

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB INC.

Bulletin No. 32.

Dec. 1942.

Pres. E.S.Craven, Esq.,
505 Southland Road
HASTINGS.

Hon. Secretary: Miss M.Molineux
c/o Mrs. A.Elder
HAVELOCK NORTH.

Club N.L.Elder
Capt: McHardy Street
HAVELOCK NORTH.

Hon. Treasurer: Mrs. J. Lloyd
St. Georges Rd.
HASTINGS.

To all members, both overseas and at home, we wish a very Happy Christmas, full of Good Cheer, and a Rollicking New Year.

We welcome Cap Cooke, Rod McLeay and Norman Lowe back to the fold and look forward to seeing more of them in the future.

ANNUAL MEETING and REPORT.

At the Annual Meeting held in the Club Rooms on 14th Oct., Mr. E.S.Craven presided over twenty members. The following report was presented and adopted:-

ANNUAL REPORT for the year ending 30th September, 1942, to be presented at the Annual General Meeting on Oct. 14th, 1942.

Your Committee has much pleasure in presenting the Annual Report of another successful year.

MEMBERSHIP:

This year closed with a total membership of 106, made up as follows:-

Full	Members	43 (58)
Absentee	"	25 (5)
Associate	"	8 (17)
Honorary	"	30 (21)

Membership must inevitably show a decline when so many possible new members are called on for defence and for overseas. Those entering the forces during the past year are

Nanvy Willaims	Doug Callow	George Denford
Ezra Bartle	Harold Cooper	Noel Fendall
Bill Bennett	John von Dadelszen	M. Meldrum
Gordon Blackmore	Norman Elder	Jack Hannah.

With great regret we record the deaths while serving in the Forces, of

Dr. Wyn Irwin
Ken McLeay
Bill Boyd.

With much relief the Club has heard that Ivan Collett and Bill Hayman, both missing from N.W.Z.A.F. operations have been reported Prisoners of War in Germany.

At a time when so many organizations associated with leisure and recreation have found it necessary to go into abeyance, it is encouraging to find the Heretaunga Tramping Club still flourishing. The Club's ability to carry on is not in question, it is now only a matter of deciding where its activities shall be directed. Time spent with the Club calls for no apology in these times of national urgency; the fortnightly evening meetings give opportunity for true recreation and social reunion; our knowledge of the ranges, revived by an occasional outing may quite possibly be of direct use to the country; our working parties have relieved the seasonal labour shortage to some measure, and judging from overseas letters, the Club's continued existence is justified if only for the extra contacts it maintains with members in the fighting forces.

CLUB Of necessity the ranges are almost beyond our reach; an
CAPTAIN'S occasional private trip brings back a report (and a
REPORT. touch of regret) on one or other of our huts or long
remembered routes. Everything here promises to be in
sound order when longer trips are once more possible. Our one trip
to the Waikamaka was an outstanding event and was well deserving of
the patient organization that was necessary. Beach and river trips
accessible by bicycle have rewarded the more enduring.

Of twenty five trips scheduled for the year ending
Sept. 30th, 1942, twenty three have been carried out with an average
of thirteen, and two cancelled. Seven of these were for weekend or
longer periods. There were four trips to the ranges, eleven local
or coastal, two picnics and six working parties.

Noteworthy trips were

the Labour Day weekend to No Man's and Ruahine Hut via Big Hill Stream and the New Year trip to No Man's - Pehokura - Otupae

Working parties have at times, collected ergot, picked fruit, planted and pruned trees thereby simultaneously enjoying an outing and swelling the fund for overseas parcels.

The Credit balance for the year of £5. 3. 4. is still another encouraging sign due largely to our keen Treasurer.

The Survey Department has forbidden, for the duration, the further use of its maps amended by Club members.

The Library report is the most encouraging one since its inception. The Bulletin is going to be more difficult with the increasing paper shortage, but by extra work undertaken in using both sides of the sheet, the benefit of this publication is still enjoyed by all of us.

The Middle East Branch has been inspired in turn by Nora Fine, Sam Haraldsen and Cliff Hunt. The accounts of their reunions, sometimes slightly incoherent in progress with the menu on which they have occasionally been written, revive memories of the social activities of earlier years. The letters from overseas members all affirm the attachments formed by Club activities.

FINANCIAL REPORT.

The outstanding feature of this year's finances, apart from the credit balance, is the mushroom growth of the parcel fund. As a result of ergot picking, fruit picking, donations and the recently organised collections at Club meetings, we have been able to send thirty two parcels to our overseas members. The collections over five meetings have averaged 9/5. This promises to be a steady source of revenue for the fund in the future. The gift fund, somewhat overshadowed, has received very meagre support, but has provided enough to cover the two presentations made during the year. The Bulletin is the biggest item of expenditure from general funds, but this seems only right, as all members benefit by it, and it is our best means of keeping everybody in touch, thus providing a sure foundation for renewed club activities after the war.

The balance in the Post Office Savings Account is £69. 0. 11.

PUBLICITY.

During the last year, three numbers of the Bulletin have been produced. The typing has been done with the help of several members and the printing has been done by Mrs. Meads and Miss June Budd, through the courtesy of Mr. Slater. Thanks are due to all these people and also to members who contributed articles.

The shortage of paper is making it difficult to obtain the right kind of paper for duplicating but so far we have managed quite well. In future we may have to use newsprint.

LIBRARY. The library, this year, has gone ahead by leaps and bounds and during the year eleven books (five Penguin series and six others) were purchased from the Club funds. Also twenty books have been donated, the majority of these by Mr. D.G. Williams. The number of books now in hand is sixty, and in the selection, some of the best. We have also been extremely fortunate in having "Unclimbed New Zealand" donated by Mr Lindsay Lloyd, which will be a great asset in our collection of books. It is gratifying to note that sixty-three books were taken out this year against twenty two last year. There is 15/9 in hand.

SOCIAL During the year, the Social Committee has had a certain amount of difficulty in arranging entertainment for the meetings, owing to present conditions, but various people have shown movies, lantern slides and given lectures, and on the evenings when nothing had been arranged, the time passed pleasantly and quickly reading and writing letters from and to our overseas members. The Club Rooms were changed once more in May, this time we moved to very comfortable rooms in Queen Street.

APPRECIATION Again we would like to express our thanks to those who have granted us permission to wander over their land.

Executive Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:

Patron:	E. J. Herrick, Esq.,
President:	E. S. Craven, Esq.,
Vice-Presidents:	Mrs. K. Elder, Dr. Bathgate, A. Toop.
Club Captain:	Sgt. W. L. Elder.
Hon. Secretary:	Miss M. Molineux.
Hon. Treasurer:	Mrs. J. Lloyd.
Hon. Auditor:	Miss Thelma Watt.

Executive Committee: Misses J. Budd, P. Morris, J. Lovell-Smith, N. Tanner, Messrs C. Smith, A. Russell, S. Riddell.

Social Committee: Misses M. Budd, M. Wyatt, M. Clayton, U. Greenwood, Messrs. D. Frame, M. Peters.

In moving the adoption of the Annual Report, the President said that in the face of the difficulties of the past year, it was a subject for congratulation to all concerned that the Club had come through so successfully. He paid tribute to the untiring and efficient efforts of the officials during that time.

At the subsequent executive meeting, the following officers were elected:-

Hut Committee:	N. Elder. D. Williams. A. Russell
Fixture "	P. Morris. N. Tanner. M. Molineux. C. Smith. A. Russell.
Search "	The President, Club Captain, Secretary, Mr. S. Riddell.
Equipment Officer:	Mr. E. S. Craven.
Editorial Committee:	Joan Lovell-Smith, P. Morris, J. Budd.

THE BOYS OVERSEAS.

FRANK SIMPSON.

Latest news of Frank is given in a letter which he wrote in August. He had just finished a week's leave and has written a most interesting account of his doings. It appears he is stationed some where in the vicinity of Ilkley Moor and apparently made a pilgrimage there in order to conjure up a vision of a lorry load of H.T.C.'s, (lead by Norm and Doug) making the night hideous with a spirited rendering of that popular ditty, "On Ilkley Moor, bar tat!" Good hunting, Frank.

Extracts from his letter --- "I'm writing this in a railway carriage as the train roars along at sixty, hence the scrawl. The said train is taking me back to Yorkshire after a week's leave (tonsils) which I'm supposed to have spent quietly on a farm somewhere in the country. Actually I have been on the move the whole time -- trust me --. I started by going over to Manchester, then down through Chester to Wales. I ogled an A.T.S girl lorry driver at one place and got a lift in a convoy ambulance through the beautiful Llundudno Valley in North Wales. I then went on by train to a place called Bala lake -- you will see it on a map of Wales -- and stayed a night. This is right in the middle of the Welsh "mountains" and I longed for the time and company to ramble over them. I'll go back there some day. They reminded me so much of N.Z. From there I went on to

Aberystwyth on the coast and then to Swansea, where I visited some of Nancy's relations. It was pouring rain there and I made for Gloucester after a few hours. (I ran out of ink just then and had to dash along the platform at the first station to buy some.) From Gloucester I moved on to Cirencister, a quaint old-world town also in Gloucestershire. The country about this county is marvellous just now. The rolling hills and trees and harvest fields made me want to stay a week and get on the end of a pitchfork -- the handle end. Yesterday, I came on to London and stayed at the Regent Palace Hotel in Piccadilly. The Regent is a terrific place to get lost in. The other side of the Restaurant and main lounge is just about over the horizon. all day and half the night, luxury and elegance walk here, with plush and marble, orchestra, long tailed waiters and liverymen by the dozen (even now) and the inevitable bad girls in the hall and gold diggers in the lounge."

"Harrogate is an interesting place with beautiful gardens, a bit of Rotorua water in springs, and a quaint old 14th century village called Knaresborough, about four miles away. I went out there just over a week ago, and explored an old house of four stories, seen cut out of the rock face of a cliff overhanging the river. The old lady without any front teeth and wrinkles like a maori carving, looked about as old as the house she lived in, but she assured me it was built by her great - great - great - grandfather in the 16th century and Queen Elizabeth or somebody came and christened it. Down below is a grotto of Richard III's time, used as a wayside shrine and adorned on the outside by the carved figure of a crusader. Today hundreds of people punt or row pleasure boats up and down the river there and the youths and maidens of Harrogate spend much of their long summer evenings there, pushing their punts under the trees along the bank in much the same way as they were wont to park their cars back in the petrol age. I wish I knew what ship old Dougal is on. I will be having a good deal to do with ships from now on and who knows but I might be in touch with him. It would be interesting to know if we both happened to be guarding the same convoy."

"I am now back at the old workhouse and the mist, fog and rain are as thick as ever. Never mind, life can be pleasant here too. If I stay long in this country, I'm getting a byke to explore it with at weekends. I found a place in London yesterday where you can still get down-filled sleeping bags with covers for £3."

JOE ARMITAGE :- We were pleased to receive a cable from Joe (somewhere in England) sent in September. Here it is --- "Letters and parcels received. Many thanks. Writing. Best Wishes. Joe Armitage." We wish him all the best and -- that letter, please, Joe!

GEORGE DENFORD :- George is still keeping his end up in Fiji and doing it rather well from all accounts! He keeps us well posted with letters and snaps, from which we gather he has gone back to Nauture and discarded his uniform for the traditional fig-leaf! Another of your entertaining epistles, if you please, Giorgio!

SAM HARALDSEN :- According to first hand information given by Cap, Sam is waxing fat and hearty. When last seen he was sporting a Staff Sergeant's rank and looking very fit. All the best, Sam, from the Club.

DAVE LYNCH :- Cap was also able to give us news of Dave, now a ration Sergeant in the Base supply orderly room. Trust an H.T.C. to be rallying round when food is the order of the day. Dave will probably come back with a few expert ideas on how to tramp on an ounce of Bully beef a day! Good luck, Dave.

DUDLEY SHEPHERD :- A fairly recent letter from Duddles announcing his transfer into another unit. He has sent us a most glamorous snap of himself in which his budding moustache, helmet and voluminous metner garments all combine to produce a disguise under which it is very difficult to recognise the original Dudley -- a close rival to Douglas Fairbanks, we should say! Keep up the good work, Dud!

JOHN COLLINS :- Looking very fit when last seen by Cap. A clerk in Q.M's Store, so we gather. We're looking forward to a letter, John.

CLIFF HUNT :- Has'nt been in contact with the M.E. gang for some time. We understand he's still amusing himself at Base. All the best, Cliff, here's hoping!

LES HOLT :- Lelly had just come down from Convalescent Depot when Cap last saw him -- a flesh wound in the shoulder was his trouble. We hope all is well now, Les. We're pleased to hear he has returned to O.C.T.U. Reports say, that despite the fact that Lelly's hair has lost all its curl and the royal nose has taken on a redder tinge he's doing well! Good hunting, Les!

NANCY WILLIAMS :- According to Cap, Nancy is doing her best to entertain her countrymen in the M.E. in between spasms of sand-fly fever and other minor annoyances!

Good work, Nancy. We look to you to keep up the old traditions! Cheerioa, and a letter if you can tear yourself away from other attractions!

HUCK FINN:- As usual Huck is making the most of things. Now stationed in Beirut, she seems to have made a thorough job of exploring Syria by devious methods of transport. Her genius seem to be in being able to beg, borrow or steal free rides to wherever she wants to go. She has even had the distinction of putting "one foot in Turkey," which is more than most of us can claim. We hear that, as a substitute for Crown bread, snails now figure largely in her diet -- everyone to their own taste. Love from the Club, Kid!

BRUCE BLECHY:- The Club was very fortunate to receive a most super letter, (ten pages,) from Beech written in his best style. He is still in Gibraltar and enjoying the limited distractions of the place to the best of his ability. Sun bathing and swimming seem to figure largely in his off-duty programme. The Club will endeavour to do you proud in the matter of a reply to your letter, Beech, but you make the standard rather high!

BILL HAYMAN:- News from Wobbly is decidedly bright considering everything. It is comforting to all his friends to know that he is making the best of what must be very trying conditions. A card and a letter have come to hand lately both written in a characteristic and cheerful strain. We wish Bill heaps of luck and are glad to know his enforced captivity isn't dulling his sense of humour.

HAROLD COOPER and MCKY MELRUM:- Up to now no news has been received of these members but we're hoping it won't be long before letters arrive. Harold, we hear, has arrived in Egypt.

JACK HANNAH:- Last heard of, Jack was in Ottawa and about to take off for Quebec for a week's training course. We trust he came through with flying colours and his commission. Cheers, Hack!

MAX MCCORMICK:- Max is now in Fiji and finding it rather monotonous owing to a lack of distraction in the female line -- the local talent being so much in demand that late-comers are pretty well handicapped. The parcel and Xmas card have reached him safely. Good flying Max, and brush up your technique in the wooing line -- you must be slipping!

DOUG CALLOW:- A recent letter has been received from Doug, posted in Hastings, England, so that in spite of the secrecy which surrounds all his movements we gather he's seeing quite a bit of the world. He was recently involved in

a spot of excitement when he was transferred in mid-ocean to another ship. He hints that there have been some very thrilling moments in his life and regrets that at present he can't tell us all about them. Good hunting, Doug.

CAP COOKE? ROD McLEAY, NORMAN LOWE:- It is with great pleasure that we record the return of three of the boys from the Middle East. We were able to extend a welcome to them at a recent Club meeting. An extra special supper was provided at the conclusion of a most interesting talk given by Cap who described some of the highlights of Army life in Egypt and Syria. We wish them the very best of luck from the Club.

MEMBERS IN THE FORCES IN N.Z.

EZRA BARTLE:- We had the pleasure of Ezra's company for two trips, recently, when he was home on leave. He appears to be blooming and in the best of spirits. Its time we had a letter, EZ!

BILL BENNETT:- Somewhere in N.Z. Bill is being very busy -- we have had a letter describing all his jobs since he joined up. Variety is certainly the spice of life, isn't it Bill? Cheers from the Club.

NOEL FENDALL:- When last we heard of Noel he was well and fit. Good luck, Noel.

FRED GREEN and RON CRAIG:- Have both been home on leave and are looking very fit.

To the other members of the Club in N.Z. Norman, John von Dadelszen, Gordon Blackmore and Geoff Plesse, we say Cheerio and All The Best.

SOCIAL NOTES.

We offer our congratulations to Stan and Val Craven on the latest addition to their family - a son, born at Labour Week End. Let's hope he follows in the footsteps of his father, our very efficient President.

Two other Club members have sprung complete surprises by announcing their engagements -- Mocky Meldrum and Spriggles Frame. Our heartiest congratulations to both you dark horses! We hear also that Jack Dempsey has taken the plunge. His fiancée is

Miss Fenton of Petone. Congratulations, Jack.

Mim's Laing marriage took place recently to Knud Marcussen. We hope you will be very happy Mim. Please accept the congratulations of the Club.

A recent letter from Australia announces that all is well with the Blacks -- Ronagh, Don and Mary Patricia. Ronagh sent us a photograph of the said Mary and we can quite understand why she is the apple of her proud parents' eyes! She certainly is a credit to you, Ronagh!

We regret paper shortage prevents us from printing all letters received but here are extracts from some of the latest:-

From Bruce Beechey:- "Dear old H.T.C., Many is the time I think of you all and recall these good old beetle crushing days as we pounded our way to the Kaweka Hut or trickled up that coldish stream on our way to What's his name Saddle below 3 Johns and then again our rest periods at the Annual picnic when old Holt would plot fiendish plans of varying sorts -- all of which finished up with somebody being thrown a la bringy or suchn like.

"Give me my boots and my pack
For I'm agoing up the track
Which leads to perfect peace
Miles from the blooming police." "

Author - anon.

" I had a letter from Cliff Clark the other day, (Bill Hayman's observer). He said old Wobbly was bearing up and gaining as much joy as possible despite his forced captivity. However old Bill will make use of his spare time and will no doubt be something of a linguist when he returns."

From Dudley Shepherd:- "My face is covered with a net, just issued, which serves to fool the flies somewhat. Before they get to one's face they now have to climb down the neck of one's shirt and then up again. By this time their stamina is slightly weakened and one can, by careful stalking, deal them the mortal blow they richly deserve. For the rest there is a great swarm of flies with human life existing underneath. This human life is the so called glamour boy, rather in need of a wash, a wee bit thin on it, and exuding perspiration in great style. The idea that one can keep cool by waving the arms about to chase flies away and fanning oneself is all huey. Still we are having a lot of fun by making home made fly traps which are proving quite effective and we should catch up to the birthrate "towards the end of 1943" (rather familiar what!)

TRAMPING MADE EASY.

I have only just discovered how tramping should be done. The Army has some surprising accomplishments and the perfect technique is one of them. Like most Army accomplishments it is heavily disguised, presumably for security purposes, by being called a recce, and like all techniques it depends on very rigid rules and the way you go about it. First you draw up an appreciation of the situation. Sounds grand but like the gentlemen who talked prose, I find to my surprise that I have been doing it all my life. Disregarding sub-headings - (Ref. Map. Object, Factors, Courses Open and Plan) Military verbiage this amounts to: "It's a fine day how about taking a party up to 66?"

This once approved by the heads you get busy and draft an Operation Order, also under sub-headings:- Reference Map, Information, Intention, Method, Administration, Rendezvous, Synchronize Starting Line and Timetable. One word of warning. Under "Intention" it would be fatal to put - "To have a jolly good time" or "To see what's on the other side" or "To break my boots in". "In Your Information" you have drawn your picture a Military art akin to "drawing the longbow", a sort of Military fairy story and your Intention carries the tale on into the future. Method tells your parties whereto go and what to do, Administration covers transport, food and equipment, and the rest explain themselves. Once this is approved, things move with no more worry on your part. Copy to Company concerned and so many N.C.O's, and so many men are detailed; copy to transport and it's their worry to have the trucks you require on the starting line on time; copy to Q.M. and rations are arranged; copy to Intelligence and beautiful Map tracings of the area are sent back. You can't go wrong, No trouble, no worry, no expense, ~~No-trouble=no-worry=no~~ everything provided.

Say you feel like making the Kaweka Trig. The only real strain on the old mind is finding a plausible Military reason. Well what about landing a few parachutists round the Trig?

It will be with a heavy heart that some of us will go back to the old drudgery of making up a party, arranging transport, making the usual last minute changes, waiting on the stragglers and collecting the cash. Give me the Army any day! -----

N.L.E.

KAWEKA HUT.

On August 25th Angus Russell took skis into the Kaweka Hut to prospect the last remaining patches of snow on the tops. That evening 18" of snow began to fall and for eight days, fast ski-able snow remained on the shingle banks by the creek below the hut. Temperatures ranged from 30 degrees F. to 45, but usually about 35 degrees. The snow was granular and wet. On the tops the snow was frozen and fine rock free slopes gave fast runs when sufficiently thawed. The snow alongside the hut was of better quality. He considered it to be worth while levelling the shingle banks in the summer to provide a practice slope alongside the hut. The hit is now freed from draughts; is comfortable and in good

order. Transport by road is infrequent and he had on his return to tramp to Weiwhare on September 3rd.

CLUB TRIPS.

No. 179. 26th July, 1942.

Tree Pruning in Te Mata Park.

The scheduled trip for this weekend was cancelled in favour of pruning Macrocarpa trees in the Park. The 11 members including Ezra Bartle on leave from Camp, worked hard to finish one plantation and began on some Redwoods and Oregon Pines in another Valley. The only excitement was in being mistaken for vandals by some strolling ladies below, who merely saw figures hurling branches over a cliff and naturally thought the worst. However, as they were out of earshot only a word or two was heard although the gesticulations conveyed their meaning clearly. A pleasant day on the hill tops with a satisfied feeling at the end of it.

M. Molineux Leader. 11 in party.

Note: We were most pleased and surprised to receive a donation of £5 from the Te Mata Park Trust Board. The work was a purely voluntary effort and with no thought of reward, so that we appreciate the kindly action of the Board. The money has been put into the Parcels Fund.

No. 180. 9th August, 1942.

Maraetotara Falls from Clifton.

A party of 14 cycled to the gap at Clifton on a fine sunny morning. Going through the Gap the party followed up the East bank of the stream for about half an hour and then some took the high road along the tops, others keeping to the coolness of the waters edge. A few strayed between the two parties, but all eventually reached the Falls which were seen clearly through the leafless willows. After lunch the stream was crossed above the Falls, the peculiar limestone formations almost making a bridge across. The return was made down the West bank - two of the party returning by the stream and the others climbing out of the Valley to the tops again, and so down to Clifton. A billy boil ended a pleasant tramping day.

Angus Russell Leader. 14 in party.

No. 181. 22nd August/23rd August, 1942.

Waikamaka Hut.

At last the day dawned which was to see a party of trampers heading for the beckoning ranges with the Waikamaka Hut as their objective. Accompanied by the usual exuberance of spirits, fourteen members packed into the truck kindly lent by Mr. Greenwood, were away by 1.30 p.m. arriving at 4 p.m. at what used to be known as McCulloch's Mill but now no longer so, since it has packed up and gone, leaving only the boiler as a reminder of past activities. Rain was falling on arrival and three members decided to go "all social" so they were abandoned to their fate and the remaining eleven set off up the river. The main party reaching the Hut at 7.30 p.m., while the remainder trailed in at 9.30, having

struck a spot of bother on the shingle slide, which, in the darkness appeared to be all slide and no shingle - and the wind, well the less said about that the better. It needs to be experienced to be appreciated. The smell of the woodsmoke coming from the Hut as the last party approached was more welcome, to one member at least, than words can express. Supper, bed and an early rise in the morning but one glance at the weather was enough to discourage any tramping enthusiasts for further activity and the morning was spent collecting and chopping firewood amidst the usual revelry peculiar to trampers, and then later packing up and wending their way down to the truck. The three socialites being picked up on the road, who apparently has been entertained by the entire Wakarara Settlement, then home by 8 o'clock with many grateful thanks in our hearts to Ursular Greenwood who had driven the truck and so enabled us to make just one more trip into the back of beyond.

M. Molineux Leader. 14 in party.

CLUB MEETINGS.

Meetings have been well attended lately, the rooms being increasingly useful.

The reading of letters from absent members is a constant enjoyment and fills the evening when there is no other entertainment.

One evening Dr. Bathgate showed us some very fine slides of photos taken in the Southern Alps where he had himself made a trip. The grandeur of the scenery we saw made us long for a trip in those parts. Thank you very much Doc. Sorry that we do not see more of you these days.

An evening was spent in packing parcels for the overseas members and a most enjoyable as well as profitable time was the result. Seventeen parcels were made up, packed sewn and labelled by the willing band who felt well satisfied with the evenings work.

PARCELS FUND.

It was suggested at one meeting that a collection of material for the Overseas parcels should be held and at a subsequent meeting quite a pile of tinned goods, magazines etc were gathered and used for the parcels.

At a later meeting we decided to contribute 3d per night to the fund and this has proved a steady source of income, an average of 8s- per night being handed in.

We also thank Three donors for subscriptions to the above fund. viz Miss M. Sykes, a friend of Tubby's and June's and a member of the A.T.C. and two Others who prefer to remain anonymous.

NO. 182.

14
CLUB TRIPS)contd)

MOKOPEKA CAVES. 6-9-42

Three of the party left Hastings at 8.35 a.m. and proceeded per bicycle to Craggy Range Bridge picking up Nancy Tanner, Clem Smith, Angus Russel, and Marge Clayton en route. At the bridge the party turned to the right going about a mile along the Elsthorpe road before leaving the bicycles. After changing the party set off up the hill at 10.10 a.m. It was a beautiful day, really Spring like and the lambs and calves were in evidence everywhere. The top of the ridge was gained about 11 o'clock and the party sat down for a breath or two. Here there was a certain amount of messing about before the right ridge to descend was found and eventually Clem went on and discovered the cave, which was in a rocky rift with large boulders scattered about halfway down the hill. A big bluegum tree nearby forms a good guide to the entrance. Meanwhile the rest of the party was lunching at the bottom of the hill in the sun after having rescued a sheep from being stuck in a hile. The cave was visited on the return journey, Clem showing the party round.

By following up the rift the party gained the top to see a well formed track leading down to the road. This track was taken and the road was regained about $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile further up than the bicycles were.

The billy boiled before the return ride was a pleasant ending to a happy day. Number on trip 7. J. Lovell-Smith lead.

NO. 183.

Craggy Range .20-9-42

Nine cyclists met at Te Mata corner and proceeded to the Tukituki bridge and on to the sheep yards where base camp was made, and from here the party climbed to the fastnesses of Craggy Range.

Here Keith found caves inhabited by cave women leading an idyllic life in a sheltered sunny valley, cooking their food beside a great Ngaio tree. Near at hand lambs were frisking while far below the Tukituki and the Mareaotara streams flowed, through lovely bright green valleys dotted with herds and willows, to the glittering ocean. Clem made a camera record of their activities and noted their poetic names, Joan and June, Peggy and Nancy, Marge and Mabel. The last gave a hen two pennies and the hen promptly laid an egg for her. A golden sunset flooded the scene while the billy boiled beside the Tukituki closing a pleasant and interesting day.

Number on trip 10. Angus Russell. L.

NO.184. 4-10-42

Tuki Tuki River via Middle Road.

After forging our way through hordes of Home Guardsmen and other busy folk, 10 cyclists assembled in Havelock and departed at 9.15 a.m. down the Middle road. It was a glorious sunny day, grass, trees, lambs hills etc. all looking their most springlike. We soon reached Miss Coupers home, Waihotoa, where Miss Smith gave us a great welcome and morning tea on the verandah (who will forget the picture Angus made under the wistaria). Here happened the first relapse - two went on by road while eight stalwarts parked their steeds and set off up the hills.

Was it hot? By the time the third 'Top' was reached, two more of us felt that one bathing pool was a better than a hundred hills, so six went on. The view from the last and final summit was worth all our efforts, behind us the plains and cities and the whole line of the ranges, far down in front the cool and winding Tuki Tuki. The descent is steep and direct with patches of bush in the gullies and Kowhais in perfect flower. Yells and shouts brought and answer, and under willows by the river we found the road party having lunch. They boiled the milk billy while the hill party swam; after that, food and idleness and sun.

At 3.0 p.m. a reluctant start was made. On the way we somehow got ox into the bush, and what with avoiding nettles and the pursuit of nature study, devious routes back and a detour by some to see the remains of Maori fortifications, it was nearly 6 before all 10 were re-united at the house.

A final farewell to 'Negus' the black lamb, and we started for home. after a grand day.

No. in party 10
Leader U. Greenwood.

NO.185. 18-10-42

TUTAEKURI near Redcliffs Bridge.

Nine of us left Hastings about 9.30. with instructions to leave a note at the bridge for the rest of the party as to what road we would be taking from there. Joining the Napier members at the bridge we cycled along the Puketapu road until we came to a spot where the river 'hit' the road. We leapt off our respective grids and decided to wend our way along the river bank until we came to suitable place to spend the day and swim.

Angus went on a tour of inspection and found an easy crossing and a sand bank where we dallied for a while and had fun and games of various types; Angus and Keith giving us demonstrations as to how to roll in for a swim down the shingle instead of stepping in 'a la Pavlova' over the stones. After a swim we found a sheltered spot in the lupins

17.
and lunched. Some of the more energetic ones climbed to the top of Omarunui Pa and inspected the old Maori fortifications (very interesting) while the others spent a most interesting time gazing at Angus's photos of his trip down south through a camera scope. At threeish the other three members arrived and we had another swim and more tea and tales around the fire. Then we packed up and were away for a pleasant ride home.

J. Budd, Leader.

NO. on trip 12

No. 186. Labour day weekend 24-26-10 "42

MATARAU via Ocean Beach.

On Saturday morning the weather seemed bent on keeping up its reputation for being wet on Labour day but as time went on it showed signs of clearing so that we all loaded up our bicycles and set off. Owing to tyre trouble the party became well strung out along the road and some took the wrong turning near the beach while the others with the billy bumped over the $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles of paddock to the appointed place. Here we met Dave who had come overland from Clifton and we then proceeded to boil up. The weather was now beautifully clear and warm and when presently the rest of the party arrived in the dusk all was merry and bright. Before we had finished our meal the moon rose out of the sea and later we adjourned to the sands and frolicked till a late hour. Tents were not needed and we scattered ourselves all around in our sleeping bags. Unfortunately in the darkness 2 of the girls selected a spot near the far gone remains of a sheep and they spent a somewhat unrestful night.

Sunday morning owing to a change in the wind or maybe the presence of said sheep hurried us over our meal and we were away promptly for the expedition to Rongaika. Our way lead us along the foot of the hills but after keeping together for some distance three took to the higher country and later had to descend a very narrow and crumbly ridge into a deep and narrow gorge. The main party went by the beach, waiting for the tide to ebb sufficiently for them to go through the cave which now pierces the point. However we all met about noon at Rongaika for lunch. We did not stay long as the tide was now rising and we all wished to make the passage of the cave. The cave is of recent origin (within a year or so) and it makes the job of passing the point easier although it is still quite an exciting business, what with waves trying to buffet one off ones feet and the incredible slipperiness of the papa rock. At length we all managed it and were glad to get back to the beach and the warmth of the sand again. We spent the rest of the day playing about in the sand and having lots of fun. Monday we took things easily, lounging on the sand hills and acquiring a coat of tan. About three o'clock we set off on the return journey.

C. Smith Leader.

No. In party 11.

No. 187. 31st Oct. - 1st Nov. 1942

TUKI TUKI RIVER.

The destination of the trip was the Tuki Tuki river via the Middle

road with some member making it a week end and the rest of the being content with coming on Sunday morning. The advance party consisting of Clem, Angus, Ezra and Keith rode out on Sat. afterneeo battling with a stiff head wind whch(fortunately for the rest of the Saturdayites dropped in the evening. About 5.40. saw the departu-re of Nancy Tanner, Joan L-S, Nancy Monck, Marj. Clayton and Peg ~~xxx~~ Morris from Havelock, all arriving in good order and without incident about 7 o'clock. A very snug little camp had been made and it wasn't long before a savoury smell of cooking rose on the calm nightair. The 'inner man' attendg to everybody repaired to the river bank to cheer on Angus who had prepared a tasty meal for any unwary eel which happened to be more curious than cautious. The next few minutes were very exciting while we followed our prey with our torches, watching him play with the bait which he finall decided to swallow.. Angus with a whoop of triumph swung the improvies over his head, hitting Clem over the eye as he did so! Clem in spite of his injury displayed a most unexpected ~~xxx~~ ferocity as he attempted to brain the catch. It proved to be the only success of the evening so Angus immediately set to work to prepare it for cooking, a process which caused a feeling of nausea among the spectators.!

We spent a comfortable night stretched out around the fire, ~~xxx~~ occasionally being roused from slumber by the activities of Angus who presumably spent the night stoking the fire !. Sunday was bright and very hot. The rest of the party- Janet, Catharine, Joan Edgar, mardi, June, Keith, Molly and Mabel arrived about 10, 4 of them rolling up in state in a ~~xx~~ 'CAR' much ribeld comment greeting them.

The day was spent in a most satisfactory fashion, each individual eating bathing and sleeping as the spirit moved him. Mabel's efforts in the direction of sun tan were quite worthy of comment, the results being most successfull. She continues to flourish on her diet in spite of everything.

At lunch tome the eel which had been interred early in the morning was dug up and proved to be quite delicious to those who could forge that it was eel.

A little sport with logs in the river was indulged in by some memb-ers of the party during the afternoon before we packed up and finally left about 5 p.m., the cyclists proving their ability as cross country riders down a very steep and handy shortcut. On the way home some of the members were entertained to a very welcome cup of tez at Janet Lloyd-s which just topped off a very pleasant weekend.

E. Bartle Leader
No. on trip 16.

FIXTURE LIST.

<u>TRIP NO.</u>	<u>DATE.</u>	<u>TRIP.</u>	<u>LEADER</u>
192.	Jan. 17th.	Red BRIDGE	M. Molineux.
193.	Jan, 30 - 31st.	KIDNAPPERS.	D. Williams.
194.	Feb. 14th,	HORSESHOE BEND (Annual Picnic.)	U. Greenwood.
195.	Feb. 27th- 28th,	SMALL'S PROPERTY	D. Frame.
196.	March 13th- 14th.	MARAE- TOTARA STRM. VIA CLIFTON.	N. Tanner.
197.	March 27th- 28th.	MARAE- TOTARA STRM. via THOM'S PROPERTY.	C. C. Smith.

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This list is subject to alteration on account of working parties.

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