

HERETAUNGA TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)

Bulletin No. 38.

Dec. 7th. 1944.

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With the approach of the festive season we extend to all our members at home and overseas, our best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Peaceful New Year.

Another year of the Club's existence under wartime conditions has been successfully brought to a close and with the full support of all members in the coming year we can look forward to that not far distant time when all our overseas members are home again and the ranges are once more within our reach.

OBITUARY.

It is with great regret that we hear of the death, whilst on active service, of Squadron Leader Michael Herrick, D.F.C. and Bar, and to Mr. and Mrs. Herrick we extend the Club's deepest sympathy.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS RECEIVED FROM OVERSEAS MEMBERS.

T/ Sgt. F.J. GREEN.

Here I am at last settled in the field with a permanent unit. For a long time past I had belonged to no-body being in Bases, Training Camps, Advanced Bases etc. - which is most unsatisfactory, now, after some difficulties, I have been posted to the same Regt. as my brother, Lance, although a different Bty.

As you will know I spent some time in Egypt and did the usual tours to Pyramids etc., but was unable to travel further afield. You have had various descriptions from other members so I won't weary you (or myself) by recording all the details again. However, I regard my stay there as one of the valuable experiences of my life in the introduction to the very old from the very new (N.Z.). The dryness and heat were, of course, always with us there. The next thing was Italy - quite a change - we landed in a rain storm. Our trip across the Mediterranean was quite uneventful - rather crowded after the manner of the proverbial sardine. The first thing was trees and a bit of greenery about. Actually the country was rather dray at the time and feed was very sparse. The South of Italy is rather poor country - fruit and tomatoes were all small but I believe grow larger later in the season. We were at a little place called (censored) between Taranto and the Adriatic port of Bari. There were lots of interesting little towns about and I took full opportunity of visiting if possible off the beaten track. I have posted full descriptions of these places to Joan who will make them available to be read at meetings if they are not too boring. A study of Italian is well worth while and I can now be understood even if not grammatical. Plenty of vigour and gesture is required in the Itie language. While in Bari I saw Nancy who was remarkably fit and well. Sam Haroldson was also in Hospital with Jaundis but was subsequently discharged and joined me at Advanced Base until I left. You will hear more of Sam. Bari of 200,000 inhabitants is chiefly of interest as an Adriatic port and the gateway from Italy to the East. It has some ancient buildings, especially the Basilica of St. Nicholas - the original Santa Klaus, built in 1087, 21 years after William the Conqueror landed in England. Then I left and travelled north by train - what a journey - we travelled in a covered waggon and camped on the floor once more to an even greater degree emulating the sardine - reminded me of a night in Stags Head Hut with a large crowd - only of course no beautiful tramp-ing girls to enliven the occasion. We stopped every now and again, often for hours and everyone tumbled out - built fires along the track and boiled the billy - really a great sight. At one or two places we had showers under railway hydrants no doubt to the great edification of the local passers-by. Eventually we reached our destination after three nights in the train and were then transported by trucks to our future homes. On the way up we saw some great damage done by bombing etc. e.g. the railway yards in Rome were well knocked about. We had a few hours in the cutskirts and I saw one suburb but couldn't get into the City. The Italian use of bricks in buildings is very good and streets ahead of our ideas - tiny little bricks as facings on buildings, of course it is a carryover from the Roman tessellae and really they harmonise well with the ancient Roman buildings. As we came north the land improved - hills and valleys which looked like N.Z. - picturesque hill towns perched in incredible positions. The people are very much crowded in and I believe come out each day to work on the fields down below - rather like the sheep being put in a fold at night - very necessary as you will find if you read your old Italian History. I was very lucky to have a good look at the town of Assisi - the home of St. Francis - I am sending to Joan some pictures which represent some of its treasures.

Now I am camped out in my little bivvy tent and make billy tea just like the old days - am at present on guns and have a fine crew with me. We travel round a lot - sort of here to-day and gone to-morrow touch as the Germans know full well. I am now getting in touch with people - saw Duddies in his van - very proud of their mechanical devices for simplifying the mathematics of gunnery. He should be a great teacher of arithmetic after the war - looked very fit - also saw Arch Lowe - also fit.

He is a signaller attached to artillery. This morning I met our old friend Geo (Mac) Shadden of Whakarara farm. I hadn't seen him for years. However his connections with Whakarara is ended as a benevolent Education Board in his absence has appointed him to Apapa where Helen Wilson used to be. There are still lots to see. Nora had Jaundise and therefore a well earned rest but has now returned to her old job.

And now to more personal affairs. I enclose an alleged likeness to be placed in the Chamber of Horrors section of the Club Album as I believe you want a record - no comments are required. Then there is the matter of a new infant one Jocelyn Joan Green. Everyone has been most kind and I do appreciate your assistance to Joan and the notes I have received. To mention those I know of and remember - Joan Lovell Smith for visiting Hospital - June B ditto and many other things including two letters - Peg Morris - a letter - Janet for visits and booties - Les and Rolf for garden digging. There are probably dozens of others - Val Craven I have just remembered - I thank you one and all and hope we can have another good evening on my return as we did before I went away. I received one bulletin in Egypt which was a mine of interest - am looking forward to receipt of others in the future.

Well, good friends, I must conclude - sorry I haven't any funny stories to tell you this time. By the way I must mention I saw quite a lot of Bill Rainbow in Maadi. He looked quite well but I believe is awaiting medical grading to determine his fate. He was much the same as usual. He used to belong to his Regt. and is very well spoken of - when anything really hard had to be done he did it well but at other times he was described by a brother Officer as "doing b-----all with the greatest of charm" all old trampers will recognise the portrait.

Well friends cheerio until next time and the best wishes to the Club and everyone of you.

Your old friend

FRED GREEN

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PILOT OFFICER Hannah, J.

Dear Club, and June

I have your last letter before me but I got it about three weeks ago. Was jolly glad to hear from you again and to get all the news of your doings and those of the other kids. So far I haven't got the community letter. Well plenty of water has passed under the jolly wings since I last wrote. I am on Lancs. now and of course participating in the big raids again which are, as you can guess, full of thrills. We have 29 successful sorties up now and of all being well expect to be grounded next week for six months spell. As per usual I get into a spot of bother a.a.n. Let me give you, as far as possible, a glamorous description of the effort which gave me a life-membership in the caterpillar Club. I know you will forgive me talking about "me" and "I" all the time but that is the only person I'M qualified to talk about.

We were flying (obviously) one dark night - time and place and reason for obvious reasons - censored - things were going wrong and didn't look at all healthy. We got the order to get out - abandon aircraft - from the skipper. We were, at that

only 1000' up and of course it was risky - damnably so - However after recovering from a paralysing fear which tore at my vitals, I slipped on my chute - hands all thumbs and crawled forward, Engineer went first but I got stuck in the doorway through which I was endeavouring to crawl. The others all went aft to the rear hatch so that I was all on my own except for the skipper who was endeavouring to regain control. Well I was so long trying to free myself that I thought I had reached the end of my chequered career and just relaxed to wait for the crash which I was certain would come. Well strangely enough, that did the trick and I was free. There before me was a black hole and as I got ready for the last act I stared into the stygian blackness and wondered what next. I called the skipper and he shouted "O.K. Get out!" It was a queer thing but at that moment I really wanted to get out and I did - head first. Next moment I felt a terrific force of wind and then all was silent. I was falling through space - groping for the ripcord. It was a lovely sensation - fascinating - so much so that I felt that I would like a bit more but then I remembered only 1000 feet and zip! Next thing, I was brought up with a jerk and then floating down in a strange world surrounded in inky blackness and as silent as the grave. Crash Bang! - Stars began to twinkle before me and I started to swear. I had hit mother earth - bit my tongue and layflat on my back with silken shrouds falling about me. I picked myself up - no damage except for a grazed ankle which I collected in getting out. Fortunately I had put my torch in my pocket so that I was able to gather up my gear and made my way through a little gate only to be confronted by a wall. I had landed on someone's little lawn and here was the back door. Well this was about midnight so I had to wake up the occupants who immediately fussed around - made me feel quite a hero. (Oh Yeah!) Fortunately they had a telephone so that I was able to get things going and was soon back at camp (3 am.). Needless to say I didn't get much sleep that night, Next day was full of leg pulls and chaff from the rest as the news spread like wildfire through the station. You see - this sort of thing is very unusual and very few ever escape from a kite in difficulties at that height.

19th May. Since I stopped above, I've had this letter or series of same from the club and enjoyed reading same too. Sorry the weather was not too good for the picnic - let's hope it is better next year and that we are all home again and able to take part. On reading my last two pages I feel as if I've been "shooting a horrible line" but I know you won't mind. By the way, I guess this will have to serve as a reply to the other kids' notes as time is very limited these days. Your letters are always appreciated and I keep them for quite a while so that I often read them. We are dicing to-night hence the time off at the moment.

Well now - what next! Ego again. You may notice I have been commissioned 4 13th February. It was supposed to be early in Aug. last but the usual clerical incompetence lost the doings for a while. Still better late than never and now I find I'm 6d. per day better off with a much higher cost of living. Still that is the penalty of greatness!

21

You can imagine our curiosity when driving during one of our lectures, the Wing Commander shouted out for "W/O Horgan and crew" -- that's us. We thought that we were going to be told that we were scrubbed from ops. and posted on to our instructional "rest." But NO -- we were introduced to a Mr. Hankervis or something and a Sq. Ldr ... ??? in a little room and asked if we would care to take the "crews" part in a film that is being made - something like "Target for Tonight." It came rather as a surprise and immediately we all could see huge Neon signs shouting to the world "Bomber Commands Epic Picture -- The thrilling adventures of "R" Roger and Crew" etc, etc. However we were soon brought back to earth. It seems as if the film is to be made for N.Z. and is to commence next week - will probably take three months or so. I know very little as yet but I believe some Sq Ldr. is already trying to get my job and another trying to get the engineer's job so by the time we start and enough wires are pulled I guess you might see me pulling the chocks away. Still I'm not worried - I'm not the film type so would probably mess it up anyhow I hope that those who participate do make a good job of it. will let you know later how things go. Meantime - on with the dance!

The weather up to this week was lovely and warm with plenty of sunshine. We had our leave up at Lytham near Blackpool as the guests of Lady and Sir Frank Hildle. They were grand and made up completely at home. It was the first time that they had had any operational crews with them and couldn't do enough for us. We all felt quite embarrassed with all the attention we had. The maids all wanted to do things etc. They fed us up on eats, cigarettes etc. We almost expired. Plenty of cider and beer to drink a big swing chair or seat in the lawn. All covered with cushions. Picture us lounging there in the sun readingm snoozing, eating, drinking etc. the fat of the land. Old Fred was a solicitor and I understand, a brilliant man, so that there was practically nothing that he didn't have a finger in - Chairman of this - that - and the next thing and his wife too, was well in the swim. They took us to Manchester, Darwen, Bolton etc. on one of their business trips. We spent 2 hours in Manchester - a very dirty place - chimney stacks everywhere but they have marvellous new library which we went through. Leaving Manchester by the main road, but without any apparent break, we ran through Bolton and some other places and then out into the country. It was a very pleasant ride through the country which was of a rolling down type. It looked very fresh and green. Darwen is the next stop and here we found more mills and several other industries in full swing. We went up to their ancestral home - a big stone place of seventeen bedrooms with a large dance hall in it. It was a pretty old place and gave one a glimpse of the luxury that the English people revelled in in the "good old days". We were shown right through it and had tea in the servants' quarters as the place was deserted for the war period. Here we met the old lady who looks after it - with the strong Lancashire accent. She was a hard case and had a strong sense of humour. We had fits at some of her quips. Gracie Fields type. Next we met the mayor who wanted to give us some spiritual

encouragement, as he called it but time was too short. The local M.P. was thenext of the notables to whom we were presented. He was a nice chap and gave us a standing invitation to visit him in London. Well, all told, we had an interesting and pleasant time. On the way home from here, we passed Hawton Castle and heard the story of how a loin of beef got the name of "Sirloin." You see, during the reign of Jas.1st this Hawton Hohnnie had a feast for old Jimmie. Quoth Jimmie, "Ho, Haughty old boy that's fine beef. Gadzooks and odds fish, dont you know - methinks 'tis time that you loin was knighted" whereupon he drew his sword and touched the said loin and shouted "Herafter thou art to be known as Sir Loin". Hence the modern version of sirloing. See?

20th. Here we are again. Just got an A/g from y9u June - I see you have heard that I am now with the nobs. It sounds as if my folks have been spilling the beans. Well we were on the job last night so expect I shall be in bed early. Didn't get to bed until 5-30 am. Frank S. seems to get aroung. Haven't heard from him for some time. When you write to Wobbly and Popeye, please send my regards as I havn't yet written to either. Had an ENSA. Show on here tonight but I'm gfraid it was a bit "highbrow" and wasn't appreciated at all. The last show "Patsy" was quite good and was enjoyed by all. It had the beauty of a witty dialogue which to my mind is the essence of a good show.

Well just a few words to some of the kids individually. Hullo Lassie, I certainly have been in Scotland - spent a whole day at Loch Lomond and several days in Glasgow and Edinburgh. Managed to wander over the hills round Ben Nevis in beautiful weather and got a couple of snaps or so. Give my regards to Doug and Ailie. So sorry to hear that Doug's brother is on the casualty list.

Yes, Joan, Hal Dwight was a friend of mine. He came home here as Squadron with us and went down on his 2nd trip. He is a P.O.W. Dont get much chance to read here. Too busy. Thanks for the news. Glad to hear you are keeping fit, Mardi. I must take a course of orchard work to cure me. Glad to hear from you Molly, Many thanks for your little piece. Your note too peg is much appreciated. Sorry to hear that you have lost the old club foom. Would like to have bean up with you at Panekiri. Am enclosing a piece of my "chute" as a souvenir. You may be able to make a h'chief out of it. This is a bit of salvage from the wrack.

Cheerio everyone and best wishes.

Jack.

IVAN COLLET writes "Wish I could put all my thoughts on this card. Still, thanks for your November epistle with all the news. So very much appreciated - snaps of any kind or duplicates of early trips will be very welcome. How did your Xmas trip turn out? Had a four mile walk back from a ----- camp in midwinter - wet, foggy, slushy, first outing in two years - thought I was a millionaire. Please send my good wishes to Tubby and to Auckland T.C.

Kind regards to all.

Pop."

DUDLEY SHEPPARD writes " Hullo everybody, lately I have been trying this new scheme of writing several airgraph pages to a letter as surface mail takes such a long time. During the last week or so I have been able to see nearly all the Heretaungans in the Division and have a 100 per cent record of health and fitness for them all. The latest is Lin Lloyd whom I did not recognise at first when he came round to our place. He, incidentally had a list of addresses from June Budd with most of our addresses on. Since these have changed as people have been posted to various outfits from time to time although the numbers etc. haven't changed. I shall try and remember those who are in pastures new since the list was compiled. Lin is in 29th Bty. 6th Field Regt. John is in H.Q. 22nd Mot. Btn, Ron in 19th Armoured Regt. and Huck is in the No.1 C.C.s.

See you on the next page.

Dudley. "

"I have seen all of these except Ron in the last few weeks as well as (word illegible.Ed.) Since last writing to you, I have seen Cassino and the Monastery for the first time since our pleasant?! little! stay there. I thought I had seen most of what war could produce in the way of wholesale destruction - but I had never even imagined anything like this. There is just nothing left except piles of rubble - and the dead. It would do armchair critics a great deal of good if they could see what our magnificent infantry did - and still failed. As I say, I have seen the plane and I still don't believe it could be stormed. We inspected the monastery closely and you should have heard the remarks of those tough Kiwis! It was once a most wonderful building and now it is just a pile of rubbish. It is very quiet now with the bomb craters full of muddy water and the dead and shattered trees, and the poppies bravely growing over it all.

Dudley. "

"I saw a picture the other night - the first I had seen for months - and what should be showing but a short of the arrival of the second furlough draft in N.Z. If you could have heard the remarks passed you would have no doubt as to how we look forward to that day when we ourselves, will see those beloved shores again. The thought of it is never far from our minds and now with the remarkable brightening up on all fronts we can almost imagine the end of the war. - You will notice I said "almost". We are too close to it all to really picture the war ending. Lin has told me about you all and how you are carrying on as usual keeping the Club going. What a party we shall have - you aint seen nothin' yet. Had a letter from Fred too and he remarked on how thrilled he and Joan were when you all rallied round so successfully. And now I must close by wishing you all good hunting.

Lerve

Dudley."

"Hello Everybody,

You will all be thinking that I'm like the "old soldier" in the song and have faded right away. This is hardly the case and I suppose the lack of correspondence is due to laziness or "tiredness", depending on one's outlook.

We are sitting round a fire and rather needing the warmth because it appears that "sunny" Italy is a thing of the past for the time being, and the weather lately has been very wet and coldish. Memories of last winter begin to crowd in on us and the Ities tell us we can expect snow in about three weeks. Snow is very pleasant from the trampers point of view but when one has to live in the stuff it tends to lose its romance.

An amazing thing happened to me a week or so ago and I shall tell you in case someone else spills the beans before me. I was living in a house which the "rats" had been nibbling at and sleeping near the chimney. The concussion of the guns firing in the vicinity dislodged a brick which came tumbling down the chimney and came to a rest on my poor old head. These Kiwis are tough - wow - and other than a few drops of blood, I was 100 per cent - or at least I think I am. Various caustic comments were made hereabouts which might have raised some doubt as to this!!! Pure slander. We have, today, been issued with battledress. Are there any volunteers to sew on all the odd bits and pieces that are strewn around them - service chevrons, stripes, regimental patches, Africa stars etc. You girls would be surprised as to how domesticated men become in the army. Our "persil washes" are a joy to behold - and every man has his own patent way of bed making etc. You might be interested to know that our truck now sports a pair of skis. Where they came from remains a military secret! So we might get some practice. Last winter saw a few budding skiers at large in the Division. I can give very little news of other Club members. I did see Fred Green some time ago and he gave me all the local news and gossip about your people. I enquired after Eddie Williams, Nancy's brother, from blokes in his unit and he is 100 per cent. As for the others I can give no information - we have

not been a very social life lately. I am eagerly awaiting the next bulletin which I suppose and hope will arrive shortly. We are, here, all so interested in reading of all your dings which bring back so many happy memories to us. And keep in mind the grand celebration we'll have some day.

My very best wishes to you all

Dudley. "

FIXTURE LIST..

<u>NO.</u>	<u>DATE.</u>	<u>PLACE.</u>	<u>LEADER.</u>
241	Dec. 17th.	<u>KOHINERAKAU.</u>	Nancy Tanner.
242.	New Year Dec. 28th - Jan. 2nd.	<u>HIKURANGI</u> and <u>WESTERN</u> <u>RUAHINES.</u>	Norman Elder.
243.	Jan 20 th - 22nd.	<u>TUTIRA</u>	Angus Russell.
244	Feb. 3rd. - 4th.	<u>KIDNAPPERS.</u>	Stan Craven
245	Feb. 17th - 18th.	<u>HORSECHOE</u> <u>BEND</u> Club Picnic.	Joan Lovell-Smith.
246	March 4th.	Blackberrying.	Mavis Baker
247	March 17th - 18th.	<u>GOAT BASIN</u> via Waipuna	Jack Taylor.
248	March 30th - April 2nd. Easter.	<u>BIG HILL</u> ↓ <u>NO MAN'S</u> - <u>SHUTES.</u> - <u>RUAHINE</u> <u>HUT.</u>	Clem Smith.

The annual general meeting of the Club was held in the Club Rooms on Thursday, Oct. 5th, 1944. Mr. E. S. Craven presided over a good attendance of members, four being present from Central Hawkes Bay.

The election of office-bearers for the following year resulted as follows:-

Patron: E. J. Herrick, Esq.,

President: E. S. Craven, Esq.,

Vice-Presidents: Dr. D. A. Bathgate, Messrs Leslie Holt ,
Douglas Cooke.

Club Captain: Norman L. Elder, Esq.,

Secretary: Miss M. Molineux.

Treasurer: Mrs. J. Lloyd.

Auditor: Miss D. Yule

Executive Committee: Misses Joan Lovell-Smith, June Budd,
Peggy Morris, Ursula Greenwood,
Nancy Tanner, Messrs Angus Russell, Rolf Keys.

Social Committee: Missess M. Baker, Heather Baird, Wendy
Pascoe, Messrs A. Russell, D. G. Williams
C. Baumfield.

ANNUAL REPORT for the year ending 30th September, 1944, to be presented at the Annual General Meeting on October 5th, 1944.

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

During the year four Committee meetings were held and were well attended.

MEMBERSHIP:

This year closed with a total membership of 126m made up as follows:-

Full	members	55(36)
Absentee	"	35 (26)
Associate	"	5 (8)
Honorary	"	31 (36)

There are now twenty five members in His Majesty's Forces, twenty four of whom are overseas.

With great regret we record the death of Hector Meldrum whilst on active service.

A note of triumph may be premature but the season 1943- 1944 ends, at least with pleasing promise. The misgivings over membership, the struggles to maintain our financial commitments and even, literally to keep a permanent roof over our heads have all met with a happy solution. Of necessity, the joyful days of crowded lorries to the ranges are separated by many long stretches on bicycles but the much anticipated reunion with our branches in the Middle East, in the British Isles and in the Pacific has never seemed so attractive or so near. It is then, with pardonable pride and confidence that the Committee present this year's report.

CLUB
CAPTAIN'S
REPORT.

The mileage to the ranges remains what it always was and transport is no easier, but it really looks as though the Club was past the worst. In illustration, it may be of interest to give the average trip attendances for the nine years of the Club's existence.

25, 19, 21, 19, 16.4, 13, 13, 10, 12.

The increase this year may be attributed to the addition of Kiwi Tramping Club parties to H. T. C. trips. (This is a junior Club, composed of boys from a preparatory school, aged about 13, operating as a separate Club but more or less under the wing of the senior Club.)

Club trips to the Ranges are down to three (or perhaps it would be more accurate to say two and a half) but there has been a significant jump in private trips, dependent upon push bikes or the occasional car. Here is the list:-

Ohakune Hut, 10 days (Angus and Hugh.); Saw Tooth Traverse, (Angus, Campbell, Joan, June and Jane); Makai Patea, five days, (Clem, Norm and four boys); Kaweka, four days, (Stan and eighteen boys); Pohangina Hut (Waipukurau branch); Maungataniwha nine days - a round trip from Ruatahuna and back by Panekirikiri - wet every day, (Hugh and Campbell); Wakatipu - Milford - Haast Bivouac (Angus.)

Of the Club trips, two were concerned with hut and track maintenance - the third a seven to nine day botanical trip in the Northern Ruahine at New Year, involving an interlocking schedule between three parties, one of which came from Auckland.

The demand for working parties is no longer so urgent - only two were held this year, one walnut picking at Horseshoe Bend again and one pruning job in Te Mata Park. We struck the walnuts just right this time and the Parcels' Fund benefited. The pruning was only a small job - the back of this is broken -

but there is a possibility of some planting next winter.

One successful occupation for our exile from tramping country has been a series of visits to pas and such places of legendary interest as Mokopeka Cave, Otatara, Ohiti, Omaranui and Taurekareka have been examined in the course of the year.

A number of suggestions and requests for names have been made to the Geographic Board and most of these have been approved. In the Ruahines, Te Atua o parapara becomes an alternative to "Sixty Six" and the following are official - "Three Johns", "Paemutu" (Broken Ridge) and "Ohuinga" (5530). In the Kaweka, 4100' above the Lakes becomes the official Kuripaponga Hill. "Kaiarahi" has been suggested by Bishop Bennett for 4915' and in the Kaimanawa "Thunderbolt" on the Middle Range is recognised.

After the war, a rush to the hills is more likely. Soil-conservators, deer cullers, physical wellfarers and common or garden trampers will be in for a start and a spot of bureaucratic "Strength through Joy" is quite on the cards. We are getting in touch with neighbouring clubs to try to draw up a joint scheme of hut and track building, to ensure that any opening-up is done methodically. Primarily the Ruahines, as the most likely range to be exploited, will be discussed but later it may have to be extended to the Kaweka and Kaimamawa Ranges.

Naturally little use has been made of Club equipment this year. Apart from billies, it is in good order.

FINANCIAL REPORT.

The pleasing increase of members has resulted in a larger income for the Club and consequently better appreciation financial results on this year's workings. The boys' appreciation of the parcels, we have sent overseas, has resulted in larger collections for the parcel fund through the Club meetings and the outstanding profit from the sale of walnuts has resulted in a much more substantial fund than we have had formerly. As a result we have sent away three lots of parcels whereas last year we sent away only two.

The Bank account stands at £87/19/8.

PUBLICITY REPORT.

Three numbers of the Bulletin have appeared this year and have been kindly received, overseas people being particularly appreciative of our efforts to keep them in touch with our own activities and those of members in other quarters of the globe.

The compiling of the Bulletin has been made especially easy because of the co-operation we have received - from overseas members whose letters provide us with interesting and amusing extracts; from leaders who provide reports of trips; (rather difficult to extort a times); from members who write

up private trips and excursions and last but by no means least from June and Molly who put in so much time with the typing - with Joan as an emergency.

Mr. Patterson of the Typewriting Shop, Karamy Road, continues to give us excellent service in the duplicating line and we wish to thank him for his good work and interest in the Club.

We have procured a new stock of covers and stencils so with duplicating paper once more in good supply we can be assured of continued publication of the magazine.

SOCIAL REPORT

During 1944, we have had very few arranged social meetings but Angus Russell opened one of our first evenings with a full account of how he had spent his Christmas holiday down South. With the aid of a map we went up and down the slopes of the ranges with him, stumbling where he stumbled and climbing where he climbed.

Just before Hugh Nelson left to go to Wellington, he gave us a very instructive address on a trip he made into the Urewera Country. We learnt where to go and where not to take a turning in the bush.

Half way through the year, we moved to a slightly larger room where we installed all our treasures. A few of the members took a lot of trouble to make the room as attractive and comfortable as possible. When Les Holt attends we find it necessary to sit on one another's knees as he insists upon occupying more than his share,

On his return from the Eskanderm John von Dadelszen gave us an interesting talk on his experiences in the Pacific. This was appreciated by all as very few of the members had had an opportunity of hearing what life amidst the tropics could be like.

At a recent meeting, we were very fortunate in seeing Lloyd Wilson's pictures of various parts of New Zealand. His trips to Egmont and the Southern Alps were followed with keen interest especially by those who had not visited these places.

During the year, we welcomed many boys home and hope that in the coming year we may have an opportunity of showing our new room to all our members on Active Service.

LIBRARY REPORT:

The Library still continues to flourish but since we have moved into our new room no shelves have been available to display our seventy-five books and generally things have been slightly awkward in that direction but we hope in the near future to have some shelves erected and the books once more where they can be seen and appreciated. Since last September, 56 books have been taken out, making a total of 14/-

in hand. No new books have been purchased this year. Mr. D. G. Williams has once again been very generous and has donated two more books. "Far Horizons" by Elsie K. Norton and "Climatic Conditions" by A. A. Cotton.

We hope in the near future to be able to purchase a few more suitable books and if the Library had more support this could be done more often.

APPRECIATION

Once again we would like to record our appreciation and thanks to those kind people who have permitted us to wander over their land.

SOCIAL NOTES.

Welcome Home.

To Sam Haraldsen who has recently returned from the Middle East to rest on his laurels. We're glad you're back, Sam, and hope you'll be able to come out with us again, very soon.

To Miriam Marcussen who has been discharged and has taken up a position in civil life. We are looking forward to seeing you out again, too, Min.

To George Denford who is also back in civvies and may be seen any time at the Hastings Bus Office. We expect a visit from you, George, some time and are looking forward to hearing about life on a Pacific island.

The Club's congratulations go to Thelma Watts who, as she puts it "has met her fate in the wilds of the East Coast and intends to be married next year". We wish her every happiness in her new venture.

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following new members and wish them happy tramping with the Club:- Misses O. Alison, P. McAviney, Messrs Colin and Lebley Baumfield, Irvin Taylor.

CLUB MEETINGS.

Club meetings have been fairly attended lately. The Annual Meeting proved such an attraction that it had to be held in Rolf's studio.

On Thursday, Sept. 7th, Lloyd Wilson came along and showed us some of his lantern slides, an exceedingly interesting and varied collection. It was most enjoyable and Lloyd was accorded a very hearty vote of thanks.

We were pleased to have Sam Haraldsen at a recent meeting and to hear first hand information of overseas Club members. He gave us a short talk and answered questions asked by members at the meeting.

Thank you, Sam.

CLUB TRIPS.

Trip No. 231. CLIFTON and MATARAU TRACK. July 30th.

Mr. Fryer having very kindly allowed us the use of his cottage at Te Awanga, it was decided to spend the Saturday night there and to go over to Matarau on Sunday. Nancy went down on Saturday afternoon in the car with Mardi and Margaret Haslam as passengers and a large consignment of packs belonging to the bicycle pushers. Heather and Noel rode out in the afternoon acquiring Angus somewhere on the way. Julia, our Clifton member, came over with her bedding and spent the night and Jack Taylor put in an appearance during the evening. Joan, June and Peg proceeded down in the evening making short work of the ride with the absence of packs to lighten the load. The rest of the evening was spent in music and song, Mardi providing the music and the rest of the party lifting up their voices in harmony!

Much discussions as to the disposition of sleeping bags but finally everyone was satisfied and settled. Next morning, Jack Taylor arrived before the important business of breakfast was over, chafing to be on the way. However, at last everyone was ready, Nancy and Mardi electing to stay behind and to spend a quiet and restful day. The overland trip to Matarau was made without incident - a stop being made half-way for a snack of chocolate.

On our arrival at the beach, a fire was lit and everyone settled down to lunch. Some peculiar cooking was performed although a tasty dish concocted by Angus was almost when

someone threw all the scraps on top of it!

Then followed a stroll over the sandhills and down the beach. Among the relics found was part of a child's skull. We didn't spend much time there before packing up and taking the track for home. The arrival, in the late afternoon, of a motley band of leg weary trampers seemed to cause more than the usual amount of amazement and comment in the village!

A large consignment of stew was quickly demolished and then everyone fell to and packed up and cleaned house. Nancy transported our packs home again and dropped them at our places of residence - a load off our minds or perhaps we should say carriers! Almost enjoyable weekend and one to be remembered.

No. in party. 11.
Leader: D. G. Williams.

Trip No. 232. OMARANUI. Aug. 13th.

A majority of new members freshened a party of eight which after gathering around the obelisk by the Tutaekuri river, commemoration of the battle of Omaranui, were met punctually by Mr. Kānross White, Junior.

He directed us across his pastures to a most interesting place and the old rifle butts. The green hue of tender willow buds and the baby voices of frolicsome lambs were harbingers of longer warmer days. The high river banks and trees at the battle site and a bonfire afforded cosy comfort and shelter from the southerly wind, for lunch and afternoon tea.

After lunch we visited the high pah a mile up the river where the owner held a korero with us over a new open grave in a Maori trench at the top of the pah. An unsolved mystery.

Going up the drive, one member, despite warnings, tastefully decorated both tires with boxthorn.

A day of cloud and fitful sunshine ended with an evening glow as we went home past the Maori chorus at Waiohiki and droves of lambs at play. Oh lovely peace!

No. in party 8.
Leader: Angus Russell.

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Trip No. 233. TREE PRUNING. TE MATA PARK. August 27th.

Seven of us left Havelock just before nine o'clock, picked up three saws on the way and arrived at the scene of our labour at ten o'clock. Molly had done some previously so we set to work pruning the Douglas Firs - sawing off all branches to about shoulder high to facilitate access later on and to make more suitable timber for milling as Mr. F. E. Smith later explained to us. He very kindly brought us up ice creams which were much appreciated.

Angus arrived soon after the first party then four more with four small boys. After lunch some went for a walk to the Devil's Bight or bark as there were not enough saws to go round and the weather was cool to showery. However we managed to finish pruning the main block and after a boil up, returned home.

No. in party 7.
Leader: Nancy Tanner.

Trip No 234. TAUREKAREKA Sept. 10th.

Three groups pedalling via Fernhill, Stortford Lodge and Pukahu converged on Wellwood's Corner at 10 a.m. and had time to hail Marge before pushing on. Picked up Jack Taylor (from Haumoana) at Valley Road and continued to the foot of the pa. Here we boiled up by the roadside and picked up some local information. Up at the pa we were rejoined by two local boys who attached themselves to us for the day. The blood curdling tale of the posts was retold then we set out for a recommended pa on a higher knob across the valley.

Some trouble about frightening steers -- the bull that was cleft in twain by a rock. While we ascended and mapped the pa the non-starters held further converse with Mr. Brenchley. We returned by a third pa and boiled up before returning to Wellwood's and thence home.

No. in party 12
Leader: Norman Elder.

Trip No. 235. Sept. 23rd-24th - OCEAN BEACH via Craggy Range.

On the Saturday afternoon five of us left Hastings for Craggy Range. Our first little bit of excitement came when a car with a small trailer attached lost a wheel, which flew off right under our noses. The commotion we made, made the driver realise doubly that something definitely had gone wrong, and he stopped while Wendy retrieved the wheel out of the gutter getting very greasy in so doing. We met Norm at Havelock and Julia and Angus at the cross-roads at Te Mata, and all set off again. We had a very exciting ride in over the paddocks, and what with packs falling off the back of the different bikes and people falling off, it was quite fun! We left the bikes

under some willows and walked about an hour to the Maraetotara Stream where we camped the night. Angus built up a huge fire, the highest we had ever experienced - it would have been all right had he done so after we had done our cooking, but when we came to cook our evening meal, we were confronted with a raging fire, which necessitated much juggling. It was like playing dog and the bone - as one would rush up to the fire with a plate or pan with the meat to be cooked, on same, drop it fast in a likely spot, hoping to Heaven it wouldn't tip up, run back out of the heat and hope for the best. The result was that 98% of the "tucker" went west, and the meat that survived became ash cutlets! However we enjoyed the whole affair. After tea Angus piled on more wood and we had a wonderful bonfire which we had to sit round yards away! We had a sing-song, listened to Norman tell some of his interesting tales, and then to bed. Les kept the fire going most of the night in an endeavour to get warm - poor lad! Next day was perfect and we wandered over green paddocks to Ocean Beach, and then up the beach to Matarau where we lunched in the Sandhills. When we returned to our original camping spot at the stream we found Molly, Joan and Peg, who had come in for the day. After a hearty tea, we left the camping spot with reluctance and walked back to the bikes. It was dark when we got there and by the time we had packed up and were ready to bike for home, the moon was shining dimly. Our ride over the paddocks in dim moonlight is one we won't forget in a hurry - what with spills, imaginary bulls, packs falling off and hysterics. We eventually hit the main road and so home. We discovered the next day that Les and Colin who had gone ahead, had had a spot of bother on the first big hill after the bridge. Les's bike just fell apart on the road and Les hit the road hard. Fortunately Molly came along in the car and picked up the pieces - what a day!

No. in Party 11 - Leader Norman Elder.

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Trip No. 236.

KAHURANAKI - Oct. 8th, 1944.

Sunday Morning, so full of promise for a beautiful day but which alas! proved a snare and delusion in a very short while, saw five trampers biking it to Kahuranaki, with a detour to see whether Marge could be induced to accompany us. Here, meeting with a reluctant but firm refusal, we collected ourselves together and proceeded on our way (now laden with spoil in the form of pears and apples to eat and wool to spin!) and so upwards and onwards - when suddenly a voice hailed us over the fence and there was Jack Taylor. We passed the time of day and left him shaking his head sadly over the wanton trampers who would never reach their goal at their present rate of progress. The bikes were dumped under the willows and away we went over the slopes and into a howling gale till we reached the foot of Kahuranaki where we decided that the most important moment of the day had arrived. So, as much out of the wind as it was possible, Clem made a fire and we ate and drank and shivered and while we ate and drank and shivered it was unanimously agreed that Kahuranaki had definitely lost its appeal for us and that warmth and shelter (otherwise home) were more attractive. A hasty pack up and cheery tramp over the fields, back to the bikes, another

boil up, another battle with the wind along the road and so home to peace and quiet with the satisfaction of a day well spent.

Deputy-Leader M. Molincuz.
No. in Party 5.

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Trip No. 237. KAWEKA TRIP - Labour Weekend.

It looked as if we were in for a wet spell on Saturday but as everyone was keen to go we set off for the Kaweka Hut - three cars - at intervals of an hour or so. The road in the hills is in very good order except that the newly formed surface is slippery in wet weather owing to the evating of metal being very thin and all three drivers reported skidding. The track to the hut is getting overgrown again and on the zig-zag up from the Tataekuri a slip has taken a bite out of the hillside and the track with it. It was good to foregather at the hut again and we had a lively evening when everybody had arrived and relpenished the inner man. The fire was almost hidden by drying clothes. Sunday morning the weather was much improved and we set out to explore along the base of the range to the North. The going was pretty slow and we did not get very far and boiled up for lunch in a deep gorge. On the way back we decided to climb Cook's Horn Ridge. Puching up through the manuka was bot work and the showers frequent so that our rain coats were on and off umpteen times. After a rest at the Horn we galloped down the long scree, quite a thrill for the new members. Sunday night was somewhat disturbed by Angus snoring all night (after talking all day some of the ultra critical said!) efforts were made to restrain him and even to brain him, one top bunker bearily losing his life reaching down with that laudable object in view. Having had a sound night's sleep, our snorer was on deck at 5 ~~o'clock~~ o'clock and had the fare going, so we were able to up packs at 7 o'clock and start for Kiwi Ridge. We did not go up the usual way but crossed the creek to the South and climbed what we called Norman's Ridge. The going was less steep and though somewhat longer in distance is about the same in time. The weather had definitely improved, cooler, so that we made fair time around the tops and arrived at Kiwi Saddle at noon, took an hour and a half for lunch and puched on to 4,100 which is now officially Kuripapango Mountain. There was quite a discussion on the ridge, some say they could see Manson's Hut away across the Ngaruroro and others admitting they could not see it. The club Captain says it cannot be seen from Kiwi Ridge but is not 100% sure. We descended from 4,100 by way of a gully that brought us out to the track above the cottage. This route had been previously explored and seems to be ~~the~~ the easiest way down. The cars were reached at 5.30 p.m. and so ended a very pleasant tramp.

No. in Party 13.
Leader - Clem Smith.

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Trip No. 238. Rongaiika. Nov. 4th-5th, 1944.

The annual crayfishing and fireworks trip was held as usual except

for the absence of both the crayfish and the fireworks! Saturday morning broke fine and saw the vanguard on the way before nine, i.e. June and Peg., who pedalled to Mangateretere, cached their bicycles and then caught the Te Awanga bus, causing in the process quite a commotion as packs were stowed away and elusive half-crowns were sought. Accompanying^{us} was Miss Lucy Moore of the Plant Research Dept., Wellington, on business bent - the said business being the study of the seaweed life along the coast. Dave completed the party by boarding the bus at Black Bridge. A pleasant run out to Te Awanga where we disembarked and walked leisurely along to Clifton. The tide being against us we dallied till about 12/45 filling in the time with sunbathing and eating. Miss Moore spent a profitable hour in conversation with Mr. Stanley to the satisfaction of both of them. As soon as we had fortified ourselves we set out along the beach at a fairly leisurely pace. Skirmishing far in the distance was the figure of the seaweed gatherer, who judging by the bags of specimens, she carried, had a most successful afternoon along the beach and on Black Reef. Having reached the hut all hands relaxed in the sun until the figures of the second party appeared on the skyline - Angus Clem, Irvine, Jack Taylor, Pat and Wendy. A scramble round the rocks and a visit to the gannets brought us to teatime. Angus had spent his time collecting whelks (?) and proceeded to cook and eat them for tea. The party was divided into two - those who ate whelks and those who were revolted at the sight! Norman, Nancy and Molly arrived just after 9.30 after an eventful trip overland in the dark. It was fairly late before everyone had retired to rest - peace however, was shortlived. At 4.30 things began to move, Angus having decided his rest was sufficient. Before long everyone had to move out of self-defence. The result of this unseemly haste was that the whole party found itself at Rongaike about 8 o'clock in the morning. A pleasant hour or two was spent browsing along the beach. Excitement arose over the discovery of the remains of some creature that looked like a seal. Norman and Miss Moore then scaled the heights and disappeared over the skyline bound for Matarau and Ocean Beach to continue the search for seaweeds. The rest of the party retraced their steps along the beach and boiled up for lunch. A short rest and then we were on the way back to the Cape. Happy Half the party left the rest hut before the others, being anxious to get back in reasonable time. The weather had been exceedingly threatening all day and heavy rain appeared to be imminent. The first party ran into it at Haumoana and finished the homeward journey in a drenched and delapidated condition. Those who had lagged behind had quite an adventurous trip back from Black Reef experiencing hail and torrential rain and dodging debris as it washed down from the cliffs above. It was a most enjoyable trip all told and we hope a profitable one for our guest/whom this part of our coastline was new.

No. in Party 13.

Leader - D. Williams.

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FURTHER SOCIAL NOTES.

Congratulations from the Club to Catherine Crompton who has just announced her engagement. She tells us she has been holding out on the general public for two months, and is now quite used to the idea! We would like to wish you every happiness Catherine and hope that you're

marrying a tramp!

We regret very much to hear that Cap Cooke had had to undergo an operation for appendicitis. It is to be hoped that you'll be on your feet again by the time you read this, Cap. All the best from the Club.

We give here, for the benefit of anyone interested, a list of gear and prices quoted by Messrs. Hutchinson and Wilson, Jervois Quay or Cuba Street, Wellington:-

Frame Packs.	£5.10. 0.
Flat packs without side pockets.	£2.10. 6.
Wool lined sleeping bags.	£4. 8. 0.
Oiled Japara ground sheets.	£1. 0. 0.
Japara sleeping bag covers.	£2. 0. 0.
Water-proof coats.	£3. 5. 0.

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OVERSEAS NOTES.

HUCK FINN:- We had first hand information about you, Huck, from Sam. Also Fred tells us that you're back at your old job. We hope that means your complexion is back to normal and that you are fit and well again. Merry Xmas and love from us all.

FRED GREEN: We're in receipt of a letter from you Fred, together with what you are pleased to call "an alleged likeness" - many thanks for both. We were very sorry to hear that you had stopped a piece of shrapnel and hope that you've forgotten all about it by the time you get this. Best of luck from us all. H.T.C.

LINDSAY LLOYD: Lin is still keeping up the old traditions and enjoying life as far as possible. Your private museum is becoming well stocked - keep it up! We are glad to hear how well your Italian is progressing. What an accomplished linguist you will be on your return. Cheers and beers from us all.

HARRY RICHDALE: Hullo Harry - we've heard quite a lot of news of you through Lin Lloyd. He mentioned the fact that you had been to Rome for six days and then promptly gone to hospital. The result of a "Roman Holiday" or what? Will be glad to hear from you directly, Harry. Cheers from us all.

DUDLEY SHEPPARD: Hullo Duddles. An airgraph from you written on 5/10/44. We're glad you sustained no serious injury in your tussle with the brick - it isn't hard to imagine what you would have to put up with in the way of caustic comments re softening of the brain and soon! It's a hard world (and a hard brick" - sez you!) Best of luck from the gaggs and a cheery Xmas, Duddles.

POP COLLETT: Pop has sent us a card announcing his good health and continued interest in life. He is rearing to go having had a taste of tramping again after two years of inaction. Read about it in his note printed with letters from other overseas members.

BILL HAYMAN: We haven't had any direct news of Wobbly for a while, but had news of him through a letter to his folks recently. It is grand to know he is so fit and well and so cheerful.

JACK HANNAH: Two or three letters from Jack to various people have come to hand and it's nice to hear news of you. We hear you're now a full blown member of the Caterpillar Club having acquired the official badge - good work! All the best, Jack, from the Gang.

JOE ARMITAGE: The latest news of you, Joe, announced the fact that you were out of commission with a bad knee. We hopw things are going better and are not as serious as you first thought. Best of luck from the Club.

DAVE LYNCH: Sam tells us that he saw you before he left and said you looked fit and well. Good wor, Dave, but how about a bit of information from you, yourself - we haven't heard for some time. Loads of the very best from us all.

JOHN COLLINS: How are things John? We don't seem to have heard much about you lately but I expect we will before before long. Let's hope so. So long and all the best of luck from us all.

RON CRAIG: Hullo there ron. Have you managed yet to replace the moustache? In your airgraph to June sated 20/8/44, you managed to convey quite a lot of news of Club members - many thanks, Ron. We are always glad to hear how everyone is getting on. Best of luck from us back home.

ARCH LOWE: When last seen by Ron Craig was living in the lap of comparative luxuey, having fitted up his truck with all modern conveniences. Glad to hear you are so fit and comfortable Arch. Cherio from us all.

NANCY WILLIAMS: Hullo friend, how are things? We're trying to keep yp our end of the stick here and are managing quite well in spite of difficulties. Hope it won't be long before you are romping over the Sawtooth again. Cheers and love from us all.

BRUCE BEECHEY: It's time we had one of your mårthmaking merry missives again Beech- we miss them and all that. We hope you have managed to

get your fair share of cricket this summer - if there was any summer! H.B. is not being as consistent as it might be about weather this year - hope it improves. Cheerio for now, Beech, from the Gang.

FRANK SIMPSON: We haven't heard from you Frank for an age, and trust that all goes well with you. We heard indirectly through your new Yankee pal Susan, that you were fit at the end of September. Keep up the good work, and we would love another of your corker letters. Cheers and beers from us all.

SEALY WOOD: Sealy's whereabouts at the moment are a bit vague. Wherever you are Sealy when you get this, the very best of luck. Do send us another "gruesome" letter soon. Loads of all the best from the kids.

CLIFF HUNT: We are looking forward very much to seeing you Cliff. Hope it wont be long soon. Cheers and all the best from the gang.

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