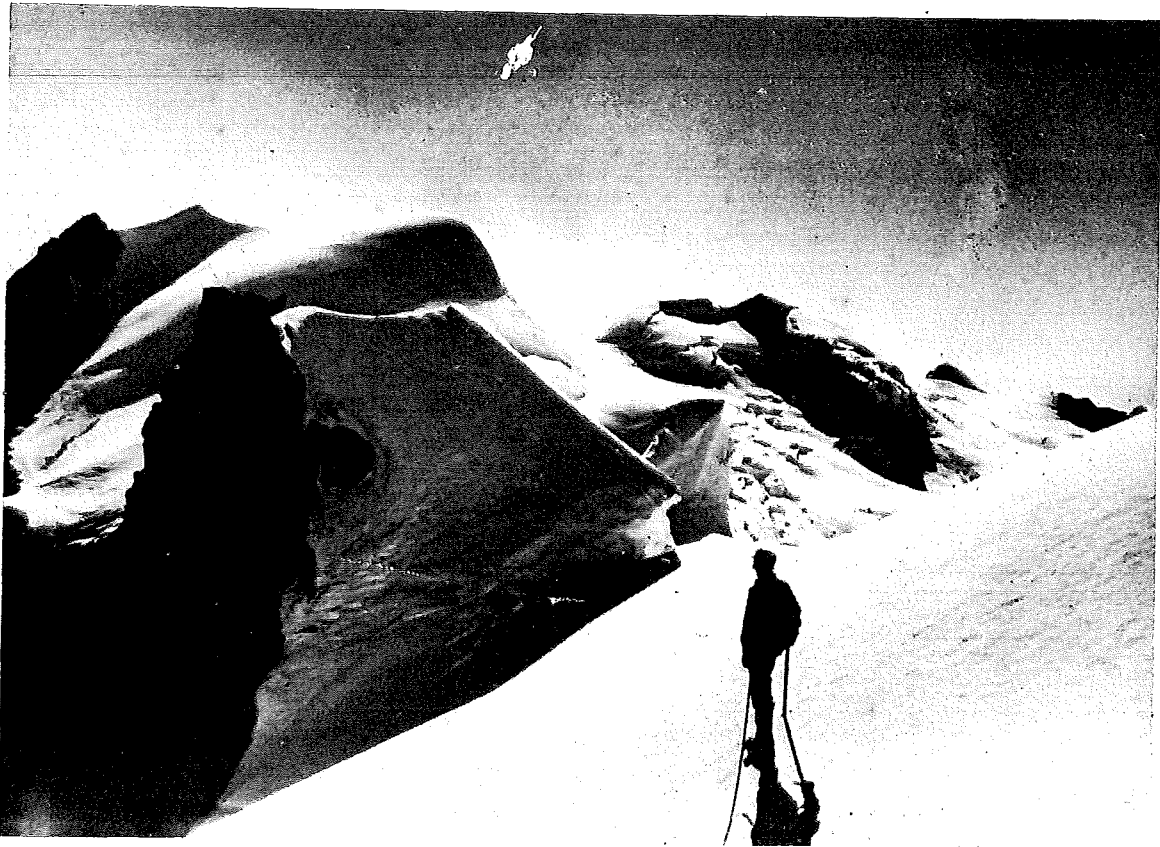


*Auckland*

# FOOTPRINTS

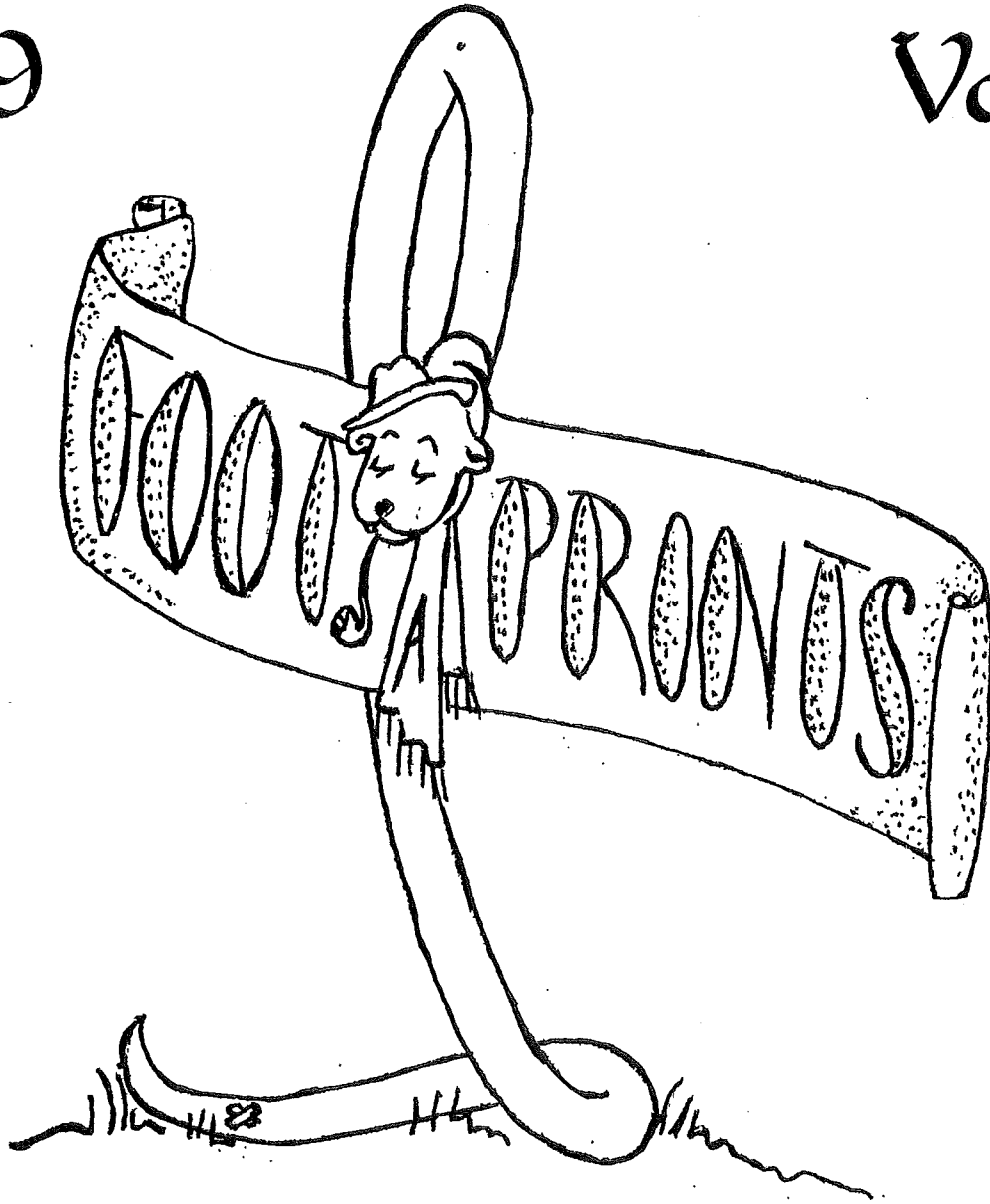
1944-69



**AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY TRAMPING CLUB.**

1944  
to  
1969

Vol. 1  
to  
Vol. 25



AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY  
# TRAMPING CLUB #

R.M.D.

AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY TRAMPING CLUB

FOOTPRINTS 1944-69

A publication presenting the most readable material  
from the first twenty-five years of FOOTPRINTS

FOOTPRINTS 1944-69

Editor:- Michael A. Taylor

Assisted by:- Andy Haines, Tony Kerr, Graham Langton

Typist:- Sharon Maidens

The editor gratefully acknowledges all those who in any way  
made the production of this publication possible.

MAY 1969

Auckland University Tramping Club  
C/o A.U. Students' Association,  
Private Bag, Auckland.

Cover Photograph:- Mountaineering  
with A.U.C.T.C. Coronet Peak.

Frontpiece:- Aloysius

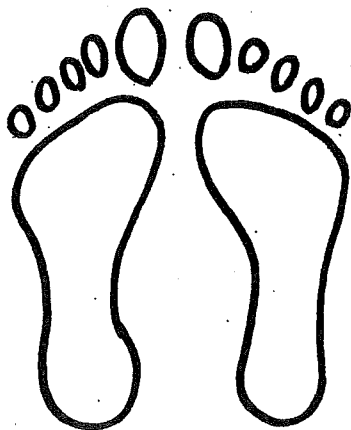
CONTENTS

CONTENTS

Introduction	Page 1
Foreword (from Vol.1 No.1)	4
Letters to the Editor	5
Gin Din But No Sin	7
An Ex-President Speaks	8
Tips to Trampers	10
A. Criticism	11
Blyth Spirits	12
Last Lines	13
6.25 to Waitakers	14
Bowden's Blunder	15
Editorial 7/5	16
Mirror of the Week	17
Nuts in May	19
Rangitata Excursion	20
A)- Maying	21
Mogambo	22
Life Members	23
A Cool Reception on Kohukohunui	26
A Tourist Guide to the Three-Pass Trip	27
A Morbid Morsel	29
Obituary - Lloyd George	29
Attention	30
How to Die in the Mountains	30
Procesh	31
Brian Davis Speaks - 1958	32
Leaping Down the Leslie	33
Hut Working Weekend - 1959	34
'Yer Get Brassed Off Driving By Yerself'	35
Club Officers	36
The Aged, Aged Trumper	37
The Safety Committee Goes Tramping	38
Reach for the Ajax	40
Up the Hihi	42



How to Get to O'nuku	43
Huts	45
South Island Days	48
Woolsheds are Wonderful	50
Reminiscences in the Joe River	52
The Dream	53
Year	55
Fiordland Fiasco	56
Places of Interest in the Waitakeres	58
Mud	59
Roll of Honour	60
Trips for Trampers in the Mt. Cook Area	61
Poem	64
Thames - A Struggle	65
Pilgrimage of Trampers	67
Mountain Solitude	68
Old Moore's Almanack for Trampers	69
Why Tomo?	70
O Apathy!	71
Swing Low, Sweet Chariot	72
Sebastian Faucet Prowls Again	76
Just Like Tom Thumb's Fresher's Weekend	77
Two's Company	79
Student Trampers?	80
Milk-Bar Reverie	81



## ★ INTRODUCTION



"Big things have happened since the last newsletter. Arrangements for the publication of our new magazine "A.U.C.T.C. FOOTPRINTS", are nearing completion. We hope you like the title of our new magazine - it is to consist of 16 pages, 6 inches by 8 inches, published approximately monthly during term and will resume the newsletter format during the summer vacation." - Newsletter March, 21st 1944. FOOTPRINTS was thus introduced into A.U.C.T.C.

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 generally 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 and 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.

The function of the newsletters was originally very similar to that of FOOTPRINTS. They included news from the committee, accounts of trips and notice of forthcoming trips. Today the need for frequent newsletters does not seem as great as it once may have been because of the great emphasis placed on the noticeboard and because of the close-knit nature of the Club itself.

FOOTPRINTS does provide virtually the only significant "personal" link with other clubs. The importance of FOOTPRINTS, because of this fact, is often overlooked. Little contact with other clubs is made on tramping trips. One occasionally meets another party briefly on a track or spends a night in a hut with one, but such occurrences seem rare. Use of other clubs' facilities, mainly huts, is another form

...Cont'd..

of contact but the use of a hut by a party provides little insight to the nature or "personality" of that party or its club.

The numbers of FOOTPRINTS produced annually has varied from three to five, but over the past ten years the number has become stable at four per annum, distributed at more or less fixed functions. In 1957 the JUBILEE MAGAZINE edited by Tony Nelson was produced to celebrate the twenty-fifth birthday of A.U.C.T.C. It featured forty-five pages of "Footprints in the Sands of Time", "extracts and articles reprinted for their value as entertainment and as an impression of the spirit of the Club, its humour, its personalities and its activities". Many of these are duplicated herein. The functions of the JUBILEE MAGAZINE and this, FOOTPRINTS 1944-1969 are, however, somewhat different. FOOTPRINTS 1944-1969 is an outline of the history of FOOTPRINTS rather than A.U.T.C.

FOOTPRINTS took its present form in 1946 when the six by eight form was abandoned. Several different cover designs were used until 1949 (Vol.6) when a design similar to the present one was adopted, although different coloured cover pages were used.

Over the years FOOTPRINTS has generally increased in quality, although, in the past there have been some excellent authors whose ability to write interestingly and/or amusingly seems to exceed most of those of recent years.

Trip accounts are one of the main features in FOOTPRINTS today probably because almost anyone can write a readable trip account (as much imagination is not necessarily needed) and because trip leaders are expected to have someone produce an account of their trip. Christine Crawford writes in the Editorial for 20/4 "a good trip account is hard to write. There should be a balance between description and narrative. In an account of the 'we got up and had pog and bacon for breakfast' variety, often the only indication one has of the surroundings is contained in a few words like 'stream' and 'bush'. I am not asking for long lyrical descriptions, but a little visual imagination would be refreshing. Trip accounts should not be written merely to record the names of the party members in the annals of A.U.T.C. history. There should be some desire to communicate some information or feeling about the trip.

"A magazine with an unrelieved collection of trip accounts can be (as Footprints sometimes is) very dull. For this reason, imaginative writing of any sort is welcome; good results can be obtained with drawing stencils to relieve the type-written monotony. No-one expects great literature or sparkling wit, but if it is worthwhile producing a magazine at all, it might as well be good as bad, within the limitations imposed by subject matter and materials available. Footprints has a function."

The articles and accounts reprinted in this FOOTPRINTS 1944-1969 are not chosen for their "goodness" or "well-writtenness", they are chosen for their interest to virtually any tramper. A few are chosen specifically for their interest to an A.U.T.C. tramper. They are chosen like those in the JUBILEE MAGAZINE "for their value as entertainment and as an impression of the spirit of the Club, its humour, its personalities and its activities". They are chosen for their timeless

...Cont'd..

appeal - the articles printed should be as entertaining in another twenty-five years as they are now.

Drawings featured in FOOTPRINTS over its twenty-five years of life are also incorporated, although there are also some which are taken from other Tramping Club sources (i.e. scrapbook, photo album, newsletters, etc.). Photographs are from both private and Club albums. If any person mentioned in an account or article held a Club office at any time, this has been added after their name.

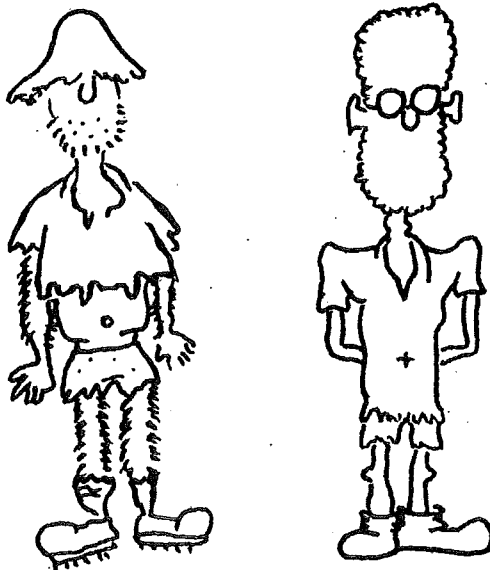
The choosing of articles in a publication of this nature is purely arbitrary. Another editor might make a completely different selection.

Trip accounts written in an unusual or humorous manner and trips featuring impressionable events (i.e. accidents, getting lost etc.) tend to be over represented because they are more interesting to read than accounts of trips which go as planned and on which "nothing happens".

FOOTPRINTS has now been in existence for twenty-five years and it would seem certain that for another twenty-five years many new generations of trampers will continue to contribute to and receive FOOTPRINTS.

Although this is a volume commemorating the twenty-fifth year of FOOTPRINT'S publication, it seems necessary to remember that FOOTPRINTS by itself is nothing - it depends on A.U.T.C. and the continuance of A.U.T.C.'s vigorous tramping tradition, the most important Club tradition of all. It is tramping through bush and over hills and mountains that is important. The mixing of different students and the exchange between them in a natural environment in all conditions, is of prime importance to A.U.T.C. (and hence to FOOTPRINTS). It is here that Tramping Club members should gain their prime enjoyment as Tramping Club members, and this should provide a valuable contribution to living.

★ MIKE TAYLOR



## FOREWORD

The appearance of this first issue of "Footprints" marks the passing of another milestone by the A.U.C. Tramping Club, for a magazine such as this can fulfil many valuable functions. When a club has a large membership like ours it is not always practicable nor, in many cases, desirable for all to take part in any one trip, and a magazine can give a unity to the tramping activities of numerous small parties. Moreover, many members who have now left Auckland still retain a keen interest in the club and will, I feel sure, welcome this means of keeping in touch with us who remain. Again, the exchange of magazines with other tramping clubs encourages a spirit of fellowship and facilitates a sharing of experience and ideas.

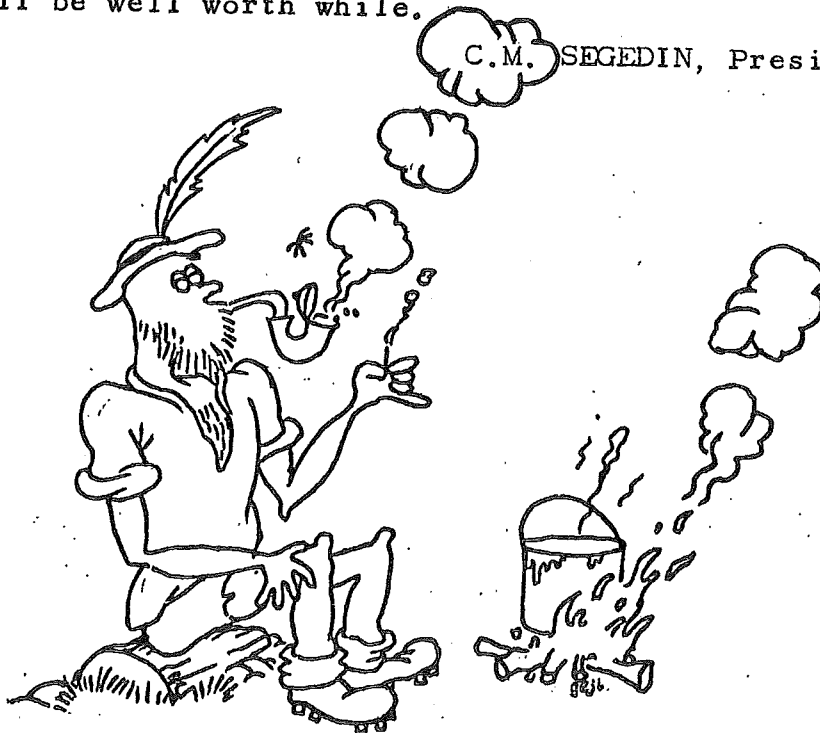
The above are just a few advantages of a club magazine. In any case, it can make good reading and I am convinced that we can put out a publication worthy of a University club.

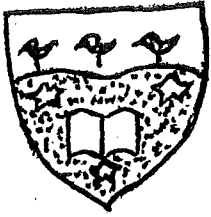
If "Footprints" is to achieve complete success it should be regarded as an effort by the club as a whole and this is not stated merely to ease the work of those directly responsible for its publication. The experiences, opinions and suggestions of every member should determine the character of the magazine.

Although hackneyed, the words "club spirit" do convey a definite meaning and describe something that has emerged during the last few years. If this present effort can help to foster this still further it will be well worth while.

C.M. SEGEDIN, President

1/1





## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Letters to the editor were featured in the first issue of FOOTPRINTS

SHOULD TRAMPING CLUB MALES SHAVE?  
TWO ANXIOUS LETTERS TO THE EDITOR  
Petticoat Lane

Dear Sir,

One of the most deplorable conditions brought about by tramping (particularly by the long trips) is the unshavenness of the men. Even the most harmless boys are rendered evil and hideous by the whiskers they so tenderly cherish.

It's bad for the nervous system to be confronted, every time you turn to speak to a male, by a ferocious hirsute countenance. Similarly, hairy mugs over the breakfast table aren't too good for the digestion. And nothing is more disheartening after a long day's tramping than to be forced to look, not at reasonable human beings, but at creatures with faces resembling the woolly mat on the spare bedroom floor at home.

Of course we can all see the advantages from the boys' point of view. After all, a generous growth of facial fungus hides any dirt that may accumulate and does away with the need for washing. Again, whiskers are kind to all you men who can lay no claim to beauty. After all, a bountiful supply of beard, moustache and sidewhisker can disguise a man's imperfections as well as a gasmask.

Flowing beards, softly rippling, have many advantages, so we are told by old Omar, but can anyone see anything good in moth-eaten toothbrushes?

ALL OR NOTHING

1/1

IS TRAMPING A FOUL DISEASE?



Dear Sir,

Perhaps some of your club members are medical students. If so, they may be able to ease the mind of a distressed mother. My son, an ardent trumper, will, for days at a time conduct himself in a perfectly normal manner. He refrains from leaving his bed until the day has been thoroughly aired, runs off all the hot water so he may wallow for hours in a warm steamy bathroom, and of course, selects the most comfortable armchair near the hottest part of the fire. If asked to go to the store round the corner for Aspros, he invariably chooses the 8d. packet as he objects to carrying the heavier 1/7d. size. In short modern youth at its best.

Then quite suddenly a change occurs, nearly always coinciding with the weather. If the barometer falls rapidly and the indications are for wet days and cold nights, preferably with ice, snow and a flood thrown in, we always expect the worst. In the initial stages

of his malady, we find clothing strewn over every available chair, onions, carrots and potatoes appear in unexpected places, small pieces of cheese lurk behind cushions, and rugs, sausages, jersies, jars and tins of this and that make a joyous confusion from front door to back. In the next stage he places a large pocketed canvas bag in the centre of my already too small kitchenette. This is left for many hours while the family walk round it during the day and into it at night. Gradually the flotsam and jetsam is gathered together and placed with much pushing and straining in the bag and we know that the crisis is approaching. On the first wet raw morning as the very grey dawn is breaking we hear our bed loving son leave his room, tramp in heavy hobnails up and down the house, slamming doors and eyeing the driving rain with a fanatical glare. Then in the height of the storm, he hoists the four ton bag on his shoulders and with maniacal shouts dashes out into the bitter winter morning.

After some days he returns tired and moody, burbling some jargon about "Akaranan" and "Broadway Beauties". This gradually passes off and he resumes his normal mode of living. I shall be glad to hear from any other parent who is similarly afflicted.

"MOANING MATER"

1/3

The Editors of FOOTPRINTS have at times received somewhat strange letters.

c/o Jaspers Wee Nest.  
2354 hrs. 25th Dec. 47



The Deitor,  
Dear Sir,

As I was in town the other day on my weekly visit to town the other day to collect rations of whisky (or mgurp as the Pandits say) from the Spirits-wallah, I was astounded (or as the Bandits say kryfnof) to observe the enemy ahead in the form of Persons-6 only, with packs, for the use of, sleeping-bags, waterproof, covers for the use of, and bearing rations, 6 only persons for the use of, 3 days. As I say sir I was amazed (or plumfnt) as the Pundits say.

Well, I took avoiding action, and while crossing the street in single file (a difficult manoeuvre made easy by the fact that there was only one person) I was shocked again (or llbeyrmd) as the Bombits say by discovering that I was surrounded (or Kutof as the PomPoms say). Never in my experience had I to think so quickly. There was time to do only one thing. I did it.

Yours faithfully,

Jas. Featherstone-Pickering.  
(Colnl.) (Retd.)

Kings Own Mounted Light Horse.

This extraordinary letter was forwarded to the Editor by the Police who found Col. J.F-P. in the bar of the Occidental Hotel. It is believed he is suffering from a bad attack of the tatters (or Ali Kohol Ism as the Dhok Tors say).

4/2

## GIN, DIN BUT NO SIN.

(Dutch Holland who was Club Captain in 1946 gave the Club three brass goblets and a kukri knife which appear at Annual General Meetings. Alison Gladding was at the time of this trip a committee member and Johnny Burns a Vice President and an ex Club Captain -Ed.)

Alison Gladding, Eleanor Mires, Dutch Holland, Jim Smaill, Johnny Burns, Ian Sussex and David Spence, their packs and a bag of hooch run out on Auckland for National Park at 4 a.m. on Dec. 27, and I wish to say this is a horrible experience. We tramp ten or twenty miles that night and we are at Mangatepopo in the saddle between Tongariro and Ngaruahoe and have we had it. The hut is perpetually fogbound; the horizon on a clear day being the edge of the verandah; the chimney smokes in one room and the popsies snore in the other; only the imperfectly sane go there. So in the best Club traditions we tell each other is this good.

We climb Tongariro in a blizzard and Ngaruahoe in a cloud, and we come down on our (Royal Irish) extremities for a mile or so. Then the fog comes down thick so we play poker and you can't even see who's stacking the cards on account of the chimney smoking and Dutch takes our money, and he wishes to say it is his Royal Irish luck coming back because of the surrounding bogs.

New Year's Eve we get thinking about the Chateau and we think there is beer, here are we, and somehow it doesn't make sense. We take a powder on Mangatepopo. Nonchalantly we ford Wairere stream which has just carried its bridge away, and we tramp ten miles in the rain. We get liquored up and one and one and all agree it is a good show so we go up the road singing the more we are together and a man comes out and says will we have a beer?

No sooner said than done.

We serenade him till the New Year comes in. Later in the morning we are not feeling so good, but Dutch knows what will pick us up. A little tramping will pick us up. We tramp all that day and night and all the next day and then we have it and we find we have been tramping only for one morning after all but here is Glacier Hut so what the hell anyway. You can recognize it by the privy which is about twice as big and a quarter of a mile off and always has a blue flag flying over it.

By this time we can look the sun in the eye again, and it is a grouse day and plenty of snow and we go skiing on the staircase, and at night we watch the sun set on Egmont, and maybe life is not such a dead loss. Jan. 2 we climb to the top of Whakapapa Glacier in cloudless conditions and some of us make a traverse round the crater which does not smell so good to take formal possession of Ruapehu for AUCTC, which we are doing in the traditional fashion when we are embarrassed by an aeroplane overhead. We go down again. Dutch and Dave ski down the glacier, and it doesn't take them much longer than it takes us to walk.

Jan. 3 we ski in the morning and come down via the Chateau and N.P. station in the evening, and one and all wish to say they will be back at G.H. this winter, even if you couldn't swing a cat in the hut.

Swinging cats is a dead loss anyway.

Dave (wait till I tell Blenner this!) Spence

3/4





## AN EX-PRESIDENT SPEAKS

(But will probably keep quiet for about two years)

Until early in 1933, there was a club in the College known as the Field and Alpine Club, which had been in existence for over ten years. In 1933, however, this was split into two and thus began the Field Club and the Tramping Club as we know them today. It is interesting to note that if this common ancestry is taken into account, ours is one of the oldest clubs in New Zealand.

The newly constituted Club started with enthusiasm, but by 1936 was virtually defunct, was revived again in 1937 and again had waned by 1940, to be revived once again in 1941. Since then the Club has continued to flourish. I might add that these ups and downs were, I think, due to the failure of the original band of enthusiasts to realise that new blood in a college club is essential. The freshers in any year are the most important people in the club; they are the officers in two or three years' time.

Of the period since 1941 I can speak with more detail. From now on far more frequent weekend and extended trips were held, whereas before the programme consisted almost entirely of day trips. The first May Camp was held at Hunua, in 1942, and in the same year, the first After-Degree Camp. The summer of 1942-3 saw another new feature, the Summer Programme. By 1943, the membership had grown considerably and the first Winter trip to National Park was arranged. The following year saw several important developments. Ongaruanuku and Glacier Hut were opened and Footprints first appeared. The After-Degree Camp was held at National Park and for the first time, each person attending took part in an extended trip. In the following summer, the club held its first alpine trip in the South Island. 1945-6 was a period of consolidation following the preceding period of rapid change. By now the Club's finances were rather more adequate, and a stock of equipment for hire was obtained. The formation of the Auckland Associated Mountain Clubs in 1945 was an important development for our Club as it established valuable contacts with other Auckland Tramping Clubs, and several trackclearing parties and combined weekends have since been held. The Christmas trip to Marlborough last Summer was another important and successful innovation.

This brings us up to the present time. In the above thumbnail sketch of the history of the Club, I have mentioned only what I have considered to be major innovations; but it is readily realised by present members that these have all been maintained. I have also kept the account impersonal, but all this development has been brought about by members, like yourselves; when the full story is written they should be mentioned by name and thanked, for their work still lives. The amazing difference between the scope of activity of the club in 1941 and 1948 has been possible only because of the loyalty, enthusiasm, skill and hard work of many who have unstintingly given their best to the Club.

...Cont'd..

Going hand in hand with this ever-widening range of activities, has been the growth of something less easily described or assessed, but, nevertheless, real and valuable. I refer once again, to what I have often spoken of in the past, namely Club Spirit. The feeling of comradeship and the absence of cliques, the welcome a newcomer receives on joining the club and the extent to which the older hands are prepared to assist them, the willingness of all to undertake unpleasant jobs and responsibility, the force of the challenge that newly elected officers feel to do a good job, these are some of the indexes of the level of this Club Spirit. The level has always been high (progress is impossible if it is not) but it has never been higher than it is today.

In our Club there has emerged a corporate life in which students of all faculties, both full-time and part-time, past and present, can and do share. It is also a Club in which members of the staff feel they can play a part, and they are accepted if they are interested, and, in my experience, are neither considered intruders nor are they accorded undue deference on account of their status. Take it from me, this is exactly what a University teacher should want when he is not wearing his gown.

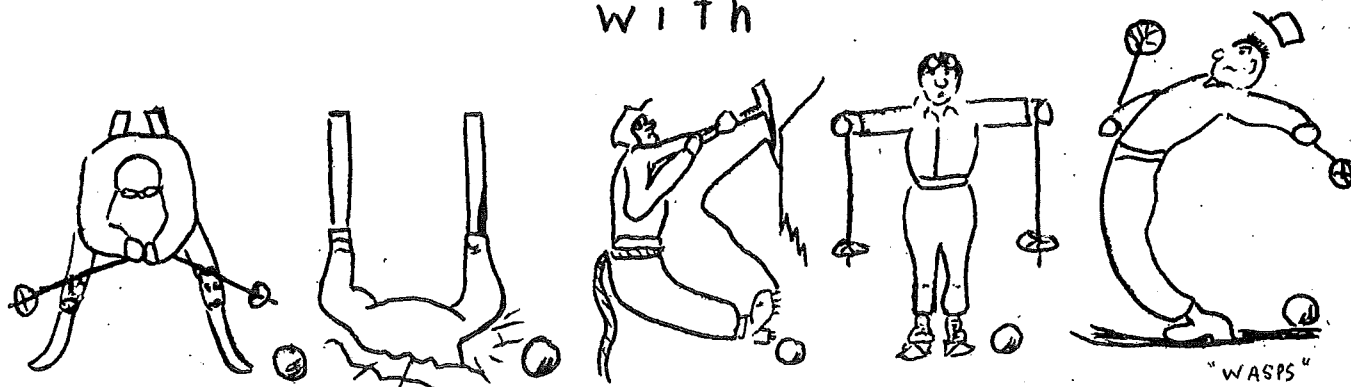
My own association with the club has been while I have been on the staff of the college, and I have to express my gratitude for the way I have always been received. It has always been a great thrill to be on friendly and informal terms with club members who happen to be students. I have been given responsibility from time to time because, I feel, I was merely a member of the club who was prepared and was thought able to shoulder it. If my efforts have been successful, this has been because I have always had the enthusiastic co-operation of others.

I leave New Zealand soon for a period of about two years. The Tramping Club is now in good heart; keep it so for it is well worthwhile. In any case I want to come back and enjoy myself with it again.

C.M. SEGEDIN

5/3

★ CLIMB & SKI  
with





## TIPS TO TRAMPERS - LIGHTING THE PRIMUS

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.

Wait until the flame is nearly out then pump the little handle backwards and forwards and open the throttle thing. You will find that nothing happens. This is because you forgot to see if there was any kero inside, which there isn't.

Take the primus outside to the new four gallon tin of kero. Of course you know the smart trick about turning the kero tin up the other way so that the kero doesn't run on to the floor. But then the tin slips out of your hands because its harder to hold that way, and before you can stand it up, about a gallon will have glugged on to the floor. Don't put a match to this. Kero burns hot. Anyway when there is enough stains we'll have a varnished verandah.

Now take the primus back inside and repeat up to opening the nozzle thing. The primus may blow smoke rings. If so, you've forgotten to prick it. If the pricker's lost you'll just have to hunt until you find it, because pins won't fit in the little hole. Then start again. If there isn't a spare bottle of meths you'd better go easy because you haven't finished yet, no, not by a long chalk.

This time all must be well. But now you've lost the matches, because Charlie's taken them to light his pipe, and he's not letting on because he knows he will need about 20 in the next 10 minutes. So start again. By now you are getting proficient and bored. Just a few drops of meths, and you just about pump its hide off, with the teeth grinding gently. So you will take out your temper on his majesty will you? His majesty the primus demands obeisance at all times. An angry squirt of kero spurts out the nozzle. You light it because it will soon vaporise. But you're wrong there. Blazing kero spills down into the little cup thing and now the primus is a mass of flame with fire and oily black smoke licking the ceiling. You remain cool and masterly. With dignity you stretch out one arm, seize the valve thing firmly and whip your hand away because the bloody (tut, tut Don - mustn't lose your temper -Ed.) thing is red hot. Since the kero is by now boiling inside the time has come to grab the cow by the left foreleg and chuck it out the door, or if the door is shut, out the window. If that is shut too, it will splinter well. While you bandage your fingers send Charlie out with a hatchet to get some wood, or else light a candle and cook over it.



W.D. Aimer (M. Prim.  
Dip. Kero; Dip. Meths.)  
(Author of "How to cook dinner  
over two wax vestas")

## A Criticism

- and now a message from our old friend and admirer D.A. Spence;-

One and all agree that a certain sanctity enshrouds your club; tramping might almost be a religion, Ongaruanuku a temple, Cecil a High-Priest. The chosen, to whom, as freshers, the Law and the Word have been revealed, accept this without question. Coming late perhaps sceptically I find the faith glows rather more dimly in me.

At Freshers Tramp in fact, and at Hunua, it went clean out. Perhaps I lack imagination but the rather esoteric forms of mass childishness and heartiness in which the club spirit manifests itself, leave me very cold indeed. I wonder how many other people felt embarrassed when they saw the Club Captain executing a conga on a Waitakere railway line, or watched the Lancers on Papakura Station. Perhaps I'm short of a sense of humour, but neither exhibition made me laugh or jump fully clad into a nearby stream, or react in any other conventional way.

From the outside I had thought Tramping Club filled in some measure the place of a residential college. Women, however, prevent it.

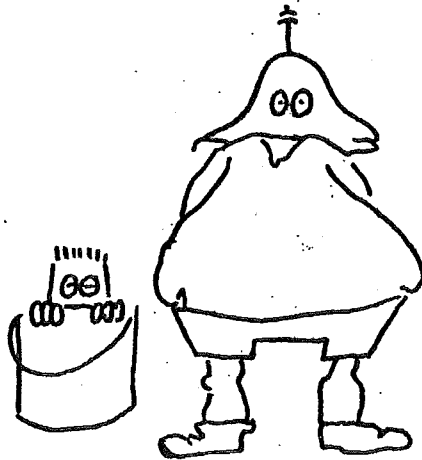
University life is far more various and many-sided than trampers commonly suppose, and that is why I would strongly advise freshers against becoming entangled in the restricted confines of the Tramping Club outlook.

But I am not denying the exhilaration of tramping and climbing and their good fellowship. As the Club Captain is reported to have said, "There's always tramping". There is, so why the shut-in fascist little society to whom alone the mountains would seem to belong.

When you read this I will be well out of reach of any bombs etc., you might wish to throw, otherwise I would not write it. However, I am going to Cambridge not so much to get away from T.C. as to look at the odd real live mathematician; and take with me very happy memories of good times and good friends I had out with the club.

Why did you first go tramping, anyway?

D.E.S. 4/2



This account was so utterly pathetic we had to include it.

### Blyth Spirits

Well, there are seven of us at Easter go down to Ruapehu - me and Berenice and Pat and Pauline, Russ, Mike, and our boss John, who is the only one who knows anything about anything. We sleep at Ohakune station the first night and Russ counts all the trains and he says he will never sleep at a station again. The next day we go up to Blyth Hut, which is a long way. At last we get to the top of a ridge and Pat says hooray, and Pauline says hooray, and then I see the hut right near us, but I am too puffed to say hooray, but it looks alright. That night it rains so hard we get talking about Noah's Ark and the wind howls so I am scared the roof will blow off, so I turns my boots upside down in case it does. I do not like wet boots. Next day Marie should be coming up, but it is wet again so we sit in the hut and think how Marie must be very miserable coming up in the wind and rain. But there is an extra piece of cake for anyone if they go to meet her, so Russ and me go down nearly to Kune, but she does not come, so we say "damn the woman" and go back and eat our extra piece of cake. Next morning the moon is shining so the boss makes us get up. Up the mountain we are putting the rope on at the glacier. The boss says do not stand on the rope with the crampons. Then Mike stands on the rope with his crampons. The boss says now the rope is no good anymore, so he will only use it for beginners, which I do not think sounds very nice. Russ comes to a crevasse six inches wide and asks the boss what he will do. The boss says it is alright to jump it, so Russ takes a jump and lands on the other side alright. I am chipping steps in the ice, which work is very hard, and reminding me of my stretch at Mt. Eden when I let go the axe which slides down the glacier and goes plop into a crevasse. There is a funny kind of silence like I did something wrong, so I ask the boss and he says, yes it is better not to let go the axe. The boss and me get the axe again, and I am wanting to walk down the wall of crevasse, but the boss says, no, that is not a good idea. When we get to the top of Tahurangi Mike's crampons slip and he nearly falls down again. But the boss says as it is only a steep slope he might rip his clothes off, his skin might tear off and his flesh might tear off but he probably would not break any bones which is alright. Going down we use crampons, but the boss glissades. He falls over on the ice, and we are thinking it will be a good splash for it is a long way down to the rocks, but the boss stops himself. After the climb we are tired, and we hope the next day will be wet but it is not so we have to go up Girdlestone. Russ wants the top stone of Girdlestone to keep, but the top one is too heavy so he takes a small one. I am thinking this is cheating but Russ says it is all right, no one will know. On the way down it starts to snow, which is like being babes in the wood, or Scott in the Antarctic or something. Next day



we are to go over the top and down to National Park Station, but the weather is bad. Everyone is glad really, because no one is wanting to go all up there again just to get down the other side, so we stay at the hut and eat.

After two or three days there is a bit of a stink in the hut so one by one everybody washes - except the boss who does not wash. Everybody is annoyed, because now they have done it, they want someone else to suffer. The boss is told he must wash but he says no. Then there is talk that the boss will be washed by force, but the boss looks like a strong man and so the boss does not wash.

There is so much food that nobody wants to eat bread. When I am thinking of the poor starving children of Europe and how I carry so much bread up to the hut, I get mad. We eat all the way down the mountain and Berenice is so full she can only eat one helping of pudding at the hotel which I think is disgusting seeing we are paying.

w.d.a.

7/1

### 'Last Lines'

Tramping Club has woo'd me soft,  
Tramping Club has won me.  
(But what dark, depressing thoughts  
Threaten now to stun me.)

Weekends up the Ranges high,  
(Should be spent in swotting)  
Boots are greased with loving care,  
(Lecture notes lie rotting).

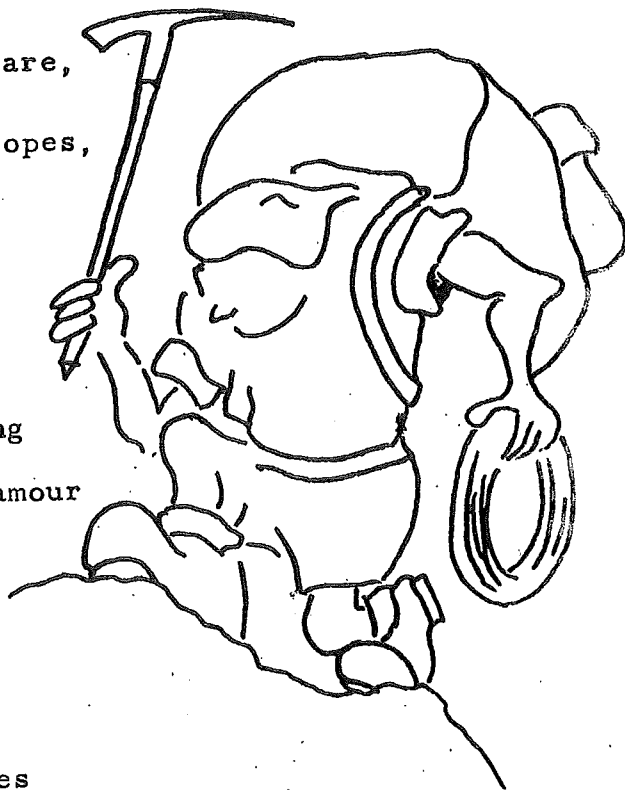
Mountain peaks and bush-clad slopes,  
Streams and lakes that shimmer,  
(Only four months till exams,  
Things are getting grimmer.)

Piha, Bethells, and D.G.  
Trips to Kitiroa,  
(History essays graded "D" -  
Sometimes even lower.)

High and swift and madly rushing  
Are Hunua Falls  
(But thro' all the din and clamour  
Chaucer vainly calls.)

Sleeping out beneath the moon,  
Soaked in starlight streams  
(Griping ghosts of Plato come  
Haunting troubled dreams.)

Tramping Club has ruined me -  
Rent my peace asunder -  
(By what cruel and slow Degrees  
Comes my end, I wonder?)



ROB 7/2

## 6.25 to Waitakere

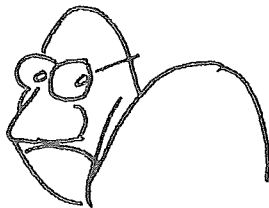
I swung on my pack, unlatched the gate, and stepped onto the footpath, where I was suddenly surrounded by a seething mass of children (our neighbourhood is unusually prolific) screaming shrilly and demanding to know where I was going. Impervious to this attack on my dignity, I snarled at them and they ran away crying. The passing traffic was, of course, stupefied by the sight of a tramper, and as the cars disappeared over the horizon I could still see the round, pink blobs pressing against the rear windows. One driver absorbed in fascination, almost lost control and swerved alarmingly towards a child who had burst into hysterical sobs at the sight of me.

As I boarded the tram, an old lady in a corner seat peered at my legs, then rose and left the tram. I suddenly noticed that although there were fifteen people at the other end of the tram, there was not one in my half. To impress the other occupants I took my hammer and bootlast out of the pack, and nonchalantly hammered in a few triple headers.

I strode down Broadway in a simple, yet dignified manner, benignly returning the stares of the vulgar. Suddenly my clinkers slid on the concrete, both feet flew into the air and I sprawled with a resounding clash of bones at the feet of a policeman who picked his way over the debris and strode impassively on his beat. The rest of Newmarket turned as one man to gape.

I retreated to the station and sank onto a seat. An old man approached me. He sat down, and edging over, nudged me confidently with his elbow, while he breathed beery fumes down my throat. He also appeared to be intimate with the Waitakeres, having shot pigeons there in his youth. He was unwilling to brag about himself, in fact he could say that bragging was a vice he never indulged in, but he produced a medal which he had won in the Crimean War, and protested that his innumerable friends would all testify to his uprightness of character. He drew off six inches to look at me, while I took the opportunity to come up for air. "Ah" he said, nudging me again, "fine game, hiking - fine game. Finest thing a young chap can do. Makes a man of you - present generation getting soft".

I kicked him in the stomach and bundled the body under the seat, carving another notch in my belt. In the carriage I slumped into a corner seat and glared malevolently at the other occupants. The hours dragged slowly by as the city dribbled past the window, but at last Waitakere appeared. My usual buoyancy of spirit returned and springing to my feet, I flung wide the carriage door, breathed deep the pure air, and shouted "Hurrah for the peace of the hills". But my boot caught on the top step and I crashed on my stomach to the cinders below.



w. d. a.

7/2



## ○ BOWDEN'S BLUNDER

(Before 1964 the Club ran full time May Camp trips in the Hunuas. While there, many parties became confused at Bowden's (or Bernie's as it is now known) Blunder which is still legendary today. Here is how it gained fame. -Ed.)

Once more this year Bowden's Blunder took its toll of the reputations of our route-finders. And so it has been almost since the beginning to T.C's acquaintanceship with it. Bernie's Error, Bowden's Bush or call it what you will - this area of bush lies behind the Presbyterian B.C. Camp between the Hunua and Cossies Valleys and the Ottau Valley. It has one main ridge and two subsidiary ones, but the whole thing lies on a curve - a circle actually when you get into it.

Cam Reid (who knew it) took a party straight through it in the Club's first venture in the Hunuas in 1942.

The next exceptional attack (now become legendary and therefore perhaps inaccurate) was made by Norman Rumsey. Into the tale enters a certain stump which the party passed after doing a "compass traverse" of Bowden's Blunder. They passed soon "another" stump and then not long after "another". "The first stump", they said, "We have been going in a circle". Then soon they came to another stump "The Second; we are still in our circle". You can guess how perplexed Rum was when he found it was all one stump. That started off as an afternoon tramp, but it was very late when they reached home.

The next tale that has been passed down in the Club is one that has gained immortality in the naming of the area. Bernie (now at Medical School, Otago) took a party through, supposedly along the Main Ridge from the Ottau to the May Camp Base Camp. Well, at dark they were still going and still attempting to keep on the Main ridge. They plodded on with torches, until they began to fail, when they were in fern and blackberry. And then the party reneged. Bernie not having once lost his self possession - or himself so he said - was all for going on. But they spent the night on a steep slope, a teaspoon of sugar each and one sleeping bag. Half an hour after they "arose" they were in Base Camp.

At the last Combined Club's Weekend held in the Hunuas an A.T.C. bod took a party into Bernie's Error and got out at 1 a.m.

In 1949 just to show it could be done, two of our engineers took a party without watches, compasses, or maps into the centre of the bush. At lunchtime estimates of North ranged through 180 degrees. However, the engineers "ran" us down to river to Hunua Falls quite safely.

This year three parties went in, one from the B.C. Camp to the Ottau another from Camp Adair to the Ottau and the third from the Ottau to the B.C.C. Only the first went through uneventfully. The other two supposedly heading in opposite directions, found themselves going along the same track in the same direction! There was some doubt in both parties! However all got out safely.



During the nineteen sixties the Club has run Christmas trips scattered from Stewart Island to North West Nelson as well as in the North Island. Here is the story of the increase in variety.

### Editorial

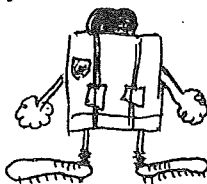
Much of our time at University is spent in studying trends, and one that trampers may quite well study is that of our Christmas trips. You see, the first Club Christmas Trips were confined to one route, along which each party made its way, camping apart from the others each night, although in the same vicinity. All those who went on those trips has 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.

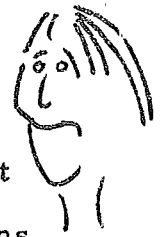
In 1950-51, over Christmas, the same pattern was followed, and the Club trip was undoubtedly enjoyed. But there seems to be a need for something wider. 1949-50 saw individual parties of trampers - trampers note not climbers - venturing into new country. In 1950 tramping parties roamed the southern ranges throughout their length. This seems to indicate, while I do not attempt to disparage the initiative revealed by the organisation of individual trips, that the Club Trip no longer fills 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, and it is up to the Club to organise for them the trips that they desire. Or is it only a desire to have complete independence which prompts these people out of the direct control of the Club? I rather doubt it, for it is only the tedious organisation that the Club controls. Once it is out in the wilds the party is on its own.

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 get 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.

One thing is certain, T.C. must endeavour increasingly as the scope of the activities of its members grows wider, to prevent all accidents. If fewer independent trips can be arranged, and if more trampers tramp officially under our badge the margin of safety will be wider.



## Mirror of the Week....

"WOMEN IN TRAMPING CLUB"

Many different things have been said about women. We cannot print them all, obviously . . . for one thing space is limited. However, we have managed to conduct a census, inviting contributions from a cross-section of the Club, concerning that all-important topic, Woman's place in A.U.C.T.C. We give the result to you here, boldly, fearlessly, and impartially (practically). Read it, digest the facts thoroughly and then make your own decision. We feel that there will be no doubt existing in your minds. At least . . . we hope not . . .

★ "After questioning twenty club women, I have come to the conclusion that they must be a bevy of charming, well-mannered intellectuals. Unlike men trampers they evidently do not make disgusting pigs of themselves at meals but eat only enough to retain their beautiful figures and peach and cream complexions. They do not go round like ungainly young colts singing raucous songs the while; instead they move with silent grace, their minds filled with high and beautiful thoughts. Other things that have been brought to my notice are their refined topics of conversation, their marvellous cooking ability, and last but not least their calm, unruffled and always courteous behaviour when aqua tramping".

Ann Petherick-Johnston  
(Lit. Club)

★ "I joined the Tramping Club with the opinion still firmly entrenched in my hitherto innocent mind, - in fact I had been reared from the cradle in the belief that "Frailty thy name is Woman". Oh woe! How the ideals that one has nursed from childhood days are sadly shattered, tossed out the window and firmly trodden on. In fact oneself is quite often shattered, tossed out the window and firmly trodden on by the frailer (or Fair-Optional) Section in T.C.

This Section of T.C. are towers of strength and self possession and can cope with any situation (e.g. Wetas). And oh, the cooking. Not to mention the cooking. (i.e. the cooking is inmentionable). They are the life and soul of the party and improve the shining hour no end with the pleasant idle feminine chit-chat that does the heart good to hear e.g. "I do think you could carry this ten gallon kerosene tin for me", or, "That mattress is mine," See accompanied with appropriate gestures.

Women in Tramping Club could be classified as:-

Les Belles Dames Sans Mercies i.e. They never say please or thank you.  
Genus puellarum magnis cum pedibus (That would be telling)"

Disillusioned.

★ "Woman in Tramping Club are to my mind fit counterparts to men. Without a brain in their empty nattering heads, not enough appetite for a fly, complexions which bely the fact that they pretend to tramp with so many creams, cosmetics etc., and figures that do not deserve description. I feel bound to observe that they can merit no praise whatsoever. Their cooking is limited to souffle's and Mouss's- have you ever tasted their pog? Ugh!  
OUT WITH THESE VIXEN! LET THEM FORM AN A.U.C.L.T.C. IF THEY WISH ! !  
Irate Committee Member

"While men go about the ordinary daily routine of tramping i.e. cooking breakfast, thinking about lunch, preparing lunch, contemplating dinner and cooking it, the women are fulfilling their natural functions as two types.

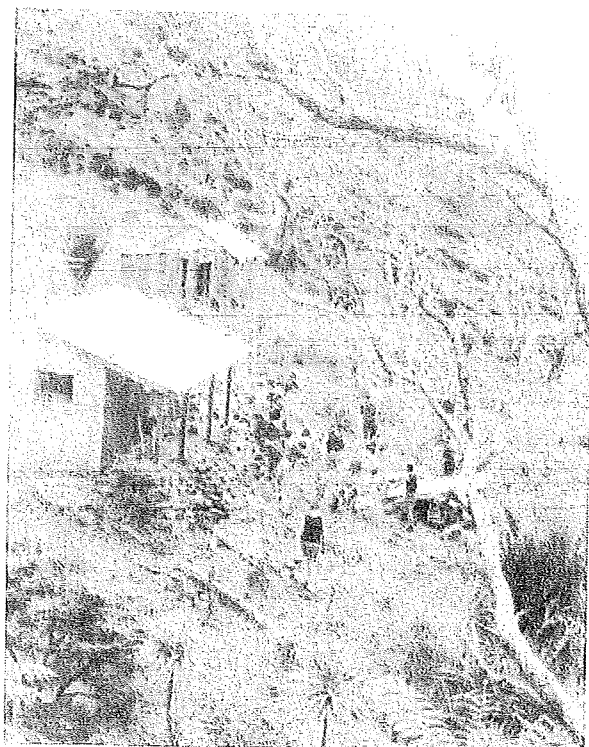
- a. Those who never get into their sleeping-bags.
- b. Those who never get out of them.

Type a. are eternally wound up. Without exception they arrive at the hut after 1.30 a.m. and kill time until 6.30 a.m. by having washes, playing the gramophone, fighting, composting and other more subtle forms of peace disturbance. After 6.30 a.m. they interrupt the cooks, embarrass men while dressing, spill porridge, destroy furniture, throw water etc.

Type b. are always too exhausted to do anything in particular. How they get to the hut I have never found out, but before dark there they certainly are, snug in their sleeping bags under the shelter of a tree. Nearby are their packs choc-a-block with hot water bags, jerseys, apples, biscuits, barley sugar and a small bottle of brandy (to keep away mosquitos). In daylight hours they read the Readers' Digest, snigger at the jokes and ply one another with minor comforts in a desultory sort of way. When the others go home they are still there assuring themselves that "this is the life". Right now I am developing a theory (concerned with plumbing) which sets out to prove that they must get up sooner or later".

E.L. Dudding, B.Sc.

8/2 Edited



Opening of "Les Ward" Hut  
which replaced Muir's  
Cottage  
Freshers' Tramp March '64

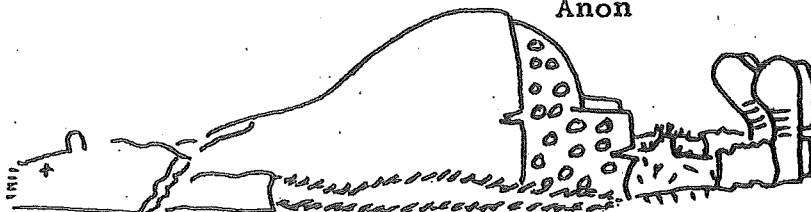


## NUTS IN MAY

We arrived at Base Camp late on Friday night and were greeted in various ways by the full timers! They seemed quite pleased to see us. Even did a haka. I'm so glad I didn't go full time.....when they got into the light they looked awful.....you've got no idea..... Rosalie obviously hadn't seen soap for a week. Robin looked pale, gaunt and hungry, Mike Hayman was limping round on a poisoned foot and as for Don Aimer.....horrible.....They didn't waste any time either. We'd only been inside the show five minutes and we found ourselves strippin' the willows. A new dance y' know. Very stimulating too. Of course it's only after the first fifteen minutes that it really begins to warm up. Incidentally if there was one thing that one can't help but admire, it was the staying power of the orchestra. Even when our perspiration was forming deep pools on the floor, they still kept on playing, Vive l'amour I think it was. Crikey, would have been Vive le nothing if they'd played much longer. As it was they almost had to be bribed to stop. What a night! They began to take pity on us at this stage. Decided to give us something less hectic. And what was that? Jingle Bells! It was on Saturday night that Alan Goodyear revived that unique pastime known in the best of circles as Clear the Deck. Now there's a game! Somebody yells out orders from a safe position and everyone else careers round like mad things. After about 5 minutes an Armistice is declared and they remove the deceased and maimed from the arena and continue with the survivors for another short spell. By this time, just about everyone is either deceased or maimed. Such fun. I never will forget the spectacle of Herb Towers hanging from a rafter. Such an orthodox boy as a rule.....Ever heard of "My Man's Away in the Hay"? Well, we played that too. Early on my right arm was ripped right out of its socket.....however I was instructed to pick it up off the floor quietly and place it to one side, out of the way. The whole incident was treated with the minimum of fuss, which despite myself I could not help but admire. After that we sang. The new N.Z.U. song book was much in evidence. About ten copies. Too many really. Everyone wanted to sing something different. Generally did too. The accompanist deserved a medal or second cup of cocoa or something. He bore up nobly and without flinching until 3.30 a.m. By this time a general lethargy had stolen over all. Some commanded just sufficient strength to crawl into their bags. Others just collapsed as they were. Of course they lived to regret it later on when the fire went out. At least..... some of them lived.....the unfortunate remainder were found frozen stiff next morning. Poor devils. Still, accidents will happen anywhere y' know. And for the most part I suppose it wasn't such a bad weekend at all.

Anon

8/2



## Rangitata Excursion.

Duncan Dow (Committee and Vice President)  
 Marie Crum (Committee, Club Captain and Vice President)  
 Rob Leathem (Secretary)  
 Helen Judge  
 Brian Davis (Committee and President)



December, 1952

Written while back at work - a series of disjointed memories, some bad, mostly good, of the Clyde in flood, swirling down the valley, bouncing before a sullen Nor' Wester; bluffs, thick bush, a pack that sticks in the supplejack, rain, cold, mist and wind, - of the reward gained, five bodies huddled in a tent, a primus roaring, the smell of food, warm clothes and a dry sleeping bag.

Memories of views of jagged peaks rising from a morning mist, the Arrowsmiths and the mighty Whitcome; of perfect weather in the Clyde ranges, clear crisp air, cloudless skies - a range gained; and the glissade down.

Pleasant memories set by the disappointment of retreat from a Rakaia Col blocked by avalanching snow, by hours of tedious river flat shingle and scree, by sad thoughts of eat-dry Rye-Vita after one of us (B.R.D.) had lost the honey - the whole trip's supply - on the second day.

Quiet peaceful memories of eating stew back at the tents watching the last rays of the evening sun on the snow-capped peaks, or of lying in the open on Rakaia tussock listening to the sound of the river, watching the daylight ebb away. Peace, quiet and the satisfaction of a good day's tramp.

The relief at the sight of a hut or bivy with no need to pitch tents in the rain; a roof bunk and maybe another party and an evening of talking. A symbol of an objective achieved.

Cheering moments doing a Can Can in the rain, in a sullen mist-filled valley.

Memories of climbing, progressing, keeping the ridge or col in view and the joy of the last few yards - and a new panorama.

Thoughts come back too, of the return to civilization. Drinking beer in Hokitika on a Sunday night (just for the record), gorging fresh, steaming bread and butter and pints of fresh milk. A trifle sordid, perhaps, but a symptom of a mental descent on "coming out".

These are some of the memories that make a tramping trip in the South an experience to talk of afterwards - and our trip? Oh, yes, up the Clyde branch of the Rangitata (and incidentally the first A.U.C.T.C. party in this valley) for some climbing and reconnaissance, a crossing of Butler's Saddle to the Rakaia, and thence via the Whitcome Pass and River to Hokitika, and home.

Footnote - Our best wishes to Marie and Duncan on their recent engagement.

B.R.D.

10/1

### A)-Maying

With a divided mind, yet a single purpose, the club this year abandoned the smooth contours of the Hunuwas for the wider and more rugged Thames. In so doing, the character of May Camp underwent a considerable change. May Camp as a meeting place for all and sundry gave way to May Camp as an introduction to complete Tramping.

Most of we 29 full-timers travelled down by bus on Monday night; we were dumped 4 miles from the Base Camp in the chill moonlight. Little did we know, but mud and slush, deep rivers, trackless bracken and sheer cliffs were yet in the night's programme. It was indeed a weary and disillusioned band which finally attained a frozen resting place.

On the Tuesday, the tough, fast, medium, and tourist parties vanished into the cactus for four days of beautiful weather and rewarding tramping. Late Friday afternoon, these same bods rolled back to camp again, a little less spruce and active. Those of the part-timers who could find the way joined us about midnight round the camp fire, which was kept alight by miserable token contributions of firewood, plus the occasional bit of brush to spark things up a bit. That night we knocked off Fifty Green Bottles in seventeen minutes.

Saturday brought the threat of rain, but three excursions were organized; up Table Mountain, up the Kauaeranga to the Tooth, and the Billygoat-Tarawaere round trip. The fast party which cracked the formidable defences of the fearsome summit ridge of Table Mountain was rewarded with a fine view of bog and mist: the Kauaeranga Old Soules split the gorge of so much misadventure right open and the Billygoat party had some technically-interesting bush-crashing to do into the Tarawaere: they didn't find d'El Fangle's Lost Mine, but they found a perfectly-preserved, horizontal-beam-gate, timber dam.

Then, about 8 o'clock the skies opened: and the struggling flames of six camp fires flickered out. With the continued absence of the marquee we had perforce to occupy the tin whare: 30 people squeezed into a two-man hut get up a nice comfortable fug. The raucous unmelody ("it's not raining inside to-night") drowned the thundering of the torrential rain (and the occasional heavier objects). We finally moved out into the black wet, and some found that tents have deceptive hydraulic properties.

The next morning, fine and sunny, saw an outburst of ideological warfare: a satellite state was proclaimed, and the Red Flag broken out: but the fascist-reactionary forces of Wall St., headed by an Otago counter-revolutionary, chopped down the Flagstaff amidst a fusillade of Organic Matter. The adversaries were eventually subdued with billies full of cold stew, cold coffee and water.

All that remained then was to pack up and clear out, back to the haunts of men, and thus we left the Kauaeranga, at peace, under a clear sky.

N.B.

10/2



MOGAMBO has startled many a citizen as we farewell or greet club members. Originally it was the title of a film set in darkest Africa.

## MOGAMBO

(By a film critic of renown comparable to that of the actors.)



Awaited only slightly less expectantly than "The Seekers" the recent release of "Mogambo" brought New Zealanders an experience they had been long awaiting. Attended by all the glamour of a world premier, it was packed with spectacle upon spectacle and thrill upon thrill. Nothing had been spared to ensure the success of this production (No, not even the audience!) while the blandishments of a female addicted to washing, satisfied the sponsors that they had done their duty.

The actors gave a superb performance, encouraged by a script which afforded them every opportunity to .....well, every opportunity. The scene was stolen by Great Gartho in the role of A-ava-a Gar-arthner. Her acting was moving, tho' at times one felt her performance could have been just a little more restrained. Likewise the over-exuberance of the stars playing opposite her, though understandable, could have been toned down to good effect. The Professor and his wife admirably filled the supporting roles (if not their clothes!) and the acclaim which greeted the Barbary Ape of the Oxford accent testified to the popularity of animal stars (cf. Lassie, My Fried Flicka, Mickey Mouse, etc.)

The labour expended on this production was obvious in the effects - lavish scenery of a "Quo Vadis" scale, realistic smoke which came right out of the screen at you, as well as asphyxiating the technicians, and drastic dampening measures were dramatically effective. The incidental music, tho' at times giving the impressions of being accidental, added force to a dramatic conflict which would have satisfied even Aristotle.

Skilled work on the part of all collaborators gave real polish and finish to this production and it is to be hoped that it will not be the last we see of this promising young dramatist's work, nor the inspired performances of the stars.

J.P.

11/2 Edited





## LIFE MEMBERS

LIFEMEMBERSLIFEMEMBERSLIFEMEMBERSLIFEMEMBERSLIFEMEMBERSLIFEMEMBERSLIFE

It is impossible to do justice to life members of A.U.T.C. 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 A.U.T.C. is and what it means to its members.

★ The first to be elected was Morrison Cassie (Cass to many) whose services 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 further ahead in 1942.

★ Campbell Reid was Club Captain for two successive years, 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 as you can imagine, 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 40's that Cecil Segedin was President and really was responsible for putting the Club on a sound basis. Many of his ideas are taken for granted now but included among them are the Emergency Fund, Ongaruanuku and Footprints. He did an immense amount of work in the actual running of the Club and, in particular, on the 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. Each was just as important to him. As well he created the form of entertainment which is peculiar to and so suitable for Tramping Club.

★ When the Club revived in 1942 it first turned its attention to tramping as such. 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 R.S.C. 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 responsibility, 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 task. Marin Segedin has done just that. In a long association with the Club, (he was President for 6 years) his experience and valued opinions have helped all who have had the job of organising Club functions and even recently in the business of compiling this publication. There is no better indication of his influence on the Club than the question which crosses 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 has left his mark on the Club and the many aspects of its life. Some will remember him carrying timber for the A.C. Hut, some more recently at '56 May Camp (as a dusty tramp!). In the organization 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 have been a source of encouragement to new trampers, and have added to the enjoyment and spirit of Club life during his 10 years of association with it.

★ John Utting joined the Club in 1956 and since then has been closely associated with the social aspects peculiar to Tramping Club. An excellent cook, he still unselfishly volunteers to cater for all present at each May Camp. It has become another tradition of the Club that John will be in the kitchen at May Camp slaving over a hot stove, while everyone else dances 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 A.G.M. 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 A.U.T.C. Dave is remembered for strength and fitness on trips, and a lazy loping stride very difficult to keep up with. All that is good in tramping is exemplified by Dave Smyth; efficient leadership, great personal ability, and a willingness to help other, less able people, all come 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 and was elected a Life Member at May Camp 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 has ever produced. It is doubtful if anyone in the Club has covered more ground or reached such heights as George did in a period similar to the four years he spent in Auckland. At the end of 1962 he married Christine Harris, a fellow trumper, and moved to Christchurch

...Cont'd..

### A Cool Reception on Kohukohunui

Peter Aimer (Secretary, Club Captain and Vice President)  
 Brian Davis (Life Member)  
 Sue Waters (Committee)  
 Jackie Harding  
 Peter Ellis  
 Simone Shera.



#### (A Hunua Trip)

What the hell! What if the parka is all washed out, the clinkers rusty, the shorts all ripped and the pack full of silt? We had fun, and we can pitch a good yarn. What if we did bungle? We got back. Might even try the same thing again one day. Its good to get back at the hut, all wrecked, to get a paternal pat on the back from Club Cap. and have all the sweet young things waxing sympathetic and giving you their own delicious hot food, and offering you dry clothes and bunks and all.

But gather round, all who will, and I'll start from the beginning.

We alternately 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. On the morrow we held a conference and despite a late start determined to press on to Kohukohunui and Thousand Acre Clearing, a decision based on the probability of the weather improving, the use of Neil's tent in the absence of Dick's, and the recollection of some wreckage in Thousand Acre with both high constructional and combustible possibilities. Thus we turned our backs on Te Hapua.

Lunch with Neil, then off along the last ridge to Kok. By four 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. We did a few hoki-tokis and went to bed. The agony of the light was complete and utter. Sometimes the bellowing of the wind and rain was broken by a quavering burst of song, good clean melodrama this. Brian, on the other hand, seemed to take a grim delight in the notion that "men and materials were being tested to the utmost".

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

The Konini had risen terrifically in the night. We could get across O.K. although Sue and I made a rapid descent to a bend 10 yards further down. I was too cold to stop for lunch with the hut only an hour or so off, so obsessed with the vision of Te Hapua's tempting comfort we scurried down the graded track seeking consolation in the thought that the storm would make the hut seem all the more luxurious.

With 20 minutes to go we heard a dull thundering up ahead. Main stream must be well up thought we - poor unsuspecting babes in the wood as we were. 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 head of the small valley. It completely discouraged crossing so we crashed wearily up the ridge to get round it. The slip was high up the large bright yellow scar straddling the stream with a few trees lying at odd angles. Right down the stream however, the unstable banks were slipping and flowing scoured by the debris of the slip. Thick liquid deposits of silt were caked at the bends of the stream and in the quieter back waters. To our right we could see them gleaming yellow in the sodden bush - like some turgid Amazonian river of the jungle.

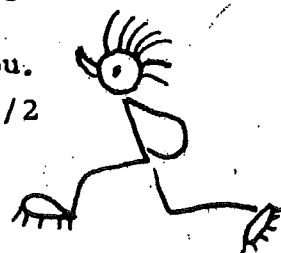
Two hours of rain-racked bush and woven supple-jack brought us out onto the cleared ridges overlooking the Mangatawhiri. Out of the shelter of the bush we staggered in the wind. The freezing rain sliced at our legs. Through the sheets of mist we could see the Mangatawhiri swollen and yellow stained by 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.

E.P.A.

11/2



### A Tourist Guide to the Three-Pass Trip

Based on the experience of Ivan Pickens (Vice President and Life Member), who led a party consisting of Malle Siim, Linda Scholes (Committee, Club Captain and Vice President), Don Nield and Govan Wilson (Vice President) over it in February, 1956.

You begin the trip at the Hope Bridge, and without making any obvious puns about hope being in your heart and on your right - for which you will probably be thrown into the Hope (without hope asyermightsay) - you set off up the Hope. About seven miles short of the Hope-Kiwi corner, you ignore (IGNORE) what all route guides written hitherto have said and charge up an unknown tributary and spend the day in a traverse of Mt. Emerson, descending into the Hope once more in the evening. The purpose of this little detour is to get a view of the Hope-Kiwi corner where you should be .....grrrrr..... You then camp out for the night - don't bother looking for the hut that's supposed to be there - you won't find it. The next day you amble over Kiwi Saddle to Lake Sumner, via Lake Marion, the "gem in the bush" (quote, Pascoe). A visit to the said gem is really a must (quote, Pascoe - more or less). Also a swim if the day is hot. You spend a comfortable night at No.2 Hut if you manage to get there first and grab the only mattress, otherwise.....(please consult I.T. Pickens for a very lurid unprintable account of agony night).

You spend the next night at Hut No.3, passing the Hot Springs in which a bath is a must! (quote, Pascoe) (more or less). Either Pascoe must be very small, or else the springs have shrunk. Never mind, they are interesting and well worth a visit.

The crossing of Harper's Pass on the following day should involve no difficulty. The track down into the Taramakau tends to be a little weeny bit overgrown and Hut No.4 tends to be a little weeny bit hard to find unless you happen to stumble upon it.....

The next day is spent following the Taramakau to Aickens where an interesting diversion is a ride up to Jacksons and in a guard's van down to Otira. And so you arrive at the thriving metropolis of Arthur's Pass and pick up any odd bods who are joining you for the second half of the trip. The most important and memorable thing about Arthur's Pass is that it has Joy Bars and the consumption of at least one of these is a must (quote, Malle) (You can also climb Mt. Aicken if you feel so inclined.)

The next day having ascertained that there are no trains coming, you walk down the railway to the Waimakariri River (by sleeper, asyermightsay) which you follow up as far as Carrington Hut. Do NOT attempt to re-assemble the old car you find up the Waimak, in the hopes of driving in style to Carrington - this has been proved a technical impossibility by our mechanically-minded friend, Govan Wilson (of the black denim trousers and motor cycle boots variety) who discovered that there wern't any spark plugs or something.

Carrington Hut is most luxuriously appointed, and a prolonged stay is strongly recommended, especially if the weather is a little overcast. And do not waste 2 (or even 3) days going over the Harman, Whithorn and Browning Passes. One day is sufficient and you will be assured of a very sound sleep at Remton.....

You lead the party down the Styx the next morning, and, when you get to the bluffs, ignore the guides which say either:-

- a. Go round the top
- or b. Go round the bottom,

and make a double crossing of the Styx which is so much better..... and wetter.

(Don't mind over much if you get a little lost round about Lake Kanierie - even the best people do it.....)

You phone for a taxi at Kanierie and the most efficient way of getting it to arrive is to get all your lunch spread out and begin eating. It will arrive as you take the first mouthful.

That's about all. We hope you enjoy the trip as much as we did.



L.S.

12/5

## A Morbid Morsel

(For adults only)

The boy clung on the slimy rocks  
His Strength was failing fast  
His fellow trampers all were dead  
He was the very last.

'Twas in the steep and narrow gorge  
Through which the wind did moan  
His pals had dropped off one by one  
And left him all alone.

He hung on with his fingernails  
And no-one heard his cries  
The shattered corpses of his friends  
Looked up with sightless eyes.

He simply couldn't go on, my friends  
Oh dear! Alas! Alack!  
And what is even worse, my friends  
He simply couldn't go back.

The beads of sweat stood on his brow  
He wondered: "Is it shorter  
To have a go at climbing up  
Or just drop in the water?"

But he could not make up his mind  
Oh, what a sad position!  
He hung there in the echoing gloom  
'Til he died of malnutrition.

So when you're climbing nice sheer rocks  
Learn from that bod's fate  
When friends begin a-dropping off  
Go back 'fore it's too late.

W.B. 14/2

### OBITUARY

LLOYD

GEORGE

Lloyd George was born in 1863 and was elected to parliament in 1890. In 1908 he became chancellor of the exchequer, and later played an important part in the 1914-18 war, becoming Prime Minister and representing Britain at the Versailles peace conference. It is not, however, for this remarkable political career that Lloyd George is chiefly remembered today. Undoubtedly, his most important contribution to posterity - that which has stood the test of time - was his acquaintance with my father. An acquaintance I might add, which was entirely mutual.

13/2





## ATTENTION

Caxton Comics Ink. have noted the lack of useful information given in the few trip accounts to hand. In order to remedy both these faults, we have produced the following Standard, Self-Adjusting Trip Account (B.S.S. 349/1956)

N.B. Very useful for those with little time to spare, e.g. engineers.

PLACE Waitakere, Thames, Waikikamukau, Wopwops

TIME Pre-Cambrian, Tempus Lochus, Tempus Fugit, Once upon a

PARTY Engineers, ghurls, photographers, rabble

The party left hut/taxi/plane/hitch-hiking at (see place above) late in the afternoon/night/p.m. and set off/up the track/mountain/precipice/cutty-grass. Arriving at (see place) we prepared a stew and slept in a stream/bogholes/it/sleeping bags for the rest of the night. During the next (X) days we tramped/strolled/bushcrashed through fine(LIAR)/festering/excrementitious/delightfully varied autumn weather and finished up at (see place). We noticed that the ghurls/photographers/rabble did not wash/stop singing/cook/get up on time. But these unpleasantnesses were soon forgotten when we got back to training college/teaching/work.

ABCDEFGHIJKLMN OPQRSTUVWXYZ

(Cross out parts not applicable).

D. & J. 13/2

Tramping (?)  
down the  
Wairoa  
May Camp 1955



### HOW TO DIE IN THE MOUNTAINS

Seek no wisdom, leave no word; Common sense is too absurd,  
Take no extra food or gear; You'll not need them, never fear.  
Do not fret if you've no skill; Birds like you are hard to kill.  
We beg of you, before you die; Just pick a place that's not too high.

(L.D. Bridge's nightly prayer?)

## ' PROCESH '

"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 sub-committee. Yes, a sub-committee 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. Got Social Studies next period, and I want to go to the bank and have a yarn to Brian."

Well, the upshot was Tramping Club went to the South Pole in great numbers and wearing full equipment with suitable slogans borne aloft in fine revolutionary style. (Tramping Club with the exception, that is, of two who courted disaster and eternal shame in one purple dress.) And Tramping Club got its first prize since the great "sewer slide" of 1953 - one dozen and beakers up in the President's room at 3.00 p.m. Yes sir, these sub-committees certainly get results - what's that you say? What would.....? Oh, why he was there too.

hic.

14/2

PHRED CAPP  
CAPPING MASCOT





★ BRIAN DAVIS SPEAKS -1958

.....(Well known to older readers the author of this article may need introduction to others. His feats of endurance and strength, known as widely as he was able to spread them, were indeed legendary, but, hearing of further plans on Sword Peak and fearing an exposure of his essential incompetence on a mountain, left hurriedly for America last September. He was last heard of, leaning despondently over a down-town Boston drug-store juke box depositing endless dimes and playing "Wedding bells are breaking up that old gang of mine"..ED)

Well, here we are all safely settled in at the Harvard Mountaineering Club Cabin at 3500 ft. on the eastern slopes of Mt. Washington, highest peak in the Presidential Range and New England. Inside the stove burned cheerily, the pots boiled and we warmed ourselves contentedly. Maybe we hadn't climbed the mountain, but then, you can't take risks on Mt. Washington in winter and the fog was dense; so the 3 of us, Harry Turbott (ATC), Kirby Sheerer (U.S.A.) and I relaxed in peace - but no! There was about 6 feet of powder snow outside and snow shoes were absolutely essential. We had been introduced to these on our tramp up to the hut and again on the mountain. Progress on snow shoes can indeed be delightful; one leaves trails looking as if a Yeti had walked in backwards with over-sized tennis-rackets strapped to his feet.

Now the H.M.C. cabin, like Onuku and A.C. has its "Rush Inn" or No.13 known as the "John". Furthermore it lay some 50 yds away - a case for snow shoes; and as you can't put snow shoes over bare feet, that means boots as well. Imagine, if you will, the plight of the sack-ensconced tramp forced to struggle with frozen boots and frozen snow shoe bindings in the middle of the night. With temperatures that can go down to 40 below, and with winds from the Arctic ice, this can be a hazardous undertaking. Indeed it is said that even a hardy backwoodsman will pass over a bowl of prunes in favor (Davis is going Yankee!) of a second round of dehyd. stew if the weather is breaking.

But there comes a time when, Oates-like, one must go "outside for a little while". Boots are laced up, snow shoes put on and out you go. Now unfortunately the door of the little house is blocked by snow, so you stand in front and pull it open. You suddenly realise of course that your "feet" are about 3 ft. long, so even with your snow shoes toes against the door you can't reach it and open it to get in. You stand astride and try again. This works. So you walk in. But such is the size of the average "John" that your snow shoes more than fill the floor, in fact your heels are out of the door and your right shoe partly covers the left. All in all, this makes it very difficult to turn round - which I hasten to add is very necessary. Finally, grasping the beams in the ceiling you lift yourself off the ground, point your toes and swing round. All is well! - or is it? For now your toes are out of the front door and you can't shut the thing. Fortunately the door faced east and the wind at the time was nor' westerly and furthermore we were an all male party so I had little to fear from the open door - in fact the view, out over the snow-covered woods was rather good...I mused on the possibility of Tramping Club doing a Can-Can in snow shoes on the Bonar.....until an eddy of wind sent a flurry of snow in my face....Yes, indeed, snow shoes are a lot of fun.

★ B.R.D. (member, N.A.B.A.U.T.C.)



## Leaping Down the Leslie or KRASHING UP THE KARAMEA

Dorothy Jenkinson - Honourable leader (Committee)	
Irene Hubscher	Peter Hays
Gennis Simmonds (Committee)	John Weston
Robin Bland (Committee)	Brian Halliday (Committee)
	Jim McDonald



The average motorist travelling from Nelson to Motueka on the afternoon of Saturday, 27th December, 1958, would have noticed four groups of curious objects spaced at intervals along the road. Each consisted of two grubby canvas objects, about six to eight feet high, covered by a varying assortment of straps, bits of string and sellotape, and clean labels saying 'Airport Only', the whole being supported by feet in boots. Great feats of balance were being performed by persons who had transferred large quantities of food to packs without packing carefully, thereby raising the centre of gravity about four feet.

Their reward was a "highly lah" taxi ride from Motueka to Cobb Dam - with educational tour of the powerhouse at no extra charge, and radio-telephone provided for hurling insults at the rest of the party in the other taxi.

A cup of tea was provided by the ranger's wife at Cobb, and the next morning the party set off up river, preceded by another party whose ages ranged from 7 to 72. (You too can take your 6 grandchildren tramping). The speed of the first party necessitated the second party's sleeping outside Balloon Hut, at which they arrived as night was falling - but of course they were slowed down by heavy packs, and wished to enjoy the glorious weather and views.

The following night the party again found the hut full after a long trip down the Peel on a six-lane autobahn, so proceeded in the rain to a shiny new culler's hut on the Leslie-Karamea corner, again arriving at dark, but cheered up by a donation of trout.

On Tuesday the TUFF part of the trip began, a one yard/hour bush-crash up the Karamea, so the party stopped early to indulge in the twenty or so individual hot baths that had been provided for ladies (use SUN water heaters for cheap supply - advt.)

Strangely enough, everyone was up by about 4.30 the next morning, but this queer restlessness may have been due to little black clouds low over the river .....Citronella, citronella, citronella is the stuff for me!

People felt a little dull on New Year's Day, but this was attributed to the party's having gone to bed at 9.30 and risen at 7.30, thus having slept for a period of two hours backwards. A tin of cherries for tea proved reviving, after a visit to an earthquake-formed lake of dead trees, filled with ducks, pterodactyls, Loch Ness monsters, and ducks. After so much hard bush-crashing, some people were tired, so the programme was changed, e.g. Friday - 1½ hours tramping followed by a Weka hunt. Saturday - 3 hours tramping followed by side trip for photos and naming of new peak - Haze McDonald. Sunday - rest day with strange earthquakes and rockslides from the top of Mt. Anaconda - or was it Mt. Radiant?

Monday was slightly more lively as the people who built the highway down the Little Wanganui didn't cut low enough steps through all the logs, but on Tuesday the party proceeding at terrific speed down the river, met a man on a horse who stopped work to provide a free taxi service and cup of tea. After a conducted tour of the new Te Namu hotel, the party went to pitch camp on the beach, and a most satisfying end to the trip for all five photographers in the party was provided by happy silhouettes wandering along the beach into a glorious sunset.

C.R.B.

15/4

### ▲ Hut Working Weekend - 1959.

Hut party disorganiser .....Gennis (blame her!!) 

Party ..... lots of nice, helpful, energetic, club members.

A small party of sherkas, heavily laden with gallons and gallons of paint went up on the Friday night Piha BUS, in spite of all Peter's catch-the-train publicity, and after Ross had escorted another party (mainly young and female) along to A.T.C., finally staggered up to the hut. As usual, just as we were feeling quiet, comfortable and peaceful, a disturbance arrived from the train, and I believe we ended up doing the "Eightsome Reel" at great length. A party of four left for a short constitutional to the swimming hole, and that concluded Friday's activities.

On Saturday morning everyone grabbed a pot of paint in their favourite bright colour and painted anything they could find when Gennis wasn't looking. The result is interesting, to say the least, and one does get used to it after a while. Some energetic males went off to clear Smythes track, and I think the track to the swimming hole was also attacked at some stage.

People arrived at intervals throughout the day, culminating in the arrival of the official truck after tea, with a large mattress, several sheets of hardboard, Peter Lennon, Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all .....More dancing went on after tea until Govan left and returned with a professionally extracted part of the foundations, which had to be replaced next day.

On Sunday a little more painting was done ... mainly white, in a hopeless attempt to tone down the effect of the previous day's work. Track clearing continued and much wood was also gathered. We also had a visit from Ranger Don, who called in for a cup of tea.

After lunch people began to leave, and the process continued throughout the afternoon, the workers returning home by train, bus, and hitch, as well as certain bloated capitalists with their own transport. At least such work as was done has left its mark on the hut permanently, and so many layers of paint were put on by people arguing about the colours that even if the wood still rots after all that, the paint will probably hold the old place together.

C.R.B. 16/3



## 'Yer git brassed off driving by yerself'



or "CONDUCTING A CONVERSATION WHILE HITCH-HIKING"

(As University trampers are generally poor, hitch-hiking plays an important part in club trips -Ed.)

Scene: Near Huntly, strikes thumbing pose, truck draws up, conversation that ensues, "Where yu goin? Where yu been? Watcha been doin'". This lasted about  $\frac{1}{4}$  hr, long silence (about 10 mins) broken by the trucky "Yu know I like pickin' hitch hikers up, 'cause yur get pretty brassed off travlin' by yerself all the time". Racks brain to think of something to say. Well, there you are, the problem dropped straight in your lap.

This situation is typical of many, you can replace your trucky by commercial traveller, stock agent, farmer, businessman, contractor etc. You may be lucky and pick someone with some conversational ability, or a family whose children keep them so occupied that even if you did talk they probably wouldn't listen, but generally their range of topics is surprisingly limited:-

The races (not much help if you are not well informed)

Sport - the one they follow may not be the same as yours (but N.Z's National religion is never out of season)

The newspapers - at the freezing works this occupies about 50% of the conversation at morning smoko.

The war, the radio, schools and education (but don't expect them to know much about the University)

Tramping - try and make it sound sane, throw in all the details that you take for granted (no we don't always stay at camping grounds, we get water from streams, we can manage without electricity, we cook over a fire, we don't eat berries, we take all our own food with us, yes girls come too, they are tough etc.)

The above topics are general ones about which everyone can say something. To get someone really talking the conversation will have to fall on a subject they are particularly interested in, and to encourage this it is usually helpful to know what their occupation is (this is often quite hard: an engineering graduate and myself once travelled with a consulting engineer for three hours before we discovered his occupation).

Commercial traveller - suit, "smart" tie, cultivated "successful" look to impress prospective customers, samples on seat. Interested in cars, travelling, the funny people he picks up (look intelligent).

Stock Agent - Harris tweed, turned-down-brim-type hat, large hands, fat chin (too many beers and morning and afternoon teas with clients.) Interested in stock prices above all, as for com. trav., and as for farmer.

Farmer - weather, season, availability of feed, lambing percentages (100% -good), double shearing (highly controversial, good for at least  $\frac{1}{2}$  hr.), quality of local land, produce prices. Easily recognisable, smell, dog licking your face (friendly isn't he?)

Woman driver - shops, tramping (see above) in particular, sleeping out, washing, eating, hitch-hiking (particularly if you're a girl), schools, what your parents think about hitching/tramping etc.

**CLUB OFFICERS**CLUB CAPTAINS

Mr. L. Lucena	1932
Mr. S. C. MacDiarmid	1933
Mr. M. H. Vautier	1934
Mr. D. Williams	1935
Mr. D. Williams	1936
Mr. B. R. Monckton	1937
Mr. B. R. Monckton	1938
Mr. C. F. Wrigley	1939
Mr. Allenby Stanton	1940
Mr. R. Morrison Cassie	1941
Mr. Campbell S. W. Reid	1942
Mr. Campbell S. W. Reid	1943
Mr. Peter B. Hutchinson	1944
Mr. John C. Burns	1945
Mr. G. L. (Dutch) Holland	1946
Mr. David J. Hooton	1947
Mr. Marin G. Segedin	1948
Mr. W. David Grace	1949
Miss Marie J. Crum	1950
Mr. W. Don Aimer	1951
Miss Rosalie J. Goodyear	1952
Mr. Nick Barfoot	1953
Mr. Richard I. Walcott	1954
Mr. E. Peter Aimer	1955
Mr. Garth Barfoot	1956
Miss Linda Scholes	1957
Mr. Chris L. Nobbs	1958
Mr. David N. B. Skinner	1959
Mr. Phil. W. Matthews	1960
Mr. John D. Hardie	1961
Mr. H. Boyd Miller	1962
Mr. David A. Smyth	1963
Mr. David B. Gould	1964
Mr. James N. Frater	1965
Mr. David W. Roberts	1966
Mr. Michael J. Frith	1967
Mr. Graham G. Langton	1968
Mr. Tony D. Kerr	1969

PRESIDENTS

Prof. F. P. Worley	1932
Dr. D. Brown	1933
Mr. G. B. Bell	1934
Mr. K. E. Bullen	1935
Dr. D. Brown	1936
Mr. K. E. Bullen	1937
Mr. C. M. Segedin	1938
Mr. C. M. Segedin	1939
Prof. F. P. Worley	1940
Mr. C. M. Segedin	1941
Mr. C. M. Segedin	1942
Mr. C. M. Segedin	1943
Mr. C. M. Segedin	1944
Mr. C. M. Segedin	1945
Mr. J. G. Millar	1946
Mr. J. C. Burns	1947
Mr. G. A. Hookings	1948
Mr. M. G. Segedin	1949
Mr. M. G. Segedin	1950
Mr. M. G. Segedin	1951
Mr. M. G. Segedin	1952
Mr. M. G. Segedin	1953
Mr. M. G. Segedin	1954
Dr. J. A. Rattenbury	1955
Dr. J. A. Rattenbury	1955
Mr. B. R. Davis	1957
Mr. M. A. Thompson	1958
Mr. M. A. Thompson	1959
Mr. M. A. Thompson	1960
Mr. M. A. Thompson	1961
Dr. B. R. Davis	1962
Dr. B. R. Davis	1963
Dr. B. R. Davis	1964
Dr. B. R. Davis	1965
Dr. B. R. Davis	1966
Dr. B. R. Davis	1967
Dr. B. R. Davis	1968
Mr. G. E. J. Bold	1969

LIFE MEMBERS

R. Morrison Cassie	1943	Ivan Pickens	1957
Campbell Reid	1944	John Utting	1965
Cecil Segedin	1946	David Smyth	1966
Bruce Morton	1950	George Carr	1967
Allan Odell	1951	Brian Davis	1967
Marin Segedin	1951		

## The aged, aged tramper

Apologies - especially to Lewis Carroll

I'll tell thee everything I can  
 There's little to relate  
 I saw an aged aged tramper  
 Sitting on a gate.  
 "Who are you boot-clad wrëck?" I said  
 "And how is it you live?"  
 His answer trickled through my head  
 Like thin pog through a sieve.

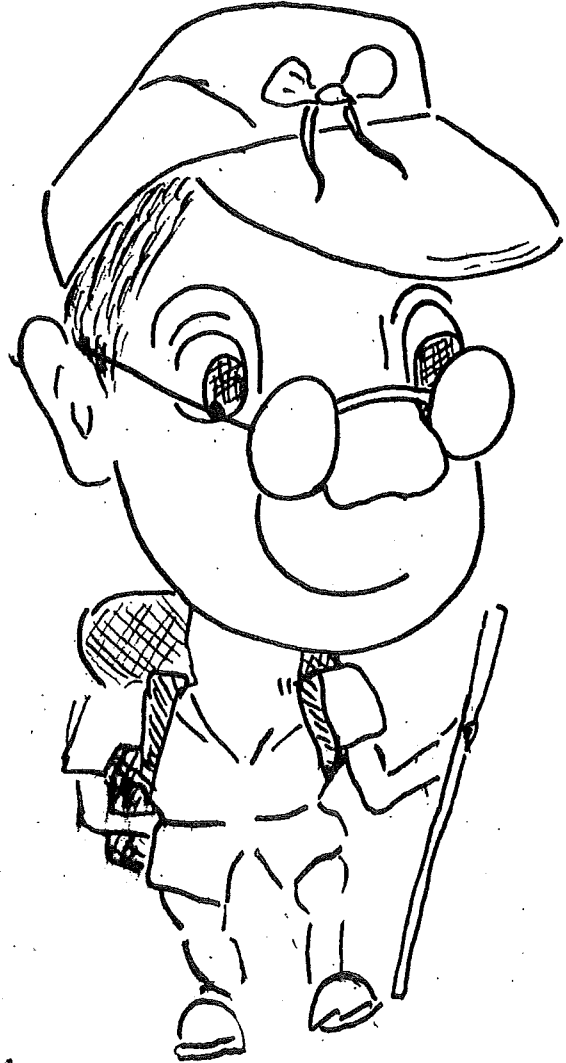
He said "I crash rough supplejack  
 That grows on flats and ridges  
 I seek out frogs that dwell in bogs  
 And feed them plates of midges.  
 And then I put them in my pack  
 Wrapped in the "Weekly News",  
 And with all speed I bring them back  
 For use in tramping stews."

But I was thinking of a plan  
 To fill my boots with lead  
 And make them into bowler hats  
 To wear upon my head.  
 And so I did not hear the words.  
 The old man mumbled out -  
 I cried "Come tell me how you live!"  
 And gave his ears a clout.

His accents mild resumed the tale  
 And said "I go my ways  
 And when I find a cosy hut  
 I set it in a blaze;  
 And thus I help keep trampers fit  
 Wherever they may be  
 By making them sleep out at night.  
 How fond they are of me!"

But I was thinking of a way  
 To help prevent frost-bite  
 By cutting all my fingers off  
 And painting my toes white.  
 I shook him well from side to side  
 Until his face was blue;  
 "Come tell me how you live!" I cried  
 "And what it is you do!"

He said "I wade in rocky streams.  
 And climb up waterfalls  
 And search in deep, dark pools and holes  
 For cast off overalls.  
 I dry these very carefully  
 Then grind them into paste -  
 But this nobody seems to want  
 And so it goes to waste."

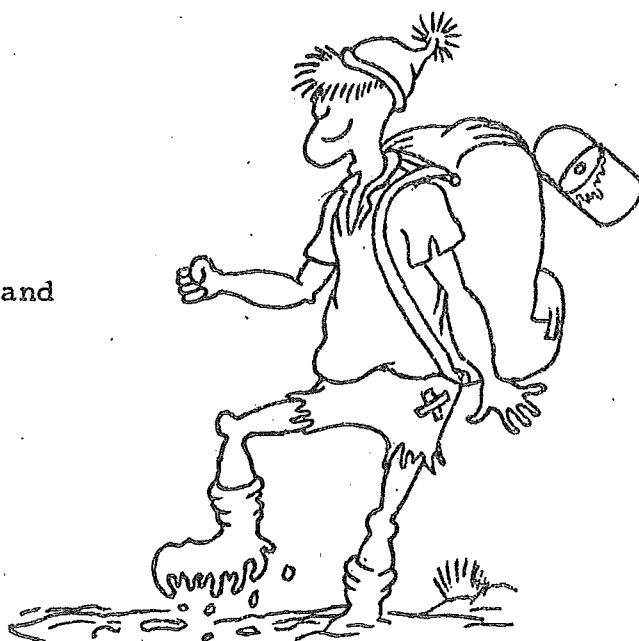


"I sometimes cut off lumps of ice  
From lonely mountain peaks  
And put them into sleeping-bags  
To help plug up the leaks.  
I also play the saxophone  
Out in the bush at night  
To keep the owls and bats amused  
Until the morning's light."

I heard him then, for I had just  
Completed my new scheme  
For getting fat on tramping trips  
By living on ice-cream.  
I thanked him then for telling me  
About the life he led  
And stepping up with outstretched hand  
I thumped him on the head.

And now when e'er I overeat  
By gorging Enzo stew  
Or get prostrate by the heat  
As I am prone to do  
At once I mentally retreat  
To that old tramp I chanced to meet  
With hairy knees and booted feet  
Whose dress was very far from neat  
Who at a glance appeared dead-beat  
Whose countenance displayed defeat  
The denizen of the snow and sleet  
Who caught bog-frogs for folks to eat  
and told a tale of mad conceit  
A-sitting on the gate.

W.B. 17/1



### The Safety Committee Goes Tramping.

There is absolutely no resemblance to any real characters in this story and any such resemblance is entirely intended.

The six of us are in the midst of the wilderness of the wilds. Dave (Orangoutang) Skinflint is leading. The rest of the party are Chris (Cross) Handle (the well-known Auckland musician), Brian (Pogo) Holiday, John (Rocky) Softy and Peter (Porridgeater) Stalin. The observant reader will notice only five names listed, this is because our sixth member is lost. His name is Govan (Gumboots) Willbrother (whose sister is a twisted lawyer). This last-mentioned cove has a habit of streaking off into the bush by himself without telling the leader, and at the present moment none of the party even know in which direction to begin looking.

"Well" says Dave, "Let's leave the critter"... and on we go. Soon we come to a flooded river and Pogo Holiday takes one look at it and says "Watch me. I'll show you how to cross a river" and he takes a run and begins to cross it at the narrowest place so he can get over quicker. We find his pack later.

By this time it has come on to rain and John finds he's forgotten his parka, so we make camp in the best position we can as we are now only a little way below the snowline. Unfortunately it keeps on raining and the tents begin to leak almost before we get into them. Breakfast time (we didn't have any dinner) finds John very sick so we leave him in a tent with some food and tell him we'll call back for him in a couple of days.

The party now consists of Dave, Chris and Peter. Soon we reach the snow and Peter goes tobogganing down a short slope on his parka. We all have a go and then make for a longer slope up higher. Peter gets a real good speed-up down this one, I reckon about 40 m.p.h., and he doesn't stop where he should. We laugh like blazes when he disappears from view and then we go to find him.

However, some small rocks get in Peter's way and when we find him he is in a pretty mess. Blood is pouring from a big gash in his head so we tie a couple of scarves around him as we don't have a 1st Aid kit, and tell him to go back to John when he feels better. There are now only the two of us and so we make a spurt for the peak we are aiming at climbing as it looks as if a storm will break any minute. The clouds are black and there is an eerie silence.

We make the peak but as we are coming down it suddenly starts misting up. We can't see more than 20 ft. in front of us but Chris reckons he knows the way and so I follow him closely. Anyway we get back into the bush and start scouting around for John and Peter, just as it really starts to pour, and boy do I mean pour. Chris opens his mouth to speak while looking up and he nearly drowns before he can get a word out.

But now its too dark to find the others so we bed down as best we can beside a river. The rain keeps on falling. The darkness is profound when I wake later, I hear a huge roaring sound and wake Chris. He jumps out of his bag. "River's in flood" he says and we both just have time to run before a huge wave comes foaming along right where we had been sleeping. "Well that's the end of our gear" says Chris. "We'd better head back for civilization pronto. You can't live in the bush without food."

So even though it is still mighty black we set off down a track we find, figuring that John and Peter can look after themselves. We haven't gone far when Chris, who is in front, trips over a tree root, and as he does so I hear a sharp crack. He tries to get up but I see his leg is busted. I bandage it up roughly with his pullover which I take off him, but he still can't walk.

Well I figure that as I can't carry him I'd best do a real streak to a doctor and bring in a stretcher party so I leave him there after carrying him into the bush a little way, as the track is really wet. Late the following night I get into town but find that John and Peter have not appeared; I tell the police and they get up a search party. However we never find any of them. Seeing as how Brian was the only joker with a map and when he gets washed away we don't have one then I don't really know exactly where I left John in the tent, so I'm not much help anyway.

Well, it was a good trip and at least two of us climbed what we set out to and that's the main thing isn't it?



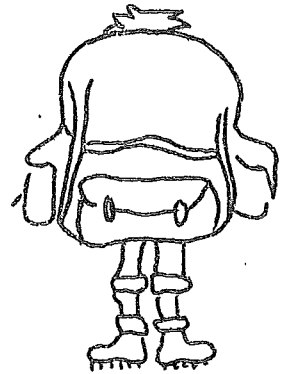
## Reach for the Ajax.

Starring -

John Hardie (as the leader) (Committee, Club Captain, Vice President)	
John Robinson	Fairlie Gunn
Tony Read	Ann Hore
Ian Walker	Mary Southby
Donna Chetwynd (Committee)	

The film opens with a shot of the Mt. White Bridge on a sultry afternoon. Four glamorous females sprawled around, while four males read selected passages from True Romances and True Confessions aloud. Vaguely heroic theme music in background; somebody sings tenderly ..... "One meat ball....." and the brave little group moves away as the background music grows menacing.

Days pass in glorious technicolour. The party is to attempt the fearful Minchin Pass, until now untouched by really human feet. The little expedition toils through the dense undergrowth of vast beech forests; they ford turbulent rivers, a thousand times in danger of death; they crawl, parched and near exhaustion, across limitless shingle deserts. And always the haunting fragment - "He went into the water and he got his feet all wet.." is repeated. But it is not all just a grim struggle. There are scenes where someone tumbles pack-first into a stream, and someone else pitched a tent so that the sides are several feet above the ground, allowing an admirable circulation of cold air and mosquitos; there is the moving moment as (one of the heroes) the hero apostrophizes a lump in his Instant Pudding, and eats his carbonized stew.



There is a change. Suddenly a storm brews. It begins to spit; the gallant band struggle up and down near vertical bush-covered slopes; at last they arrive at a tiny hut by the side of a lake. There is a thrill as you realize that this is Lake Minchin. The storm by now is properly underway - rain, hail, wind, lightning, etc. in the correct proportions. The party squash themselves into the hut; they become domestic. A plum pudding (i.e. a compound of suet, pounded Ivan's biscuits, odd bits of scroggin, dried apples, and a mysteriously increasing water content) is made. But even canasta, camp-oven scones and music (remember it's non-U to sing in key) cannot make up for the need for ACTION!

The hut scene fades out. We next see a flooded river raging through a narrow gorge. It is the Minchin Stream, and for the next 10,000 feet of the film, our heroes must battle their way up it. Their progress is fraught with peril; they jump from slippery boulder to sheer slippery boulder. A hundred times it seems as if there is no way on, and a hundred times they find one. The swirling torrent must be crossed every fifty yards; some of the party (i.e. some of the females) are flagging; but still they go on. At last, nearly dead with exposure to cold and wet, they are forced to halt. There is no way on. On three



sides they are surrounded by sheer towering cliffs; the river thunders down a steep, narrow, boulder-strewn gorge at a terrific rate. A reconnaissance party of two go off, only to return to admit defeat. There is no way on. Mutely, they turn back, to encounter the same perils again.

★ INTERMISSION (Time for a .....)

An alpine scene flashes on the screen. Bare jagged peaks subside, scree-slide into dim forest depths; here and there a stream pitches hundreds of feet into rainbows and dark pools. Electric cables are slung along the railway line in the bottom of the valley and antiquated engines scuttle in and out of a tunnel like many-feelered insects. A few huts and shallow-roofed cottages huddle together to form a hamlet.

Our heroes, sadly depleted in numbers enter on foot and at the point of exhaustion. Some time later the rest of the brave little band straggles in. A chance meeting (as planned), recognition, reconciliation, recapitulation, recrimination. Tension mounts! With a whirr and a clatter the projector breaks down. You, dear audience are glued to the edge of your seats; to leave you there would be cruel (and extremely inconvenient when the next session comes in). Ah! It happens that one of the party is actually here and has volunteered, if not to carry on the narrative, at least to give us a kaleidoscope of events as he saw them at Arthurs Pass.

"Venison stew," he ruminates, "and gleaming snow cradled between the peaks of Mt. Rolleston. And a prevalent philosophy that the answer to all life's problems is 'reach for the Ajax'. Alpine gardens by torchlight. Horrific tales about headless bods in dislocated beds, hot water bottles, sleeping beauties, and dismembered hands. Sliding down Avalanche Peak on snow grass. A double rainbow at the bottom of the Bridal Veil Falls. Glow-worm web in one's hair. Breakfast in bed (Shame!! Degenerate! Dissipated!) After hours of climbing up, up, up, the nonplussed feeling of actually being on top of the mountain. The culinary sensation of the century-porridge fritters! The lady who gave us apples on the way to Otira. Bush fired with rata in the Otira gorge, and the torturous, but marvellously engineered road; and the temptation to start a landslide by shouting! Glory, glory, Alleluja!

A.H. & M.S. 17/4



## ★ Up the Hihi.

Warwick Brown (intrepid leader)

George Carr (intrepid No.2) (Committee, Christchurch Host, Life Member)

Dawn Luxton

John Rout

Diane Vazey

Russell Blong

As the first night of this intrepid tramp, these six intrepid trampers tramped 150 yards and then started eating. Next we slept! Next breakfast! We started tramping unknowingly towards a large overloaded apple tree. Half an hour later, when we left the stripped tree, both George and his pack were a great deal fuller. Next, blackberries! Oh ma Gawd! Oh ma stomach! Oh ma! Warwick Hill's party passed us somewhere between the blackberries and the second apple-tree. Next, lunch, at the mouth of the No.6 branch. Soon after this we left the Hihi and started climbing a branch (stream branch, not tree branch). At this point any lesser trampers would have turned back in the face of insurmountable unscalable waterfalls. Having dragged our leader up several of these minor obstructions, we made camp in what was shown on the map as a clearing. (Definition of a clearing: possessing almost penetrable vegetation less than 20 feet in height).

After a 5-course dinner immediately followed by a 3-course supper, we went to sleep before a 4-course breakfast. After this we crossed the range, having devoured much scroggin' and one-sixth of a squashed sixpenny easter egg each. While sliding down the other side, trying to hold on with teeth and fingernails, one could not help but see George walking nonchalantly down the vertical cliff, nonchalantly munching an apple nonchalantly. After lunch we had dinner and then supper.

At 12.04 a.m. it started to rain. Those who had sleeping bags with covers got wet, those without covers got soaked. After breakfast, and lunch, and afternoon tea, it started to rain again. Nevertheless, we were undaunted. We had company! Yes, Warwick Hill's party had been tagging along with us for a while and had been kindly allowed by our leader to camp near us for the night. (Near another apple-tree). Our leader brewed up some curried rice and we had dinner and supper and breakfast.

Next morning we started early with a terrific burst of 123 yards in the first hour. Eventually, we found the track and made 14 miles in 5 and a bit hours. By this time it was 4.00 p.m. so we had morning tea, lunch, afternoon tea, and we were just starting on our dinner when along came the truck.

R.B.

18/1



## How to Get to O'nuku

in one appallingly easy lesson . . . .

With the last lecture on Friday finishing at three, it is perhaps scarcely surprising that I was unable until 7.15 to turn the pudgy wheels of my scooter O'nukuwards; however, the moon shone brightly and the sky was clear as finally I sped along, laden as heavily as a cautious Commando, the throbbing roar of the 125cc two-stroke pounding off front doors as I passed.

Most unfortunately, though, the first hill, or the strain of climbing it, wrested from the tortured machinery loud backfires, flashing red lights, and a noise from the ignition wiring like that of a well-done pizza. I incautiously opened the lid, propping the scooter against a handy policeman. When the smoke and fumes cleared, it was plain that, with scrap copper at fourpence a pound, my ignition system was worth about tuppence-ha'pny. Blobs of molten fuse and crackling blue-flaming insulation sprinkled my bare feet and set the grass on fire. But the wheels still went round so I left the bobby to beat out the flames and coasted home.

The time, 7.30. Whoooo, Whoooo, chuff, chuff echoed round the sleeping city. Who's hidden the car keys? Look in Dad's khakis.

The powerful McAllister limousine slid silently to a stop at the Mt. Eden station - "Where's the train?"

"Just pulling out - bye Mum."

(Chuff, Chuff, Pheep, Whooo, chuffchuffchuff)

"HOLD THE TRAIN!"

Screech from the engine; clang clang clang clunk as the four carriages rode up on the buffers, clunk, clang clang clang as they bounced back again. This continued. Heads flew out those windows that could be made to open. A nasty jolt guillotined several. The kerosene tail-light went out and a ventilator rotated for the first time since the war. The Boer war.

"Thanks evah so", said I to the guard, assuming my best B.B.C. He thought I was taking the mickey, and glared. "'ave a fag?", I continued, hastily reverting to Colonial Cockney.

"Get in, you flaming nit", quoth he with venom, taking two. I staggered in and fell gratefully into the cushioned comfort of a 2nd class suburban N.Z.R. seat, I tried to scratch my left ear and found that I had forgotten to take off my crash helmet.

Click, click. "Mahnt Eydern please". Click, click. "Where ya gun, son?"



"Waitakere, please."

"Two an' frippence."

I was wearing a sort of Canadian ski coat, made for someone of - er - different build, with a zip pocket or pouch right across the front. In this were all the personal belongings that normally clutter up one's pockets - a kilo or so of assorted junk that swung low by my belt buckle and biffed my stomach painfully every time I moved. My fountain pen had fountained, and as I groped for each green threepence in the mess at the bottom of this kangaroo pouch and handed it up with a shy smile, crash helmet bobbing, bare feet resting on a thirty-inch machete, I gained the vague impression that he was edging slowly away.

Ticket paid for and punched, I lit one of my few remaining English cigarettes. The Ronson was slightly dry, so I shook it vigorously. This pumped fuel out of the wick and drowned the flint - no spark. So I .....lit a match and touched the wick with flame, held the cigarette to it, blew out the match in my other hand, and snapped the Ronson shut. The excess fuel dripping off it kept on burning so I blew it out, replaced it in my pocket, dropped the matches into the pouch, put my ticket under my helmet, and smiled sweetly at the guard, scratching my left knee with my right big toe.

He gave a strangled yelp and almost ran out of the carriage. I followed to search for a colleague, whom I had understood to say that he would be present. (Ugh! Sorry!) No joy.

Much, much, later, it appeared that he and the others had caught the earlier train out. They had also, it seems, left a message of comfort and cheer with the Waitakere stationmaster.

I WAS ALONE! - and every clattering moment took me further into the jungle, further away from the Embassy! Panic leered over my shoulder. I leered back. It gibbered. I gibbered back. Panic retired disconcerted. Be brave, be British.

In the best tradition of one-upness in all circumstances and permanent maintenance of a stiff upper lip, I sneered at the guard, whom I had just passed for the seventh time, noting with scorn the way in which he furtively took a firmer grip on his heavy brass ticket-punch, walked back to my seat, breathed on the window, and sat drawing Hitlers and that bloke who looks over a wall and says "Wot, no fags?" until the busy, noisy, crowded, well-lit Waitakere station hove into view.

Not wanting to miss any chance of a lift, I was off the back platform across the lines, and onto the road before the WC's had stopped flushing themselves with the shocks of stopping trainee driver style. As I crossed the bridge, I fancied I could hear several people calling "Hey, Boy, Boy!" (apropos, no doubt, of the message of comfort and cheer, of which I knew nothing). Having, of course, a perfectly clear conscience, I belted Bethellsward as hard as I could.

O'nuku was still 11 km away, after all, and the sooner I got there, the sooner we could start ...er...Oh yes!

This was to have been an account of DAS TRACKLEARNINGWEEKEND, you know, but I'm afraid someone else will have to write it. Oh well.

## HUTS



HUTS

★ OUR OWN HUT - ONGARUANUKU

A.U.C.T.C. 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 week-end 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 30 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 ancilliary 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 mantle-piece, 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 whom 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.

From being a vague dream in the minds of the committee a year ago, the vision of an A.U.C.T.C. hut has finally crystallised with the opening of "Ongaruanuku" last week. The hut will be open for use by members at all times. Club trips will be held there at intervals, and its use by members arranging their own trips will be encouraged. A charge of a shilling per member per night covers maintenance costs and bookings can be made with the hut officer, Bob Cawley. We have put a lot of work into the hut, so let's make the most of it now it is completed.

1/1+4 (Combined)

Far from being completed renovations and extensions to Ongaruanuku

have been made several times since its opening.

In 7/2 (1950) FOOTPRINTS featured an article called "Veranda at Ongaruanuku" which tells briefly of how "there is now a hut attached to the veranda".

Since that time, the original veranda has been built in and now the "Maori bunk" is where the veranda once was. Another veranda has been built, the full length of the hut.



ONGARUANUKU - 1944. As it was in the beginning.

Today there are suggestions of shifting the kitchen and extending out the back of the hut. Also there appears to be a need for thought to be given to the partial, if not complete, repiling of Ongaruanuku. But the attitude today can be expressed as it was in May 1944 by P.B.H. - "It is a really good hut - one of the best tramping club huts in New Zealand - and surely worth looking after."

GLACIER HUT Ongaruanuku is not the only hut that has played a part in A.U.T.C.'s activities. Glacier Hut once played a significant part.

"On Mt. Ruapehu there is a tin box, Glacier Hut. It is situated half way between the Château and the top, close to the Ruapehu Ski Club's Hut, and half an hour above the Salt Hut. The G.H. is the property of the R.S.C., during the past few years our Club has had permission to use and control it, in return for certain repairs, renovations and extensions etc., - the hut now having nine bunks and mattresses, and everything else to make a mountain hut all that a mountain hut should be." 3/1 ...Cont'd.



From 1944 Glacier Hut was the centre of A.U.C.T.C. climbing and skiing activities, and was frequently used by parties tramping in the area.

Early in 1949 the lease of Glacier Hut terminated and its use reverted to R.S.C.

HUTT-PUTT From February 1948 to 1951 A.U.C.T.C. had a 6 x 10 punga and raupo hut in the Hunuas.

"In past years tramping the Hunuas has undeservedly suffered through the lack of a Club hut of our own in the district. However, last year, it was decided to erect a small hut near the end of Plows Road. The aim was to use materials found on the site as much as possible and these have been very satisfactory.

"We have to thank Puttoh for the development of the idea and his work during the construction. His building knowledge and his enthusiasm proved invaluable." (5/1)

Hutt-Putt was demolished by the club to avoid paying rent.

THE BEACONS The Beacons (or lighthouses as they are occasionally called) in Destruction Gully (D.G.) were maintained by A.U.C.T.C. from 1947 to 1950. They were abandoned by the club because of the difficulty of maintenance due to vandalism. The Upper Beacon is still standing and occasionally used by the club but the Lower Beacon was blown over in 1959.

ONGARUANUKU-ITI Under the direction of Ivan Pickens, club members, in 1955 constructed a rock bivy near to the top of Steps in Rock Track. This bivy is still used by club members, generally every Easter.

-Ed.



THE UPPER BEACON - 1967

HUTS



## SOUTH ISLAND DAYS

I wandered down the tunnelled rows of mildewed tents and through the shabby caravan park, looking for some clean grass handy to the showers.

"Find yourself a site," she'd said. "The camp facilities are in the centre, over there."

I found a spot under the pines and headed for the kitchen dodging the muddy puddles round the water tap as I went. I felt a bit sheepish at having to face the quizzical eyebrows, but there was nothing else for it.

The kids playing tiggy round the clothes line got bigger, and suddenly they charged.

"Look a tramp! A tramp!"

"I bet that's heavy!"

"Where you from?"

Slightly flattered, I swung my pack down. It stood to one side, dirty and ugly.

"Are you a real tramp?" demanded crewcut.

"Where do you sleep?"

I could see his image of ditches and sweet smelling haystacks, but before I could answer, I was following my pack through the kitchen door, into the crowded gloom.

"Look! Look everybody! A tramp!  
A real tramp!"

Crewcut beat madly on the table and the eyebrows turned and smiled.

"What are you going to eat?" demanded a small girl with straight hair and soft eyes.

"I think I'll have a drink of cocoa," I said, not wanting to admit I hadn't much else.

"Why don't you cook a meal?"

"I bet he can't cook."

"You can't do anything, can you?"

jeered crewcut, prancing across the concrete floor, intoxicated with the momentousness of his discovery. But I was damned if I was going to admit so much, so I hit back low.

"You're a cheeky brat," I said, and immediately regretted my haste. His face fell flat, horrified. Then his eyes healed over.

"Come on," he yelled, "let's play".

And they were running out .....the eager ones and those that follow, always carefully watching.

Only the little girl remained.

"You haven't put any sugar in your cocoa. Do you like it without sugar?"

"I haven't got any sugar," I explained.

"I can't drink cocoa without sugar," she insisted.

It was my feeling exactly, but I was tired and hungry so I said "Oh yes."

We leant up against the metal bench and waited for the water to boil





"How fast can you walk?"

"I can walk three miles an hour", I said.

"I can walk," she hesitated, "six miles an hour".

"Oh yes" I said, and nodded to confirm this undeniable truth.

"Well running and walking as well!"

She sounded slightly hurt. Did she think I didn't believe her? What was three miles? What was six miles? What did it matter. I turned back to the zip. The water came with a shaking rush and splattered. I jumped back and the large drops fell on the small girl behind. She cried out. I didn't notice. A voice behind said "You burnt her." But I hadn't seen and it didn't seem quite believable.

"Did I burn you?" I asked.

But she was dumb. Only her eyes said "You did! You did! You did!" And then they were gone, never again seen.....

It was twilight. I lay in my bag under the dark pine with the strong reek of oil skin rising from my parka pillow. The kids were still circling, their thin screams rising in the weak light. And it seemed this was the pattern I had always been treading. I had the stars and the slow calls of night, but that was all.

. . . . .

"Would Mister..... Would Mister..... please come.....please come to the Office."

I groped out of sleep. God, who was dead. I clawed at my boots with the camp loudspeaker mentally echoing over and over. It was ten o'clock. I grabbed my camera and shuffled flatfooted through the black patches of shade towards the Office.

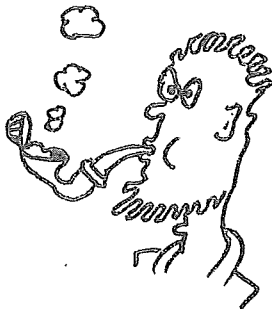
It was John.

"God boy," I said, "you gave me a scare. I thought someone was dead."

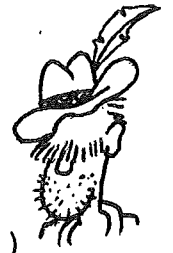
After he'd showered, we scalded our mouths on hot Nestles soup, too tired to say anything. We just sat at the sticky kitchen table, blank eyed. After a bit some married couples came in and sang. It was their last night. The women were fresh in their sunfrocks. The men, wet-haired from showering, stood in their white open shirts and were proud.

I went to sleep thinking, the only way to catch at leaves was to be of use to somebody.

A.R. 19/5



## WOOLSHEDS ARE WONDERFUL



### Characters

Gary Carter (romantic and handsome youth, rich and charming)  
 Wayne De Serville (jovial lawyer of Boccacian wit and humour)  
 Bob Cooper (mysterious stranger with soft-spoken N.Z. drawl)  
 Dave Smyth (prematurely soured backwoodsman - grunts frequently)  
 (Secretary, Club Captain, Life Member)  
 Gary E. J. Bold (insane though erudite physicist - aghast at being  
 in above company) (President)

### Story so far

There was no crowd to witness the departure of these men of iron. Only the bearded Blong, his face befuzzed as in an unfocused photograph solemnly shook their sinewy hands, before they climbed, lantern-jawed and lantern-helmeted into the powerful machine standing squat and menacing in the Friday twilight. Off into the night. 7.30 p.m. found them at the domicile of the eeless Smyth, where 200 feet of ladder, 500 feet of rope, and finally the eeless Smyth himself, a grim and taciturn man of few words (and those few normally concerning money) were compressed into the cubic foot remaining. Again the motor thundered. The caving trip had commenced.

### Now read on

We stopped at the first garage to gorge Gary C's car on petrol, water and air. We stopped at the second to sate it with brake fluid and Bardahl and let some of the air out, and also to buy a can-opener, which Gary used on the Bardahl tin. Unfortunately it was never washed.

Towards Hamilton: skilful nostalgic guitar playing blended voluptuously with Gary C's sonorous and moving voice. In the back seat Eeless, Blob and Servile, helpless under layers of sleeping bags, carbide and caving helmets, rolled their eyes in agony. Coffee, pies, then on again to Waitomo - the singing hoarsening with the night's deepening.

At about 11 p.m. Carol welcomed us to the Johnstone's farm and, pausing only to wake Mr. Johnstone with dissonant piano music, we flaked decadently in the dag-strewn woolshed.

Breakfast at 6.30 a.m. was a light-hearted affair, during which most of the food was dropped or rolled on the woolshed floor. Joined by Carol, we drove on through Waitomo to Haggas' farm, where St. Benedict's Cavern is situated. Lantern jawed and lantern helmeted again, we trundled over the pastures to the tomo. A convenient tree growing right across the top of the hole provided a safe tieback, and, as the only person present who had been in a shaft before, I descended first to the halfway ledge, a distance of 70 feet, where the second 60 foot drop begins. It took the whole party over an hour to traverse this 130 feet, most of it vertically downwards, and it provides an interesting exercise in belaying and ladder work. Some of the rock in this hole is still loose, and care is necessary to avoid dislodging chunks onto the people below.

St. Benedict's Chapel, where the major formation of the cave occurs, is only 300 yards or so away, so we went there first. This cavern is really something, and is relatively upspoil, having only

been discovered early this year. St. Benedict, incidentally, is the patron saint of speleologists.

For some hours more we plashed gluttonously round the main higher passage in the mud, visiting odd helectites, rockfalls and grottoettes. Time ran out on us before we thought about the stream passage, so we started out again leaving about half the cave unvisited. Suicidal country blowflies kept flying violently through our lampflames, extinguishing them, during the long climb up, and it was nearly sunset before we had hauled all the ladders up, coiled them and the ropes, and headed for the car.

Everyone was curiously tired that night; Gary C. distinguishing himself by mislaying the white spirit (it turned up in his pack) and sinking into brutish slumber between courses at dinner. Not even the Bacchanalian laughter of Servile could rouse him. At 11 we slumped senseless into the sodden wool beside him.

2½ seconds later it was dawn, and Gary C, having had most sleep gambolled refreshed. I rolled moaning hollowly in my 20 below, as the combined effects of Bardahl and dag-covered sausage had given me a wog in my tum. Servile, turned off at the master switch, bleared droopily from his decadent lilo. Eeless, taciturn as ever, whipped on his tweeds and silently buttered bread. Blob jogged bushwards: so up and away to Fred.

14 miles away the huge tomo of Fred lies, maybe 50 feet across and 173 deep. A stone takes about 5 seconds to fall that far. Once more I was first down, discovering on the way that odd rents in the pants of my boiler suit were catching on the ladder rungs, ripping the rotting cloth into airy, grass-skirt type pantaloons. I discovered a decaying cow in the stream at the bottom, after drinking deeply of the water flowing round it. Servile stood on this poor companion in misfortune when he arrived, and his boots sunk placidly into its hide. The marks are there yet. This punctured the putrifying animal, and allowed freer egress for the noxious gases.

Blob, feeling the effects of a graunched knee suffered the day before, wisely stayed up top to belay Eeless, the last man down. When he arrived, we plunged off downstream, followed by the delicate odour of the unhappy quadruped. Much time could be spend giving a blow by blow description of the small portion of Fred we visited. Suffice it is to say that Carol completely submerged herself for no apparent reason to a pool well over her head, and Gary C. did this same thing twice. Incomprehensible are the ways of man. Eeless, Servile and I greeted these displays of light-hearted exuberance with a deepthroated bullfrog chorus.

At 1.45 p.m. we were back at the ladder, and starting the drag up to the top. It takes sometimes up to 15 minutes for even a fit bod to climb out, and those at the bottom can watch the progress the whole way. The lifeline kept catching on trees and rocks when those on top threw it down, and finally great difficulty was experienced in persuading the lower sections of ladder to release their holds on the snags and come up. Not until 3.30 were we packed up and ready to depart.

So back to Auckland, with scarred knees and shredded clothing we hurtled, stopping with great frequency to gurgle and chew. The trip of the 5 iron men, and one cadmium plated woman, was at an end.

Gejb. 19/5

## Reminiscences in the Joe River

It's raining.

Why are we going through this bush? Are there no deer trails? There must be some easier way than fighting the undergrowth on this steep slimy side.

It's been one hell of a trip all the way. What a fool I was to take so much weight - slogging up the Dart with a pack at least 80 lb! And then in the Brideburn, heaving over boulders, slipping and tripping on the rocks and logs. Moir and his "climb 800 feet up a clearly marked deer trail!" At least we had a good rest after it, though - two cold, wet days in the damp cave, then the tent half way up a mountain.

Damn! Slipped again. Haul myself up on the nearest tree, and continue to fight the bush.

And that day we spent trying to get over into the Forgotten. We must have been mad, wandering around in a freezing cold white-out, peering over bluffs which suddenly appeared and listening to the roaring drifting up from below, whether from the river or avalanches, we could not tell. And that night, camped out on the glacier - why did I buy a Snowline?

Then what happens when we do reach the Forgotten? Climb out of it, of course, thousands of feet up to the Olivine Ice Plateau. Then plug across the softening snow, and climb the side. That climb up to Solution Col! Hours of back-breaking, exhausting torture, plugging up deep soft snow with a heavy pack, and a crust on the snow which almost holds your weight then lets you down at the last minute. Like a squirrel in a cage, always fighting up, but never seeming to get anywhere.

Now my pack's hooked up again. Grab branch, heave and fight, and struggle underneath.

And finally, when we do cross into the Joe valley, what do we get? More soft snow - even the downhill feels like uphill. It must have sent us off our rockers, because no sane man would camp at 7000 ft. just to see the view. God, it was cold! The dinner of six prunes and breakfast of two figs didn't help, either.

An open stream bed. Careful now, don't slip, the rocks are greasy. The other side of the valley is visible now - we can't have gone more than a few hundred yards in the last hour! Even Moir's "poorly marked deer trail" would be welcome here. The usual dense scrub on the far side - struggle over greasy branches, push through thick growth, getting wetter and wetter.

Hell, no more than 3 miles in 7 hours yesterday. And that much easier going than this. Of course we did waste time looking for tracks - big joke! Will we ever get out of the Joe - 5 more miles! We must be going better now we have resigned ourselves to no tracks. At least we're not climbing 1000 ft. then descending it again on the suspicion of a deer trail, as we were earlier. But what will the Arawata bring and Arawata saddle - they're nightmares too, from what I've heard. I'll never get out of this alive and sane.

DAMN THE JOE!

M. J. L. 20/1



THE DREAM

The dream is always the same:

You are tramping, with a heavy pack across some river flats. It is beginning to get dark. In the distance, across the river, is a hut. It is just about hidden in some trees on the river bank. The trees look dark and forbidding. You arrive at the ford where you cross to the hut. It is now darker. You feel a strange and terrible fear. You have a torch in your hand. It throws a pitiful beam. The hut seems to crouch before you. Its door is solid and closed. The windows stare darkly at you. But wait! There is smoke from the chimney and a flickering light in the window. You feel a terror of whatever is inside. But, you push open the door and your torch beam swings to the fireplace ... and ...

You wake up, sweating and writhing in your bed. And calm returns slowly.

Dawn is here and it is time to get up. You have to get going. You have only two more days to meet up with the others for the trip. It is a pity you have to tramp over the pass alone, but things have just worked out that way. You have to meet your party over the other side of the mountains, and it is easier to cross the pass than to travel right round.

The local guide doesn't seem to like it, though. He gets rather nasty, in fact.

"It's young fools like you that cause us a lot of trouble," he says. You try to reason with him but he is obviously set in his mind.

"I can't stop you going but I can tell you, I don't like it at all. About this time last year a young chap went up the valley on his own. He was a big fellow, too, like you. He thought he knew everything. When he didn't appear at the other side, I had to go and look for him. I found his pack just down stream from the ford by Cullers' Hut; but no sign of him. He'd obviously tried to cross the river when it was high and got swept away. We never found his body."

He stops to let this sink in. You decide to speak in your own defence while the going is good.

"I don't particularly want to go alone," you say. "But I've got to get to the others by Wednesday."

He sighs resignedly.

"Okay, Okay. Just be careful. If the river's obviously high don't try to cross it. It's better to spend the night out if you can't get to the hut, than to drown in the river. And if the weather looks nasty, don't try to cross the pass! Admittedly the weather looks good now, but don't press your luck, just the same."

"You reckon it's a fairly easy day to the hut?"

"Yeah, you should get there a bit before dark if you leave now. But leave early from the hut tomorrow morning. It's a long day over the pass."

"Thanks a lot. I'll be careful. I'd better be going."

You plod over to your pack and swing it to your back, picking up your ice axe at the same time.

The guide seems quite friendly now.

"I notice a lot of trampers have these packs now. That chap last year had one like this too. Funny thing though. His was jet black with a big white star. Must have been for some club or other. He seemed a weird sort of cove, too. Real quiet. Oh well! Good luck! And please don't make me have to look for the bits if you decide to get careless."

"Don't worry, I won't."

You wave goodbye and tramp off in your heavy boots, up the valley.

The hut is further away than you thought and it is just beginning to get dark when you come out of the beech forest on to a long river flat with the hut at the other end.

And your heart skips a beat.

It's the same hut as in your dream. It seems to crouch there among the trees. You force down your fears and walk resolutely across the flat. It is getting dark. By the time you reach the ford, you have to get your torch out.

Remember what the guide said about the ford. It looks easy enough now, though. You step in and find it is cold - and surprisingly swift. The concentration required to keep your footing as you cross makes you forget your fears. But as you stride out at the other side and walk squelching and dripping towards the hut, it all comes back.

It is precisely the same. The same black, solid door. The same dark starring windows.

And look! Smoke at the chimney! And a flickering of light! Someone has got a fire going in there.

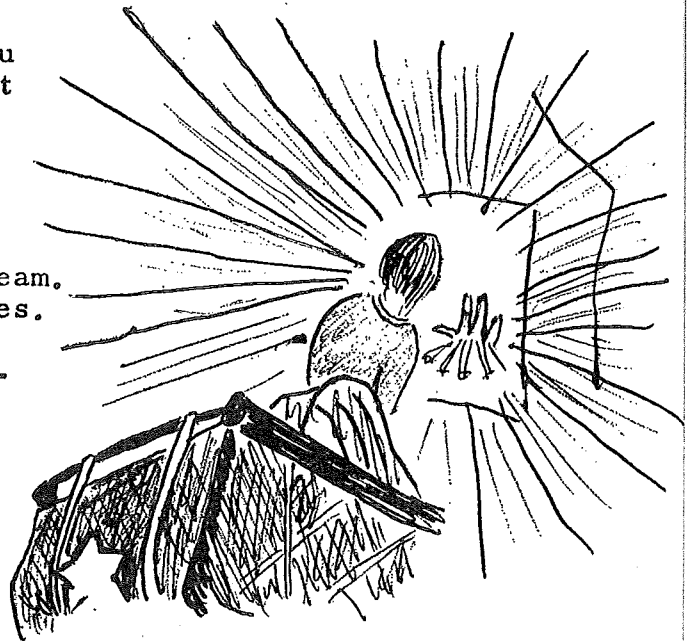
Alright! Calm down! Go in!

You push open the door. It's dark inside even with the flicker of the fire.

You flash your weak torchlight towards the fireplace.

There is a figure crouching over the fire.

And beside it is a large wet black pack in a pool of water, with a great big star on the flap.



ROD  
MACK

20/2



YEAR.

We are the strong men,  
 We are the fast men.  
 We think.

Slogging under our heavy pack  
 over our boulder. Days pass ....  
 Just a few more miles  
 to the end of the trip.  
 Slipping on moss.

Legs without feet, shoulders without feeling,  
 Paralysed arms, present but not here.  
 A bridge, a road,  
 civilization.

The end of no thought.

A beer  
 This is the lowest point  
 This is the worst point  
 Strictly.

Is it like this  
 In our other Kingdom  
 back in Auckland?  
 Lectures; loud noises and imbecility  
 out of lectures.  
 And I can only get away for short weekends, with  
 swot and exams.  
 And a brief stay in the fake mountains, in August  
 and exams.  
 Wandering round the fifty-percent,  
 Here I go round the fifty-percent,  
 Not with a C, but a D,  
 after my name.

I'll get a recount  
 (or lose that bursary)  
 I'll get a .....  
 Mark is.....  
 I'll get a .....

Too many parties  
 Not club parties  
 Where I got drunk  
 too often.

Not club parties;  
 Not tramping club,  
 Hardly tramping club,  
 Maybe.....

I am a dumb man  
 I am an ignorant man.

Back to the southern mountains,  
 This is the way the year ends,  
 This is the way the year ends,  
 This is the way the year ends,  
 Not with a pass, but a mountain.



## FIORDLAND FIASCO

Party Warwick Brown (leader) (Committee)  
 Jim Witten-Hannah  
 Tony Nelson (Committee, Vice-President)  
 Kerry O'Halloran



The party flew in by amphibian to the Middle Fiord of Lake Te Anau on the 27th December. They were in search of a challenging tramping trip and got much more than they bargained for. After a straight plod up the true left bank of the Doon River, camp was made at Kiwi Flat. It began to rain slightly that night and next day was very misty for the crossing over the saddle into the Large Burn. This and the subsequent pass crossing was made with the assistance of a route guide compiled from discussions with members of Jim McDonald's party who did the trip the previous year.

28th December Camp was made at night above Large Burn. Torrential rain began and continued all night. As the only flat spots were bogs, sleeping bags got soaked.

29th December Rained most of the day, with no visibility, due to mist. Slow progress was made down the steep sides of the valley to the Large Burn to camp.

30th December Dawned reasonably fine and the party moved up to Lake Mackinnon where everything was dried out and running repairs effected. Camp was made at 9 p.m. opposite Ribbon Falls, about  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile above the Lake. Rain set in heavily and now continued almost without cessation for the next eleven days.

31st December Saw us camped at nightfall at the head of the Large Burn. The party became adept at building tent sites out of huge quantities of tree-moss, which allowed most of the water to drain away.

1st January The new year was as wet as the old. Because of the impossibility of crossing the pass into Irene without visibility Jim and Warwick climbed high up the Northern side of the valley to reconnoitre. About 2.00 the eternal mists cleared long enough for the route up and over to be planned. The pathfinders lost the camp on the way back and had to be guided in by Mogambos and the smell of cooking.

2nd January In the bush, the height of summer and below 2,000 ft. We woke up to find a heavy snowfall had converted our surroundings into a typical Christmas card scene, lovely fun tramping through snow-laden bush. Incessant rain melted a lot of it and prevented us moving further than to the foot of the pass.

3rd January After some difficulty we reached the pass and found it thickly drifted with snow up to 3 ft. deep. There should only have been some snowgrass at this time of the year. Ho hum. At least it made it easier to follow deer trails.

4th January After a very steep descent into the Irene we moved up about one mile finding the travelling damp but reasonably easy. It was decided at this stage to curtail the trip by heading for the hut below Robin Saddle, hence out down the Esk Valley to South Fiordland.



5th January This is where the story really starts. This day and the next six days were spend trying to find the hut, the saddle, the tarns and the river leading to same. Operations were at all times hampered by thick mist, snow, hail, electric storms, rain, wind and a minor inaccuracy in the map which located the aforesaid bits of vital topography about one mile away from where they actually were (on the other side of a 5,000 ft. mountain range which just happened to get missed out when the map was made). Our efforts to cross this range in the belief that it lead to the Esk exhausted the party and gave the leader frostbitten toes. It was not until, by a process of elimination, the map error was discovered that the party found the food-crammed hut. Just in time, as our twelve days supplies were nearly exhausted.

12th January dawned bright and clear. It was like emerging into another world as the bloated travellers staggered out of the hut into the sunshine. Robin Saddle was easily located and a pleasant crossing was made to camp well down the Esk at 9.00 p.m.

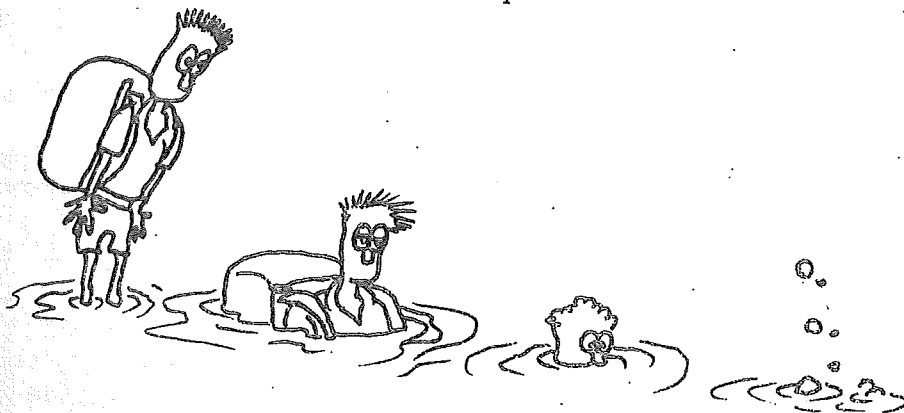
13th January Lunchtime saw the party at Lake Te Anau. Not a cloud in the sky and everything was going swimmingly. Except that swimming seemed the only way of getting round the lake, the sides of which dropped sheer into the water. This meant a climb to the top of the range to the East of the lake - here was a baking hot wilderness and no immediate way down into the adjacent Mackenzie Burn was discovered. A search plane passed over in mid-afternoon but we could not signal it. The party returned very tired to the lake shore.

14th January We were now six days overdue and the fine weather showed signs of breaking. Drastic measures were in order, and ground signals and a huge fire were made in the hope of attracting searching planes. About 11.00 a.m. a Scenic Airways float-plane spotted us and landed on the lake. By lunch-time the whole party was in Te Anau, facing the music and reading their obituaries in the local newspapers.

#### WHAT WENT WRONG?

The party was adequately equipped for bad weather, but not for snow conditions. The weather experienced was exceptional, being the worst spell for that time of the year in living memory. Fiordland terrain is heavily glaciated and access is much more restricted than elsewhere in the South Island mountain areas. Complete lack of visibility for days at a time and incorrect maps added to the difficulties.

21/2



PLACES OF INTEREST IN THE WAITAKERES

## The Piha Stream Timber Dam

Throughout the Waitakeres there are ruins of old timber dams. The one on the Piha is probably the most familiar to us, as it is placed where Centennial Track crosses the stream, and thus on the route from O'nuku to much of the Southern Waitakeres. The following summary of the history of forestry in the Waitakeres should help to place the dams in their context.

The first commercial exploitation occurred in 1834, when the settler Mitchell felled kauris at Cornwallis (to the East of Huia) for export to Australia. He died in 1836, but not until 1842 was his work continued, this time by the Manukau Steam Mills, a company operating at Cornwallis. This company closed down again a year later because of transport difficulties; transport to Auckland was found to be more difficult than to Australia!

Logging continued to the East of the Ranges, at Henderson, Swanson and Titirangi, where there were no such transport difficulties. But in the 1850's the Gibbons family started logging at Huia and soon had mills on the Huia and Karamatura Streams and at Whatipu.

The timber in the Pararaha Valley was being milled in the 1870's until a fire destroyed all the standing trees. The mill was then shifted to Karekare where it was re-erected at the foot of Opal Pools Stream. As described in the last of "Footprints", the mill's boiler was too big to go through the Pararaha Tunnel, and was discarded. The sawn timber from this mill was tramlined to Whatipu from where it was shipped.

By the 1890's most accessible timber near the coast from Karekare to Whatipu and along the Manukau shoreline had been milled. There were still good stands of Kauri at Nihotupu that had not been touched yet because of transport difficulties. This area was milled for four years from 1896 onwards, the mill being close to the present Auxiliary Dam.

By 1910 it had become profitable to mill the forests further North from Karekare because of the improvement in communications. A saw-mill was erected at the junction of the Piha and Glen Esk Streams. In 1912 this mill was taken over by the Government, which worked the bush up the headwaters of the Piha and Glen Esk Streams. From the Piha Mill the sawn timber was hauled up to the top of the ridge to the south and lowered down to the Karekare Valley from where it was transported to Whatipu via the rebuilt tramline. From 1912 until 1921 when the mill was closed down there was a considerable settlement in the Piha Valley around the site of the sawmill, especially on the sunny Northern slopes of the valley and up by the Glen Esk Stream.

The most recent milling occurred at the head of the Anawhata, which was worked until about 1920 by the Waitakere Timber Company.

Today large stretches of the milled areas are included in the Auckland Centennial Park and the City Council Water Supply area. The bush is regenerating fast, as any of the older club members can attest. I can remember the days (and this is only a few years ago) when there were still large patches of grass on "Farmer Brown's Paddock", today completely overgrown with teatree. (This is the paddock with the pigsty on Ridge Road).

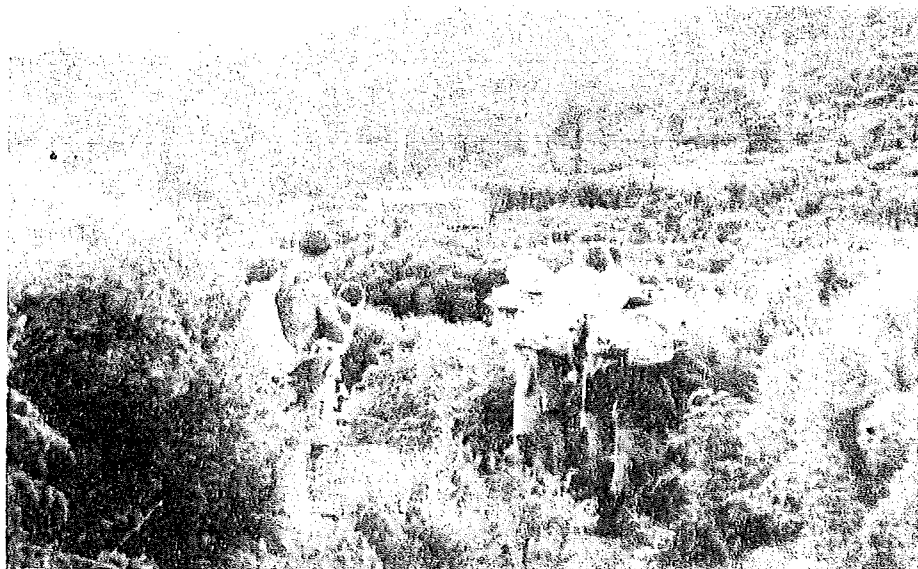
..Cont'd..

But how did the dams fit in with all this?

For a start they were called timber dams because they dammed timber, not because they are made of it. The dams were closed, and the water dammed up for many months before the logs, which had been cut down and hauled into the stream, were released on a great wave which carried them down to the mills near the beach - and right out to sea if there was a miscalculation. This explains why, below its dam, the Piha Gorge has very little vegetation though as we can see it is regenerating fast. Nowadays we can be glad that the old dams are used only as bridges, for the denuding of the bush above them, and of the gorges below, could only have ruined the Ranges for any tramping, had milling been continued for much longer.

R.E.B.

21/2



Ongaruanuku  
from  
Ridge  
Road  
1944

### M U D

Mud comes in various consistencies, and also of various constituencies. The type of mud collected on the clothing after sledging at May Camp has an entirely different smell, perhaps due to its increased organic content, then the type of mud found in, say, a cave.

My favourite type of mud is of the consistency of thin porridge and is about three feet deep. It contains large amounts of calcium carbonate. The most impressive method of tackling the situation is with the body on an angle of  $45^{\circ}$ , to reach the only firm substrate, and with a chain tape in one hand and a torch in the other, so that the other (only?) points of support are the elbows.

P.S. Have you ever tried lying head down on a gently sloping piece of rock with a small stream running up the leg of your trousers.

16/2

## Roll of Honour.

### WEDDING BELLS ARE BREAKING UP THAT OLD GANG OF MINE

Quote: "When you go to University be careful what clubs you join boys, for instance, Tramping Club is a Marriage Bureau." (my maths teacher at Avondale College, 1955)

In spite of the sage advice of our teacher (or because of it??) three undaunted males from Avondale College joined A.U.C.T.C. (today A.U.T.C.) in 1955 - 1956; Garry Carter, Phil Matthews and myself. Only Phil's name will be found among the victims of A.U.T.C. (Garry fell victim of a girl from his Church).

This article was written on the occasion of the 41st inter-club marriage or engagement since I joined the club in 1956; by inter-club is meant that both partners were club members and that they met each other in the club, usually on a club trip. I have only included those couples that I knew personally (i.e. only the active trampers) but some cases have been included where the partners were also members of some other organisation such as E.U. (Roger Grimshaw) or the Church (Gary Bold). In addition I do not lay claim to a perfect memory and may inadvertently have left out some couples. My sincere apologies to those omitted.

The usual pattern is that a couple get married shortly after graduation, but on several occasions an incubation time of up to five years has been observed.

### Statistics

Although the club today has some 150 members and about half of these are girls, in 1956 the club was much smaller and only one third of these were girls. Consequently the probability was much lower than it is today. The average of four matches per year therefore reveals only part of the story, and is unrealistic today. Last year (1965) produced a bumper crop of eight engagements. The total club membership stands at about 150 and roughly one third of the membership is replaced each year. i.e. 50 new members arrive in the club each year. If last year's trend persists (and so far the rate has been 1 per month this year!) i.e. 16 club members or ex-club members are married to each other each year, then it follows if my calculations are correct that anyone joining Tramping Club has a chance of  $16/50 = 32\%$  ( $\pm 4\%$ ) to get married to a fellow trumper(ette). Quite staggering isn't it?

Rolf Booker 23/1



## TRIPS FOR TRAMPERS in the Mt. Cook Area.

If on one fine day you arrive at Pukaki after a hot and dusty plod across the McKenzie, and if you have a few days before the start of your next trip, you might feel a little inspired and tantalised by that famous view of Mt. Cook and neighbours, glistening cool in the distance. Most attractive, set off as it is by the golden foothills and emerald green of the lake. If you are smart you will buy a postcard of it, take a refreshing dip in the lake and head for Wanaka or Queenstown to spend a few happy days loafing in the sun. If (like me) you're one of those guys who seem to be committed to their temptations before being properly able to weigh up the pros and cons, you'll probably spend five or six hours hiking along the Pukaki Road, before arriving at Mt. Cook just in time for the onslaught of another week-long No'wester. But let's be optimistic about this because if it's fine, this is one of the nicest ways of making a first acquaintance with the Mt. Cook area.

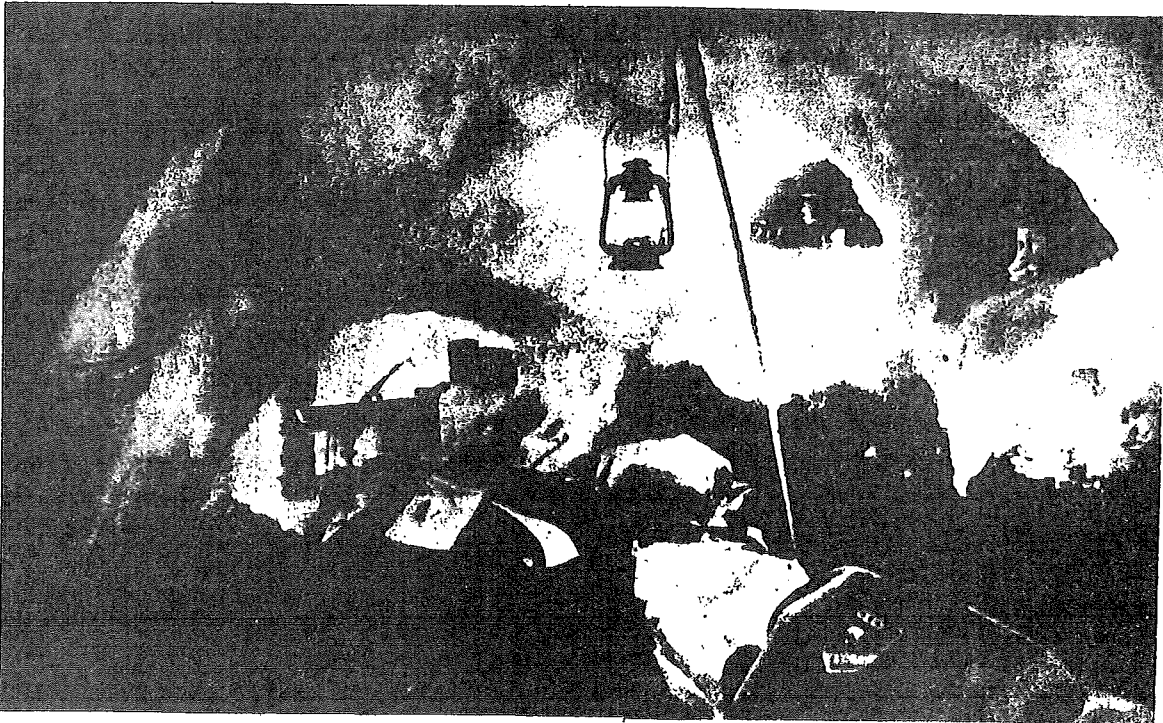
The possibilities are numerous, whether with a companion or not, and it is surprising how few corners of the area cannot be viewed from vantage points easily gained within a day from the Hermitage. If you're quite fit and not too bumble-footed there are many trips you can do quite happily alone. Don't be too adventurous though, for the sole climber never got any sympathy whether he broke his leg on the Scaly Lakes track, or fell down a slot half way up the Linda Glacier! On the other hand, some of my happiest days in the hills have been spent alone, shooting or scrambling, and there is really no other way of appreciating their peace and solitude quite so much.

For a kick-off, a walk up to Hooker Hut can occupy an afternoon or the whole day. The first half of the Copland Ridge is worth the climb for a better view of Mt. Cook and the Upper Hooker. (But the second half is definitely out, without a companion and some alpine experience). Three hundred yards up from the hut a creek comes down from the divide. Cross this and find a track leading across a little spur onto a small shingle slide. This track can be followed for about 1000 ft. up the ridge after which the ridge starts to narrow. If you want to get higher, it's best to go down the creek onto the glacier moraine and cross over to the east side of the valley (about an hour). Climb the moraine wall by creek directly opposite the hut to a big out-wash flat. At the lower end of the flat, easy terraces lead up to the basins and the crest of the Cook Range. It is better not to attempt the crossing to the Tasman without a companion as there is some steep country on that side, but the views from the upper half of the Hooker side are magnificent: Mt. Cook very close; direct into the head of the Hooker; and across to the main divide to the Copland Pass; Footstool and Mt. Sefton. If you go to the top of the range, be careful to descend the same way as there is steep country up and down valley from the terraces. This is a good area for that too, if you are a shooter. For a fit pair, the traverse right back along the range to Wakefield makes an energetic day, after an early start from Hooker Hut. Wakefield can also be reached very easily up the ridge from the road bridge across the Hooker.

...Cont'd..



This is almost the focal point for the whole park with glaciers radiating out in four directions. Most of the main divide can be seen, from the head of the Mueller to Elie de Beaumont (this includes all the 10,000 footers), and there are good views of the Liebig and Malte Brun ranges of which I shall speak later. The big shingle slide is a good route down from Wakefield but be sure to enter it at the right place, i.e. from the gully directly above and make sure nobody is below before bowling rocks down it. There are other easy ways onto Wakefield and one or two more interesting for those wanting a bit of ropework - notably the spur directly above the upper swing bridge. There is even a short 'cheval' section similar to the famous one on Maltebrun.



Snow Cave on Ruapehu  
August 1949

SNOW CAVE ON RUAPEHU: The cave built at an altitude of 5800ft by four Auckland University College students. This picture was taken in candle light on time exposure.

The Sealy Range also offers interesting day trips. Mueller Hut, via Sealy Lakes for a swim, and perhaps on to Mt. Ollivier, is one of the most pleasant ways to spend a summer's day. The going is all up easy snowgrass slopes or scree slides and takes about three hours to the hut from the Hermitage. The views of Sefton and the Mueller peaks are both spectacular and exciting, as these are some of the most active faces in the area and are avalanching constantly. Take a long sober look at the hut book while at Mueller and note how many people end up in trouble even within such a simple area. Most of the Hut books in the area provide a similar reminder of the perils that threaten the ignorant or foolish. Many, many more get away with foolishness because they are lucky; very few get clobbered solely because of bad luck and it is not a bad thing to ask yourself as you read such accounts: "Would I have done that?" Early in the  
...Cont'd..

season, both on Wakefield and the Sealy Range, one can be confronted with extensive areas of snow. A small patch in a basin can be good fun so long as it doesn't lead over a bluff but I would advise the novice to leave it at that. Snowcraft is the most subtle and elusive of all the mountain skills to achieve, partly because there are so many varieties and conditions of snow and partly because the most innocent looking slopes can be highly dangerous. To be able to estimate the dangers really does take years of experience and in winter and spring, even with all the theories at one's finger tips, one is never entirely free from worry as some avalanche conditions are almost impossible to recognise without major excavations. Snowclimbing is an exacting art involving many aspects of knowledge and skill. If statistics were available, they would probably indicate that glissading is downright foolishness - as generally practised anyway. Some people seem to develop a compulsive mania for it and I've seen some horrible prangs demonstrated by over-enthusiastic exponents. Trouble could be that many people consider themselves qualified glissaders long before they graduate as mountaineers - sometimes even on their first visit to snowy places. Frankly, I'm scared to glissade except on the easiest of slopes, with runouts to suit. Even then I'm often impressed with the singular lack of control, especially when practising the 'on chuff' method. Anyway, if you want to climb on snow (or glissade) go to a climbing school or two and then, if possible, get out with an experienced climber because you won't learn it all there.

If you have some climbing experience or meet someone who has, your range is considerably extended. Be careful though, as one is probably better off solo than with one of the self appointed experts met around the Youth Hostel in summer. Some of these blokes exhibit quite an extraordinary need to prove themselves and seem bent on testing to the very limits the goodwill of their guardian angels. Unless you have an unshakeable faith in your own G.A., it would be best to consider an invitation for a climb from a stranger (however glibly he may talk of peaks and pitons), with some caution. Insist on an easy climb first. If you are inexperienced, tell him, and insist on a rope before any obvious difficulty or exposure. (He should offer this anyway). If he shows undue impatience or lack of consideration in the early stages, go home. If he fails to take things slowly and point out difficulties and techniques, it is probably not worth your while to go out with him again and he is probably not the expert he claims. Annette is an ideal local climb for this type of 'instructional' climb. It also makes a most interesting round trip if climbed via the Sebastapol Ridge and traversed to Mueller Hut. Most of the ridge is easy scrambling, but the top 500' offer the alternatives of steep snow or quite steep rock. Both are easier than they look from a distance but they offer a good opportunity to practise a bit of belay work in a spot where a rope is a genuine comfort. One emerges on a large snow plateau (ski planes occasionally use it) with a number of lumps of rock sticking out of it, one of which is Annette. If you want to practise step cutting, there's a monty wind scoop around the main peak. The trip back to Mueller is just a sidle below Kitchener and Olivier, or you can go over them if you'd like to try some good kiwi-type rock. Take it easy on the sidle if it's still frozen, or if there's slush on ice. Not very steep, but a long way down to the Mueller. Come to think of it, might pay to practise a few self arrests in that wind scoop.

...Cont'd..

Edgar Thompson (from the next valley below the one behind Unwin Hut) and the trip to the Copland Pass are of similar standard to Annette. Sealy (via Sladden Saddle) is of similar difficulty and makes a good workout from the Hermitage if you think you're feeling fit. Footstool is a good climb too, but a bit more complicated. Might pay to leave that one for next year. In fact, that might be enough for a first assay. Maybe next issue I could suggest a few planned trips which might follow on rather happily from the above impromptu type visit.

Bruce Jenkinson 23/2 Edited

(Bruce Jenkinson was Hut Officer in 1962 and a Vice President in 1963. At the time of writing this article and its sequel he was a Ranger at Mount Cook National Park. He is considered to be one of New Zealand's best climbers. -Ed.)

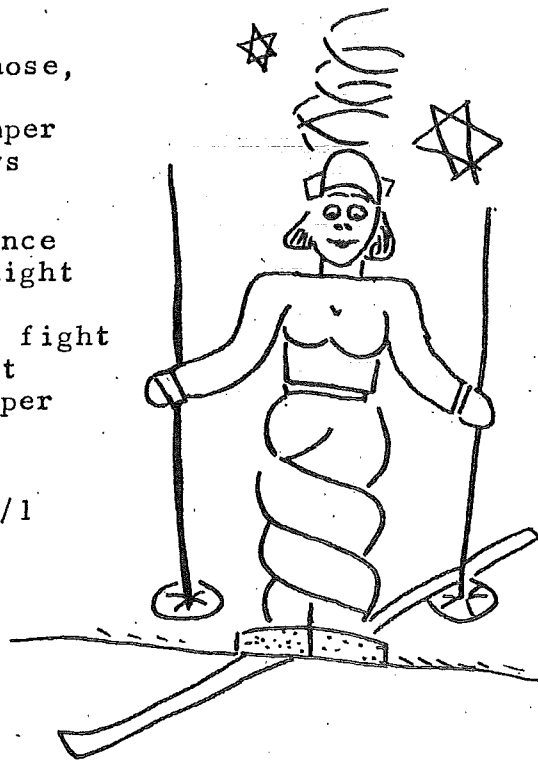
### POEM

His clothing is ragged and scungy,  
And he feeds upon dehyd and pog  
He wallows in soil that is spongy  
As he battles through tea-tree and bog  
While the ridges are shrouded in fog.  
Or something a little bit damper  
He struggles o'er thicket and log  
It's the way of the 'varsity tramper.

He clambers on vertical ridges  
At Thames where the supplejack grows  
In Westland the sand-flies and midges  
Suck the juice from his ears and his nose,  
Where the Wilkins or Wilberforce flows  
On scree-slopes and tussock he'll scamper  
And he'll live in a tent where it snows  
It's the way of the 'varsity tramper.

He'll play, "Port and Starboard" or dance  
"Strip the Willow" or "Hot-time" all night  
He'll assiduously take every chance  
To make friends with the girls - or to fight  
For he fears that without them he might  
In old age live on baked beans and damper  
And who is to say he's not right?  
It's the way of the 'varsity tramper.

R. 23/1







## THAMES - A STRUGGLE

65

On Monday they returned. There were few people on the streets of the quiet town, and these few diminished further when they saw the Group. For each of the seven members bore the stamp of endured hardships, the experience of which had left an indescribable horror in their eyes! The strangers passed by in silence . . . but one, whose torn shirt attested a struggle with some fearsome beast approached one shrinking knot of people and spoke thus:

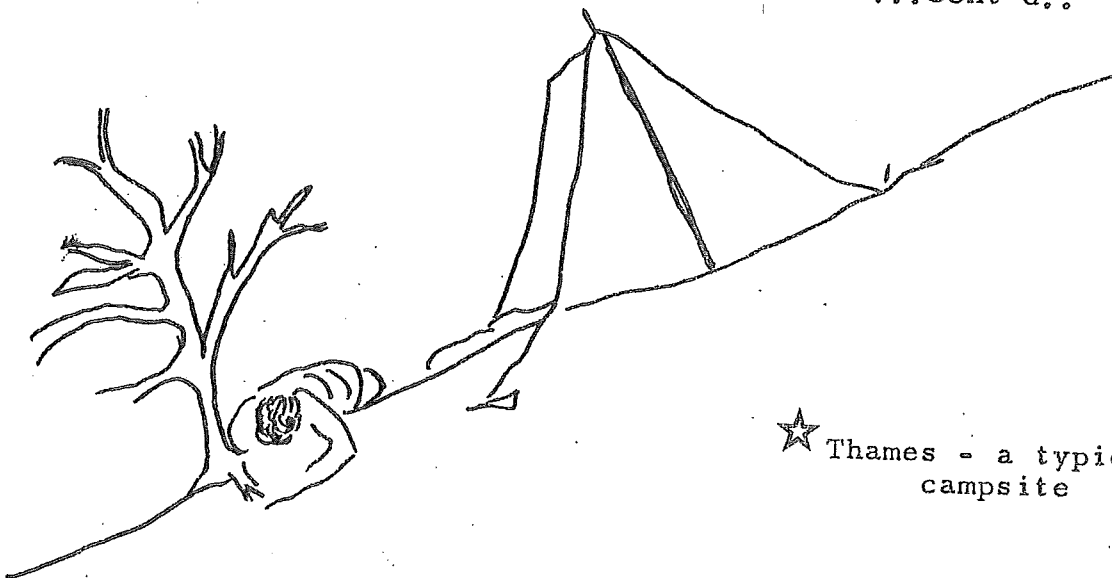
"Listen to me, for I must tell my tale, as the price of my defeat in a long struggle with the six others you so wisely avoid. In this way they hope their infamous story will still live when their footprints have long since crumbled and disappeared.

"Just four days ago we assembled at the foot of the mighty Waiomu Valley. It was dark, but by the light of torches we looked around at each other. Forebodings wrapped their grey fingers round my mind when I realised who my companions were.

"But my spirits rose as I saw with what assurance our leader found us a place to rest. He quickly discovered a partly used cattle pen that many would have missed and thus been forced to sleep on unformed grass. However this haven was discarded as guileful Gordon headed unfailingly for a snug silage shed. Here we spent a cosy night, with many of our fellow (dumb) creatures among, on, above, and around us. Awakened by the gay cries of the sylvan shepherd, as he called his canine partners, we breakfasted and set off with light hearts. On our way we disturbed a bronzed young hunter, pitting his courage and natural ability against the beasts of the forest.

"However, the passing of the day renewed my fears. Janis though constantly protesting against our lightening her load, all day fought an unrelenting fight against bramble, vine and bog. Also, the hidden mental

...Cont'd..



Thames - a typical  
campsite

reserves were to remain hidden.

"And so night found us high on a ridge, and here another ominous event occurred: our leader asked us where we were! I trembled, but no cry was raised against him, except from the brute Webber, who flung himself forward in a furious charge which missed Gordon and carried the uncouth one off into the bush, from which he did not emerge for some minutes.

"Fortunately water was only a hundred yards away - straight down - so we feasted on a hot, very hot, stew. But sleep! Strange that we all had the same dream - yawning abysses opening on all sides - except Webber who made some suitably noisy nest in a tree some distance from us.

"Morning (the scene of a battle for supremacy, in which Gordon triumphed) heralded the beginning of another three days during which even I became uncivilised enough to abet the snatching of a quiet home of some gentle hunters! During this time I saw Janis continue her silent and lone struggle against perfidious nature; saw Claire equal Gordon in a mad struggle for the supreme authority, while Richard now revealed as power-hungry too waited his chance. And I noted with fear the way Phillip eyed first me and then his knife - why did I say the Divine Right of Kings was obsolete?

"There is little more to tell. These factors took their relentless toll on us for a total of four days. On the final night I nastily attempted a joke. With cries of glee they turned on me, and .... "

There the stranger turned, as if called, and went. With the sound of many rushing horses and wild cries they passed from the town and never returned.

The party if you haven't guessed was:

Gordon Griffin - Leader

Claire Gregory sk (Committee, Vice President)

Janis Climo

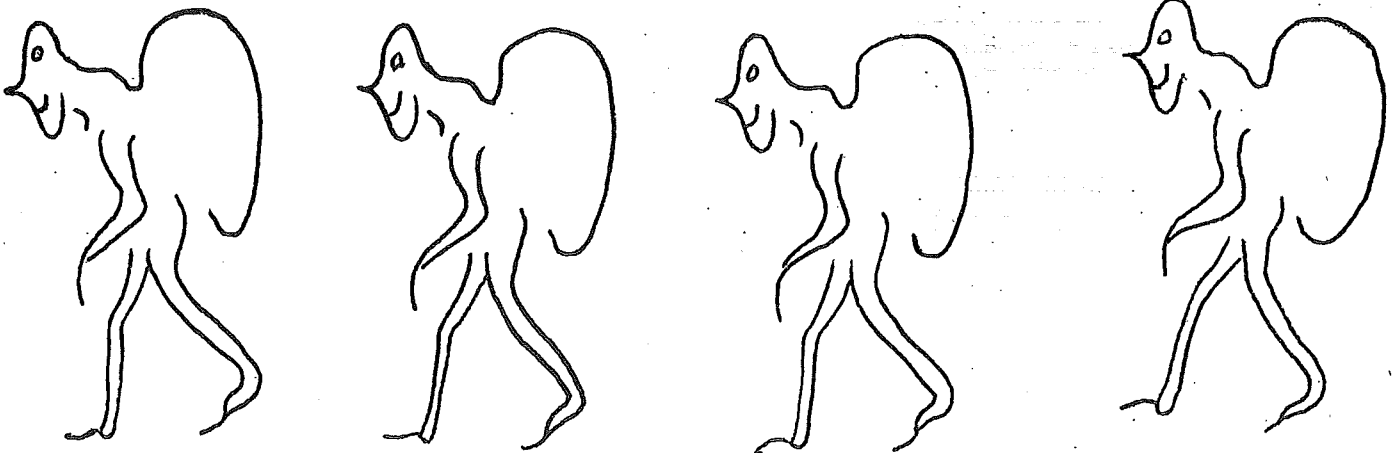
Maurice Colgan

Webber Booth

Richard James

Phillip King

M.C. 23/1



Pilgrimage of the Trampers

(Apologies to Chaucer!)

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 sloon 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  
 Ful six persons of whom you will heare.

A leader we hadde and that a worthy man,  
 That from the time that when he first began  
 To trampen out he soughte fitnessse  
 As many of our clubbe can witnessse  
 Renowned was he for love of fude  
 His scroggin was especially gude.



With him was our noble sidekick  
 In al this world was ther no-one him lik,  
 to Speke of climbynge and of tramyng  
 And the joyes of wette Otago's campynge.

And then ther was our Clubbe's secretarye,  
 Who though notte right fatte was of calories warye  
 Ne that she hadde but littel fude with hir  
 I trowe she brought some icing sugar.



A scientist ther was of Auckland also,  
 That unto Physics hadde long ygo,  
 Of studye took he most care and most heede  
 Nought a word spak he more than was neede  
 And oute of the hutte door his nose woude poke  
 For he had but littel taste for smoke.

A freshere we had with us on our tryppe,  
 And wel coude we see she was no dryppe,  
 At makynge stewe or pudde or pogge  
 And cocoa that was free from wogge.

A freshere male was also ther,  
 Who desired to be an engineere  
 And from the waye he in front went oute,  
 I daresaye he was once a scoute.

So oure packes upon oure backes we hist  
 And climbed upwards into the mist  
 We founde sum mudde that bubbled and went phut  
 But nowher coude we find a hutte  
 Oure dayes seek was alle in vaine.



So we donned oure packes and came doon again  
 To an old hutte that hadde fallen doone  
 But we hadde it standing uprite soone  
 Yet still the rain inside it wente  
 Perforce slept seven in a foure mantente.

..Cont'd..

Next mornynge we tramped up Tongariro,  
 On oure waye to Mangatepopo  
 And on a rydge as plaine as coude be  
 Ketetahi Hut full fine coude we see.

On the toppe we hadde needs to go slowe,  
 For that our vision was spoiled by sum snowe  
 Gladde we were whan the sky made to cleare  
 And we coude see a pathe off the peak without feare.

But when at the bottom we arrived feeling gaye  
 We discovered the hutte was sume distance awaye,  
 And it was not until six of the evening or so  
 That we arrived at the shelter of Mangatepopo.

And wel did we rest and wel ette  
 And dryed out oure geere that had becum ful wette.

Nexste morn it dawned alle clowdye and blowye  
 So we forwent the thrilles of Mount Ngauruhoe,  
 But instead content with a minor glorye  
 Climbed to the summit of Pukekaikeore.  
 The snowe it was soft and oure hutte we wished soone  
 So we slide on oure bellyes alle the waye doon.

And so oure tryppe it came to an ende,  
 And in divers directions oure partye did wende,  
 Sume to Ruapehu further dyd rome,  
 And sume reluctantly hitched their waye home.

### Partye

Alan Palmer - Leader  
 Graham Langton - Sidekick (Committee, Club Captain, Vice President)  
 Maureen Rawson - Clubbe secretarye (Committee, Vice President)  
 Ben Winnubst - Physicist  
 Ngaire Fraser - First Fresher  
 Tony Kerr - Seconde Fresher  
 Andy Haines - Scrybe (Committee, Vice President)

23/3

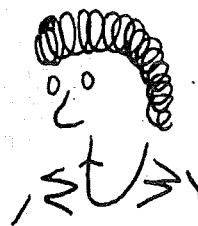
### MOUNTAIN SOLITUDE

"I'm going for a little walk, be back in half an hour."  
 "Don't do anything rash" said Graham.

I closed the hut door and walked slowly through the powder snow,  
 across a little gully and up the ridge behind the hut. It was quiet,  
 deadly quiet, a sort of calmness that just hits you. I was alone on  
 the wild mountainside; the sun had set. Looking behind me, the main  
 peaks rose majestically before the deepening blueness of the night sky,  
 while at my feet was the hut, its little aluminium walls taking on a  
 greenish tinge in the gathering dusk. It was the first time I had been  
 to that part of the mountain.

The peace, the beauty and the solitude closed in on me and my boots  
 froze as I stood there. My mind drifted among many topics - the club,  
 varsity, my career, and so on over and over. At last I wandered towards  
 the hut; night was coming; it was getting cold. Kicking the snow off  
 my now solid boots, I felt the spell break - and closing the door behind  
 me, I knew the few minutes I had spent alone were now only a memory;

D.W.R. 23/3



## Old Moore's Almanack for Trampers.

(Forecasts for 1966 - 1967)

- August A hard month for trampers. Snow storms will rage throughout the vacation. Thousands of trampers will be lost in blizzards, suffer from frost-bite, etc.
- 
- September Will be too wet for any but the hardiest to do any tramping - even if the knowledge that the dreaded third term is here would permit it.
- 
- October A heart-rending month for trampers. Pre-exam panic will really set in. Some trampers conscience-smitten at the thought of wasted time and jeopardised careers, will sell their gear and devote their time at 'varsity to earnest study. Others, worn to a frazzle through trying to make up swot time spent tramping, will crack up completely, and be unfit to go on Christmas Trips.
- 
- November Tough luck! Unfortunate trampers, having duffed all their papers and thus lost their bursaries, will have to work through the hol's to pay for next year's fees. No Christmas Trips for you!
- 
- December Continuous Southerly Busters will cause the Inter-Island ferries to roll both gunwales under, all the way across. Trampers, being silly enough for anything, will have eaten huge masses of pan-fried rice and curry in Wellington before crossing. Yecch!
- 
- January  
(1967) This will be the filthiest summer in living memory. All trips will be utterly washed out. An awful month for trampers.
- 
- February Weary dispirited trampers will attempt to hitch home along roads almost devoid of traffic. The few flinty-hearted motorists abroad will ignore their plight. A discouraging month.
- 
- March The lousiest Easter weather ever (and that's saying something) - Never before will the Thames hillsides have seemed so steep, or the supplejack so thick. The truck-driver, after waiting an half-hour over time to see if anyone turns up, will go home.....
- 
- April Strange things may happen this month - for instance, people tramping in the Pararaha gorge at midnight may crack their tibias, and have to tramp on crutches thereafter.
- 
- May Three paratrooper trainees on a jungle training exercise will get lost. The S.A.R. will be called out, thus ruining May Camp. By this time, disillusioned freshers will be leaving the club in droves.

..Cont'd...

June

Nothing disastrous will happen in June, because by then the Committee will be too disheartened to have the nerve to organise anything. A relatively good month for trampers.

July

The club having more or less fallen to pieces, the few remaining members will officially wind it up and join Field Club or Canoe Club en masse. Hence, there will be no need for any further issues of the "Old Moore's Almanack for Trampers."

23/2

Why Tomo?

Well principally because there are few better ways to spend a Saturday than scraping together four ropes, a handful of people and a little bravado, and setting off to the Ahu Ahu track, with visions of great holes in the earth to descend. Above Mercer's Bay, one leaves the Ahu Ahu track and cuts round to the right above cliffs, then sidles down and round to the headland at the north end of Mercer's Bay. Here there is a great hole in the ground which you descend by joining four climbing ropes and hooking them round a convenient spine. The wall is 240 feet high and overhangs a little in some places. Derek McKay and I agreed it was great fun, except for the difficulties of getting over the knots. Best way is to use two karabiners - the extra friction doesn't hurt. Landing on the bottom with only about 8 feet of rope over, we set to and demolished Dave Jones' lunch, he and Graham Langton plus Claire having gone down to the beach, the idea being they'd meet us at the bottom. They never eventuated.

There remained only the delicate problem of getting out again. After fruitless searching for the tunnel-through-cliff-to-beach, we decided that our informers either had the wrong beach or were pulling our legs, and were revelling in the prospects of climbing back up when a figure appeared at the lip of the tomo and offered to show us the way out by coming in it. The reverberation time of the tomo is considerable and several tries, progressively slower, were needed to communicate. We sat waiting for a good  $\frac{3}{4}$  hour, when voices at the top (Jones and crew) offered to haul up anything not wettable, and shortly Bryan Halliday announced his arrival through the sea tunnel with great whoops. The breakers surged into this tunnel and then ebbed back. We found the secret of speedy travel was to catch a wave outgoing and be whisked along, then to clutch at the barnacled wall in time to brace and duck before the next onslaught. Making slow and extremely chilly progress, we three emerged from the sea tunnel and scrambled round to the cliff-tunnel, which was winding and pitch-black. During the traverse one unfortunate was foully struck amidships by a great roller, swept under the foam and flung against the rock. Emerging full of salt and curses, he feared himself drowned, but was convinced by numbed extremities and convulsive shivering that life was worth living.

A brisk scramble up the cliffs, fresh clothes and oranges, then "T-t-turn the h-h-h-heater on, D-D-D-Derek" and back to Hallidays. There Fenella took birthday (hers) photos of one of us in tricolour jersey and slippers, the other in sheepskin jacket and booties. Everyone agreed we looked rather sweet without trousers.

Chris M. 24/2



Ascent of A.C. Hut  
Ruapehu



Sledging at  
May Camp

Mokoroa Falls....

and how we didn't go near them:

O! APATHY!

So long had the grey bare walks lain guestless that Dave Gauld and I thought we'd be killed in the rush; was it in 1944 that a weekend trip to Mokoroa lured 43 people from their studies?... and was it in 1962 that some anonymous old soul burst into print, nostalgic for the days when a Thursday notice resulted in a full Friday train?

For a fortnight it fluttered in the breeze. "Komm Trampen", it said, in ersatz German and green ink, "Mit Dave and Ken. See the Glory of Mokoroa Falls, Ongaruanuku by candlelight, Anawhata in the summer sun." We even dragged in a bit of Swinburne adapted somewhat.

And to no avail. Dave and I found ourselves on the gaunt bleak Waitakere platform with only the wind for company. We waited for the next train. Still no joy. The fields to the north were abrupt and broken. Only the sun, rain, and sea-birds wanted to go to Mokoroa, it seemed. We didn't. We felt like the driver and guide of a tourists' bus, otherwise empty.

So we went to O'nuku. And we scrambled down the Anawhata all day Saturday, and walked along the beach. We heard the wind sing and the waves whitened the grey sand, the foaming froth filling our footsteps.

And there was walking back to O'nuku in the dark, watching where the stars should have been, short Chinese steps and two hours from the road.

And, for all I know, the dense hard passage to the falls is still blind and stifled with branches and briars. The thorns are touched by time, if not by trampers!

KEN

19/4



### Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

"Where's the top for the gun oil bottle, Ken?" asked Jenny. "I had it here a moment ago."

I looked up from my book. "On the floor by the cartridges."

"Thank you." There was a noise of crunching gravel outside. Ed, humming a sinful syncopated version of the Boy Scouts mealtime grace, shouldered his way past the tarpaulin door of our high mountain bivouac. We saw behind him the stars of a clear frosty night and the drifting sparks from the embers down by the stream.

"Brrr!" he said, balancing the pressure cooker on a flat rock and prodding the pressure release. "Baby, it's cold outside." Great swirling drifts of steam enshrouded him. Jenny put down the flannel and gun oil and smiled at her husband.

"Your rifle's cleaned, love. I hope I've done it properly." She sniffed blissfully. "A stew isn't a stew without mixed herbs. Not a lot, mind you. Just a pinch, to harmonise with the venison and cover up the taste of dried spuds." Her toes wriggled in delight.

Ed released the last of the high-pressure steam and snapped back the catches holding the lid. As he took the lid off, another cloud of steam blew around him. His hand emerged, reaching for potato powder and butter. He shifted his body slightly, and his boot dug into the pebbles. Jenny sat up. "Ed!" she cried. "Oh, Ed!"

Ed jumped across to her. He doused her foot and leg with a billy of milk, ripped up the leg seam of her jeans and peeled away the clinging cloth. Swearing bitterly, he rocked back and looked at the damage.

A couple of pints of thin salty meat juice and fat, still boiling, had poured down her shin and across her foot. The milk had cooled only the surface of the fat-soaked cloth. Fat came away in thin flakes as the foot jerked. Blisters were swiftly swelling.

There was water in a large camp oven, and Ed lifted Jenny's foot into it. He gently washed away the grease and milk. I dropped crushed aspirins into a mixture of glucose and lemon drink. The skin between Jenny's toes peeled away in soft white shreds as Ed worked.

Jenny smiled as she took the glucose drink. "It was always hot, sweet tea when I was in the Guides," she joked. She tried to laugh, but the pain had started; pain that had her muscles tense and her fingernails deep into the palm of Ed's hand.

They sat up together through the short summer night, Ed pouring cool water over the scald, Jenny occasionally dozing, the pupils of her grey eyes small and hard in the light of the acetylene lamp.

The next day it rained. New snow powdered the shoulders of the white peaks above us. Ed and Jenny both slept a little. Ed shot another deer, despite the almost impossible conditions, for Jenny was hungry for liquids and protein. She took books from her pack and tried to read; but the pages turned infrequently, and her teeth nagged at her lower lip. It was a long day.

...Cont'd..

The drizzle stopped in the late evening, and the wind died down to occasional gusts. Ed decided that if the stream rose no further we should try, come morning, to climb down from our hollow in the mountains to the level valley of the river six hundred feet below and three miles away.

Came morning, and the sunlight. While I cooked, Ed dressed the scald with burn cream and a field dressing. Jenny wriggled into whipcord slacks and a thick fisherman's jersey. Still heavily dosed with aspirins, she felt the cold. Ed gave her a pack with just enough weight to keep her accustomed rhythm and balance. She hunted for her lipstick while Ed reloaded his 35-mil camera. I took slides of them, of the bivouac, and even of the camp oven.

"This is the worst bit, love," Ed said. "Once we're down this cliff, out of the jungle, it's easy going. If the river's low, we could do the twelve miles out to the road tonight, after a meal ...."

"Right," said Jenny. "We're not here."

Now when God made the West Coast, he made it colourful but he made it chaotic. He spread out his rocks, all kinds, then gathered them together so that in one-tenth the area he had ten times the mountains ten times as high. He picked up the mountains and twisted them in his hands, and dropped them back so hard that they splintered as they landed, fragmenting into chasms and gorges, hollows, bluffs, and cliffs. Shingle slides rumbled echoing downwards, a thousand avalanching feet at a time, until he froze them with a gesture. In every hollow he put a swamp, in every chasm a river, in every gorge a deep, long pool, and over every cliff a wind-blown curtain of waterfalls. He made jungle grow, rot and grow again; and for every century's thickness of dead tree trunks he allowed, in a moment of whimsy, a six inch layer of decorative moss.

The normal ninety-minute scramble down to the grassy flats of the Clarke took Ed and Jenny six hours. She said not a word that wasn't cheerful and encouraging, but at the end of the day waded across to our quickly-chosen campsite and gracefully, gratefully, collapsed.

Ed tucked her in and came out of the tent. Our camping ground had been used and abandoned ten years ago by Government shooters. The earth was strewn with candles, tins of milk, and corroded ammunition. Ed sat on a log, picking up cartridges, snapping them, shaking out the sticks of cordite, and throwing the pieces into the river.

"We'll have to get her out tomorrow," he said to me. "I'm worried. That foot had no fresh air all day, and I didn't like the smell of the bandages when I took her boot off."

"Perhaps I'm imagining things. I hope so. But if I'm not ..." We sat for an hour or so discussing what to do the next day. Clouds rolled in from the west, and the high peaks were again blotted out by drizzle.

...Cont'd.,



Even before dawn, there was no imagination needed. The bandages fell away too easily from a scald that neither looked nor smelt very pretty.

"Plan B it is, after all," said Ed. Jenny traced her finger across our one-inch map. "Ed...Take care of yourself, love."

Ed slipped a bar of cheese into one pocket of his parka, a tin of salt into the other. He kissed his wife, and ran.

"This was to be a busy day," he wrote later. "Finally set out to bring in the Search and Rescue, to carry Jenny out more quickly than we could do it on our own."

"Ran the first six miles, then walked only. Walked across endless river flats. Weather clear enough beneath low cloud cover. Crossed the Clarke twice."

"At the Landsborough, finally screwed up courage and plunged in, floating chest deep and kicking across with feet, flailing with arms and ice axe. Successful."

"I was cold and shivered swiftly, emptying water across cheese and ate it." sparse herds of Hereford river. Selected crossing driver of tourist bus saw stopped, reversed. "Are struggled out of river, down. Passengers showered

It was about five o'clock Ed stood, dripping water floor of a speeding bus. twilight ahead of him.



and puffed and I walked out of parka pockets. Came "Walked through eternal cattle towards green Haast and was half-way across when me shouting. Bus drove past, you alright?" "NO!" I told story. Driver put foot me with food and questions.

in the afternoon then, as and biscuit crumbs over the There was a long summer

Shortly after accelerating away from the Haast-Landsborough confluence the sharp-eyed bus driver brought his vehicle to a skidding halt. Two surprised Post Office technicians looked up from their meters. Ed ran to them and asked for a line to the police. They clipped in a handset, spoke rapidly to the Wanaka operator, passed a mouthpiece and earphones to Ed.

Five minutes later the bus moved off. Teletypes started to chatter in Alexandra, Dunedin, and Lower Hutt.

Just after midnight, the first men from outside the district arrived at the Wanaka Youth Hostel. At 3 a.m. a small party moved back ten miles up the road to open a shooters' hut; at 5 a.m. men from Alexandra and Dunedin arrived, with Army transport, food, and radio operators. In the hour before dawn the machinery of the Search and Rescue was moving far more quickly than Ed, unrelaxed in a borrowed sleeping bag, could credit.

Meanwhile, Jenny rested uneasily, sleeping when she could. I kept the fire going, and tried unsuccessfully to make ten-year-old milk powder palatable. Jenny was always thirsty, always in pain, always cheerful. The bandages turned slowly greener.

The Clarke forever ran alongside. I tossed in an aluminium canister and watched it bob out of sight, faster than a man could sprint after it. There was a laugh behind me. Jenny, too, had seen it go. "Half-way to Australia by tea-time," she said.

...Cont'd..

"We might get you out the same way," I replied. "Float you down-stream on a rubber mattress."

In the lower reaches of the Clarke, the man who held the lease kept an elderly but serviceable tractor. To cross the Landsborough with deer carcasses or cattle, he used a jet boat, and his Landrover had worn tracks up and down the civilised side of the river. All this machinery he offered, as he had done before, to the Police and the Army; accepting payment for neither time nor fuel.

He ferried the men and their equipment across the Landsborough, making the first trip in the dark. He drove the tractor as far up the Clarke as it could be driven. Then, knowing better than Ed or the local police the remnants of blazed tracks and the better crossing places, he offered to guide the advance party: a doctor, Ed, and some bearers.

Behind them, relay bearers and radio teams swung into prearranged positions.

At midday of the day after he had left her, Ed watched a hypodermic needle slide into a vein in his wife's arm. Seconds later, her clenched fingers relaxed. The police doctor's fingers stripped rags from her foot, cleaned the flesh, and smoothed on fresh dressings.

A stretcher had been built with the tent and two newly-cut saplings. The bearers ate a hasty meal from their ration packs. They washed it down with tea thick with milk and sugar. A few lit cigarettes; others stripped to the waist and washed, or wandered off into the bush.

The doctor stood up and accepted a cup of tea. "Reckon that might do to get her out. You blokes okay?"

Warm, waterproof, and comfortable, Jenny was carried through the afternoon by relays of six men. A pathfinder and two axemen avoided or cleared the worst obstacles, the plodding, struggling, swearing procession always immediately behind. If a man slipped, or came face to face with a tree trunk, or lost his footing in a scramble over tangled tree roots, his mate, only just relieved, with arms and shoulders still aching, would step in again.

"Go easy with the axe, Big Mike. I'd like to keep my left arm."

"Got two arms, haven't you?"

"Yeah, but only one head. Short back and sides at the neck ain't my line. Suit you alright, though."

"Save listening to you, anyhow. . . Well, well, Another swamp coming up."

"Can't say I liked the last one; Undercooked. Needed salt."

"Don't eat it if you don't want it. Oh, bad luck. Did you foot slip?"

"Like I said. Needs salt. Why don't you get on with the clearing?"

Jenny slept well that night. So did the rescuers. As night fell, they had reached open country. They smelt fire and food; a small city of tents had appeared out of the dusk. Sparks danced off a radio aerial.



...Cont'd..

Ed left Jenny at the doctor's and walked along to the police station. The formalities, left until now, were quickly completed. The constable closed his file. Ed and he moved over to the hotel, taken over by the searchers for half an hour before the lorries left.

Down the street, Jenny heard the singing. "Follow me, follow/Down to the hollow/ And there let us wallow...." She joined in, softly, before going back to sleep. "...in glor-or-or-Orious mud."

•KEN•

24/3

### SEBASTIAN FAUCET PROWLs AGAIN

The dark Mountains brood;  
 All is silent as black.  
 Near a small ashy fire  
 A pensive man sits.  
 In a shelter high-perched on a crag  
 The snow lies hard  
 The snow shows black.  
 As he sits alone in the gaunt draughty shack  
 The grey mist ghosts round  
 With eerie intent  
 It silently sneers at the man quite alone.  
 Mark! What is that?  
 The flame shrinks in fright  
 At a sound from the ground.  
 A rumble like thunder-a scratch from the door  
 A slow silence-a scratching once more.  
 Upright he jerks  
 Clawed hands at his sides  
 Glassy fear in his eyes,  
 And sweat runs down his unshaven jowls.  
 What is it? The end, is it near?  
 No! It's happened before;  
 It will happen again,  
 With Sebastian the Younger  
 Out on the Prowl.  
 What does the man do  
 But fling back the door  
 To peer through the cold clammy mist,  
 But no more.  
 All is as still as before.  
 The snow lies hard,  
 The rocks show black,  
 as the shaken man returns to his thoughts  
 In the shack.

ALAN F. 25/2



Gary E. J. Bold  
 President 1969

JUST LIKE TOM THUMB'S FRESHERS' WEEKEND

you are chewing  
your cud under the night sky or inside a  
sardine tin and mike is playing illya  
kuriakin-robin hood with a touch of  
little john.

i am feeling a  
combination of dudley moore, bob dylan,  
senator mccarthy, and winking ginalolla-  
brigida. queen mary walks along and tells  
me she feels like joan baez, shirley maclaine,  
lucille ball, colleen beaumont, and the bottom  
half of jayne mansfield. i say no,  
surely you make, fake, ache just like a  
woman but break just like a little girl?  
and the gina lollabrigida in me laughs out  
don't cry, everybody is here, the whole world  
is here, you won't be stoned. just keep the  
kettledrum in mind.....

you are oliver  
asking for more

but mostly you  
are letting your hair hang down, climbing  
happily through the smokeless people ash.

there was no neon  
rainbow to stultify the sweat, maybe that's  
why there were no electric faces.....

scott and graham  
are both these moriarty, and i begin to  
wonder which of them is jesus christ, when  
ruthy walks into the honky-tonk lagoon  
plants her hand on russ conway's blue  
shoulder and after a pregnant paws says  
who's to open pandora's box. well i didn't  
volunteer, the call of the wild was too much  
for me

...Cont'd..

you grab that  
 spiritual nudity that goes with bare toes  
 and no mascara, that smile of satire from  
 queen jane approximately, asleep in the corner.

you are in the core  
 of a social wheel consisting mostly of ninety  
 eight point four, and, poor scott, he's  
 nailed on the cross again. julie christie  
 walks out, winks, and is awash with egg  
 creme shampoo and what was in the tank.  
 she comes back, singing i feel so broken up,  
 i wanna go home, but we all know she doesn't  
 mean it. and she'll curse me when i prove  
 to her and whisper and say no, not even you  
 can hide. you see you're just like me, i hope  
 you're satisfied.

mike is no longer  
 illya but has turned into gene macpherson  
 and the ragman from saville row. we have  
 a glance at christine, who is thinking of becoming  
 jean shrimpton but might settle for mae west.....  
 and, as ramona told me, we are not all rail-  
 waymen but as least we have two legs.  
 and i guess that's why we belong together.

by dudley moore, bob dylan, senator mccarthy,  
 gina lollabrigida, and robert allely.





## TWO'S COMPANY (OR Peasants' Tramp IN)

On the 7th day of June 1968 one member of the party assembled himself as the leader set out for Swanson on the 6.5 p.m. train. This secured a beginning without mishap, to us or the N.Z.R. The guard even spoke to us. The leader spoke: "The over-night stay in the Botany Department at the end of Tram Valley Road and Peripatus is rubbished. Therefore O'nuku is substituted". Upon the pleas of the party against rainy night grovelling up Peripatus when he had not brought a torch, hitching up Scenic Drive to Cutty Grass or the Anawhata Road was decided upon. (Ed: The construction of this sentence is left in the original dialect.) After one two-mile lift and several miles shambling out in the raging elements, the DAM Access Road was reached, and upon the reading of the friendly signs (Keep Out - Water Shed! No Entry! Trespassers Drowned etc.) the leader decided to lead his party along said road. A brisk stagger, and behold .... the RANGER'S house, ablaze in the middle of the road. "It's moments like these you need minties" (unquote) didn't say the party as he offered round his minties to his leader. It had been claimed by K squared and his right hand that the DAM was no longer forbidden but what of DAM Access Road (otherwise known as Dougie Track)? A plan of action had to be formulated. Several alternatives threw themselves at our feet.

- (a) Withdraw up the road to Scenic Drive.
- (b) Bushcrash down to the railway or DAM.
- (c) Ask the RANGER something (anything).
- (d) Boldly walk past - i.e. sneak past.

Knowing the leader's character he decided to lead his party past the RANGER'S House; subject to the following sub-alternatives:

- (i) if he (the RANGER) sees us - ASK.
- (ii) if the DOGS (the leader thought he did have and the party thought he didn't) bark - ASK.



Faces blackened, this subversive group cringed in the undergrowth and waited, and waited - - for the moon to loiter behind a cloud. It finally did so in a half-hearted sort of way. Slowly, sneakily, the party drawled past, and then .... it happened: A 21-dog barrage opened up with everything it had - ASK! Knock! Knock! "Is it true that it is now permitted to use the DAM for crossing back and forth?"

Onwards and O'nukuwise pranced us, as the party consoled himself with the thought that they must have been pretty dumb dogs to take so long to detect us. Mud-wise Fenceline was a success. We finally reached O'nuku to be greeted by no-one other than a certain threatening mumbling from a sinister looking sleeping bag. (Ed: Original dialect). The weekend slowly degenerated into the holocaust (?) of Hut Birthday Weekend 1968, with assorted gadabouts and vagrants, and thus yet another chapter of the Folklore of AUTC is inscribed for prosperity.

This pilgrimage was lead, written and directed by MIKE TAYLOR. It also featured his party, GRAEME S. HALLIDAY



## Student Trampers?

Since some members of T.C. expend more effort on their tramping than they do on their units, (you know, those things you study in between visits to the noticeboard and having lunch at Sir George) it seems a pity that there is no official channel to obtain credit for those activities which are, after all, the *raison d'etre* for our presence at Varsity.

In an attempt to remedy this situation, the following model paper has been devised for the unit of "Tramping 1". No firm decision has been made as to what degree this unit could be credited to; but in view of T.C.'s oft-quoted engagement record, perhaps the degree would not be that of Bachelor. The most appropriate recognition might be that of a "Diploma of Prodigality", including, along with tramping, units such as "Advanced Coffee-bar Studies" and "Student Politics Prelim." (otherwise known as AUSAPOCPAM)

### 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 overtalkative.

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 learned 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

6. Derive an expression for calculating the crossability of a river.

Hence attempt to derive a (non-blasphemous) expression for being swept away by a river calculated to be crossable.

### Milk-Bar Reverie.

"Sorry, I haven't got time to give you a lift to the other side, mate - there should be some traffic coming through about noon."

The town had a long hot road leading through it. My pack was getting heavier, my boots dustier, and the bits of roadside shade fewer and farther in between.

The girl in the milk-bar eyed my scruffy countenance, rumpled clothes, and battered boots with obvious distaste.

"Lime milkshake please."

"Take-away?" she said hopefully.

"Drink here" I said, sitting down in the little pink and green cubicle from where I could see my pack and ice-axe lying on the pavement outside.

"Been climbing?"

"Yes".

That was it. I'd been climbing. Ten days in the mountains, and no pretence of tramping at all. Living in huts, with primuses, fuel, and sleeping bags supplied. Dollar-twenty-five-a-night. Mt. Cook and the Tasman Glacier framed in the picture window above the dinner table. Miss November above the sink.

7 p.m. radio sked. "ZLVA to ZLVA-12. Yes, we copy your request for clean tea-towels. They will be flown in on the next plane". Going down to the airstrip to post a letter half way through the trip, ski-plane borne tourists ogling scungy mountain men appearing out of the white-out. Californian tones overheard "Do those people really live here?"

The fascination of the snow grass around Malte hut when you haven't seen a plant for a week. My first crevasse, a black hole appearing under my feet as I plod through the Murchison snow in the fog and the rain. That slope up to Murchison hut, which acquired a couple more slots every time we went up. Interesting that we got back to Auckland before we realised we were using the wrong route every day. Homely little hut, though confusing. Floor leaning one way, bench the other, and the bunks at right angles to everything else. Drying the dishes made you seasick, walking up and down beside that bench. Hut conversation, Peter's

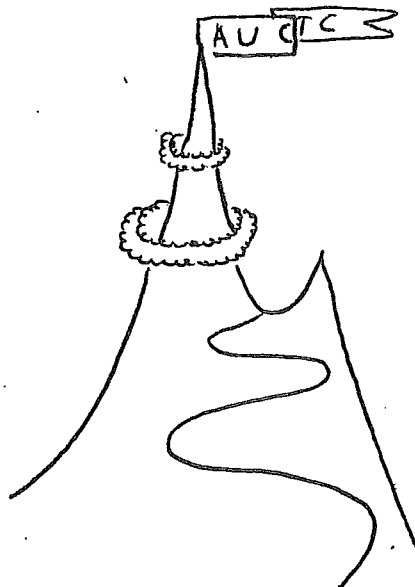
"I hate social rugby, you always get hurt."

"D'you enjoy it?"

"Too sweet".

"I mean the climbing".

Often wonder about that myself. Sometimes have severe doubts about it. Like on the Murchison moraine, hour after hour of wondering whether the boulder you're about to put your foot on is going to give way or not.



But even that's worthwhile if only to give you a sense of superiority over plane-borne climbers.

Some things take a bit of getting used to, of course. Standing on a narrow ridge of broken rock, nervously contemplating the 4,000 ft. drop to the glacier while Peter enthuses about how the vertical slab in front of me is "a beautiful pitch, with lovely exposure". It makes more sense, standing on top of Annan, the Tasman sea and the divide peaks to the left, Hackle and Malte Brun to the right, and a sea of snow-capped peaks stretching away to the north, with D'Archiac prominent on the sky-line.

Sometimes the climbing didn't take much to enjoy. Crampons crunching in fresh frozen snow as the pink of the sunrise crept down the peaks towards us. On the summit of Broderick, that view down the Whymper Glacier, with, behind, the dark green Westland stretching out through the deep valleys to the sea.

I sank luxuriously into the passenger seat of the big american car.

"Heading for Auckland are you?" said the driver. "Hope you don't mind a fast ride - I've got to be there tomorrow night".

Then I woke up.

"Hitch-hiking, are you?" asked the bloke at the counter, wearing a bush singlet and battered felt hat. "If you chuck your gear in the back of the truck, I'll give you a lift up to the turn-off".

I was on the road again.

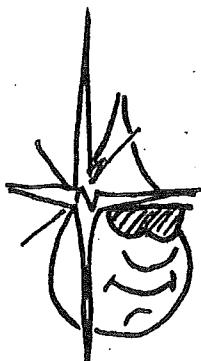
. . . . .

The above account bore some resemblance to a Murchison-Tasman trip indulged in by Graham Langton (Committee, Club Captain, Vice President), Derek McKay (Committee, Vice President), Peter Gin (Committee), and Alastair Smith (Committee) between the 7th and 16th of January, 1969. In the course of this trip, the summits of -

Mt. Phyllis	8,100 ft.	
Mt. SydneyKing	8,300 ft.	
Broderick Pk.	8,760 ft.	
Mt. Aylmer	8,819 ft.	
Mt. Annan	9,667 ft.	Pk. 8,900 ft.
Hochstetter Dome	9,258 ft.	

were attained.

25/4




---

Good old George,  
Quothe, a path I will forge  
Across this gorge,  
Poor George.

P.H.



Campfire at Simla  
After Degree 1962  
Murray Thompson's Farewell

**END**