

Auckland University
Tramping Club
Jubilee History

1932-2007

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July 2007

With special thanks to previous Jubilee History editors Brian Davis and Peter Aimer and writers including Janet Frater, Marin Segedin, David Gauld and Len Gillman; to writers contributing to this Jubilee History including Shane Windsor and Peter Jenkins, Rob Frost, and Jean Mansill; to Ping Sim and Mel Abbott for helping to get the project started, and to all those who contributed photos including Boyd Millar, Colin Mead, Lisa Mead, Walter Gurr, Karena Gurr, Jane Dudley, Melissa Gunn, Cedric Carranceja, Mark Battley, David Jenkins, Dave Tapp, Richard Christie, Adee Wood, Brian Davis, Peter Jenkins, Jean Mansill, Rob Frost and Mel Abbott.



Foreword

This book has been built on the shoulders of past labourers. Due to our own time constraints and the lucky fact that the club's history has been so well recorded in the past, we decided starting from scratch would not be wise.

Instead we got smart and used computerised scanning and text recognition tools to digitise the AUTC Jubilee History of 1982. A goodly portion of what you hold in your hands is therefore a reprint of that volume. New sections have been added to cover the latest 25 years of club activities.

As editor, I decided to reorganise the chapters in an attempt to keep all content on the same subjects together, and to provide a clear structure for readers. I have cut and sliced and deleted in an attempt to keep the beast under control. Brevity is a worthy aim, yet our club is one rich in stories and so the word count has stayed on the longer side of things.

New material has come from contributors and many hours spent reading Footprints. With the luxury of more time it would have been fantastic to gather additional personal recollections and so I apologise in advance if readers may notice something is missing but which would have been worthy of recording.

Because of the heavy revising and amalgamation of old and new content, I have removed the names of most of the contributors who were given bylines following particular contributions in the original text. This allows a certain flow to the writing and a sense of one cohesive voice. Instead, I now give thanks here to the efforts of all those who have contributed to recording AUTC's history especially 1982 writers Janet Frater, Marin Segedin, David Gauld, Len Gillman and above all, the two editors Brian Davis and Peter Aimer.

We hope that our finished product does in some way do justice to the 75-year story of the Auckland University Tramping Club. Congratulations to all who have been lucky enough to be a part of that story at some stage in their lives.

Wayne Erb

March 2007



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Introduction

Central Whirinaki Hut was bathed in thin white light. The moon sat low and heavy in the night sky while trees creaked and swayed gently around us. This night was inherently romantic, in the old sense of the word; nature stirring the senses.

The group had arrived in the afternoon and we sat on the deck or kicked a flat soccer ball around on the grass flats. It was winter and soon a chill developed in the air. Darkness fell. We moved inside and cooked dinner by torchlight, everyone wanting to muck in and chop something. The hut filled with our laughter and chatter. Later there was dessert, a real proper instant cheesecake - "don't forget to make beater noises when you stir the mix with your spoon."

Now we sat around the table, our stomachs full of warm food. Contented. Wrapped up. Some in their sleeping bags. Our faces were delicate shadows in the moonlight.

Someone started singing and those who knew the words joined in, slow and sweet:

"A long long time ago,
I can still remember how that music used to make me smile,
And I knew if I had my chance,
That I could make those people dance,
And maybe they'd be happy for a while."

We were together in the bush, enjoying this moment of quiet adventure – it was my first year in AUTC and I was hooked.

There were certain elements that weekend that are common to many experiences had by members of the Auckland University Tramping Club: The chance to make new friends and companions, to experience adventure and see the beauty of the New Zealand outdoors, the chance for a laugh and young people together showing what they can accomplish when sharing a common aim.

These are the constants, elements of what gets referred to as club spirit, that nebulous creature that lingers and grows through the years while individual faces change. That spirit has been around 75 years now.

I myself enjoyed the AUTC experience during the late 90s and first years of the current decade. I am one of the younger ones celebrating the club's jubilee but I wager that my own memories are not so different in flavour from those held by the Old Soles of grey and thinning hair.

Tramping does change; it has evolved, especially on the technical level. Packs have become more comfortable, and more expensive. Tent poles bend. Undergarments have gone from wool to rainbow-striped synthetics (and back again to wool, if one's student budget extends to a splurge on merino).

It has become more affordable to get around the country. Cheap flights abound and if you do not have a car, you have a mate who does. Huts have become large and comfortable and the numbers hiking out to them are greater.

On the other hand, students now face exams and tests throughout the year and increased pressure to choose part-time work ahead of leisure activities, to keep those loans to a minimum.

Circumstances and technology do change but reading through old Footprints, I am struck by the sense of how our experiences have run in parallel through the years. It is one hope that this book will both highlight the constants in club culture down through the decades and show the gradual evolution of club activities in response to changes in member interests and the wider world.

Our story is all the more remarkable given that this is a student club and that basic fact means most members are only active for around three to five years, scant time to pass on club knowledge and lore yet somehow each generation muddles through with the core of club culture more or less intact.

The first chapter of this story begins long ago in a place not so far away – Old Choral Hall, setting for the foundation meeting of AUCTC as we were then known. Turn the page and hear how it all began. Keep turning the pages and see where we have come since. Enjoy.

- Wayne Erb



Seventy five years on

We here present an overview of the club's history, recalled decade by decade by members who were there and remember what AUTC meant to their generation.

The First Two Decades

It was on 11 April 1932 that a group of 49 staff and students met in the Chemistry Lecture Theatre in the Old Choral Hall to discuss the forming of a tramping club at the Auckland University College. For the 10 years since its foundation, the Field Club had been running trips and excursions to various locations but these, quite rightly, were concerned with field work for the natural sciences. From time to time, parties within the Field Club had organised their own outings which were essentially hiking but it was recognised by many people at the time that the

interests of the two groups were not completely in keeping. In fact, at times the field work of the 'Ologists' was frowned on by those whose main aim was to 'push ahead'. It was not a desirable state of affairs.

The inaugural meeting decided to form the 'Auckland University College Tramping Club' and the first committee was elected:

President: Professor F. P. Worley.

Vice Presidents; Professor R. M. Algie,
Dr D. Brown.

Club Captain: Mr L. Lucena.

Hon. Secretary and Treasurer: Mr S. C.



May Camp – 1945

MacDiarmid.

Committee: Miss E. King-Mason, Mr J. C. Graham, Mr A. E. Goodwin, Mr J. Ricketts.

It was felt that the word 'tramping' more accurately represented the club's activities. Many members retained contact with the Field Club and the two continued to flourish. The first committee worked well and contributed much to the new club.

Of course, most of the early trips were to the Waitakeres and other places of interest around Auckland but later, members ventured to the Tongariro National Park and further afield.

However, in spite of the efforts of the early committees, by 1936 the club was in a state of collapse and the minute book and other documents were actually handed in to the Students Association. A year later, these were returned to the club because serious efforts were being made by such worthwhile people as Charles Wrigley and Mac Stanton (among others) to revive 'the former interest'. However the habit had once again arisen of tramping with Field Club and in fact most of our early life members started there. There was no danger of a collapse but something was missing. In 1941 only one person turned up for a tramp to Mokoroa Falls - Morrison Cassie, who many people knew as a life member and the original person to climb the tower and tie to the main turret a black umbrella. The story current at the time was that 'Cass' went up to one of the fire brigade crew

which had been hired to remove the thing and offered to go up and get it down. His offer was rejected with great scorn.

Returning to the Mokoroa trip, it is worth mentioning that Morrison Cassie was not daunted by being alone and went to the Falls and back himself. This tramp was repeated after the end of the university year and the committee personally canvassed for support. An amazing 25 people turned up and it signified the beginning of a new era.

It was a year of magic in 1942 and great excitement for all who took their part in the development of the club. Over the Christmas



"Dave and his party" - Rotorua 1946

holidays of 1941-2 the majority of students were either in the forces or on directed work. After 7 December (Pearl Harbour), it looked as if they would be kept in these occupations for the duration. However, in mid-March certain categories of students such as engineers, scientists, etc, were released to complete their degrees at university. Easter was early in April that year and a private party was organised by Campbell Reid to

spend a few days in the Waitakeres. It consisted of Campbell, Cecil and Marin Segedin, Norman Rumsey, Peter Wong, Alastair Geddes (Oily) and Ted Giles. At Bethells, trudging up from Happy Valley, they met Allan Odell in another party while back at the Swanson Hut they joined a Field Club trip in which were Ann Burbidge, Aileen Stanton (Odell) and Susie Peri. This group contained the nucleus of the future of the Tramping Club, with four future life members, two secretaries and four other committee members. The die was cast.

At the AGM, held a fortnight later, there was a wonderful feeling of enthusiasm and anticipation which permeated the next few



"The Snow Men" After Degree Camp – November 1944

years. Those who experienced it knew that it was something never to be forgotten and which would remain a precious memory for the rest of their lifetimes. (Even as I write this, it is all as fresh in my mind as if it were only a year or two ago. I treat myself as tremendously fortunate to have been part of this marvellous happening.)

The first excursion was a day trip up Kauri Track to Smythe's Ridge (via a detour or two) and back via Long Road. Later the club went to the Hunua Presbyterian Bible Class Camp

for the first time, and it was memorable for the frost an inch or more deep on the first morning and the rain which fell later and flooded the Wairoa Valley below the camp. Crossing the stream was over a decidedly unsafe suspension bridge which had barbed wire handrails. Most of the party were so tense that it was only after completing the crossing that their bleeding hands were noticed! Mid-term break was spent at Waiheke at Rocky Bay. On the return trip from Cowes Bay, one of the girls collapsed and had to be carried back on a makeshift stretcher for four miles in the pitch dark over the very hilly south-east part of the island. It was a most trying experience but the members rose to the occasion magnificently and worked together as a very close and united group. In many ways this is what tramping is all about - overcoming common difficulties by co-operation.

Later that year there was the 'Bike Hike' to Huia - never repeated but enjoyable in retrospect; the After Degree Camp at Papa Aroha, north of Coromandel, with Field Club; and the commencement of the Summer Programme. In those years, most students finished examinations about the same time, making an ideal opportunity to celebrate with a camp involving most members. To many, the After Degree Camp was the high point of the year's programme, and places invaded were Coromandel (twice more), National Park (four times) and Great Barrier Island

(three times). Further details appear elsewhere in this history.

However, the attraction of 'After Degree' was being replaced slowly by the call of the South Island and over Christmas/New Year 1948-9 the Club went to the Spencers in the Marlborough area. In this trip 48 members in eight parties of six (or was it six parties of eight?) all traced their steps up the Wairau River from Top House, then via the Rainbow River and the Paske Saddle to Lake Tennyson. After a spell of exploration in the general area they ended up at Hanmer. It seems strange today for this succession of small parties to follow essentially the same route and camp together each night but it was a start and an enjoyable one at that.

But to return to 1942, the summer programme of that year was really a breakthrough and over the three-month holiday trips were run to Huia via Lone Kauri, Anawhata via Kuataika, and South Manukau Head. Believe it or not all these trips were covering new ground and the idea of extended trips of even three days was something completely new. As was said about this time: 'Every venture was an adventure'. Possibly the reason why so many found it so wonderful was that the members were discovering the magic of exploring new places for the first time.

All of this just had to be recorded and the scrapbook of that era was a work of art. Alan Horsman (now Professor of English at Otago) brought it out and his care and attention was evident throughout.

Another memory that comes vividly to mind is the way the club used to gather in the

last carriage of the Helensville Sunday Excursion train on the way back from the Waitakeres (petrol was short in those days). It was Campbell Reid who planned this idea on our first day-trip of the year and during the hour or so journey back, the carriage rang with the sound (sometimes almost sweet) of the club's singing. One time in particular the guard was extremely worried that the weight of the 40 or 50 bods in the back half of the rear carriage would cause a derailment. It didn't, but it could have done, I suppose.

In keeping with the growth of such a close-knit club other ideas were being suggested all the time. Ian Reid became the inaugural editor of *Footprints* and under him it flourished. The fact that it still carries on, even though in a different form, is of great satisfaction for those who worked on its publication in the early years.

As well, the club hut was opened in the mid-1940s and under Peter Hutchinson as Club Captain, the renovation of an old building on Ridge Road was carried out with loving care. Some members spent just about every weekend working on the job. Norman Rumsey went as far as assembling a name for the Hut, Ongaruanuku - the home of the wise or knowledgeable - it was suggested some years later that it might mean the home of the devils or those knowledgeable in evil!

Another memory is connected with the growth of the climbing and skiing interests of the members - it always seems to be surfacing from time to time and on occasions has been the cause of some slight tension. But often it reduces to personalities and with

the passage of time the problems have usually disappeared.

The university ski club was formed in the early 1950s and real co-operation was extended to the new club. This time saw the growth in co-operation and friendship between clubs and the Auckland Associated Mountain Clubs was formed as a type of local branch of the Federated Mountain Clubs of New Zealand. Search party organisation was instituted and combined practices were held.

The most successful co-operative effort was in 1949 when we worked with the Alpine Club to carry all the timber required for the new AC Hut from the end of the road on Ruapehu up to the hut site. Many will recall Pickens carrying the last load of planks up to the final timber stack and will know the tremendous feeling of relief that we felt.

The late 1940s saw the end of the 'inspired' generation of 1942 and, as happens so often

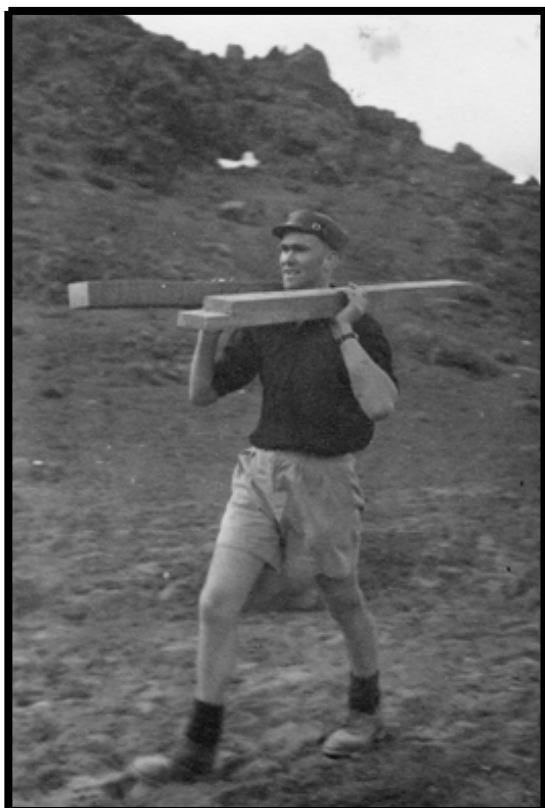
with university clubs and societies, there was a period of a year or two where the vitality of the club went through a low. This is where the importance of the staff and older members is realised for their presence tends to dampen down wild fluctuations of this type and keep the organisations in existence.

But it had been a wonderful decade full of fond memories for all who were fortunate enough to have been part of it.

- Marin Segedin



Packing materials for the new N.Z.A.C. hut.



Ivan Pickens

The Fifties

So we arrive at the 50s. But there are no great profound changes to record, for the era contained much of the past, though stamped with the personalities of the trampers of 1955, 56, and 57.

Scrapbook and *Footprints* were a record of this continuity whose features were the essence of Tramping Club. Gone, however, were those consciously formative years of the early 40s. And that must be accounted the greatest change of all. By now the club was well established, formed and organised. We had our own hut. All this we took for granted, for to us it has always been so, and our confidence and self-assurance reflected this. But to those whose participation extends



Spensers – Xmas 1952

Doug Twose, Neil Clarke, Ruentin Blackshaw, Margaret Orbell, John hooker, Sue Waters, George Hunter, Daphne Pilcher

back to the early 40s it had not always been the case. Undoubtedly, then, our attitudes were in many ways different from those of trampers of the late 40s and more so from those of the early 40s, but such an



No Evil - Freshers 1954. Linda Scholes, Bobby Longworth, Dorothy Ehrlich.

observation can only be made vaguely. It is more certain that trampers of any past year would find much in the activities and demeanour of the present that would recall, with a pleasant shock of familiarity, their own days in the club.

At the university, Tramping Club was manifest in a well-filled noticeboard but above all as groups of students - in the cafeteria, in the cloisters, or working in the library.

"Not only do they spend hours in a solid (and we regret to say, somewhat noisy) ring at lunch-time, but they gather in their hordes in the cafeteria at tea-time, some legitimately eating their (first) dinner, others drinking cup after cup of coffee for the admitted purpose of staying to gossip and look at the 2,198,404 photos that are floating round in Tramping Club."

This was written in 1950, not 1953, or 55 or 57. Whether the circumstances are desirable or not, it stresses the point being made. There are certain basic qualities of Tramping Club, of which companionship is a key one.

Introspection is another. Fully established, and confident as we were, sooner or later these groups of trampers within the University



*December 1959 – Reading "Under Milk Wood" at the swimming hole.
George Carr, Judith Petrie, Tony Nelson, Janet Campbell, Jim McDonald, Rosemary Bentley*

spent much time and energy in discussing the aims, and activities of the Club in the light of the particular stamp that our generation had given them. It is indicative of the full identification of trampers with their club, again an enduring quality.

Despite our established nature, we had our unsolved problems. The opinions of a second *Footprints* editorial of 1950 are equally true for later in the decade.

"Another thing becoming obvious is the



*Xmas 1959 – Ngatau Rock Bivvy
From front: Boyd Millar, John Millen, Ray Thompson*

increasing importance of climbing and skiing at the expense of tramping, and therefore at the expense of Club members as a whole. Tramping Club may be obliged to foster these two activities, but are they not becoming primary objects to which tramping is given only an equal place?"



Trying not to freeze on the top of Tarawera - August 1954. From left- Mark Barber, Elaine Jacka, David Jenkins, ..., Helen Lyons, ..., Garth Barfoot, Lochie Wilson, Bobby Longworth.

The skiing aspect was solved by the existence of a separate ski club. The question of alpine activities remained unsolved. The even larger enthusiasm of the mid-50s had revived the question. It was felt this may have been only a transitory phase, the stamp of personalities, and not to be acted on too hastily. A strong nucleus, at least, of alpine interest in the Club was not new. Contemporary achievements in climbing only recalled such names as B. R. Morton, A. Goodyear, J. Leonard, and Dr Odell of the

middle and late 40s.

How baldly this extension of interest in alpine activities may have been linked to economic factors it is impossible to say, but this is a further point which is fairly important in a university club. The 50s were certainly a period of growing student viability, with readily available and well-paying holiday employment and in the last



The 50's gang, in the Kauaeranga - Easter 1955

two years better bursaries for some. Students, merely because it were now possible, were spending more time in the South Island at Christmas and less time in the wool stores and freezing works.

The equipment of the 1950s trumper mirrored this, too. He, with almost no exceptions had an air of purposefulness in the equipment he owns. At the end of a year, most had a down sleeping-bag, a frame pack (more often than not), parka, and four to five pounds worth of boots, not to mention a number of refinements like primus, camera, or if one's interests tend in that direction, rope, and ice-axe. Equipment, in short, that was adequate for most New Zealand conditions. With more time, money and gear at hand it is perhaps understandable that the tendency was for greater numbers to go on more enterprising trips, especially in the South Island and for many to spend four to five weeks there.

For club captains of the 50s much of the year's programme was clear from the beginning - Freshers Tramp, Freshers Weekend, Thames at Easter, May Camp in the Hunuwas, Birthday



Old Blyth Hut, Ruapehu - Late 50s. From left: ..., Govan Wilson, Gordon Andreas, Megan Edwards, Lochie Wilson, David Hoyle, Murray Thompson, Charmaine Bishop, ..., Lance McCarthy.

Party or dinner, Christmas Party - and for the rest it was essentially a matter of deciding on which of several well-known venues to patronise on the relatively few remaining tramping occasions of the university year. Five major vacations, six ideal venues, and a membership that changed regularly. Some pattern of activities was almost inevitable with no sign of staleness or lack of imagination. This had been a perceptible feature, and one very suited to the particular conditions and needs of a university tramping club.

Consolidation then had been the lasting contribution of trampers of the 50s, in other words, 'the same kind of people doing the same kind of things in the same old places'.

- Peter Aimer. (First written for the 1957 Jubilee Magazine.)



In the Hunuwas, mid 50's. Tony ..., Struan Ensor, Bob Barrack, Garth Barfoot, Dorothy Ehrlich, Stella Mandeno.

The Sixties

AUTC continued on from the 50s mould into the serendipitous 60s. Blessed by ample employment and a benign University Grants Committee, we were free to tramp every holiday and much of the time in between. Students were able to try and try again for those elusive stage II and stage III units. Tramping continuing unabated. Dallas Hemphill's 13 stage I units epitomise those carefree years. It was unthinkable not to head south at Christmas; many people worked only between finals and New Year leaving January and February free for two or even three 10-day trips. George and Christine Carr's hospitality gave the club a summer home in the south year after year.

And, where did we tramp?

Waitaks for Freshers day trip and weekend

Thames for Easter

Kaimais in May

T.N.P. in mid-term break and August

S.I. in summer

Is everybody happy? You betcha life we are!
. . . which brings us to singing and the social side of the Club.

We had inherited a strong social tradition, much of which was admirable. The cohesiveness of our trips where the party stuck together and we knew where everybody was and how they were getting on contrasted strongly with at least one other Auckland club, notorious for losing members on every trip. (Though there was a Thames trip where the leader — or, arguably, the rest of the party — was lost overnight!)

This was a very protective environment, though if you didn't 'belong' it was hard to break into that cluster of self-absorbed trampers eating lunch by Sir George -- until you had been on a trip; then you were 'in'. What Rolf's famous marital statistics actually showed was that most of the active Club members were mixing almost solely with other AUTC members. A strongly cohesive and conforming group of friends enjoyed the same social functions year after year but moved in a temporal backwater; because, outside, the 60s were apparently swinging.



1963 May Camp



Dave Smyth on Aspiring - 1963

Beatles! Flower Power! Viet Nam! Shadbolt and Jelly Beans! At least the jelly beans found their way into multicoloured scroggin even if we remained largely oblivious to the forces shaping the decade.

Inevitably the gap between the world of AUTC and the world outside grew too great and schisms widened within the club between new and old. What suited the more conservative members was irrelevant to many of the even vaguely radical ones and increasingly they came to resent the same social formats being rigidly perpetuated. The tapes made of the old dances exacerbated this; they were canned music, so easy to turn on and so hard to turn off when live music was an alternative. A telling contrast to those frustrated times was a freshers weekend in the 70s where we sat by a fire on the shore of Lake Wainamu singing those same songs (and others) to two guitars and then danced the same steps happily and frenetically under the pines urged on by the driving rhythms from Cathy Newhook's violin.

The affluence of the 60s brought other changes. More money meant more cars and

more groups of friends heading away to non-traditional areas. Kaimais at Easter, Ureweras in May. Even the South Island mid-year. One effect was the disruption of the Easter leader-training trips where a second-year student 'led' a trip with an experienced sidekick lurking in the rear to keep any shambles to a reasonable dimension. This effect was recognised but was hard to counteract given the increased

number of private trips. The demise of weekend trains to Waitakere in the late 60s was mourned not only by railway enthusiasts. Gone was the Friday night tramp up Long Drive to Smyth's Corner, Simla and on down to O'nuku. No more apparitions (Rod Mack in skeletal attire) to petrify the freshers. No longer the slither down Peripatus. But the guards and cleaners must have sighed in relief when they no longer had to pick up a bevy of muddy, sweaty yahoos at Swanson on Sundays, who sang loudly and opened windows wide and drained the water out of their boots onto the carriage floor.

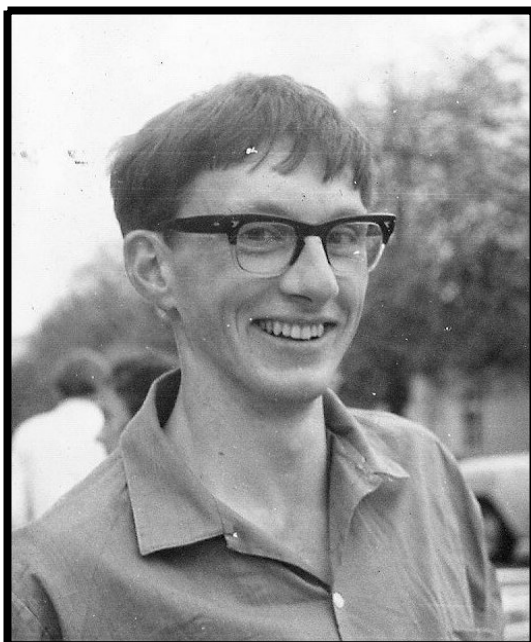
Climbing now was on the upsurge. The Alpine Club's membership read like a list of AUTC old soles and our club's donation towards the new AC hut on Ruapehu guaranteed us a decade of cheap snow-skools and climbing. The almost mandatory Snow-Skools were popular then as now and a necessary prelude to the great white South. Grass Skools were even run on the local



Aspiring Hut – Hugh Barr, Jack Butts, Jim McDonald, Dave Smyth - 1963

volcanic cones to try to instill some rope and ice-axe knowledge into those not able to make it to the real thing.

Rock climbing at the Auckland Grammar quarry became increasingly popular and led to trips to Karangahake Gorge (scene also of pre-Christmas River Skools) as well as such epics as the descent into the Tomo at Mercer Bay.



John Pemberton

Derek McKay and Chris Matthews double-rope down and were guided out by Bryan Halliday who swam round the headland and in through a cave. Good rock was a revelation and a treat after the knobbles on the walls of the Pararaha stream which might or might not hold meaning that you possibly wouldn't but probably would get very wet. Down south, our club added to the throngs in the Mt Cook area.

In the 1960s, AUTC enjoyed nearly a decade of the good life. A large active membership tramped frequently, free of onerous work demands, cash flow crises or tragedy. Then at the end of the decade came the recession. Deaths, schisms, a downturn in membership and the constant pressure of internal assessment for a time blighted the club.

- John Pemberton

The Seventies

1969 under Club Captain Tony Kerr was the last of the boom years of the 60s, not to be seen again until 1975 when Cathy Newhook took the helm. During the early 70s, student life underwent change as the 1968 riots in Paris, those of 1969 in Berkeley and the Vietnam War made their impact on New Zealand. Hair grew longer and enthusiasm for singing 100 verses of 'Walla Walla' grew smaller.

At the end of the 60s, AUTC was an institution in which alcohol was never consumed at hut weekends and lunch under Sir George Grey's statue in Albert Park was a wholesome tradition. In the few years following, rapid changes ensued as individualism invaded the club and attendance

at the statue dwindled, finally ceasing altogether in 1972. The generation gap between the old soles and the new soles widened markedly and May Camp became something of a battleground by 1971, with a heated argument growing over the dimming of lights and the playing of Beatles music.

Although membership waned considerably during the early 70s, AUTC continued its activities in a different but enthusiastic way. Club trips continued as the mainstay of many members, but the reduced pool of hard core trampers meant the most energetic trips were organised privately. 'Doing your own thing' appeared early in the 70s with Mark Logan and Jeff Clark shocking the club elders by daring to climb Mt. Cook



1977 AUTC Committee and Friends.

Clockwise from Top left: Barry Barton, Penny Brothers, Jane Martin, Terry Crippen, Anne Sharp, Jeff Oldham, Brad Field, John Caldwell, Graham Lone, Steve Tilter - holding Keren Lilburn, Luke Michael, Anna Hacket, Alister Kent (partly obscured), Chris Ward, Lisa Capon, Stuart Gray, Quentin Foreman, ... (front left corner), Adrienne Jacka sitting in front of Geoff Mead.



Grassy Flats Hut, Kaimai Ranges 1977. From Left, Fiona McLeaod, John Vankan, Grahame Campbell, Christine Thomas, Geoff Mead.

in their first season.

Many notable 'private' and unusual trips were held as a result of this undoing of the perceived proper order of things, probably culminating with the Andes expedition in 1974. By that time would-be climbers were no longer expected to spend a season cutting steps before receiving a sage nod from the elders to be allowed to hire a pair of club crampons. The final step in the direction of non-club trips was taken with the formation of URGA in the mid-1970s.

With the Mt Eden quarry so close and a competitive atmosphere, Auckland was soon the centre of New Zealand crag climbing and the setter of standards. All this rock climbing has led to national fame for several URGA members, on the walls and slabs of Yosemite and on the Virgins of the Himalayas.

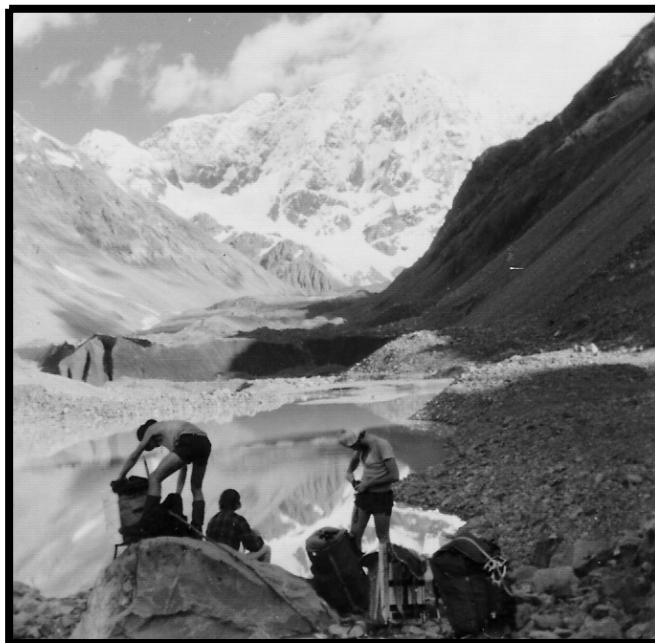
However all this interest in high standard rock climbing had no carry-over into advanced alpine climbing. Relatively few alpine summits

were obtained, but trans-alpine tramping was very popular, notably to the glaciers and snow-fields of the Southern Alps between Arthurs Pass and Mt Cook.

The creation of URGA was perhaps the first step of re-institutionalism rather than the last of de-institutionalism. Rick McGregor and his followers entered university to find AUTC a paradoxical blend of new ideals patched onto a traditional structure. Reasonably, they could see no particular use for a committee which, within the previous couple of years, had been almost as large as the active membership of the club itself. Renewed efforts by the club came at a 'let's get our act together' meeting organised by Barry Barton in early 1975 and reinforced by the election of a woman Club Captain. AUTC freshened its outlook and improved its visibility. The 'loo with a view', club teeshirt, and Cathy Newhook's momentous slide show played their part.

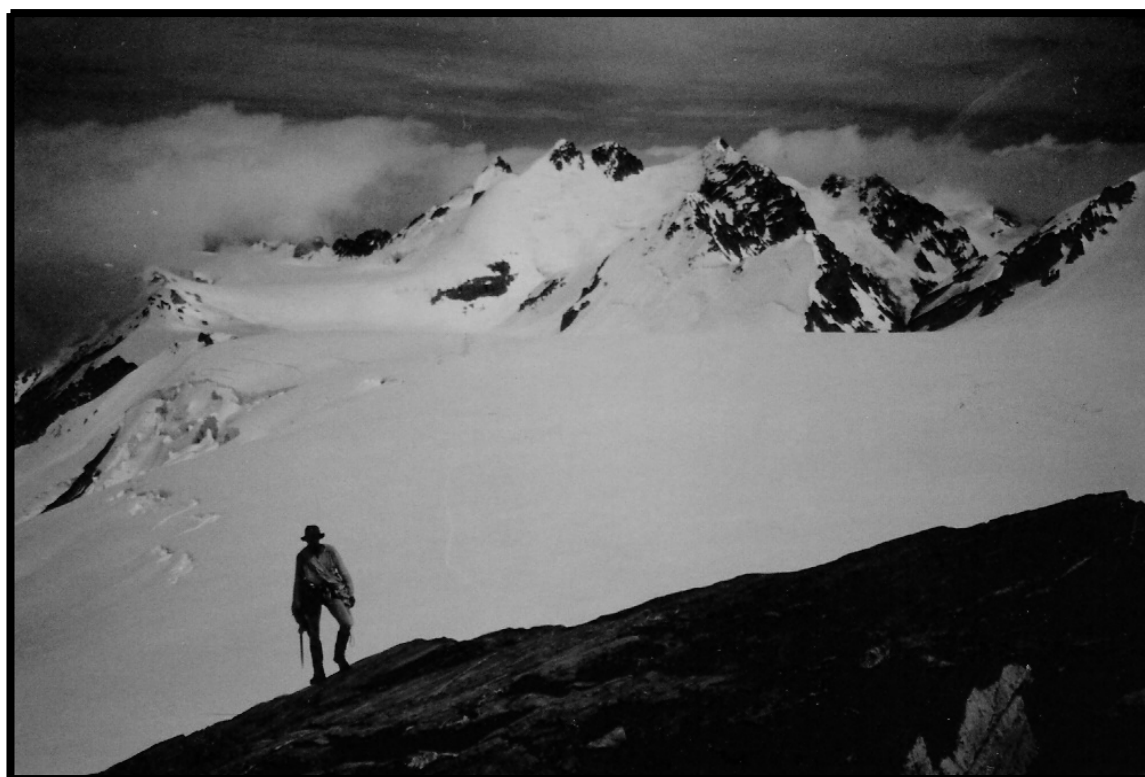
All clubs seem to have their ups and downs and AUTC did seem to have entered into a buoyant period from 1975. The introduction of the STB provided a time of relative 'affluence' to students and lessened the need for long holiday jobs. Tramping club members did a lot of tramping, numerous trips visited the North Island ranges from the Waitaks to the Raukumaras, but the real surge of enthusiasm was for the South Island. Each summer a migration to the Southern Alps occurred in ever-increasing numbers, spawning as many as two dozen club trips and many 'unofficial' private trips. Most of the valleys, passes and ranges of the South Island were visited by club members.

The 70s conjure up a kaleidoscope of technological images and breakthroughs which



*Ramsay Glacier – 1977. Moraine Lake and Mt Whitcombe.
From left: Richard Stocker, Gordon McDonald and Stuart Gray.*

all eventually had their effect on our tramping scene. The New Zealand outdoors became a 'gear freaks' paradise. A 1974 tramper owned a trusty, solid Mountain Mule pack; japara parka; down sleeping bag.



Garden of Eden – 1978. Geoff Mead on way up ridge to Barker Peak. Adams Col on right.

By 1980 there was a bewildering selection of equipment from several infamous manufacturers. A waist-belted, internal-framed, extendable pack was essential for a day trip to O'nuku; the parka could be constructed of PVC, gortex, or nylon; the sleeping bag could be filled with down, fibrefill, hollofill or polarguard.

With all this improved gear, did the 'standard' of tramping trips improve? A glance at trip lists showing the number of trips and regions visited would seem to indicate this; but I really suspect tramping became easier in the 70s. With the last inch-to-the-mile map published in 1975 to give complete New Zealand coverage, and the publishing of guide books and information sheets from park authorities, trampers had no excuse to become lost. The cutting of new tracks, building of huts and bridges -- especially in the wild West Coast valleys, provided straightforward access compared with the scrub and gorges of the past.

Our mountains and bushland faced a more serious threat than the increase in trampers. Coupled with the growing use of the outdoors for recreation were the conflicting needs for hydro dams, timber for milling and mining of minerals. It became important for the club to present it's views on the protection and use of tramping and mountaineering regions, mainly through submissions on management plans and support of conservation organisations.

Women have always played a large part in the club 'affairs' but in an unprecedented move



Kaikouras – 1979. Lisa Mead on Tapuaenuku looking to the Pinnacle.

we had female club captains in 1975, '77 and '79. In the hills as well, the girls were taking an active role, participating in and leading all types of trips. In those days of equal rights, what more could we have expected?

The social activities of Tramping Club were popular and flourished as always — indeed many students seemed to be 'social trampers', only appearing at hut weekends at O'nuku or at social evenings. Just as trends in entertainment and music changed in the 70s, from Pink Floyd and hard rock to Punk and New Wave, so too did club socials. Crypt socials and square dancing evenings were almost extinct, occasionally revived at May Camp by 'old soles', and the trend was to 'Priest & Prostitute' or 'S & M' theme evenings — a reflection of our times?

- Roll Horne and Geoff Mead

The Eighties

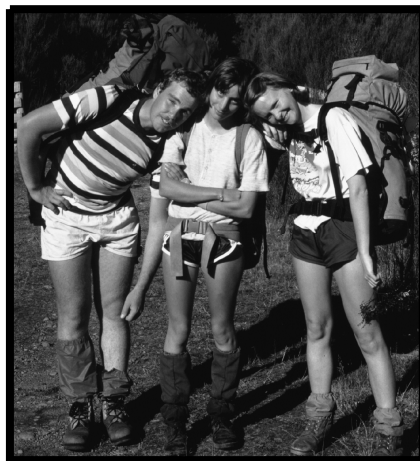
While Sir George still stood on his pedestal in Albert Park, his nose was out of joint, in fact missing all together. By now, the club had migrated to the Student Union for lunch times and commandeered a table adjacent to the tramping club notice board. To be part of club life, turning up at the notice board was virtually required. Lunch was eaten there, trips were planned, stories told, Footprints editors demanded copy, while fabricated maps of 10,000ft peaks in Fiordland were distributed to the unwary. Some of the trips happened, some of the stories were true, Footprints contained the rest and the trip list to the 10,000ft Fiordland peak filled in hours.

The cycle of regular club events continued during the year as well as the odd caving and rock climbing trip. There were other events not

to be missed, particularly after end of year exams.

These included Aborta Contorta, the annual trek to the Southwestern slopes of Ruapehu to eradicate Pinus Contorta – the tree being another New Zealand ecological experiment that went wrong. This was often hard work covering kilometres of high altitude terrain. There was rumoured to be one group who, on finishing hacking away at Contorta for the day, used slashers as makeshift ice-axes and made an impromptu ascent of Girdlestone Peak.

Luncheon Party became a November fixture. The idea: dress formally and have a ball atop Ruapehu. Guests brought all manner of unsuitable accessories, including deck chairs, tables, ghetto blasters, ball dresses, a bicycle, a briefcase, a 12" television and a barbecue.



*Mahuia track, Ruapehu – Easter 1988
Rob Andrews, Belinda Hoyle, Jenny Rattenbury.*



Aborta Contorta 1988 - Back left to right: Bruce Palmer, Andrew Barney, ..., Robert Simpson, Tom Zink, ..., Susan Hoyle, Anne Andrews, Dave Friend, Simon Hoyle, Debi Pyle. Front:: Darren Manley (upside down in front of Tom), Bridget Sutton.

Ball activities included drinking champagne, dancing in crampons (difficult in a ball gown), golf on top of Paretaitonga (the ball was never found), and fishing in the Crater Lake (a fish was carried up and eaten for dinner in AC hut).

For the less adventurous, the occasional picnic or trip to Great Barrier occurred but getting these events accepted as official AUTC trips that could be included in Footprints usually required taking along the Publications Officer or K2.

Socialising in the 1980s overflowed into student flats. These abodes of ill repute included the infamous Calgary St - where everyone lost something, plus Turakina St, Monmouth St, Morningside Rd and Keppel St among others. Friday night parties at Calgary St regularly ended up around the piano in the wee small hours. And when the neighbours or landlord were unimpressed, we got organised and ran an official club ball at the university.

In terms of tramping, South Island trips, as always were the mark of the seasoned AUTC member. If you hadn't engraved AUTC on the sign pointing up the East Matukituki valley,

then you at least needed to be photographed beside it.

While members still enjoyed all the favourite 10 day trips in the South Island, the 80s opened up lot of remote areas to regular club members that until then had been the domain of guns and climbers. If the trip was too long, food could be flown in. Several trans-alpine trips over 10 days long were possible with dropped food parcels from small planes or helicopters. Holding the aircraft door open and pumping out food parcels on Forgotten Flats just before a river required a certain amount of pre-planning but was worthwhile.

Membership topped 200 some years and around 20 South Island multi-day trips were recorded most years. We enjoyed a very lucky record in terms of trip safety, though several climbers associated with the club were sadly lost.

The popularity of climbing continued into the 1980s. Most regular club members attended snowskool and a large number had been on at least one trans-alpine trip. URG



Taranaki - Easter 1984. Front row: Richard Smallfield, ..., ..., Robert Andrews, Debi Pyle.

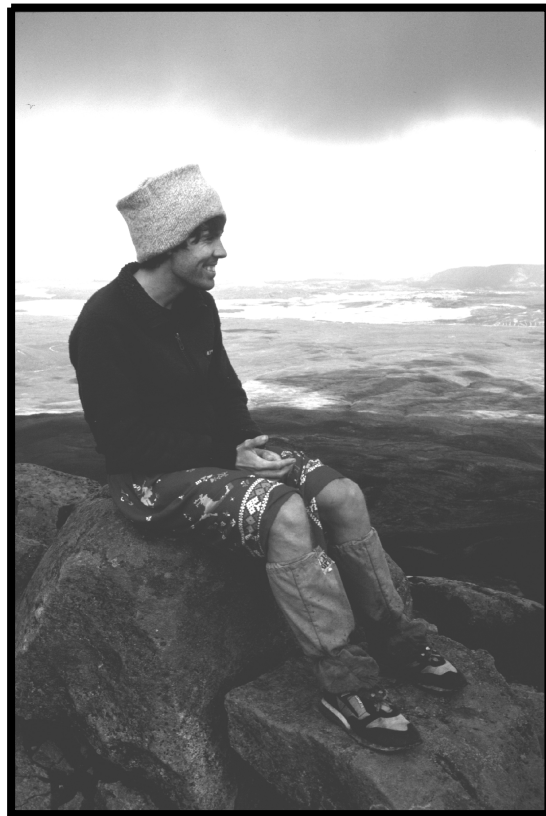
Back row: Peter Jenkins, Neil Macdonald, ..., ..., Tony Ward-Holmes, John Knight, ..., Mark Battley, Michael Alford, Trevor Nash

was very active in rock and downtown building ascents, while many top rock and alpine climbers were closely associated with the club.

Extreme multi-sport events were yet to be invented but the corresponding attitude was already present in the club with a few hardy souls crossing the Kawekas and Kaimanawas in a weekend, others walking around Ruapehu in a single 28 hour session or climbing the three peaks (Ruapehu, Tongariro and Ngaruahoe) and getting back to the start within a day, preferably less. The record stands at 16 hours.

In some ways, the 80s was the start of the gear revolution. Early in the decade, wool long-johns and a Swandri were de rigeur for the serious trumper. Not so by the end, when failing to sport stripey polypropylene long-johns, fleece jacket and at least one Something-Tex garment doomed the trumper to day trips. Various shops were run by members and provided a link to the club as well as cheap gear and part time employment for several members. Lunch time trips were made to drool over the latest thermal underwear, sleeping bags or curvy ice tools and to make good use of the infrequent bursary cheque.

Food, ever an important part of tramping, saw advances and new lingo. There were still the regular club specials including pog (porridge), cabin bread, spud flakes and the infamous Govan's Breakfast. The 80s was the advent of bulk buys of 'dehy', and computer programs that could generate a 10-day tramp menu. Instant puddings were nick-named 'crud'. Instant cheesecakes were constructed with great care in plates lubricated with the remains of the owner's 'spag-bol'.



Mt Tongariro, Feb 1989 - Peter Jenkins wearing Nicki Ford's skirt due to chafing after a very damp Kaimanawas trip.

Back on campus, the 'budgie' (budget) meal was suffered with complaint for many a pre-meeting feed. The trick was to arrive just after the mince pies from the previous day ran out and sausages had to be cooked up.

One disappointment in those years was that there were no women K2 during the whole decade despite balanced committee and VP representation for most of the 80s. This was remedied in the 90s.

As a club we managed to be very active in the hills during the 80s. With user pays, university fees rose substantially in the next decade, making it a lot harder for the students who followed to be so active.

- Peter Jenkins

The Nineties

The 1990s saw great change in university culture that ultimately had an impact on AUTC. At the beginning of the decade, course fees were considered exorbitant if they neared \$1000; by the end of the decade, several thousand was considered the norm. The challenge was to convince people that despite the increasing cost of tertiary education, tramping was still affordable.

To add difficulty, AUSA grants suddenly became available for capital items only and as a consequence social events had to break even or make a profit, tramping trips became completely user pays with no transport subsidy

(except for instruction courses) and *Footprints* had to become better value for money. The upside was much club equipment was restored or mended and new items purchased.

A little money was to be made by clearing old stock, but we of the television generation had no problems presenting our sales pitches to the general masses -- in order to make a profit on plastic cups with AUTC logo, those baby pink "Get High On The Hills" T-shirts, songbooks, and singlets that no sober woman would be caught wearing.



Summer 1994. North West Nelson trip on the Little Wangapeka Saddle.

Left to right: Craig, Arwen Vant, Mark Sullivan, Sarah, Bruce, Adee Wood, Paul (tall Paul), Greg.

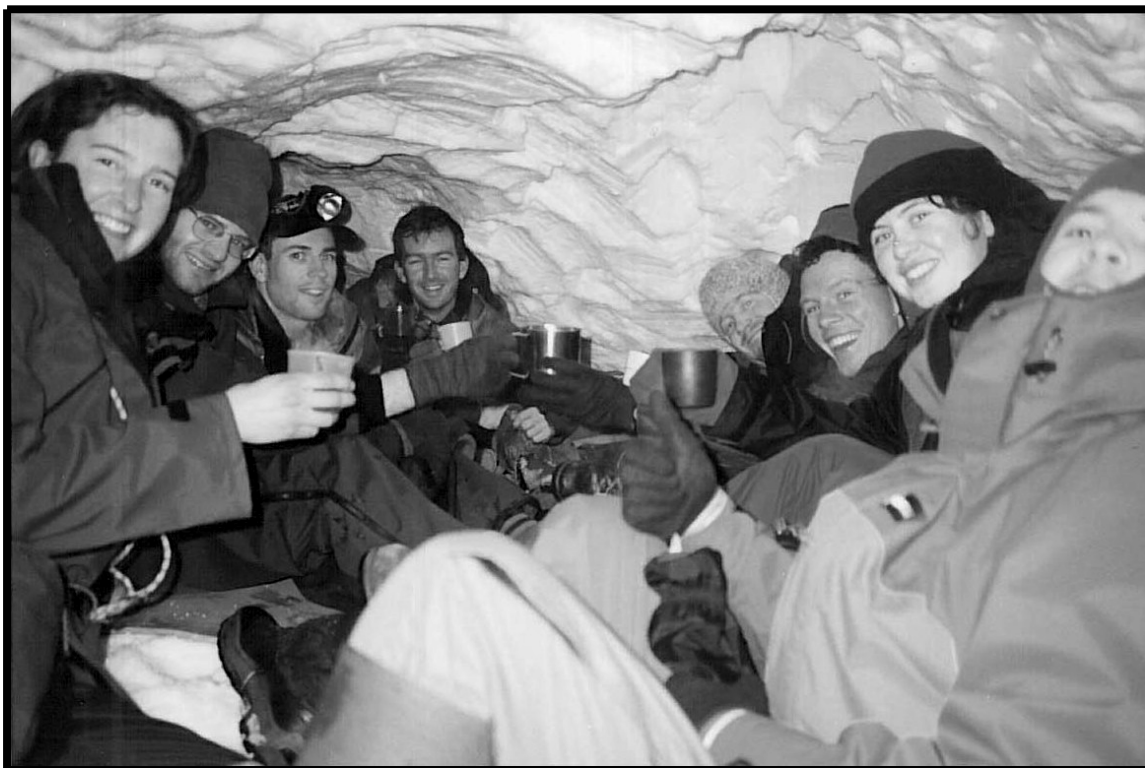
By 1995, one great way of getting a quick \$5000 for tramping or an OE (at least for the largely unregulated first few years) was through the Student Tramping (ahem, I mean course fees) Loan Scheme. Those of us who were a little more diligent with our money scrimped on everyday items, and wound up better dressed as trampers than in real life.

In that earlier part of the decade, the traditional three-term structure remained intact, giving two holidays of three weeks (one week for study, one for paid work and one for tramping). From 1996 you could be unlucky and have exams at the end of the first semester, which shortened the breaks during the academic year, though at least the summer vacation remained largely intact.

Actually, we children of the 90s looked back through old Footprints in awe of those 80s members and their capping stunts, summit luncheon poses and their staunch exploits in the

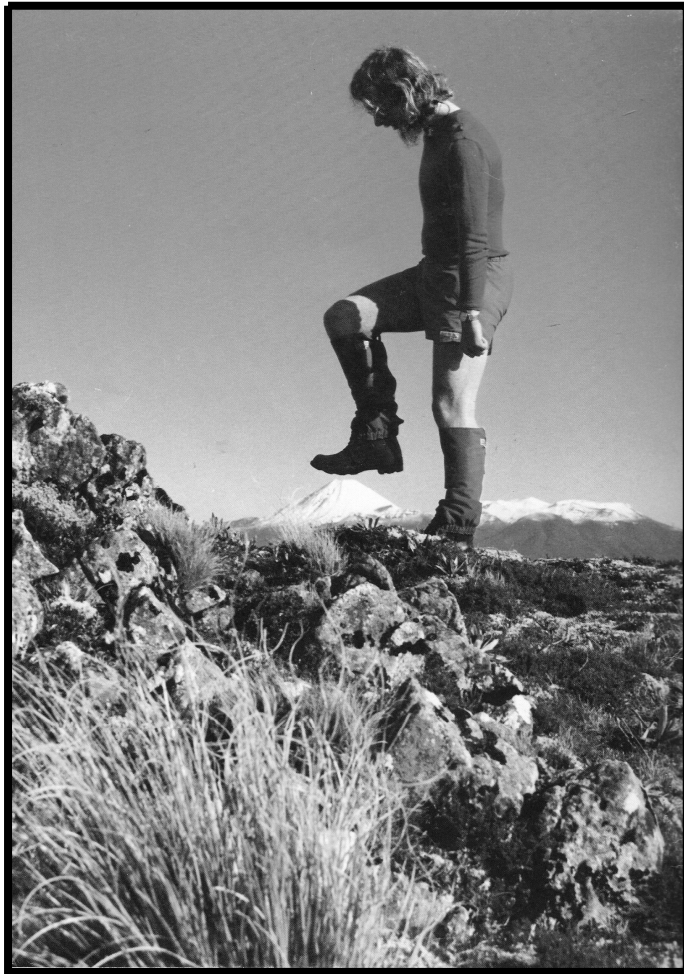
hills and wondered how on Earth we would emulate 'the good old days'. But we did our best with summit luncheon cricket matches on South Crater, using bridges in Nelson Lakes to hang off as a great alternative to jungle gyms, and doing time trials circumnavigating Mt Ruapehu (just because there was nothing better to do that weekend).

As well as the usual pilgrimages to Nelson Lakes, Mt Aspiring, Kahurangi, or Stewart Island, there were particular summer epics of note. These included a 15-day trip through the Garden of Eden (in which Richard Wesley and Keith Parks continued their travels on to Mt Cook - proudly summiting in wrecked boots and a Japara raincoat, having survived along the way on 'hut food'), a huge 20-day epic through the Light and Dark valleys in Fiordland, and a 24 hour tramp (the actual winners still in



Snowcave for 9 under Delta corner - Advanced Snoskool 1994

Left to right: Arwen Vant, Keith Parks, Alex Lee, Steve, Alister Kitchen, Richard Wesley, Christine Farmer, Euan Williams.



Rob Simpson and Ngaruhoe - 1992

controversy). Members even tramped as far away as the Chatham Islands.

Organisation of trips remained largely unchanged. Even the mysterious Louise Bong kept tramping for much of this decade. "Louise" was in fact a made up person from earlier generations used to encourage people sign up for trips with low numbers (the "sheep effect") and then removed once the list subsequently grew. One change was the increased prevalence of occupational safety in the country, meaning club instruction courses became more formalised and structured, and with large numbers taking part.

Although tramping trips were the main purpose of the club, the social events continued

to have an important function of binding the club together. Highlights included 80+ people partying hard at a Freshers and the numbers repeated at a May Camp. Over 50 attended a club Christmas party (most of whom turned up after the Rambo Run, I have to say!!). The Outdoor Clubs Cocktail Ball which was held in the third floor of the student union building became the "Big Night Out" -- a classy party held in a classy venue.

We held car rallies (involving wine trails, circumnavigating roundabouts 20 times, Ronald McDonald "tramping burgers"), plus various hut parties (some less official than others - we got the year wrong once for a hut b'day) and many more events, not forgetting the 60th AUTC Jubilee in 1992.

At lunchtimes, trampers with no friends anywhere else continued to hang around the noticeboard and the 'mushrooms' near the quad (no longer existing) and Friday afternoons were for the weekly field trip to Shadows. Alistair Kitchen designing a somewhat trendier new club t-shirt with the new club logo that was originally doodled on scrap paper one lunchtime at the 'mushrooms' by Bettina Hassel.

This was also the decade where females dominated the club captain's role; we may have started the decade with Brett Shireffs (1990) and James Morris (1991), but Hannah Barnes in 1992 led a long line of females:

Carol Diamond (1993), Jean Mansill (1994) and Arwen Vant (1995). Dressed in a “Barbie Pink” leotard during May Camp, one could easily have mistaken Stephen Martin as a female club captain in 1996, but he was followed by Mo Mansill (1997) and then Rebecca Blakey (1998). The decade finished with Murdoch Vant in 1999, brother to Arwen and hence the second sibling pair of the 90s.

As ever, all momentous events and stories continued to be recorded in Footprints and Belch although the role of the publications officer increasingly demanded computer literacy rather than English literacy. Typing pool parties were replaced by scanning and emailing stories and photos to the Footprints editor. Dominic Birt’s “Belches” were particularly legendary for their humour.

And so by the end of the decade, it seemed that the more things had changed, the more they had stayed the same. Despite all the

change inflicted upon students in the 90s, members found AUTC was still an important time of discovery: of ourselves, new places, and the opposite sex, all of which was to eventually make an indelible mark on our lives forever. The often quoted “if you only go to university to get a degree, then that’s probably all you’ll get out of it” easily justified our need to head to the hills - for an adventure and to “experience life to its fullest” (to quote James Morris in his K2 report, 1991).

I found a sticker which we sabotaged one year from some other organisation in order to promote our own club. It read: “Get a life. Join AUTC!” And we did.

- Jean Mansill



Up the Jacquiry – Dusky, 1998. From left: Ed Evans, Jane Tansell, Joe Lee, David Herrick, Mark Storey

Beyond 2000

The turn of the 21st century has seen a number of changes in student life in general and in the culture of AUTC in particular.

Club membership has grown with a little over 200 members signing up each year, reflecting the growth of student numbers at the university. Many of these are exchange students, who bring an international flavour to the club. They seem to come in waves, one year—lots of Germans, the next—lots of Americans, not to mention representatives thrown in from every other country you care to name. Tramps often feel like a meeting of the United Nations with trampers from all around the world exchanging ideas and tales of what hiking is like back home.

As in the 1990s, another change has been the continuing increase in university fees and

the pressures of the student loan scheme. This means for a lot of people there is less time for tramping, as weekends and holidays are now taken up with part-time work. Along with this there appears to have been an increase in the internal assessment workload that eats away at the evenings and what is left of the weekends.

The combination of these factors means that although the overall membership of the club has increased, the number of active trampers has decreased somewhat. With more international members who are here for only one or two semesters, there are fewer experienced people to lead the number of trips needed. Along with this, the responsibility for running the numerous



Ongaruanuku Hut 60th birthday party - 2004

training schools has increasingly fallen on a small number of shoulders. Realising this, the club's committee has tried a number of schemes to increase the number of people leading trips. These have included sponsoring attendance at external training and buddying potential leaders with more experienced people. These have had some success. New leaders are coming through to replace those who leave, but more are still needed.

With the reduced time available to people for tramping the numbers heading down to the South Island for the summer have decreased. There are more people keen for shorter trips year-round and the club social events are always well attended.

The club hut, Ongaranuku, turned into a focus for the committee with the creation of a regional park management plan for the Waitakere Ranges. A letter arrived in 2003 from the Auckland Regional Council containing a contract for the club to sign which basically

gave away all rights to Ongaranuku and a hefty lawyer's bill for the privilege of doing so. Needless to say this was not the best way to start a dialogue with the council about where the hut fitted into the new management plan. After two years of often heated discussion a contract between the club and the council was finally ironed out and signed at the 2005 AGM. The contract gave the club a license to occupy the hut but cleared the council of any liability associated with the hut. With the lawyers out of the way, the club's relationship with the council has warmed recently and there have been a number of hut/track work days where club members have worked alongside the ARC rangers. This has been of benefit for both parties with the club helping out with track maintenance along Ridge Road and the rangers helping out with their quad bikes to bring in tools and building materials for the hut.



Tongariro National Park - October 2004. Back row from left: Christoph Roth, Johannes Zedelius, Scott Houghton, Nina Hall, Anthea Johnson. Middle: Jack Symmons, Nathalie van Ballegooy, Vivek Voora. Front: Rob Frost, Andrew Mills, Paula Vincent

Communication within the club has changed somewhat with the prevalence of computers and email. Many trips and social events are now often organised via the club email list rather than through the notice board. This is currently becoming even more so with a club website being created where people can sign up for trips, share photos and hold discussions.

At the same time the club presence around the campus has lessened. It is no longer guaranteed that on a walk through the quad at any time of day you will see a group of trampers sitting around a table. This can probably again be attributed to the increase in internal assessment and other such factors rather than the use of electronic communication.

Yet the club has remained a friendly social centre offering people the chance to get to know others in what is increasingly an anonymous environment with the growth of the university. The difference is that previously members could indulge a lack of effort and easily skip lectures to remain chatting in the quad—whereas now members have to consciously make the effort required to attend

club events.

For those who do make the effort there are always social events to attend and tramps to be enjoyed while the university work sits happily forgotten for a moment.

So this decade continues to be one of change and challenges for AUTC. There is the challenge of building experience within the club and increasing the number of active trampers. There is the challenge of dealing with a changing student body at the university and adapting the club's activities to meet their needs, while also maintaining the traditions that make the club the wonderful entity that it is. We have the opportunity to embrace new ideas and technology and use them to keep the club the friendly, fostering, and adventurous place that it has been for so many years.

- Shane Windsor



Beginners Snowschool - 2006

Club Culture

Many members would attest to the friendships they formed during their time in the club and the richness of memories these provide. Besides its core of tramping activities, the club has always maintained a strong culture of social events, traditions and the odd bout of shenanigans. This section of the book is dedicated to this important side of the AUTC experience.

Campus Life

Auckland University Tramping Club members do not expend all their energy on tramping. There have always been a lot of activities on campus to occupy their time as well. In fact, Alastair Smith once defined units or papers as “those things you study in between visits to the notice board and having lunch at Sir George”.

The noticeboard, at first situated in the old cloisters, was useful not only for gaining information on trips and activities, but also for wasting time. If you had nothing to do you could wander along there and hope to find someone else in a similar situation who wanted to pass the time of day. Later, around 1970, the notice board moved to the new student union building. The dear old board periodically came

under fire for its poor quality of notices and untidy presentation. It was nicknamed the 'rubbish board' on these occasions.

The statue of Sir George Grey in Albert Park was for a long time even more of a focal point on campus than the notice board. You just had to go there for lunch to keep up to date with what was going on. Lunch hours could be very prolonged at Sir George. He had a broad base and a surround of grass for sitting on (though this was rather thinned at the end of term from constant crushing by trampers' feet). He was also good for climbing on if you felt energetic.

Unfortunately, in the mid-70s Sir George was increasingly left to have lunch by himself. Instead you could go to the noticeboard and sit around the student union, but there was never quite the same atmosphere and numbers dwindled during this era. This was rather a loss as the university became larger and less personal. For some, lunch was a lonely time. At least at Sir George you could be assured of company, even if club members weren't the



“The Quad”

most outgoing of students. In 1963 the comment was made at Sir George that at any lunch hour freshers sit by themselves in a group removed from others. Any suggestion of attempting to get them to integrate was met with an apathetic "Why bother - if they want us they'll come!"

The plight of the fresher wasn't always ignored and strong attempts were made in orientation week to lure new members to the club with slide evenings and climbing displays on campus. However, freshers tramps and freshers hut were probably more important in getting people interested in the club.

Throughout the 80s and 90s, the notice board in its alcove beside the quad was always the central place to have lunch together, plan trips and postpone the serious business of studying in the library across Alfred St.

Attendance by the "solid core" of the club was high.

However, the student union complex went through a fit of rebuilding, starting in the late 1990s, which saw the noticeboard area demolished to make way for shops. It looked at one stage like the noticeboard might be demoted to the basement level of the building but successful lobbying by club members earned them permission to install a new version in its current location next to the staircase between the two halves of the quad.

As a consequence, the lunch-time gang had to compete with the general student hoi polloi for a picnic table in the quad. This in fact presented few problems as there tended to be a rotating roster of faces, with a few friends to be found holding down a table at



Lunch at Sir George – 1964

*Back row: Ken Mc Alister, Jerry Lowe, Elizabeth Gray, Claire Gregory, . . . , Dave Aston, Jim Frater, . . . , Noel Chandler, Dave Smyth.
Front: Robert Erskine, Gary Carter, Rolf Booker, Sally Montgomery, Gary Bold.*

almost any hour during the day. With a Coke machine at arm's reach and a short walk to buy wedges from the cafe, little need to take leave presented itself, except, of course, for lectures.

During the warmer months, these groups would often migrate to one spot or another in Albert Park, wherever there was space to throw a Frisbee and catch some sun. In 2000 and 2001, there was still normally a tramping club table in the quad where people hung out at lunch times. This seems to have died out from 2002 onwards, with the loss of the some core members and the increasing loss of free time as students face more internal assessment.

One other famous venue on campus was Vaile Building. In 1964-5 the club gear was moved from its room in Hut 6 to a cubbyhole under the stairs in Vaile. In 1967 we were given extra cupboards and we held committee meetings in the staff wives' room on the ground floor. Vaile Building was a much more convivial spot than Hut 6 in the rain. More bods could fit in and one grew to positively enjoy the smell of ice axes steeped in dirty oil and the aroma of partially washed billies and dehy. It soon became known that the gear cupboard lock was easily picked with a knife, faster than a key, as long as you got your knife in the well-worn groove in the catch. It was also common knowledge that the staff wives used their room and old chairs only once a month so Vaile Building became the general meeting place for many of AUTC. Notes were left on the door and much went on. It was a convenient place to kip down while waiting for the 2 am Herald bus to Ruapehu. The building was finally condemned, though it actually had

many useful years left. AUTC was evicted and Sir George reared his charming head again.

While generations in the club have found favourite eating haunts, members from the 50s are likely to recall the name The Golden Dragon with some nostalgia. Chowmein and sweet and sour pork were firm favourites in those days before Chinese cuisine had become commonplace, and were a fine alternative to the monotony of cafeteria dinners.

For a few years in the 1990s a pizza joint across from the city library made for a cosy committee meeting venue.

Other campus activities have included slide evenings and film screenings, especially before Christmas trips. The annual general meeting was memorable for dart throwing in earlier years. The ritual of presenting the kukri knife and goblets continues to this day. In fact, it must be true to say that AUTC is one of the best clubs to join if you have a lot of spare time on campus.

Each year begins with a recruitment drive during orientation week and AUTC has endeavoured to maintain a high profile with a large stall, tents and banners included, posters around campus, free giveaways of muesli bars, and one year in the late 90s, a late night climbing mission to hang a tramping club banner over a Canoe Club kayak suspended over Rudman Gardens.

Slide shows have remained an occasional feature of club social nights. Of note was a 2004 event billed as the Antarctic Extravaganza in which two club members,

both graduate students showed, to much awe and eager questioning, their photos from the world's southernmost regions. Matt Healy had spent time in the dry valleys of Antarctica to study glacial melt water while Shane Windsor recalled his voyage across the Southern Ocean aboard an icebreaker loaded with scientists.

Mention was made in the early 70s that the introduction of in-course assessment throughout term time was having an impact on club participation levels, combined with increasing affluence that afforded students more independence and mobility in their leisure time. A somewhat related theme surfaced in the early 1990s as introduction of, and steady increase in fees bit into the freedom that students felt they had for recreation. In 1991, club captain James Morris observed:

“Money worries have been a major contributor to the reduced number of trips. There also seems to be more talk than ever of work that must be done, hence no time for tramping.”

The wider student body held protests against the fees with club members joining in a sleepover during the memorable multi-day occupation of the Registry building in 1996. The steady rise in costs was at best slowed down by these actions and the past 15 years have seen many students facing the burden of loans or working long hours in part-time jobs.



1948 – From left: Harry Locker, Sains Shack, Bill Karle, Alan Goodyear, Mike Martin Smith, Marie Crum, Shirley Anne Rose, Frances Spence.

Procesh

The annual capping procession of decorated floats through the centre of Auckland has long since disappeared. During the event's heyday, the club was often involved. In the club's minutes and annual reports two themes reappear - finding a good idea and finding someone to do the work. Delegation sometimes worked.

In 1939, Club Captain Mac Stanton was present on the procession committee. With the revival of the procession after the war, "the Club was responsible for three very attractive floats, the members taking part looking slightly grubbier (if possible) than they do on most weekends." (Annual Report, 1947 and 1948). A Maori war canoe was under construction in 1951 when the procession was cancelled due to the waterfront strike, but in 1952 "the club made what we consider to be a most successful float depicting trams at their best, and were devastated not to receive a prize" though the float featured prominently in newspaper

pictures. However next year, under Dick Walcott's direction, a hole-in-the-road detection squad won first prize for foot floats, while a truck float of "tram disappearing into said hole in the road" hit the headlines in the Weekly News. 1954's effort, St Trinian's School, "horrified the greater part of the populace of Auckland, the team being most aptly picked from our more rowdy members."

Liquid prizes were the usual reward for creativity. The annual report for 1959 states that, "as usual, our float in procesh [on the escape of the Dalai Lama] caught the judge's eye, to gain us a prize, which was duly consumed."

Procession continued into the early 70s, but enthusiasm obviously declined and "Procesh" has long been but a memory. A story about the fine art of delegation, circa 1958, makes for a conclusion:



Procesh 1958 – Jailhouse Rock

"Next business: Procesh."

The room is hushed, faces tense. We make a suggestion, develop it animatedly - polite laughter. We relapse into gloom and despair. Someone proposes a subcommittee. Yes, a subcommittee is the solution alright, but really we haven't quite got time to go on it ourselves - terms tests, essays and all that, you know. But we think A and B over there would be just the persons. Power to co-opt, of course. (A and B are momentarily stunned by the treachery of their colleagues.)

"Those against. Carried. Next business."

We sink back with a sigh of relief. The old sub-committee gamble has worked again.

Well, freed of all immediate responsibilities we happened to breeze into varsity one day before Procesh and spotted a couple of characters making some kind of a wooden frame thing.

"Mogambo."

"Mogambo."

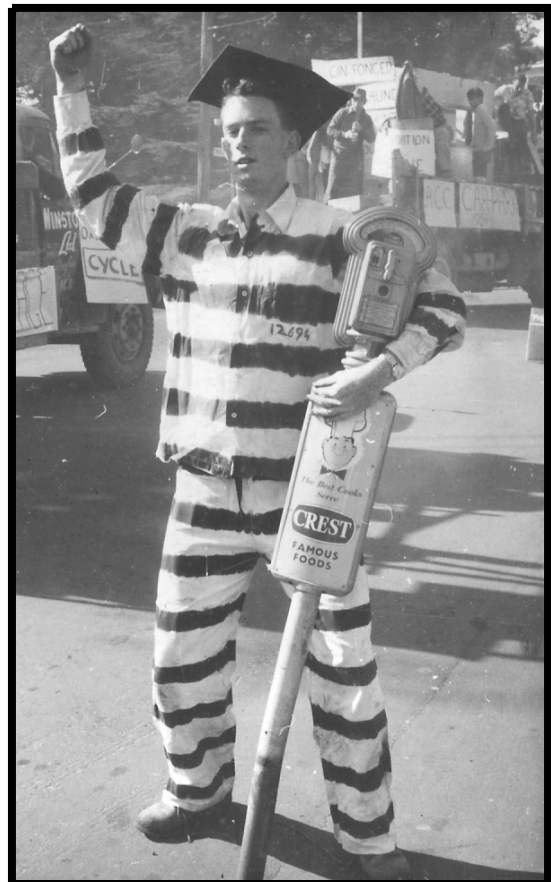
"No swot today?"

"Just making a sledge for Procesh. Tramping Club's going to the South Pole."

"Oh, Procesh? Ha, of course. Tramping Club to the South Pole. Ha Ha, quite a good theme. Been racking my own brain for a theme, but nothing as good as that. Well, so long."

In a similar spirit to Procesh were the subsequent capping week raft races of the early 1980s. Ungainly vessels were assembled from barrels, polystyrene, bamboo and twine. AUTC

was a frequent entrant against opponents representing different faculties and clubs. The course was Devonport Beach to Okahu Bay. From 1980: "The race commenced with the usual ceremony - all captains had to scull a can of beer (thank God it was Double Brown). Then the rafts swung into action amid a hail of missiles, many being directed by our own support team. Tactics were simple - stay afloat. Mogambo II, crewed by none other than the dishonourable K2, planned to stay out of trouble. The craft actually got to within 20 yards of shore before being rammed and overturned. It finished in this position with the crew paddling atop the overturned hull."



Pete Lennon - Procesh 1958

Ongaruanuku

“The subject of a club hut”

It is hard to imagine AUTC without its O'nuku. Yet for more than a decade after its founding the club had no hut of its own to provide a focus for the organised or spontaneous weekend activities of its members. Then, in the early 1940s, several organisational setbacks having been overcome, there was a new-found confidence and purposefulness among the club's active members. They began to discuss seriously the idea and Cecil Segedin explored this further in his presidential report of 1943:

“Looking further ahead, I should like to raise the subject of a club hut. This, I think, should be the goal towards which we should strive, although there seems to be little chance of being able to do anything towards it for the present. Our year, being determined by university conditions, is largely restricted to the winter and this makes the use of huts essential. We are fortunate in being able to use several

excellent huts near Auckland, chiefly through the courtesy of kindred clubs outside the college, but we have nothing to offer in return. A hut of our own would do more than anything to ensure a really successful club spirit. There is, however, one other aspect of the matter that should be brought to light. I refer to a tendency that has often been observed in tramping clubs which on acquiring their own hut have tended to restrict their activities to country near to the hut, and eventually to merely the hut itself. There is a lot to be said for the policy that we should not embark on the building of one hut until there is a strong possibility of being able to build a second in the near future. A chain of cheap, unpretentious but serviceable huts appears to be the best policy to pursue.”

Two formidable problems remained: a lack of finance and, in wartime conditions of



Freshers Hut Weekend - 1963

severe petrol rationing, the difficulty of access to any permanent hut site. These problems were not impossible to overcome and in August the committee discussed the idea of setting up a hut fund; it was suggested that members be invited to donate a day's wages from their holiday work in the long vacation. It was also decided to make some enquiries about a hut in the Pararaha (presumably the old Muirs Cottage, now destroyed). Then, in November, a sub-committee was formed to report on progress.



"And now for the mattresses!" (O'nuku's mattress cupboard, 1980)

Left to right, standing: Peter Bawden, Dave Owen, Sue Ensor, Helen Flint, Martin Parker, Sue Hoyle, Tim Longson, Chris Peryer, Geoff Mead, Peter Manning, Peter Eman. Front: Richard Stocker, Cameron Smith, Adrian Grierson, Dave Henwood.

HALL OPENING

AUGUST 27th. 1944

Ch. Sajadi.

L. H. Briggs.

R. Morrison Cassin.

A. L. Webb.

P. B. Hutchinson.

Geoff Wilson

Susanna Paul

Annelle Burdige

D. M. Stanton

Aileen C. Stanton.

R. P. Shaw. (A.T.C)

W. J. Clark
Ralph F. Sewell.

S. A. Rumsey

Margaret Averil.

~~H. M. Norton~~

W. J. J. J. J.

L. R. Boarder

P. K. L. Arnold.

J. W. Smith.

H. J. Stamb

B. C. D. Stratford.

N. J. Rumsey.

J. P. Rawson.

E. W. Taylor.

Barbara Averell

L. H. Williamson

H. L. H. H. H.

R. V. Nicholls.

G. B. H. H.

A. M. H. H.

W. E. H. H. H. ?

R. W. H. H.

J. G. Miller.

J. D. H. H. H.

S. L. Holland.

R. F. Driffin.

Kathleen C. B. H.

E. G. H.

M. P. Hutchinson

J. H. H.

B. R. Thomas.

Yvonne J. H.

Charles V. H.

G. H. H.

B. G. H.

D. W. A. H.

Dorothy G. H.

J. A. H.

B. B. H.

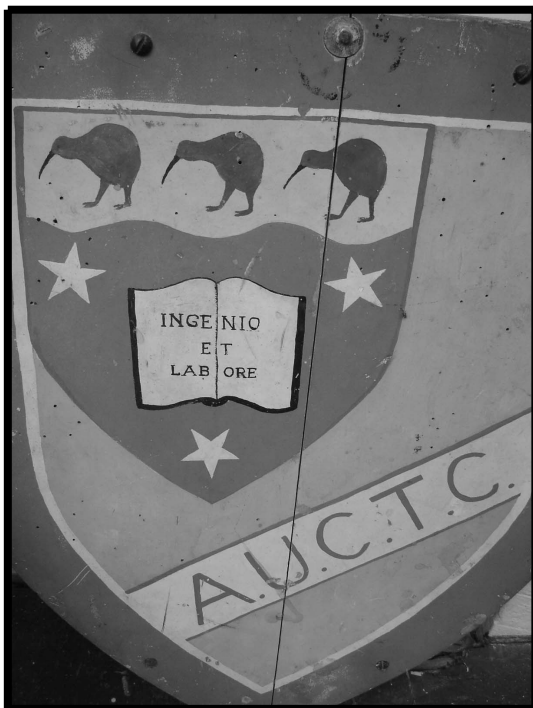
Alan L. H.

Mary G. H.

“The Hut Between ASC and Simla”

In the light of this sub-committee's report in February 1944, a clear policy and a course of action emerged. The report contained the first mention of the future Ongaruanuku, although it seems to have been regarded as a second-best choice, a short-term expedient until a permanent hut could be secured. The long-term objective was to locate such a hut on a site in the Hunuas, which had already been investigated. Meanwhile, the committee decided to rent a temporary hut and the most suitable one was in fact “the hut between ASC and Simla”.

The next committee meeting on 2 March was held at 'Simla Hut'. Many minds had been made up and enthusiasm was flowing. The talk was over. It was time for some action. A decision was made there and then to negotiate a lease with Auckland City Council, call a special meeting to ratify the committee's decision, and



appoint a hut maintenance committee.

Its members drew up a list of renovations, including the installing of bunks and made a start on a hut fund. The hut was readied by August and Cecil Segedin officially opened it on the 27th, in the presence of 51 others. There remained the question of a suitable name.

Naming Our New Home

Dominion Physical Laboratory, Lower Hutt,

12 December, 1950. Dear Ron,

When it had been decided to turn the one time cook-house (so we are told) of a vanished timber camp into our club hut the elders of the club requested members to find a suitable name, which should be:

- (a) in Maori,
- (b) appropriate in meaning,
- (c) dignified in sound,
- (d) easy to say.

This was not easy without the help of an expert in the Maori language, and no one in the club could find such a person with any really helpful suggestions, though two people I approached did their best. So I compiled a list of possible names from the vocabulary in the back of a Maori grammar. Some of these were flippant in meaning, which, said the elders of the club, would be suitable for bivvies we might put up but not for the club hut. It was particularly difficult to find any name dealing with the location

of the hut or any other attribute, so I concentrated my attention on translating into Maori the phrase: 'belonging to the students'. The only easy part of this was the translation of 'the' by the plural definite article *nga*. 'Belonging to' caused some trouble because this should be either *o* or *a* according to which of two categories the word 'hut' belongs. The rules given in the book were not very helpful on this



First view of "The Simila Hut" - 1944

point, but eventually I decided on *a*. Unfortunately, I could not at that time find any accurate translation of the word 'student' so had to resort to "learned person" for which the book gave a string of words without distinction, among them: *pu*, *pukenga*, and *ruanuku*. The elders dismissed the possibilities *Ongapu* and *Ongapukenga* as being unsatisfactory in sound and unpleasant in associations, especially to residents of North Shore who had to drink the waters of Lake Pupuke. Objections were raised to *Ongaruanuku* — that it might be shortened to 'nook', and that it was a trifle long. However, as no better suggestions were forthcoming this was adopted. Derek Clarke then painted the swinging sign, and the hut was eventually

named and opened with solemn ceremony by one of the great among trampers.

Recently I have found the information I needed then. In *The Maori School of Learning* by Elsdon Best (Dominion Museum Monograph No. 6), we are told that the general term for 'student' is *akonga*, and particular terms are *pia* for a beginner, *taura* for one further advanced, and *taura* for one

who has completed the course (a graduate), while *pu* is used to describe a past master, a repository of tribal lore (a doctor or professor say). From this we see that better names would have been *Ongaakonga* and *Ongataura*. The first of these is awkward in sound, but the second would, I think, have been perfectly satisfactory. *Ruanuku* turns out to be a person learned in the arts of black

magic, so arguing backwards from the adopted name of the hut the members of A.U.C.T.C. must be little wizards.

Best wishes,

'Rum'

The labour and enthusiasm poured into the project of renovating the hut in preparation for its use by the club is wonderfully encapsulated in the following contemporary report:

"AUCTC are now, for the first time, the proud occupiers of a home of their own at Simla. The City Council has agreed to lease the building to us on a year-to-year basis, and the first year's rent has been remitted in consideration of the renovating work being

done. Materials are being supplied, up to a point, by the Council, while fittings, such as bunks, are being financed out of the Hut Fund, and will remain our property.

“Since its commencement, the scheme has not looked back. The acceptance of the proposals of the Hut Investigation Committee, the finalising of agreements with the Auckland City Council, the response of the club to the Hut Fund drive and the interest shown by various firms were successive phases, all the time bound together by continuous work by the club as a whole. There has been scarcely a weekend since Easter when there has not been some activity at the hut.

“While these renovations have considerably cramped our tramping style for a period, it will be generally admitted that the effort has been worthwhile and that we have accomplished something of lasting benefit for both ourselves and future varsity trampers.

“A start was made on the work over Easter. Under the supervision of foreman of works - Peter B. Hutchinson, about thirty enthusiastic wreckers, carpenters, interior decorators and glaziers worked a wonderful transformation in the once gloomy and dirty-looking shed, while half a dozen even more enthusiastic girls busied themselves with ancillary duties, eyeing all the time the three tins of creosote to be applied next working party. The development of Cecil's 'club spirit' is certainly in evidence and scenes from the building of the hut will provide reminiscences for many years to come. I can still see Ian Reid as he staggered in under a load of bricks, Sue covered with red paint, Bert Cook's pride in the mantelpiece, Kath Olds

with her truly rural murals, Cam's anguished look as he fell off the lorry, and the girls cooking in an environment of sawdust and epithets.

“Incidents such as these are worth reflecting on; they envisage the true spirit of the Club, a free and easy fellowship of students, keen for the outdoors. It is difficult to define just what we do gain from Tramping Club, something which is not easy to portray to those who have not tramped with the Club, but there does exist a sense of freedom, companionship and independence which is very real to each of us, and these have been symbolised in Ongaruanuku.”

Footprints, Vol. 1, 1944

Getting Out to O'nuku

The tramp from Waitakere Station to O'nuku - about seven miles - involved about three miles of metal road then clay road and track and usually took two to three hours. Most people or parties caught the 7.30pm or 8.15 train, so any time between 10.30pm and midnight those already in residence at the hut could expect to hear the clump of boots and the thud of packs on the verandah. Some hardy souls made a practice of non-stop dashes to the hut in considerably less time than two hours, and for a while breaking the 'hut record' was popular among a small group. But records can be of two kinds and in Vol. 2 of the hut book there is this arresting entry: “Hut record captured by woman.”

What happened was that Eva Conway, a first-year club member, set off from Waitakere by herself at night, missed the turning to O'nuku and slept the night in a swamp. Next day she made her way to Ridge Road, but missed the turnoff to the hut and again slept out alone. Her record of 41.5 hours for Waitakere to O'nuku probably still stands.

For most parties, the weather was the main variable; ranging from clear, moonlit nights, when one's shadow fell visibly on the track and the clematis flowers glowed in the bush (no need for torches then), to those nights when the rain-laden squalls whipped stingingly across Ridge Road from the coast. Rest stops were short and soggy and there was relief in reaching the track where the bush, gesticulating weirdly, still gave welcome protection from the wind. On those nights, the pines of Simla roared, the runnels across the scoured track flowed brim-full and one slipped and slobbered on the hard red clay, the gorse and manuka slapping wetly at legs and faces and one's boots growing heavy with water and mud. Then the distinctive creosote and wood-smoke smell of O'nuku was as incense to the nose.

The tramp from Waitakere started easily and fast on the flat, clinkered boots crunching loudly on the metal and striking an occasional spark. The scattered lights of Waitakere were soon left behind as you slogged up the first hill. Pine and macrocarpa trees spoke in the wind. Then, the winding downhill stretch, the bank with the glow worms, Black Bridge.



Easter 1945

Working party taking timber to O'nuku from the Anawhata road.

A short rest at the gate, enough for muscles to cool and tighten, so calves and thighs strained as you began the climb up Long Drive. On and on it seemed to go, the sweat starting to trickle, breath catching and shoulders protesting. Climbing up you would begin to hear the murmur of the West Coast surf, blowing in across the ridges. Then at last there was the relief of another rest at the wooden gate where the bush and the track began.

On fine nights, this was the place for some scroggin or an orange, while looking back at the distant lights of Auckland, before setting off again into the bush.

Along the track, one checked off one's progress against a mental map sketched in previous trips — a short climb here, a corner there, next a prominent tree, then a muddy patch or a place where once you'd been startled by a pig crashing off into the bush. As well as these private sign posts, there were the major land marks — Smythes Ridge, the Upper Kauri turnoff, Simla with the wind in the pines or a bright moon throwing shadows on the grass and the broken remnants of an abandoned shack. Simla was always ghostly. So one hurried on,

past RGB and then down the last slippery hill to the hut. Another weekend at O'nuku had begun.

By contrast with the tramp from Waitakere, getting to O'nuku by catching the Piha bus on Friday night and walking in from the Anawhata turn-off was regarded as slightly decadent, a soft option compared to the train. But it became a more and more frequent mode and once the trains ceased to run to Waitakere there was little choice of means by public transport - except via rather strenuous routes from Henderson. The Piha bus option was too short to present challenges to the serious record-breakers, though times were noted in the Hut book and here were people breaking half an hour for the Anawhata Road - O'nuku stretch.

Occasionally parties came in from Swanson, using the Peripatus-Anderson's-Fenceline tracks or sometimes the Scenic Drive-Cutty Grass variant. But the former was a difficult route at night and likely to lead one into the small hours of the morning before the welcome shape of O'nuku loomed out of the bush. And the latter was indirect and included too much road bashing.

In the days before Ridge Road was churned up by four-wheel-drive vehicles, various push bikes, motor bikes and even small cars found their way to the hut. Govan Wilson was the most regular cyclist; indeed Govan and bike respectively carried each other over many of the tracks in the Piha Valley-O'nuku area.

Thankfully, vehicular traffic was banned from Ridge Road around 1990 and this allowed something of an improvement in its state. That said, deep permanent troughs remain worn into

the clay; one swampy cesspit that forever fills the track has even been elevated to milestone status, a familiar obstacle that lets walkers know how far along the track they have come.

As for today, with the flood of used Japanese imports many students can afford a cheap car and so weekends at the hut begin with a simple drive all the way to the carpark on Anawhata road (the final winding gravel section letting more than one young driver visualise themselves as entrants in the New Zealand Rally). From there, all that remains is the direct 40 minute walk to the hut, slipping and sliding over the clay. The walk is usually done in daylight, though sometimes a joker or two will turn up late to a party, everyone else reclined on the deck and watching the light from the latecomers' headlamps bobbing about through the trees. Sadly, the magic of the Friday night walk from yesteryear has largely gone.

O'nuku Over the Years

Those who worked weekend after weekend between Easter and August 1944 to get the city council shack near Simla in shape for the hut opening were confident they had 'accomplished something of lasting benefit'. There can be no doubt of that. O'nuku immediately became and has remained an institution in its own right. Helen Clarke, who painstakingly analysed the Hut attendances and activities recorded in the eight volumes of hut books from 1945 to 1979 noted perceptively that;

“A constant theme is a revisiting of O'nuku by Old Soles of all vintages, dripping with happy nostalgia. People come to say farewell to O'nuku before going overseas or away from Auckland, returning like homing pigeons to make sure it's still there, at first opportunity.”

This behaviour speaks explicitly of the role of O'nuku in club life - and of the part played by the club in the lives of many student trampers. To a significant extent for many years O'nuku was the club. It has always retained an important role for some club activities, but not to the overwhelming degree of its first 10 or even 20 years. The pattern of the major annual events - orientation weekend, a hut working weekend, the two social occasions of hut birthday and Christmas party plus bush and leaders school - is fairly stable. It is the pattern of spontaneous activities that has changed markedly. For many years O'nuku functioned as a sort of retreat or 'drop-in centre'.

“Who's going to O'nuku this weekend?” was the normal question among those clustered around the notice board from Wednesday on. Indeed, few weekends went by without someone at the hut, playing the gramophone, reading or going for a stroll. It is this activity that has fallen away, since the mid-60s in particular.

However, from the 1960s outside groups have made an increased use of the hut, overcoming the considerable reluctance the club once held to hire it out. In 1959, for



Delivery of the new piano to Ongaruanuku - July 1964

Pete Conner, Tony Parlane, John Gregory

example, the committee discussed one request and concluded cautiously that letting the hut would lead to an increase in such requests and would make the hut less 'popular' for club members. However, former club members who had become secondary school teachers began to make of O'nuku for school parties. This had a side effect as a recruiting function (at the annual general meeting in 1964 four of the officers were former members of the Rangitoto College Tramping Club), while it also prized open O'nuku's door to the more regular non-club usage that characterises subsequent decades.

Statistics from the time illustrate the change: Club members used the hut on an average of 18 weekends per year in the period 1975-9, non-club groups averaged 17 weekends. By comparison, in a similar period 10 years earlier (1965-9), the member and non-member rate of usage was 33 and 7 weekends, respectively.

There have been many causes for the changing role of O'nuku and the Waitakeres generally in the latter 20th century. The

ranges have changed drastically as a venue for tramping. Tracks have been opened up, improved, maintained and signposted for the benefit of the hundreds of day strollers who make their way there; the Piha Road has become a sealed highway; the suburbs of West Auckland have grown closer. Going to the Waitaks and O'nuku in these circumstances has lost much of the former sense of getting right away from the city and into the wilderness. For many years, O'nuku lost its solitude. Trail bikes and four-wheel-drive vehicles regularly shattered the weekend peace and carved Ridge Road into a muddy, bog-ridden scene reminiscent in places of a World War I battle site.

Back on campus, the introduction of continuous assessment in the early 70s spread study pressures more continuously throughout the year, leaving fewer weekends free for a quick dash to the hut. At

the same time, the weekend Bonnici bus service to the Chateau brought TNP into direct competition with the Waitakeres as a venue for the weekend activities of the keener regular trampers.

The hut would still normally be regarded as a getaway spot but sometimes the outside world has been led in. AUTCers lugged a 12" inch television out to the hut on election night 1984. Labour won in a landslide with Bruce Barnett recalled as the lone National supporter and only glum face at the hut that night. Club members

repeated the stunt in 1987, this time watching Labour's re-election 9000ft up in a bivvy on Dome Ridge, Ruapehu.

Ongaruanuku continues to be the site where many new members are introduced to the club during orientation weekend (formerly freshers weekend). [Note to Old Soles: freshers are now known as first-years in the lingo of the younger generation.] The structure of the weekend has changed little over the past 25 years: a bus out to the golf course carpark, followed by a variety of walks to the hut. Once there, everyone plays silly games like clumps outside until dinner is served. There may be a performance of skits. Conversation, dancing, drinking and

loud music then fill the night until everyone collapses in a heap of sleeping bags laid out over mattresses all over the floor. After sleeping in, then tidying up, the masses descend



via Piha Valley to the beach. There, games, a swim or a feed of hot chips pass the time before the bus trip back into the city. Some collapse into their seat and doze contentedly on the drive back while others tell jokes, sing songs and keep up the merriment for one more hour.

There is never enough room in the hut on such occasions and that only adds to the fun, although older members of the club are sometimes known to set up tents under the trees, perhaps to ensure their beauty sleep.



*Re-roofing Ongaruanuku – November 1963
John Utting, George Brennon, Jim Frater.*

Bush Skool and Leaders Skool are also normally hosted at the hut. The Christmas Party has for some time now also doubled as the date for the Rambo Run, the club's annual running race. The gruelling route goes directly down behind the hut to Pig Wallow Stream, down the stream, up the far side of RGB, then tearing around the tracks to Smythe's Corner before returning to the hut via Simla. Winner gets a trophy sporting a dashing Action Man figurine.

While the decline in the frequency with which the core members of the club use the hut has never been reversed, the sentimental attraction of O'nuku has remained strong with recent AUTC generations. It is a place of our own, a unique home in the bush where we first get to know the club and forge strong friendships during long, easy evenings of partying.

Maintenance

Finally, O'nuku, the building and its setting have changed. Early photographs of O'nuku show it standing in a clearing beside Ridge Road in six to eight-foot high manuka and scrubby

second growth. Now it is well concealed in mature manuka, kanuka and regenerating native bush.

The original hut has been reshaped and enlarged. In 1950 a verandah was added and in 1963-4 there were extensive renovations. The interior was expanded, the kitchen and bunk-room partitions were removed, the Maori bunks installed, the verandah incorporated into the Hut and the new verandah built, the roof of which was further extended in 1969.

In between these times, successive work parties have looked to such routine maintenance tasks as creosoting, painting and patching, interspersed with more radical structural maintenance on the roof, tank stand and the foundations.

Also keeping an eye on the hut was ranger Don Stirling whose signature appeared every few pages in the hut books from November 1951 to January 1964. Employed by the Auckland City Council, he could be met with horse and dog and old felt hat somewhere along Ridge Road or Long Drive. He would be checking the Watershed boundary fences, keeping the track open, checking the dams and keeping a benevolent eye on the Tramping Club huts in the area. Sometimes Ranger Don would stay at O'nuku for a cup of tea and a quiet chat before moving on down the track. For many years the Club acknowledged his work by making him a vice-president and Ranger Don, in turn, acknowledged this with a one

guinea donation to the Club. Originally a kauri bushman from the King Country, Ranger Don died in 1979, aged 85.

Before the regional council got professional about park maintenance, the club would hold a track-clearing weekend. AUTC slasher parties worked on tracks from Cutty Grass to Andersons. Andersons and Smythes were the worst by far, since they were the most open and gorse-ridden and a wasp nest was an added hazard for several years.

The hut is ageing gracefully but members have continued to undertake maintenance once a need is discovered. The decking was replaced in 1989 and in the same year the committee established a trust fund to provide for future maintenance needs. It was a sensible idea, but the fund was later overlooked by committees and eventually the balance returned to general club coffers, which have remained healthy due to the ongoing prudence of committees.

In the next two years a new metal chimney was installed and borer-ridden joists under the kitchen floor replaced.

During 1994 and 1995, lots of little holes were made in the floor of O'nuku by lots of people at lots of different parties, remembers Jean Mansill. "If there was ever a hint that work needed to be done on the hut, the only thing less subtle would have been to smack the hut officer over the head with a dead fish."

Warren Burton, Jason Perry and Richard Wesley were largely responsible for the extensive repairs and alterations during this



Building the new Verandah - April 1964

time. This included replacing sections of floor and placing a new water tank on the far side of the hut, with the drawback that it was then harder to climb and party on the roof. New kitchen benches and cooker tops were installed, also a new chimney, replacement of beams and sky lights, replacement of hut furniture and the demolition of the piano. Unfortunately, the club was not quite so good with the demolition of the rats.

Ongaruanuku continues to be well used and respected by the public. It has lived a life mercifully free of vandalism, although in 1998 rumours it had been burned down sent a group out on a late night dash to see that in fact it was untouched.

The decent financial position of the club meant funding was available when hut officer David Baddely decided the hut's leaky roof had to be dealt with, as the number of leaks had grown in the preceding years. At hut parties, people had grown used to shuffling their mattresses about on the floor to avoid drips if it was a rainy night. And so it was that Ongaruanuku gained an



Ongaruanuku Christmas Party - 1964

entirely new roof during the course of 2002. It was one of the biggest renovations of the hut in memory.

Before any building could take place, all the materials had to be transported out to the hut along the Ridge Road Track. This was done over two weekends in June, in what became known as the Iron Carry and the Wood Carry.

The first weekend saw AUTCers pairing up to carry sheets of corrugated iron, the wise using gardening gloves, the learners getting very sore. Carrying one sheet at a time definitely proved easier than manhandling two.

Despite the strenuous nature of the task, 16 volunteers returned to the task in three weeks time, carrying out load after load of wooden planks or plywood sheets. Late afternoon, Andy O'Loan cunningly placed a can of beer on the track, distracting Chantelle Watt and Iaire Gibb long enough that he could make off with their last load, tiger for punishment that he is.

In all, well over a tonne of supplies was carried by hand to the hut. Andy, David Baddeley and David Waters then put in several days of work to build the new roof, propping

up the walls with supports as they removed the old sheeting and beams.

The dearness with which club members look upon Ongaruanuku was evident to all those who attended the hut's 60th birthday celebrations in 2004. Essentially a mammoth shared lunch, the event saw the hut full with Old Soles whose years of membership stretched back to the 1940s, as well as current and recent members.

The occasion was also a chance to celebrate the formalisation of a lease with the Auckland Regional Council after years of negotiation in which the future of the hut remained up in the air. Fortune swung in our favour with a letter writing campaign by Old Soles as well as outside groups that regularly book the hut.

The arrangements settled upon ensure that the club has a licence to occupy the hut with the regional council absolved of any liability regarding its care.

The deal also means that the public can now book and pay to stay at the hut using the ARC Parkslane phone service. The golden days have past, but club members continue to make frequent visits and hold the hut in high esteem. Touch wood, Ongaruanuku is not going anywhere.

Social Events

Formal dinners

Some sort of formal dinner has been a feature of the club's programme for many years. "The idea of a Tramping Club dinner met with great enthusiasm" reads the committee minutes in 1943. In 1945 a formal dinner was indeed held and was a great success. Subsequent dinners were held -- usually in the College Cafeteria with catering done by club members.

In 1955 the dinner provided the occasion for members to indulge formally in the social graces as described in a *Footprints* article:

Biennial Dinner 1955

"This year's biennial dinner amply justified all expectation and tradition. For many, many years, this occasion has shone forth brightly — as the one constant highlight in the A.U.C.T.C.'s Social Calendar.

"The occasion of the 1955 dinner was both colourful and elegant. The sombre suits of the male members formed a fitting background for the charming insouciance of the dresses of their female counterparts. Light rippling laughter and the seductive perfume of beetroot and garlic sausage emanated from the women as they served a prelude to the dinner - a thrilling assortment of hors d'oeuvres, and cocktails.

"Dinner was served in the modern and, this night, delightfully decorated cafeteria. A large U-shaped table, laden with salads, meats and other delicacies and enhanced by tasteful bowls of flowers formed a perfect setting for this scene of formal yet intimate revelry. The menu consisted of mushroom soup, chosen by the organisers for its



BIN-DIN 1963

Standing, left to right: Jack Butts, Peter Conner, Tim Carter, Rod McKenzie, Jim Frater, Dennis Forrest, Mike Keating, Richard Bedford, Warwick Hill, John Prebble,, Dave Aston, Kerry Cooper, Robert Erskine, David Carew, Pip Batty, Brian Vazey. Seated, left to right: Joan Percy, Kathryn Dalglish, Christine Crawford, Prue Fenton, Dianne Vazey, Lorraine Gibson, Elizabeth Grey.

international acceptance as a gourmet's dream. This was followed by a bountiful salad, with an exotic concoction of assorted fruits in syrup and vanilla ice-cream as dessert. Coffee and biscuits with a variety of cheese, ranging from the little-known but delicious 'continental' cheese, to the world-famous Gruyere, formed a fitting epilogue to a memorable feast.

"During the evening toasts were proposed and various speeches made - all of them, happily, rich in interest and entertainment value. First, the toast to the Queen; then our president Jack Rattenbury introduced the guest speaker, Cecil Segedin, who spoke of A.U.C.T.C.'s beginnings and the emergence of those traditions which today give the club its particular character. His toast, to A.U.C.T.C. was replied to by Peter Aimer - captain -- who reminded us of our importance and interest not only as a club, but as a group of complex and versatile individuals, equally at home in tramping or evening dress. A toast was then proposed by Marin Segedin to kindred clubs and replied to by Matt Fowlds. The final toast was to the ladies and was drunk with enthusiasm."

- *Footprints*, Vol. 12, No. 3, 1955

An odd note was sounded in the report on the 1963 dinner. "Peter Mulgrew gave an outstanding address, but there was an outstanding paucity of girls. It gives food for thought that at a Hut Working Weekend girls outnumber boys by a considerable margin, whereas at Biennial Dinner the ratio was four to one in favour of the boys." No such problems

appeared again. We visited Sorrento, The Toby Jug, The Carousel Lounge and the Sheraton Lounge, and through the 60s, there were a series of toasts to the Queen (though 'might not be necessary' noted one Club Captain in notes to successors), the club, and kindred clubs. A guest speaker usually followed.

It was back in 1945 that Club Captain John Burns said that "Tramping Club should dress up and eat decently now and then." The club has continued to do just that.

Socials

Socials were another activity held on campus. These were at first held in the old Men's Common Room. In 1964 the venue was moved to St Paul's Crypt. John Prebble comments in his editorial on the change, "The hall turned out to be far more suitable than the Men's Common Room - there was a good floor, we made it look comfortably full and yet there was enough space to even play Clumps." As far as sophistication, there was a strenuous attempt to start jiving or twisting, but there was never any question that Strip the Willow would be abandoned for anything more modern. For younger readers, this is a folk dance of Scottish origin, done to a jig with a 'top couple' working their way down two lines of partners.

Janet Frater has recalled some of the traditions of the campus social:

"You would set out with a bowl, spoon and tin of fruit to add to the fruit salad. Ice cream was provided with the coffee. There was no need to have a partner, but sometimes you had to have a fancy dress (ever seen a pog wog costume?). Dancing included all the old favourites; eightsome reel, maxina, Northern Lights, St Bernards Waltz, Red River Valley and of course Strip the Willow to conclude. There was a bit of a rush to sweep the floor and get out by midnight (crypt rules) but of course things often resumed in a neighbouring flat for those who didn't want an early night."

By the early 1970s, attendance was dropping and the socials at the crypt were phased out in favour of social events at the hut.

Aside from more set piece events, socialising in the 1980s often meant parties at one of the infamous club flats such as Franklin Rd, Calgary St and Turakina St.

Questions over the value of social events continue to surface over the years but for 1988 club captain Martin Wright, they were part of the marketing exercise to encourage an influx of new members. That year slide shows and trips to the movies were interspersed among introductory tramps. He records 60 people attending the first two club nights and 40 on a single weekend trip to Pirongia. "How did it happen?" he writes in Footprints. "A good dose of enthusiasm didn't

go astray. In fact, I honestly believe that almost anything can be achieved if enthusiasm is channelled like steam to a piston. I always believed we would get the numbers and we did."

A club ball was run for several years and by the 1990s had been superseded by the Big Night Out, a ball for all university outdoor clubs, attended not just by trampers but members of the canoe, ski, climbing and diving clubs. Often the AUTC socials officers took the lead role in organising this event held at various bars or function centres around the city. A theme such as

'Fire and Ice' would be a cue for decorations, while attendees wore a mixture of costume and glitzy evening wear. Some trampers just didn't understand the chance to dress up; in 1999 Nick Roberts was caught dancing Ceroc-style in tidy shirt and pants but very loud white jogging shoes. Fashion crimes aside, a lot of effort was put into these nights and they were one of the highlights of the social calendar, a flash night out and a chance to break the ice with members of like-minded clubs.

Another popular event that draws a good mix of old and new members is the progressive dinner, run since 1990. Everyone travels by bus to eat dinner one course at a time served in separate houses volunteered by club members. In a hark back to club dinners of the 1950s, all catering was done by the



Jane Dudley, Maskerade themed Progressive dinner - 2006

members themselves. For a special treat some years, members would embark on “Posh Dins” -- a pricey dinner at a hotel or restaurant, that recalls the spirit of the earlier Bin Dins.

Each capping week a few hardy trampers rise early and partake in a champagne breakfast, often at the traffic island beside the Nelson St motorway offramp. A mixture of pyjamas and formal wear completes the picture. In 1991 Nigel Leitch in his smart plastic top hat spied his chance for fame and sang the national anthem to the Rt Hon. Bill Birch, found waiting at the lights in his car.

At times, inspiration has allowed for events that perfectly blend the social and tramping sides of the club, an example being the occasional Pinnacle 'P' Parties inaugurated in 1996. No, despite the current associations

around the letter 'P', these were not methamphetamine-fuelled rampages. Instead, members combined the pleasant bush walk up to the Pinnacles Hut in the Coromandel ranges with a themed party held there on the Saturday night. Everyone dresses as something starting with P – pirates, policemen and prostitutes included. The spacious decks of the massive 80-bunk hut give ample room for social events and the short walk means carrying wine, beer and other treats is no problem.

Most of the familiar social events have continued into the current decade, with wine and cheese evenings on Mt Eden being one of the most recent additions to the calendar.



Bad Taste Ball – December 1998

Back row: Ryan Barron, Mathew Goode, Neil ..., Murdoch Vant, Jed Gibson, Fiona Cooke, David Waters, Wayne Erb, Penny Smith,, David Herrick,, Nick Roberts, Geraldine Haack, Middle Row: Annette?, Clare Brennon, Brian Rolls, Joe Lee, Anna Smith, David Palmer,, Paul? ... Cedric Carrenceja, Cathy Carrenceja, Mathew Rice, Elfreda Gers,, Front Row: Ping Sim,,,, Mellissa Gunn, Liz Pullen.

May Camp

The quintessential club event has been held annually since 1942. It has evolved over the years so that the event has become something of a weekend-long party, with some tramping thrown in, rather than the selection of serious tramping expeditions culminating in a party that was the format in the early years. May Camp remains something of a hybrid but its increasing social emphasis explains why you find it following the social events section of this book rather than in the tramping section that follows.

Beginnings

In 1942 the new and revitalised AUTC decided to hold a camp at the Presbyterian Bible Class Camp at the Hunua Falls, beginning a tradition that has seen successive May Camps held through to the present year. The main party travelled to Papakura by train on May 28 and tramped by road to the camp. They spent Friday around the falls and on Saturday made a day trip, travelling over the ridge above Cosseys

Creek to the Otau Valley and over again into the Moumoukai Valley, at the head of the Mangatawhiri stream, for lunch at the ATC hut, Te Hapua. The afternoon rain meant a long, wet tramp back to the camp. Sunday saw the group return to Papakura and the train home. The annual report comments that "many people were carrying packs for the first time" and that "most of those



ROUND THE FIRE – MAY CAMP 1943

Left to right: Jimmy Pendergrast, Cecil Segedin, Neville Stephenson, Norman Page, Morrison Cassie, Mac Wallace, Gin Millar, Sue Perl, . . . , Marin Segedin, Pat Thomas (side view), Betty Dawson, Eileen Dubois, Ann Burbidge, Allan, Odell (partially obscured), Aileen Stanton.

attending the camp have been enthusiastic members since."

Next May (1943) the club was in the area again with a camp based at Camp Adair from Thursday to Wednesday, with the major day-trip reaching the Otau Mountain Road above the Ness Valley. On the first night in the camp, the cooks had a real battle with the stoves, so that at the nominal dinner time they were still stone cold. Eventually, dinner was served -- three hours late. Cecil Segedin had saved the day by playing guitar for a sing-song that dwarfed all others --when he finished he had blisters on all his fingers.

By now a tradition was becoming established of holding May Camp in the Hunuas, at the Presbyterian B.C. camp and the club went there again in 1944 and 1945. A move to break with tradition (not the last in the Club) saw 60 members exploring the Tarawera area from Reporoa in 1946, but it was back to Hunuas the next year. The same pattern then became established for a number of years. Five or six parties entered the ranges from various points and circulated among the various huts that existed then. Most substantial of these was ATC's Te Hapua (1937-61) at the head of the Moumoukai Valley. Above it, to the north was the Club's own Hut Putt, built by Colin Putt on Plow's Road while at the top of the road from Ness Valley was Sandy Rose's cottage. Two other huts had become dilapidated by the early 50s - Shepherds Hut,

on the southern side of the Thousand Acre Clearing and Kohukohunui to east of the high point of the ranges. In the Mangatangi Valley, Runneymead Hut in Mead's Clearing, originally built by ASC of punga logs in late 1949, provided shelter while the Ruapehu Ski Club Hut in the Mangatawhiri Valley, above the gorge, was also used by Club parties. This pattern was little changed for a number of years; the Annual Report for 1952 records that "May Camp was successful by usual standards, viz. one party



Day trip – Cossey's Creek, May Camp, Hunua 1965

Ken Brown, Hug Ensor, Margaret Leask, Dianne Ritchie, Wendy Adams, Dianna Cook, Garey Wernham, Adrien Schmidt, Barbara Miller, Robin McGregor.

spent a night out, eighty people attended the weekend and one party almost got lost in Bernie's Bush".

A feeling that the tradition of May Camp in the Hunuas was too firmly entrenched resulted in a move to Thames for 1953, however the Club was back in the Hunuas in 1954, with six parties tramping round the ranges during the week under the wettest conditions in Club memory. The bus to Moumoukai was stopped by floodwater near Camp Adair and on the Wednesday

night Auckland recorded its lowest ever barometric pressure. Extracts from one party's report records the big wet:

A Cool Reception on Kohukohunui

Vol. 11, No. 2 (1954) Party: Peter Aimer Brian Davis Sue Waters Jackie Harding Peter Ellis Simone Shera.

We alternatively splashed, swam, sank and squelched the 10 odd miles between Te Hapua and where the bus stopped at the road-cum-river. A couple of extraneous parties like Nancy's and Stru's also came to Te Hapua for the night, so with 22 in residence turmoil rained - sorry - reigned...

By four the next afternoon, it was getting gloomy in the bush and we didn't seem to be getting any closer, although the compass said we should have been. Raining like mad all the time. Someone was shouting. (It later turned

out to be Ivan, all on his lonesome and a day late, beating it for Te Hapua). Doing a bit of hurried reconnaissance we broke out onto the clearing somewhere and into a confusion of swirling mist and rain. No sign of the top and deep dusk. We pitched camp. Eleven sodden people, three tents, water from a pigwallow, no fire, but fortunately two primuses, and fourteen intolerable hours till daylight...

Came the morning (at last) and the storm was as thick as before. We turned tail and fled for Te Hapua.

With 20 minutes to go we heard a dull thundering up ahead. Round a few bends and the vision of Te Hapua by two o'clock vanished irretrievably and a seething torrent of yellow liquid mud that thundered down the deep water course scoured across the track - a sort of lahar caused by a slip at the



May Camp at Muriwai. Theme: Blue Hawaii.

Back row: Tony Sharpe, Stephen Martin, Richard Wesley, Tracey?, Anthony Sidwell, Rob Addis, Jean Mansill, Arwen Vant, Jed Gibson, Bevan McCabe. Front: Dominc Birt, Christine Farmer, Mo Mansill, Walter Gurr, Shane McQuoid, John Sutherland

head of the small valley. It completely discouraged crossing so we crashed wearily up the ridge to get round it.

Two hours of rain-racked bush and woven supple-jack brought us out onto the cleared ridges overlooking the Mangatawhiri. Out of the shelter of the bush we staggered in the wind. The freezing rain sliced at our legs. Through the sheets of mist we could see the Mangatawhiri swollen and yellow stained by lahar winding way below while every valley was streaked with a dirty rushing stream.

We slithered down off the ridge onto the old tram track and reeled back into Te Hapua with the dusk once more deepening over Kohukohunui's storm-bound ridges.

That's all folks. See that it doesn't happen to you.

- Peter Aimer

The Social Side

Traditional May Camps continued to be held for the rest of the 50s and into the 60s but extension of the watershed resulted in a gradual decrease in the area available for tramping. The Mangatawhiri Dam was built between 1961 and 1965 and dams in the Wairoa and Mangatangi were to follow. 1964 was to see the last full trip in the Hunuas, finishing at the Bible Class Camp, thus ending the by-then traditional four day tramp before meeting up at the Hunua Falls.

May Camp continued in a weekend format, with a day tramp in the Hunuas. On Friday evening freshers and others were introduced to Tramping Club's square dances

and games. Saturday evening has followed a similar pattern — a sing-song round the piano and fire, accompanied by Cecil Segedin or in the 60s by Gary Bold, a sumptuous dinner, square dancing, games and Revue. In early May Camps the popular dances were 'Jingle Bells', 'Picking up Paw-paws', 'My Man's away in the Hay'. The arrival in the Club of Dorothy Ehrlich, Elaine Jacka, Bobby Longworth and Linda Scholes, among others, in the mid-50s saw the addition of 'Northern Lights', 'A Hot Time', 'Dashing White Sergeant', 'Red River Valley', 'Eightsome Reel', the 'Gay Gordons' and later 'The Hora'. The evening's dancing always concluded with 'Strip the Willow' almost until the last participant dropped with fatigue. Dances were at first accompanied on the piano but increasing electronic sophistication saw much of the music and words taped, and played at higher volume.

May Camp Revue, an elaborate skit show, also became part of the tradition. The first of these was 'Mogambo' in 1954, leaving the club its call-sign as a legacy. A film of that name, starring Clark Gable and Ava Gardner, was shown in Auckland



Strip the Willow – May Camp 1956

during the first term and the theme was 'loosely adapted' by Mark Barber for the Revue. A party travelling down the Anawhata during the May vacation discovered that the cry "Mogambo" could be produced with great volume and had very satisfactory resonant qualities. It became a club call, of greeting or when making contact on a tramp, for many years.

The venue for May Camp has continued to shift to various camps around Auckland, usually within reach of either the Hunua or Waitakere Ranges to provide for day walks. At times, socials officers have gambled with venues further afield such as Pureora Forest in 1986 and Waitawheta hut in 1984 – Peter Jenkins recalls a few former members that year turned up to the usual venue of Hunua Falls Camp and found it unexpectedly deserted.

In these more recent decades, the event has been more social function than opportunity for serious tramping, though participants will spend most of at least one day out walking. Silly games are scheduled at various times through the weekend. There are often skits and costume contests. While most are out walking, a dedicated crew will be either cooking or decorating the hall. Generally a dinner and speeches on the Saturday night is followed by copious and enthusiastic dancing.

What may shock younger readers is that this still included square dancing at least as late as 1979:

"Interspersed with the square dancing were a few more games, then a rather abortive attempt at singing followed by Milo and then it was time to hit the pit," reads the wholesome report from that year. It does go on to record a



*Enter Joan – exit photographer, stage left.
May Camp, 1964*

full-scale pillow fight breaking out shortly after, with most people "beaten into subjection".

Nowadays, dancing is usually to pop and rock tunes on CD and formal dance steps usually replaced by freestyle disco dancing in large groups. The club normally includes a few dancers with a little more flair who take the chance to show some Ceroc moves (a contemporary style of jive dancing for partners).

President John Pemberton mused on these changes in 1982 and it was his belief then that May Camp had been at its best when parties tramped in the Hunuas during the preceding week before converging on the camp for the weekend. He also suggested that it could be recognised as an Old Soles function and responsibility

handed to them. The event has stayed within the ambit of each year's committee, and the attendance of large numbers of first-year members suggests this is the right decision for May Camp's social value.

Old Soles were much in attendance in when the club returned to Hunua Falls for May Camp 1992 which doubled as AUTC's 60th Jubilee celebration. Some 300 people attended, including some foundation members. And for old time's sake, the square dancing was brought back for one more night, led off by Boyd Miller. An anonymous female "retread" reported back:

"The dancing was up to the usual AUTC standard, i.e. an absolute shambles. But what else can you expect from that lot? Well, Boyd did his best to shove them into some sort of order but they were having such a good time that they didn't care."

Carol Diamond M.C.ed the evening and presented some humorous anecdotes from throughout the club's history. By all accounts, it was a great time and bodes well for the next reunion in 2007.

Recent venues for May Camp include Kokako Lodge in the Hunuas, Waharau

Outdoor Education Camp and Huia Lodge. Themes continue to guide decorations and costumes and traditional club challenges like table traverses supplement the dancing.

The most distinctive change in the history of this most prominent of club events has been its timing. When, in the mid 90s, the university introduced a new calendar with two semesters, the normal May break disappeared. Since then, May Camp has been held later, usually in July, but the club has always retained the original name. Thus, each year some new member sitting about in the quad will ask why the event is so named and committee members can reveal their knowledge of club lore by giving a brief history lesson by way of answer.

While committees may discuss the mix of social events to hold each year, May Camp is a constant and a highlight. It captures something of club spirit; friendships enjoyed in an outdoor setting, everyone mucking in to get things organised and the plain silliness and fun that dozens of young people can generate when intent on a wild weekend away.



May Camp – Hunua, 1964

Roger, Peter, Eddy, Noel, Don, Camille, Sally, June, Dianna, Karol, Dianne, Janet, Garret, Maureen.

Publications

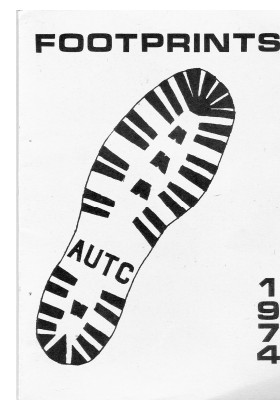
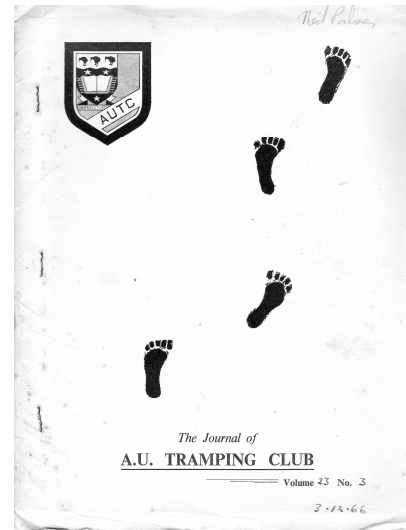
Footprints

Footprints was conceived in the summer of 1943-4. The committee formulated a summer programme of day and weekend trips through January and February because travel restrictions during World War II made tramps in the more distant parts of even the North Island virtually impossible. To keep members informed of these trips, it was decided that "a monthly circular to every member would be necessary".

"This newsletter, it was suggested, might be the forerunner of a Club magazine" read the committee minutes of 28 November 1943. Sure enough, by March 1944, a sub-committee was set up which recommended the production of a magazine to be called *Footprints*, on the suggestion of Cecil Segedin, with Ian Reid as the first editor.

The role and character of these early *Footprints* has been well analysed by Mike Taylor, editor of '*Footprints 1944-69*', in a volume commemorating the 25th year of the *Footprints* publication:

"A report submitted to the 1944 committee explained the desirability of a club magazine. *Footprints* would provide 'tangible evidence of membership', 'absent club members could both receive and contribute', the 'functions of newsletters as a programme and bulletin can be more extensively carried out' and *Footprints* would also provide 'useful links with other clubs'. Several recommendations were put forward in the same report. It was



recommended that there be 'two issues in the first term; two in the second term; one near the beginning of the third term and an additional three or four issues during the long vacation'. The report proposed that *Footprints* include 'editorials, overseas and other members' articles, tramping hints and recipes, accounts of trips, suitable extracts from other tramping magazines and correspondence'.

"Club membership and the activities of the club both past and present are mirrored in *Footprints*. When interest in the Club declines. *Footprints* declines in size and general quality. *Footprints* serves as a vehicle of communication and reference within the club to such a degree that would otherwise be difficult to maintain. Continuity with the past can be better maintained with such a record of club activities.

"When *Footprints* was first printed many would-be A.U.C.T.C. trampers were serving in the armed forces both overseas and in other parts of New Zealand. That *Footprints* helped maintain ties with 'absent club members' can be clearly seen in early volumes with frequent reference to absent members and articles from them in places such as Ceylon, Fiji, London. After the war the importance of *Footprints* as a means of contact with absent club members perhaps declined, but *Footprints* continued and continues to help maintain contact with absent members. This is shown in articles and letters from the 'Canterbury Branch of A.U.T.C.', the 'Otago Branch of A.U.T.C.' and the 'North America Branch' to mention only the most frequent contributors."

For many years the production of *Footprints* was a collective activity manifesting enthusiasm combined with a certain desperation to get the job done, rather than technical skill. Stencils were cut on a variety of typewriters and duplicated with varying degrees of legibility on a machine purchased by the club in 1947 for ten pounds. Later, the cyclostyling was done at the Progressive Bookshop (without political obligation), managed by Mr Jackson-Thomas, whose daughter, Helen, was a club member.

The number of *Footprints* produced annually varied from three to five. For two years it was published as a 6" by 8" inch booklet. In 1949, a distinctive cover design with its bare-footprints pattern, was adopted and appeared for over 20 years.

Attempts to improve the production quality of *Footprints* have constantly collided with the cost factor. Throughout the 1970s especially there were regular investigations into the cost-style-number of issues equation. In 1972 for example, the idea of "one good *Footprints* and two ordinary ones per year" or alternatively of two issues per year supplemented with regular Belches was discussed. Nevertheless, the quality of paper, typesetting and duplication did improve. In the 1970s, photographs began to be included in *Footprints*, at first one or two on a special page, and then more liberally throughout the magazine. Finally, in 1974, the format changed to a small, firmly-bound, clearly printed and illustrated journal with one large footprint on the cover. There was

an especially heavy financial loss in 1975 which led to talk of reverting to the old style of several issues a year. Instead, however, in 1976, the first of the contemporary-style *Footprints* emerged at the end of the year - back to the larger size, but bound between pictorial covers, professionally typeset and illustrated by photographs, drawings and sketch maps.

Production techniques are one subject of a publication; the quality of authorship is another. Mike Taylor in 1969 felt the need to quote the admonishments of a former *Footprints* editor who appealed for trip accounts to be enlivened by "some desire to communicate some information or feeling about the trip". It is not possible to claim that the literary quality of *Footprints* has improved as much as its technical quality over recent decades. Instead, it has continued as a journal in which members may express themselves - in serious or witty vein, imaginatively or objectively, in prose, poetry or pen sketch. A comic tone has often predominated. Reading through old *Footprints* in search of, say detailed route information may well result in frustration as the reader encounters spoof after spoof. However, in this way, *Footprints* continues to be not only a record of Club activities, but an intrinsic part of those activities, a journal giving both entertainment and an impression of club spirit.

For many years through the 80s, the club was assisted by Brian Hurst in the Geography department who screened photographs ready for publication in *Footprints*. Computer technology was toyed with; 1984 seeing an Apple dot-matrix printer used for the first time. It wasn't ideal and Peter Jenkins recalls a return

the following year to the typesetting machine and "its somewhat cranky operator." Later in the decade, though, computing power won out as laser printers became cost effective.

Since then, the A4 size and general layout of *Footprints* has remained fairly consistent through to the present day. A single large colour photo graces most front covers.

The cost of publishing the magazine has often been a discussion point and has led in some years to the use of more affordable paper stocks. To different degrees each year, advertising is also sought to defray the cost. Usually 'straight' ads by gear suppliers and banks are included. One notable oddity comes in a 1990 ad by Pack 'N' Pedal. Its slogan proclaims: "Fight Saddam! Ride a Bike!"

Whatever tactic is employed to save on costs, the same goal is achieved of providing a memento to members and a permanent record of trips and activities.

And another constant comes through when comparing editorial blurbs: *Footprints* editor always note what a heavy task it is, and give thanks to those who helped ensure the magazine was completed. Glenda Fryer gave a revealing account of the all-night toil in John Pemberton's office that brought the 1987 issue into the light of day:

"8.20am. John's here and has made us cups of tea. Finding it difficult to think. Could be impending starvation. Been here 15 hours now. One hour and 20 minutes sleep. Destruction of numerous bits of

paper, brain cells, headache antidotes and cups of coffee.”

The growth of the internet led to new methods of spreading news among members. The club entered the online age with its first website in 1997. Joe Li recalls creating the “rather rudimentary” website by tapping out HTML code on his 486 computer. It included contact details and events listings.

“There was little graphics, no photo galleries, no fancy multimedia presentations, but the essential info was there. It was housed on the AUSA site. I don't know how much the site got used, but sometime in mid-1998, I think, it was revamped by obviously more computer-literate members.”

Around the same time, the use of email became more commonplace, making the promotion of trips and events much easier. The tradition of dividing up the club phone list and getting club officers to ring members and encourage them to attend, say, May Camp, was superseded by the ease of sending a flyer by email to everyone at the click of a button. It saves a lot of effort but comes, perhaps, at the cost of using a less personable form of communication than a phone conversation.

By the 2000s, the committee kept in regular touch via a special email group, and email has become the major form of communication with members generally. Recently, committee member John Deverall has developed an impressive new website. Members use it to advertise trips and publish trip reports and

photos throughout the year, and enter blogs recording their experiences. The website is also home to an ambitious project to preserve digital versions of Footprints. In late 2006, the first files were uploaded, making digital copies of 1940s era Footprints available for anyone to view on their computer. And with that, club publications have come full circle, linking the past and present.

Other Publications

Over the years *Footprints* has been supplemented by newsletters and programmes of activities entitled *Fingerprints*, *Thumbprints* and *Belch*. These have not been the only publications produced by the club.

In 1942 the committee agreed “that a list of words of songs suitable for singing on trips be written out” (C.M. 18 June 1942). Thus *Songbook* was born, a publication second only to *Footprints* in the ethos of the Club. Subsequent editions have updated and expanded the original. Singing was especially popular in the back carriages of trains heading to and from Waitakere Station.

With the increase in taped music and the use of private cars meaning trip members often travel in small numbers, the amount of singing in the club has declined from the glory days. That did not deter an enthusiastic group of members from printing a new club song book in the middle of the 1990s. Jean Mansill has described it as too heavy to put in your pack and “a monument to Girl Guide singalongs”.

Rewinding somewhat, if any song could have been thought of as a club song, it was probably 'Walla-Walla', which arrived from Alpine Club after their Annual Dinner in 1953. Sorry Old Soles, but the singing of this is one tradition that has not continued. For the nostalgic and curious:



En-route to Ruapehu 1984. Andrew Barney (obscured), Bridget Sutton, Robert Simpson, Major Penny Hazard, Susan Hoyle. One of those many trips to Ruapehu in the back of a Metropolitan Rentals van.

Walla Walla

There are theories and ways of
belaying,

You can either use pick or use shaft,
But no matter which style you're displaying,
Some 'expert' will think you are daft!
Walla-walla-walla . . .

Here's to the track and the mountain-top!
And here's to the climber who dares!
But give me my glass and my bottle-o,
To drive away all of my cares.
Walla-walla-walla . . .

Double-roping is quite a peculiar taste,
Looks fine from below I'll agree,
But when those two ropes you wind round
my waist,
I'd sooner be you than be me!
Walla-walla-walla . . .

Dear reader, please excuse the intrusion, but
if you are looking for the remaining 10 verses,
you will have to turn to the pages of our
predecessor – the 1982 Jubilee History!

Also found there and reprinted here is a 60s
number that is a fine example of putting
tramping-themed lyrics to a well-known song:

Where have all the trampers gone?
Long time-a-passing.
Where have all the trampers gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the trampers gone?
Gone to 'Old Soles', every one,
When will they ever learn? When will
they ever learn?
Where have all the 'Old Soles' gone?
Gone in couples, every one.
Where have all the couples gone?
They've got married, every one.
Where have all the families gone?
Lots of children, every one.
Where have all the children gone?
They've gone tramping, everyone!
When will they ever learn? When will
they ever learn?

Recipes

Two Club members, both life members, have given their name to club recipes - Ivan's biscuits and Govan's breakfast.

Life member Govan Wilson joined the club in 1952 and retained active membership after heading to dentistry school in Otago. By the early sixties, still involved in the club he had concocted a patent brew which had the following advantages:

1. Strictly a one-pot meal, therefore less washing up.
2. Unlike pog, it does not gunge up the pot, and does not require hours of scraping to clean.
3. No frying, and thus no nasty fat to clean.
4. Good and solid, with nourishing ingredients.

Thus 'Govans' - the tramper's breakfast was born, and quickly won notoriety within the club. To use Govan's own words: "It has an interesting physiological effect."

1. Take rice, chopped bacon, dehy peas (a few).
2. Add water, salt, & boil until cooked. If too wet, drain.
3. Before serving, add grated cheese.
4. Eat. And a final word of advice from the Colonel: 'Don't overcook it.'

In the 1950s, Ivan Pickens invented the tramping biscuits which now bear his name. As recorded in Footprints 1977:

There's lots of ways of making Ivans, rather like making concrete. Here's yet another recipe for this staple tramping food.

- 2½ lb rolled oats (or oatmeal)
- 1 ½ lb flour (wholemeal is best)
- 1 lb brown sugar
- 1 lb butter
- 1 tsp salt
- 0.25 -0.5 lb nuts and raisins (optional)
- 5 tablespoons golden syrup (for flavour)

Mix with a 50-50 mixture of milk and water until malleable (or thumpable). Roll out to 0.25 inch thick, and cut into rounds (less likely to break in the post or pack). Cook for 30 to 40 minutes at 400°F. This makes about 140 biscuits. This is only a basic recipe, so you can add whatever is around, such as wheatgerm, kibbled wheat (good for adding crunchability and breaking keas' teeth) coconut, currants, chopped apricot, etc.

P.S. If you haven't got a big preserving pan to mix in you might need a bath.

Annette Pullin was publications officer in 1995 when she and James Broadbent coordinated the publication of a new cookbook. Contributions came from many members. "It came about as a means of centralizing all the interesting, yummy and definitely varied recipes that some very clever people were cooking on their tramping trips," says Annette. "Some old favourites kept appearing tramp after tramp (spag bol and the like) but there were many other great recipes (dahl and so on) that were too good not to share."

Women, Men and Trampers

In the minutes of the inaugural meeting, the idea of officially segregated tramps was floated. We can read that the president “stressed the need for a large variety of trips and for the introduction of men-only and women-only trips as well as the usual ones.” In fact, there is no evidence of such trips ever being organised. Even less does there ever seem to have been any suggestion that AUTC follow the notorious example of other early mountain clubs and restrict membership to men.

In an early version of the club's constitution, one reads with horror the stipulation that the club captain had to be a man. But about 1942, the Club took an important step towards the equal participation of women when this was changed to enable women to hold the role and

thus take a clear leadership role in the running of club affairs. In 1950, Marie Dow, (nee Crum) became the first female club captain, quickly followed in 1952 by Rosalie Smith (nee Goodyear).

Look at any of the early photos and it is clear that the club has always had a good mix of men and women, indeed the chance to meet the opposite sex must always have been part of the attraction to join.

One would have thought voice and general bearing would be enough to distinguish between the two sexes in any circumstance but there used to be a saying among club members that there were three sexes; male, female and trumper. Certainly dress codes once out tramping are near-



Pretty Dress Party – 1999

Back Row: Charlotte Leigh, John Wilson, Kezia Colbert, Clare Brennan, ..., Cedric Carranceja, Iain Stewart, Maja Aspaas, Sophie Roberts, Mel Abbott, Dave Palmer. Middle: Guy Gibson, Jed Gibson. Front Row: ..., Sarah Stevens, Rebecca Blakey, Simon Blakey, Alexis Shead, Melanie Taylor, Anna Smith.

identical for both: boots, shorts and raincoat.

It was perhaps why there arose from this, in the early years, a perceived need for functions like Bin Din or the coffee evenings, when men put on jackets and ties and women their p.ds. (pretty dresses) and it was possible to sort out again who was what, and to be reassured that the old saying was wrong, that trampers were, in fact, composed of the familiar two genders.

With the passage of time, the accepted gender roles from those years looks quaint, even within an egalitarian bunch such as AUTC. In the Club's official records for 1943, we see "great enthusiasm" being expressed for the idea of a regular club dinner which "would be run by the women members". And at the Club's Silver Jubilee dinner in 1957 "the ladies" were formally toasted along with the Queen, the Club and kindred clubs.

By then, they certainly needed little encouragement. In the summer of 1951-2, Rosalie and two others had struck another blow for their sex when they organised the first-recorded all-women AUTC climbing party in the South Island.

1977 Footprints editor Adrienne Jacka records her tenure as "having struck another blow for women's lib" after being the third woman in a row to hold the position.

That may have been a proud achievement at a time when equality of the sexes was a very live political issue but the really positive news is seeing just how often women have continued to take leadership roles in the club. From 1992 to 1995, Hannah Barnes, Carol Diamond, Jean Mansill and Arwen Vant kept the club captaincy in female hands four straight years. Steve



Taranaki , late 1995 – Mo Mansill

Martin stepped in to provide a bloke's perspective the following year before two more years of female club captains. The role has continued to swap between the sexes in the most recent years to the extent that it now seems almost antiquated to discuss gender equality in the club. However, looking over the course of the entire 75 years, it is clear that having women that frequently in leadership roles is a real change, and one that reflects the same trend in New Zealand society across many spheres.

Concerns once existed regarding the two sexes getting mixed together in accommodation. For many years, for example, O'nuku had separate bunk-rooms at each end of the main room, their respective doors labeled with a neat pinex replica of the two internationally-recognised biological symbols. The advantages of this structural

arrangement were not only social, however. The bunk-rooms (in theory) also provided a safe place for those who sought immunity from the midnight skirmishes accompanied by flying mattresses and water in the 'no-man's land' in front of the fire. But these were havens of security only if resolutely defended.

It has always been accepted that the club serves a social purpose and that some of the friendships will culminate in long-term relationships and marriage. Yet it was once not the done thing for observable pairing off to occur during a club tramp. The thinking was that a tramping party was a group of individuals who all got to know each other; the party was a non-divisible unit. Pairing off detracted from the development of an overall group spirit. So known couples often found themselves assigned, by cold-hearted club captains, to different parties.

Club mores have followed community attitudes in another direction, that of a more relaxed attitude towards alcoholic drinks. For more than 30 years, abstinence was the prevailing doctrine at club functions, trips and at O'nuku. The exception was wine provided for toasts at formal dinners in the 50s. As late as 1961, the committee debated whether there should be a more liberal supply of alcoholic drinks at the Biennial Dinner, other than what was necessary for the formal toasts. The committee concluded, though not with unanimity that "a limited amount" was acceptable.

A decade later, after another long discussion by the committee on the matter of "alcohol and socials", it was generally agreed that alcohol was

not really necessary at functions such as May Camp and at the hut. Remember this was in the time, in the wider world, of the swinging sixties and a youth culture bent on rebelling against old mores. In an achingly limited concession to modernity, the committee concluded an end to dogmatism and that alcohol would be neither "encouraged nor discouraged" at O'nuku and that it may be brought to club functions on the campus.

Certainly by the 80s, there was no debate and alcohol was common at club functions. Since then, drinking has been a standard component of parties at the hut, for those who want it.

There have been times of excess when youngsters unable to hold their liquor have made a dash for the bush to relieve their stomach. Drinking games played with cards around the table have undone the occasional contestant in similar fashion. On the whole, alcohol has not been the source of any real trouble in the club. Trampers are decent folk, and tipsy or not, their behaviour reflects this.

Being TUF or gun

"Another, who kept beating his chest in a very manly fashion, said (in a very manly fashion): 'I like tramping because it's tough and because I'm tough and because I can go home and tell everyone how tough I am.' (He said it as if it were spelt TUF.)"

Footprints 1956

Being TUF or GUN means either deliberately doing long, strenuous trips in difficult terrain and sometimes shocking weather, or doing ordinary trips in an extraordinary manner. Thus, when good weather and gentle terrain do not permit a convincing demonstration of TUFness, there are always records to be set.

In the 1950s, when the Friday night trains to Waitakere Station were still running, the Guns of the time would leap from the last carriage

and somewhere around 90 minutes to 2 hours later would collapse in a sweating, gasping heap on the verandah of O'nuku. There was always something slightly unethical about this practice. One felt impelled to do it, but the voice from the recesses of one's conscience kept saying that this was not what tramping was about.

In August 1952, Govan Wilson had recorded 1.40 for the Waitakere to O'nuku dash. A little over a year later, in October 1953, Duncan Dow, Graeme Claridge and Brian Davis tumbled into the Hut in times ranging from 1 hr 25 mins to 1.36. Hardly had the sweat dried on their brows, however, when Govan Wilson, off a later train, burst in in 1.24. And there the record stands. It only remained for Marin Segedin to utter the justified gentle reproof: "there have always been record breakers of some sort or another, but if the Club gets the reputation



Fiordland – early 1996. From left: Tony Sharpe, Alex Johnson, Nick Roberts, Richard Christie, Walter Gurr.

that all its members always tramp that way we will certainly discourage some of the lesser hearts." (Presidential Report 1955)

A 1979 report by Geoff Mead reveals how a tramper could prove one's stuff once weekend transport to Tongariro was initiated:

T.N.P. at a Rush

Off the Bonnici bus at midnight (start of June) and into the drizzle and night; a change of batteries brings us to Waihohonu hut by 3.15 a.m. The hard-man plan has been to continue in darkness but once in our pits after a good feed the only course of action became very obvious. There was just a hint of reluctance from Jim McLeod in getting up at dawn but we managed to leave at 7a.m. The weather was misty, wet and windy all day which helped progress as we were so ill equipped that it was too cold to stop. After a 1/2 hour in the huts we had to start tramping again to regain some body heat. So



with this unfortunate set of conditions Maungaturuturu hut was reached by 4 p.m.

A very long sleep in at Mangaturuturu and we rise to a fine frosty Sunday. Ice covered rock by the rier but no other problems apart from getting stuck on a tussocky ridge and sunbathing for two hours. The Chateau was reached in time for the bus home after an enjoyable day's tramp.

The Gear Freak

Both the words Tuf and Gun have become extinct in the club lexicon. That is not to say that the concepts do not live on. There is always that breed present in the club who delight at pouring over a map in the quad and planning their complete north to south traverse of the Tararuas or perhaps a midwinter crossing of the desperately rugged Raukumara Range. It is the same type in the club who will casually talk about that 15-hour day they had last holidays which enabled them to skip three huts and absolutely demolish the suggested times posted on DoC signposts.

AUTC is a student club and with its young membership there are always ambitious trampers who enjoy walking hard and fast, into the hours of darkness if needed and never mind the driving sleet. Bravado aside, many such types are in fact skillful and knowledgeable trampers who offer much to the club in leadership and enthusiasm.

Some can also offer their expertise in technical knowledge; a new species has arisen and is well-known by its peers as the gear-freak. This tramping specimen is recognised

for its vast knowledge of and delight in purchasing new items of tramping equipment. She, or more frequently he, can always explain why his \$250 primus stove is superior despite it roaring like a jet engine and refusing to simmer. They had a halogen headlamp before the rest of us knew they had been invented and they never leave home without a trusty multitool and a roll of duct tape.

The gear officer is invariably a gear freak and there are usually a few others in the club, their occasional absenteeism from the quad at lunchtime not explained by lectures but rather a visit to one of the downtown tramping shops to touch and drool over new pieces of kit.

In fact, the explosion in numbers of gear freaks is directly related to the increased number of outdoor retailers, much like the expansion of a population of bacteria with an increased food source. These stores reflect both the strong popularity of tramping and the response of gear manufacturers to come up with new innovations to make the tramper's life a little easier, supposedly. Joking aside, gear-freaks often do come in handy to the rest of us when it comes to making our own essential purchases. They know the boot brands that last, what type of tent suits your needs – they probably have three different models in the basement, all field-tested too.

Still, adding my two-cents worth here, my vote goes to a recycled plastic soft drink bottle over those water bladders with sipping hose attached. Not just cheaper, they also force you to stop, sit and get the thing out of your pack, thus earning yourself a real break – a chance to

breathe fresh mountain air while seated on your backside.

Tramping and Outdoor Activities

With a history stretching back to 1932, the club's past parallels the wider story of how tramping has evolved in New Zealand. This section gives some indication of the scope of our own brand of outdoor adventures, highlighting both typical and unusual destinations the length of the country. Mention is given to mountaineering, a natural extension of tramping skills and a pastime consistently taken up through the decades by small dedicated groups within the club.

Around Auckland

The Hunua Ranges were once a popular area for AUTC tramping. Although less accessible from Auckland than the Waitakeres, the ranges rise to over 600m and the two main valleys — the Mangatangi and the Mangatawhiri — provided camp-sites and gorges on a bigger scale than those found in the Waitakeres. The club's attention to the area was first noted in 1933 under the heading 'Future Trips', with the committee deciding "that a tramp to the Hunua Falls be arranged for next term." It was almost ten years before the area appears again in the minute book, that time as the first May Camp was held in 1942.

The club even erected a simple hut or bivouac in the Hunuas and this stood from 1948 to 1951. This was built near the end of Plows Road, using punga and raupo found on site. The hut was

demolished in order to avoid paying rent on the site.

Around the same time, the club took over maintenance of the beacons, or lighthouses that then stood in Destruction Gully in the Waitakeres. These were also abandoned, this time because continual vandalism meant maintenance was difficult.

The various camps around the edges of the Hunuas are still used as venues for May Camp and on these occasions the range provides terrain for day walks. However, the

effects on topography from building the water reservoirs has had a pronounced effect on any greater use of the Hunuas. May Camp aside, the Hunuas are today only very rarely visited by AUTC groups, with the Waitakeres definitely more popular for short trips.



Waitakeres

Once Ongaruanuku was established, club activity in the Waitakere ranges was extensive – see the chapter on the club hut for more. Often, trips in the surrounding bush have involved getting wet. As well as being home to the club hut, the Waitakeres are popular for a number of stream bashing routes that are enjoyed by club members in most years. Pararaha, Cowans, Piha and Anawhata are all streams that give the thrill of rock scrambling, diving into pools and going for a swim mid-tramp.

Despite a number of campsites available in the Waitakere Ranges, most trips only last the day unless combined with a night over at Ongaruanuku. Of note here is how some early club members left their mark on the area.

The Mystery of R.G.B.

The unbeatable steepness of this little track near to the hut has led to various attempts to explain away the acronym. “Real Gut Buster” is one popular version but while it is an apt description, 'tis not the truth.

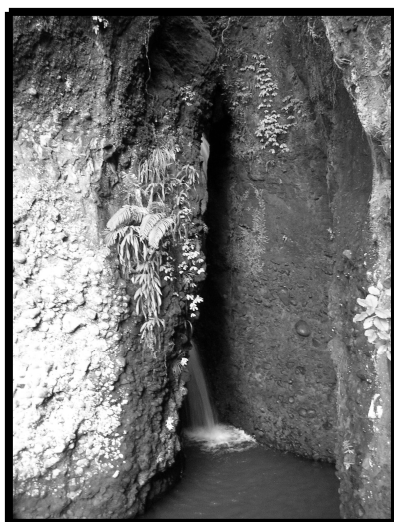
When the club first had O'nuku, back in the 1940s, the only way to get to the Anawhata Stream swimming



hole (or the beach via the gorge) was down a short track to the SE of the hut to the branch of the Anawhata Stream known as Pigwallow Stream. The route took members over an hour's stream-bash to join the main stream at the swimming holes. Around 1948 a member by the name of Ron Gibson Bennett

surveyed a track down the spur to the north of the hut, and this was cut over a number of weekends. Contemporary accounts in the hut book noted this development with approval: “Today we followed R. Gibson B's new track down to the swimming hole. This is a great improvement as it now only takes a record time of 20 minutes to get a swim . . .” Originally known as the Pigwallow Bypass, the track came to be called R.G.B. in recognition of Ron and his insistent use of his middle name.

The Club has made other contributions to maps and mapping. In 1958 members



Cascade Stream in the Waitakeres

produced their own inch-to-the-mile map of the Waitakeres. At that time this was the only map available which attempted to describe the whole track system of the area. It also introduced the name of a track junction — Orange Peel Corner — which now appears on the Lands & Survey 1:50,000 map. The junction was named when

Nick Barfoot, Graeme Claridge and Brian Davis had paused there and Nick, normally ardently concerned about unsightly litter, had left orange peel lying on the ground. This was in the mid-50s when words like 'environmentalist' and 'biodegradable' were not yet in fashion.



After Degree Camps in the 1940s

These took place in various locations, some closer to Auckland, while it was sometimes further south at Tongariro. Marin Segedin recounts the magic of the early events:

There is no doubt that those of us who were fortunate enough to be around at any time in the 40s — the 1940s! — would place the After Degree Camps as the highlights of the Club's activities.

Examinations then were over in a much shorter time so the majority of members finished within a few days of each other. Thus, a common feeling of relief added to the enjoyment of a large club trip. Usually in the early years there was a base camp party with any number of small parties going on their own trips and returning for a few days at base.

The venue for the 1942 camps was at Papa Aroha on the Coromandel Peninsula, a few miles north of the township of Coromandel itself. It was necessary to guarantee a relatively large number to justify booking a special trip of the *Moretana* so that an approach was made to Field Club to combine in the venture. They were only too willing so that over 40 from the

After Degree Camp November 1964. Mrs Gaze's Farm, Waiwera.

two clubs went to the camp. The small parties went to various parts of the peninsula and visited places from Port Charles to Whangapoua and a day trip to the hills behind the base camp was very late getting back. They said that they were never at any time lost, but that's their story.

In 1943 we returned to the same place, but this time the club went alone: numbers had grown. The highlight of that camp was undoubtedly the way that an outbreak of dysentery was cured by the use of koromiko leaves.

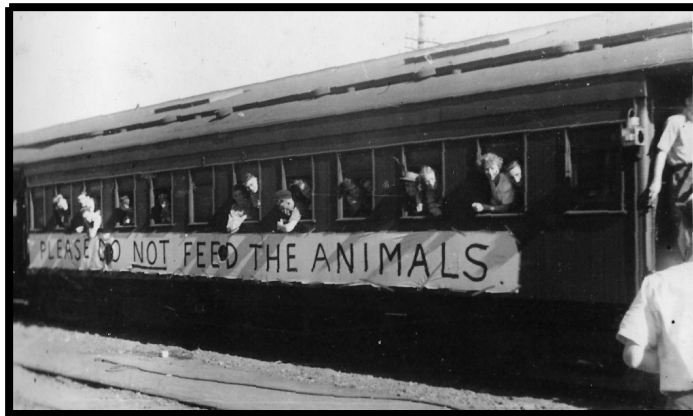
In 1944 After Degree was at National Park, a mile or so from the Waihohonu Hut. That year, it rained! And rained! The result was that very little real tramping was done, but still people seemed to enjoy it.

Great Barrier Island was the choice for 1945 — the whole of it! Four parties tramped the island and ended up at Whangaparapara in the remains of the final settlement of the Kauri Timber Company. There was a hall there with a beautiful kauri floor and memories are vivid of that wonderful dance which went on from eight to midnight.

The 'band' was the 'Barrier Bobcats' led by 'Decca' Clarke who 'played the clarinet' on an arum lily, with accompanying 'trumpeters' Ted Harvey and Marin Segedin. Drums (inverted billies) and cymbals (billy lids) were also managed by the leader, while a group of others 'booped' into drain pipes or large billies in an attempt to sound like double basses. The repertoire consisted of a very limited range, mainly 'Dark Town Strutters Ball'. Laugh if you will, but no-one who was there will forget the utter enjoyment of the occasion.

Another event that crowds into the memory was an amazing series of coincidences that resulted in the saving of Morrison Cassie's life. He had returned from one of the trips feeling unwell and got steadily worse over the next day or so. Things looked grim, but suddenly all was well. It was almost a miracle.

The naval vessel *Arbutus* was on patrol and chose to enter Whangaparapara harbour for the night quite by chance. It also happened to have a doctor aboard and this was quite unusual. After an exchange of morse messages — very laboured on Ted Harvey's part and a desperate request for a slow reply from the ship — a party rowed the doctor ashore and lo and behold Cecil Segedin knew him. The diagnosis was peritonitis and Cass was taken aboard the ship and flown back to



After Degree Camp, November 1944

Auckland next morning by a Walrus Amphibian aircraft. A lot of us were very sobered by the experience and thought a great deal about providence.

The year 1946 saw a return to the previous haunt of Papa Aroha and there was a party which went to the Kauaeranga Valley for the first time. At Great Barrier in 1948 there was a smaller number because by now the examinations were getting more spread out, and even in its first year the new South Island programme was having its effect.

However, at the After Degree camp in 1949 the club undertook to help the Alpine Club with its plan to build a hut on Ruapehu. The materials for the building were carried by hand 600m up the mountain and for a whole week or more the hard labour continued. [...]

In the 1950s the popularity of After Degree faded, until it became a lazy wallow at some place like Waiwera or somewhere similar. Even though those in attendance enjoyed them, the air of magic was no longer present.

However, the camps had made a major contribution to the club and that is something that can never be forgotten.

Sticking to the Auckland region, there have also been semi-frequent trips out to Great Barrier Island or more rarely Little Barrier, a real treasure for anyone keen on spotting wildlife. Liz Pullen recorded a large group trip to the latter in 1998: "The highlight for me was seeing so many different species of New Zealand birds all in the one forest. Kakas, saddlebacks, tuis, kakariki, whiteheads, kereru, riroriro, fantails, silveryeyes – and they were in FLOCKS!"

In 2004, groups visited both Tiritiri Matangi, famed for its birdlife and Motuihe Island where a private trust is leading a tree-planting scheme that will see extensive native bush regenerating on this small gem in the Hauraki Gulf.

Auckland will always be a long drive away from the main North Island ranges and so some more modest destinations are targets for weekend trips. Many beginners have started their AUTC exploits on trips to Mt Pirongia, and no trip report from there is complete

without tales of deep mud. Club members often also head into the Kaimais, normally taking the historic tramway route into Waitawheta Hut, perhaps combined the following day with an ascent of Mt Te Aroha. Finally, the tracks leading to the Pinnacles Hut in the Coromandel are a popular walk and the hut itself is a luxurious facility in which to put up one's feet and enjoy the evening.

Club members also head regularly north to undertake the Cape Brett walkway in the Bay of Islands, proving that not all good tramping spots lie to the south of the city.

These destinations lack the scope for long multi-day walks and some of the alpine grandeur of tussock-covered tops further afield. They are, though, examples of beautiful bush or attractive views. They provide an excellent introduction for less experienced trampers and a chance for members of any level to enjoy the outdoors without the planning and effort needed for longer trips.



After Degree Base Camp, National Park – November 1944

Tongariro National Park

The outcome of the 1931 Field Club trip to Ruapehu, recounted on page 113, contributing factor in the formation of the AUC Tramping Club the following April. The whole area was then referred to as National Park, and now more usually as TNP. It has continued to draw Club members at all seasons, being especially popular as a training ground in alpine craft. National Park

was, alongside the Waitakeres, one area visited regularly by the Club during the 30s. Parties stayed at the Whakapapa Huts, behind the Chateau, before tramping up the mountain, past Salt Hut (situated near the start of the loop at the top of the present road) and on to the skifields above.

Following the revival of the Club in 1941/42, while plans were going ahead for a hut in the Waitakeres, others were looking further afield. Following lengthy consideration of the Hut Committee's report, "Mr Odell then presented a report upon the possibility of a club hut in National Park. The desirability of having a hut in National Park was agreed upon."

Glacier Hut belonged to the Ruapehu Ski Club but was no longer used by them; a lease was arranged and confirmed in 1944, work



Mt Ngauruhoe and Ruapehu from Tongariro

parties were busy in May and June of that year, and the hut was saw the first AUTC party stay over in June. Members enjoyed much climbing and skiing from the hut in the next five years, although this was interrupted by a volcanic eruption in 1945. Demand for the hut was so high that one party of three resorted to digging a snow cave nearby to extend their holiday while others moved into the hut.

However, the lease was terminated in 1949, though the committee at the time saw the need for a replacement so that ski trips could continue to run. As it was, the club had already helped build the new NZAC hut below Delta Corner. And in 1950 a distinct AUC Ski Club was formed, which reduced the emphasis on skiing by Tramping Club members.

The 50s saw tramping and climbing parties spread throughout the park. An igloo was built in Tongariro's South Crater in August 1953 by Duncan Dow and his henchmen and the same party was back to put one on the Te Heu Heu plateau the following year, before moving off to watch Ngauruhoe's spectacular eruptions. Snow caves were sometimes built, but huts provided the main accommodation:

Mangatepopo, two hours from the Chateau and no thought of road access, Waihohonu, and to a lesser extent, Ketetahi and Blyth Huts (on the Ohakune side of Ruapehu). These were the only Park Board huts. On Ruapehu itself, club members stayed at the NZAC or ASC huts, or the dilapidated Salt Hut, and overnight accommodation was still available above next to the Chateau. Members joined Alpine Club climbing schools for practice in step-cutting, belaying and self-arrest before a roped ascent of Tahurangi.



Geoff Gummer and John H. Towers soak at Ketetahi hot springs

In the 1960, snow schools were held on Ruapehu. With increasing confidence and experience, the Club was providing its own instructors and attendance at a snow school was required of all Club members going to the South Island at Christmas. Tramping and climbing in the Park were still popular, but competing North Island venues attracted students who in earlier times might have headed straight to National Park.

Around 1970, the Park Board built a number of new huts, making cross-country and 'round-the-mountain' trips a real possibility at all times of the year.

New Lockwood huts appeared at Waihohonu, Oturere, Ketetahi, as well as a series situated an easy day's tramp apart around Ruapehu. These were a factor in the increasing attention paid to TNP in the 70s. In 1971, Chris Ward and Malcolm Patterson watched Ruapehu erupt from the Paretaitonga Col, Malcolm giving Chris some belaying instructions on an icy patch "while having his 7th litter of



Music and Ruapehu – John Deverall, 2006

kittens in 20 minutes." Next summer, Ian Wilson and two Canadians had a lucky escape on the crater rim of Ngauruhoe: "I stood there for a few seconds, terrified, as the awe-inspiring cloud billowed above." Rocks were being thrown out, one setting fire to Ian's pack (which wasn't on his back!). He escaped unharmed, descending to South Crater "in record time."

Club members were in the news again in July 1972. Bryan and Ann Dudley were caught out in a blizzard near the Pyramid on Ruapehu and dug themselves an igloo between the Pyramid and Tahurangi. On Wednesday 12 July, Park Headquarters were advised they were missing, though they would not be located until the Sunday: fit and well, but cold and hungry. Another team including a doctor made contact on Monday, but it was Tuesday — a week after they had set out — that an Iroquois helicopter lifted Bryan and Ann and the two rescue teams to Waiouru. They were in good shape considering their ordeal, and did not require hospitalisation. At the same time, three club members in a search



James Drennan - Mt Ruapehu, 2006

party in a snow cave under Paretaitonga were reported buried under 10-20 feet of snow. A ground party and helicopter moved to their assistance and Fraser Clark, Mark Prebble, and Graham Langton were located, suffering from exposure and requiring oxygen. They were sledged down to the Top of the Bruce.

The mid-70s included the first years of Aborta Contorta, an annual end of year chance for students to let off frustrations while eradicating pine seedlings on the south-east slopes of Ruapehu.

Throughout the 80s, 90s and beyond the Tongariro National Park has remained very popular terrain for AUTC parties. In part this is



James Drennan on Mt Ruapehu, overlooking the Ngauruhoe and Tongariro - 2006

anchored by participation in the two 'snow schools' held at the NZAC hut high on the Whakapapa skifield. These only serve to give members a taste of what the park has to offer and many return in subsequent winters to practise their alpine skills during ascents of Ngauruhoe or the various peaks of Ruapehu.

The dramatic scenery of TNP encourages

attempts of daring-do. David Crompton, Bruce Barnett and Andrew Clarke successfully climbed all three TNP mountains within 24 hours in March 1984. It is a feat that several club parties have aspired to but often the fickle weather means they are forced to cut short the trip and seek shelter in a hut. Other parties have aimed at night-time crossings of Tongariro under a full moon. Again weather sometimes plays the determining role.

Aborta Contorta continued to be an end of year attraction as well, until the event's demise in the mid-90s. However, the end of the year often draws a group down to Ruapehu for the fine affair of the summit luncheon. This involves climbing to the summit plateau where everyone replaces their Gore-Tex jackets with suits, dresses, silly hats and bottles of bubbly. The occasional naked run around the snow has also been recorded, even with photographs, but for the sake of our readers these are not reproduced here.

Pick up any Footprints from recent decades and the trip list at the back will record several groups going to TNP throughout the year. With the northern circuit, the loop around Ruapehu and numerous routes up to the summits, it draws repeat visits.



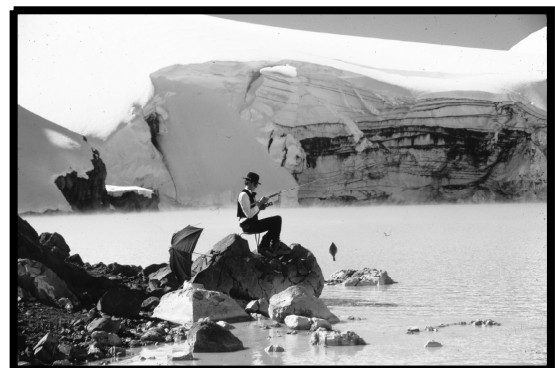
Summit Plateau, Ruapehu - 1985

Andrew Barney ensuring that the influence of the Human Rights Commission extended to the top of Ruapehu.



Summit Plateau, Ruapehu - 1985

Left to right: Craig Miller, Peter Jenkins, Nigel Leigh, Jean Grierson, Nicki Ford, Suzanne Clegg, Andrew Barney,



Summit Plateau, Ruapehu – 1985. Bruce Barnett fishing in the crater lake. It was a flounder chosen for its photogenic profile rather than ability to survive in warm acid. It was eaten that night.

Part of the attraction is the ease of getting there. So many students now have cars or know a friend who does that transport is easily arranged. Then it is just a half day drive to walking tracks that begin at the carpark.

A trip around Tongariro in 1990 showed typical mixed luck with the weather. Day one: fine. Day two: mist then howling wind. Two days of sunny weather follow before the party endures a final day of wind and pouring rain on the way back to the park HQ. In August 1994, Tony Sharpe recorded that bad weather meant his group spent three nights stuck "partying" in Mangatepopo Hut. "The party glumly retreated in the mist and rain to Whakapapa Village with one day remaining. It had been so boring that burning biscuits had been considered to be a rather riveting activity." However, they pinned their hopes on a good forecast for the last day and were

rewarded with perfect warm sunny weather in which to make a dash across Tongariro and up Ngaruhoe.

The designation of the northern circuit as a Great Walk has meant DoC disallows the use of annual hut passes and this drives the cost up for student trampers. This means parties will often tent or tramp the route after the summer high season. However, it is still a common route for the club compared with some of the even more expensive and famous South Island Great Walks that are rarely subject to official AUTC outings. The superlative scenery means it is likely to remain that way.



Summit Luncheon 1996.

Back row: Britta Bass, Leah Cammell, Leigh Marshall, ..., Edwine Gers, Ian Cooke, Guy Gibson.

Front row: Jo Phillips, Christine Farmer, Arwen Vant, Brendan Haigh.

The North Island Ranges

Running like a backbone through the North Island, the Kawekas, Kaimanawas, Ruahines and Tararuas have proved a magnet for Auckland trampers. Limited budgets and restrictions on travel meant that club parties were not to visit these ranges until after World War II. Like so much else, trips in these ranges provide a mirror of the times, reflecting, especially from the 70s, increasing affluence and mobility.

Kaimanawas and Kawekas

Although some club members had entered the Kaimanawas previously, it was an offshoot of an After Degree Camp in November 1947 in TNP that saw the first official club party enter these ranges. Of the six parties tramping and climbing around the volcanoes, one crossed the Desert Road and travelled up the Waipakihi valley. As the first club trip in the area, their brief report in *Footprints* is worth quoting in full:

“Rodney Fox Draffin with his henchmen (but no henchwomen) Charlie Vincent, Roger Maxwell, Bill Easton, Ross Fairgray, and Murray Solloway, explored the Kaimanawa Range. They report that the floor of the Waipakihi Valley was clear going, as it was on the tussock covered ridges, but their description of the bush lawyer in between is, we feel, unsuitable for publication. They reached the highest peak, Patutu, without trouble and had another excellent view from Karikaringa. At one stage, the party crossed a small stream which was assumed to be a tributary of the Waikato; later it was proved to be the Waikato itself.”

The club was not in the area again until 1950, when Dave Cooper, Athol Crosby, Russel Aitken and Brian Timmings travelled up the Waipakihi. The party became separated and overdue. While all ended well, a search was sparked and the newspapers covered the story.

Further parties came to the ranges in the early 50s including one led by Neil Clarke and Nick Barfoot, who with others made a Kaweka-Kaimanawa crossing in the summer of 1952-3. Nick and Neil were back at Easter 1955 and an extract from Nick's prose does some justice to the ranges:

Easter Kaimanawa Party: Ian Atkinson, Nick Barfoot, Neil Clarke, John Edwards, Norman Fullerton, Murray Jenkin.

...Then another perfect day, and we still lording it over the tops, but this time the valleys under Stob towards Thunderbolt were caught between the haze and the sun and transformed by the light and the shade into something rather rare and beautiful. The ridges were sharp and steep and the ridge sides even sharper and steeper, but always there were deer trails, always leading on in the

right direction. Till at last we overlooked the Waipakihi again, overlooked the long yellow flats, with the blue stream winding from side to side: and not long after having broken the bush lawyer barrier, we were in that blue stream and eating on those yellow flats, down at the Stob Junction.

That afternoon we rambled on up the Waipakihi, swimming and even (hardly Tramping Club, you know! but Field Club was there) botanizing; towards nightfall we reached the head, where Neil replenished our larder [by shooting another deer] , and John carried out zoological research on the remains; then we camped in the centre of a great amphitheatre which curves round to Umukarikari, and we looked down to the Waiotaka Stream far below, and at the Waiotaka Ridge and at the map, and we wondered. So we camped and enjoyed our last campsite; good food, good company, 3000 ft up and ten miles remote from all others: and the morrow could look after itself, which it did.

In 1959, the club's first winter trip into the area ended with Julian Davis's death in a fall on Makorako. This incident is detailed in the In Memorium section, page 113. It was to be four years before another club party entered the ranges in August, a four-man party led by John Gregory tramping from the Waipakihi to Ngamatea Station. Winter conditions may prove testing but summer can be grueling too – an account from 1964 noted “The Kaimanawas in summer make ideal camel country.” Travelling into the Waipakihi

remained the most popular route through the 60s with some parties accomplishing the full crossing to the Kawekas.

Through the 70s, it was clear that the Kaimanawas were becoming popular with other clubs, too. There were 60 people, including 12 from AUTC, over Umukarikari on Good Friday 1977, while in 1978 there were four club parties at Easter, two over Anzac Weekend and three in May. The climax in speed and endurance was provided by a trip with Geoff Mead and Jim McLeod, who in November 1980 left the Access 10 road soon after midnight, breakfasted on Umukarikari, lunched on the saddle before climbing Makorako and travelled via the Mangamaire, the Mangamingi to the Ngaruroro and Harkness Hut on Saturday night. On Sunday they travelled over Te Puke and Venison Top to the Makahu Hut.

The Kaimanawas do not hold the same sense of being under-visited as they did during the early years. Travel time from Auckland is the same as that for TNP. Easy access to the ranges is made possible by the roads built to service the hydroelectric scheme. Also the nearby Tongariro River has been the venue for River Skool for many years, providing an introduction to the area.

The early 80s saw several trips a year into the range with moderately large parties involved. Like the other North Island ranges, winter trips have their share of afficianados. A Queen's Birthday trip in 1992 showed that even with fine weather, or perhaps because of it, the temperature can really drop. Rob Simpson writes:

“No messing about this morning, but the cold makes everything very difficult. Even the food freezes as we eat it. Cleaning billies is easy: put some water in, let it freeze to the food and then pull the whole lot out. Alex and Peter decide sandshoes are the footwear for the day after roasting their boots over the fire failed to thaw them out. I never thought I would tramp in three layers of wool as well as a raincoat and still feel cold, but there is a first time for everything.”

The most popular route taken in the area is still the Waipakihi Valley- Umakarikari Range (to the Waipakihi Hut) which gives a great mix of tops and river travel if the complete loop is undertaken.

Groups have also periodically undertaken the full Kaweka-Kaimanawa traverse, one of the classic longer tramps possible in the North Island. This route goes deep into the back country but as Brian Rolls found in 1999 that doesn't mean a retreat from civilisation. His party encountered DoC workers helicoptering two loads of gear into Mangaturutu, with more helicopters buzzing over head the next day to deliver hunters to their chosen blocks.

The Kaweka range become famed in the 1990s as home to the annual Kaweka Challenge mountain running race held over two days in late summer. There are a range of courses with the longest taking competitors right up the main range and over Kaweka J. Many of the club's fittest and keenest have entered over the years and gained quite a few places in the process. Some find the going

tough; in 1994 Carol Diamond noted “four of the boys officially did not finish due to damaged knees, cramps and strains.”

One tempting mark on the Kawekas map shows the supposed location of the historic Iron Whare, well off the track but something of a siren call for those who like to explore. A 1988 trip led by Andrew Mason set off looking for it but “after crashing around in dense manuka for a while”, they gave up. The same experience was echoed in a 2000 trip by this book's editor. It was mid-winter and drizzly. We stumbled through thick bush and swampy terrain and grew quite cold in the process before returning disappointed to the track for lunch and a hot cuppa. A chocolate fish to anyone who has actually seen this mystery building – and can describe how to find it.

The Ruahines

Higher, harder and less accessible from Auckland, the Ruahine Ranges have seen much less of the club. At times, whole generation of trampers passed through the club without a trip in the area.

Cecil Segedin, Mary McMillan, John Gummer and Tony Druce were the first club members in the range, during the summer of 1946/47, where they joined up with a Heretaunga Tramping Club party led by Norm Elder. But eight years were to pass before Neil Clarke and Nick and Tim Barfoot made a return to the Ruahines. Nick wrote that it was “the best time of the year; the bush in bloom, the spring snow yet on the tops.” Two parties, one composed of old soles,

travelled over the Ruahine tops in the early 60s.

Whole generations passed again before the Ruahines next appear in *Footprints* with Andy Haines leading a 'recce' in May 1969. Another gap was to follow until Paul Richardson went into the north-west Ruahines in May 1974. The party wrote:

"The Ruahines are a large and rugged area and although well tracked and hutted, to get the most out of any trip in the range, requires much more effort and determination than in most other areas."

And that is about as fair a description of the area as any. The indomitable Geoff Mead was in the area with Lisa Capon in February 1979 and part of her *Footprints* article describes their journey into the range.

"The trip began at 5.30 am in Feilding, a really friendly little town — with free milk and a paper and an early school bus to Apiti (one garage, one post office and little else). Still 9 miles from where we wanted to start tramping with not a car in sight and a garage owner who wouldn't succumb to our bribes. After half an hour we had a terrific hitch to the end of the steep gravel road — minus one car muffler left by the wayside. The sun beating down as we slogged (in my case) up to Tunupo (5144 ft) on the crest of the main Ngamoko range above the Oroua river, well ahead of the signposted time. From now on there were no formed tracks and we experienced an incredible feeling of solitude

up on the bare tussock tops. Just as we felt parched with thirst in the sun, we usually found a semi-dried up tarn.

"So many new place names! Otumore saddle, Taumatataua (4657 ft) and finally through an uneven horror of razor-sharp leatherwood and tussock to the final climb up to the Hewlett hut in the evening. Forest Service food supplies minus the usual cupboard. A massive dinner to set the tone for the whole trip. Only one problem, our packs didn't get that much lighter!"

The Ruahines have remained a less common destination. Groups tend to be small, no more than four or five and beginners are not encouraged to go there for one of their first trips. The ranges provide some of the steepest climbs on a tramping track to be found anywhere and the weather is of course highly changeable. What also makes the Ruahines special is the prevalence of traditional Forest Service huts that make for a more cosy and rustic location than the larger lodge-style accommodation found on more heavily used tracks. It is common to go for a few days and not see other parties. For once, the going proved quite different in a trip led by Joe Li in 1997:

"As expected, Hughie sent his army from the South and the troops stumbled up Mokai Patea in horizontal sleet. Colenso Trig was reached in zero visibility, and dense speargrass scrub before the bushline was a stimulating experience. 100 metres above the DoC Kawhatau compound, a strange noise was

heard. It turned out that a group of 50 Japanese students were doing their outdoor wilderness education in the comfort of a huge tent, playing silly games and drinking hot Milo. It was a quite a sight for them to see our four figures covered in mud, drenched, filthy, unshaven and staring intensely at the Milo."

The Tararuas

Further south again, and plagued by high winds through Cook Strait, the Tararuas are at least close to Wellington and the classic reputation that has grown around the Northern and Southern Crossings has served to attract a number of club parties.

The first mention of the range by an AUCTC party was in a trip in 1954 described as "a shambles" due largely to the weather. An attempt at the Northern Crossing the next summer did not get beyond Mitre from the east, but Tony Peterson and George Stark were to make the Club's first Southern Crossing in May 1956 and in August of that year Chris, Nick and Garth Barfoot, Neil Clarke and others made the Club's first Northern Crossing, recorded in Nick's blank verse:

'No deer up here, Neill!
No, no deer up here;
Only wind and ice,
And more wind spilling over the Tarn
Ridge to the westwards,
With it the rain,
Turning to ice in the winds tail
Entombing with ice the dry tussock
Encrusting with ice the new snow;

Then the wind again violently,
All suddenly tense against the slope
Then up as the wind goes . . .
How slowly we move across this summit
ice,
Slowly the axe falls, the ice shatters
And splintered, scars on the wind
And drops away . . .
Below in sheets of rain, the river
And beyond, the plains, all in sunshine;
But around us now only the mist
And the ice and the wind and the winter . . .

How came these hills so hostile
These fierce ridges, how much further?

Club interest was spurred and led to further attempts at the crossings, with the first winter crossing completed in August 1962. Three years later, Jim Frater, Dave Smyth, Ross Medland, Dave Roberts and Mike Frith were to enter the area, only to report that "Winter tramping in the Tararuas is very similar to caving."

A party was in the Northern Tararuas at New Year 1967, while at Easter, Andy Haines and Chris Matthews tramped up the main range from Vosseler Hut.

The years 1970-1 saw an heroic period of club activity in the Tararuas with many trips completed. One party noted, as the mist cleared on Girdlestone, "The magnitude of the country was now beginning to dawn on us."

Since then, the Tararuas have received AUTC parties on a fairly irregular fashion with only one trip a year usually recorded and

quite a few years have seen no one venture there. The distance means a full day is spent driving in either direction and this perhaps discourages more people from committing their time to go so far, especially when mid-semester breaks may now often include a mix of writing assignments and taking part-time work on top of a tramping trip. In effect, it is less accessible than some South Island destinations

which are explored during summer when people have more time. When groups have made it, they tend to be small, just two or more people. That combined with the low frequency of Tararua's trips means the club struggles to build up a body of knowledge about the range to pass on from older to newer members.

The largest party to enter the range in the last decade or so was a ten-strong group in May 1994. They encountered cold southerly blasts, snow covered ferns and were left with little option but to head out early from Mitre Flats Hut to escape the gales. They wryly noted one highlight: the sensational weather they experienced in Wellington upon their exit.

Taranaki

Through the decades, the frequency of trips to the lone volcano were often less frequent than might be expected, though it has become a popular destination in more recent years. Parties may have been discouraged by its infamous exposure to cloud cover and



Taranaki from North Egmont – 2005

freezing winds or its isolation from other tramping destinations. In the 40s and 50s there were very few trips to Egmont, as it was then known. One party in August 1954 managed the climb to the top and was rewarded by the views. By the early 60s, however, attention turned to this area and in the succeeding years, many parties at various times of the year visited the north side of the mountain with the sole aim of climbing the mountain, only to be thwarted by the weather. Some parties did, indeed, reach the summit, both from the north side and from Dawson Falls. Some enjoyed the stupendous views. For others, victory came quietly and was only realised when they found that there was no more up.

In the mid-60s an ambitious party set out from the coast with the aim of climbing the mountain in steps: firstly Kaitake, then Pouakai and finally Taranaki. Torrential rain washed them down from the summit of Patuha to Carrington Road. They struggled on to Mangorei Hut before admitting defeat. One member of this party took another party back

the next year but although they began at Carrington Road, all they could manage was a traverse to Holly and Tahurangi Huts before retreating from the mountain. The next few years saw sporadic trips whose main aim was to tramp around the mountain but even near the bushline the going was not automatic and few parties completed a full circumnavigation.



Fantham's Peak. Syme Hut – May 1965

John Diamond, Malcom Pease

In the 70s began the Inter-varsity Meet, a convention of members of New Zealand university tramping and alpine clubs. The 1973 meet was hosted by AUTC and it seemed natural to hold it at Egmont.

Taranaki continues to draw members wanting to develop solid alpine climbing skills on its steep slopes. Winter parties have tackled its south and east faces as well as the more common northern route. The well-developed hut and track network looping the mountain is also a popular multi-day excursion.

Elsewhere

It is important to note that beside the high ranges, AUTC parties have frequented the parks to the east of the island, with popular destinations including the circuit around the shores of Lake Waikaremoana and the walk into the Whirinaki Forest Park. Both have excellent huts and tracks and trips there prove popular with beginners and indeed anyone who has yet to see the beauty of the area. Without extensive research, it remains unclear exactly when the club first ventured to these areas but certainly by the 1970s the Ureweras

and the great lake in particular began to feature regularly in trip reports.

On a very small number of occasions, parties have had a shot at making the traverse of the Raukumara range in East Cape. This section of the country is very rugged and presents great navigational problems – indeed there was an outcry several years ago when a popular tramping guidebook described the route, drawing the ire of those who thought this would encourage the under-experienced to have a crack.

In fact the Raukumaras did prove a mighty challenge to two trips recorded in 1993 and 1999. Extracts from the former are found in the Footprints anthology. The latter party of John Sutherland, Nick Roberts, Brian Rolls and Daniel Manning-Jones encountered long days, dense bush, and cold difficult sections of stream bashing. At one point Daniel lost his footing and was swept into a rock. It was later discovered he had fractured his fibula. The party finally emerged on the banks of an uncrossable river but with luck attracted the attention of two passing policemen who rescued them on horseback.

To the South

In the early years, members of AUCTC went tramping and climbing in the South Island but the first of these trips were not considered to be official club trips. These were times of learning completely new experiences: glimpses of snow-covered tops through the heavy bush, immense snow-fields, an abundance of birds, a large tussock-covered plain littered with tarns, gooseberry bushes, socks, boots and puttees that froze during the night even in the middle of summer. In *Footprints* volume 3, number 4, Alastair Geddes records some of these experiences on a climbing trip in the Godley:

“Coming by devious routes, we assembled at the Godley Hut by Boxing Day, after a trudge up the long shingle bed of the Godley River... New experiences came crowding upon

us. We were surprised at the appearance of the glacier, leading into the distance like a wide highway. We looked into crevasses that receded down into an incredible blue, glowing and dark. We did not suspect the broken nature of the terminal moraine, a frustrating mixture of loose stones and boulders lying on an array of ice cliffs and ridges that rises to a height of a hundred or two feet above the river. We were surprised too by the river which, though but twenty yards wide and three feet deep, has a bed a mile wide, and strength to knock a man down...

“Our holiday ended too soon. We learned much — we treat crevasses with less fear but much respect, we have seen how appallingly easily one can sometimes start an avalanche, merely by throwing a pebble on the slope; we



Mt Aspiring and Colin Todd Hut – Jan 1967

Boyd Millar, Richard Chandler, Russ James, Ken McDonald, John Diamond, Dave Carew.

have been enchanted by the flowers, and by the crispness of the ice and the eager anticipation of an early start, when the sun has just lit the peaks with red."

While this party was exploring the Godley, two other parties were tramping in the mountains of the Nelson-Marlborough area. In those days the mountains were sparsely populated: C. S. Masters records that on his trip from Lake Rotoiti to Hanmer lasting twelve days, his party saw only five other people. The other party travelled up the Wairau then across to the Waiiau and so to Lewis Pass. Both parties were enchanted by the area.

Following these trips, the 1947 annual report recorded that "Some of our climbing enthusiasts again visited the South Island over the long vacation and although they met with indifferent support from the weather, much good climbing was done. As a result of this and other excursions we now have in the club several fairly experienced leaders in alpine work and we hope that they will pass on their

knowledge."

No time was wasted in realising this hope. Drawing on the experience of the Nelson-Marlborough parties, the committee decided to run its first official club trip to the South Island the next summer. The following announcement appeared in *Footprints* dated 25 June 1947:

"Proposed Christmas Trip

"It is hoped to be able to arrange a club trip to the Nelson-Marlborough area during the Christmas Vacation, leaving Auckland on December 25th and arriving back on January 11th.

"The approximate cost of the trip will be about £10-0-0, including rail and steamer.

"All interested persons are required to hand in their names to Ron King or any club Committee member as soon as possible as reservations will have to be completed by September 1st.

"A meeting will be held of all interested persons when details will be discussed. Act now as this should be an excellent



Ian Cooke on top of Blockade Peak, Olivines - 1999



opportunity to see some of the South Island.”

The first club trip to the South Island consisted of a party of 29 people “organised with military precision by Stu Masters, who acted as an efficient but unobtrusive ‘C.O.’ aided by ‘2i/C’ Marin Segedin.”

In five smaller parties they made their way up the Wairau and spent four days at Lake Tennyson with various side trips before heading down to Hanmer. Rain on the first day was replaced by glorious weather for the rest of the trip. Climbing was not neglected because of the official trip, however, nor was tramping in other areas, and parties visited the Dart/Rees and Mt Cook areas.

The success of the first official South Island trip was so great that such trips became well established, so much so that the annual report for the year 1948/9 makes the plea “We would like to emphasise the fact that excellent tramping is to be had in the North Island as well as in the mountains of the south.”

The pattern of the first summer was maintained for several years; an official club trip with about 30 members, often subdivided

into smaller parties, and several independent private trips to other areas of the South Island. The climbers logged many successful ascents including a first ascent of Delta as well as other climbs in the Dart/Rees and Mt Cook areas.

The Editorial in *Footprints* volume 7, number 5, 1950, summarises the trends and anticipates the next development:

“The first club Christmas trips were confined to one route, along which each party made its way, camping apart from the others each night, although in the same vicinity. All those who went on those trips had a good word to say for them but after a couple of years the system changed. Instead of sticking to one valley the parties followed individual routes in the one area, viz. between Nelson and Arthurs Pass.

“In those days, when the South Island was only a vague shape to the south of Wellington somewhere the only ones who ventured there not under the wing of the Club were some very intrepid climbers.

“1949-50 saw individual parties of trampers...venturing into new country. In 1950 tramping parties roamed the southern ranges throughout their length. This seems to indicate...that the Club Trip no longer fits the bill. Originally North Canterbury was chosen, and it is very fine and worthwhile country, for considerations of expense. Now it seems that Club members are willing to pay to go further afield...

“The logical development of these trends seems to me to be a number of detached parties scattered over the South Island with leaders appointed by the club. The leaders would be completely responsible for the food, gear, route etc, but under the supervision of the Club Captain. This might be a slightly greater element of control over the now independent trips, and it will give greater breadth to the Club trip while retaining it as an excellent first South Island trip for budding leaders and for budding climbers.”



Dave Robertson the Karangarua Cage, Regina Creek.

That particular issue of *Footprints* had accounts of several trips in the Dart/Rees (including an 'all-girl' party), the Hopkins, the Tasman, Nelson-Marlborough, and the Remarkables.

The next issue of *Footprints* announced a reorganisation of club trips, and in the summer of 1951/2, 57 people took part in those trips which were now split into three separate periods and centred around Arthurs Pass and Otago. The pattern for the 50s was established: several official club trips organised almost entirely by the leaders as well as some private trips visiting remote valleys (“21 days living on cheese in the outback of south Westland”) and mountain peaks. The favourite areas for official trips were the Spensers, Arthurs Pass, and the vicinity of the Dart and Rees. Private trips ranged from Nelson, Havelock and Godley to Clarke/Landsborough, Tutoko and Dusky

Sound. Most well-known peaks were climbed at various times, including a first ascent of the east ridge of Hooker, climbs of Cook and a number of other 10,000 foot peaks, Aspiring and Earnslaw.

In the summer of 1957/8 the weather was again unkind: “unprecedented bad weather” and the numbers were reduced. One private party went beyond the South Island to Stewart Island. The following year’s annual report records, “It is pleasing to note that a virgin summit in the Darran Ranges gained by a club party, now bears the name of our club Hut — Ongaruanuku.’

Despite an editorial plea in *Footprints* in 1962, the pattern of the 50s continued through the next two decades. This plea was:

“Lately there has grown amongst the older members of the club a tendency to go exclusively on private trips, often at the expense of club trips. At least two Christmas trips had only one experienced tramper (the leader) on them.

“This places a heavy burden on the leader, for despite their enthusiasm and fitness, freshers lack experience. We are a beginners tramping club and surely it is not too much to expect people who have been in the club for two or three years to go on official trips even if they don't lead them.”



Lendenfeld, MCNP – 1986.

Nigel Leigh Looking at De La Beche and the Rudolf Glacier

During the decade of the 60s the total participation tended to remain more or less constant at between 800 and 900 person-days each summer. In August 1964 a presidential party of six, unable to wait a whole year to return to the South Island, went to Arthurs Pass for a winter trip. This trip was so enjoyed that a similar August Arthurs Pass trip was held the following year.

Some club members were so taken by the South Island that they remained there during the year, ostensibly to study such southern subjects as dentistry, home science and medicine, but really to enjoy the South Island mountains throughout the year.

Summer 1969/70 saw participation jump to over 1100 person-days. This summer was also the summer of the Club's greatest tragedy when four of a party of five were killed in a massive avalanche in Rainbow Valley.

The summer of 1980-1 illustrates how the variety of destinations had grown over time, with club parties and members in north-west Nelson, Nelson Lakes, Arthurs Pass National Park, the Rakaia and the country to the west (with climbs of Arrowsmith and Evans), the

Tasman and Fox Glaciers, the Hopkins-Dobson-Landsborough area, the Matukituki-Wilkin, the Dart-Rees, the Olivines, and Fiordland. The South Island was no longer the “vague shape” it had been to the club's earliest members.

Journeys into the high country have not always been without hazard. In January 1982, a six-person team camped in the Garden of Eden endured a snowstorm for several days during which time one tent was buried, forcing the entire party into a two-man tent. Penny Hazard wrote up the story in her diary as they awaited rescue some days later:

“Storm raged for 72 hours. Continually clearing off snow to prevent a second burial. Now concentrating on survival, time was spent hugging each other, rocking and singing to keep warm. The strongest and weakest kept swapping roles and boosting morales. All suffering from various degrees of exposure, dehydration and exhaustion.

“Each one of us desperate for sleep and more space, but afraid anyone dozing was

lapsing into unconsciousness. We all prayed for the wind and snow to stop. Added problem of little air. Laboured breathing, all drowsy. Forced to rip nylon for air vent but this let in driving wind and ice.”

At last the weather broke and they were able to dig out their gear and then rope up and retrace their steps across the Lambert neve. In a weakened state and with limited food, the group decided Matt Johnson and Sue Ensor would continue out to seek help while the others sought shelter in a rock bivouac. Finally a rescue team made it up to them and soon all were recuperating in the Harihari hotel.

Penny reflects: “The trip which was meant to last 10 days had lasted 17. We had been faced with a remarkable challenge, which only as a team did we meet. The day it all ended, I knew I would head back to the mountains, quite happy with the same party and even maybe back to the Garden of Eden. I feel this is a reflection of the warmth and caring concern each of us had for one another. Certainly, very special friendships have evolved.”

The drama of that trip was certainly an exception from the normal happy experiences that parties had in the south. By the 1980s, Nelson Lakes had become a popular destination. During the summer of 1983 a total of 34 people made it their destination in the course of six different trips. The Travers-Sabine circuit has continued to be a popular pilgrimage through to the present day and is almost guaranteed to see at least one AUTC

party each summer (and on the odd occasion in winter, too).

A trip to Nelson Lakes or Kahurangi often leads on merrily to a trip to Abel Tasman National Park. Technically a tramp, club members are known to find the time for four hours or more each day of sunbathing and swimming. It provides an excellent excuse to be lazy for a few days with the pretence of resting aching legs and blistered feet before moving further south for stancher exploits. Of note is a 1985 trip to Abel Tasman involving 24 people – massive by modern standards.

Transport options opened up in the 80s with the occasional use of air transport to get to the South Island. A 1980 party reached Nelson this way after getting standby tickets at the airport, but road transport remained the normal way for the bulk of the summer exodus.

Peter Jenkins says transport between trips in the late 80s was a careful logistical exercise with the club hiring a rental van and making serious use of the unlimited kilometres option then available.

“I recall one van that clocked up around 2500km in a couple of days and travelled back and forwards around North-West Nelson then to Arthurs Pass the West Coast, Wanaka and possibly on to Queenstown. It moved about 10 parties into or out of trips. The van crew had several complete changes over the trip. Logistics were all based on a predetermined timetable – there were no cellphones then. People just had to be in the

right place at the right time. They were and it worked.”

In this era, planes did start to come in handy with the logistics of individual trips as parties made use of air-dropped supplies to make deep forays into wilderness destinations such as the Olivine Ice Plateau. Such a trip happened in 1985 and again in 1991. In the later trip, Matthew Ward, Peter Maxwell and Paul Morris discovered the difficulty of finding the food drop once they had arrived where they expected it to be. They were in the wrong place; thanks to bad reception on the mountain radio, they had misheard the exact



Waiiau Pass, Nelson Lakes, Jan 1997 - David Palmer, Cedric Carranceja, Ian Cooke.

location and had to wait another day to find it. When they did recover it, one bag was full of holes and several food items, including fudge cookies, were sacrificed.

Ensuring food lasted until the party arrived meant making the package kea-proof. Some parties resorted to using up to five layers of rubbish bags, spray-painted in bright colours for easy identification. Including salami,

vegetables and wine ensured a big meal mid-trip. Peter Jenkins remembers that one AUTC party chose to make a 'treasure hunt' for an unfortunate second group.

“A wise Peter Aimer, knowledgeable in the deviant paths of the student mind, ignored the 12 checkpoint orienteering trail and walked straight to the lone tree in the clearing under which the food parcels had been neatly hidden.”

Another party heading to the Olivines in 1998 also had food drop problems after a spare fuel bottle had leaked through the supplies, rendering them inedible. After a quick dash up to see the plateau, they had little choice but to pay for an expensive helicopter ride out.

For such trips into Aspiring or Fiordland, the Moirs guidebooks usually proved indispensable to trip leaders, providing detailed descriptions of how to navigate over the many unmarked passes and valleys. With all due

respect to this well-researched book, it has also led to a few curses in trip reports as leaders explained the difficult of matching complex terrain to what was written in the book. In 1998 Alexis Shead was left to ponder how to “sidle at the 840m contour” without an altimeter at the ready. A pair in Fiordland four years earlier were guessing which may have been the second dry stream bed in a

certain valley, after rain had instead produced many little rivers cascading down the sides. Navigation can be part of the fun and challenge of these less developed areas but on a wet or tiring day, smiles may disappear.

Where else have club members gone to in recent decades? The Hopkins and Landsborough have seen the odd party but it is a rare destination now compared with the 1970s. Many do venture to Arthurs

Pass with the Three Passes a very popular option there. For a taste of Fiordland, the Dusky Track also proves popular, with its rugged appeal and despite its reputation for having the most aggressive sandflies in the country.

Sinking up to the hips in Dusky Sound mud is something of a rite of passage for TC'ers who want to have made it as a serious tramper, much as going for a swim in the icy waters at Blue Lake, in Nelson Lakes National Park, is virtually mandatory for all who arrive at its shores.

An assortment of well-known tracks such as Wilkin-Young, the Paparoas, Copland Valley (and Pass) and crossing Cascade Saddle are representative of common routes undertaken.

Stewart Island has also increased in popularity, both before and after the majority of its lands were converted into a national park in 2002. The full ten day North West Circuit has been completed by club parties repeatedly. Its mix of beaches, magnificent bush and the chance to see kiwi in the wild are



Rob Frost and Simon Mills on Hector Col, Waipara Valley below - Feb 2006

all draw cards. On a trip around the southern circuit in 2001, I remember my thudding steps frightening a young kiwi out of his mid-afternoon wombles. He took off at great speed and ran straight into a fallen log, poor blighter, before recovering and disappearing into the gloomy bush.

Even Stewart Island was not far enough afield for one party of four who travelled all the way to the Chatham Islands. This was not strictly a tramping trip but a chance to explore these remote islands and meet the community. "By the third day the whole island knew who we were and why we had come," wrote Alex Johnson. "This proved useful when hitchhiking. That is really the only way to travel, everyone has a ute and everyone stops."

Promoting the South Island exodus begins at a "Trips Launch" held on campus, and nowadays continues via email. While for many years, a charter bus and the Interislander were used to transport everyone en masse to Picton, this has not been the case in recent years. Instead, parties have travelled down separately, either by plane or private car.

Climbing: Rock, Mountains and...Buildings

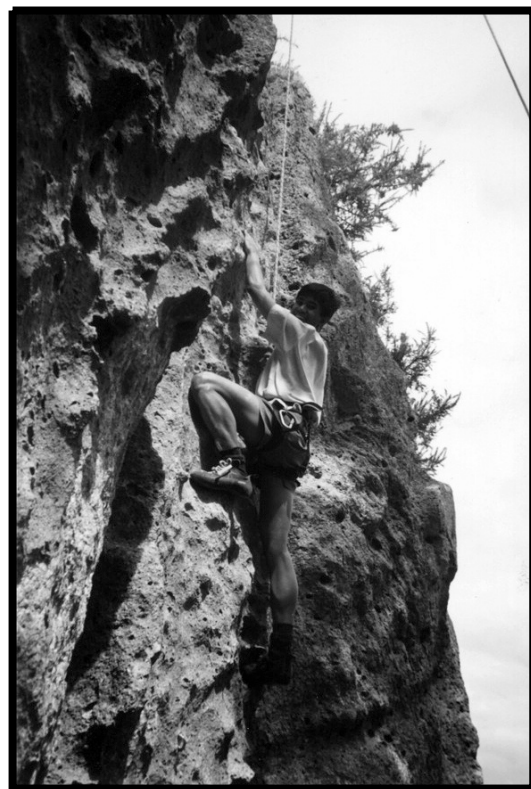
In all but name, the AUTC is in fact a tramping and mountaineering club. From the club's inception, the promotion of mountaineering was coupled with tramping in its official objectives. Consequently there has always been a core of active members who have climbed as well as tramped. And most were introduced to climbing through tramping; indeed, the history of mountaineering in New Zealand is bound up with the basic packing, river-crossing, bush-bashing techniques of tramping,

The more specialist forms of modern ice, snow and rock climbing are phenomena that have developed only in the second half of the club's history. For individuals, climbing and tramping are easily compatible. But at club level, finding the optimum balance between the two has not always been easy. The perennial question has been to what extent the club should sponsor climbing trips, which, by their nature, could not be made available to any member as with normal club activities? A distinction therefore emerged between official Club trips - advertised on the notice board - and private trips, organised by club members. For the latter category, the club has functioned as a resource centre, hiring out basic alpine equipment and also a source of advice from people with alpine experience. The club has sponsored climbing, but has required its members to observe some responsibility to the club. This relationship was spelled out as early as 1945, when the committee passed the rule:

"That as the Club is held responsible for the actions of its members in such areas as the Tongariro Nat. Park ... as regards accommodation, equipment and safety, members intending to visit such areas be required to confer with the Club Captain or Alpine Convenor when arranging any such trip."

For the purpose of approving climbing trips, the portfolio of Alpine Adviser was created in 1947, a position first held by Allan Odell.

The continuing level of interest in mountaineering in the club may be traced back to its founding, and specifically to climbing and skiing at TNP. During the 1930s and 40s, the AUCTC was responsible for all



Rockclimbing at Wharepapa - Cedric Carranceja, 1997

University mountain-oriented activities, including skiing. Indeed, in 1939, the club's name was very nearly changed to AUC Tramping and Skiing Club. Interest in climbing, however, appeared to strengthen in the mid-1940s. Probably no-one in the AUTC was more closely associated with the growth of alpine activities than Allan Odell. At the same time as the club was searching for a bush hut near Auckland, Allan was successful in negotiating with the Ruapehu Ski Club for the use of Glacier Hut, on Mt Ruapehu. An alpine sub-committee was formed and at Allan's suggestion, the club began to subscribe to the *NZAC Journal*. Working parties attended the Glacier Hut during the winter of 1944 and summer of 1944-5. And in 1945-6 the club began adding ice-axes and alpine equipment to its stock of supplies available for use by members.

Meanwhile, the close links that still remain with the Auckland Section of the NZAC were being forged. In 1947, three club members were nominated to attend the Alpine Club's mountaineering school on Ruapehu. The relationship was further cemented in 1948 and 1949 when AUTC assisted the AC, via a small donation and a liberal supply of labour, with the construction of its first hut on Ruapehu. AUTC members also played an especially prominent role in the construction of the AC's Whangaehu Hut, which was completely pre-assembled in Dave Hoyle's backyard and then dismantled again to be transported

overnight by heavily overloaded truck to the mountain. Subsequently the AUTC has been a major channel of recruitment to the Alpine Club and the flow through in committee membership from one to the other has been considerable.

While the Club effectively sponsored and catered for those who were inclined to extend their activities into mountaineering, the AUTC's patronage of university skiing was less successful. Although regular skiing parties were organised to go to Ruapehu, the fostering of the competitive side of skiing languished. The club was responsible for organising ski teams to compete in the annual inter-university winter tournaments, but sometimes this proved impossible. In 1948, a deputation presented the Club committee with the charge that it was "not going out of its way to encourage skiing, especially with regard to Tournament". It was suggested the club should either constitute a special section solely for skiing, or a separate ski club be formed. In 1950 the University Ski Club was



*Last A.U.C.T.C. ski trip to National Park
- Varsity now has A.U.C.S.C*

in fact inaugurated, and encouraging skiing ceased to be one of AUTC's official objects.

The early 70s saw a notably high level of involvement with high climbing in the Cook region by the club. The area had been visited by Club members sporadically; a keen group was there after the war, and Bob Barrack, Mike Gill and Paul Bieleski climbed a number of 10,000 footers in the summer of 1956-7. These included Cook via the Linda before 8 am, breaking an ice-axe shaft on the way up - those were the days of wooden shafts! Bruce Jenkinson and George Carr set new standards for the Club in traversing Cook in the summer of 1961-2 and in the late 60s others were in the Tasman and the surrounding valleys. January 1970 saw Jeff Clark and Mark Logan on the summit of Cook, while next summer Club members climbed Cook, Lendenfeld, Malte Brun, Silberhorn and Tasman, among others. After a space of a few years, club members were back with a grand traverse of Cook and climbs of Elie de Beaumont and surrounding peaks.

URGA

Urga was a group that evolved in 1974 and developed a culture that worshipped the moon, the sun and warm rock. It was originally formed as an informal club by Rick McGregor, Mary Kensington, Jim Bougher and Len Gillman with the aim of fostering rock-climbing and social life. It developed into a tight knit group of friends that did almost everything together.

Inspired by the moon one night at AC hut, members traversed the Middle Pinnacle and

then did a cramponed run down to the Top of the Bruce in search of a party. They heard *Dark Side of the Moon* for the first time at the university ski hut and from then on Pink Floyd was one of the mainstays on the Urga ship. It was Dark Side that appropriately played on from a portable stereo one pitch-black night when members soloed halfway up the Shield at Karangahake Gorge and tied themselves to the rock and waited for dawn as bivvy training for the Darrans.

And then there came the endless Darran summers spent climbing, sunbathing, packing in and out of Lake Adelaide and writing poetry in the rain.

Urga was active every weekend of the year, with trips to the Gorge, Ti Point, and long hot days at the Quarry with ropes and falling Urgas all over the place — “if you weren't taking falls you weren't pushing hard enough”. Then again at least half of the Urga people didn't climb at all and just went along for the ride. It had become a nucleus of people with an outer ring that came and went and often returned.

Some Urga members went to Australia in 1976 and most went to Yosemite in 1979 but by then Urga was just something they had shared somewhere in the past and after Yosemite they scattered themselves around the world.

URGA, the University Rock Group Auckland, was reborn in 1984 by a new generation hoping to rekindle some of the spirit and achievements of the 1970s group. Members of the informal group recount that their technical rock climbing and bouldering

skills developed well but that they lacked something of the flair and close-knit social quality of their predecessors. Gareth Jenkins, Geoff Bates, Simon Hoyle, Bryan Moore, Peter Dickson and Bridget Sutton were in the core of the group and every Tuesday they would head to the old quarry site at Auckland Grammar with their climbing shoes and chalk bag. They established some new routes, had a few falls (Geoff fell 25 ft and required hospital treatment) and practised complex moves while bouldering.

The summer of 84/85 was something of a bumper season for club climbing exploits. Members notched up four ascents of Aspiring by both the North-West and South-West ridges. Peter Jenkins in his editorial from that year notes as well five separate expeditions surpassed 10,000 ft in Mt Cook and Westland National Parks and three freshers conquered Mt Cook.

Popular trans-alpine trips in the 80s were the Olivine Ice plateau, the Arawata, the Gardens of Eden and Allah, the Tasman, Fox and Franz glaciers. Significant numbers of club members crossed Rabbit Pass, Copeland pass and Graham Saddle. Regular ascents were made of Mts Earnslaw (one in gumboots), and Aspiring. Other peaks climbed were Lendenfeld, Glacier Peak, Haidinger and Haast in Westland National Park. Several members made first-season ascents of Mts Cook and Tasman in leather boots and 10 point club crampons (front points came in later in the decade).

Urga reported a vintage year in 85 with new routes forged in the quarry, especially

after the Ministry of Works sent in a crew to demolish some parts that had become dangerous. The squad got T-shirts printed and even tentatively affiliated with AUSA in order to get funds for a party. Most notoriously, they continued to climb inner-city buildings and published a three-page guide in *Footprints* on the most promising routes. These included all the prominent buildings on campus as well as the Sheraton Hotel, the Hyatt and the Air New Zealand building at the bottom of Queen St.

Such downtown hijinks continued to appear in the pages of *Footprints* in the late 80s, with Peter Dickson and Alex Palman among the most enthusiastic builderers.

Alex reminisces: "Peter and I decided to climb the National Insurance building in Victoria St West as a five-year anniversary of our night activities. Most buildings don't have an apartment on top...but this one did and we must have scared someone, us dressed all black like ninjas. The sirens were evident when we were only half way down the abseil. We retired after making a court appearance."

By the early 1990s, the most dedicated climbers had formally created a separate climbing club. AURAC, the Auckland University Rock and Alpine Club was born. Part of the motivation for a distinct climbing club was sorting out the financial arrangements to get an indoor climbing wall constructed at the student gym on campus. Peter Maxwell says it was a long process, with climbing holds being purchased years before the wall was built to bolt them on.

A small core of alpine climbers has continued to emerge with each new generation in the club. They are essential in passing on knowledge and teaching the technical skills during Advanced Snow School. Often they double as members of AURAC and can be found afternoons on the indoor climbing walls at the student gym or down at the quarry. In summer, ascents or attempts on Cook, peaks around the Tasman Glacier, Mt Sefton and Mt Aspiring are recorded most years.

Less commonly, members make it to the Darran Mountains in Fiordland, some attempting to summit on the elusive Tutoko.

Richard Wesley and John Sutherland spent two weeks there around New Year's 1998. They bagged Sentinel and Madelaine but several rained-out days meant the big one remained elusive.

Gaining experience of serious climbing takes time and often members build on their experiences in AUTC after they leave the club. There is a good flow-through in membership to the Auckland branch of NZAC. For others, the taste of climbing gained from the club will be enough before returning to the more sensible pastime of tramping.

Other Activities

Links With Other Clubs

AUTC members socialised with other clubs and there were always a number of people who were involved in Field Club and Canoe Club activities. There has been an annual photo competition where we would vie with other outdoor clubs for the rather unique trophy, a whale's rib-bone that still exists in the club's archives. A very enjoyable addition to club social life was the Intervarsity May Meet. This started in 1970 as a gathering of all New Zealand University Tramping Clubs and was held for three to four days in the May holidays. It was originally conceived as a seminar on the environment, but was also very much a social occasion. In May 1973 and 1978 AUTC hosted the Meets, first at Egmont and then at Tongariro National Park.

The meet has continued to resurface periodically, with various club huts on Ruapehu providing the venue.

Historically, AUTC's links with the now-extinct University Field Club were once very close. There was an overlapping membership, largely because many tramping club members have been students in the natural science subjects. In the 1940s, combined AUTC-Field Club camps were held, commonly at either mid-term break or after degree. However, in subsequent decades, with the growth of the campus and the decline of the 'camp' format of activity, AUTC and the Field Club drifted apart. The Field Club ceased functioning in the 1980s.

A similar trend is evident between the Alpine Sports Club and AUTC. For 10 years the relationship was very close. In 1935 consideration was even given to affiliating with the ASC. University trampers were invited to take part in any of the functions arranged by the ASC and this close co-operation was re-affirmed in the early 1940s. At the same time there was a note of anxiety, that too close a link with the ASC might impair the continued involvement of graduates in AUTC. An alternative was proposed in 1946; associate membership for those trampers who had completed their studies. This was not developed further and instead it was simply acknowledged that a certain number of former students would continue to take an interest in club events.

Although the close relationship with the ASC declined after the mid-1940s (after AUTC attained its own hut and achieved full autonomy in its activities), many former Club members have continued their tramping with the ASC after leaving university and often finding a need for more family-oriented activities.

Small numbers of Club members have been drawn towards the kindred activities of canoeing and caving, depending on taste. Another lesser area of overlapping membership was between the Tramping and Harrier Clubs. Again the impression is that inter-club collaboration was greater in the context of the smaller, more intimate campus of the 1940s and 1950s.

Caving

Although the heyday of caving exploration in the Waitomo area was the late 50s and early 60s, AUTC members had a much earlier introduction to this sport. In mid-term break 1950 a mainly tramping trip in the vicinity of Wairere Falls near Piopio was broken by a visit into some nearby caves. *Footprints* describes an AUTC trip to Karamu cave, "the biggest discovered cave in New Zealand." This cave no longer features in even the top 10 caves in the country. Caving as a club activity seemed to disappear during the mid-50s, to reappear in about 1959 when there were a keen bunch of club members who were out exploring caves as well as taking other club members on caving trips.



Karamu Cave – The Cathedral, August 1952

The favourite caves in the Waitomo area seemed to be Gardiners Gut, Haggas Hole, Ringlefall, Waipuna and Luckie Strike. In addition, Fred, Rumbling Gut, Self-Respect, Burr and Half-Mile cave have been visited, amongst unrecorded others.

The most dramatic caving trip for AUTC must have been that in 1970 to Self Respect. This cave begins with a ladder pitch of about 25 metres, all free from the wall. Below this there are more drops for a total of about 75 metres. One returns, more or less, the way one goes down. On the way out, one member of the party fell heavily and twisted an ankle: the pain was so severe that it was treated as broken. The epic task of getting her out is well described in *Footprints*. How did they get her up the last 25 metres? That was relatively easy. She was tied to one end of a rope, this rope passed through a pulley at the top, with the other end being tied to one of her rescuers. When he descended, she ascended.

During the 80s and as late as 1991, the club was still running a 'Cave Skool' in conjunction with the Auckland Speleology Group and based at the ASG hut in Waitomo. The 1991 event included trips down into Lucky Strike, Rumbling Gut, Gardeners Gut and Millers Water Fall. There was even some drama when a group of scouts abseiled into a cave, found there was no exit and then realised they lacked the gear to ascend their ropes either. The AUTCers were nearly roped into the rescue effort but more experienced bods rescued the scouts

first.

Since this time, contact with the speleo group has been lost and Cave Skool discontinued. Caving has not been a part of club activities for the past decade, unless one counts parties held in the Whatipu Caves.

Instruction

Learning how to tramp and climb safely has always been a part of club activities. In the early decades, instruction was often the responsibility of trip leaders, teaching less experienced members as they tramped. Brian Davis says, "It was almost part of a good Ivader's job to ensure that party members were instructed as a matter of course in various outdoor and mountain skills."

The number of courses has grown in later decades but certainly Peter Aimer says some courses were well-established on the club's agenda by the time he began in 1953.

At that stage, Karangahake Gorge was a popular venue for river crossing instruction. There were also bush schools based at Ongaruanuku. Snow schools were held at



Advanced Snoskool Ruapehu – July 1988

Ruapehu, in the old AC Hut (now demolished). These early alpine courses were often run by members of NZAC itself. Participants learnt ice axe techniques like step cutting and self arrests, the use of crampons and some rope work. Davis says, "Snow and ice climbing, for us, didn't go beyond rope, a waist-high ice axe and crampons; but they were great days! Ed Hillary had just climbed Everest."

As well, sometimes members would go to Anawhata, to learn rock skills including abseiling, the technique still known then as double roping.

This basis of instruction continued in the next two decades and events were well attended. In August 1977, "untold numbers of people" attended Snow School at Ruapehu, records the club annual. In April of that same year, approximately 50 people attended river school at Karangahake Gorge. And at Easter, 30 people attended Rock School on the short

side of the Mt Eden Quarry.

First-year student Yvonne Joass wrote about her humbling experience of attending Rock School in 1978. She notes it was easier to swing on the end of the rope than to actually stick to the rock and that the next foothold she was directed to was invariably above her head, "when in all my life I've never been able to get my foot above my belly button."

Techniques do change. Photographs in the 1974 Footprints show people learning river crossing techniques including using a rope from shore to shore as support. Riverskools now teach that ropes are a dangerous tool in river-crossing.

Bush school has traditionally been run at Ongaruanuku to instill some basic craft in new trampers. A typical weekend was described in 1981 and included lessons in compass use, followed by a three hour walk down to the Anawhata river on compass



Beginners Snoskool – late 90s

bearings. Cuisine was also part of instruction as well as diversions like table traversing in the evening.

Advanced snow school was begun in the 1980s in response to increased numbers and the interest in running transalpine trips. Assistance in instruction came from members of NZAC. It is always run during the inter-semester break (late June/July) with beginners snow school being held later in August or September. This back to front order is deliberate and ensures no new member can attend both in the same year, the hope being they will gain additional experience on snow before enrolling in Advanced the following year.

Beginners snow school has always been a very popular event, drawing first-years who may have been seen little throughout the year but are excited by the chance to spend time at Ruapehu during winter conditions. It is usually run as two consecutive classes to ensure instructor ratios are kept low (and AC hut does not get overcrowded).

In the 1990s, the value of occupational safety was becoming prevalent across many sectors in the country, and tramping was no exception. Jean Mansill says club instruction courses became more formalised and structured, with large numbers taking part. As well as the usual courses, there was even a Cooking Skool one year (after some members had reputedly nearly 'broken' their teeth on dried peas and suffered separating instant milk on earlier trips).

For a short time, there was an intermediate snoskool for those who wanted a refresher from beginners snoskool but didn't want to go on advanced. Also organised with outside help were outdoor first aid courses and FMC mountain leader courses were introduced and became a norm.

Due to the dramatic volcanic eruptions on Ruapehu, in 1996 the snow schools were moved at the last minute to Mt Taranaki. These same eruptions had seen Carol Diamond and party dodging boulders the size of Minis whilst fleeing Te Heu Heu a year earlier.

Leaders School became an annual event, and covered trip planning, decision making in an emergency and advanced navigation. Footprints 1990 included the Leader's Prayer:

"Make me a better leader by helping me to develop larger and greater qualities of understanding, tolerance, sympathy, wisdom, perspective, mind reading, second sight and good looks."

The high turnover of student membership in AUTC means that it can be difficult to find enough suitably experienced members to lead instruction courses. If they are simply not there, the safest course of action can be to simply not hold the course. This has been the case with River School, not run for the last three years.

Most courses remain popular with new members and compliment the more gradual learning that comes with participation on normal tramping trips.



Beginners Snoskool, Mt Ruapehu - 2006



Snoskool NZAC hut – 1984. Left to right: Mark Battley,..., Bridget Sutton, Rachel Hope, Rob Andrews,..., John Knight, Gareth Jenkin,..., Heather Sutcliffe, ..., ..., ..., Charlene, Andrew Poole, Mike West, Peter Jenkins, Heather Knight, Craig Miller, Richard Smallfield, Tom Zink, ..., ..., Simon Hoyle, Jim McLeod.

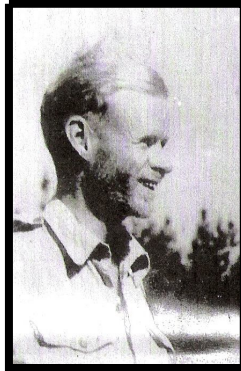
Club People

Life Members

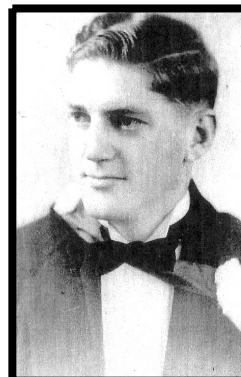
It is impossible to do justice to life members of AUTC in a few lines. It also seems impossible to lay down any particular criterion for the election of life members; all have had differing attributes, but each has contributed something tangible and something intangible. Their respective personalities symbolise what AUTC is and what it means to its members.

The first to be elected was **Morrison Cassie** (Cass to many) whose service to the Club was the very important one of reviving it. Interest was not very great as other clubs catered for tramping, and there is on record as we have seen the one example when Cass was the only one to go to Mokoroa Falls on a day tramp. The fact that the trip was held indicates a lot and Cass overcame similar difficulties with equal determination. Progress was made and it must have been very gratifying to him when he could see the fulfilment of his wishes as the Club forged ahead in 1942.

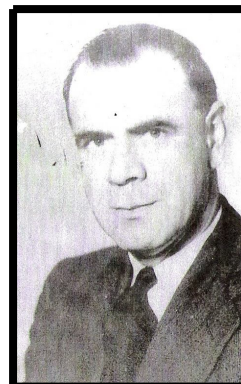
Campbell Reid was Club Captain for two successive years,



Morrison Cassie



Campbell Reid



Cecil Segedin

1942 and 1943, when the adolescent stage was reached. 'Growing pains' were many and varied but thanks to wise and enthusiastic treatment all were overcome. It was a most important time for the Club. It was introduced to the Hunuas, in the first camp there in 1942. It was often the case that Cam went out on numerous reconnaissance trips even if it meant going alone. His heart and soul were in his job and he made a real success of a difficult task.

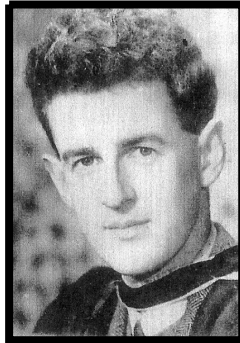
It was during all of the formative years of the early 40s that **Cecil Segedin** was president and really was responsible for putting the Club on a sound basis. His ideas, later taken for granted, included Ongaruanuku and Footprints. He did an immense amount of work in the actual running of the Club and, in particular, on After Degree Camps when they were the attraction of the year.

Bruce Morton, while never President or Club Captain, had an influence on the Club which could be compared with Cam Reid. It was to Bruce that Club Captains (and

Presidents) turned when some help or advice was needed. He was an outstanding climber and was one of the best examples of a club member who could combine his climbing with his tramping.

When the Club revived in 1942 it first turned its attention to tramping. But slowly more interest was taken in the climbing activities and it was in this connection that **Allan Odell** did so much. Trips to the mountains came more frequently both for climbing as well as skiing. Glacier Hut was rented from BSC and became the Ongaruanuku of the Park. At all times Allan insisted on caution and responsibility in trips above the snow line and it was his idea to have an Alpine Adviser. His capabilities have been well recognised in the Alpine Club by his being made a full member and also by his election as chairman of the Auckland section.

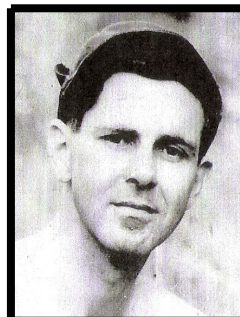
By now the Club was firmly on its feet and most of its original aims were accomplished. Yet as new people joined the Club each year, someone had to carry on the work of organising and provide a continuity of outlook. To stimulate enthusiasm and provide a real university club atmosphere in the period after the 'pioneer work' had been done was a most important



Bruce Morton



Allan Odell



Marin Segedin



Ivan Pickens

task. **Marin Segedin** did just that. In a long association with the Club, (he was President for six years,) his experience and valued opinions helped all who had the job of organising Club functions. There is no better indication of his influence on the Club than the question which crossed many minds when faced by a difficult or unprecedented situation: "What would Marin say?"

In 1957 another life member joined the honoured ranks, **Ivan Pickens**. The true test of a life member would seem to be a consistent and whole-hearted interest in tramping, and importantly in tramping with the Club! Ivan left his mark on the Club and the many aspects of its life. In the organisation of trips and as Alpine Adviser his quiet unassuming efficiency and rare sense of humour (seen in the pages of Footprints), as well as his individual energy and experience were a source of encouragement to new trampers, and added to the enjoyment and spirit of Club life during his years of association with it.

John Utting joined in 1956 and was closely associated with the social aspects of the Club. An excellent cook, he unselfishly volunteered to cater for all present at each May

Camp. It became another tradition of the Club that John was in the kitchen at May Camp slaving over a hot stove, while everyone else danced the Eightsome Reel or the Gay Gordons. John was a Vice-President in 1962 and 1964 and during a return to full-time university was Hut Officer in 1963. He was made a Life Member at the AGM in 1965.

Dave Smyth started his outdoor career as a caver and lone trumper and it was not really until his third year at university in 1961 that he became active with AUTC. Dave was remembered for strength and fitness on trips, and a lazy loping stride very difficult to keep up with. Dave exemplified efficient leadership, great personal ability, and a willingness to help other, less able people, all came naturally. Even though he was a part-time student in his years of high office with the Club (Secretary 1962, Club Captain 1963) he still found time to organise the Club and go tramping on weekends. He was a Vice-President in 1964, 1965 and 1966.

George Carr joined the Club in 1959 in his first year at university and very quickly became one of the most prominent trampers/climbers the Club had known. George was Hut Officer in 1960 and a Vice-President from 1961 to 1966. At the end of 1962 he married Christine Harris, a fellow trumper, and moved to Christchurch where for many Christmases their home was a base camp for all AUTC members passing through Christchurch. George was an unfailing visitor to May Camp for years after he moved south,

and in 1967 was elected a Life Member at this focal Tramping Club function.

Brian Davis was a prominent AUTC trumper from 1951 until 1957, serving on the Committee in 1954, 1955, as Vice-President in 1956 and 1958 and President in 1957. Brian left New Zealand for four years of post-doctoral study at Oxford and Harvard and on his return in 1962 he was elected President of the Club, a position he held until the end of 1968. Brian's wise guidance over these years at the head of the Club and ready willingness to participate in Club functions made him well liked by all who came in contact with him. Brian was elected Life Member at Biennial Dinner 1967.

Gary Bold joined Tramping Club via the Speleo Club. He had been active as a caver when a student and was invited to take Tramping Club parties underground. They in turn invited Gary above the surface. Gary's talents on the piano were also noted, especially at May Camp. Election to Life Membership was a recognition particularly of his work as President during a rather difficult period of the Club's life, 1969-71, which included several fatalities as well as some big social changes.

Boyd Miller had a long and close connection with the Club, with an active tramping period right through the sixties. He was Club Captain in 1962 and Vice-President on a number of occasions after that. He tramped extensively with the Club in both

islands and combined this with alpine climbing. May Camp also saw him to the fore as a square dance caller.

Jim Frater joined the Club in 1962 and was Club Captain in 1965. Like Boyd he was a widely experienced trumper and climber. Both men could be relied upon as leaders in any conditions. 'Traditional' socials often saw Jim at the piano - 'Hot Time' was a regular favourite.

From a keen tramping family, **Govan Wilson** was a committee member in 1953, and after his return from the Otago Dental School continued a very close association with the Club. He preferred the bush of the North Island and was probably O'nuku's most frequent visitor. Govan was immortalised for a time in the famous 'Govans' breakfast. The one-pot brew, consisting of rice, dehy bacon and peas, had the unassailable advantages of nutritional benefits, warmth, and not having to scrub the pot. Govan was a keen trumper with ASC until a few months before his untimely death in 1982.

Peter Aimer joined AUCTC (as it then was) in 1953, tramped as often as term tests and essays allowed, becoming Club secretary (1954), captain (1955), then a VP (1956-8). After marrying fellow AUCTC trumper, Rae Musty, in 1958, running an active tramping group at Rangitoto College in the early '60, he returned to teach at the University from 1970. As Club president (1979-81) he was awarded life membership. Peter asserts that "life

membership implies tramping forever" and he has kept at it, recently completing a guided climb of Cook (2002), Dennistoun Pass and Tapuae-o-uenuku.

Robert Simpson refused to cut his hair or shave until he completed his PhD. His hairy appearance was enhanced by his reputation as a staunch trumper who swam Fiords, needed to eat little but tramped at a formidable pace, even when rocks had secretly been deposited in his pack in an futile effort to slow him down. He was made life member in 1992 and his reputation as a club legend survived after he graduated in 1994.

John Pemberton started with AUTC in 1965 and tramped many places with the club until heading off overseas in 1971. During this time he served as Gear Officer (1966) and a Vice-President from 1967. After returning to Auckland in the mid-1970s he again became very involved in the club, including a number of big South Island trips. He was a great one to get trampers off to an early start by getting the fire going at the crack of dawn. He also cooked at May Camp on a number of occasions, including the 50th Jubilee May Camp. John was President of AUTC in the first half of the 1980s and again in the early 90's. He was elected a Life Member in 1986.

Penny Brothers first joined AUTC in 1975 and was Club Captain in 1977, the second in a series of women Club Captains in the 1970s who helped to raise the profile of women in leadership roles within the club.

Penny was an active trumper, rock and alpine climber. In the early 1980s she studied overseas in the USA for 6 years, fitting in climbing in Yosemite and a women's expedition which made the first ascent of a peak in the Indian Himalayas. After returning to Auckland in 1985 she served as President for most of the time from 1986 until 2003, with a gap in the early 1990s when her two children were born. She was elected the first female Life Member around 1990.

Due to his long, active association with the club, **Peter Jenkins** was elected a life member on the same night as Penny Brothers. Peter joined AUTC in 1982 and became an active member in 1983/4. After that he became a fixture at club events, the notice board and, because he took some years (over a decade) to leave University, was always in touch with the club. He was always there for trip advice, good and bad; his credentials included organizing South Island trips. Peter also organized "crazy trips and events" such as fishing out of Ruapehu's crater lake, although he claims he was "only the photographer for that one". During his AUTC membership, Peter spent almost a year tramping in the South Island.

In the early years of the 1990s, as the active core of the 1980s began to move on, the new and green AUTC members looked to **Matthew Ward** and **Peter Maxwell**, who acted club historians and general wise keepers of knowledge. Peter possessed an encyclopaedic knowledge of the Footprints

back catalogue, and his spectacular three-projector slide shows with background music inspired new members to go out and tramp. Matt focussed on recruiting and fostering new members, who became the active tramping core of the late 90s.

As a Committee Member in 1993-1996, (Club Captain in 1994), and as an instructor, **Jean Mansill** tirelessly gave time and skills in organizing events, Footprints and instructions courses. She considered recruiting and encouraging new members to get involved in AUTC to be a core responsibility. Her captaincy ensured that the rest of the decade would be known as a "Golden Period". Contemplating Jean, one committee member wondered: "What more can one do?"

Andy O'Loan served the club "above and beyond the call of duty" in the years 1998/99 until 2001, when he was elected as a life member. He instructed Bushskools, Riverskools, and Leaderskools, served as Gear Officer and Club Captain and led countless trips in an era when leaders were in short supply. Once he led 19 people around Lake Waikaremoana, cooking them a 3 course dinner each night. Andy's girlfriend and contemporary trumper, Chantelle Watt described Andy's Rambo Run action man figure sitting "in pride of place in his room...[H]e may pretend it's just gathering dust but I know better..."

David Baddely was an active member of AUTC from 1998/99 to 2001. As Hut Officer in 2001, he tackled the much-needed and long-neglected replacement of the hut roof. He coordinated a “wood carry” and an “iron carry” to transport over a tonne of material along Ridge Road track, and then he,

Dave Waters and Andy O’Loan spent many days constructing the new roof. It was said that during this period, Dave would give you an update on the progress of the roof, whether requested to or not.

In Memorium

Ruapehu, 1931

Early on Saturday, 29 August 1931, a year before AUCTC was formed, a party of students from the University of Auckland Field Club set out from the Chateau to climb Ruapehu. They reached the lake in good conditions, but as a group of them were climbing Tahurangi, the wind freshened and a blizzard struck; Egmont was suddenly obliterated by driving ice and snow. The whole party, under the leadership of a lecturer in engineering, Graham Bell, began the descent, roped together. In the conditions they could make only slow progress and spent the night at 6000 feet, above the Whakapapaiti Valley. In the morning, the weather cleared and the fitter ones dashed on ahead, thinking to head down the Whakapapanui Valley to the warm safety of the Chateau. There were only two huts on the NW slopes of the mountain, which was much less well known or well mapped than it is today.

By Sunday evening, six members of the party were safely back at the Chateau, but eight others were moving into the tangled

bush of the Whakapapaiti Valley. The weather worsened again on Monday and in the afternoon, Harold Addis and Warwick Stanton set off downstream to look for help, leaving five others, some in a weakened state, to move on more slowly. Finally, on Tuesday in somewhat better weather, John Graham and his fiancée (Susan Graham) set out for help and, after pushing through dense bush for some miles, came upon a search party, who were most surprised to see them alive. ‘We were looking for your bodies,’ they said. The trampers led the search team back to their three companions. Harold Addis was found the same day in the Makatote Valley, having left his weakened companion, **Warwick Stanton**. An immense search effort located Warwick’s body three weeks later, just where Harold had left him. A plaque in Warwick’s memory was erected on the rock where the party had spent the Saturday night above the Whakapapaiti Valley. The search and rescue operation had been immense; involving skiers, trampers and bushmen from the whole area. The story provided headlines in the Herald and Star for days and it

provoked calls for more rules and regulations of alpine climbing. Prime Minister Forbes stated that it was time to "...have more control over people wandering up mountainsides'.

At the inquest into Warwick Stanton's death, no blame was attached and Graham Bell's leadership was praised. However, the 1931 trip seems to have been one of the reasons for the formation of the AUCTC. A number of those involved became members and office holders in the new club.

Kaimanawas, August 1959

In the Club's first winter trip into the Kaimanawas, a party of eight planned to cross from the Poronui Station to the Rangitikei, climbing the highest point in the range, Makorako, en route. The party was led by Lochie Wilson, with John Millen as side-kick. With them were Jan Halliday, Janet Campbell, Pip Black, Bruce Jenkinson, George Carr and **Julian Davis**. It was one of Bruce's first trips and he was to die in a mountain accident some years later. In his posthumously published book *Mountain Recreation* he describes the trip . . .

First Encounter

We were a party of university students, 'trampers', camped by a patch of bush on an open saddle somewhere in the Kaimanawas. It was cold, August, but clear and calm. We had built a fire as the sun slanted down behind a higher range to the west and we sat around it and watched the last pink rays play across the

snows of the highest tops. The stew bubbled happily and we talked of random things — more preoccupied perhaps with our senses — the beauty and peace of the whole scene, the damp, clean smells wafting from the stew billy. Our general satisfaction with life as we wriggled into warm sleeping bags after satisfying our mountain appetites hardly anticipated the tragedy of the next day.

We had crossed the valley and climbed up on to the high range to the west, pausing to have lunch and slide in the first patch of snow and then continuing on to the highest point of the Kaimanawas, Makorako. It's an easy climb up broken rock, but it was a thrill to reach the top, to stand on the crisp, clean snow and look out over the wild ranges. One of the nicest things about climbing a peak, especially a lonely and remote peak, is the sense of companionship it inspires in a group — the feeling that the others too understand the rewards and think the effort worthwhile. The feeling is more stimulating when first discovered, and this was new for most of us. Only Lochie and John were old hands. We were each caught up in the wonder and excitement of it all, but slightly withdrawn as well; impressed and a little scared by the heights, the loneliness and distance.

So nobody was paying much attention to the banter, or to Julian's announcement. He had recently attended a mountain instruction course and now he said he would try a self-arrest slide down the shadowy southern slopes. For a moment I saw a figure clawing frantically at the hard snow; and then it disappeared.

We called, but received no answer. With mounting dread I huddled with the others in the lee of a rock while Lochie and John roped together. They belayed, and chopped steps steadily down and out of sight. Finally they reappeared, climbing slowly, one at a time. I called "Is he alright?", then wished I hadn't. Lochie was enlarging the steps. He arrived, breathing heavily, then turned and brought John up before he faced us and answered a little unsteadily: 'It appears that Julian is dead'. For a few minutes we just stood there, shocked.

Depressed, rather frightened, and cold, we tied onto the rope and picked our way down the frozen steps. The broad ice-slope curving over and out of sight seemed vastly precarious and alien to me. This impression, together with the cold and the shock of the accident combined to induce violent spasms of shivering that I controlled with difficulty. Movement helped and Lochie belayed us well so that I was beginning to feel better when we reached the rocky slopes below. Pip and Jan continued down to the first scrub to prepare some food while the rest of us climbed across the scree to the site of the accident. Warmth from the effort of climbing helped restore my objectivity and I was surprised to see that the slopes down which our friend had fallen looked comparatively mild from here. 'It doesn't take much, does it?' I must have thought aloud. 'You'd walk straight down there with crampons,' said John simply.

At dusk we reached the bush and stumbled down into the darkness. Bruised, scratched and tired, but very relieved, we arrived at the

river bank about ninety minutes later. Reaction and the domesticities of camping, collecting firewood, preparing food and pitching tents soon had us in remarkably good spirits, though for each of us this was probably something of a defence from the reality; the chilling memory that he who had been the most cheerful of us was now lying cold and alone on the mountain above.

In the morning it was cold and grey. My first few snowflakes drifting lazily down as we set off for the nearest homestead, forty miles distant . . .

May Camp, 1969

The Waitakeres and Hunuas — scene of so much of the Club's activities — have provided experience and training with a minimum of rules. But scrambling around bluffs, up waterfalls or crossing streams are not without risks as was proved when **Graeme Carry** was swept over the Hunua Falls and drowned, while crossing the Wairoa River on an Orienteering Course. The Club, as it had done on previous occasions, set up a committee to enquire into the accident and discover the lessons to be learned. This one comprised two former Club members, Professors Allan Odell and Cecil Segedin, with Sir Edmund Hillary and made a number of comments and recommendations on tramping and mountain safety.

Rainbow Valley, December 1969

A five-man Club party set off on a popular route, up the Wilkin Valley from Makarora on 12 December 1969, planning to cross to the

East Matukituki and Lake Wanaka . The party led by **Peter Gin**, with **Ian Carmichael**, **Doug Millar**, **Jeff Bushell** and Mike Anderson, reached the Matukituki and on the night of 22 December camped at the Rock of Ages Bivouac. Having a spare day on the 23rd, they decided to spend it moving up the Rainbow Valley, another smaller tributary flowing off Mt Fastness. As the party tramped up the valley, they saw some small avalanches from the glacier below Fastness, but at about 10 am they heard the boom of a massive avalanche above them. Peter, Ian, Jeff and Doug were engulfed by the avalanche, described later as "cataclysmic and quite abnormal" which "shook the ground like a jelly". Mike Anderson survived, having dashed for cover behind a rock five to ten yards from the others, though he suffered some leg injury from flying fragments. He travelled alone to the main valley with the news. Mr Aspinall, at the Aspiring homestead, had heard the avalanche; the Wanaka policeman said it was the biggest he'd seen.

Governor's Col, Mt Cook, January 1971

In the early hours of 28 January 1971, **Mark Logan**, **Jeff Clark**, Claire Butler and Derek McKay with two Australians were crossing Governor's Col from Pioneer Hut. They were on top of the Col at 4am and started down at dawn on fixed belays, Jeff and Mark leading. About 400 ft below the col, Mark was putting in a snow stake for an abseil rope, when an enormous block of ice fell off and broke in its fall, engulfing Mark 'under thousands of tons of ice'. Jeff was pulled off his belay and both

were swept down the slope. One of the Australians left for Pioneer Hut; the other three were unable to reach the debris because of wide slots. However, the alarm had been raised and a Sioux helicopter dropped two rangers with blankets. "Conditions were extremely turbulent at the time and the pilot did a first-class job in hovering his machine with only the tip of the skids resting on the slope, just long enough for the two rangers to jump out", reported the Chief Ranger at Mt Cook. An RNZAF Iroquois helicopter with a winchman on board was able to rescue Jeff, who was taken to Timaru Hospital in a critical condition. In the meantime Claire and Derek crossed to the Plateau Hut and descended to Ball Hut at about 8 pm. There was clearly no possibility of recovering Mark's body; Jeff later made a full recovery. The FMC Accident Report, aimed at providing lessons for others was, indeed, brief. Their only comment was "This appears to be a genuine accident."

Karangahake, 30 June 1974

While tramping alone between two groups of climbers in the Karangahake Gorge, a committee member, **Geoffrey Patterson**, fell and was killed. The Paeroa coroner was critical of Club organisation on the occasion and the committee examined policy and practice on all aspects of safety.

Liz Hutton, who helped many with their "first" bulk buy tramping purchases at Bivouac died in January 1996 while climbing with Campbell Greerson on the East Ridge of Mt Cook Although not a member of the club, she was active in "Woman Climbing" well

known to the many who made their first tramping purchases at Bivouac, always willing to share good advice and have a bit of a laugh over club gossip.

Hamish Coulter and **Steve Court** were much-loved senior members of AUTC and President and Secretary respectively of AURAC. The pair died while instructing an AURAC alpine skills course on Ruapehu on 1 July 1997. Taking the opportunity to leave NZAC hut after a storm had kept them indoors, they led a group to climb the Pinnacles. On their return in the afternoon, an avalanche on Pinnacle Ridge buried the two instructors and left survivor, David Hall, with a broken ankle. David tried to find his friends before he set off for help. Hamish and Steve, both aged 20, were remembered for their boyish grins and love of the mountains, and a plaque at the rock-climbing wall at the Recreation Centre was dedicated to them. Their deaths were a personal loss for the core members of AUTC, many of whom lost another close friend at the end of the decade.

John Sutherland died climbing Mt D'Archiac with his partner, Malcolm Stoney, also an ex-member of AUTC, on 29 December 1999. John slipped from a ridge in bad snow conditions and fell into a crevasse. His body was not recovered. At the time of his death, John was a familiar face at the noticeboard and a friend and advisor to many in the club. He had been a skilled and efficient Gear Officer, was a sharp wit and a legendarily "staunch" tramper.

Rainer Martin Kniff led a four person team up the East Ridge of Mount Taranaki on 22 September 2001. Rainer fell from the summit of Shark's Tooth and his body was recovered by Search and Rescue. His three companions did not see his fall. They found his pack where he had left it but could not find Rainer and eventually descended to Syme Hut without him. Rainer was a well-liked post graduate student from Germany and his memorial service, held at the Maclaurin Chapel, was attended by many friends from AUTC. His death provoked a safety forum held in AUTC to examine how further tragedies could be avoided.

Rainer's death was the fourth that affected the club during my membership, and it felt as though in the late 90s and early 2000s, the mountains took too many of our best and keenest climbers, too many of our friends.

- Jenny Klosser

Footprints - An Anthology

The club's magazine *Footprints* first appeared in 1944, twelve years after the founding. As Linda Kerr observed in her editorial of 1984, Footprints can and should be a record of tramping routes undertaken and reflect something of the club spirit as well as be an attempt at wit. I have endeavored to extract some of the more lucid or revealing passages of writing I have found as well as examples of customary Footprints silliness.

I have also edited ruthlessly so that what follows are brief extracts, bite-sized tastes of writing through the years. For longer extracts from earlier years, readers are recommended to look up a copy of the 1982 Jubilee Book.

First up is a piece by Jock Graham, a member of the 'lost party' of 1931 and a foundation committee member:

Prehistoric Recollections

Transport certainly was different. No one owned a motorcar. Nor did anyone have any money. Those on scholarships of \$50 a year were plutocrats. Bursaries didn't cover books, let alone anything else.

So transport to starting points, like Glen Eden, Swanson or Waitakere for the West Coast was by train for those who could raise the fare. Otherwise, walk from the city all the way.

The botany hut at Swanson was occasionally made available to trampers professing no interest in flora. I recall a member of one party, warned from a previous trip, calling at the local store on arrival at Swanson by train and inquiring for toilet paper. They didn't stock it, said the storekeeper, "There's no demand around here."

A remark pointed up at my first political meeting as a *Herald* reporter at about that

time. "The 'erald is some use," conceded the candidate, "We don't use nothing else in the little 'ouse out the back at our place."

There was not, in fact, much in the way of club or recreational accommodation round Auckland at the time. The cottage above White's Beach at Anawhata, owned by a group of university people and used by several generations of students, was one favourite haven. Train to Glen Eden, then walk most of the night with all supplies in non-frame packs. We didn't seem to need sleep.

Grog was hardly ever a feature. No one could afford it, let alone hump it all the way. There may have been chaperones at one time, but I don't remember any by the time we started tramping. One or two of the older girls were supposed to keep an eye on things, but it was a pretty Nelsonian eye.

Few had real sleeping bags. Bedding was pretty primitive.

Raising funds for the annual trip to Ruapehu was a major preoccupation. Train, bus, Whakapapa annexe accommodation, meals in the Chateau, ski hire cost only a few pounds all told, but it took most of the year to raise the money. Riding pants or slacks (dungarees, modern jeans, were banned), bendy tramping boots, long scarves and zinc ointment (anti-snowburn) were the essentials. A least there was no expense for tow tickets — there were no tows.

Mary Woodward (nee McMillan) tramped with the Club between 1942-4. She recalls:

Forty years on - A wartime memory of AUCTC

Present day young trampers would think us an odd lot — crammed into the last carriage of the train to Henderson singing such risqué numbers as 'Cocain Kate', piled in a warm huddle round the fire in the hut listening to Father Brown or Saki stories, or sloshing up the ill-kept Waitakere tracks, slashers at the ready, in our motley gear. War meant no petrol for motor transport, coupons for our provisions (no coupons, no butter), trips close to home. We were all poor. There were rules against grog, but few could have afforded it. The fare to Henderson was 1/6 and I went without lunch those weeks — a roll and coffee cost 6d from Mrs Odd. After a tramp we piled out at Newmarket Station and filled up with milkshakes at the corner milk bar, with the Salvation Army outside and a few unwelcome Marines around. Poor things, bound for Guadalcanal.

But the main things were the same as now, with good friends, the joys of the mud and the bush and the clear views, and the sheer happiness of being with likeminded souls in the open air. For a lonely Fresher, with few social skills and an awe of the University bred from Scots crofter forbears, the Tramping Club and all the dear people in it gave a place to stand as well as to climb. Bless 'em all ... and trampers now and to come.

The formal (and standard) conditions under which O'nuku was first leased from Auckland City Council have caught the eye of more than one Footprints writer. To give them a more secure future, here they are again:

The tenant hereby agrees with the landlord that he shall not;

A) ... in the case of premises occupied as a dwelling-house accommodate boarders.

B) Make or permit to be made any alterations or additions to the premises or any apparatus or fittings installed or fitted therein including plumbing, electrical or gas installations or fittings nor cut or injure any of the foundations, floors, walls, partitions, ceilings, roof, or the timber or material of the premises.

D) Do or suffer to be done anything which may be or may tend to be or become an annoyance to the landlord or the occupiers of adjoining or neighbouring premises.

F) Allow visitors on the premises after 11.30p.m. on any night of the week nor play musical instruments, radios, or gramophones

after that hour nor otherwise disturb the occupants of adjoining premises.

The tenant hereby agrees with the landlord that he will;

A) ... keep the premises and all conveniences, sinks, drains, wastes and water closets and pipes and grounds, paths, lawns, hedges and fences in a clean, tidy and sanitary condition.

B) Replace all electric light globes and power elements in the premises as they wear out or are broken or become unserviceable with others of at least the same quality and power as the original globes or elements.

C) Duly and punctually pay all electric light, power and gas charges in respect of the premises.

from

A Description of Freshers Hut Weekend, 1950

Do you remember a Hut?
And the sitting round the fire
Where you gradually perspire
Working problems arithmetic
Singing pseudo energetic
And then sloped off to bed at half past
two.

Then the cleaning up on Sunday
All the sweeping and the chopping,
And the lifting and the dropping,
And the washing and the sloshing
And the painting of the creosote on the
roof;

Then the final preparation
For the trip back to the station —
All those old last minute jobs

And the nailing down of hobs.
And the final signing of O'nuku's book.
Then no sound echoes back
Save the clomp up the track
Of the boots and the pack
Going home . . .

from

Lighting the Primus, 1952

You take a bottle of meths, and pour a little into the round cup thing on the stem. You'll probably pour far too much and it will spill all over the primus and the table. But fear not. Put a match to it, and admire the display of blue flames licking all over the place. You can do this because the meths burns with a cool flame. Just test this queer fact by putting your finger in the flame. The blisters it raises are much smaller than in a wood flame...

- Don Aimer



Freshers hut weekend - 1963

from

Muir's, 1954

It had rained during the week and it was still drizzling. Never have I seen a more desolate place with the wind blowing through the cracks, the floorboards broken, and mud — everywhere. But, oh, somewhere to rest and cook a meal. Leave your boots on and flounder through the mud in front of the fireplace. The wood is hard to find and gives a smoky fire. Still, the meal finished in the darkness illuminated only by a fitful flame of a rush lamp. Now there is no bacon fat left and bed is the order of the day.

O Agony. The bunk and the sleeping bags are warm and you are tired. But can you sleep? No. There is a constant buzzing in your ear. Mosquitoes. — Thousands of them. They seem to be attracted to your ears; they crawl into your sleeping bag; they get into your clothes; and always the constant buzzing — irritating, driving you crazy...

- Neil Small describes Muir's, the old wooden cottage in the lower Pararaha that was used by the club and others from the late 40s to the mid-60s.

from

The Correct Way to Do the Three Pass Trip, 1956

From Greymouth Station we proceeded to Hokitika by bus where we all disembarked except Peter's pack which was carried on to Ross before it was retrieved by its owner.



Old Muir's Cottage

Christmas dinner celebrations were held on the shore of Lake Kaniere where we shared one fowl and one Christmas cake between nine. Though most of us were suffering from lack of sleep we began our tramp through bush which was typically wet forest growth...

Two Christmas cakes were carried through thick and thin by the owners and a third, an extra large eggless one caused one trumper to dislike it until the 11 lbs. were gradually eaten away and the weight decreased...

The bungle up O'Connor Creek resulted in us taking partners for rock hopping 'Jingle Bells' in a snow fall while our leader and side-kick searched in vain for the track over Browning's Pass. The morale of the party dropped when voices grew hoarse and a deep freeze set in. We were saved by returning to Pyramid hut for the night. Here Cholmondely (Tony's uke) entertained us accompanied by two harmonious voices singing 'O The Parson —!?!— in Mosgiel' etc. and other notorious freezing works and air force songs...

Members of the party experienced varying feelings as we all gathered speed down a 1000' scree slope to Park Morpeth Hut. At the hut a bespectacled trumper saved the day by

suggesting upstream for the ladies(?) and downstream for the others after a near embarrassment...

As we got nearer to civilization in the form of Arthur's Pass the huts improved to the point of having almost every facility one could wish for. Hut wallowing was freely indulged in with one energetic excursion to the Devil's Punch Bowl. Phil tried to pull the Hut's ancient piano to bits and fix up broken hammers with most of the party's first aid sticking plaster...

Our last night together was spent in close proximity to the road from Lewis Pass under canvas for the first time. Hitchhiking pairs to Christchurch began fairly early in the morning with half-hour intervals between each pair 'hitting' the road. Ten of us eventually in the Square at 5 o'clock after varied experiences. Some unshaven, all dirty, we tramped off to the 'Coffee Pot'.

- Janice Townsend

Song of the Old-time Trumper, 1957

Where are the trampers of yester year?

Where, oh where would you think?

Gone from the meadows and gone from
the crags

Travelling to work in worn flannel bags,

Drooping at home o'er the sink.

Oh, the years are many the years are long,

And we're not what we used to be.

And some are wealthy, and some are not,

And some are famous, I hear.

But most of us plod in the middle way,

In gentle obscurity end our day,

Fading a bit each year.

But still, on days when the sun shines
clear,

On nights when the moon hangs low,

We think of the hills and the camp-fires
bright,

The friendly faces and shared delight,

And we dream of long ago.

Oh, the years are many, the years are long,

And we're not what we used to be!

- Kathleen Kelly (nee Olds)

from

the June 1963 editorial:

We are a University club. Yet some of our members might be described not as university students so much as Tramping Club members. Matters of general student interest do not provoke the discussion they ought. Is this the much condemned student apathy, or has it something to do with Club attitudes? In any controversy the general feeling of the Club tends to be conservative. A couple of years ago, when the Club initials were changed from AUCTC to AUTC, it was suggested that the C be retained and the name changed to the Auckland University Conservative Tramping Club. Sometimes we go to Stud. Ass. General Meetings, but even there we seem to vote alike. We are in danger of becoming a tight clique in but not of the University...

At heart we are non-conformists. Going tramping often involves braving public incredulity and ridicule. Our families and neighbours think we are queer. People in the buses stare. Acquaintances in the street look

the other way — and yet we persist in our strange behaviour, even though we ourselves often find it impossible to explain why. In self-defence we group together. It is *us* against *them*, the people in the street, the tourists, sometimes even fellow-students...

Trampers *are* escapists. But escaping from the city to the bush and the mountains should not be confused with escaping from our responsibilities as students and intelligent beings into a cosy little world of our own. We must not lose members, potential or actual, by appearing either exclusionist or reactionary. Nothing would please me more than for this editorial to provoke violent disagreement. I should be happy to be proved wrong.

- Christine Crawford

from

***Pilgrimage of the Trampers,
1966***

When that August with hise snowes white,
Maketh the mountains a wondrous sighte
Thanre longer folk to goon to the hille
Despit the wind and piteous chilles
And specially at the termes ende
Students from their cloistres wende.

Bifel in that seysone on a day,
Near Tongariro I happd to lay
In waite for further of oure partye
Redy to wende to Ketatahi
And soon were come to join me ther
Full six persons of whom you will heare...

from

Student Trampers? 1968

TRAMPING 1

Time allowed: Three hours, including scrog stops. Write on one side of the track only. The examiner may only be communicated with by the regulation 6 shots per minute.

1. You have been lost for two days in trackless, supplejack-infested country, with continuous rain except for intervals of sleet. All firewood in the area is green or wet or rotten, and the party has lost the primus, the tent and the leader. All the remaining members of the party have unaccountably become either antisocial or grossly over-talkative.

With respect to the above, write an essay on "Why I enjoy Tramping".

2. Compare and contrast (a) the south branch of the Pararaha, and (b) Albert Park.

3. 'The Mountain Mule — It carries the load.' Comment on this statement, especially with regard to who carries the Mule.

4. Translate into English —

'... We'd been streambashing since the morning pog, when we met a mogambo-ing oldsole boulderhopping upstream. We scrogstopped for a jelly-brew and Ivans', and learnt of a decadent bivvy where a stuffed bod. could hutbash, descunge the wogs from his duffel, read his footprints, or eel-watch as he pleased ...'

(from 'Chundering through the Rhubarb', G. Grey, *The Faucet Press*, 1968)

5. Distinguish, where possible, between (a) Clumps and (b) Double-bunking.

from

The Adventure of the Missing Scroggin, 1969

'Well, do you make any progress?' he asked of Sherlock Holmes.

'I have solved it.'

'Indeed, and Miss Myers?'

'She is innocent. But I would like to ask a question of Mr Langton, here.'

'What do you wish to know?' asked Langton in an amused tone.

'Just this. Why didn't you take the chocolate too?'

With a scream of rage, Langton snatched his ice-axe and placed the point to his breast. Holmes and Foubister sprang upon him and wrested it from his grasp.

'None of that!' said Foubister. 'Well, Mr Holmes, it beats me how you know. You have saved us from a grave injustice, and the club owes you a debt of gratitude.'

When Foubister and his prisoner had departed, I turned to Holmes.

'My dear Holmes,' I said, 'how did you reach a solution? I saw no clues.'

'On the contrary, Watson, you saw as much as I, but *you* failed to make the necessary deductions. The scroggin bag had been cut open with a large knife. Who would possess such a weapon? Surely a boy, rather than a girl?'

'It seems very probable.'

'And then there is the question of opportunity. Who is likely to remain resting in camp while the young, keen freshers are out gathering wood?'

'Would it not be the wily veteran trampler?'

'Bravo, Watson, your deduction is improving. However, I told Jim Frater that we would meet him at O'nuku this weekend. What is that little thing he plays so well? Turn, turn, turn, de-dum, de-dum, de-dum, there'll be a hot time in the old town tonight. I think, Watson, that it is time we were starting, if we are going up to the hut.'

from

Route Guide, 1969

A.U.T.C. Notice board to Sir George Grey

After proceeding north from the noticeboard a prominent set of steps is reached. Descend these to the south bank of Alfred Street. The crossing to the true left bank is not an easy one, and under adverse conditions it may be prudent to wait for the flow to subside before forcing a crossing. (A cableway was built earlier in May, but subsequent reports indicate it is no longer usable.) Continue up Alfred Street to the head, where a short scramble over parked motor scooters leads to Princes Street. Cross to the west bank. The wastepaper basket topped massif of Sir George Grey (20') is clearly visible on the skyline to the north-west.

The route from Princes Street is obvious, leading across easy slopes, and sidling to the south-west of Queen Victoria (15').

The excursion to Sir George is a popular one, but the more ambitious trampler may descend the steep slopes of Albert Park to Queen Street and there attempt the ascent of peak 246 which, under summer conditions,

may be accomplished without the aid of ice axes or alpine equipment.

from

Alone, 1975

God only knows how long I've been building up for this one, over the last month anyway everything's been falling into place and I really feel I can do it. I hope. There's the quarry, the rock lit up pink by the rose-fingers of the sun setting over the harbour in the West. No one there. Great.

Walk across the grass to the rocks, mind wound up tight like a ball of string, nerves and muscles like a bow pulled taut. Look up the climb.

Clear the rocks away from underneath it. Still a few small ones left. Put on the helmet.

Sit on a boulder and lace up the tattered E.B.s. Check the soles are clean.

When you've got to go you've got to go — no hesitation. The faster you move the less strength it will take. Now go.

Swing round and into the climb on the first small holds. Bridge up. Now jam that toe. Jam, you bastard, jam! Balance up, up. Strain for the faintest of finger holds. Wriggle your fingers higher as that toe starts to lift. Now go for the jam. Pull up. Seat fingers in the crack above. Now layback. Hard. Lift that foot. Grab for the jug, strain for the next, then the tree. Stand quivering. Up. At last. Up.

Still quivering as I climb down Three Beard. All the adrenalin slowly ebbs away as I unlace the boots, and walk away across the fields. Back to the city.

- Rick McGregor, one of the founders of URGA

Shakespearean Tramping, 1978

To climb, or not to climb, what is the answer?

Whether 'tis more sinful in the body to resist

The slopes and peaks of outrageous height,

Or to take ice axe against a mountain of white

And by opposing, climb it. To wake, no sleep

Any more, and by rising we say goodbye to

The bliss, and the thousand restful comforts

That the body delights in, 'tis a stupidity
Devoutly to be denied to get up!

To sleep exotic dreams, ay they're the sweets,

For in that sleep of rest what dreams may come

When we have put aside this ascent.

We must pause and think – what's the decision

That makes sweeter such a short life?

For who would bear the winds and wetness of rain,

The unfit body, the others far ahead,

The coldness of hands, the blurriness of vision,

The breath coming hard and fast, while

The calves ache and the knees wobble,

When you yourself might your quietus have

In a warm sleeping bag...

- Christine Thomas (with a little help from William)

from

Tasman Morning, 1978

The morning began typically with the stifled shrilling of the alarm under Terry's pillow in Tasman Saddle Hut — Mt Cook. The whispered, fumbled, dark predawn hour pierced by the blue jet of the gas cooker and the flickering candle light. Patsy drifting back to sleep as she ties her boot laces. The last knots tied, ropes thrown over shoulders, karabiners and ironware stowed away; crampons pockmark the scarred and pitted wooden floor and scrunching in the frozen snow outside. The first stiff steps by torch and starlight, still pushing the sleepiness from our eyes, wincing at the shock of the dark, chill air.

Easing into a rhythm — the crisp contact of the 'poons, axe-spike biting into the snow, rope swinging lightly between the two of us; dark shadows guarding crevasses. Voices hushed in this great, sleeping, white silence, which gradually comes to life with the stealthy approach of dawn. Lights glitter and twinkle off the myriad microscopic facets on the crystalline surface of the snow, like diamond dust. Depths of blue in the first crevasse. I step wearily over its fragile lip, glancing down entranced at the eerie lapis-lazuli cathedral below me. A serac rises out of the slope like some curved fang. Its own blue etched against that of the lightening sky.

Dawn at the head of the Tasman. Colours washing up from the east, backdropping the silhouettes of the Godley and Murchison peaks. A dream world of blues and the green and yellow, the apricot and crimson clouds...

- Lisa Capon.

from

A 'Clean' Nelson Lakes Trip, 1981

After the usual fight over Andy's 'sombbrero', we left for Blue Lake Hut, taking three days' food with us. After encountering patches of old avalanche snow, we arrived at the hut about four hours later, in time to be served with pikelets by Renske and Penny.

Of course a swim in Blue Lake was compulsory, and Tony leapt in first, turned bright red in the face, attempted to scabble out the other side, didn't succeed and had to swim back again. All of us were then forced by our leader into the icy water. C.J. piked though, sat on a rock, watched and wondered.

Day 5 was scheduled a rest day. Intentions of going up Mt Franklin were abandoned, as there was a fair bit of snow, and we hadn't brought ice-axes. So we all went up to Lake Constance, and admired the lovely lake — a mirror-like, characteristic grey colour. F.J., Tony, Andy and Margaret decided to circumnavigate the lake. The route is vague and badly marked and involved some 'interesting' rock climbing, spurred on by the thought of the freezing water underneath.

We arrived back in time for a late lunch, and ate pikelets and raspberry jam all

afternoon. Tony, Andy and Sue spent an enjoyable afternoon and evening arguing with C.J, about Lardo figurines, plastic sandals and the balance of payments.

- M.L and S.H.

from

Summer Evening, 1982

...The last sunlight goes and darkness and chill have free reign. Sort out breakfast food and stuff into top of pack.

“Hop into your pit, I'll bring you your brew.”

“Taa, garcon” - strip off and crawl into pit spilling half of the brew in the process, remove a rock from the middle of your pack and finally get comfortable. Gratefully slurp the luke-warm liquid and spit out the white lumps when they catch in your teeth. When will they finally invent milk powder that dissolves? Throw out the dregs and rinse teeth from the waterbottle. Snuggle down into the green cocoon – good, sandflies have gone and no mossies.

“A great day, eh?”

“Yeah, a cracker. I'm stuffed.”

Chat on for a while then lapse into silence. A morepork calls in the distance, a tree squeaks in the breeze, the river chatters away.

“Good night squire!”

“Yeah, 'night mate.”

A long yawn, snuggle deeper and sleep...

- Hen

from

Of Pioneering and Christmas Cake, 1982

...At this point Metric notices a strange metamorphism in Grunt. A change in his behaviour has become evident (schizophrenic?) Above about 7500 feet Grunt is seen to hum to himself, glissade on the hut floor in his plastic sandals and sing inane ditties such as “Beans in my ears”, “I like coffee, I like tea, jubba jubba jubba jubba jubba teeeaaaa” and recite obscure Goon scripts. Don't worry folks. The affliction is purely temporary and Grunt can be cured by evacuating to below 7000'...

- Metric

from

Copland Pass – A Theoretical Energy Consideration, 1982

T.HC. to Hooker 20kJ/min x 90min = 1800kJ

Hooker to Copland Pass 45kJ/min x 160 min = 7200kJ

Total = 9000 kJ.

Utilising a minimum of food and therefore weight, the tramper would need only:

5 meat pies or,

1 litre of strawberry ice cream or,

10 packets of Salt and Vinegar crisps or,

10 pints of D.B. Draught!!

from

The Longest Days, 1983

It is dark as I am awoken by voices around me. "We nearly tripped over you. It's not a good idea to sleep on the path. Where's the way through?"

"It's over here."

On the path! I rather think they were off it. It wasn't much of a sleep, but at least my headache is gone. All around me are the sounds of wild parties and motorbikes. It's not long before my next visitor nearly trips over me.

"What's this?"

A great eruption as I surface from under the sleeping bag and groundsheet once again.

"Hello," I say.

"Oh, it's a Sheila."

"Yep."

"Are you out here by yourself?"

"That's right."

"Cor...Are you cold?"

"No." Cold, no – shivering, yes.

"It's not a good idea being out here with all these lads roaming around."

"Oh, it's pretty quiet here."

"I think I had better keep you company."

Hahh. Fine.

So we talk in the dark, about Australia and Redback spiders, and motorbikes. I discover everyone is down here for the New Year Motorcross, explains the motorbikes. We listen to the cries and whoops of his brother and friends around us, they sound rather like coyotes...

Jenny Rattenbury on a long night at the Reservoir Motorcamp, Nelson

from

A Great Barrier Collage, 1984

Back on the beach, we played soccer till we could barely see the ball, then we lay down in the grass by the side of the road and looked up at the stars, listening to the faint strains of the harmonica. We mused on random and tranquil thoughts – it was only the moment we thought of, with exams already long forgotten and nothing beyond us but the summer.

- Jenny

Extracts from

The AUTC Dictionary: Revised Edition, 1984

Belch: Sound of a contented tramper, also the T.C. newsletter.

Bowel: Often misspelt "bowl". What every good tramper must have for eating and drinking etc, washed only with tea.

Dehy: A sort of meaty sawdust. Very occasionally edible (if well disguised).

Govans: One pot rice and cheese food. Usually precedes a belch.

Huey: Most worshipped and feared god of weather. Learn not to curse him.

Mogambo: Getting on for archaic. A call-sign for T.C'ers.

Pit: Common or garden sleeping bag, esp. liteweight.

Pitbash: What one does when Huey is angry.

Pog: Stuff that sticks to billies and bellies.

Puke: Pronounced Poo-key. More modern version of Mogambo.

Soup: Leftover sock-washing water, warmed.

from

Spirit's Bay – Easter, 1985

The paua fritter should have tipped me off.

Shortly after departing from varsity on Good Friday evening, our driver Mark Utley pulled into a takeaway near Albany. Being new to the country and swept up in a spirit of adventure, I ordered what I thought would, with any luck, be a juicy chunk of delicious seafood, rolled in batter and fried to a delicate golden brown.

What I got was to be a metaphor for the trip: a soggy green glop that took an awfully long time to get through.

Carole Ruwart reports on a swamp-bashing trip up north.

from

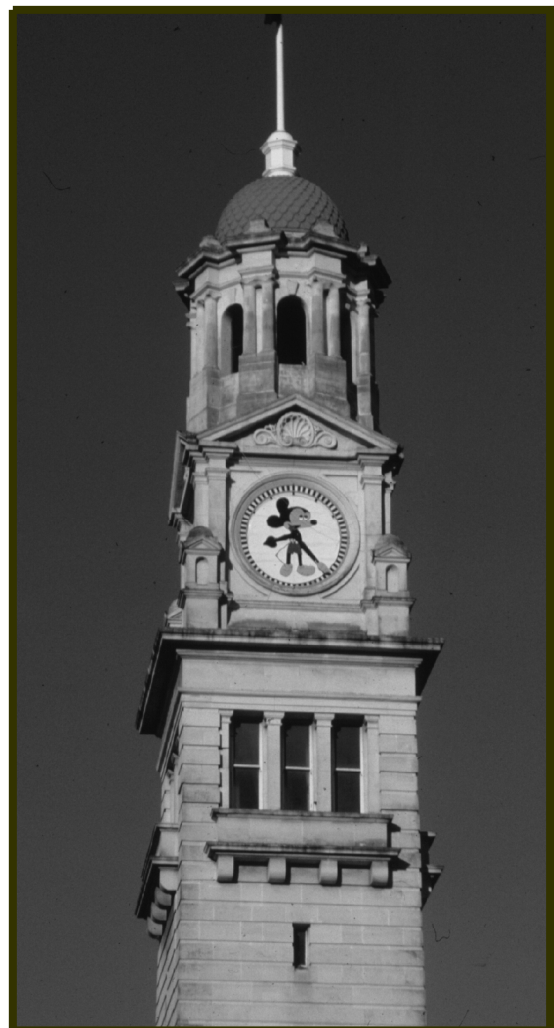
Smile. It Makes People Wonder What You've Been Up To, 1985

It was time to mix the glue, also time that Phil learned to abseil. I showed him how then we abseiled into the night.

It was 2.15am, the Auckland Town Hall was lit up like a Christmas tree and there was heaps of traffic. We smeared handfuls of glue all over the clock face, then unrolled the "Mickey Mouse" and slotted it between the

face and arms. When we let it go, it peeled so we hung around a bit longer. We saw a police car but it didn't see us.

After 40 minutes of this carry-on, our nerves were shot but it was starting to stick and we were high on an adrenaline trip, babbling "it's working, its working" and "we're really gonna do it." So we felt a bit deflated when five sets of screeching tires and flashing lights arrived. The police surrounded the town hall and one of them shouted 'Come down we've got you surrounded" - just like on T.V. Someone told me to take it down but I 'accidentally slipped' off the ledge, leaving me to dangle out of



Auckland Town Hall - 1985 This must be one of the best planned and executed capping stunts ever.

reach so I could yell "sorry mate, too late now."

Once we were down, the police were not very amused. They bundled us into a patrol car with this guy darkly muttering: "This one's gonna cost you boys," and "pity you didn't run for it, the dog could've done with some exercise."

- Tony Ward-Holmes describes how to win the prize for best capping stunt. Prize: 40 cans of Double Brown. Bill for damages \$214.

from

Olivine Ice Plateau Wilderness Expedition, 1986

A slow business indeed. It took us ten hours to cover four kilometres of ground. I was starting to redefine the whole concepts of Horrible, Tired and Exhausted. It went on and on and on and on...always over rotten ground, moss and rock, broken branches and vines, and bush lawyer springing across the track in front of you like an angry cat – clawing and hissing. At one point just before a near-impossible piece of bluff scrambling a large rock hit me from above, slicing my hand and then knee. I swore. Neil tripped on a tipping rock and crashed on his hip and face. He was faint and nauseous with the pain. During this day, we could imagine the feeling of the early pioneers and explorers towards the bush: It is strong, we are weak."

- Linda Kerr records the second day of a tough 17-day jaunt.

from

Believe it or Not, 1987

The lease for O'nuku is \$2 per year.

Goretex can leak.

Rob Simpson has bought a new pair of sandshoes.

AUTC is carved on the Cameron Flat sign in the Matukituki Valley as well as the trig on Mt Donald McLean.

There is now only one piano, with a number of spare parts at O'nuku.

A car was once driven to O'nuku.

Martin Kealey carries 28 useless items on tramps including \$4 in 10 cent pieces and a set of Allen keys.

There were no tramps to Abel Tasman last summer.

There was a hammer built into the new bunks at O'Nuku.

from

The Great Giggle Trip

Playing pooh sticks after dinner successfully filled up half the evening but what to do in the other half? "Let's all get into bed and do something silly," said Dale. It's true, she actually said it....As we were going to sleep that night, we noticed that Andrew was still writhing around and we asked what he was doing. "I'm struggling with Dale's zip," he replied. Definitely the quotation of the trip.

- Mary Wadsworth

Tongariro Rhapsody, 1989

Is this the real life?
Is this just T.N.P.?
Caught in a downpour.
No escape from reality.
Open your eyes, look up to the skies and
see,
I'm just a trumper, I need some sympathy.
Because I've just begun...T.N.P.
Anyway the wind blows doesn't really
matter to me, southerly.

Stefan, just killed a 'possum.
Put some 4x2 against its head, skinned it
too, now it's dead.
Stefan, dessert had just begun,
But now I've gone and thrown it all away.
...
I see a little silhouette of a hut.
It's got a stove, got a fire, will you do the
Fandango.

Stefan and white spirits, very very
frightening me!
Peter, Stacey, Stefan, Ian, Mike Magnifico-
o-o.
But tea's just a Mac cheese and nobody
loves me
Tea's just a Mac cheese from a poor recipe,
Spare them their lives from this
monstrosity.
etc.

- Mike Dennis

from

Lewis Pass to Nelson Lakes, 1990

The universe had shrunk to a small blue
wedge. It seemed the rest of the world had
blown away in the storm. During the night,
wind and rain lashed the tent. We told
ourselves that from inside the tent, the
weather sounded worse than it really was.
The tent shook and trembled with every gust
of wind howling over a mysterious lake.

As I prepared to move a weary foursome
from this desolate valley to higher ground, the
rain miraculously ceased although sleep
remained a rare state. Those who did awoke
to subdued winds and a spectacular
amphitheatre of mountains blanketed in fresh
snow.

- Stacey Tighe-Umbers

from

How to write a trip report, 1991

Step 3 – What did you eat on the way and
other details. Nobody really cares about what
you ate. They want to hear about the wild sex,
drugs and other juicy bits. (What do you mean
“don't do drugs” ...virgin!) So don't even
think about writing:

“On Wednesday night we had a macaroni
cheese which was quite nice except it didn't
have any cheese...or bacon...or flavour. Then
we sang songs around the campfire. Then we
went to bed.”

Yuk! Personally, I would advise something
like:

"The caviar and Champagne had left both Sharon and I feeling quite good so we blew a joint, then a look came into her eyes and I knew, so we disappeared into the Fairydown Dragonfly for a bit of extracurricular activity."

So, now you know how to write a decent trip report – do it or I'll kick your head in.

- AUTC InGinuRing Branch.

from

Hitch-hikers guide to Hitch-hiking, 1991

Attempts can be made to show the driver you would be an interesting person to have in the car. Having a Canadian flag sewn onto the back of your pack seems to work for the Canadians so I don't see why it should not for everybody else.

Pretend to be walking as the car approaches, even if you sit down after it passes. People seem to have the mistaken impression that if you are walking, your intentions must be good. Limping may also endear sympathy but do not overdo it. Everybody hates a bad actor.

Hitching in pouring rain is a real bummer. Although you look pathetic and gaze at the approaching vehicle with puppy eyes, all the sympathy in the world is not going to persuade them to let you drench their car seat covers.

- James Morris

Car Trouble – a few extracts from 1992 that show modern student transport has its problems:

"Finally, Matthew's car dragged itself into the village and virtually collapsed in front of me, having worn itself out climbing Arthur's Pass from the west coast." - Anon.

"The alarm goes off. This must almost be as bad as climbing; 4.45 am and it's cold. Climb out of bed and into the car. The heater definitely doesn't work and on defrost half the air is pumped onto the driver's seat. Never mind, prevent the car from fogging up by keeping the internal temperature the same as the external – cold. Finally find Alex and then head south. The sun rises and everything gets cooler. Stop at a petrol station and get some anti-freeze; luckily the cooling system leaks so much that a litre of water has been lost in an hour's driving – no draining the radiator." - Rob S.

"The hungry ones wanted Te Kuiti,
While Pete thought he'd try for
Taumaranui,
But instead the engine went kapooey,
In an Ultra Rentals Van,
The smoke poured out from beneath the
van,
The interior needed an extractor fan,
But there was no contingency plan,
For a burning Ultra Rentals Van,
A pit stop is a resting place,
Pete looked up with a pissed off face,
And said "Of leaking pipes we have got a
case",
In our poked Ultra Rental Van."

- Gordon Inkson.

from

**A Tough Time is had in the
Raukumaras, 1993**

Anyway, we'd also gone through most of our water as the day was hot and sunny. Luckily Brett found out that by carefully sucking on cutty grass blades in the shade we could gather dew. I found we could get even more water by squeezing sphagnum moss. The soup we made from it had a frothy top but hey – we were thirsty.

*

We dropped down the other side of the range and followed a stream to an impassable waterfall. We abseiled into it and committed ourselves to the most scary three hours of my life. We never knew when we were going to find a waterfall too high to abseil and there was no return. We were finally stopped by a really impassable 50m waterfall. So we camped feeling as depressed as we'd ever done.

*

The next day was fine so we decided to give it one last try. Brett led a steep rope length up some vertical dirt-covered rock and pack-hauled up. The going was good and we reached the ridge.

*

Now four days later I am recovering from a severely sprained ankle, a sliced thumb and what feels like a cracked rib, plus hands and legs that make people stare and ask "what happened to you?" I just show them my square jaw and steely glint in my eyes and say "Raukumaras."

from

The Mud Scale, 1994

There are four basic qualities of mud and these can be scored 1-3 giving the final mud score out of 12.

Slipperiness

- You skid and recover without falling 1
- You land on your butt 2
- Face plant! 3

Smell

- Similar to Richard's socks 1
- Similar to the Rush-Inn long drop 2
- Bog of Eternal Stench material 3

Suction

- Slurps on your heels but doesn't swallow 1
- Swallows boots 2
- Stuck permanently with no hope of escape 3

Surprise

- Lurks under water or leaf litter 1
- Sink to your knees in what looks like solid ground 2
- Time for one last breath before disappearing 3

from

Alpine Boogie-Boarding, 1996

This latest adrenaline craze involves complete loss of control as one heads down alpine summits at breakneck speeds with nothing but a slab of foam and fibreglass between you and extreme pain. The sport was invented in

winter 1996 on the slopes of Mt Ngauruhoe by current world champs Cedric Carranceja and Ian Cooke.

Here's what you'll need to emulate them:

1. You need guts (the added weight will help build awesome speed).

A boogieboard (no really?!!) Hard flat bottoms are best. (Not those bottoms, silly! The boogieboard's.)

A helmet. For aerodynamics of course!

An ice axe. But let's face it – there's no way you'll be able to stop with it when you're doing warp-nine down the slope. You're taking it for the same reason a baby sucks its thumb – security!

Crampons, to get you up the mountain.

from

Impressions of Aoraki, 1997

Finally, just the summit ridge stretches ahead. I chuck the rope in my pack and head up the broad snow ridge. The east face of Cook is avalanching good and proper now – there are rising clouds of pulverised rock dust. I'm plugging upwards and I feel tired...A barren slope of ice and frozen rock dust, looks like Ruapehu after the eruption. So this is the summit of Mt Cook. Somehow I was expecting something more but suddenly that does not matter because hey YEAH – HERE WE ARE!! There are hundreds of peaks spread out below and around us and the Tasman glacier stretches off into a blue-green haze. I'm stoked because we can see both coasts through high misty cloud....photos, photos and more photos with the little orange flag, definitely an AUTC ascent. It's really cold

up here so reluctantly we turn around and begin the long descent, abseil after abseil through the summit rocks. Back on the plateau we relax. Later afternoon is a beautiful time of day – calm, clear and beginning to cool down. A great day, a great summer. I'll be back.

Arwen Vant.

from

Rabbit Pass, 2002

While the intrepid trampers were soaking up the rays, a gust of wind played a nasty trick on poor Jim. Thinking it was safe to air his “Superlite” sleeping bag on the grass nearby, Jim turned his back. Sometime later he turned around and decided something was missing, but what? A flash of yellow out the corner of his eye brought Jim to his senses: his bag had been picked completely up and was now floating its way down the Matukituki towards Lake Wanaka. Scott claimed Jim could have won the national sprint champs with his next effort, as he bounded over the flats in pursuit of \$700 of feathers and nylon. The bag was soon retrieved...

- Rob Frost

from

Waitawheta, 2004

After dinner, we started playing cards by candlelight on the deck. Suddenly, someone noticed a possum scrambling down the side of the guttering next to the deck. All head torches were directed towards it, and I can

clearly remember thinking that the furry little bush destroyer was actually quite cute. Suddenly to everyone's surprise, Andy whacked the little creature with a sturdy piece of supple jack. The stunned animal dropped to the ground, as the equally stunned rest of us watched him frenziedly beating the little possum to death. Everyone was horrified and general chaos reigned for a few minutes, then someone shrieked "Jacques' skinning it!"

Jacques had disappeared into the night with the possum. We were all greeted with fresh horror as Jacques re-emerged from the bush wielding a freshly skinned pelt and a bloody and steaming carcass...despite our shock and horror we all grabbed our cameras and quickly took numerous photos...

- Jane Dudley

from

Whatipu and a Cave Party, 2005

The walk to our lovely secret cave took about 15 minutes and then we put aside our gear to sit on a grassy knoll above the cave. Here we had a picnic of cold smoked chicken, and potato salad and cheese, bread rolls, cherry tomatoes and orange juice. Yum!

We sat there, many of us resplendent in our cave-dwelling furs (the theme for the party was to dress as cave dwellers), watching the sun set over the sea. Then we climbed down into the cave, where we started lighting lots of little fairy candles. Everyone had brought so many that we ended up with over 70 little candles, all around the sides of the

cave. As we went in, a little bat flew out, off to start his new night.

We settled down, put down our tarpaulin, and laid down our sleeping bags and bed rolls in a cosy little pile. Jon, Mohammad and Liana gave us all a wonderful musical performance involving guitars, singing voices, clapping and recorders.

Afterwards, we watched MacGyver on Jon's laptop – a truly surreal experience in a cave – and ate jelly snakes while chatting. We had chocolate prizes for fellow cave dwellers (most primal, furriest, best cave man and woman), but we just ended up sharing all the chocolates among ourselves. We stayed up to watch the moon come up, which, along with the stars, we could see through the entrance of the cave.

And finally, a few assorted quotes that came our way, by no means fully representative, but then again...

"The story of my life – Fighting my way through knickers to get what I want" - Jim Buchan cooking dinner over the fire, 83.

Phil Sage on One Tree Hill, after five hours of not putting up a second tree: "Let's chop up the bamboo and leave it on the hill in big letters saying FUCK IT." 1987

"You're a damp patch on the crotch of humanity." - Dave to Mark F, 88.

"If I get any more mellow my brains will slide out my nose." - Simon Franicevic, 90.

"If you can't wear your good clothes tramping then when can you wear them?" - James Reilly, 91

"There's no way the alcohol was going to stay in the locker – it's at my house." - Arwen, 94.

"It's always good to have a willing male." - Adee, 94.

John Sutherland teaching tent management at trips launch: "Contrary to popular belief,

pulling the compression straps tighter on the tent bag does not make the tent any lighter".

Mark Redgrave stream crossing on a winter South Island trip: "Step aside Nigel, this is how it's done," and then promptly breaking his arm.

Club Officers

Even a list of Club officers provides a window on Club life. In its early years the Club had no 'base' of former members to draw on for Vice-Presidents; there were only two, usually members of staff. Professor Worley, Dr Brown and Dr Bullen circulated around between the offices of President and Vice-President during the 1930s. With the Club on a firm footing, the number of Vice-Presidents was increased in 1946 to ten — five to be voting, on the committee, and five non-voting. Vice-Presidents were chiefly recent committee members, but the office also allowed the Club to honour or thank others, such as Ranger Don Stirling, for their services to the Club. The break with tradition around 1970 was reflected in a reduction of the number of Vice-Presidents to six, and these were entirely recent Club members. Later, in the 1990s, the number of Vice-Presidents was reduced to two.

The portfolios on the committee have changed over the years, too. In 1945 they were: Vice-Captain and Chairman of the Huts Committee, Alpine, Supplies, Entertainment, Publicity and Records, Advertising, and Trips. In 1954, there were positions for Hut Officer, Gear, Publicity, Footprints Editor, and Business Manager. Peter Jenkins recalls that in the early 80s, the committee included six voting members (at least two women and two men) and the Captain ("K2"). Each had a busy job: finance, hut, trips, gear, footprints, socials, each with defined ongoing or major events during the year that seemed to equate to a full (non-academic) workload. *Footprints* was regarded as the busiest as the load fell at exam time. Assistant Officer positions (non-voting) were created to share the load for advertising, gear and environmental affairs. In recent years, positions such as Gear, Trips and Social Officer have been shared by two members.

President	1932 Prof. F. P. Worley	1933 Dr Dennis Brown	1934 Graham Bell	1935 Dr Keith Bullen
Club Captain	Lydon Lucea	Stuart MacDiarmid	Max Vautier	Desmond Williams
Secretary-				Stuart Read
Treasurer	Stuart MacDiarmid		Stuart Read	Miss Coup
Committee	Edome King-Mason Jock Graham Eric Goodwin Jim Ricketts	Brigid Cahill Kath Moran Max Vautier Charles Shaw	Brigid Cahill Ruth Mason Desmond Williams Joseph Finkelstein	Natalie McLeod Eric Goodwin Max Vautier Prof. F.P Worley Dr Dennis Brown
Vice-Presidents	Prof. R. M. Algie Dr Dennis Brown	Lyndon Lucena Graham Bell	Dr Keith Bullen Prof. F. P. Worley	
President	1936 No committee formed	1937 Dr Keith Bullen Basil Monckton Charles Wrigley	1938 Cecil Segedin Basil Monckton Jack Dempsey	1939 Prof. F. P. Worley Mac Stanton Dennis Gully
Club Captain				
Secretary-				
Treasurer				
Committee		Marie Best Jack Dempsey Charles Fleming Cecil Segedin	Joyce Bell Dennis Gully Geoff Hole Mac Stanton Charles Wrigley	Heather Dunning Charles Vincent Mr Daniels Ken George Moray Wilson
Vice-Presidents		Mr W. T. G. Airey Prof. R. M. Algie	Dr Keith Bullen Miss A. E. Lorimer	Cecil Segedin Mr Waters
President	1940 No committee formed	1941 Cecil Segedin Morrison Cassie Bev Williamson Dorothy Seaman	1942 Cecil Segedin Campbell Reid Pat Thomas Pam Key-Jones	1943 Cecil Segedin Campbell Reid Ann Burbidge Margaret Hoodless
Club Captain				
Secretary				
Treasurer				
Committee		Jean Livingston Mary Tewley Cyril Belshaw Bruce Lethbridge	Ann Burbidge Marin Segedin Alan Horsman Norman Page	Sue Perl Aileen Stanton Graham Millar Marin Segedin
Vice-Presidents		Prof. F. P. Worley Mr H. R. Rodwell	Mr H. R. Rodwell Dr L. H. Briggs	Pat Thomas Dr L. H. Briggs Prof. J. A. Bartrum Alan Horsman Allan Odell
President	1944 Cecil Segedin	1945 Cecil Segedin	1946 Graham Millar	1947 John Burns
Club Captain	Peter Hutchinson	John Burns	Graham Howard	David Hooton
Secretary	Sue Perl	Graham Noonan	Rod Williamson	Ron King
Treasurer	Betty Burbidge	Phil Allingham	Alison Gladding	
Committee	Derek Clarke Bob Cawley John Gummer Graham Holland	Neil Theilman Rod Williamson Judy Pharo Aileen Stanton	Audrey Innis Rod Draffin David Hooton Bruce Morton	Colin Putt Margaret Hutchinson Miriam Rodewald James Small Bernard Bowden
Vice-Presidents	Dr L. H. Briggs Campbell Reid Allan Odell Tony Druce Marin Segedin	Dr L. H. Briggs Derek Clarke Allan Odell Norm Rumsey Peter Hutchinson	Dr L. H. Briggs Allan Odell Jim Rose L. H. Cumming John Burns Ted Harvey Marin Segedin Norm Rumsey Morrison Cassie Peter Hutchinson	Jim Rose Authur Mead L. H. Cumming Dr L. H. Briggs Allan Odell Morrison Cassie Peter Hutchinson Marin Segedin Graham Holland Stu Masters

	<i>1948</i>	<i>1949</i>	<i>1950</i>	<i>1951</i>
President	Gordon Hookings	Marin Segedin	Marin Segedin	Marin Segedin
Club Captain	Marin Segedin	David Grace	Marie Crumm	Don Aimer
Secretary	Sainsbury Strack	Shirley Ann Rose	Don MacLean	Rosalie Goodyear
Treasurer	Dick Anson	Dick Anson	Dick Anson	Murray Webster
Committee	Shirley Ann Rose Marie Crumm Ron Bennett Alan Goodyear	Katharine Thompson Bernice Rodewald Athol Crosby Don MacLean Sainsbury Strack	Rosalie Goodyear Louise Rose Don Aimer Russell Aitken Athol Crosby Michael Hayman Ron Bennett David Grace Gordon Hookings John Leonard Arthur Mead Allan Odell Jim Rose Aileen Odell Shirley Anne Rose Katharine Thomson	Margaret O'Connor Robin Armstrong Russell Aitken Ivan Pickens John Rockell Michael Hayman Aileen Odell Ron Bennett David Grace Alan Goodyear John Leonard Stu Masters Arthur Mead Allan Odell Jim Rose John Weadon
Vice-Presidents	Prof. L. H. Briggs Jim Rose L. H. Cumming Arthur Mead Allan Odell Bob Cawley Stu Masters Bruce Morton Cecil Segedin Aileen Odell	Arthur Mead Jim Rose L. H. Cumming Bruce Morton Stu Masters John Gummer Allan Odell Gordon Hookings Bob Cawley Aileen Odell	Ron Bennett David Grace Gordon Hookings John Leonard Arthur Mead Allan Odell Jim Rose Aileen Odell Shirley Anne Rose Katharine Thomson	Aileen Odell Ron Bennett David Grace Alan Goodyear John Leonard Stu Masters Arthur Mead Allan Odell Jim Rose John Weadon
	<i>1952</i>	<i>1953</i>	<i>1954</i>	<i>1955</i>
President	Marin Segedin	Marin Segedin	Marin Segedin	Jack Rattenbury
Club Captain	Rosalie Goodyear	Nick Barfoot	Dick Walcott	Peter Aimer
Secretary	John Rockell	Rob Leatham	Peter Aimer	Dorothy Ehrlich
Treasurer	Murray Webster	Murray Webster	Murray Webster	Justine Cox
Committee	Margaret O'Connor Susan Waters Duncan Dow Kingi Sihoe Dick Ward Nick Barfoot Aileen Odell Marie Crum Don Aimer Ron Bennett John Leonard Arthur Mead Allan Odell Jim Rose Cecil Segedin Don Stirling	Eva Conway Susan Waters Duncan Dow Dick Walcott Govan Wilson Mark Barber Marie Dow Rosalie Goodyear Don Aimer Ron Bennett Arthur Mead Ivan Pickens Jim Rose Cecil Segedin Alla Odell Don Sterling	Nancy Jenkinson Rae Musty Brian Davis Struan Ensor Neil Small David Chandler Rosalie Goodyear Ron Bennett Nick Barfoot Duncan Dow Ivan Pickens Jim Rose Jack Rattenbury Don Sterling Peter Taylor Marie Dow	Elaine Jacka Helen Lyons Garth Barfoot Brian Davis Struan Ensor David Chandler Rosalie Goodyear Rae Musty Mark Barber Nick Barfoot Ron Bennett Ivan Pickens Jim Rose Marin Segedin Don Sterling Dick Walcott
Vice-Presidents	Aileen Odell Marie Crum Don Aimer Ron Bennett John Leonard Arthur Mead Allan Odell Jim Rose Cecil Segedin Don Stirling	Rosalie Goodyear Don Aimer Ron Bennett Arthur Mead Ivan Pickens Jim Rose Cecil Segedin Alla Odell Don Sterling	Ron Bennett Nick Barfoot Duncan Dow Ivan Pickens Jim Rose Jack Rattenbury Don Sterling Peter Taylor Marie Dow	Rae Musty Mark Barber Nick Barfoot Ron Bennett Ivan Pickens Jim Rose Marin Segedin Don Sterling Dick Walcott
	<i>1956</i>	<i>1957</i>	<i>1958</i>	<i>1959</i>
President	Jack Rattenbury	Brian Davis Murray Thompson	Murray Thompson	Murray Thompson
Club Captain	Garth Barfoot	Linda Scholes	Chris Nobbs	David Skinner
Secretary	Bobby Longworth	Brian McKeon	Pat Sinclair	Phil Matthews
Treasurer	Justine Cox	Lochie Wilson	Lochie Wilson	David Bell
Committee	Helen Lyons Linda Scholes Brian Binning Murray Thompson Lochie Wilson John Miller	Roberta Hulek Dorothy Jenkinson Janice Townsend Chris Nobbs Colin Regan John Miller	Megan Edwards Gennis Simmonds Tony Nelson Ron Paterson David Skinner Ross Barnes	Bob Gales Brian Halliday Peter Lennon Robin Bland Gennis Simmonds John Miller
Vice-Presidents	Nancy Jenkinson Rae Musty Peter Aimer Brian Davis Struan Ensor Allen Odell Ivan Pickens Cecil Segedin Marin Segedin Don Sterling	Helen Clarke Nancy Pickens Bobby Longworth Peter Aimer Garth Barfoot Marin Segedin Don Stirling Jack Rattenbury Murray Thompson Ivan Pickens	Helen Clarke Nancy Pickens Linda Scholes Peter Aimer Garth Barfoot Jack Byers Don Stirling Brian McKeon Ivan Pickens Brian Davis	Chris Nobbs Jack Byers Don Stirling Marin Segedin Lochie Wilson Govan Wilson Struan Ensor Tony Nelson Megan Edwards Ron Paterson

	<i>1960</i>	<i>1961</i>	<i>1962</i>	<i>1963</i>
President	Murray Thompson	Murray Thompson	Brian Davis	Brian Davis
Club Captain	Phil Matthews	John Hardie	Boyd Miller	Dave Smyth
Secretary	Warwick Brown	Warwick Brown	Dave Smyth	Lorraine Gibson
Treasurer	David Bell	Grant Hundleby	Hugh Barr	Hugh Barr
Committee	Cherry Benton June Meyer Meg Sheffield George Carr John Hardie Bob Jones	Ruth Baird Jenny Waite Jack Butts John Smith Boyd Miller Warwick Hill June Meyer George Carr Chris Nobbs Tony Nelson David Skinner Phil Matthews David Bell Marin Segedin Don Stirling Jack Byers	Bruce Jenkinson Dave Haddock Donna Chetwynd Marion Thompson Lorraine Gibson John Gregory George Carr Jack Butts Jenny Wayte Meg Sheffield John Hardie John Utting Murray Thompson Don Stirling Don Nield Ivan Pickens	Jenny Barr Christine Crawford Lindsay Wilson David Gauld John Utting Kit O'Halloran Jack Butts George Carr Donna Chetwynd John Hardie Bruce Jenkinson Boyd Miller Jim McDonald Ivan Pickens Don Stirling Peter Miller
Vice-Presidents	Megan Edwards Jack Byers Don Stirling David Skinner Chris Nobbs Tony Nelson Ivan Pcikens Marin Segedin Lochie Wilson Govan Wilson			
	<i>1964</i>	<i>1965</i>	<i>1966</i>	<i>1967</i>
President	Brian Davis	Brian Davis	Brian Davis	Brian Davis
Club Captain	David Gauld	Jim Frater	Dave Roberts	Mike Frith
Secretary	Elizabeth Gray	Elizabeth Gray	Maureen Rawson	Cathy Smyth
Treasurer	Blake Shorthouse	Ross Medland	David Jones	Dave Jones
Committee	John Prebble Sally Montgomery Claire Gregory Dave Aston Jim Frater Peter Connor	Diane Dallison Maureen Rowson Garrett Fitzgerald Tony Parlane John Prebble Dave Roberts Noel Chandler Claire Gregory Diane Vazey Dave Aston Jack Butts George Carr David Gauld Rod McKenzie Boyd Miller Dave Smyth Don Stirling	Heather Barnes Ruth Lyons Cathy Smyth Mike Frith Tony Parlane John Pemberton Peter Connor Elizabeth Gray Claire Gregory Dave Aston Jack Butts George Carr Richard Chandler Jim Frater Boyd Miller John Prebble Dave Smyth	Graham Langton Jenny Myers Neil Binnie Ruth West Andy Haines Chris Matthews Tony Kerr Dave Roberts Jim Frater Boyd Miller Richard Chandler Garrett Fitzgerald Maureen Rawson Claire Gregory John Pemberton John Prebble Jack Butts
Vice-Presidents	Lorraine Gibson Dave Smyth George Carr Don Stirling Boyd Miller Carol Johnston John Utting Eddy West Hugh Barr Jack Butts			
	<i>1968</i>	<i>1969</i>	<i>1970</i>	<i>1971</i>
President	Brian Davis	Gary Bold	Gary Bold	Gary Bold
Club Captain	Graham Langton	Tony Kerr	Roscoe Tait	Graham Allely
Secretary	Jenny Myers	Claire Butler	Virginia Spencer	Alison Waters
Treasurer	Scott White	Scott White	John Silvester	Mark Prebble
Committee	Brian Cox Claire Buller Tony Kerr Philippa King Alastair Smith Derek McKay	Hilary Dutton Peter Gin Alan Reid Alastair Smith Colleen Beaumont Brian Cox Dave Roberts Philippa Gravatt Graham Langton Jenny Myers Boyd Miller Jim Frater Mike Frith John Pemberton Andy Haines Derek McKay	Mark Logan Pete Simpson Mike Silvester Janet Foster Mike Anderson Alison Waters Alastair Smith David Gauld Brian Cox John Pemberton Scott White Claire Butler Derek McKay Graham Langton Boyd Miller Tony Kerr	Fraser Clarke Margot Woodward Doug Brasell Christine Mairs Malcolm Patterson David Tapp Tony Kerr Roscoe Tait Mike Anderson Janet Foster Pete Simpson Virginia Spencer
Vice-Presidents	Mike Frith Jim Frater Andy Haines John Pemberton Richard Chandler Boyd Miller Roger Dick Cathy Frith Dave Jones Ruth West			

	<i>1972</i>	<i>1973</i>	<i>1974</i>	<i>1975</i>
President	David Gauld	David Gauld	Gary Bold	Roll Horne
Club Captain	Mark Prebble	Barry Barton	Alastair Kent	Cathy Newhook
Secretary	Penny de la Mare	Jill Mairs	Jane Harman	Ann-Marie Ritson
Treasurer	Roll Horne	Pete Thorby	Kris Longson	Chris Worth
Committee	Barry Barton Roslyn Smith Chris Longson Margaret Powell Alistair Kent David Sidwell	Chris Ward Chris Worth Bob Uhe John Cargill Roslyn Smith Cathy Gilbert	Cathy Newhook Janet Waters Jim Bougher Brad Field Geoff Patterson Marty Sage	Brian Barlev Len Gillman Ron Grimes Linda Jarvis John Maine Mary Kensington
Vice-Presidents	Janet Foster Roscoe Tait Jeff Clark Malcolm Patterson Fraser Clark	Roll Horne Malcolm Patterson Roscoe Tait Alastair Kent Mark Prebble Gary Bold	Fraser Clark Chris Worth Pete Thorby Chris Ward Roslyn Smith Graham McVerry	Barry Barton Fraser Clark Brad Field Alistair Kent Marty Sage Chris Ward
	<i>1976</i>	<i>1977</i>	<i>1978</i>	<i>1979</i>
President	Roll Horne	Brian Davis	Brian Davis	Peter Aimer
Club Captain	Brad Field	Penny Brothers	Stuart Gray	Christine Thomas
Secretary	Sally Bowden	Lisa Capon	Lisa Capon	Jane Cutler
Treasurer	Stephen Titter	Stu Gray	Winifred Ennion	David Henwood
Committee	Geoff Mead Grant Moss-Mason Penny Brothers Graham Long Christine Thomas Keren Lilburn	Terry Crippen Stephen Titter Adrienne Jacka Gordon Macdonald Jane Martin Anne Sharp	Patsy Naylor Alistair McIvor Murry Cave David Mountfort Alison Mountfort	Jim McLeod Yvonne Joass Louise Porteous Peter Manning Nick Powell Graeme Campbell
Vice-Presidents	Jane Harman Barry Barton Ron Grimes Alistair Kent Cathy Newhook Ann-Marie Ritson	Sally Bowden Christine Thomas Graham Long John Caldwell Geoff Mead Brad Field	Barry Hook Penny Brothers Terry Crippen Gordon Macdonald Jane Martin Stephen Titter Christine Thomas	Lisa Capon Gordon Macdonald Winifred Ennion Patsy Naylor Beverly Smith Richard Stocker
	<i>1980</i>	<i>1981</i>	<i>1982</i>	<i>1983</i>
President	Peter Aimer	Peter Aimer	John Pemberton	John Pemberton
Club Captain	David Henwood	John Pemberton	Mark Rattenbury	Martin Parker
Secretary	Jane Cutler	Peter Manning	Moira Southon	Bruce Barnett
Treasurer	Raymond Fong	Peter Eman	Sue Hoyle	Peter Clarke
Committee	Peter Manning Adrian Grierson Paul Edmond Dianne Crawford Nick Engleback Tim Longson Sue Ensor	Sue Hoyle Moira Southon Liz Baker Hugh Gollan Mike Stringer Mark Rattenbury Tim Longson Peter Bawden Chris Peryer	Jenny Rattenbury Sue Clegg Peter Eman Tim Longson Andrew Clark Hugh Gollan	Andrew Clarke Dean Johnston Jenny Rattenbury Darren Manley Sue Davies Mike Cleary
Vice-Presidents	Grant Caldwell Jim McLeod David Tapp Cameron Smith Gordon Macdonald	Jim McLeod Dave Henwood Dianne Crawford Nick Powell Paul Edmond Graeme Campbell	Dave Henwood Liz Baker Peter Manning Jim McLeod Adrian Grierson Peter Bawden	Adrian Grierson Sue Hoyle Tim Longson Peter Manning Jim McLeod Mark Rattenbury

	<i>1984</i>	<i>1985</i>	<i>1986</i>	<i>1987</i>
President	John Pemberton	John Pemberton	Penny Brothers	Penny Brothers
Club Captain	John Knight	Nigel Leigh	Peter Jenkins	Ian Jenkins
Secretary	Mike Cleary	Belinda Hoyle	Rachel Hope	Mary Wadsworth
Treasurer	Michael West	Michael West	Belinda Hoyle	Julia Fettes
			Andrew Poole	Ziggy Smallfield
			Peter Wilson	Alison Grimsdell
			Bridget Sutton	Stephen West
			Barbara Blake	Glenda Michael
			Martin Wright	Mark Frater
			Ian Jenkins	Martin Wright
Committee	Nigel Leigh	Robert Andrews	Robert Andrews	Barbara Blake
	Jenny Rattenbury	Andrew West	Nicki Ford	Belinda Hoyle
	Linda Kerr	Peter Jenkins	Linda Kerr	Peter Jenkins
	Stuart Keer-Keer	Andrew Poole	Nigel Leigh	Bruce Palmer
	Simon Hoyle	Barbara Blake	Jenny Rattenbury	Robert Simpson
	Andrew Barney	Heather Sutcliffe	Michael West	Bernard Thomas
Vice Presidents	Martin Parker	Andrew Barney		
	Andrew Clarke	Penny Hazard		
	Bruce Barnett	Simon Hoyle		
	Susan Hoyle	Stuart Keer-Keer		
	Darren Manley	John Knight		
	Peter Clarke	Jenny Rattenbury		

	<i>1988</i>	<i>1989</i>	<i>1990</i>	<i>1991</i>
President	Penny Brothers	Penny Brothers	Penny Brothers	Penny Brothers
Captain	Martin Wright	Robert Simpson	Brett Shireffs	James Morris
		Andrew Rae	Karen Bissell	Simon Franicevic
Secretary	Martin Kealey	Guy Cory-Wright	Nicolette Russell	Nigel Leitch
Treasurer	Stephen West	Karen Bissell	Simon Franicevic	Matthew Ward
		Bill Rattenbury	Rachel Barnes	Warren Burton
		Zac Rees	Rob Hosking	Hayley Prowse
		Robert Brodnax	Robert Brodnax	Gordon Inkson
		Nicolette Russell	Warren Burton	Hannah Barnes
Committee	Phillipa Dodds	Bronwyn Rosie	Kirsty Peel	Philippa Rosie
	Bronwyn Rosie	Mark Battley	Guy Cory-Wright	Rachel Barnes
	Jan Davies	Jan Davies	Martin Kealey	Robert Brodnax
	Mark Frater	Mark Frater	Chris North	Kirsty Peel
	Rob Simpson	Stephen West	Zac Rees	Nicolette Russell
	Andrew Mitchell	Peter Wilson	Bronwyn Rosie	Brett Shireffs
	Andrew Rae	Martin Wright	Robert Simpson	Robert Simpson
	Mark Battley			
	Peter Wilson			
Vice Presidents	Guy Cory-Wright			
	David Crofts			
	Alison Grimsdell			
	Ian Jenkins			
	Peter Jenkins			
	Mary Wadsworth			

	<i>1992</i>	<i>1993</i>	<i>1994</i>	<i>1995</i>
President	Penny Brothers	David Gauld	David Gauld	No Footprints!
Captain	Hannah Barnes	Carol Diamond	Jean Mansill	
Secretary	Peter Maxwell	Eliot Muir	Sharon Alderson	
Treasurer	Andrew Franicevic	Kevin Turner	Carol Diamond	
Committee	Matthew Ward	Jean Mansill	Keith Parks	
	Matt Covacich	Christine Farmer	Richard Wesley	
	Helen Jenkins	Clare West	Jason Perry	
	Alex Lee	Alex Lee	Annette Pullin	
	Kate Brown	Sharon Alderson	Sara Treadgold	
	Carol Diamond	Daniel Green	Arwen Vant	
Vice Presidents	Warren Burton	Hannah Barnes	Clare West	
	Simon Franicevic	Matt Covacich	Christine Farmer	
	Gordon Inkson	Peter Maxwell	Alex Lee	
	Nigel Leitch	Chris North	Peter Maxwell	
	James Morris	Rob Simpson	Kevin Turner	
	Chris North	Matthew Ward	Matthew Ward	

	<i>1996</i>	<i>1997</i>	<i>1998</i>	<i>1999</i>
President	John Pemberton	John Pemberton	Penny Brothers	Penny Brothers
Captain	Stephen Martin	Mo Mansill	Rebecca Blakey	Murdoch Vant
Secretary	Tracey Brunt	Miriam Wigley	Miriam Walker	Geraldine Haack
Treasurer	Nicholas Roberts	Edwine Gers	Edwine Gers	Iain Stewart
Committee	Simon Blakey Cedric Carranceja John Sutherland Chris Agmen-Smith Nicholas Graham Leigh Marshall Miriam Wigley	Joe Li John Sutherland Ian Cooke Claire Brennan Miriam Walker Rebecca Blakey Nicola Jackson Aidan Tansell Craig White	Daniel Manning Jones Tom Wood Claire Brennan Iain Stewart Matthew Goode Mel Abbott Murdoch Vant Melanie Taylor Alexis Shead Jenny Klosser Jed Gibson Craig White Nick Roberts Alex Johnson John Sutherland David Palmer	Brian Rolls Tom Wood Matthew Goode Claire Brennan Stephanie Bertram Matthew Rice David Herrick Wayne Erb
Vice Presidents	Dominic Birt Carol Diamond Jed Gibson Jean Mansill Tony Sharpe Arwen Vant	Simon Blakey Cedric Carranceja Jed Gibson Walter Gurr Stephen Martin Nick Roberts	Jed Gibson Craig White Nick Roberts Alex Johnson John Sutherland David Palmer	Miriam Walker Aidan Tansell
	<i>2000</i>	<i>2001</i>	<i>2002</i>	<i>2003</i>
President	Penny Brothers	Penny Brothers	Penny Brothers	Penny Brothers
Captain	Wayne Erb	Deborah Scothern	Andy O'Loan	Michelle Lee
Secretary	Karla Ritchie	Shane Windsor	Shane Windsor	John Brady
Treasurer	Jacque Armstrong	Alex Duthie	Alex Duthie	Matthew Goode
Committee	Brian Rolls Daniel Wills David Baddeley Deborah Scothern Jenny Klosser Richard Bulkeley Sally Austen	Andy O'Loan Anne Tansell David Baddeley Matt Healy Matthew Goode Scott Houghton William Glen	Ben Gregory Ben Lehman Brian Johnston Carl Barlev David Baddeley Joanna Lawson John Brady Lucy Edmonds Matt Healy Michelle Lee Simon Mills Brian Rolls Deborah Scothern	Andy O'Loan Carl Barlev Chantelle Watt Claire Gibb David Baddely Dylan Stevens Julia Shaw Lucy Hawcroft Richard Bulkeley Robert Frost Sarah Jarvie Shane Windsor Brian Rolls
Vice Presidents	Ryan Barron Matthew Goode	Jenny Klosser Wayne Erb		
	<i>2004</i>	<i>2005</i>	<i>2006</i>	<i>2007</i>
President	Penny Brothers	David Gauld	David Gauld	David Gauld
Captain	Matt Healy	Anthea Johnson	Owen Lee	Jane Dudley
Secretary	John Brady	Chantelle Watt	Shane Windsor	Antony Phillips
Treasurer	Lloyd Johnson	Andy O'Loan	Lloyd Johnson	Craig Smith
Committee	Andrew Baddeley Anthea Johnson Chantelle Watt Holger Schmid Kenny Liew Lucy Hawcroft Maja Aspaas Paula Vincent Rob Frost Wei Ling Chiu	Andrew Baddeley Christy Randy Holger Schmid Kat Ball Kenny Liew Lucy Hawcroft Maja Aspaas Mark Russel Mary-Anne Litchfield Paula Vincent Wie Ling Chiu Shane Windsor Matthew Goode Matt Healy	Anthea Johnson Anthony Phillips Cindy Jemmett Jane Dudley Jian Sun John Deverall Kun Lu Kylie Brewer Liana Middeldorp Mark Russell Mildred Tan Matthew Goode James Russell	Andrew Baddeley Claire Oliver Janet Rhodes Jeremy Gabe John Deverall Kun Lu Matt Molloy Mildred Tan Owen Lee Tingyen Khor
Vice Presidents	Matt Goode Shane Windsor Scott Houghton			Shane Windsor Anthea Johnson



Pinicle "P" Party Pose – May 1997

Clockwise from top left: Alex Johnson, Jed Gibson, Cathy Carrenceja, David Palmer, Liegh, Sian,....., Cedric Carrenceja, Rebecca Blakie, Ian Cooke, Alexis Shead., Cedric Carrenceja



Hut Party - 1995

Back row: Tony Sharp, Adrienne Birt, ..., Mo Mansill, Eric Middle row: Dominic Birt, Alex Johnson, Walter Gurr, Mark Roberts, Bevan McCabe. Front row: Jean Mansill, Christine Farmer, Richard Wesley, Derek..., Sandra Meinke, Karina Gurr. Lying down: John Sutherland



Easter Party 1946 – Drawing from the Ongaruanuku hut book by Kathleen A. Olds



Former Club Captains - AUTC reunion at Ongaruanuku. Back Row: Marin Segedin, . . . , Peter Aimer, Garth Barfoot, Boyd Millar, Jim Frater, Dave Roberts. Front Row: Matt Healy, Andy O'loan, Wayne Erb, . . .



50's Reunion Group at Salisbury Hut, Mt Arthur Tablelands, Nelson, Christmas 1989.

From left: Robert McKeon, Bob Barrack, Megan Thompson, Elaine Barrack, ..., Dorothy Ensor, Jennis Walcott, Helen Lyons, Justine Hoyle, Bobby Jenkins, Murray Hutchinson, Struan Ensor, Graeme Woodfield, Murray Thompson.



AUTC Club Presidents – Ongaruanuku, From left: Marin Segedin, Brian Davis, Murrey Thompson, Peter Aimer, John Pemberton.



Panorama taken from the summit of Mt Erebus, near Lake Harris. Beyond is the massive Hollyford Valley and the Darran Mountains.



Outside Esquilant Hut, Mt Aspiring National



Rob Frost approaching frozen Lake Harris on the Routeburn, with Conical Hill in the



Icy reflections and the Tasman Sea on the descent –



Emerald Lakes on the Tongariro Crossing - 2006.



Aborting the Contortas on Mt Ruapehu - 1988

Left to right: ..., Wendy Phillips, ..., Janice Fullam, Dave Crofts, ..., Robert Simpson, ..., ..., ..., Stephen West, ..., ..., ...



James Su and James Russell on the Quarterdeck, MANP - 2002



Lendenfeld, MCNP – 1986. Nigel Leigh with Tasman behind.



Simon Frost, Minapara Valley - 2005



Nigel Grove on the summit of Lendenfeld, Mt Cook beyond - Jan 2007



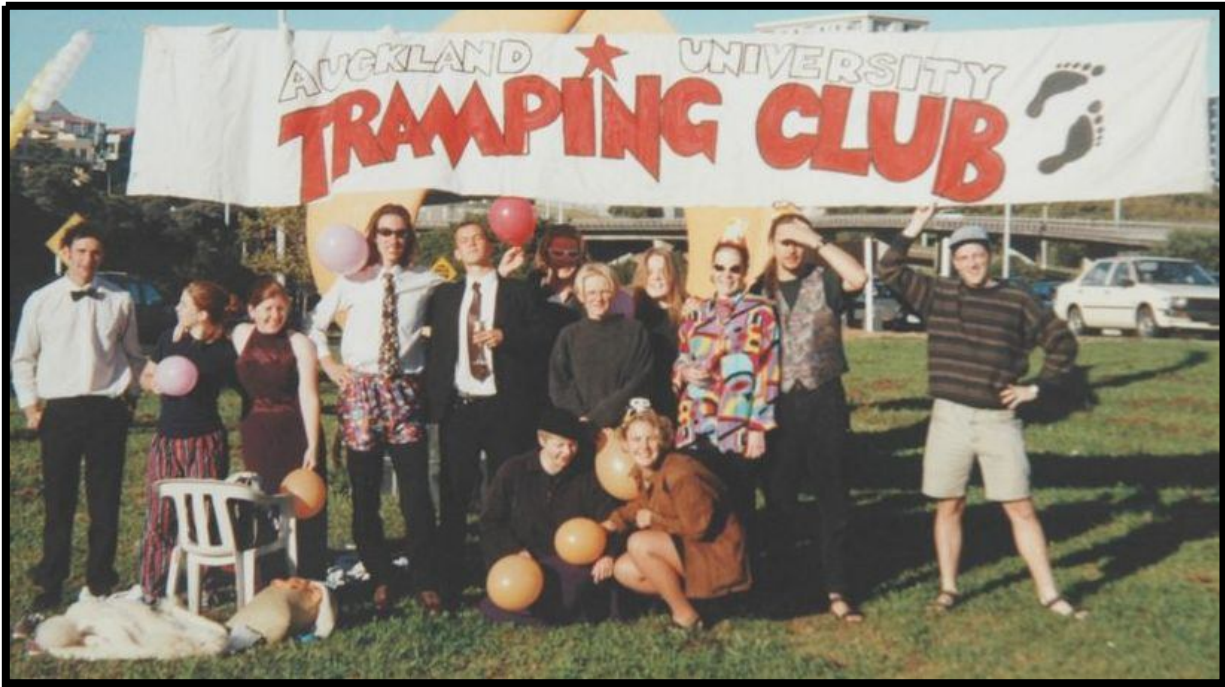
Simon Frost approaching Taranaki summit, Pouakai Range beyond - 2005



Simon Frost above the Minapara Valley, New Plymouth beyond - 2005



Mt Aspiring National Park - 2006



Champagne Breakfast during Graduation Week, 1996, at the motorway onramp downtown. From left: David Palmer, Jenny Klosser, Laura Raylance, Murdoch Vant, Alexis Shead, Ryan Barron, Cathy Carrenceja, Helen Wright, Kendra Vant, Greg, Walter Gurr. Front: Rebecca Blakey, Mo Mansill.



50's Reunion at Waihohonu Hut - 1987. From left: Megan Thompson, Dorothy Ensor, Paul Bielecki, Murray Thompson, Vesper Mosley, David hoyle, Justine Hoyle, David Jenkins, Jocelyn Bielecki.



Lake Browning, Three Passes Tramp, Arthurs Pass.

Left to Right: Richard Christie, Leigh Marshall, Nick Roberts, Edwine Gers, Alex Johnson, Mo Mansill.



South Albert Burn Saddle (Mt Aspiring behind) – 1978

From left: Peter Thompson, Patsy Naylor, Simion Copsey, Geoff Mead, Lisa Capon, Graham Aimer.



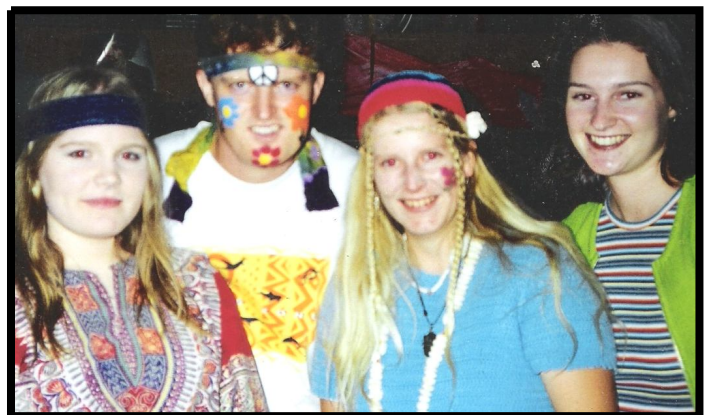
May Camp 1995 (Theme of "Space"). From left: Karena Gurr, Walter Gurr, Donna Caddie, Nicola Jackson.



The "Chicks in Pink" – 1997 Car Rally
Mel Abbott, Jenny Klosser, Penny Smith.



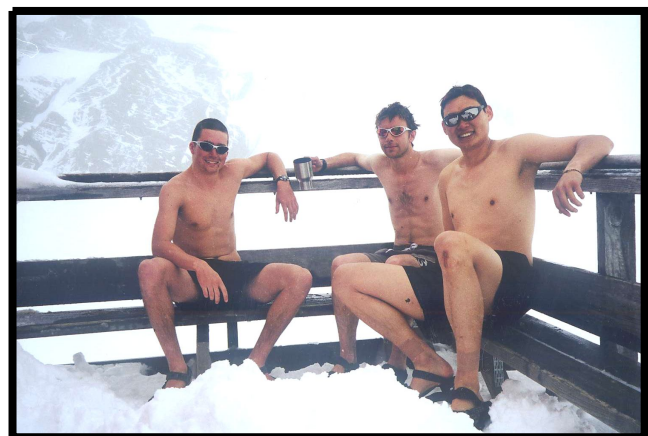
AUTC Xmas party -2006



60s Theme Party 1997. Helen Wright, Owen Colbert, Mellissa Gunn, Kezia Colbert



May Camp 1999 – Theme: "Solid Gold".
Wayne Erb, Murdoch Vant, Ryan Barron



"Unfortunately, the Colin Todd Hut sauna had frozen over."
From Left: Rob Frost, James Russell, James Su. Boxing Day 2002