

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB.

Bulletin No. 31.

July, 1942.

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ROLL OF HONOUR.

It is with great regret that we have to record the loss of another member, W.E. (Bill) Boyd, who was killed in action in the Middle East, after being away from New Zealand for 18 months.

Bill was so quiet and unassuming in the Club that it is mainly by his good work in the building of the Waikamaka Hut that we remember him. He was a firm rock to hold in to in a windy spot but of himself we knew little until we received his letters from Overseas. From them we realize how interested and alive he was to the wonders of this earth and how much he must have enjoyed his tramping.

His letters are word pictures of the places he visited and we are fortunate to have them as a memory of him.

He described his Syrian trip in his last letter and it is lovely to know how much he appreciated and enjoyed the beauties of that pleasant country before his last battle.

We feel we have lost a valuable member and friend of mountains and tramping.

To his family we extend our sympathy.

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Tramping and cycling are continuing as circumstances permit. Meetings are held regularly - attended by the "permanents." The "casuals" - mostly members on leave from Camp - appear occasionally

and encourage us to carry on.

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The Club Rooms in Heretaunga Street being taken over for Patriotic purposes, we donated most of our wood to the A.N.A. Club formed, and moved out.

The new home - a suite of rooms in Queen Street - are the best yet. Good work June!

The three rooms open into each other and are:-

1. Our kitchen wherein we boil our billy on a wee stove, and make supper.
2. The library and store-room. Cupboards built in and a large iron safe, which house our tents, ice axes, frying pans and billies - a come-down for the safe - but we value our property.
3. The meeting-room which just takes our forms, chairs, and table, and where our Honours Board and photographs are displayed. We ask the members who haven't yet seen it to "come up and see us sometime."

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OVERSEAS NOTES.

Overseas members are ever in our thoughts. They are a great factor in keeping the Club alive. Letters are received with great pleasure and written almost as happily. We are filing the letters for future reference.

Latest reports of the Middle East Branch are as follows:-

TRIP TO ISMAILIA.

Leader - D. Lynch.

A stroke of brilliant Army organisation saw Dudley Shepherd away at 5.15 in the cold of the morning on the vegetable truck, while the rest of us were picked up at 8 o'clock by a truck going direct to Ismailia. Five of us - Nora, Kay, Mitch, Sam and myself - had a speedy, if bumpy, ride of nearly 100 miles, most of it alongside the sweet water canal, passing on the way many interesting villages, each with its groups of noisy natives. Numerous feluccas were plying on the canal, some sailing slowly along, and other towed by a couple of hard worked natives or else moored to the bank. There was a strip of fertile land on the far side of the canal, but on our side it was nearly always the endless desert. We were trailed a great part of the way by three smiling Tommies in a lorry, who evidently would have gladly joined the Tramping Club. We had one stop,

during which Mitch and Sam did a hundred dash to get into position for a snap of the boats as they sailed past.

Ismailia was reached by 11, and we made straight for the Station. The Cairo train had just arrived - but no Dudley. During the morning we inspected the town and then wandered through the Park and gardens as far as where the sweet water canal emptied itself into the main waterway. We returned to the Y.W.C.A. for an excellent lunch, except that Sam was rather perturbed at missing a second helping of pancakes.

After lunch we packed into a gharry to ride as far as Ferry Point. Nora, strikingly attired in the top half of a battledress, sat up beside the driver, and was doing famously. She was very interested in bells - Indian bells in the shops, the traffic bell on the gharry, and the bell on the horse's neck, ultimately succeeding in annexing the last mentioned bell. Kay was more interested in locks. Not curly locks, or security locks, but locks for raising the boats. Ferry Point is pleasantly situated on the Bitter Lake, and very conveniently to hand was the Jardin D'Enfants Club, with shelters and deck chairs on the sand at the waters edge. In this perfect situation Sam brought forth a tin of chocolates - but the girls wanted peanuts! Mitch and Sam ultimately bestirred themselves sufficiently to take some photos. However, at last we had to return to our waiting gharry, and after a false start due to having to return for Nora's camera, we arrived back at the Station just before the train started. Sam was our transport man and had done very well with the gharry driver and the lorry driver, but his crowning achievement was to get us first class seats for third class tickets plus a little baksheesh to a wily old conductor. The journey back was through more thickly populated and cultivated areas. We saw many captured prisoners on the way. We had tea on the train, and also Queen Anne chocolates (which this time were eaten with relish) and a great day finished when we arrived at Cairo station at 7 o'clock. Not quite finished, though, for after seeing the girls packed into a taxi we attended to the duty of assuaging Sam's thirst.

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TRIP TO ALEXANDRIA.

Leader Dudley Sheppard.
No. in party - 5.

After the usual amount of organising, applying for leave and so forth, only two of us managed to join the officially run trip organised through the army authorities. Saturday afternoon saw Sam and Dudley doing a spot of sightseeing by tram and later on foot where we poked into all kinds of shops, including a grocer's where some wine was bought for the amazing price of 13 piastres (2/8) for a large bottle. Armed with this we wandered along to our restaurant, had dinner and ordered a couple of glasses. As the restaurant had a bar

this was rather low but one gets low over here. On Sunday there was a visit to various places of interest round Alex. including the Catacombs, Pompey's Pillar, Antoinades Gardens, and the English Yacht Club, in the approved style of Cooks tourists.

At lunch we were greeted by a Woggish voice through the open window saying, "Give it backsheesh, Kiwi" - and there were Nora, Harold Roberts (an adopted member), and Cap, the owner of the afore-said voice. The highlights of the trip occurred during the afternoon when we were taken for a sail round the harbour where we saw many things that would make good reading for you but might annoy the censor to see in a letter.

A trip along the waterfront drive, rather like that of Napier, followed - the big thrill for us being the ability to breathe fresh air after that of Cairo. Tea at the Jewish Forces Club followed and shortly afterwards we were to be found in a first class carriage speeding homewards. It is remarkable where a third class ticket can get a really keen soldier.

And so, like the audience of a Fitzpatrick travel talk, we leave this beautiful city where soldiers and sailors and airmen of all the allied forces meet together on the site of an ancient civilisation and where the ladies' compartment of a tram is branded "harem". After that last remark, the writer fades away and hangs his head - or should do.

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TRIP TO PORT SAID.

24/5/42.

Leader Sam Haraldsen.

That Port Said was to be the scene of our next trip, was first mooted and carried unanimously in the train whilst returning from Alexandria in February last. The fact that we were going to Port Said on 24th May, was further impressed on me, when at about 0100 hours on that day, Cap with a bundle of blankets under his arm rudely awakened me and enquired if I minded if he slept on the floor of my cubicle, as he had doubts as to his ability to awaken in time (I had previously borrowed an alarm clock). We three from Maadi Camp, Dave, Cap and 'self, set off at 0600 hours per medium of a truck, for Cairo Station, where we met Nora and so boarded the Cairo Port Said train which duly took off at 01/15 hrs. on the 130 mile trip. As a rule, if they choose, troops can travel rather cheaply by rail; we purchased 3rd class tickets and travelled 2nd, at a cost of about 7/6 N.Z., covering a distance of some 260 miles (but don't tell the Egyptian State Railways). The five hour journey down the Nile Delta passed rather rapidly, prolonged discussions interspersed with refreshments in the nature of sandwiches and oranges. Arrived Port Said 1230 hours, lunched at the Y.W.C.A. where we had lunch. It was here that Nora temporarily changed her status to that of a civilian by donning shorts etc. of which repercussions were to follow. Time was against us and we were keenly anticipating a swim in the Mediter-

x

anean at Port Fuad, so we didn't linger, but set out on foot, along the waterfront in the direction of Port Fuad Ferry Wharf. En route we saw the Australian and N.Z. War Memorial. On arrival at the Ferry we were informed by the picquets that soldiers could cross the harbour free of charge, but looking at Nora said that civilians had to pay! The Harbour crossing was a novelty, we climbed up on the bridge of the Ferry to see the sights from a better vantage point, but were promptly evicted. The swim was delightful, the water if anything was rather too warm and we frolicked about in the sand, Dave and Nora seemed to delight in burying each other. The time went all too quickly and it was with regret that we left the beach and wended our way back to Port Said where we had a quick look round the main business areas. Most of the shops were shut and their windows shuttered, so we didn't see much of their wares. The town although unmistakably Eastern seemed rather more European than Cairo and sported some buildings of modern architecture and some very fine promenades. Had tea at the Y.W.C.A. and it was with reluctance that we left and caught the 1815 train for the return trip. After indulging in some rough-housing in our compartment and eventually being ~~ta~~ tiring of this, we adjourned to the dining car for liquid refreshments. It was here that we had a rather vigorous debate, the subject of which I won't mention, however all this tended to while away the time, and here long the hour was midnight and the place, Cairo Station. A taxi to Helwich with Nora, and then Maadi - a most enjoyable day.

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THE BOYS' OVERSEAS.

BILL HAYMAN: We were thrilled to see a card that Bill sent to the June, reading as follows:-

24:12:41.

"Christmas in a Prison Camp does not compare very favourably with the old days of H.B. life, but we are having a lot of fun just the same. The barracks are all well decorated and concerts are the order of the day, with some damn good talent too. The old mountain cooking is very useful here, it is marvellous what Red Cross parcels can do, they make life worth while, God Bless 'em. Hope to see you all before long - all the Budds and all the H.T.C. kids, my love to everyone of you, Bill."

D.L. COOKE: Cap is at Base in Egypt for the time being. We would like to hear from you again soon Cap!

L.M. HOLT: The latest from Lelly is that he has been disporting himself on skis in Syria; having joined a Ski Corps. The training is strenuous but a pleasant change after the Desert. We have also heard that he won a couple of Ski-ing Races while in Syria. Good work Les! Unfortunately word has just come through that Les. has been wounded in the latest Campaign. Here's to a speedy recovery Lelly.

IVAN COLLETT: Pop's address kindly forwarded by his father is:

Prisoner of War Post,
Kriegsgefangenenpost.

Flying Officer I.H. Collett, R.N.Z.A.F. British Prisoner,
Prisoner of War No. 646, Stammlager, Luft III,
Germany.

Pop was well the last time we heard about him, and could do with as many letters as we can send. Do write to him as mail is one of the chief mainstays. (This by the way also applies to Bill).

DUDLEY SHEPPARD: Thank you for the account of the Middle East Meeting Duddles. We hope you have many more. Latest news is that Dudley has thrown in his stripes to really get into the "firing line" - keeping up the old tradition of not missing anything!!

JACK HANNAH: has left N.Z. after a very successful period of training in the R.N.Z.A.F. - 100% in nearly all subjects and top of his particular Flight - congratulations on a fine performance Jack. We hope for a letter telling us all the news of your new life.

FRANK SIMPSON: The latest is that Frank has reached England and is hoping to form an English Branch of the H.T.C. Your letter was great Frank and keep up the good work.

GEORGE DENFORD: has sent us a very interesting account and snaps of a trip he and some other trampers made into the high country of Fiji. The people and the scenery sound delightful and they had a memorable time. The account is for perusal by members in the Club Room. It unfortunately is rather too long to publish here. Thank you George.

MAX McCORMICK: after 2 years in New Zealand doing reconnaissance work in the R.N.Z.A.F. has gone further afield - Good luck and happy landings Max. Don't forget to write Max - we will be interested.

H.W. MELDRUM: Moki is in Canada with the R.N.Z.A.F. He slipped off very quietly. We would like a letter Moki.

HAROLD COOPER, Harold also disappeared from Hastings and then we heard that he was in the M.F. Perhaps you will meet the other M.F. members over there. Good Luck for the future.

New Member

We welcome Mr. Maurice Peters to the Club and hope he will enjoy his association with us.

Paper shortage prevents us from printing in full the many letters we receive but here are extracts from most of the latest.

BILL BOWD. Letter dated 27-4-42 This is an extract from the last letter received from Bill.

Dear Members,

It was a great treat to receive a letter from you all again. These community letters of yours give me a great kick. and about 12 o'clock we crossed the border into Syria. The country we passed through was good to look at being beautiful green undulating, cultivated country. We stopped about 1 p.m. on the slope of a hill, with the sea pounding the rocky coast below us and had lunch. The country now changed to rougher hills and about 4 p.m. we had a meal at a large transit camp in a large town. An hour or so later found us travelling away from the sea, climbing steadily up over a high mountain range. We had a wonderful view of the town far below us with the sea and the sinking sun stretching beyond. It was dark long before we reached the top where we could faintly see the white streaks and patches of snow on the dark slopes around us. We changed from bus to Syrian train and when daylight came we were travelling over a vast undulating plain with green crops of wheat etc. and newly ploughed patches visible as far as the eye could see. Far behind us could be seen the white capped mountains we had passed over in the night before. Small white villages came and went and two fairly large towns were also left behind. Just after 5 p.m. we left the train at one of the largest towns in Syria and we finished the last 2 hours of our journey in army lorries. Our camp was among olive trees fruit trees, and grape vines, with miles of green crops beyond and on all sides. After three days our platoon shifted and we came to our new camp on the outskirts of a village. It was a good camp with corrugated iron huts, plenty of room and not much to do. The largest river in the country flowed past the village which was very clean and the people very friendly, mainly Arabs, Armenians and a few Turks. * The Sheik of the village was very friendly and he had been a great friend of Lawrence of Arabia before and at the time of the last war. Lawrence took him for a holiday to England. We again packed up and moved off over undulating country for 1/2 an hour and then suddenly we were among rough steep hills with beautiful green valleys stretching between the ranges of jagged hills. Dozens of different Spring flowers were in bloom and the country looked its best. We came to a picturesque little village with two fine stone churches with red tiled roofs and spires standing out from the rest of the buildings. This village which was entirely Christian was our destination. We looked across a fine cultivated valley and I enjoyed the marching we did around the valley and hills. It was great to walk beside a fast flowing stream once more. There were a lot of tortoises there the are to be found all over the country where there is water. We roamed around the hills quite a lot and from the tops we could see a high mountain sticking up above the surrounding country, its top ~~sixxxx~~ streaked with snow. It was 20 miles away and 5000 ft. high. The hills where we were were 1500 ft. and good tramping country. One thing missing is the bush as we know it. I believe there are cedar and fir forests in these mountains but not here. Stunted scraggy trees appear at intervals on the slopes and in the valleys young poplars and a few willows grow along the swiftly flowing mountain

streams.... This country is a real pleasure to live in after the heat
dust and thousand and one evils of Egypt..... There are thousands of
different kinds of lizards around here and snakes are common also. We
killed one the other day and it was exactly two full bayonet lengths
long, which makes it 3'6". We opened it up and found a whole lizard
11" long inside it. Myriads of ants and other insects also inhabit
this land..... I hope everyone is fit and well as I am,
Cheerio Bill.

NANCY WILLIAMS

We were delighted to hear from you, you gave us a new
light on Egypt. Write again.
Dated 22-3-42 Nancy writes N- It was great to find Nora at the same
hospital looking so well and I hadn't been here many days before LES.
appeared. You would all love to see his mustachio I'm sure! Its
simply colossal and he is awfully proud of it, as you can imagine!..
...We of the W.W.S. A. have all settled in and are enjoying the life
here very much so far..... I am in the hospital office with two
other girls. We find the work most interesting.... We are always
being taken out to dinners or evenings at Officers or Sergeants messes
and we are taken to and fro by Army trucks. It reminds me of tramping
days to see all the girls pile in... At first it gives one the jitters
to watch the traffic in Cairo, and one has to be very careful crossing
the streets. The traffic goes on the right hand side and the Wog taxis
career all over the road tooting their horns frantically. The tram
conductors have the quaintest little tooters which they blow to stop
or start the tram and in fact whenever they feel inclined. Its the
noisiest place I have ever been in... When at a dinner... I met Cliff
Hunt.... I couldn't think who he was until he reminded me of a trip
up Hikurangi. We had a great chat... Ray Lawton walked into his
office the other day... Very best wishes to you all. Cheerio Nancy.

BRUCE BEECHY

Your last letter gave us a happy evening, Beech. Thanky
ou. and Happy landings.....
Letter dated 3-2-42,.... I have become a member of a crew and am doing
a job of work which is as near as dammit to the real thing but even
so I am not satisfied and won't be till I am doing what I set out to
do.... Our latest aircraft are wizard and the more I fly in them the
better I like them. We have a great crew and are very happy indeed
which all goes to show that the Empire training scheme is a wonderful
idea. Our crew comprises 2 Englishmen, an Aussie and yours truly. I'm
fraid we N.Z.s used to think we were fairly warm but since getting
to know the capabilities of the various Dominions we are no better
than any of the others and in times like these the sterling worth
character of each one of us is brought out and one can quickly judge
just how good the other man is. It certainly gives one a wonderful
confidence in the old British Empire..... May your shadows never
grow less, Yours to a cinder, Beech.

DOUG. CALLOW Thankyou for your letter. We were glad to hear of you.

~~DOUG. CALLOW~~ This letter written in Colombo 22-4-42 reads as follows
I suppose this island isn't really a bad place though the only part I
have seen apart from Colombo is Kandy 75 miles away. Three of us
wandered up by train expecting to have 5 hours there but overlooked the
fact that the railways were temporarily disorganized and had only
1 1/2 hrs. there. Saw miles and miles of coconut groves with rice fields

wherever water was handy- a few townships and rubber plantations and then climbed the hill. The railway goes 12 mls. to climb 1300 ft. Precipitous stuff with a curious mixture of hard rock and smooth stuff like papa with a few small terraces of rice stuck here and there. A few tunnels, a few smallish tea plantations- too low for most of the m- and then Kandy. After lunch we saw the 'Temple of the Tooth' recognized by the picture on the back of a 10 rupee note (we had been stung at another temple in Colombo so we didn't go in), a lake with tortoises etc., the local gaol and the markets. We grabbed some bananas and oranges (green coloured) and dashed back to the train which kept more or less to time and landed us back in Colombo at about 6.30 p.m. too late for dinner. However we were full of fruit so it didn't matter. I am afraid our white uniforms + shirt and shorts by the way- suffered. We were black all over. The engines burn a lot of wood which makes a fine grey ash that smears over everything. Still we did see a bit of the country- enough to make me sick of coconut palms. . . . Cheers to everybody, Doug.

NORA FINN,

is the main spring of the M.F. branch, and is keeping up her good work. We thank her for letters and snaps received and also we enjoyed reading the account of your Palestine trip. A copy of her account is at the Club rooms for perusal. Her last letter ~~xxxxxxxx~~ written 4-3-42 reads as follows-
.... Well we have lots of fun but we do miss you kids more and more. I haven't seen LES since he came out and we planned the dinner he didn't come to. BILL POYD is somewhere but I do not know where. DAVE LYNCH was busy counting out the money as it was the end of the month I think he was busy working out ~~in~~ an extra missing 10 oz of butter or something. JOHN COLLINS is also somewhere in Egypt. LANCE GREEN is not very far away, we do not know just where but he couldn't get leave. As for CLIFF HUNT- well he always seems to be coming or going and no one can run him to earth. The boys tell me that NORMAN LOWE has got himself a Staff Sergeant or something similar. Dudley SHEPPARD is of the moustache variety as well as LELLIE, DUDLEY I think will be chewing his comfortably by the Port Said trip time.
..... I have been leading a fairly active life of late, seldom does one get very much time to sit and write quietly. . . . We feel that the V.A.s will lessen the demand on our off duty time. . . . They are a splendid help. . . . This no mail business is like an eternity, what a day it will be when our ship comes in. Always with you.
Cheerio, Nora.

NORMAN LOWE

Thank you for your letter, we all enjoyed our little bits and look forward to another.

FRANK SIMPSON,

We were glad to receive your card from Panama, and have just had your letter from England. Thank you for both and write again.

Letter dated 16-6-42. . . . I went up the East coast through Blackpool and the Lake District of Westmoreland (didn't have time to stop to rock climb this time) and on through to Carlisle, to Edinburgh. A day and a half there and then on South to London for

another day and a half. In all a fleeting glimpse but very satisfactory. Since then I have been posted to a training unit not far from the Wash and there I have been learning how much I didn't know in N.Z..... Life in Wartime England I find can be very pleasant for one in uniform. We are pretty well looked after wherever we go and London is a mass of Service Clubs..... While on the South Coast I located the local Secretary of the Youth Hostel association. They have an active club and go for trips in the same way that you do - per bike. Their specialty is the New Forest.... I didn't get a chance to join them..... Next time I write I'll try and include news of an English branch with Bruce Beechey and Joe Armitage..
Cheerio, Frank

JOE ARMITAGE,

We have had no communication from Joe since he left but we noticed in the paper of July 18 that he had gained a temporary sublieutenant commission in the RN R.N.Z.N.W.R. in the Fleet Air Arm. Congratulations, Joe.

CLIFF HUNT.

We have just received your letter dated 11-6-42, Cliff and are glad to hear from you again.

Extract..... I suppose you are all interested to know where Advance Base is and why. Firstly it is in Palestine and after Egypt is next best to being home. The Camp is situated by the sea about half way between Tel Aviv and Haifa.

The village is quaint and the people -Jews- are most friendly and helpful to us all. In fact they can't do enough for the lads. The village is one boundary. The west side is the sea and oh boy oh boy, is it grand... Oranges etc are all free for the sake of collecting them. I am still on Quartering but in this place have the job of Camp Q instead of a unit one as in Meadi.

The children in these parts are grand and I think, taken on the whole reeven better looked after than in N.Z. It is such a treat to see them all well fed and dressed. They mostly dress in blue pants or bloomers according to sex and white shirts, even to a ripe old age. Just after arriving here, had the pleasure of attending a village Harvest Festival in the village. The kiddies all took part. The village was split into seven sections and each had the children decorated to represent one of the main crops. After a few folk dances etc the kiddies handed in their offerings and these ranged from one orange - the child was too small to carry anything else - a baby goat - no remarks please. To try to describe it it sounds a bit weak but to witness it was great.....

Love to all, Cliff.

ANNUAL MEETING.

We wish to draw your attention to the fact the ANNUAL MEETING has fixed for the 14th Oct. Please do your best to attend

SOCIAL NOTES.

We congratulate Harold and Hetty Bush on the birth of a son - we hear ~~his~~ he has joined the business already!!

Also, Arch Lowe and his wife on the birth of a son, and Leslie and Peter Lettey a son. Three future trampers!

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Peg. Marven has managed it this time and on Saturday 11th July, was married to Lloyd Fraser of Hawera, in St. Luke's Church, Hawke's Bay. We send them all good wishes for happiness in the future.

Fred Green has transferred to the Artillery and has also gained his Commission. Congratulations Freddy.

Ezra Bertle is in an Auckland Camp and very busy. On leave lately he helped us prune trees in Te Mata Park - a real good turn Ez.

John von Dadelszen has joined the list of members serving in New Zealand.

Geoff Piessé is also serving in New Zealand and is with a Signalling Unit in Palmerston North.

Ron Craig is still in Weicouru and has the opportunity of gazing at Ruapehu, even if he can't get over too often to ski.

Gordon Blackmore and Noel Fendall are in Territorial Camps and appear at intervals, looking well.

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LIBRARY NOTES.

The Library these days has jumped ahead thanks to several generous members donating books, and one buying expedition. The number of books in the Library now is 55, and soon we will have to extend the shelves. The Librarian wishes to thank Dave Williams for his very generous donations of over 12 of the very "best" books, also Ursula Greenwood, Clem Smith and Angus Russell.

Most trampers will enjoy the undermentioned books which are not in our Library: these are available from local libraries.

The Wandering Years	by Weston Martyr.	Vikings of the Sunrise	by Peter Buck.
Forbidden Journey	by Ella Maillot.		
The Spotted Lion	by Gandor Dower.		
The Back Garden of Allah	(and others) by C.S. Jarvis.		
Laughing Oddesey	by Eileen Bigland.	White Waters & Black.	
Brazilian Journey	by Peter Fleming.	Its all Adventure	by Peter French.
Return via Dunkirk	by "Gunbuster".		
Over the Range	by Ion Idriess.		

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Could all those members who have not all their books in the Library, please oblige as much as possible. The Club's year is drawing to a close.

left and caught the 1.15 train for the return trip.

After indulging in some rough housing in our compartment and eventually tiring of this, we adjourned to the dinin-car, for liquid refreshments. It was here that we had a rather vigorous debate, the subject of which I won't mention. However all this tended to while away the time, and ere long the hour was midnight and the place, Cairo Station, a taxi to Helmié with Nora and then Maadi -- a most enjoyable day.

Sam. Karalason.

Sorry about the above, a slight misunderstanding somewhere. Id.

CLUB TRIPS.

EASTER. April 1942.

Most members being otherwise engaged, the official Club trip was cancelled. Some members picked apples several days, others were working on essential industries or taking well needed holidays.

Although different to other Easters, everyone felt satisfied with his or her holiday. We look forward to tramping trips in the future.

APPLE PICKING.

Nine members spent several Sundays at Mr. Tom Mitchell's orchard, Twyford, picking apples as a war effort, and also to augment our parcels fund. Tom being an old member of the Club, we were especially glad to help him and he said he was most appreciative of our efforts. The members also added to their knowledge of apple picking and beyond Lucy being hung to a tree while her ladder disappeared and Stan stepping up to a step which wasn't there, there were no accidents to the trampers anyway. Perhaps the trees were not so fortunate!!

The Parcels fund was swelled by 29 odd -- a good result for several happy healthy days in the sun.

FINANCE.

Could all those members who have not paid their subscription, please oblige as soon as possible. The Club's financial year is drawing to a close.

TRIP NO 173 OTATARA May 3rd.

Ten cyclists from Hastings, Havelock and Napier met at Redcliff bridge and awaiting us was one who tramped across country from East Clive. Trumper by religion, his principles dictate that St. David shall die on his feet and not on wheels.

Leaving our gear at Mr Davis, on Redcliff station, we were joined by Syd and Joan Siddell and we all climbed to the top of the spur which ends at the Redcliff bridge. We found ourselves amongst the grassed over trenches of a pah built more than five hundred years ago, by an early tribe, the Ngatimamoe.

They were celebrated for the great size and massive construction of their pahi, even in the South Island. This site of about ninety acres, was covered by a lower and an upper pa, Otatara and Hikurangi, requiring ten thousand warriors to man their palisades.

The Ngatimamoe also had another local pa at Kipipi on the hill just above the main highway bridge over the Esk river, a mile beyond Petane. The chief and tonunga at Kipipi four hundred and fifty years ago was Tu-nui - o - rangi and Paritararoa was chief at Otatara. Later predatory arrivals at this time come from the north, attacked the lower pa and noticed that those in the upper pa left it to come and help the lower. Repulsed, the attackers retired to attack the lower pa again next day. Again the upper warriors descended to assist thus leaving an easy prey for a concealed party. A truce was called, the new arrivals building a pa at Pakowhai. Later arrivals, by a clever stratagem took Otatara and the Ngatimamoe retired northwards finding no home and their tribe disappeared in Hawkes Bay.

From the Trig, we had a clear view of the coast, the southern Ruahines and Ruapehu. Descending to Mr. Davis's we went up the Tutaekuri riverbed, bailed up and strolled and lazed in the calm of a sunny autumn day. The willows and poplars were a blaze of russet and gold.

We were indebted to Mr. Prentice of Napier and Angus (who dug it up) for generous assistance with Maori history.

Leader: "Spriggles".

TRIP NO. 174. Mt. ERIN. May 17th.

When we left on the Sunday morning, it was our intention to climb to the top of Mount Erin, although the leader was rather vague about it. Anyhow four of us left Hastings at nine o'clock and met a car load of trampers in the village, who had decided to drive up to Kopanga, our starting point and were told that the rest of the party would be up at Kopanga when we got there.

We eventually started about tenish and made our way across the low lying hills past Maori Rock Gully until we came to a grass road leading from the Middle Road. At this particular time it was morning tea time, and we all looked longingly at a farmhouse nearby, with a man standing at the gate. In true tramper fashion we made our way over to him to ask the way! and he gave us some information and then informed us that he and his wife had seen us coming but as we looked such a crowd and sugar and tea being rationed, they had decided against giving drink to the thirsty. Anyhow before we left he gave us a blessing, the first I think any of us had ever experienced, and after hearing him pour forth his heart and lifting his hands to heaven etc. we bade him farewell and pushed on. It wasn't long before we had arrived at the top of a ridge and we had a good view of the surrounding country. We stopped for an apple or two in a paddock of soft grass and discussed the question of whether it would be worth while going to Mt. Erin which was some way off or going back to Maori Rock and then climbing Kohinarakau. We decided on the latter and we had a very pleasant side round to the Gully. We passed Maori Rock on the way, and lots of us would have climbed up, had not Douglas, one of the small boys with us, decided to get up and proceeded to get stuck. It must have taken half an hour of coaxing and threatening alternately until he eventually arrived at the bottom slightly shaken - perhaps not so shaken as his rescuers!!

While the rescuing was going on, Molly and a few others had gone on to boil the billy, and it wasn't long before we were luncheoning and having the much looked forward cup of tea. After lunch all the party but the Leader (that sounds good doesn't it) who made her small niece the excuse for any further hard work, and Alie, stayed behind while the others went up to Kohinarakau. They had a very pleasant time and the view from the top was extensive and really worth while. One other member returned to the lunch spot after about a quarter of an hour, and the "left behinds" had many inspiring topics to keep them amused while the others were gone. After about an hour they left and arrived back at the cars about half past four. They had an hour's wait and then the others came over the brow of the hill and arrived at the cars and bikes about half past five. They gave us graphic descriptions about what we had missed, and I think we could believe it too. After a spot of tyre pumping and the usual getting ready to go home, we set off down the hill on our bikes and so ended a really pleasant day. Catherine had a spot of bother with a canine friend of hers, which took some shaking off at the beginning of

the day, but after she had borrowed an iron steed and taken him quite a long way back down the road, and I imagine, threatening him all the time, eventually arrived back with out him, so all was well

Leader: June Budd. 13 in party and 4 children.

TRIP NO 175. MARA TARA FALLS via Clifton. May 31st.

Owing to rain on Saturday night the trip was cancelled, but unaware of this Ezra Bartle, on leave from Auckland, cycled from Napier to Clifton, where the ubiquitous Dave bobbed up from the shelter of a barb wire fence. Ezra with a strong desire to seek other members in Hastings district, was dragged by two mene males, over the hills and valleys up to the Falls, and across them. Then we made an easier return down the other bank about half way.

We were accompanied by young Stanley who captured some young goats until Dave told him to stop kidding. One or two flurries of rain sprinkled us but sunshine predominated during a good tramping and exploring day.

Leader: Dave Williams. 6 in party.

TRIP NO 176. CRAGGY RANGE (that wasn't) June 14th.

Four stalwarts (all female!) assembled in wind and rain at the Aiamarama cross roads and settled down to wait for Angus. Last trip only Napier turned out, so this time we had to go - mark! something's coming - it's Angus - no, it's a brown lorry. A little later, another swish of wheels. This time he's red in the face - a red lorry - Surely this must be he, I expect he will be blue in the face - and sure enough it's a blue lorry, but no Angus! Thereupon we climbed in order to save tyres, the hills which lead to the Peak. This we did, following the skyline. A pleasant interlude was investigating the Home Guard dugouts; only on the way down the road we found a large notice - Military Zone - Keep out! We had lunch at the green house. Our only water was a few drops off the roof caught in a billy! After a pleasant rest in passing sunshine, we set off down the way we had come. Lucy and a horseshoe nearly brought to party to grief, but at last we came back safely to our bikes and home early. There we heard that Molly and Joan had set out after us, I believe they really did go to Craggy Range! A very pleasant outing and the weather wasn't so bad after all!

Leader: Nancy Tanner. 4 in party.

-16-

TRIP NO. 177. TE AWANGA June 28th

Yes it was fine! Bright sunshine and a cloudless day -- a day so good in Havelock that we were rather reluctant to leave -- consequently June was waiting! When the Tuki bridge came in sight we could see three figures on the bank, obviously trampers, but where were the bicycles? We found that Clem had come per car (his first outing since the 'flue) and brought Angus and Dave. We gave them the key and directions as to the right house and the cyclists called at Mr. McCarthy's store to find that he had let the house for the weekend! (Rather a blow to the leader.) We had visions of the car party ahead bursting in on the occupants, but found them waiting round the corner. A discussion followed as to the next move and very fortunately Nancy "produced" another cottage at Te Awanga so she and June went on while the leader left instructions for the later party and followed by car! Nancy's idea proved to be a good one, complete with electric stove which we found later to need a shilling to speed (?) it up. As always the camp fire was the better method. After finding a 'phone, not an easy job, and getting in touch with those to follow, we set about getting a mea.

Joan L/S and Peggy Morris seemed overdue so the LADY members went out to meet them and guide them home leaving Angus in charge of the sausages. No sign could be seen so eventually we returned to find them sitting in comfort enjoying our sausages! Dave had to leave after tea (Home Guard calling) but the remainder walked to Clifton, Kidnappers would have been no effort on such a night. Full moon and low tide. Mattresses helped to give everyone a good night, in spite of the frosty atmosphere and after an "extended" breakfast, (dare we mention a cup of tea in bed?) in the sun we set off for the lake getting permission and direction from Mrs. Glenny. We were soon there and the birds, though resenting our intrusion at first, soon settled down again, after giving a wonderful exhibition of formation flying. The energetic members decided to go on to the Trig while the remainder returned to the cottage and prepared a meal. The day party arrived (after riding all over the country looking for us) just in time to share the fruit salad. June got going with letters to overseas members and later, an exhibition of boating was given. We cleaned up in true tramping style and mounted our "Rolls" for home, wishing that the weather for every weekend could be even half as good. Angus provided musical interludes during the weekend! Many thanks for the use of the cottage.

Leader: Molly McLeay. 10 in party.

TRIP NO TE MATA PARK. Tree planting. July 12th.
178.

On a lovely Sunday morning, seventeen members gathered at Te Mata Park, armed with an assortment of spades, good, bad and very indifferent, also various other implements and prepared to dig and plant -- no, not for Victory - for posterity.

Mr. F.E. Smith, the President of the Te Mata Trust, met us and gave a short talk and demonstration on the art of planting trees so that they should grow. He then tactfully beat a retreat for home and the fun started. Two hundred native trees and shrubs were dealt with in the course of the day - we hope with success, but time alone will tell - and a start was made on the pruning of a plantation of macrocarpa nearby. (This work to be continued on off Sundays - anyone willing.)

The usual intervals for relaxation and food were indulged in and late afternoon, saw the party dumping the last pruning on the pile, packing up and then heigh for home, Stan collecting a nice bunny? hare? on the way per medium of Roger, the setter, who by sheer personality had wormed his way into the party.

Leader: M. Molineux. 17 in party.

PARCEL FUND.

Contributions to the above fund are as follows:-

Ergot picking	11	1.
Fruit "	9	8 6
T. Farrelly.	5.	-
N. Tanner.	12	6
Annon.	10	-
Boots (Elder)	1.	-
Te Awanga trip	3	-
J. Budd	4	7
Club Meetings	1	1 3

Total £13 15 4

KAWKA HUT. Private trip. June 26th.

Hurriedly and guiltily, the trip was arranged in the morning. A Club was being given a miss, as were the usual jobs left for the weekend; but here was a chance of the Kawkas! At about two p.m. the car left Hastings to find the road along the Blowhard in surprisingly good order, so the party reached the Putaekuri with the sun still touching the tops and the frost already glistening on scrub and grass. The track in was still familiar but the interval since the last visit and the youth of half of the party brought romance to the last twenty minutes plugging. The Hut is standing to it well, in no way the worse for its neglect by the club and for the occasional visit of a stalker; the armchair has been so braced and stayed that it almost tempts one and the wood supply will see many an all night fire. At daylight two of us set out with the rifle, youthful optimism and the thirst for blood, to return some time later with the rifle and our optimism, but in plenty of time to start for the top. In spite of the absence of snow, a cold westerly made it hard going but Ruapehu and neighbours made it well worth while. A short jaunt past Tits and on towards 4915 was exposure enough. Three deer showed more respect for our incontinent boulder-rolling than they had done earlier for our rifle and loped off out of harms way.

The return to the hut and road was made with still plenty of daylight and with the firm conviction that with benzine once more plentiful the hills will call as clearly as ever to

Kim, David, Dr. Bathgate and Stan Craven.

Notes from our Home Front.

A tramper cannot help feeling at home in the army. After all the infantryman is the human pack mule and anyone who has ever assisted to lug lengths of timber and bundles of iron over the Kaipawa saddle to the Waikamaka has naturally a leg in on this game

But there are differences. As far as I have observed the army's first issue is of straw palliasses (panzy) and four heavy blankets (not transported by the owner fortunately.) Next comes web equipment. The pack, though meagre in size, is familiar in shape and would do for, say, an easy daytrip -- at a pinch for a light weekend in summer. The rest is a complicated tangle of harness with pouches (useful substitutes for pockets in the first instance) brass Ds and tags at all points and a water bottle invaluable, no doubt in camel country, but a confounded nuisance under N.Z. conditions.

About this stage comes the uniform. We started with the natty brass buttoned outfit, with a scarcity of trouser pockets and big side pockets in the coat which you have no hope of reaching when your equipment is on. Later we were issued with the uniform called battle dress, (because usually worn by clerks and other noncombatants or the M.R. when on leave) battle dress (from its liberal supply of concealed bomb pockets) or better still "rompers". Here the army has progressed in the direction of tramping about as far as the Ruapenu Ski Club. Rompers consist of a short loose blouse, lightly belted at the waist and an enormous pair of trousers fitting tightly like a set of stays from armpits to waist, flared at the hips and buttoning in at the ankles -- ideal equipment for a winter traverse of Three Johns, not so comfortable for route marching in a torrid Hawkes Bay summer. (Still that's the army all over -- "Toughen the Men".) (In remorse, a colossal variety of pockets have been incorporated.)

Boots I should add, are really good and of familiar pattern though the welts are too narrow for clinkers. The complete soldier now adds rifle and bayonet. The army doesn't seem to have made up its mind about these, but any soldier who can't get out of it, carries a set. The rifle is a magnificent precision instrument sighted up to 2000 yds. but you are not allowed to use it much beyond point blank range. It is like carrying a sledge hammer on a nut cracking outing. The bayonet is a queer puzzle. It is built on the lines of a sword but has neither the length nor the balance for hacking. For any hand to hand dirking, it is too long and clumsy. On the end of the rifle it looks impressive and makes up a clumsy butt weighted spear, very fatiguing to spar with. The unofficial uses of a bayonet are as a toast fork or candlestick. It won't sharpen pencils, cut scrub or split kindling, but is useful for cleaning out the bowls of charred up pipes.

You load up with a necessary but regrettable weight of ammunition a lunch tin with a dry meal, a rubber cape (a poorish substitute for a bush coat, fill your water bottle and put on your head a peaked eap hat which makes you look like a boy scout and blows off easily, or a glengarry, which makes you look like nothing on earth and lets the sun scorch you and the rain run down your neck -- (It has ear flaps though) or a tin hat which weighs a ton and crushes all power of thought.

You then say to yourself its a fine day, and go off in threes to go through the motions of killing something. That's as far as my war has gone and a dismally hot and sticky process it has been so far. However we had visitors the other day who have carried their war a stage nearer real life (I mean tramping). They had been sleeping behind hedges and under trees without tents or blankets. They wore cotton shirts and knaki shorts and no stockings but socks turned over webbing anklets. They were burned a mahogany brown and marched with a swing, something like marching. This looks like real soldiering and the kit has almost got down to real tramping.

When this war is over (soon be the day) and we get to over-

hauling tramping gear there will be millions of pieces of army equipment for disposal. Boots certainly and I am greatly taken with these webbing anklets as snow putties. Army compasses are excellent, ideal for cross country work as they can be set on luminous guide marks. The prismatic sights are rather too grand except for Dougald. The aluminium lunch containers would be quite good for day trips and for frying, steaming and carrying butter on long trips. Socks are all right. The shorts, by the way, are not on issue --- the troops bought their own, just like us.

This is only an interim report. As the war goes on, the army may catch up to it in the way of suitable equipment. At present if you want mobility and practicality you'll have to stick to standard tramping gear, tents, cooking utensils, sleeping bags and so on.

Norman Elder.

FIXTURE LIST

<u>TRIP NO</u>	<u>DATE</u>	<u>TRIP</u>	<u>LEADER</u>
179	26th July.	MARATOTARA P.D.	Joan Leicester.
180	8th-9th August.	WATER FALLS via CLIFTON	Dave Williams.
181	22 - 23 August.	WAIKAMARA	Stan Craven.
182	6th Sept.	Cycling trip RAUKAWA via South Road.	Angus Russell
183	20th Sept.	MOLOPEKA CAVES.	Joan Lovell-Smith.
184	4th Oct.	TUKI TUKI via Middle Road.	Ursula Greenwood.
185	18th Oct.	THE GAP Kahuranaki.	June Budd.
186	24 - 26 Oct. Labour Day weekend.	WAIPIHIKI	Clem Smith.