

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (Inc.).

Bulletin No. 33.

March, 1943.

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HASTINGS.

We regret to announce the following:-

Naval casualty: Missing, Presumed killed,

CALLOW, Temp. Sub.Lieutenant (R.D.F.) Douglas William,

Extract from Bulletin No 25. August, 1940. (Written on Doug's departure from the district at that time. Ed.).

"He was Vice President, Member of the Executive Committee, Member of the Hut Sub Committee, the Map sub-Committee, the Search sub-Committee (and also a member of the anti-feminist committee until he was thrown out as being ineligible.) Most of the Club cannot remember a trip in which Doug. did not have some part. His great and accurate knowledge of the country of Hawkes' Bay was invaluable to us so that there was always two possible leaders of a trip in case things went wrong. His quiet humour was known to us all, especially when things were at their most miserable as can be exemplified by his comments on the prevailing conditions scratched on New Hikurangi Trig with frozen fingers - "Rain, Cold, Mist, Wind, Hell!" There was no excuse for not knowing Dougal after his first tramp. He was always the person sitting among the boots in the middle of the lorry floor having been last to get on because he was tying on gear or organizing something else at the expense of his own comfort.

A Real Trumper and a Great Friend."

Pending further news our thoughts are with Doug's family and we can only hope for better tidings of him.

We are pleased to announce the return to civilian life and tramping of our Club Captain, Norman Elder who looks very well after his sojourn in the Army.

With Norman at meetings again, the atmosphere takes on a distinctly tramping as opposed to picnicking flavour and the possibilities of mountain trips seem appreciably nearer.

Meanwhile we continue to cycle and hike with increasing vigour and our efforts in the direction of loading bicycles are improving vastly not to mention our technique in hitch cycling. Our tramps, however, are still enjoyed and we keep fit on the neighbouring hills.

A gift to the Club in memory of Ken McLeay:-

"Rod and I poked about Whitcomb and Tombs on Friday and saw the book which I have posted, and wondered if it would be of use and interest in the Club Library. However it can be exchanged so we would be pleased if you would have a pow-wow over it and let us know. If you would rather have something lighter and more in the climbing line, don't hesitate to send this one back. We just saw it and thought perhaps it would appeal to some. The following are others we saw "Edward Whymper" by F.S. Smythe, "Alpine Ways" by the same author and "Australia's Alps" by Mitchell. If you do decide to keep "Maori Place Names" don't send it back for us to write a few words in, we will let you know what is to go in and maybe you could possibly find time to type it and paste it in? I think a copy of Ken's poem would be appropriate, don't you, and I think it appeared in a Bulletin once."

Sgd. Molly McLeay.

ANZAC ABROAD. by Ken. McLeay.

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

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

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

The book to which Mollie has referred has been accepted by the Club and we hereby tender our thanks to She and Rod for the thought. The poem has been put into the first page .

TRAMPING ETIQUETTE

Reprinted from the A.T.C. Bulletin Wanderlust.

Now that a greater part of our activities are confined to easy trips across private properties close at hand, it might be advisable to 'brush up' on some of the little courtesies that make things run smoothly.

- 1 Ask permission- this often saves time and trouble.
2. Respect the owner's property - use gates wherever possible
Leaving them shut or open as in the state found. Otherwise climb over fences one at a time near the strainer posts where the wire are doubled stapled.
3. Don't cross through crops. If there is stock in the paddock don't frighten it.
4. Don't interfere with implements or property.
5. Please destroy all rubbish at your camp site - if it can't be burnt , bury it. Above all take care that fires are lighted in places where good grass will not be destroyed or sparks likely to do damage.

At a time such as this when farmers are working under difficulties through lack of labour we should take particular care not to err.

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following new members and hope that they will enjoy their association with the Club.

Nancy Monck, Marjorie Matheson, K. Bullock, and C. Clarke.

OVERSEAS NOTES.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of Xmas cards from the following Overseas members - Les., Cliff, Mocky, Ronagh, Frank, John Collins, Dudley, Sam, Dave, Nora, and one whose sender remains anonymous. Thank you all.

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It is gratifying to hear that our efforts in the direction of parcels, cards and club letters have been so much appreciated by members Overseas. It certainly makes it worth-while when we know how the boys look for our letters and what a centre of interest they have become, so let's keep up the good work.

NANCY WILLIAMS: A recent letter and a photograph from Nancy, tells us she is still very much "alive and kicking" and still enjoying things over there. Another letter please Nancy - we love hearing from you all. Love from the Club.

HUCK FINN: Huck is still on the job nursing the "yellow boys" and according to Nancy is "brimming over with energy" as of old. Evidently, opportunities for real tramping haven't come her way but we shall expect to see her tearing at twenty-two to the dozen up to the Waikamaka Hut on her return! Love from the Club, Kid.

FRANK SIMPSON: Another ripping long letter from Frank has arrived written from Gibraltar where he was stationed at the moment. His only complaint seemed to be the lack of female talent on those parts - he mentioned the rock apes amongst which were the only females permanently resident at Gib. that he had seen! Two elusive W.R.E.N.'s had so far escaped Frank's eagle eye! However, we hear from latest advice that he had returned to England, so no doubt the prospect will be a bit brighter! Good hunting, Frank.

JOE ARMITAGE: We were thrilled to receive a long budget from Joe recently. He seems to have covered quite a considerable amount of ground since he left N.Z., and what is more, he has given us a very detailed and interesting account of his wanderings, as you see for yourself in another part of this issue. We should be glad to read more in the same strain, please Joe. Kia Ora, and very best wishes, from H.T.C.

JACK HANNAH: From Jack has come a very long and most interesting epistle giving us all the high-lights from the time he graduated in Canada to Xmas Day with its turkey, beer, mince pies, plum pudding in the traditional English style! He seems to have been mixing with the aristocracy, and has had the experience of being "abhooned" by a very majestic footman clad in red! Only a Sergeant, too, Jack. Tut, tut! Cheerio from the Club, Kid.

BILL BENNETT: Bill is in New Caledonia and according to his last letter he appears reasonably contented with life on a tropical Island. We're glad to hear that your inadequate weekly ration of beer is keeping you on the "straight and narrow" Bill! All the best from the crowd back home to Wobbly II.

BILL HAYMAN: Two fairly recent cards have come to hand from Wobbly, and judging by their brief contents he is "keeping his pecker up" in the usual Hayman style. He has been shifted to a new camp, "almost five thousand feet up and among the pines. Quite pretty but colder than the Kawekas." As he says no doubt he will be pining for his sleeping bag, or is pining at the moment! "Bags of Kie Ora" returned, Bill. All the best from the Gang back home.

GEORGE DENFORD: George passed through Hastings some time ago, so we hear, while home on a spot of leave. It's time we heard more of you Mr. Denford, as we're thirsting for first-hand information. Cheers from the H.T.C.

JOHN VON DADELSZEN: John is in New Caledonia at the moment providing light refreshment for the mosquitoes! He has written us a long and detailed account of his surroundings and his recent doings, which might be perused elsewhere in this issue. Best of luck, John - let's hear from you again soon.

DUDLEY SHEPPARD: Dudley doesn't leave us guessing long as to his whereabouts - thanks for recent letters, Duddles. How doth the face fungus flourish? Look after it - you will need all the glamour you can muster to compete with the Yanks on your return! We wish you well, freedom from the attentions of the everlasting fly and not too much "sand in your eye". All the best, Kid.

CLIFF HUNT: It was a thrill to see some of Cliff's films projected on to the wall of the old Club Room, and an even greater thrill for the female members when the same old Hunt face suddenly appeared! Cheerio Cliff, all the best.

BRUCE BEECH: Beech is still "wintering in the Mediterranean" as he puts it, or, he was when he last wrote. He accuses us of "lingering lazily by lagoons" but he forgets the energy we expend in "bicycling briskly down byways and highways". Therefore, Oh! Scoffer, do not imagine we are bereft of backbone, minus much muscle or wanting in wind and limb! Cheerio, Kid, - no dallying with damsels or flirting with females, mind! All the best from the Club.

LES HOLT: From all accounts Lelly has been spending most of his time lately dashing in and out of O.C.T.U. and Hospital. We all hope you are better Les. and that you are once more your old tough self again. We haven't heard direct from you forawhile, so rustle up a letter my lad when you feel up to it. We all send best wishes for a speedy recovery and all the best from the Club, Kid.

DAVE LYNCH: Hello Dave. You are another stranger as we haven't heard of you for a while, nevertheless we hope to hear from you soon. We all hope you are well and that you are having an opportunity of seeing some of the others sometimes. All the very best from us all, Kid.

JOHN COLLINS: John's whereabouts are more or less vague as we haven't had any word of him for some time. We would love to hear again John as we just thrive on letters over here. We hope you are fit and send lots of luck over to you from the H.T.C.

MAX McCORMICK: Max can now be found dallying in and out of coconut groves

and generally keeping a weather eye on the country for us over there. We hope you are having better luck with the glamour over there Max and that you didn't get too crippled having to walk miles home when you missed your taxi. Here's to the best luck in the world and we would like a letter sometimes. Cheers from us all.

MOCKY MELDRUM: We did get a letter from you a long time ago Mocky and do repeat the dose. Your card at Xmas with quite a note inside was good to read and we are all pleased you are enjoying life. Hope you got our last parcel. Loads of the best kid, from H.T.C.

HARRY RICHADALE: Hello Harry. You are more than a complete stranger these days as we haven't heard how you are or where you are for a long time. We can only hope you are fit and that you are enjoying yourself as much as possible under the circumstances. It will be a great day when you can leave the sand and flies behind and once more tootle round the hills with us again. Cheers from us all. H.T.C.

HAROLD COOPER: We have had more or less recent word from Harold through his mother and it was good to hear that you have had a recent parcel Harold and that you didn't make yourself sick munching the "Rush Munro" specials we put in! We hope you like Egypt as much as Australia - It was a good start for you anyway. Cheers and lots of the best from us all.

POP COLLETT: It has been a great thrill to us all to have had copies from Pop's father of letters which have recently arrived from Pop mentioning that our letters are beginning to trickle in to Germany and that he is enjoying getting them. Pop is very well and is spending lots of time learning more and more about oil so that he will be able to teach us all a thing or two when he comes back. Also he mentions that he has a garden which was flourishing. Pop saw Wobbly at one stage in Germany and said he was looking well. It will be a great day when we have Pop Eye with us at our big reunion! The hills round about here Pop are growing higher for the want of tough wise-guys like yourself to help trample them down a bit. Cheers!

RON CRAIG, LIN. LLOYD AND NOEL FENDALL: These three stalwarts have said their goodbyes to us recently, and may even now be tossing round on the briny someplace. Heaps and heaps of the best luck in the world to you all, and let's hope it won't be long before you are all back again. It was good to see glimpses of you all recently. Cheers and all the best from H.T.C.

Pop and Wobbly are so appreciative of the Club letters and other news from various Club members, that we are putting in their addresses for you all to write to them - please do sometime; remember where they are!

Prisoner of War Post.
Kriegsgefangenenpost.

F/O I.H. Collett,
Royal New Zealand Air Force British Prisoner.
No. 646,
Stalag,
Luft III, Germany.

Prisoner of War Post,
Kriegsgefangenenpost.

Sgt./Pilot W. Hayman,
R.N.Z.A.F. British Prisoner,
No. 90,
Oflag, III C, Germany.

If anyone is not sure how to go about sending these letters away, please get in touch with the Editor. Only one page written on both sides (if thick paper) allowed.

Extracts from letters from the boys overseas.

Doug Callow writes as follows:-

I managed a short while back to get some days ashore - so spent them mostly in tramping about the countryside. In fact the Youth Hostel association was put to good purpose and saved me much hard earned (?) cash. For 3/7 one gets supper (as it is called here) bed and breakfast and a cosy fire to sit by. The supper is almost as good as one I've paid 5/- for at a hotel. The hills were quite worth while - though I don't quite know what to liken them to in N.Z. Possibly a cross between the boulder studded Taungaharurus, with a dash of Kaweka screes and boggy Rangitaiki plains added.

The weather seems invariably to be misty when I was on the tops - only as high as the Whakararas - So I didn't get to see any real good panoramas. Compass and map were very necessary.

After a few days of messing about - mostly on my own account - though on one occasion I did team up with some army people who had been in some of the same parts of the world as I have visited. I endeavoured to locate some relations of mine, with astonishing success - Numerous second cousins I had never heard of. However I was made extremely welcome, staying with two old maids and one almost so. She is an active member of the local "Rambling Club" - spare the "rambling"! - and proceeded to drag me round lakes and hills that I had not visited. On one particular day, it started to rain and long before midday we were soaking wet through. We managed to find a bit of a road hut in which to have lunch, but didn't attempt to go over a low saddle and down another valley to connect with a bus and train as we had proposed. Getting back at 6 p.m. still all wet through didn't appeal much so we retraced our steps and arrived at 5.30 by doing a spot of hitch hiking -- including one stage where we were in a lorry which had the driver's cab saddled over the engine -- something like the Napier busses only on both sides -- and I had to sit Ghandi-wise on the engine owing to lack of room. It was still raining a bit -- and there were all sorts of alarms and excursions when we reached the house. Thank heaven I didn't live at home when I was an active tramper!

We tried the same trip a week or so later when I returned to the district - just so as to say we had not been beaten. The autumn tints of the hill sides were marvellous - though I bet its looks pretty cold and bare later on.

Nancy Williams writes:- " Haven't seen much of Nora for months except just to "pass the time of day" occasionally but she always looks so well and brimming over with energy. It is a pity we can't do some walks together but our duties are so different and we clericals have only half days off as a rule - two half days in nine".

"It is so interesting to hear from you all the news of the club members and where and what they're all doing. Have'nt heard from Frank for some considerable time. Last time he wrote he was at Gibraltar and had met Beechey and he (Frank) was on flying boats. I guess they have been very busy there. Won't it be fun hearing Dougal's tales of the briny when we all meet again?"

"I was very tickled at the antics of numerous persons when trying to take one large and cumbersome cupboard away from our upstairs office the other day. How the thing ever got up there is beyond my imagination and I think it must have been built in the room or come up the way it finally went down. Anyway, the men got this cupboard half way down the stairs and it wouldn't go round the corner and down the next flight. There was much pushing, debating and plenty of banging. We had to squeeze past to go down the stairs and home to lunch. When we came back the cupboard was still perched halfway up the stairway. I (hoping for some excitement) suggested they bring it up again and let it down over the balcony on ropes. This they decided to do and it was landed safely on to the ground below.

We were having a gorgeous morning tea party in the office on Christmas day and had the post office staff up too, and had plates and cups etc., scattered all over the desks and crumbs all over the floor and I was perched up on the desk with my feet on a chair, when someone announced that a Brigadier was coming up the stairs. Luckily someone intercepted him or he might have been a bit horrified at the mess and we would have been very mortified. It won't be long before we go on our second lot of leave. Some of the girls have already been. We go in batches and I don't know when my turn will come. I have decided to try and get away to the skiing grounds and have another attempt at it. The Chateau for a weekend once a long time ago is the sum total of my skiing experience so I'm looking forward to some fun. It is a pity "Lelly" isn't still there. I haven't heard if he has finished his course at O.C.T.U. yet, but he must have been there some time now."

From Frank Simpson:- " Last time I wrote I think I was sitting in a train on the way from London to Harrogate. Now see what's happened! I've been here (Gibraltar) a week and so far the novelty has'nt worn off. I was re-reading your letter of June last with comments by Mardi and roaring over it, when I came to a bit which said Beechey was probably around here. I promptly got on to the phone to the other camp about 15 minutes walk from here and was put straight on to him. That was only an hour or so ago and so far we hav'nt met, but no doubt there will be

things afoot when we do. He has been here about six months he says. I've been on one long trip so far -----
"

"I have been showing the club magazine and your letter to one or two of my friends here and they are really thrilled with them both. I have more than one prospective member for the Club, if ever they get out that way. There are lots of people over this side who would like that - especially when I show them photos of the local hills at home and tell them of the good times we have! Hope you got the pictures I took of Ilkley Moor (bar tat) I'd send some of here, but cameras of course are strictly taboo. This morning a South African pilot and myself (prospective member) climbed up to the top of the Rock - quite a good height too - must be about 1000 ft. There is a road up and the view is marvellous in all directions - across to Spain and on the other side the Mediterranean and French and Spanish Morocco. There are also apes - locally called Rock Apes - which run around in the trees and scrub on the steep slopes of the Rock. Amongst them are the only females permanently resident here. I hav'nt met any yet, but my hopes run high - hope never dies, they say. -- No, I shouldn't say they are the only females - there are about two R E N S. (approx) amongst the millions of servicemen here -- Why don't you join up girls? It's just the same in the Middle East. Take out an insurance policy before you come though.

The local Spanish, who run the shops etc, here, return across the border every night - a wise procedure - and every night when the men are back in their barracks the town is deserted. During the day, however, you can walk up the street and listen to the babble of strange tongues ad lib. They all look worn and poor - probably a result of their war. I'd rather meet their kinsfolk of the West Indies anyday. However if I'm here long enough I guess I'll be learning a bit of their language. It's the only way to get anywhere."

Joe Armitage writes from Trinidad "The trip over was a pleasant holiday for more strenuous things to come with nothing outstanding to relate when on the high seas. Was I seasick? Fortunately not and so could enjoy every minute of the trip.

Our first stop was Panama where we could forget about black-out on board ship and the fear of meeting the enemy. Our stay was brief with approximately fourteen hours shore leave to see a little of Balboa and Panama City. Balboa in the Canal Zone is more or less the residential area for Canal officials and the Administrative offices, being clean and abounding with huge American cars of the latest models.

Balboa merges into Panama City in the Republic and a more mixed set of people I have yet to meet, pro Nazis and the City, a den of iniquity. However, we enjoyed the experience and "got around" in the time available. I believe the Americans have stepped in and the late President now living elsewhere on his ill-

gotten gains of office so no doubt they are now Pro-Yankees.

The trip through the Canal was an event and an opportunity to see that wonderful feat of engineering skill. Through Culebra Cut I saw my first and only alligator although they abound in the south of Trinidad. The Canal for the most part passes through a dense jungle and uninviting country probably teeming with many creatures objectionable to man. The journey through was supervised by marines to prevent sabotage etc., and aircraft patrolled overhead as an added precaution.

From Colon we sailed for Curacao a small Dutch island off Venezuela and which figured prominently in the news some months ago. We berthed at the refuelling wharf to the south east of the island. The water here although about forty feet in depth was perfectly clear and with ^{multi}coloured fish could be seen swimming about at all depths. From midnight until 3-30 am we were granted shore leave and after bargaining with negro taxi drivers set off from Williamstead, the only town on the Island some miles away. The trip was fraught with danger. Native drivers live and die for speed with no regard for passengers or machine or other road users. However, we made it without incident.

The town was very picturesque, being built on both sides of the entrance to a lagoon behind the town where tankers load valuable cargo from the refineries. The entrance is spanned by a bridge for vehicular and foot traffic and can be swung aside to allow ships to pass to and fro. The houses nearly all rose from the edge of the pavement being finished in pale greens, pinks and light blues. They were quaint dwellings and spotlessly clean. Unfortunately, all places had closed for the night and very few people were seen in the streets. Policemen patrolled wearing six guns and carrying truncheons ready to do their duty in a most workmanlike manner.

On through the blue Caribbean passing occasional sailing boats, we headed for Bermuda which appeared on the horizon at dawn a couple of days later. Unfortunately, we were unable to go ashore. The climate was very similar to our own summers and the island looked a Paradise for Tourists and people romantically inclined. The last observation purely my own not experience, Girls!

The last hop of the journey and most perilous was uneventful except for a few days of Newfoundland fog and a small storm. We did get a scare being some hundreds of miles south of the Bismarck and close to the area in which she was finally sent to the bottom. This action caused the skipper to alter course for Northern Ireland, shortening our trip by a couple of days.

Everyday nearer England but sunsets further ahead until in the Clyde it was setting at 10.30 pm. The countryside was a beautiful green dotted here and there with grey stone dwellings and walls. Most of the land appeared to be well cultivated and easy going for tramping with numerous small bays and waterways.

I was told of the hospitality of the Scotch people on arrival but so far have not had an opportunity of experiencing some myself. From where, Glasgow, we were transported by train to Gosport, near Portsmouth, where our initial training was to begin. On the way down we saw many examples of what the Nazis have done to English cities and towns, the result being similar to the plight of Napier and Hastings after the earthquake.

For the first month in which we did no work on Course we experienced nuisance raids and planes using the locality as a landmark when making for inland towns. During this time nearly every night was spent in concrete shelters below the ground and believe me, the sensation when Jerry was overhead was not a pleasant one. Fortunately, nothing fell very close the nearest, a stick, about a quarter of a mile away which were quite close enough. Portsmouth had received terrific punishment and the city itself was in a bad state. Most of the damage had been caused by incendiaries not by bombs when the tide was low and pumping difficult.

Our Course lasted two months after which we passed on to Eastleigh, a small town outside Southampton, where we studied signalling in all its many forms. The Camp was situated in the Country with fields and trees all around us, a healthy spot except for a cold northerly breeze and morning fogs. Our most disagreeable duty here was sentry duty with rifle, bayonet, whistle and what have you. We did two, two hour spells during the night and these nights were not looked forward to at all. However, ways and means were found to make them as pleasant as possible. In our huts were two coke stoves, one of which was always more or less red hot every evening. Bread was smuggled out of the dining hall and before turning in the New Zealanders would provide such delicacies as butter, jam, sometimes tinned fruit and always coffee and milk for a warm drink. We did ourselves well and looked forward to receiving those much appreciated parcels from Home. At times our lockers looked like Grocery shops.

During my stay here I made several trips to London, meeting many New Zealand boys in the Forces Club but did not run across any from the Club. Another excursion was made to Torquay in Devon which I thought the most beautiful county I had seen in England and it was hard to realize that there was a war on except for the presence of air raid shelters, blackout and men in uniform. My last trip was to the west riding and manchester-I had a very enjoyable weekend with our Yorkshire folk. I found from what little experience I had had that the northern people were more hospitable and this has been verified by others from New Zealand. Perhaps its the wide open spaces.

At Eastleigh, our Observer training in England was completed and everything was packed ready for another ocean voyage, this time, to Trinidad in the Carribbean. Except for one continuous storm across the Atlantic, with the temperature just above freezing point, most of the time the trip was devoid of incident. A short stay at Halifax before proceeding on our way to Trinidad via Bermuda. As we approached our destination, the weather became warmer and permissions was granted to change into shorts and

except for special occasions have lived in them ever since.

We arrived on Christmas Eve, spending the evening and night shifting kit bags and hammocks which put everybody in a disagreeable frame of mind. The drive to the Camp at Piarco, a distance of some twelve miles from Port of Spain, was made in a lorry with seats fastened on to the tray. These lorries being known locally as "Gitneys." The place looked a jewel in the moonlight but having seen it in daylight so many times since have altered my opinion. The people are a mixed crowd of blacks, browns, yellows and whites speaking mainly a singsong version of English and lacking any desire to work. The Indians appear to be the hardest workers doing all the agricultural work and living on the land. The negro is a good worker if he feels inclined but he doesn't feel that way very often. Their houses are ramshackle affairs of mud with a wooden framework, not much profit in it for the likes of Bob Holt, Ltd., or McLeod and Gardner. When they begin to fall down another is erected for practically no cost at all and after a lining of old newspapers the family takes up residence.

With the lower classes, there appears to be no official marriage. If a couple get along, they live together until the man grows tired of the woman and then she finds another mate taking her new partner with her the children of the marriage or others if she has them for her new partner to support. This strange custom seems to work quite well and it is common to see women with varied coloured offsprings.

The Island is approximately 50 miles square, with a range of hills in the north, two peaks rising to just over 3000 feet. With snakes, spiders etc., being plentiful very little tramping is done in the range itself, most being limited to beds of streams and valleys of which there are hundreds. The sea around the Island is not good bathing owing to the discharge to the south of large South American rivers and refuse from the oil refineries and tankers.

The Pitch Lake is one of the principle attractions but is no beauty spot, just a lake of black-brown pitch which looks very like certain types of coal. Gas is forced up through it and can be seen bubbling through surface water forming a weak sulphurous acid solution which is excellent for removing tar stains. The Natives dig the pitch with steel picks and the visitor always has to produce a tip for his demonstration. Holes left after digging disappear within forty-eight hours either by pressure from underneath or weight of the outer pitch tending to force the centre upwards. Both are theories. The pitch is used now after being broken up into small lumps on the roads being rolled into the surface and bound by the heat of the sun.

The temperature remains constant between 84 and 90 odd degrees all the year round and with two seasons, the dry and the wet. The dry season lasts from January to June and the wet the remainder of the year. At present, we are experiencing series of thunderstorms heavy rain with brilliant displays of forked lightning. When it

rains, it comes down in bucket falls but fortunately drains away quickly and after a morning's sunshine, little signs remain of the downpour.

The Course here lasts approximately six months during which time we study our job and fly for practical experience. It is a hard course and by the time we pass out are usually good all rounders from a Flying and Naval point of view. On completion of Course, I volunteered for further service and have again volunteered recently for several months. It is my ambition to be drafted either back to New Zealand or to the Pacific but at present my chances appear slim.

Sport is encouraged on the station and we have adequate facilities for tennis, swimming, rugby, soccer, hockey and cricket, however, we have no bar-bells, Molly. At present, I am playing rugby for the station side with another New Zealander from Tauranga, Peter Densem. I have been fortunate enough to have seen a few of the Islands around Trinidad. Visits by plane have been made to Tobago, Barbados and Grenada. The last place is a mountainous Island some 80 miles north of Trinidad and possessing good tramping country and excellent sea bathing."

Bill Bennett writes "I arrived in New Caledonia about the 7th of Dec /42 and went first of all to a transit camp and then to here. I have not yet had an opportunity to have a tramp but have seen a bit of it while travelling in convoy. This coast is fairly hilly with a few small fertile plains here and there. The whole place is covered in a tall tree about 20 to 30 feet high, of the gum variety but it has a white bore which is fairly free from branches but while being fairly upright is never anywhere near being exactly straight. The ground seems to be formed of some very poor soil which soon turns into a red dust. The rivers where there are any are very welcome. Some are clean, others are not, depending I think on the distance from the hills. In the transit camp it was fairly dirty, here it is very clear and there are some excellent swimming pools. The country is of an ideal type for tramping, fairly steep and bush covered and with some wonderful lookout spot on the higher hills. One thing particularly noticeable here, is the judgement of distance. It is very deceptive. At the transit camp, I thought a hill was about 1 mile away until a fast American fighter did a bank right round our camp at full speed. It showed that the hill was fully four or five miles at least away"

John von Dadelszen writes "Vive la Nouvelle-Calédonie! Yes, that is where I am, as you probably know by now. Don't believe anyone who tells you that we are living in a tropical paradise, because it isn't true. We have *hā kyschāys* frigate wāying coconut palms, golden sands and hula girls -- at least not in this part of the island. The nearest settlement is many miles away and the few local inhabitants we see are nearly all black or brown. However we are much better off than many and probably we have the best camp site in the district. It is situated in a wide, open river valley -- not unlike

some we have seen in the Kaimanawas. The river is our greatest blessing and we are able to swim and wash out clothes. You would laugh to see us squatting in the river, in a pair of trunks or nothing at all, scrubbing our clothes.

There are high hills all round us covered in scrub with a few stunted trees. From a distance it looks very like manuka. There is a noticeable lack of undergrowth. The valley itself is fringed with larger trees, chiefly gaiacs and naiolis (spelling doubtful) both of which seem to belong to the eucalyptus family. The former has a hard wood like manuka and latter is covered with layers and layers of tissue-like bark. There is also small conifer which looks rather like an enfeebled pinus insignis. I have seen a fern which I'll swear is N.Z. bracken. There is no native animal life but there are some 300000 small, fallow deer and also wild pigs in the ranges. Birds are not very plentiful and they are mostly shy, but there are parakeets and kingfishers. There is also a bird with a repeated call like a squeaky wheelbarrow and a large bird like a hawk or a falcon. Lizards are plentiful -- likewise frogs. Coming down to insect life, we can offer you a wide variety -- butterflies, dragon flies, mosquitoes (an unlimited stock) ants (some that bite and some that don't), hornets, spiders, beetles and assorted bugs. The butterflies are really lovely - blue, yellow, red, orange and brown in varying hues.

The island, of course, is a French possession and was used formerly as a penal settlement. I believe, there are still about 300 "lifers" doing time. Many others, sent here for minor offences, have been released and settled on the land. The island is largely of iron formation and the characteristic red rock and clay predominate. It is rich in chrome and nickel, but I should say it has never been fully developed. The roads are abominable and most of the country is mountainous, rising up to 5000 feet or more. Quite a lot of cattle are raised and there are local canneries. In other parts, I believe there is more tropical vegetation, but all we see is an occasional coconut which someone has acquired outside our own area.

The local native is the Kanaka - an amiable race, but inclined to be lazy. The French have imported Tonkinese and Javanese in large numbers, chiefly to work in the mines.

I can't tell you much about training but we were out for two days last week on a live shell practice. As a signaller at the O Pip I had a good view of the proceedings. Tramping training is valuable when it comes to lugging gear up hills, but I find a wireless set on your back is not as comfortable as a frame pack.

The Club now is well scattered, but so far as I know I am the only member in these promiscuous parts. One of my tent mates, Bill Hayman, is a distant cousin of our Bill. He comes from Taumarunui. We are now in the rainy season and when it rains it rains. We had to move some of our tents last week to avoid flooding. The "muzzies" are particularly bad just now and they attack by day and by night. When you climb under your net at night you have to make sure that you are not shutting them in, instead of out! "

Jack Hannah writes:- " Well now to begin from the beginning, after having had our graduation ceremony and got our wings mounted, we had ten days leave in New York, where we had a wonderful time. Made a broadcast there - did you hear it? Should be put over in N.Z. about now. Leaving there, had to report to Halifax, and about three days there and we were off again, this time across the Atlantic. The voyage across was quite pleasant and uneventful. After landing in a foggy drizzle, were shipped to this place which is the N.Z. receiving Centre and now here we are, Xmas eve, and waiting to go toa hop. A big change from last Xmas eve, I wonder where we will all be next Xmas. The weather for this time of the year has been pretty mild although in Canada the ice was creeping rapidly and temperatures were not at all comfortable. Its quite unusual, I believe, so we can consider ourselves lucky. The days are very short - about 7½ hours - and nights very long and black. Although the last two nights have been wonderfully clear and a bright moon was the highlight making the blackout rather a farce. However we were left undisturbed, although I cannot say the same about Jerry.

After being here a few days we were granted twelve days leave and proceeded Londonwards. I'm afraid I was'nt in the least thrilled with London. After New York, it is rather a flop, yet underneath all ugliness of London, you can discern some of the beauty which is open to all. Frankly, London, to me, is just another city. It has some beautiful parks in Hyde Park, Regent Park and St. James Park, and if the sun would shine, I'm sure there would be nothing like it in the U.S. Central Park in New York is very poor on the whole. Not the same care taken there, as here, with the maintenance of public parks. The Lab, of course has changed things tremendously so I'm really a little unfair on the place. The whole city seems to be built on brick, and its drab colouring in a fog ridden atmosphere is not a thing of beauty but rather the opposite. In many parts there are rows and rows of ugly little houses, any one of which would cause you a nightmare and the business area is conspicuous too by its lack of modernity. A modern building with bright colouring midst this dingy collection stands out and emphasises its surroundings. The streets, for the most part, are very narrow and wind in and out and around so that its very easy to lose oneself and in the blackout -- well, its awful. Very few streets run straight.

And now a little of its better points. Some of the historic sights such as Tower Bridge, Tower of London, Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's are really quite beautiful inside. No doubt you've read descriptions of most of them so I wont bore you with details, but the finer work all done by hand is really remarkable for its artistry and design. Most of the main streets are of reasonable width with no trams running -- busses take the traffic and they are very good. The tubes here, are, to my mind better than in New York. Although not so fast. They handle an enormous traffic and its quite easy to get about too once you get the hang of things. The shops, although not so hot outside are really good inside and I think that is London all

over. Anything exposed to the outside soon becomes covered in grime so they just don't cater for outside beauty. Underneath it all you realise that here you can get the world's best in everything, music, art, science, medicine etc, to mention only a few of the professions. All the leading people of the world can get their price here. Around Hyde Park are some beautiful hotels, such as the Grosvenor, Dorsetshire, etc. Perhaps not so much from the outside but grand inside. I visited one and there hangs a tale - but wait. I was talking to some N.Z. people here and they say that London grows on one - it seems to get under your skin after a while and then you get fond of it. This must be the feeling that the poets get when they write about it to such length and as I have sometimes seen. I can quite imagine it. All the best shows appear sooner or later and I was fortunate enough to see Jack Hulbert, wife, Anna Neagle, Sybil Thorndike and several others of lesser fame. They were very good too. Saw several movies and if they get out your way you should see them. (The Pride of the Yankees) (In Which We Serve) (Always in My Heart) etc. all very good. The latest music is White Xmas but no doubt you know it already. We were hoping for a white Xmas this year but no luck.

One night I received a ticket to go to a dance and address by Sir Stafford Cripps, at the Grosvenor Hotel. I turned up and noted the crowd going in but got a surprise as I got to the balcony overlooking the ballroom. The guests were walking down the stairs where a footman in red was taking the names and announcing them as they were received by Lady Townshend, the hostess. I noticed that most of them were in uniform attended by their wives etc but nearly all were from Captains up in all three services. I found that I was the only one not commissioned so just to spite them joined the queue and sure enough in a majestic voice was announced "Sgt. Hannah Royal New Zealand Air Force". I kept a straight face all the time. What a joke! All the boys thought it was a great joke. They were a pretty snooty crowd and few women were free. However I managed to get two or three dances. Met a South African engineer who was head of a big electrical firm and he and I had quite a good time, yarning etc., On the whole it turned out better than I at first expected. They have a beautiful ballroom there and a good orchestra so everything was fine." "

"The Restaurants, Pictures Houses, Stage Shows etc. are very dear in London, particularly in the West end where most of them are. Meals are restricted to price but they know how to charge for drinks and music. One place we went to, mea. and very poor too, cost 2/9 music 2/6, dancing 2/6m 1 pint Beer 1/9, 1 cup coffee 9d. Total 10/3 There were two of us with two W.A.A.F.'s and together with the cheapest seats of 7/6 each to see Jack Hulbert, we had little change out of £2. Mind you, we enjoyed ourselves O.K. but couldn't keep that up on our pay. Would have to get home broke. Cinemas have quite a liking for 2/6 cheapest seats and go up to 15/- so you see that there are still people here with money - especially the U.S. troops. However we occasionally get tickets for nix which helps a lot. By the way, do you know Arch J. Lowe of Hastings - rather a fat chap and Neil Treacher, they are both here with us. "

Bruce Beechey writes:- " Speaking of Canada and skiing and your Observer friend Pat, The Laurentians are in Quebec and as Quebec is 95% French Canadian, its no wonder he didn't care much for the Glamour girls, elles sont jolie putrid but I must say that the lassies we saw at Ottawa which is only 1½ miles outside the Quebec province were lovely slices of homework, and we cursed our luck that we couldn't stay any longer than a day in the capital city. Actually I met some really charming Canadian lasses and have a lot of time for Canada and the Canadians. I think I have told you about the Prince Albert Ski Club and the two occasions I went out with the m. I think the highest praise I can give them all is to say that they were just like the old H.T.C. I have heard indirectly from old Billy Hayman that he is bouncing about and keeping up the old traditions and the flag flying. I'm terribly glad he's safe and will be better pleased when I'm leaning on the old bar with him and gargling the good old brown bitter. Now I have his address, I can drop him a line on two and give him the works."

"I have only just got back here from a three weeks leave in England and as usual, had a pretty fair time but I felt the cold and was oozing about London dressed like a polar bear. Spent a week down in glorious Devon and visited Exeter, Bovey Tracey, Newton Abbot, Torquay, Paignton and the beautiful wee fishing village of Brixham. The latter village has a number of Flemish, Belgian and French fishermen and a common sight is to see rather stern views of rather well proportioned sailors and fishermen leaning over low stone walls gabbling and arm flinging at 22 to the dozen. Exeter is a beautiful city and very old. I took a photograph of a very old building which was the one time H.Q. of the Navy and when the Armada was sighted, Drake shot off like a scalded cat to have a confab. with his cronies whether to use the now famous four way powder - it could be used as face powder, baking, sedlitz, or gun powder - they decided of course, on soap powder. Well I've got a picture of the old building. You have no doubt heard of the red cliffs of Devon, believe me, that is no idle talk for on the coastal drive between Brixham and Exeter, the good old red earth lies exposed to the winds, rains and the Atlantic - actually rather a jolly sight. Owing to the war, one is not able to take too many photographs which is rather unfortunate. My week in Devon was more or less a rest cure after a super hectic week in London. Two of my cobbles now working at Air Ministry have a wizard flat in London and I spent most of my time with them and as is nearly always the case when 2 or 3 N.Z.'s become banded together in reunion, much beer swilling and tiddlywinks goes forward so that yours truly needed a rest cure and most of my time in Devon was spent sleeping."

Keep on with the rambles for one day soon there will no doubt be the good old trips organised which will call on all ones reserves (and preserves) up to the snowy ranges, bashing through snow and ice, damn cold winds freezing ones lungs, drinking cold tea and generally freezing to death. I would revel in a drop of muscle stretching exercise such as a nice gently little stroll up to the "Three Johns"

From Dudley we have:- " I must thank you all most sincerely for the letter you wrote on August 6th and for which I thought you had been written an answer. If all you grand people could realise what a difference a receipt of a composite letter like that makes, you would feel repaid a thousand per cent for your trouble. Not that you expect to be repaid but there it is and this is not mere politeness. That sort of thing is "on the cuff" as we say over here. Whenever a letter such as that arrives, I show it round all my friends. Another little point, If you work out when that letter would arrive you will no doubt be able to supply an answer as to why it has not been answered.

This last week brought another of theses super Christmas cards enclosing a snap of a working party on Te Mata Peak - and strangely enough there is only one face I do not know. The cards are at least the best it has been my good fortune to receive, so give yourselves a pat on the back as the saying goes. And I nearly forget, many thanks for the Bulletin which arrived with the letter. It was a super effort and if they make us rather nostalgic, they at least show us that you are all carrying on the good work as we knew you would. You have heard of the part the Kiwis played in the Battle for Egypt so I wont weary you with details. I am at present the Battery Commander's radio operator and see many interesting things - interesting in more ways than one. Mrs. Sheppard's little boy, Dudley has several times wished he were the size of a pin hole, but maleesh - we came through them more than alright. If any of you have brothers, boy friends etc., over here you can take it from me very simply, that you can be proud of them. And that is not a lightly made statement. And when success and subsequent praise has not been immediately apparent, the Kiwis have still done an even more magnificent job."

" Now I must get back to your letter before I branch out on to subjects best not spoken about. Your trip to the Waikamaka must have been a super piece of organisation and have been very pleasant -- once you got there. We saw a mobile cinema unit put on a show in our area the other night and one of the shorts was of the St Moritz Winter Playgrounds - Sonjie Henle and all. This "racked" us somewhat although the climate is definitely coolish and dampish now and we have been issued with our "divorce in a fortnight" winter woolies. These are amazing garments - but we wont go into that!"

I hope some of you heard my little talk over the air to N.Z. as I gave a "cheerio" to you all and it would be too bad if no one heard the old dulcit tones at all. The radio job I do here, is of course, totally different and is one very small link in the chain which wopped the Hun so efficiently and soundly so far in this last show". . . . " I had a letter yesterday from Huck. She appears to be thriving, looking after chappies with yellow jaundice all the boys are going yellow this year - just too too, quite! She has just received a note from Wobbly and that grand old sport can hobble along practically without a limp and has visions of a Waikamaka trip when the job has been done. Huck has ideas for a trip to Petra "rose red city, half as old as time" for next March, but of course leave is very "iffy" over here."

CLUB TRIPS.

No. 188 Tuki Tuki at Te Mata, 15-11-42.

There was Hawkes Bay sunshine on Saturday, November 15th when we gathered at the river and chose our camp site among the willows. The evening found us gathered round the fire that made no attempt to black out. Molly sitting in her usual quiet way toasting her toes - Joan's friend, Nancy Monk was there - Catherine with a rug round her, was Catherine because we heard her singing. Dave, though he had put his best foot forward in getting there, was tucked away in the background. Angus and Clem were general stokers and Duncan Brown added some new blood being a visitor from Wellington and a friend of Marj's and Nan's. We hope we will see more of you Duncan.

Angus as usual was very busy with his knife and some smelly stuff and presently got up displaying a length of string with something ghastly at the end of it which he guaranteed would catch something -- I thought that it had caught all that was needed. So we followed the leader and the torches to a deep dark sinister pool and cast the trap and waited. The stillness of the night and the far away sounds that came to us made the world a lovely place but bed called before long and some left the others to fish alone.

You know the look Angus gets when things are done and more things are to be done. When we saw him in the morning we knew something had been a'foot and there were eels to prove it. The bathed and sunbathed sat at breakfast together then Angus prepared a hot bed for the eels wrapping them first in the bark of a willow then in grass and tucking them round with hot stones and sand he left them to cook.

The arrival of Joan, June, Mardi, Keith, Nancy and Peggy called for action and we wandered over to the river at the far bank where we found traces of an old civilization! The road was grass covered and zigzagged up the hill to a glorious view and old Maori pits where we lay basking in the sun until Angus's vitality got the better of him and he gave lectures and demonstrations on the methods of massaging. Being ambitious, we all had a shot, after some practice, upon his swarthy back but the remarks about spiders crawling etc, are best left unsaid.

The eels disturbed our rest - we had to inspect them so back to camp we came. It was three p.m. when we opened those eels and they were good. What a handy man you are, Angus.

Being a tramping party we had to stretch our legs so made off down the river bank, in groups of threes and fours with the usual interchange and chatter. It was good and if the thought of future duties had not cast its shadow we would probably have been there yet. By the time we returned and packed up the sun was setting and we peddled off with the glory of colour before us and the warmth of colour on our backs.

Leader: Nan Clayton.

No 189. PEA PICKING. 29-11-43

The trip was scheduled for Westshore, members to proceed to their destination per bicycle as usual. Owing to indefinite weather and a series of misunderstandings, only three stalwarts foregathered at the rendezvous. After some discussion it was decided to forego the trip as it was doubtful whether any pleasure gained from a day at the beach would be worth such a long ride in the teeth of a howling gale! Instead, inquiries were made about peapicking operations being conducted behind the Show Grounds in Kenilworth Road. Ten-thirty found us hard at work armed with a Kerosene tin and a strip of cardboard each. At first we were curious as to the function of the said card but found out by experience that each full tin of peas meant a punch hole and each punch-hole meant ten pence. The industry displayed by the representatives of the H.T.C. brought its own reward and by the time we knocked off work we found we had quite a welcome increase to our usual earnings! We discovered later that our technique could have been improved upon - old hands at the game informed us that it was not the thing to shake down the contents of the tins, as by so doing, twice as much time and effort had to be expended in filling up the buckets! We shall know better next time, if there ever is a next time!

Leader: Peggy Morris
No. in party. 3.

No. 190. MAUMOANA 13-12-42

On Sunday, 13th Dec. three of us left Hastings about ten o'clock for Maumoana; we collected Joan Leicester and Angus en route and arrived at the beach at about eleven. The weather wasn't the very best, so we didn't bathe, but sat in what little sun there was and enjoyed the sea breezes for an hour, then consumed a very satisfactory lunch.

After lunch Joan tried her hand at fishing, ably assisted by Angus, while we went for a walk and inspected the local points of interest. As it got chilly early, we left the beach about five o'clock and voted the day an enjoyable one, but agreed that it would possibly have been more so had more of the kids been there.

Leader: Mardi Budd.
No. in party. 5.

No 191. MANSON COUNTRY New Year 1943.

Sunday, 27th, December.

Angus and Keith push biked into the Kaweka Hut.

Thursday, 31st, December.

Nancy Tanner and Clem took two carloads in, in the morning, Molly with ~~third~~ third carload left in the evening and saw the New Year in on the track. Wild howls echoing from Cook's Horn at 2359 hrs. 1942 failed to bring a reply, the hut being deep in slumber (Shades of the M.T.C!)

Friday, 1st, January.

Woke everyone up and found enough bunks by shifting Angus's belongings which were thickly coated with condensed milk. Later a shower of rain brought Angus and Keith in out of the scrub to find all bunks occupied and to have to sleep on the floor. Dawn Four remained in the hut, ten set off at 8 a.m. for the Manson via 4915', proposing to meet on Sunday midday at the Kaweka Trig.

Manson party sidled into Kiwi Creek $\frac{1}{2}$ hour above the saddle at 12-30 and boiled up. Heavy mist now drove in with drizzling showers, so we pushed on down stream with some finished boulder hopping by Mick, crossing the Ngaruroro at 3-30. The Manson ridge proved a heavy pull for some of the party, but in spite of thick mist the Manson Hut was picked up about 100 yards away at 6-45 -- a very welcome sight. The wall and rafters were soon a mass of wet clothing and the fire obscured by a mass of small billies individual cooking being the order of the day.

No sign of Doc. Bathgate nor of any guerrilla troops having penetrated to this neck of the woods.

Would have been a peaceful night but for Norm's snoring.

Saturday, 2nd, December.

The announcement that we would wait on the weather was greeted with applause and all who had left their sleeping bags dived back into them, except those for whom there was no room, there being four double bunks for ten candidates. (Clem and Dave sitting with remorseful expressions over the fire, surr by layers of corpses.) Sleep, with an occasional trip through the wet grass to the water hole away down in the gully or to the bush for firewood. Rain, mist and a biting wind. Some signs of clearing at sunset. Some galloped up to the ridge and got a watery view. Cap put on an evening's entertainment with a flash new pair of pyjamas complete with surcingle.

Sunday 3rd January.

The morning dawns fair, ice on the billy. Up at five and grouped for Cam's commemorative photo at seven. Regretfully we had to turn in some tempting alternatives and make directly back for Kiwi saddle. Ruapehu, a dazzling sight, Ngauruhoe, Makorako and the Tarikaringa Saddle also picked up. Down an side spur to the Ngaruroro (very cool crossing) and up Kiwi Creek. Turned up a steep bluff short of the waterfalls, by mistake, but a lucky dærsidling took us across to the Kiwi Saddle ridge just above the top fall. Boiled up in the saddle (Do blackbirds get laryngitis?-) From 4595' neither views nor botany could stay the usual headlong stampede for home.

At 4100' we split, Angus and Keith returning to the Kaweka Hut to pick up tinned food and hot water bottles, the rest making down the southern spur towards the cars. Cap. led us off on a wild crash down the face through manuka and lawyer and the various groups connected again at the cars in a scratched and battered condition. Another boil up and a swim while waiting for the Kaweka hut party. Dr. Yahn Lenz came in with an interim report -- they had gone over to the upper Tutaekuri basin to look for a direct route to Kiwi Saddle.

Leader: Norman Elder.

No. on trip 14 altogether.

The party left behind at the hut tried out a new way of getting to Kiwi Saddle. We went down a long ridge just north of the Tits, followed it into the Tutaekuri, found extremely pretty bush in that valley, plenty of ferns, umbrella ferns, prince of Wales ferns, etc.,. From where we hit the river, there was easy access to the slopes on the other side, so that it would make a most enjoyable day trip to go down that way, up to Kiwi Saddle and back round the tops. An even better ridge to go down would be one just south of where you strike the tops from the hut. That way would be shorter.

Janet Lloyd.

THE MANSON COUNTRY IN WINTER TIME.

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

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

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

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

No. 192 Horse Shoe Bend, TUKI TUKI RIVER. Jan. 17th, 1943.

It was a very hot day, 90 degrees in the shade, so the newspaper told us next day, and after a wait of over an hour at the agreed spot, for the main party to arrive from Hastings - just over ONE HOUR LATE - no trouble - we trundled along (with a deviation by a few to view the tree planting of last winter,) eventually arriving at the river and, what joy! to dive into it and cool off. A lazy time spent in the shade of the trees, reading letters from overseas members and writing to them and a leisurly return over the hills, gathering mushrooms on the way, in the cool of the evening, brought a pleasant day to a close.

Leader. A. Molineux. 12 in party.

No. 193. CAPE KIDNAPPERS. Jan. 31st. 1943.

The party cycled to Clifton and assembled there, numbering seven members. The journey along the beach was uneventful for everyone except Angus whose leg began to be very painful and which necessitated his retirement to his sleeping bag as soon as the camp's spot was reached. A swim before tea, and then an early night as there was no fishing. Next morning dawned, windy and cloudy so that laziness descended on the party who remained in their bags yarning in comfort till nearly lunch time. Two members enjoyed a bracing dip in the briny, the others being content to leave them to their fun. A walk up to the Gannets and then a blustery walk back along the sands to the bicycles, brought another weekend to a close. A pleasant outing even if the weather was rather unkind.

Leader: Dave Williams.
No. in party, seven.

No. 194. ANNUAL PICNIC. WAIKARA. A

Another Club Picnic has come and gone and it was more than a success owing to the various difficulties that had to be overcome to get to the beach. Fourteen tough guys finished up at Molly's cottage, where we were last year, and we had a great time. Three Pansies went in the bus on Friday afternoon, while four cyclists left on Saturday morning and five more on Saturday afternoon - both parties taking two and a half hours to get there from Hastings. It was a beautiful weekend in the weather line and we swam and swam again and then ate the loads of gorgey things which Molly had prepared for us. We were terribly spoilt and the cyclists thought they would have to be helped home, instead of leaping home under their own power, on account of Molly's wonderful dishes. On the Saturday afternoon, some went walking miles along the beach to the Point near Ocean Beach, while the others lazed and swam, and in the evening we lit a log fire (it really wasn't cold at all) and sat round reading various letters from members overseas which were very much enjoyed.

Sunday was more or less a repetition of the day before, and it was with sad hearts that the packing up process was done and goodbyes said to Molly, Joan and Mim who were staying on for a longer period. Three decided to stay the night and ride home in the early morning - which was quite a success from some points of view - one biker's chain broke after being on the road for only a few minutes and the others had to go on without her, and not long after, one of the others, Clem, lost a pump and had to go back and search, fortunately with success, so that Mabel who was the survivor had to go on alone, reaching Hastings in

record time. It was great to have Ezra with us, and his presence made it very like old times.

Our heartfelt thanks go to Molly for her wonderful hospitality and for making our weekend such a success - a real home away from home, and menus more exciting than the "Hotel St. George."

Leader: June Budd or Sid Riddell ? ?
No. on trip. 14.

No. 195. CLIFTON. Feb 28th., 1943.

The fixture for this trip was a ramble across Small's property, Maraeatotara, but as numbers had dwindled to four it was decided to shelve this for a future occasion and to go to the beach. Accordingly we set out without any definite destination in view finally deciding on Clifton where we spent a thoroughly lazy and uneventful day, eating, swimming and just sitting! There is nothing of interest to record - a search was made for blackberries but without much success as we had evidently been forestalled. Excitement was provided on the journey by the erratic behaviour of one of the bicycles which kept on losing pieces of its "anatomy" but running repairs were carried out in a most efficient way by the sole representative of the male sex!

Leader: Peggy Morris.
No. in party, four.

No. 196. MARAEAKAKAHO Blackberrying. 14. 3. 43.

Six members finally lined up at approximately 10-15 for a blackberrying trip to Maraeakakaho. Transport was rather varied -- four members going in comfort per car and the remaining two mounted on the inevitable "bike". The last stage of the journey was made "across country" to the river where we left our various steeds and wandered leisurely down the bank until a suitable spot was found for lunch and a "boil-up." Just as we were about to start lunch the familiar form of the Club President hove in sight threading his way among the silver poplars. On learning of our whereabouts he retraced his steps and brought his car to the river bank. Many hands made light of the task of transporting "The Youngest Member" with bag and baggage across the river and finally he came to rest reclining unconcernedly in his "sleeping bag" under a tree, from which point of vantage he surveyed the subsequent proceedings with much interest! From the nonchalant fashion in which he behaved we gathered Tramping

Club trips were just in his line -- as it should be!

After lunch, several half-hearted attempts were made to raise enthusiasm over blackberries but it was not until considerably later in the afternoon that a determined effort to fill the various containers was made. Berries were in profusion and excepting for the discomfort of brambles whipping round bare legs, a profitable hour or two was spent with excellent results. Operations were abandoned as the light began to fail and after packs had been loaded up a start was made on the return trip. An enjoyable and profitable day.

Leader. Peggy Morris.
No. on trip, eight and
three halves.

KAWEKA HUT

The Cyclists Trip.

On Monday, December 28th, Angus and I biked from Napier and Hastings, respectively, to the turnoff to the Kaweka hut. The trip was very hot but otherwise uneventful apart from an encounter with some Army officers at Willowford who supplied a quantity of much appreciated ham sandwiches.

Next day we completed the trip into the hut, breaking all records getting there (time including stops five to six hours). The next couple of days were spent mostly in the vicinity of the Kaweka hut, but included visits to Trig 4915' and Cook's Horn, etc.,. Various undertakings, such as a new path to the stream and a bathing pool (in which the water was at least six inches deep!) were also completed.

On New Year's Eve, a further twelve trampers arrived and it was at this stage that Angus gave his spirited display of licking condensed milk off a sleeping-bag cover. The trip to the Manson Hut which occupied the next three days has been described elsewhere.

Our ride back to town on the Monday morning was very similar to the outward trip and apart from the fact that "Blowhard" appears to be well named, does not warrant further description.

Keith Bullock.

TRAMPING AND HIKING in ENGLAND & SCOTLAND

Frank Simpson's tour of tramping country in England prompts these notes on Tramping and tramping country there which may be of use to some of our far flung members.

I should say the North Country is the home of what we should call tramping. As an N.Zedder said of a week end in Czech-Slovakia "ther's not much wrong with a crowd that takes as naturally to the hills as this".

From the Peak district all along the Pennines to the Lake District and on to the Cheviots and the Roman Wall is real tramping country. One's style only cramped by grouse moors. Sheffield and Manchester people give the Peak district a great thrashing--the Nags head at Edale and the Snake Inn, south of Glossop could be called tramping pubs. Probably Youth Hostels are in existence too, - they are since my time. Further north the Yorkshire Pot Holders Club has its H.Q. at the pub at Bentham(;?), half way between Settle and Lancaster. This is a handy take off for Ingleborough, and ~~xxxxxxx Pxxxxxxx~~ further up Ribblesdale the Moorcock Inn for Ingleborough and Pen-y-ghent.

In the Lake district I only know Milcrists at Glen Ridding at the head of Ullswater, off the main tourists route, an atmosphere of ~~xxxx~~ packs and boots, and the password, "Have you been far today, Sir?" The Cheviots, Ettrick Forest, Carrick and so on look great country--sheep country here.

In the Highlands theres some great country but a lot of it is deer forest so that you're not welcome in summer or autumn. I've had a great time in winter in the Ben Alder country after the season was over.

There seem to be two kinds of pubs in Scotland-- for tourists and for natives. A sample of the former is the old guard house about a mile above Dalwhinnie on the road to Drumochter Pass, foot thick granite walls, and enormous fires and meals. Of the native pubs, in Edinburg the New Waverley which appears to be the headquarter of the Clan Mackay, and a small pub in Oban in a side street on your left going down to the harbour from the railway. Here the Outer Hebrides congregates-- largely McNeills-- bagpipes--and Gaelic.

The Welsh mountains are in blocks (three). Snowdon, Plynlimon and Breckon Beacons. Snowdon is the main tourist dump and is pretty congested. There seems to be some indigenous trampin in S.W. Wales but theres some good tramping country in S. Shropshire (Ludlow) and on to Radnor Forest and the Black mountains.

Southern England is not so much tramping country but an amazing ~~km~~ lot of cross country work can be done on footpaths, tow paths, and deserted Roman roads.

~~xxxxxx~~ The Chilterns, Cotswolds, Malvern Hills and Downs and further west the Mendips, Exmoor and Dartmoor give a certain amount of open going. The first four are sheep country. Exmoor I don't know, it looks scrubby- probably heather? Dartmoor and extraorinarily empty area of tussock heather and bog, perhaps 25 miles in diameter.

Then there are the Forests. New Forest is patchy with a good ~~px~~ proportion of pine plantations, The Forest of Dean, open oak forest and coal mines (it is a queer sort of self governing area on the border of Wales), Charnwood Forest is a wild scrubby area, Sherwood Forest near Sheffield looks interesting, most other forests are in name only.

Pubs. Probably Youth Hostels are the handiest and cheapest. In addition to the pubs I have mention, as especially tramping pubs there are several classes of pubs and lodgings on something the same lines. Cycling pubs. (C.T.C.) and various fishing pubs. e.g. Browns Hill Stanch, and '5 miles from anywhere' (Ouse) are used to sudden invasions and wet clothes. Some of the best I know are the P.R.H.A. pubs (e.g. Dolphin, Clun region, (Solop) and Mill, Romsey Town, (Hants). Their food and beer are exceptionally good and lodging cheap but limited and often booked up. R.A.C. pubs are posh and A&A. fairly expensive. Most small pubs are not used to putting people up but can often be persuaded to do so. Camping is possible but not very common

usually farmers charge a bob or two for permission, tents should be camouflaged for camping in moorland to avoid attracting the attention of keepers. In general there is a pretty fair freedom of movement across open country and even in closely farmed country field paths are usually rights of way and seem to be survivals of the original common land. Dartmoor and the Forest of Dean are the only large areas of common land I know. The Welsh mountains and the Lake District are sheep country but in practice are open to trampers and climbers. The Pennines seem to be mostly grouse moor and the Highlands deer forest and here one may strike trouble as the letting of shooting is an industry and the disturbance of game may affect the rental value.

Near the towns, particularly in the Peak district there have been something like pitched battles between trampers and keepers, but in the ordinary and off the main ~~xxxxx~~ rabbit runs keepers are friendly enough and will generally help you to pick a route that won't disturb the game. Neither farmers or keepers are used to strangers who are used to game or stock and are pleasantly surprised to meet anyone who appreciates their difficulties and is prepared to meet them.

~~xxxxxx~~ N.L.E.

PRINTING

Mr. Paterson of the Typewriting Shop, Karsmu Rd. has been most kind and helpful in duplicating this Bulletin at a cheap rate in honour of the overseas members. We know you will all appreciate the better appearance of the Bulletin and thank him heartily on behalf of the Club.

To jog the memories of the old hands we record the following :

FROM AN OLD NOTE BOOK.

- 15 Sept. 1935 Plane 2.10.
 (Ian Powell took a scrtach party to visit
 Armstrongs plane still buried in Frozen snow)
 Creek 5.10.
 (Ian the perfect host, saw his guests safely to
 Shut Eye. Here his patience snapped, and leaving them
 to follow the track down, took K.M.E. and N.L.E. on a w
 wild crash down the face into Triplex creek)
- 27 Oct. 1935. Hot Spring 2.00 dep.2.10.
 (A hasty solo trip in ahead of the &H.T.C. on its 3rd
 outing)
- 15.Dec. 1935 Lunch Pool, arr. 11.dep.noont.
 (The first Makaroro trip. Pool(now Shingled up)
 was distinguished by statuesque posing of June and Ailie
 on diving rock)
- 25th Jan 1936 Rangi o te atua 3.30.
 South 3.45.
 Peter Lattey and I sat on S.Rangi planning new route
 Geoff Piesse and Co. returned over 66. Jim Ogilvie
 came down from the saddle into the scrub and made a
 spectacular and sobering crash landing. Eric Draper
 made the Trig- never again.)
- 21 Mar.-36 Waipuk. 3.00
 (This detour implies that Tubby Farrelly was out)
 (ImmortalisB&asin lberfojlo@ing ditty,
 Piesse and Lattey are very useful guys,
 They took the broken axle out,
 While Ian saw Brighteyes,
 When Ian turned up smiling, they were dust and greaxe
 and sweat,
 But the thing that really got them, was the tea they
 didn't get.)
- 4-5April 36 Futaekuri Camp 7.25.
 (A search for a hit site in the Kawekas. The late
 start was due to a noisy midnight sing song)

Camp Site(Saddle 4650) 11.10.

Lunched at the old survey camp at Studholme's saddle having been much delayed by an Auckland Weekly photographer who had somehow got mixed up with the outing and insisted on holding the rearguard up to pose groups.

Returned by the Basin where hut now stands. June a conspicuous landmark (in White) all day.

24 May 36. Smedley.

An enormous party 40 +, led by Jimmy Palmer on the principles of the Duke of Plaza Toro. Many new blue shirts, much eating and straggling.

30-31 May-36. Cooks Horn Camp.

Camped at the Tutaekuri. Must have been some sort of working party at the Kaweka Hut site.

10 July-36 Mangaharuru. Hastings 1030.

The first of the Tarapouni hoodoos. After a wild night the club trip was cancelled but morning dawned so fair that a private party made a break for it(incurring a good deal of unpopularity)

6.Sept.36 Lake turn. 8.42. 9.20. 12.20. 1.30.

Tutaekuri 10.50. 11.10 2.55. 3.25.

Hut. 4.10.

Relaying malthoid and netting for the hut.

Hut site, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th.

Chas Higgs and Dave already in cutting and erecting framing Snow and hail squalls. Dave edzed 2 ridge beams out of ~~totara~~ totara and we erected the second one in the course of a snowy afternoon.

22 Nov 36 Te Atua Mahuri.

John von D.	L.Mathieson,
Dick Clark,	D.Williams,
N.Collinge,	J.Lovell-Smith,
M.Diamond,	Mrs. McLeod,
L.Wilson,	Joan Hall,
Green	Molly Treneman,
	N.Elder.

Te Atua Mahuri 12.43.

Advance party passing Janet at peach tree flat, met Ian, Tubby and Mim on the Trig.

Creek in sight 2.30.

Came right down scree and followed creek out nearly losing Fred twice on the way.

24 Jan -37Rang o te Atua

Saddle (Colt 45ml.) 9.10.9.25.

Going over to Smiths creek Ronagh held up the show to ride a stray horse.

14 Feb.-37Kaweke (Shortcomings in the new Kaweka Hut)

Mice, Latrine, Bitmancement, Door latch, fire back porch, cutting timber round hut, bottom warping, front log, camp oven and billies.

24 Aug. 373 J.

Snow in Waipawa Saddle to within few chains of tree foot

Deer side full of porridgey ridges of rock fragments.

2-3 July 38Howletts.

Joan L. Smith

I. Farrelly

J. Hannah,

D. Cooke,

B. Hayman

K. Elder

G. Piesse,

D. Callow,

H. Christie,

C. Higgs,

D. Williams,

N. Elder.

Relaying timber up the Tukituki in bad weather. Cap went in up to his neck.

6-7 Aug. 38Willowford 2.10.

Lake turn 7.20.

M. Molineux,

P. Morris,

N. Finn,

K. Elder,

H. Cooper (Symonds)

B. Hayman,

N. Elder,

B. Beechey,

J. Hannah,

F. Green,

I. Farrelly.

A puzzle. The party spent 5 hours on the Blow hard and went nowhere apparently.

3. Dec. 38Makaroro

Budd 2/-

Joan 6d.

;?

24 Dec. 38NO. Man.

N. L. Elder 36

Bill Hayman 37

M. Molineux 27

Clem Smith 33+2

Mim Laing 36+2

D. Williams 46+1

The low down on what some members really carry on a 4 day trip.

N. L. E.

Maungapohatu (The Sacred Mountain of Tuhoe).

On January 9th, 1943, Bern. Teague of Wairoa (leader), Jack Richardson of Te Reinga Native School and Angus Russell, H.T.C., left Wairoa by service car heading towards Lake Waikaremoana where the rates were blazing. Five miles before reaching Ruatahuna the party left the road and dropped down into the bush track leading to Maungapohatu Pa, 9 miles distant. The bridle track consists of a trench worn to a depth of 30" and leads through lomaria fern and forest to the Mahakirua Stream, on up the bed of the stream, then over a hill down to the Kakaruahine Flat where ripe gooseberries were thriving, up another hill and on to Kakare, an old Maori refuge Pa, from whence the party gazed down at Maungapohatu Pa, far below in the valley of the Waikarewhenua. The gloomy escarpment of the mountain looming up beyond. The Pa is situated at the foot of a great cliff of sandstone 2 or 3 miles long and apparently about 50% higher than the highest cliffs at Clifton. The party descended and from the river ascended to the Mission School and camped in a grove of cherry trees loaded with ripe fruit. The time taken for this stage of the journey being 5 hours. Next day Jock remained at the Camp to fish, and as he was the first fly fisher ever to be there he caught 7. He was also hospitably entertained by the Tawa and Heuheu families. The other two unable to find a guide decided to go straight through the bush to the massive obelisks on the sky line. The unclimbable cliff face was on their right, and Angus says:-

"It was 5½ hours before we reached Ngawhata-a-maru and chilled by driving mist we entered a cave at the crest of a cliff. Here we found we were trespassing on the resting place of centuries of ancestors, but we found another one more private to sleep in. We had no fire or water, though everything being damp and messy we managed to catch drips in mugs and billy from the cliff above. During the night a spirit voice aroused us calling twice from the declivity 200 feet below. At seven we drank our water and breakfasted and then up to the summit from whence under grey clouds Edgecumbe, Tarawera, Ruapehu and the Kewekas could be seen. The intervening country is a billowing sea of blue black bush clad ridges - what a place to be lost in!! The summit is undulating with tarns in depressions and massive rocks, like big houses have tumbled down into the valley of the Waiuhenua. After 9 hours of squirming in and on leatherwood trees some with branches as thick as my thigh we located our landmark a giant obelisk, but on trying to get down to our cave through great chasms formed by the tumbled rocks and heavy bush, we found ourselves well below it. However, we found another cave and here we slept after a wet afternoon. A pannikan of drip water, bread butter and dates for breakfast and we were ~~set~~ off for the Pa again reaching it after 5 hours of heavy scrambling and clambering through the thick bush and rough rocky clefts. All this country is well watered with frequent rains, pumice is deep over most of it and the sub-alpine growth is thick in variety, profuseness and size - and so was my vocabulary while traversing it. Ye at all times Bern. grinned contentment through his beard-shades of Mark Tapley. On relating our adventures at the Pa I noticed a coolness in the atmosphere when we mentioned the burial caves, and I felt glad to have companions associated with the Maoris. We were also told that had we been Maoris we would not have returned after hearing the "spirit voice". Perhaps it was Hine-nui-te-po.

(To be continued).

A Tramping-cum-cycling-cum-hitching trip.

If anyone feels like a really lazy holiday, go cycling! Some would turn from the idea at once thinking the effort would be too great, but what you want to do is to do it "OUR" way which is no effort at all - just sitting on the back of lorries complete with gear and bikes, all day long, and drinking in the gorgeous views of the West Coast - maybe our good luck was partly due to the combined "come-hither" looks which we shot as the various lorry drivers who picked us up en route anyhow whatever it was, it worked, and instead of having to battle along stony roads against head winds up hills etc., we just flew over the country at ninety. It was our intention to bike from Nelson to Greymouth, but on account of our good fortune in the "pick-up" line, we were able to get as far as the Fox and Franz Josef Glaciers. Well to start from the beginning briefly. The three of us left Hastings on Xmas night for Palmerston where we caught the Plane the next day for Nelson. Had a great trip over, although one of us was terribly sick - not taking at all kindly to air travel. We made the most of our time in Nelson seeing all the sights per bike and climbing a hill in the town called "The Middle of New Zealand" which gave us a general idea of the surroundings countryside, from the summit - very pleasing too. After a few days there we went on our way to Glenhope by train (no rude remarks as we were told by the local inhabitants of Nelson that it would be wasting precious time and scenery to bike that particular 70 miles, so naturally being true cyclists, we took their advice!!). On reaching Glenhope we caused quite a stir, and the train guards generally made themselves useful helping up load up and pumping our tyres - only to be disappointed to see us being whisked off in a coal lorry instead of being really tough and riding. ~~Was~~ We were taken to Murchison the first day, and when we arrived there we were as black as the ace of spades, still we didn't worry at all - startled the natives a bit though! Camped the night in Murchison by the Buller River, the only disturbance being the presence of a large taipo in the boudoir! Next morning up bright and early and were picked up by another lorry which took us 33 miles to Inangahua Jn. We had morning tea at Lyell and it was a great experience looking over the almost deserted town which had been such a huge place in the good old gold rush days. A very broken down church being one of the relics left. This day was the only one that was wet on all the trip, and although it was disappointing having wet weather through the Buller Gorge we couldn't complain. Nevertheless the beauties of the Gorge were hardly changed by the rain. Arrived like three drowned rats at the Inangahua Hotel and waited there for some conveyance to take us to Westport - (too wet to ride!). Eventually arrived in Westport by service car at about 4 in the afternoon. Organized a ride the next day in a lorry from Westport to Greymouth along the famous Coast Road - actually the offer fell right into our hands - and the next morning we were up bright and early and away I don't think we could have gone a better way - as we had wonderful views all day from the back of the lorry which was loaded with drums, bikes and us. The driver was very good to us, taking time off to stop and take us over to the famous Punakaikai Pancake Rocks and Blowhole, and various other beauty spots on the way. The vistas were simply beautiful in amongst the green bush which came right down to the road. Arrived at Grey looking very dusty and travel worn and after we had left the lorry and were wheeling our bikes and gear along the Main Street, people stopped and asked us how far we had come - I can't vouch that we told them the truth - sometimes we just couldn't face telling people that we had been "hitch-biking" when we so looked the part of the real cyclist! Had a whole day in Grey, and spent most of the time sunbathing on the beach there. Our next port of call was Hokitika which is supposed to have the best piece of road in the

South Island between it and Grey., but how could we bike that 23 miles after sunbathing all day - it would have been terrible for the bikes, which I am sure had given up all hope of being used! So we just leapt onto the train and were there in no time! As it was New Year's Eve we had loads of fun and the next day we decided to bike to Lake Kanieri which is 12 miles from Hokitika. We did so and had a grand day - the bikes taking very kindly to the 24 miles. The scenery round the Lake is perfect and we made the most of our day. We had heard such a lot about the beauties of the two Glaciers that we decided to go the ultra pensive way and take the service car there, which we did the day after our "strenuous ride to Lake Kanieri" - only those who have been and seen that part of the country can realise what it is like. Just wonderful. Had quite a thrill crossing the Big Wanganui River in a cable-car affair which rocked and rolled over the river. Part of the bridge had been washed away in a recent flood, so that we could only get across that way. We stayed three days at the Franz Josef and had one day over at Weheka where the Fox Glacier is. Words can hardly describe the beauty of the place and we made the most of our stay seeing everything and having a whole say on the Franz Glacier with the Hotel party (16 in all). We went $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles up the ice and the whole day was most interesting and made us feel like real tourists. We didn't go on to the Fox with a party, but just "minced" onto the ice in our sandals - needless to say we didn't go far. We left that region with deep regret and made for Hokitika where we picked up our gear and had a rush to catch the railcar for Lake Brunner where we stayed for two days with two girls whom we had met at the Glaciers. We had two days in Christchurch, and had a good trip home in the boat, and thus ended one of the best holidays yet. We will never forget the hospitality of the West Coasters and the wonderful scenery, and can recommend it to all as a great place to go for a trip - especially a biking trip!!

J.B.

MEETINGS.

The attendance at meetings has been quite good considering the numbers absent from the district. Letters are the usual source of entertainment, but Dr. Bathgate has provided us with two very interesting evenings. He brought Mr. Greer along one night to show his cine films which were much enjoyed. Another night he made us envious with the account of his Christmas trip in the Kaimanawas. We hope to publish an account later. It is very nice of you to do these things for us. Doc. We do appreciate it. Thank you.

Archie Toop brought his machine along and showed us some films sent out from Egypt by Cliff Hunt. Our thoughts were with the M.E. boys when we saw these pictures of the East and the Desert scenes. Thank you Cliff and Arch for an entertaining evening.

SOCIAL NOTES.

The number of departures from the ranks of the female members have reached alarming proportions and unfortunately the balance is not kept even with new members. It leaves the few diehards left to keep up the old traditions and the flag flying for the members overseas.

WEDDING:Cooke - Beard.

On January the 16th, 1943, Ailie and Cap were married in the garden of Ailie's home, Rosschu, and a lovelier setting could hardly be imagined. Ailie looked simply super in her bridal array and no wonder Cap looked so proud as she walked along the lawn on her father's arm to the spot where Cap was waiting. Cap who has only recently returned from the Middle East looked very well and we wish both he and Ailie the very best luck in the world in their new venture. Fortunately the newly-weds home isn't very far away (Waipuk), so we hope to have lots of opportunities of seeing them both from time to time, and when the good old days come again we will certainly make the most of their kind offer for us all to drop in for a "cuppa" on our way to the Waikamaka Hut. The Club presented Ailie and Cap with a bowl at a meeting before their marriage, and they both suitably replied.

Miriam Marcussen nee Laing, is the latest member to join the Forces and is in Ohakea at the W.A.A.F.s. She is enjoying the life very much.

Peggy Fraser nee Marven, has set up housekeeping in Hamilton with her husband who has been discharged from the Army through an injury to his knee.

Rongeh Black has written thanking us for the Christmas card and appreciating the Bulletin.

Lucy Hodgson has left Hastings to teach at the Dannevirke High School where she is enjoying her work.

Catherine Crompton another absentee is now working in the Customs Office in Wellington.

Nancy Clayton is training in St. Helen's Hospital, Wellington and is finding life full of interest.

Pauline Tyers has also gone to Dannevirke and is in H. Kitt's Pharmacy there.

Thelma Watts is the latest departure and she has taken up a position in Tokomaru Bay for the duration.

Julia Isdale is now nursing at Pukeora San., Waipukurau.

Mollie McLeam is now living in Lower Hutt. Rod is at Trentham and is looking very fit since his return from the Middle East.

We send all these people our greetings and wish them happiness in their new homes.

FIXTURE LIST.
April - July.

<u>Trip No.</u>	<u>DATE.</u>	<u>Trip.</u>	<u>Leader.</u>
198.	^{27th} April 11th ^{4th}	Fruit Picking.	N. Tanner.
199.	April 23 - 26 Easter.	Maungaharuru Ra via Tutira.	C. C. Smith.
✓ 200	May 9th.	Kokoroa	E. S. Craven.
201	May 23rd.	Kahuranaki.	J. Lovell-Smith
^{Wahamaka} 202	June 5 - 7.	N. Ruahine. Piopio and Potae via Three Fingers.	N. L. Elder.
203.	June 20th.	Te Mata Park from Clayton's.	M. Clayton.
204.	July 4th.	To be arranged.	
205	July 18th.	Te Mata Park (Working Party.)	M. Molineux.
