

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB, INC.

Bulletin No. 35.

Nov. 30 - 1943

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Hastings. Phone 2891.

HON. SEC.:
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CLUB CAPTAIN:
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To all members at home and abroad we send Christmas Greetings and all the best for the coming year.

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ROLL OF HONOUR.

We regret to report news was received on November 17th, that the Club has sustained yet another loss in the death of P/O. H.W. Meldrum of "Mocky" as he was familiarly known to us all.

After completing his training course in Canada he proceeded to England for further instruction and operational work. From there the Club received several most interesting letters giving his impressions of his various sight-seeing trips in and around London.

Although Mocky was not an active member of the Club for very long, those who knew him will remember a cheerful and unassuming companion.

To his mother, fiancée and brother, we tender our sympathy.

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ANNUAL MEETING AND REPORT.

At the Annual Meeting held in the Club Rooms on 6th October, Mr. E.S. Craven presided over an excellent attendance, there being twenty-five members present.

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

Full	members	36	(43).
Absentee	"	26	(26).
Associate	"	8	(8).
Honorary	"	36	(30).

There are now 34 members in His Majesty's Forces, three of whom have joined during the past year are:-

Miriam Marcussen, Lindsay Lloyd, Sealy Wood.

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

Douglas W. Callow - R.N.Z.N.V.R.

Max McCormick - R.N.Z.A.F.

In its fourth year under War conditions, our Club still thrives. At the risk of facing a change of complacency it can be said that our corporate body typifies the qualities of the individual tramper - chiefly that of refusing to be cast down by difficulties.

The various reports show that our activities have been considerably modified. The care-free days of piling, fortnightly, unlimited numbers into a lorry with an unlimited range, seem to be pictures of our imagination. The erstwhile zest is still there though smaller parties embark upon less ambitious expeditions or indulge in working parties less in line with our interests than track-clearing or hut-building. To our older members, memories of the past or hopes of the future are sufficient incentive to carry on but to new members who are nourished on little more than the "atmosphere" of tramping, the Club is duly appreciative.

Several of our overseas members have appeared at our fortnightly meetings. Some wounded and to be discharged, some on transfer to another field. Their presence has strengthened that feeling of unity that transcends thousands of miles of ocean. Not all our members who left in defence of the country will return, nevertheless we anticipate with mingled feelings of eagerness and anxiety that grand reunion that is so surely to come.

CLUB Our skeleton service has been carried out on much the CAPTAIN'S same lines as last year and with equal success though the REPORT: average attendance is rather lower. Still, of 26 scheduled trips only two have been cancelled with an average attendance of 10.

By husbanding our petrol, we have been able to get four parties out to the ranges; the New Year trip to the Manson Hut which would have been a good effort even in normal times; the Easter trip to the Maungharuru; the King's Birthday to the Waikamaka under the welcome leadership of Doug. Cooke again, and a winter trip to the Kaweka Trig. Unfortunately numbers have had to be limited on these trips. A few private parties have managed to get out. One visited the Golden Hills and climbed Maungarani at the head of the Ngaruroro; another explored the head of the Menawatu and recently a private party cleared the first section of the Kaweka track. So much for tramping proper.

Next in order of importance comes the working parties to raise funds for overseas parcels----by no means the least popular features to judge by the numbers turning out. Six were held in all; two of these on unscheduled dates. Tree pruning at Te Mata Park is now one of the old traditions and several members wield a pretty saw - for the trees are getting too big for secateurs. Three trips in all were made up here - the attention being mainly given to macrocarpas which are, by now,

pretty well resigned to growing in an elegant shape contrary to their nature. A party of graduates went on to pruning Sturmers for Tom Mitchell. We have not had an opportunity this year to demonstrate our prowess at carrot-thinning, but one party tackled pea-picking. Our most successful, though, was walnut picking at the Horseshoe Bend, thanks to the generosity of Mr. Maurice Chambers.

The bulk of the trips have been what used to be dismissed as L. & C. (local and coastal) in the more active days of the Club. In order to save tyres as much as possible it has been found advisable to run most of these from Havelock or Clifton. They have become rather go as you please affairs with a tendency to depart from schedule. One trip to the Mokoeka Caves from Havelock was a bit more ambitious and we may find it possible to develop cross country trips of this type. However, we welcome a return to early starts and running to schedule, we shall be bound to do it hard.

Hut Logs: Opportunity has been taken of visits to huts to copy the logs. The originals will be left in the huts to give weather bound parties their accustomed reading. The first Kaweka log contains 714 names from November, 1936. The Waikamaka log from January, 1940, to date has 195 names in it.

FINANCIAL The star item of the Balance Sheet is once more the parcel. REPORT: fund. Generous donations, proceeds from working parties and a steady revenue from the collections taken up at Club meetings have more than doubled the amount contributed to this fund last year.

With so many of our members serving in the Forces, both overseas and in New Zealand, our income from subscriptions has decreased considerably; but we have a comfortable bank balance handed down to us from previous years of prosperity and we shall be able to carry on with every confidence financially until the great day when the boys and girls come home.

The balance in the Post Office Savings Bank Account is £77.17.11.

PUBLICITY: Three numbers of the bulletin have been issued during the year and have been kindly received, the overseas members being particularly appreciative.

The thanks of the Editor go to the following members who have assisted:-

Overseas members for letters.

Leaders of trips for accounts and other members for articles on private trips.

Peg. Morris who has helped in the compiling, and Mollie and June for help with typing and collating.

The duplicating has been done by Mr. Peterson of the Typewriting Shop, Karamu Road, at a very reasonable cost and we thank him for his good work and interest in the Club.

At present we have covers in hand but the stock of stencils which were procured about 1939 has run out. So far we have managed to obtain enough paper and we hope we will be as fortunate in the future and will certainly do our best to keep the magazine going.

LIBRARY: The Library has been very much improved mostly by donations of a number of excellent and interesting volumes by Mr. D.G. Williams and our thanks go out to him for his kindness. We now have 72 volumes in hand - all well known and interesting, and during the year 37 volumes have been taken out by members making a total of 9/3 for the year. We have also had donated by Mr. L. Lloyd the well known book "Unclimbed New Zealand" which is a great asset.

SOCIAL: This year the meetings have been spent mostly by having the usual discussions on trips, photo gazing and reading and writing letters from and to, the boys overseas.

We were entertained one evening by Dr. Bathgate on his trip to Mt. Aspiring and he showed us some beautiful slides. They gave us a good glimpse of mountain scenery and a desire to go and see for ourselves.

Mr. Greer very kindly showed films taken on a trip in the Pacific Islands which was most enjoyable and Messrs. Gough, Gough & Hammer lent films of Tractor Demonstrations.

Mr. and Mrs. Herrick invited us to spend an evening at their home and Mr. Herrick gave us a talk on his trip to the Wild Native River, Bligh Sound. It was a very interesting evening and we were treated to a wonderful supper.

The welcome to Les Holt on his return from the Middle East went off with great gusto also a later festivity for him and Marge wishing them all the best for the future.

APPRECIATION: Once again we would like to express our thanks to those kind people who have given us permission to wander over their land.

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Executive Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:-

Patron:	-	E.J. Herrick Esq.
President:	-	E.S. Creven Esq.
Vice Presidents:	-	Dr. Bathgate, Messrs. D. Cooke, R. Keys.
Club Captain:	-	N.L. Elder Esq.
Hon. Secretary:-		Miss M. Molineux.
Hon. Treasurer:-		Mrs. J. Lloyd.
Hon. Auditor:	-	Miss. D. Yule.

Executive Committee:-

Misses J. Budd, J. Lovell-Smith, N. Tanner, U. Greenwood, P. Morris, Messrs. A. Russell, C. Smith.

Social Committee:-

Misses N. Monck, M. Clayton, R. Greenwood, M. Matheson. Messrs. D. Frame and A.C. Clarke.

In moving the adoption of the report the President thanked all those who has helped to keep the Club together and remarked that it was a matter for congratulation that the Club still thrives after four years of adverse conditions.

At the Executive Meeting subsequently held on Nov. 3rd, the following officers were elected:-

Fixture Committee:-

N.L. Elder, P. Morris, N. Tanner.

Hut Committee:-

N.L. Elder, A. Russell, D. Williams.

Search:-

President, Club Captain, Secretary.

Equipment Officer:- N.L. Elder.

Editor:- P. Morris.

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THE BOYS OVERSEAS.

News of some of our members has been scarce of late but we hope that in this case no news is good news. Let's hear from you as soon as possible kids, and in the meantime all the best from the Club.

BILL HAYMAN: We have to hand extracts from two of Bill's letters. Wobbly seems to be having plenty of exercise, and keeping hand and eye in - getting ready to attack a few of our heights when he comes home no doubt. Best of luck Bill, from us all. (Here are extracts from two of Bill's letters):-

"Yesterday saw the Kiwis beat Englad at rugby. Score 16-3 in the final of our international series, also ran Aussie, Scotland and Wales. Anzac Day we had a dawn parade, morning march past, afternoon sports programme, and in the evening an Anzac Concert. The Meoris were the star turn with hakas and songs. It was a grand day all round. Some glorious weather lately, warm days and clear nights generally, but not always silent round here. Our lives are occasionally brightened up for us."

"Did I tell you I had a game of soccer a few weeks ago? Had another yesterday morning and thoroughly enjoyed myself. Not exactly a first class game but a lot of fun nevertheless, incidentally we, (our hut team) lost both games. Been getting my eye in on the table tennis, quite a like old times, a number here who can teach me tricks at that game too. Our cricket net got into action last week too. Your tennis shoes, shorts and summer shirt are just the thing this weather. Did I

tell you that after 15 month my cigarette case, the gift of the H.T.C. still holding six cigarettes, my bone handle pocket knife, and a pencil were handed to me, there is red tape here, as I had long ago given them up for lost. Bought a good paid of English shoes for 400 cigs. the other day, but as the thaw is on and there is mud everywhere have not worn them yet. Do for going home perhaps."

POP COLLETT: A card from Pop written in July. He appears fit and as cheerful as possible under the circumstances. Here's hoping Pop - be seeing you soon.

BILL BENNETT: The latest news of Bill came in a letter written on 17/9/43. At least we have had a later fragment. It must have been an interesting letter Bill before the Censor had a cut out of it! It's nice to hear from you anyway. Cheers from the Club.

JACK HANNAH: Jack has been keeping us well up to date with his movements. From all accounts he's becoming an expert in the art of ball-room dancing. You'll be able to shake a pretty foot when you get back ~~to~~ Jack. You'll be in great demand with the female members of the Club. Cheers and beers!!

BRUCE BEECHEY: is to be congratulated on a very narrow escape. According to his latest letter he was almost united in wedlock to the bride when he was acting in his ~~ex~~ capacity as best man at a wedding! Fortunately for us all it didn't happen and Beech is still on the market!! All the best Beech. By the way Beech has also been piloting a pretty pedal in the Yorkshire District and has been "the Ilkley Moor Bar Tat" way several times!

CLIFF HUNT: We have recently received a letter from Cliff written in August. To quote his own words he's carrying a little extra weight on his shoulders now. Congratulations Cliff, from us all.

DUDLEY SHEPPARD: A nice long letter from Duddles gave us quite a good line on the celebrations in Tunis. It sounded rather a good show from all accounts. We enjoy hearing from you Dudley, so give us the works. Best of luck from the Gang.

NANCY WILLIAMS & HUCK FINN: are apparently both together and enjoying life as far as possible, although we gather things have been fairly strenuous lately. Lots of love from us all, kids.

FRANK SIMPSON: The latest news of Frank came in an airgraph dated 15/6/43. He, also, has had a lift-up in the world. Congratulations, Frank. Frank also cabled to say he was speaking over the air from B.B.C. so we are looking forward very much to hear your voice again Frank even though it is so far away. Cheers from the Club.

JOHN VON DADLESZEN: writes from "the tropical Isles" and is very well. Thank you for your letters John, we do like to hear all the news from that quarter. Quite a coincidence meeting Bill Bennett in the "torture chamber" - the Dentists. Keep up the good work of writing to us. Cheers from us all.

JOE ARMITAGE: Haven't had a letter for ages Joe - How about it! Cheers.

GEORGE DENFORD: We had a very cheery letter from George recently and he is once more on the War-path again Overseas. Some of us had an opportunity of seeing George when he was home. Thank you so much for the news pal, and keep up the good work wont you. Cheers from us all.

JOHN COLLINS: we have heard of John indirectly and he is very well. We would love a letter all to ourselves John, so see what you can do about it. Hope you are seeing the others now and again. Cheers.

SAM HARALDSEN: Haven't had a line from you for a while Sam, and we do miss ~~yes~~ your cheery efforts. Give us a surprise and send us a line soon. Hope you are well. We are keeping the flag flying until you all come home, which we all hope wont be long now. Best of luck.

SEALY WOOD: Very keen to hear your impressions of "over Yonder" soon. Cheers.

RON CRAIG: The same applies to you Ron, and here's hoping for a letter- soon. Cheers.

ARCH LOWE: How about a wee line Tarch - Best of luck from us all.

HAROLD COOPER: We so enjoyed your last letter Harold - do repeat the dose! All the best.

HARRY RICHDALE: Would be very pleased to hear from you Harry - hope you are fit and enjoying life over there. Cheers.

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EXTRACTS OF LETTERS RECEIVED FROM
"THE BOYS OVERSEAS."
"AND GIRLS".

Extract from letter received from Nancy Williams on 1st June, 1943:-

"I have ridden in most types of vehicle and recently had a breath-taking ride to and from town on a Jerry motor bike - and what a super bike it was too! My friend and I decided to "hitch" to town and hadn't got more than a few yards beyond the compound gate when up roared a motor cycle with sidecar complete and two "Kiwi" boys, who offered us a lift. My friend climbed into the sidecar while I eagerly scrambled on behind the driver, and his friend sat perched up on the spare tyre behind the sidecar. We were indeed a queer-looking fourseome and caused many curious heads to turn as we nipped in and out of army vehicles. My friend and I clutching our hats to our heads and blinking the tears from our eyes as the wind blew into them. Well the trip into town was not so bad, but the lads offered to bring us back later. Being almost in a daze we accepted. We came home flat out all the way - dodging past rapidly travelling trucks etc. I hanging on with my knees, clutching my hat and in the other hand my fly swish. Our driver was seeing what speed "she'd do" and proudly told us "she'd passed the 75 m.p.h. mark!" We did admire the capabilities of the bike when we were safely home but we had some bad moments when passing vehicles and seeing oncoming trucks coming straight for us. However, our driver had been a pilot so no doubt was a good judge of speed etc. Our Matron-in-chief was staying here at the time and we silently prayed she wouldn't go by in a car - she would have taken a dim view of it we felt sure. Nora's letters will have told you that Syria is a very happy memory and we are now quite comfortably

installed somewhere else - again in the sand but in a much pleasanter locality than the very first place we WAAC's arrived at. You would like our camp-site in amongst the eucalyptus trees and it is a treat to hear birds twittering in the trees in the early mornings. We didn't hear them in Syria at all. I am one of six lucky WAAC's who came with the Sisters & the others are at our No. 1 and 2 hospitals gnashing their teeth at being left behind. Nora and I see more of each other as we are messing in the same tent - being only 6 WAAC's it wasn't worth having our own mess - but we have a tent of our own which is comfortably furnished as a lounge. Really it is amazing how comfy a tent can be made with a little trouble. We have rungs on the canvas floor, chairs made out of old car and bus seats and a few odd tables and boxes covered with chintz. Next day:- Was interrupted last evening by 3 chaps so had to go social and ~~then~~ entertain for the rest of the evening. It is surprising how many people call in and spend the evening with us. There is very little to do about these parts. Nora and I were very pleased to see Duddles and Lance Green when they called in a couple of weeks ago. My brother came too and as I hadn't seen him for over 15 months we had lots to chat about. That evening we had a huge crowd in our little lounge and it was such fun. Nora came over too - the Sister's mess was crowded too - ~~the-tents-all~~ and it is 3 tents all joined together. We boiled up water for supper on the primus stove and had people sitting on the floor as there were not nearly sufficient seats. The H.T.C. Bulletin arrived yesterday and I did enjoy reading it. We seem to have members all over the world now don't we? Nora and I were very sad when we heard the news about poor old Doug~~al~~. The Kiwi Concert Party were in the vicinity for a while and they had just made a new concert programme. We saw and got to know quite a number of the lads and they invited we WAAC's and a few sisters to a preview of their new performance. Later they put it on here for the hospital and it was an excellent show. I have never seen anything so good. They have such a variety of items and their musical items are wonderful. They are doing a great job and the boys appreciate their programmes tremendously. You would like the chaps - they are very friendly and full of fun. Our Offices are in the quaintest building. An old concrete fort with a courtyard in the centre. It is a very cool spot compared with tents and people drop in to hospital office to have a cool off for a few minutes. The heat is terrific here some days - we have worse to come I believe. June, July and August are supposed to be the hottest months. The country round about is rather nice although, sandy there are trees and the natives have acres and acres of almond trees, olive trees and grape vines. They have been cutting the barley crops recently and threshing it. We are able to go to the beach on half days as a Unit truck goes each afternoon. It is a good swimming place although not as large as the ones we used to go to in Syria. The boys have just had a basketball ground made. They play the five-a-side American game and it is fast. We girls used to play in Syria and had a lot of fun with matches against the Sisters. One needs to be very fit for it. I hope we play again here. There are some horses about but so far I haven't managed to hire one - one of the lads wrote me a note in "Itie" so that I could enquire about hiring a "cavallo" but I didn't get very far with my interview. The "cavallos" and owner were out when I was there. We had some great rides in Syria along the beaches and through the little forests of pines where wild g flowers grew profusely. The valleys used to be very colourful with anemones, poppies, daisies etc. and we had some enjoyable rambles round about. I wouldn't

mind living in Syria in peace-time. We have three of us in a tent and we are very comfortably installed with boxes and a wardrobe. We now have showers, before we used to wash in a tin basin and it was funny to see us trying to sit in the basin with legs over the sides and the water slopping over the floor. We got quite expert at it. We have candles or hurricane lamps in our tents but have now electric light in the lounge tent. There are supposed to be snakes, asps and all sorts of crawley things here, but so far we have only seen scorpions and lots and lots of little, medium and outsize beetles - huge grasshoppers that almost knock one over as they hop by (well - not quite!). "

Extract from a letter from Jack Hannah written on 24/8/43:

"Last night we had a visit from Jerry - he dropped a packet but didn't do any damage. I was looking out of the window at the time when the roar of his motors attracted my attention. ~~However-the-weather-wasn't-too-good-and~~ Next thing there was a Grrrump! - things started to happen then but he soon sheered off. We had a bit of excitement a short while ago. About 3 a.m. we were caught by fog trying to get in on one good and one dead motor. Things were grim for a while. ~~Tried~~ for $\frac{1}{2}$ hr. but finally had to sheer off to another drome. Here again more trouble, but finally made it about 4 a.m. all tired out. The very next night we were caught 90 miles from base with a motor on fire. Our radio was soon working overtime and S.O.S. signals sent out. We were picked up O.K. and finally landed 60 miles away. Had to stay 2 days there but had a great time of it. Well after that lot we had some leave some of which I spent in Newcastle and Edinburgh and 4 days in Kent just out of London. Had a very nice time looking over Edinburgh again and intended climbing their two "peaks" for a spot of camera work. However the weather wasn't too good and leave was too short. The last 4 days we stayed with Sir Joseph and Lady Clay, at their country home in Kent. Well they were charming hosts and we thoroughly enjoyed the stay there. We were very much at home and have been invited to go back for a much longer period next time. They have spent most of their time in India and the East and have some marvellous collections. Yes, I must return some time."

Extract from an airgraph from Frank Simpson dated 15/6/43:

As you will see by the above I have been given another kick up and told to mind my P's and Q's a bit more. That will be O.K. for when I hit the Tropics - if I ever do. I now think I may be paying other calls before then. I've been having a pretty good time on leave lately, but after the first fortnight of necessary travelling between London and Glasgow and vice versa I got thoroughly cheesed off of cities, noises and everything to do with R.A.F. contained therein, and made for the country on a hospitality invitation. The Scotch folks are marvellously kind and genuine - No I haven't tried Ireland yet - and I now have friends it seems all over the Highlands, also all over Glasgow, a much more friendly town than it's sister Edinburgh. If any more leave comes I will work my way up the Western Highlands and climb Ben Nevis. I missed it this time. The Valley of Glencoe up there also attracts. I was too lazy to climb Ben Lomond this time though I rowed over the Loch. Summer here is not making itself too obvious, and I am looking forward to that foregathering (say next Feb.) on Waimarama beach."

Extract from a letter from Cliff Hunt dated 2/8/43:

"The Nile is causing a lot of worry to everybody in general. Normally at this time of the year it is in fairly high flood, but just to be like a wog, is a bit slow for 1943. The farmers and commercial people generally depend on the river to bring their produce and supplies from Upper Egypt etc. to the big City, and also return seeds and goods. So you can imagine how worried the farmer is. To help matters out they have released water from the "Assuan Dam" so we hope all will be well.--- For the first six weeks after our return, we had a fairly fairly easy time, each and all had 14 days leave, and the balance of the time was spent just playing about the place. I only went to Cairo for leave but enjoyed it just the same. Most of my time was spent "Horse Riding" - bit of a sore seat for a little while, but managed to sit down for all meals. Everybody is now down to fairly hard training and its not so good in the heat. To overcome that we make a start at 5/30 a.m., parade and work until 8 a.m. and then enjoy breakfast until 9 a.m. Training again until about 12.30 noon and off for the rest of the afternoon. We have four nights a week doing something or other mainly two on lectures and two out in the Desert."

Extract from a letter from Dudley Sheppard written about June:-

"The Club has another feather in its cap because I was I think in the first party of Kiwis to enter Tunis. No, I wasn't in search of any medal although I think you could write the letters A.W.O.L. after our names. This is the story: On the day on which hostilities ceased and we had heard the last shots fired, we managed to get hold of an abandoned Jerry truck, and Opel-Blitz, and filled it up with benzine. Then we obtained leave to look round Enfiduaville about 3 miles distant, and simply went the extra sixty to Tunis. This was one of the biggest thrills of the War for us as the welcome given to the Allied soldiers was really great. As I said before I don't think there were any kiwis there before us and whenever the New Zealand tabs were noticed we were treated to a special smile and we heard an occasional explanation of Nouvelle Zelande. The streets were absolutely packed with both civilians and soldiers of every description and dozens of units were represented. There was no food or wine (Plonk) on sale but a small matter like that doesn't deter these "old soldiers" and we were soon fraternising with the populace. What was more important, the old Plonk bottles soon made their appearance and the sound of revelry was heard throughout the land! Loud-speakers in the square were giving the people the dope about the surrender of the Germans and Italians; the amount of booty and so forth. Great cheers went up occasionally as the people got some of the first true news for many months. There were some queer sights about the town as the soldiers found wine pretty dangerous after several months enforced celibacy. All was taken in good part and everybody was in high spirits. --- Time flies more quickly than my exploits as a typist, so I shall have to finish this by hand. We finished our visit of two or three hours in Tunis with a tricolour flag on the front of the truck and a huge band of blue white and red cloth round the back. Had fun and games trying out our French on the locals and were reasonably successful in making ourselves understood - mostly by signs however. "Vive la France" was all the rage! On the trip down here, which incidentally started on my birthday, May 16th, we stopped a day near our old camp

just out of Tripoli. This was the highlight of the trip as I was able to visit Huck and Nancy at the hospital there. They were the first women I had spoken to since I was in hospital last August and then the nurse only asked such questions as one does with my trouble at the time! Beech can talk about his spes. We never even sawy them, for nearly a year. Which changes the old question, "Where do flies go in winter" to "Where do women go in wartime?" I have diverged a long way from what I wastalking about. Picture me whooping along to dinner in the Sisters' mess and using knife, fork and spoon and sitting at a table for the first time for a year, feeling very self-conscious about it all, and wondering whether I had forgotten how to use a knife and fork. Lance Green was there too and Nora, Nancy, Lance and I later went to the V.A.D's mess where we sat and talked-and talked - talked. If anybpdy is doing a decent job of work it is the girls like these two who are helping to patch up blokes all day and every day and then when they are heartily sick of the sight of men do their best to let them see a glance of the life they once knew and find at times hard to remember. Both girls seemed quite fit and well although they must have been very tired after the amount of work, they had to do in the few weeks previously. We swopped letters and I have now one written to Huck by you and one written by the Club. I spent a few days of my leave in Jerusalem which I hadn't seen before although I had seen most of the other parts of Palestine. Its is a glorious place for a summer holiday but is ofcourse very expensive as is every place over here since people started throwing money around. I shall not describe anthing of it as you have doubtless heard it all before. I spent the rest of the time in Cairo, mostly flat on my back as it is too hot to do much else. I have sent home a number of snaps taken over here and in the next few weeks will be sending many more. If you could wait about a month after getting this and then ask the family to see them I think you will be most interested. I didnt take many of them myself so can praise them as much as I like. They are the best collection I have seen over here and taken by a great friend of mine. I forgot to mention that I came through the whole show without a scrath except some "panic sores" at odd times - (these are skinned knees and elbows caused by slit trench dives). And we'll get Brick and Buzz and Wobbly back before we're through too. Things have changed a great deal the last few months. Actually it is exactly a year today since we crossed the Canal and turned our noses towards the Western Desert. Defeat has been turned to victory and now we know how good we are. I am not saying that in the style of a newspaper leading article, but I know what I am taking about. The end is not yet in sight but it is much closer than it was a year ago today. But I had better not go any more deeply into that."

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PARCELS FUND.

We wish to acknowledge donations and to thank all those who have contributed so generously towards the Club parcels fund. As a result of their generosity we have been able to send several substantial parcels to each of our overseas members.

Donations for 1943 - 43.

	£.	s.	d
Te Mata Park Trust Board.	5.	-	-
Club Meetings.	9	17	-
M. Sykes.		5	-
M. Molineux.		2	6
Anonymous		15	-
D. Williams.		10	-
J. Lovell-Smith		3	-
N. Monck.		3	-
M. Molineux		3	-
Anonymous.		2	3
Easter trip		5	-
J. Taylor	1	-	-
Dr. Bathgate		5	-
Mr. and Mrs. Keys.	1	-	-
Dr. and Mrs. Bathgate.	1	-	-
Te Mata Park Trust Board.	5	-	-
L. Farrelly.		5	1
<hr/>			
	£25	- 15	- 10

Proceeds from sale of walnuts.

£8 - 14 - 6

Donations for 1943 - 44.

Club Meetings.	2	-	1
Mr. and Mrs. R. Keys.	1	-	-
Dr. and Mrs. Bathgate.	1	-	-
Mrs. R. McLeay.		5	-

NUMBERS and ADDRESSES
of
OVERSEAS MEMBERS.

In response to a suggestion by one of our overseas readers we are printing the numbers and addresses of some of our members in the forces abroad.

R.N.Z.A F.

P/O W.H.Meldrum - N.Z. 416520

P/O F. Simpson - N.Z. 414690

Sgt.J. Hannah - N.Z. 422657

F/O B. Beechey - N.Z. 405363

ARMY.

133098 Lieut. W.S. Wood,
N.Z.M.C.
No. 2 Convalescent Depot
2Nd. N.Z.E.F I P.
N.Z.A.P.O. 150
Overseas.

47223 Sgm. A.B. Lowe,
Div. Sig.
2nd. N.Z.E.F.
N.Z.A.P.O. 1000.
Overseas.

475830 Gnr. J.H? von Dodelszen
B. Troop
12th Battery
17th Field Regt.
2nd N.Z.E.F.I.P.
N.Z.A.P.O. 150
Overseas.

48299 trpr. R.W.Craig
Armoured Corps
10th Reinforcements
2nd N.Z.E.F.
N.Z.A.P.O. 1000.

CLUB MEETINGS.

Club meetings have been well attended on the whole. No special entertainment has been provided but the perusal of letters from overseas members has been the main item of interest.

Although the ancient past-time of "rough-housing" has been almost entirely dispensed with members still indulge in verbal warfare, which, at times becomes almost abusive in its brutal frankness! This was a particularly noticeable feature of the Annual Meeting -- anybody who was flattered at being selected to take office in the Club was quickly disillusioned!

The serving of supper by the Social Committee brings the meeting to a close though very often members are reluctant to depart till a late hour.

SOCIAL NOTES.

WE HAVE Joan Edgar to thank for the gift of an original painting depicting various aspects of club activities -- apple picking: tree planting: cycling: swimming and so on. While she assures us that none of the characters represented bear any resemblance to living persons in the club, we feel that in some cases the likenesses are too good to be accidental! Many, many thanks Joan, for a most attractive addition to our scheme of decoration in the Club rooms.

The home of Joan and Fred Green was the rendezvous for a good muster of Club members who gathered on Show night to wish bon voyage to Fred and Lin Lloyd who were on final leave. A most pleasant evening was spent in recalling the high spots of old timers present - Cap and Allie Cooke, Les and Marge Holt, Hilary and Norman Collinge.

To Ronagh and Don Black in Australia, we send our deepest sympathy in the loss of their small son, Peter. All our love, Ronagh, to you and your family.

NAME For PEAKS

Compared with the Ekararuas -- where every little bump commemorates some celebrity -- our ranges are curiously empty of names. The suggestion of approaching the Geographical Board was approved by the Annual Meeting this year and the committee have gone ahead. The general opinion was expressed that the naming of peaks after individuals was undesirable and the precedent set by the Ruahine Tramping Club in the naming of Maungamahue was a satisfactory one.

The following suggestions have been forwarded to the Geographical Board asking for their assistance in the divising of suitable names.

KAWEKA. Trig 4915'. Suggestion:- The Maori equivalent of "The Peak of The MapMaker" in memory of Doug Callow. (Incidentally this may also serve to commemorate our illustrious predecessor Tamatea - Pokai - Whenua.)

RUAHINE. Trig Sixty Six. Colenso's Te Atua o Parapara is a suggested alternative as, from his description, it refers to this peak.

Trig 5530'. It has been pointed out that this, though apparently one of the half dozen highest points of the range is completely unnamed. No name has been suggested but the appearance of the peak and its importance as a meeting point of routes and the Board asked to produce a suitable name. Also a Maori equivalent for Brokent Ridge.

In addition confirmation has been requested for names appearing on club maps such as Three Johns and Thunderbolt (Kaimanawa) also the transference of Kuripapanga Hill to Trig 4100' above The Lakes, from the point W. of Kaweka Trig where the survey maps put it.

We have also suggested the elimination of the name Waikamaka for the Trig beyond Remutupo, as this has no connection with the Waikamaka stream.

This is just a start. Give us a year or two and you wont be able to see the tussock for a mass of high-sounding and poetical names.

N.L.E.

CLUB TRIPS.

No. 205. July 18th. Working Party, Te Mata Park.

In the words of the Club Captain, tree pruning at Te Mata Park is now one of the old traditions of the Club. This year much effort and elbow grease had to be expended as the trees, being too big for secateurs, saws were necessary. It is amazing how persistently tough a macrocapa branch can be, especially when one's saw is not as sharp as it might be. To a casual on-looker the sight must have been a singular one -- some of the attitudes struck by the bush whackers were anything but elegant! However, many hands make light work and the job was done by three working parties, on various Sundays.

No. 206. Aug. 1st. The trip to Kahuranaki was cancelled and the following weekend saw a small working party again attacking the unoffending macrocapas.

No. 207. Aug. 15th. _____

No. 208. Aug. 29th. Spur Pruning.

Sunday, August 29th,. Was it pruning we were to do? The day dawned clear and cool. We left the hospital gates 9 am and headed towards the Kawakas - grand in the winter coat. No use wishing we were there, sincere wishes weren't cars -- No use envying Clem and Angus, Doc and Marg. whom we pictured wrapped in the glory of the heights - we had planned to help an old tramper with his pruning and we were going to have a jolly good time, and what is more we did -- more than we expected - not that we did more, but we most certainly ate more.

Suitably garbed and armed we were issued with directions by the Boss and assured that whatever we did, we would not hurt the trees. With that we let go and such a chorus of snipping you never heard -- like some new kind of songsters - one bud on a spur - all other buds must go - lucky June and Mardi were not there! We had hardly warmed to the job when morning tea arrived and did we do it justice! More snipping- more talk - more laughter - more sunshine and then the dinner call!

It came as a surprise to most that a festive dinner was to be partaken of and I fear its consumption did some damage to the internal works - we have not all the capacity of our Angus, but we did our best and a little stretch on the lawn enabled us to rise and continue when the time came though snipping was not so brisk, the ground staff being inclined to fly ahead and incidently come to rest in the lupins. In the air one had to keep moving and we certainly had the advantage of observing more than our own snips.

Afternoon tea arrived with an assortment of goodies which quickly followed the dinner showing what trampers can do when opportunity offers. When 5 p.m. came we wondered if we had been really working or feasting. Perhaps Mr. Mitchell will be able to tell us when the buds blossom and apples bob.

No. in party 9.
Leader: N. Clayton.

No. 209. Sept. 12th. - 13th. TE AWANGA.

The weather was doubtful and so were the members of the party destined for Fryer's cottage at Te Awanga. However, after much activity on the phone during the morning, arrangements were soon altered to suit the occasion and 2-30. saw Nancy Tanner, Mabel and Peg on the road to Te Awanga per car. After a false start (a dash home to get Mabel's bread) we finally got underway and made a quick run to Haumoana where we picked up June and so on to Te Awanga. Soon after our arrival we went for a walk along the beach. Some of the more enterprising members of the party gathered mussels which they cooked and devoured in large quantities to the disgust of the non-eating mussel members. The evening was spent in music and dancing -- well! the music anyway. Ezra proved to be quite a virtuoso and entertained us with piano soles, songs and musical monologues! We retired at a late hour and slept the sleep of the just in spite of a surfeit of mussels.

Sunday broke fine and sunny - too pleasant a day to do anything of a strenuous nature, decided everybody. After a late breakfast, we rowed over the lagoon, beached the boat and strolled along to Clifton where we indulged in a strenuous half-hour of eating and drinking. The return voyage across the lagoon proved rather difficult, the tide having gone out but after running aground several times, we reached the mooring post. The afternoon was spent in eating, sunbathing and more eating, so that it was a very contented and well-fed crowd that took to the road at Haumoana and the rest of us in the evening. June was dropped at Haumoana and the best of us came on to Hastings well satisfied with a most pleasant week-end.

No. in trip. 7.

Leader. D. Williams.

No. 210. REDCLIFF and PUKETAPU. Sept. 26th.

The trip was not very definitely arranged as to objective but we thought to float around behind Redcliff and explore the river bed. But soon after the Napier and Hastings parties met at the bridge, the rain commenced so we decided to keep going till we reached Puketapu. Marge and Joan being well up in Scout lore we got permission to shelter in the Scout Lodge. With some wood gathered from the river bed we made a fire and dried ourselves and boiled up. The rain kept on so to amuse ourselves we did some country dancing, at least the well-informed said that's what it was. I wouldn't know. It was a good romp anyway. Presently we were invaded by a small army of Air-force boys, to give the girls the once-over perhaps. They did not stay long. The rain left us too so we biked (did I say we were biking) across the swing bridge and returned by the other bank of the river. On our way we explored the battlemented hill that once was Omarama Pa and so home.

Not in party. 9.

Leader: Clem Smith.

No. 211. Oct. 9th - 10th. CRAGGY RANGE.

The weekend party set out in two groups -- Nan Clayton, June Angus and Clem who rode as far as the bridge and basked on the river bank and Joan, Nancy Monck and Peg who went out in the late afternoon to pick up the first party. We had been given permission to use a shepherd's whate on the estate so we set out in search of it and after inquiries were soon set on the right track. The trail wound its way through sheep yards and over paddocks which were negotiated on our bicycles without much trouble. It was quite a hectic ride across country up hill and down dale but we finally reached our destination, a snug little cottage, standing in what must have been, not so long ago, a very pretty little garden.

By the time we had bedded down our steeds and collected some firewood we all felt in need of a little sustenance so everybody gathered round the fire with cooking utensils and weapons and very soon an appetising aroma of burning toast, sizzling sausages and scorched steak rose upon the evening air! Five of the stalwarts elected to sleep on the verandah for some reason or other though there was plenty of soft grass outside whereon we could have laid our weary heads. We were to regret our decision however -- apparently nobody slept a wink all night (or so they said) but we all seemed to be breathing peacefully at about 7-30. Groans of agony and a creaking of stiff joints rent the morning air -- one and all decided never again to sleep on a verandah if it could be avoided.

Breakfast, and then a walk down the road to meet Molly, Norman and four Hereworth boys who had left at 6-45 am and had walked over the Peak and across the paddocks. The male members of the party had tried to ford the river but with out any success. Evidence of their immersion in the Tukituki was still apparent.

The whole party then left the road and made a bee-line for the top of Craggy Range. Half-way up we saw two other members, Marg Clayton and Norman Lee (a prospective member we hope) who quickly caught up with us and then the whole party proceeded at a leisurely pace along the top of the Range -- the wind was blowing in some force on the top. Those who felt gnawing pangs of hunger made for the cottage where lunch was much appreciated, especially by the people who had made an early start. In the afternoon (while, those who wished rested from their labours) some of us meandered up a few more "heights" from which we could see possibilities in the way of accessible tramping country. The boys amused themselves at big-game hunting. The result was an opossum. They were last seen taking the corpse home - why, it was not disclosed.

An evening came on the party dispersed -- those walking home making a smart get-away, and the cyclists following at a more leisurely pace. A good week-end thanks to Mr. Van Asch who lent us wander over the property and who provided us with such excellent shelter.

No. in party: 14.

Leader: Peggy Morris.

No. 212. KAWEKA HUT. Oct. 23rd - 25th. Labour day Weekend.

Two parties left Hastings in dull weather; the morning party of four slashers - H.D. Nelson, D.G. Williams, A.M. Russell in Clem Smith's car, spent the afternoon clearing the track near the Tutaekurk. The afternoon party in Campbell Clarke's car, Mollie M. Joan L.S. and Campbell slept in Mrs. McDonald's cottage and after exploration arrived at hut Sunday afternoon.

On Sunday, the slashers went over to bivvy at 7 am. whence Dave returned to hut. Hugh, Angus and Clem removed ski to ridge, climbed over snow patches to trig and via Cook's Horn in a N.W. gale, brought skis to hut where Dave had tea ready for both parties.

Campbell, Joan, Molly and Hugh returned to cottage and on Monday climbed Te Iringa from Gentle Annie getting a broken view of Ruapehu under scurrying clouds.

Dave, Clem and Angus chopped wood until 10 am on Monday and cleared track all day. Both parties boiled up at the cottage and after heavy showers ran into dry roads nearing Hastings. The party, though only seven in number did a profitable amount of climbing and scrub cutting, the skis are now in a dry hut and the track clear.

No. in party. 7.

Leader: Angus Russell.

No. 213. Nov. 6th - 7th. RONGOAIKA.

The meeting place for this trip was Clifton and all of the members going for the weekend were there round about 4 o'clock. There was no need for haste as the tide was going out so we had a very pleasant walk along the beach in the late afternoon sun, stopping to watch the terns and the gannets at Black Reef. We arrived at the Cape where we intended to camp and after a prolonged meal went down on to the beach. Cray fishing operations were in progress around the cape so two or three of the members went to reconnoitre while the rest of us built a big bonfire of drift wood on the beach. The crayfishers were forced to return by the incoming tide and we had to move to higher ground when our fire went out to sea on an unexpected big wave. A comfortable night was spent by most - some spent it in the shelter of the trees, others preferred the wide open sky and others elected to sleep with a roof over their heads Dave and the other crayfish enthusiasts went out at the crack of dawn and had quite a successful time while those who preferred their beds slept on peacefully.

Next morning, after a hearty though athletic breakfast we set out for Rongaika proceeding via the sanctuary where we stopped for a while to watch the birds. The walk round to Rongaika was very hot so that when we got there a bather was indicated. Togs were having been left behind at the hut, the men were ordered to keep on walking to Matarau while the girls had a quick dip - it was certainly quick as the water was freezing but it refreshed us for the walk back.

On arriving at the hut we found the Sunday party had been and gone. We were afraid they had gone all the way to Rongaika, having missed us on the way but there was no need for anxiety as they turned up later, hot, weary and thirsty with the story that they'd been all the way! It transpired later that they had only gone round the corner or not much further! The afternoon was spent in bathing and sun bathing - the one, so cold; and the other, so hot.

At about 4 o'clock the tide having dropped sufficiently we

At about 4 o'clock the tide having dropped sufficiently we started back along the beach, and arriving at Clifton we quaffed copious draughts of fizzy drink to quench our thirst. We each carried a crayfish as a memento of the occasion.

The ride home was not without incident for some of us: a blow-out at Mangateretere causing a spot of bother. However, a passing motorist was able to help us out of the difficulty. Altogether a very good week-end.

No. in party: Saturday - 8
Sunday - 12.

SPECIAL TRIPS.

TWO VETERANS tour TONGARIRO AND TAUPO.

On St. Patrick's day, Wednesday, March 17th, Wlem Smith and Angus Russell with cycles entrained for National Park. A six hour wait at Palmerston where stores were bought and two dinners/ each were eaten. Plenty of fun on train with soldiers. We slept in a railway shed at National Park, except when trains thundered past our feet.

Up at daylight, we rode to the track leading to the Mangatopopo hut, five miles away. This was walked in two hours. Away at 7 am., snow fell as we made for the saddle between Ngauruhoe and Tongariro. As Ngauruhoe shyly veiled herself we crossed the south crater, and climbed in and out of the Red Crater, passed the wee sparkling green lakes and tramped around the east side of the Blue lake. The next objective was Te Mari and the adjoining Sulphur lagoon, but mistakenly instead of climbing the high point of the lake's rim we dropped over the low eastern side into a big gully and explored the spur beyond. Realizing our error, we soon found Te Mari in the place where it is always. Then through the lively Ketetahi valley, the hottest spot in the thermal regions.

We reached the hut at dusk. A bit weary we arose as the frost was thawing and went straight up to the North Crater rim and then walked along the western tops to the top of Tongariro. Below us lay the russet and maroon coloured rocks of the great South Crater from the further side of which, in bright sunshine, rose the tall cone of Ngauruhoe, its north-eastern aspect coloured like the red heather.

We dropped across rugged rocks to the crater floor and across to the cone, at the foot of which we bewailed having risen two hours too late. Those two hours would have given us time to climb Ngau-

rohoe and reach Mangatepopo in daylight under perfect conditions. We retreated.

Next morning, March 21st. we climbed Ngaurohoe from the west side in a misty drizzle over ice glazed rocks, found no shelter in the crumbling crater and crawled out two forlorn spectres in shorts, sopping wet, in dire distress and shivered so much that we heard the vibrations. A good fire, dry clothes ended the day after a 5½ hours trip. In the morning, the wind had dried the grass, we packed out to the road, and with a following wind we flew around the mountain to Roto Air a and Lake Taupo, reaching Motutere after a 40 mile ride mostly freewheeling.

On Tuesday, March 24th, our seventh day we travelled in Mr Wepa's lorry from our hut for 10 miles, cycling through Taupo to the Waihora valley at Wairakei, and slept on the pine needles alongside Huka falls. Next morning at daybreak we visited Karapiti blowhole, boiled up at Huka, dined at Taupo, passed Mt. Tauhara in rain and slept in a hut at Opepe near the soldiers' graves.

On our ninth day we came over the Taupo plains to Turangakuma feasting on luscious blackberries and after passing through the fire/swept slopes at Te Haroto mill we slept under pine trees near Te Haroto pah. The tenth day was delightful ride over Titi-o-kura to Napier. The wind helped us every day, rain on only 1½ days, no enforced delays, the trip was interesting and Clem's knowledge of the district was invaluable. The Chateau and Wairakei are both temporary mental hospitals since the earthquake at Porirua.

We also experienced the usual friendliness along all the route. It was a very happy ten days of life with sleeping bags, billies and cycles.

Oct. 16th. 1943.

The rain it rained with good intent
On a free weekend which God had sent
with boots and packs and a calico tent
The hour it struck and off we went
Six happy trampers well content.

Wet not weary was the ride
We sought the hills and left the tide
We found a cabin through our guide
And more than that, a welcome wide
That bid us enter there and bide.

The night, oh trampers, was not spent
Within the confines of a tent
For bunks and downy bedding lent
With n'er the whisper of a rent,
Gave trampers dreams a heavenward bent.

The morn it broke with wintry lights
We all peered out to see the sights,
And caught a glimpse of misty heights,
That bid us leave our mundane bikes,
And get to work on real good hikes.

The road led on for many a mile,
It turned and twisted all the while,
Through mud and slush in single file,
We ploughed along real trampers style,
To greet the Holts with one broad smile.

They took us in as they always do,
Some friends were old and some were new,
We shed our coats and wet boots too,
For the rain still fell and the wind it blew,
Yet we heeded nought but the good hot stew.

The evening yet was not complete,
Tea was set - we took our seat,
We guess the meal was hard to beat,
And true to caste we stayed to eat,
For surely 'twas a goodly treat.

"A Novice In Wonderland."

No tramper with an y samsaboloyes, could worthily describe a ten day trip on the Coromandel Peninsula in a few paragraphs. So from my journal, written whilst waiting for billies to boil, I have carved these few bare bones of facts from the meat of more important things.

Beginning and ending at Paeroa, I walked up the West Coast and down the East Coast, crossing the range from Coromandel to Whangapoua Bay. The time taken was ten days, from the 19th to the 29th May, and the distance one hundred and sixty nine miles. For help along seven of these miles I am indebted to a country butcher. My dogs, tired of the vegetarian diet that had been perforce, their lot for the last five days, helped themselves to the remains of the day's sales from an open box on the back of his truck; whilst we in the cab drove on in blissful ignorance.

To an old ferryman out of a story book, I am deeply grate-

ful for the passage he gave me across Mercury Bay. A memorable half mile crammed full of beauty. The sun, setting behind the mountains after a stormy day, gave added lustre to a lovely place. Apart from these two adventitious aids, I carried my own pack. The weather was only such as could be expected for the time of year; but I was very fortunate and with one exception each evening's approach found me in possession of both a roof and fireplace of some sort and sufficient remaining daylight for procuring wood and water. One night, a whare in a Maori pa; another a garage converted into a seaside batch; and once a farmer's spare room. The one exception was no hardship, in fact an experience whose pleasureable memories still linger. The night and place were both perfect for camping and I made my own bivouac beside the track.

The country is very sparsely inhabited and for one period of four days I never saw a vehicle on the road. With the driver, Hawkes Bay born, of the first car to break this solitude I had some talk, but would not take his proffered lift; for the feeling was strong within me, that even to keep walking was too fast a pace to pass through the bush that these obtained.

Such brief recital of my journey tells nothing of this land where the mountains fall down abruptly into the sea and leave little space for human settlement; where the sea wanders in amongst the mountains and in the loeks and fiords thus formed, provides suitable environment for a very lovely bird the Blue Crane.

This is a land where the native bush, though polluted by immigrants, is still dominant and where each mile of travel brings to tremulous life another page of ones dry botanical books. Here also can be seen in winter innumerable Wax eyes gorging on the purple seeds of the Inkweed plant and Tuis pecking into Puriri flowers. Here too the Kukupa still grows fat, less violated than his relatives in more man ridden areas farther south.

Many roads are only tracks and in wet weather, their glutinous clay is a most effective barrier against four wheeled travellers. There is a town here whose buildings seem mainly to consist of moribund hotels and whose inhabitants go by launch to Auckland to do their shopping.

Here a native of Australia - the *Hakea acicularis* - imported as a hedge plant, now a noxious weed, provides unassailable Maginot lines for thousands of wild pigs.

The Coromandel Peninsula is the northern arm of that great semi-circular dam, which sweeping round to Cape Runaway, lies athwart a warm tropical current flowing in from the North East. The mild climate, good fishing (edible and big game) and the dangerous tide races round Cape Colville and Cape Runaway are some of the offspring of this ocean river. It was for the broad bosom of this great arc of land that the Maori canoes strived, and largely achieved, when, having made as good a

southing from Rarotonga as the lightness of the draught of their vessels allowed across the S.East trades; and having reached a latitude from whence the Southern Cross at its lowest meridian was a certain height above the horizon; they turned westward into the setting sun. Thus materially lessening the danger of making no landfall on this country. An event that had the odds against it, had they endeavoured to sail here direct on a S.West course.

Yes, one needs more than ten days acquaintance and a thousand words to tell of this trampers playground, whose only blemish is the distance from Hastings.

Campbell Clarke.

FIXTURE LIST.

<u>No.</u>	<u>Date.</u>	<u>Dec. 1943 - April 1944.</u> <u>Place.</u>	<u>Leader.</u>
215	Dec. 5th.	Moteo Lake.	Campbell Clarke.
216	Dec. 17th- 18th.	Tukituki River via Middle Road.	Ezra Bartle
217	New Year.	No Man's	Nancy Tanner.
218	Jan. 16th.	Horseshoe Bend.	Molly Molineux.
219	Jan. 29th-30th.	Flat Rock. Tongoio.	Clem Smith.
	Feb. 12th-13th.	Waimarama (Annual Picnic.)	June Budd.
220	Feb. 26th-27th.	Maraekakaho. Wellwood's. (Blackberries we hope.)	Peggy Morris.
221	March 12th.	Te Awanga.	Angus Russell.
222	March 26th.	Tauroa (Walnuts.)	Norman Elder.
223.	April 7th-10th Easter.	Paraparaumu as guests of the Latteys.	Joan Lovell-Smith.
