings in lorry at 2 p.m. Saturday 4th June and after uneventful trip arrived at the trunoff at 4.30. Prospects of a cold evening hurried things along and all were on the way by 5 p.m. Darkness fell shortly afterwards and the remainder of the journey in was completed in moonlight supplemented by torches. Arch, Max and Cap hurried ahead to make welcome preparation for the hungry main party which arrived at 7.30. Tea was over by 8.30 and all started for making preparation for sleeping quarters. 18 bodies and 12 bunks - what did we do? Why put 12 bodies in 6 bunks and one to each of the others. Easy what?

Awakened early next morning by the sound of rain and Max talking in his sleep - put a bag over his head. All up fairly early and off for the tops by 8.45. Three of the party remained behind to nurse sore feet caused by new boots. Above the bush line we ran into swirling mist and small particles of powdery snow. No difficulty was experienced in reaching the Trig 4915 by 10.25a.m. from whence after a few minutes spell we all moved down to the Bivouac below, reaching there 1050.

Lunched here and a small party consisting of N.Elder, D.Callow J.Hannah, Tubby Farrelly Fred Green and Jim Williams made off for Trig 5652 at 12.15.p.m. On reaching the tops found that mist had grown much thicker with more snow. Visibility 50 yards. Norman with his compass and bloodhound nostrils to the ground kept us on the main ridge with wonderful accuracy considering the conditions. Icicles soon began to form on the hairs of our legs and eyebrows so that no time was lost in going up the slopes to keep the blood moving. Arrived at the Trig 1.45. The return trip was made via Studholme Saddle where Doug and Norman left us to join the party at the Biv. Of those whom we left at the Biv at lunchtime only Arch, Max and Cap were left the others making back for the Hut with Lindsay Lloyd. After leaving Norman and Doug we made our way up 4915 and down the other side and except for going off the main ridge for a short while we arrived back at the Hut wet through and famished, but cheered up at the sight of hot stew and a large fire.

Only 13 in the Hut Sunday night the other 5 being in the Biv ready for an early start next morning. Night passed peacefully except for the commotion caused by June Budd and a large rat. (We don't know which was the bully) June got historical. Morning saw snow falling outside with tops looking pretty thick so decided to postpone Kiwi Saddle trip. Spent an easy morning and after an early lunch packed up and made for Tutaekuri River where packs were dropped and an exploration trip made up towards the head. Quite a pretty trip, enjoyed by all - lending itself up much frolicking. Returned and picked up packs at 3.15 and moved off to lorry. All aboard and lorry took off at 5.15.

Meanwhile Arch and party found that the uncertainty as to the accuracy of their map led to $\frac{5}{4}$ hours delay on the divide which they reached by about 9 a.m., trying to pick the correct spur in the heavy mist but once started a few hundred feet of descent took them below the cloud. The broken country behind TeKowhai was spread out like a map below with an impressive rear view of Cook's Horn and the precipices below it. Soon they found that surplus clothes had to be discarded once they got below the snowline. An old camp delightfully situated in a clearing below a patch of bush in the middle of the Mackintosh made a convenient lunching place but otherwise the flats though level enough were not the best of going being covered with burnt and unburnt manuka. The eastern edge dropped abruptly into the Donald River, here, a deep chasm separating the Mackintosh from the Black Birch Range. From the foot of the flat the party crossed the Tutaekuri River and struck the road near the Roadman's whare ten minutes ahead of the lorry containing the main party. Time 6 p.m.. This was a great trip for which they won another camp oven. All arrived back at Hastings safely and soundly at 7.45 but tired and hungry."

Jack Hannah

18.

White Pine Bush 19/6/38

Tongoio was invaded by 31 stalwarts, who, in spite of the threatening sky turned out to inspect the damaged countryside. At the new deviation below the falls they donned their short pants etc and proceeded to combine a day's easy tramping with a tour of inspection in the valley and surrounding countryside.

The route taken was up the old main road, or where it used to be, to the Tongoio Falls which have suffered considerably. After an early lunch the party tramped over more of the slip-covered road as far as the ford (where Fred gave a demonstration of winter-bathing, or Water-Solo, in full kit - and it wasn't for a bet wither) and then took to the hills. From the top the owner of the property overlooking the Falls Reserve (Mr. H. Sinclair) pointed out the sites of Toi' Pa and the Pukenui Pa and gave a brief account of some of the latter's gory history. Owing to lack of time the original intention of striking the back road near the Koraki Post Office, making for the cliff edge overlooking the upper Esk Valley and Kaiwaka block and following this to the Purahotangihia Trig was abandoned, the party keeping to the watershed instead, coming out on the Kaiwaka Road above the Tareha School.

A slight detour was made to view Lake Tutira and the Devil's Elbow after which the party met the lorry which had been sent on ahead in the morning. Some of the members had a quick meal while others made use of the little daylight left to view from the top of the ridge a wonderful panorama of the Esk and Waikoau valleys with the mist covered Maungaharuru range in the background.

This concluded a very successful trip.
Doug Callow. 31.

Tukituki, July 2nd and 3rd.

"Sunset and Evening Star" at the roadhead but for the cloud on the tops - a cold slab of snow slope visible on the southern face of Broken Ridge. The leading car which has been making an unaccountable detour, comes hooting down the bends of the last hill.

The water of the Moorcock is chilly but clear and we jog down it to the river flats. The light is still quite good and shows the Tukituki discoloured and running strongly swollen apparently from the melting of last week's snowfall.

The first half mile is pleasant enough through the scattered kowhais of the river terraces, then a gorgy stretch necessitates a double crossing - coldish, swiftish and deepish, followed by a flounder along the boulders on the edge of the bed - the shingle being under water six inches of which is indistinguishable from six feet. We straggle into small groups and a torch or two shines out. At a narrow crossing between the cataracts we assemble again - then the dump at Government Spur - still some timber and a sheet or two of iron left.

It is now dark. A short discussion on the prospects upstream ends in dropping packs on the next flat and searching for a camping place. Grassy bog, a shingly side creek and a vast and cavernous hollow tree then another grass flat which will do. While a somewhat sulky fire is being bullied into life a couple are hacking out tent poles and pegs by torch light while others get their numb feet into dry socks or gather a little desultory bedding. At last a blazing fire, a boiling billy, sizzling frying pans and the clatter of plates. The roar of the stream is lessening but a few specks of rain hasten the laying of a sarding pattern of sleeping bags in the crowded trench.

That bump was a twig - curse Cap's knobbly knees

That's rain alright - a drumming if heavy drops from the tall beech over the tent with a puff of air. Someone puts on a torch and says 11 o'clock - the roof looks dry.

Dawn. Not too bright - a steady drizzling rain with gusts of wind and cold. Pity we didn't store more dry wood in the hollow tree last night - a little dry kindling under Chas's feet went so far in this. Splitting and re-splitting driftwood plus meta tablets and some candle give a sulky sort of glow under the shelter of a frying pan. Much fanning and smoke

then a little dry rata vine gives a blaze and dries out the damp fuel stacked round the billy - takes an hour though.

Rain easing off - hooray ! but most of the camp breakfasting in bed - darned cold gusts down the valley - though the clouds are still westerly. Even a glint of pale sun. Chas wants to push upstream - the rest are non-committal. The girls are willing to compromise on carrying some hut timber up to the next dump and most of the men come in too - but the river is rising if anything and there's no chance of doing much today. The rest will strike camp and take the tents out.

The ford back to the dump is cold in cold blood - in the shallow water the shingle is visibly on the move downstream. The timber is 4 x 2 in varying lengths and there is a shortage of lashings as all the made up loads seem to have been taken on. The men take two spars, the girls one - no great weight, but dodging along the terrace through the raffle of small growth is energetic and warming - the sun is mostly out now. A good terrace which can be followed for half an hour upstream - it is a pity we broke the slasher this morning - a more open track would have been handy.

At the top end the rearguard meet the vanguard returning from the intermediate dump. A bad crossing above it had proved too difficult in the state of the river. Everyone in good nick except for cold feet. The dump is well snuggled in but looks rather close to the river - so some of the timber is restacked on higher ground - then home to find our packs standing on the deserted camp site. A hasty cleaning up of litter - then away down river with rain setting in again behind us and chasing us out with driving hail and bellowing gusts of wind. We congratulate ourselves that we are going home in cars instead of an open lorry.

Back at the hut the main party are changed already but the advance party with the tents have not turned up. Probably they missed the turn up the Moorcock and went on down river - half an hour later they turn up wet and cold having been some way down before turning back in the teeth of a shower. Cap has fallen in twice and is saturated. The scud is lifting and shows a powdering of snow well down into the bush. Hot tea - saveloys and other delicacies then all aboard for home.

Norman Elder 12.

FUTURE TRIPS:

No. 74,	17/7/38	Black Birch Range	Leader Les Holt Phone 2071
No. 75	30/7/38	"66"	Lead r Chas Higgs Phone 2201
No. 76	14/8/38	The Mackintosh	Leader Arch Topp Phone 4102
No. 77	27-28/8/38	Boyd's Bush	Leader Geoff Piesse Phone 4140

"11"

No. 78	11/9/38	Te Waka	Leader Mim Laing Sub Lead r to be appointed.
No. 79	25/9/38	Cattle Hill	Details to be arranged
No. 80	9/10/38	Mangatutu Gorge	Leader Fred Green Phone 2242
No. 81	22-23-24/10/38	Kaweka Hut	Leader Doug Cooke Phone 3613.

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1939 Special Trip to Europe. This is not a dream as space has already been booked for two parties of 30 each leaving Sydney on the 4th March and 1st. April. Book early and see England, Scotland, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, France and Belgium at the absurdly cheap cost of £150 (N.Z. Currency) - six months away from New Zealand and a change to acquire an international reputation. A dip into details discloses such delights as - Father Neptune at the Equator, a Free Day in Glasgow, parties by English and Continental Tramping Clubs, Cornish Villages, London Lights Scotch mists, Welsh Rarebit (?) Heidelberg Drinking mugs, Zeppelins, German Sausage, White Horse Inn and Paris and Parisiennes etc.

Full details from F.J.Green, Hon. Treas.

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