

footprints

a publication of the
a. u. c. tramping club.



vol. 3 no 4

Coming by devious routes, we assembled at the Godly Hut by Boxing Day, after a trudge up the long shingle bed of the Godly River. Although in general the weather treated us badly, we had a wonderful holiday and we beginners learned much. New experiences came crowding upon us. We were surprised at the appearance of the glacier, leading into the distance like a wide highway. We looked into crevasses that receded down into an incredible blue, glowing and dark. We did not suspect the broken nature of the terminal moraine, a frustrating mixture of loose stones and boulders lying on an array of ice cliffs and ridges that rises to a height of a hundred or two feet above the river bed. We were surprised too by the river which, though but twenty yards wide and three feet deep, has a bed a milw wide, and strength to knock a man down. Ask Shirley-Anne, for was she not pulled out on the end of the rope?

Though the glacier and its pleasures are part of the attraction, climbing makes the real thrill. To pick a route, to find a way up over rock and snowy ridge, and to be rewarded by a fine view, gives a deep satisfaction. Such a view is that from Panorama, our party's only peak. Stretching away lies the sweep of the glacier, lined on the left by the peaks of the main divide, clouds rolling between them. To the right the Godly valley leads to blue Lake Tekapo, twenty long miles away; and before us, dominating the scene like a great giant among lesser giants, towers D'Archiac, rising over rocky ridge and dazzling snowfield to a white point, high and remote. This is the thrill that will draw us to the mountains again and again.

Another unforgettable day was spent in the Classen, a small glacier having a moraine far more formidable than that of the Godly ("But wait 'till you see the Tasman, my boy!") There, on a cliff some two thousand feet high and two miles long, avalanches fell at the rate of one and two a minute for over three hours! We watched one massive ice serac go. Standing on end, slowly, slowly, it tilted, gained speed, and fell end over end down the cliff; then with a noise of canons it struck a boulder and burst into a million pieces, each piece bounding and shattering down the face, with a sound now like thunder as the ice flowed like a waterfall on to the pile below, and the dust rose in clouds that swirled in the wind of the fall. The flow slackened to a trickle, the dust drifted away, and we were left gazing in awe at the silent immensity of the cliff.

Our holiday ended too soon. We learned much - we treat crevasses with less fear but much respect, we have seen how appallingly easily one can sometimes start an avalanche, merely by throwing a pebble on the slope; we have been enchanted by the flowers, and by the crispness of the ice and the eager anticipation of an early start, when the sun has just lit the peaks with red. Our thanks, therefore, are to Mr. Rose and Mr. Crockett for this introduction to some splendid country.

Alastair Geddes.

BOOK OF THE MONTH..Climbing in the Southern Alps, by
Shirley Anne Rose and Rose.

Doc's lullaby... Sweet and low

Hell! this is Morton I can bear...

FOOTPRINTS.

Publication of the Auckland University College Tramping Club.)

Editor. Audrey Patienc
(On marital leave.)
Editor for this issue. Maureen Lamb.
Cover: Jill Burbiage.

A.U.C.T.C.K.F. 1946.

On December 23rd at approximately 7-30 the youth and beauty of A.U.C.T.C. assembled at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Odell in Mountain Rd. Most of the ground floor of the house had very kindly been lent and four large rooms and the kitchen were at our disposal.

We were all very sorry indeed that Aileen was not well enough to come downstairs and all hope that she will be in good health again very soon.

Besides the present active members we were pleased to see some old members, among them Annette Burbiage, Phil Allingham, Derek Clarke and Nils Theilman on holiday from Otago.

During the evening we were shown some very good views of the Coromandel gleaned from Rum's inimitable collection.

Proceedings commenced with an energetic and highly typical folk dance demonstrated first by the M.C. Dutch Hollana. This consisted for the most part of vigorous hand clapping and the roaring of "Jingle Bells".

The gathering then in a state of physical and mental exhaustion was requested to be seated and join in a pastime involving an advanced co-ordination of mind and muscle depicting the various articles some nincompoop bought in Paris.

Later the company was startled by a clarion call like the last trump and behold enter Santa Claus (on the back of a motorbike) resplendent-top boots and nifty red overalls. His face mercifully smothered-cottonwool. One might have been mystified as to who this gorgeous creature was, but those locomotive appendages and that piping treble could only belong to Ted Harvey who then proceeded to shower gifts indiscriminately upon the guests. Mesames G.&M. Stegedin, the renowned Opera Stars then favoured us with a quiet "Excelsior", a truly wicked performance. The highlight of the evening, though no trumper would admit to it, was Food..and T.C. Demonstrated with supreme reluctance just what should happen when it comes to the inner man.

The various amusements of the evening were punctuated at intervals by announcements concerning an establishment where tailored outfits were to be had in abundance..it is understood that Doc Waters is proud owner of this relic of 1928.

Votes of thanks were then passed to the Stanton's for the generous use of their home and to the many helpers whose combination of effort was responsible for the success of the great social event of the season the '46 Christmas Party.

The last issue of Volume Three, and reviewing the year's accomplishments is a pleasant task. Reparoa, National Park - Coromandel, a few of our many successful ventures; ample and varied tramping according to our policy. Reviewing the year's accomplishments so far as Footprints is concerned, however, leaves some room for doubt.

It is supposed that any small magazine must of necessity greatly reflect the personality and opinions of its editor and staff throughout, and in such a relatively minor publication such as ours, this is developed a very real danger of the journal representing but a small minority. This situation is rectifiable, yet considerable apathy hangs over most of the club. Possibly members feel insecure as to their literary prowess - yet Footprints has no pretensions whatever to be literature - if it did many of you might not read it!

It is difficult to establish a system whereby the magazine may become more representative; we are fully cognizant of this fact and it is with the realization of a club magazine as a power for unification that we ask for your opinions and suggestions in order to make Footprints "of the club, by the club - and for the club!"

The Editor thanks her Editorial staff, the many typists, stencilers, and all those people within and without the club whose willing help has enabled us to produce this past year's issues.

MATRIMONIAL

Lost or Found (For cynics and optimists)

August - Graham Noonan and Adrienne Skyring.
Silently, secretly, but not alas at Gretna Green.

December - Audrey Innis - Keith Patience
No puns by special request.....

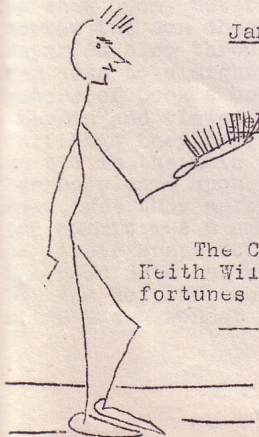
January - Ann Burbidge - Derek Gallagher
Following the example of all good club secretaries see above.....

February - Audrey Anderson - (already!!!!)-Mac Wallace.

Margaret Hoodless - John "Rue."

(Doh.. Rue... Me..)

The Club extends it's best wishes to Haidis Tang, Keith Williamson and Rum who have gone to seek their fortunes in Wellington. We will miss you all very much.



AFTER DEGREE CAMP 1946.

Coromandel.. 'O waly waly up the bank,
And waly waly down tha brae.'

Thanks to Ian Reid's excellent publicity work in the "Star" all well informed Auckland knows of our expedition into the wilds and pubs of the Coro peninsula, but for the select readers of Footprints here is the Gen, the Low down, the Dinkum Oil on the A.D. '46 A.D.

THE ACTS OF KEITH AND HIS DISCIPLES.

Know ye therefore, that upon a certain Tuesday in November, six sons and two daughters of the tribe of AUCTC left their brethren for a distant land flowing with beer and churches. Verily the way was long wherefore they took themselves to a feiry monster on four wheels, and lo, they were driven in this great steed by a man of skill, and behold ere the sun was in the heavens they had come unto the city of Thames. Yet the Children tarried not but continued until nightfall right into the wilderness. Long after daybreak the Children turned their faces to the East and traversed the barren waste of Kauaeranga, beset with ferns and bracken which rent their flesh assunder. Truly the way was long and the burdens heavy, but they tarried not and by nightfall they had crossed the great mountains and descended into the fertile valleys of the Eastern lands. Lo, under the stars by the mighty Taiua they passed the night and great was their weeping and wailing when the steak was likened unto a oinder in the cooking thereof. The third day they rose again as from the dead, and came unto Tairoa. And the night was dark and the rain it did fall. And it came to pass on the morning of the fourth day, that the rain did still fall and the Children became exceeding wet, even unto their skins... Long was the road unto the hills yet the road was paved with shells and it was good under their feet per perchance... A roadmender met them, and tarried in his abode for their repast and behold, his walls were covered with fair damsels, daughters of the tribe of Varga and other strange peoples. Verily.. their strange nakedness was great to behold. Yet still the rains came and the Children journeyed on with a dampness unto death in their bones; but they set their faces to the sea and the promised land of the hot water beach was good to think on. At last a great feast they prepared and lo the dried peas and macaroni were good to chew upon, but the M & V, it was manna unto their lips. On the morrow the sun shone and the clouds had departed and lo the Children departed also through the lands of the strawberry grower, over the hills and down to a mighty river. At last they came unto the sea. Yea the waters of Cook's beach were good and the Children bathed themselves therein and viewed with joyfulness the golden sand. In the fair city of Whitianga they tarried for a short space and consumed morsels of cake seated in the main street. Then they set their faces to the hills. Darkness came upon the land and still the Children toiled up the steep road, yet they were merry and did sing with exceeding great joy. Upon the summit was a small dwelling wherein they cooked their meal and did lay their spent bodies down. On the morning of the sixth day they ascended unto the great Castle rock. Truly the view was great, but the sun was hot and their raiments were few and thus the redness of their skins was a wonder to behold.

The promised land lay but a few leagues before them, so that the Children journeyed on tho' their boots were spitting assunder.. sweet was the smell of food and sweeter still the sleep which they found at Papa Aroha.. the promised land.. Waldis Lang. EDWARD.. PRINCE OF WHALD-SIZED ADVENTURES.. HIS STORY.

Eight unblemished souls, under the intrepid leadership of Ted, burned up the road to Whangaia. Here we selected a fine spot but having had dinner accepted the offer of a ride to the Denize mansion. Here supper was forced on us (Shame..Ed.) We contrived to leave about 11 next morning (breakfast having been turned on for us first) and proceeded along the road to Kaitiaki spending the night there in a fine selection of buffalo grass. Next day we reached Whitianga per cream lorry, and idled away the hours seeing the sights of that great metropolis. All of us except Nev and Gordon scorned the caves at our camping site and as a result woke up next morning with S.F.'s all dampened to taste (or even more so) by gentle rain which started about 4.30 a.m. and kept going all day. In the afternoon we wandered round the city playing snooker etc. finally ending up with dinner at the hotel. We went twice through the menu at no extra charge .. a good feed in fact. The next day dawned beautifully fine and we went to hot water beach for a swim and a surbathe., then back to 13 miles of road and 50 yds. of water in the remarkable time of 55mins. Sunday saw us crawling up the road to Coro (and reluctantly accepting a lift over the hill) and so down to Castle View. Next morning the men climbed the "Rock" while the fems tied up (so they said) We reached Coro at feedtime and were driven back to Papa Aroha for recuperation. (All these references to food have no connection whatever with the character of the author Ted (Modesty) Harvey.

RABBIT CRAWLEY ON THE HOP.

Party No 2, tailing the field left T.A. in the morning. Bob and Brian Thomas, mortifying their flesh had a swim. At Colville the bloodstains on the steps of the main store are ours. Ken (Flisters, Sutton admitted that "one foot was a bit sore" It was.. a gory mess. He forced on in sandals. Our first camp was around the headland in Colville Bay. A lovely route along a Pohutakawa fringed coast on Wednesday with porpoises idly undulating by at lunchtime. Another swim and a long slog over the hill into Port Jackson. Next day up early as usual. Bob had great faith in wood-chopping as an alarm clock. A day of much winding, for some way along the cliffs and into Stony Bay. Here Joan Hastings and Bill Ringer quite failed to justify themselves as the fishwives of the party. Our camp was flanked by Doc's party and Bennies nightingales. The industry of side-kick Ron Bennett in nightly erecting the tent was rewarded the next morning when rain fell. We meet Dave and his mob also locking out of their element in the elements. Judicially mixing low cunning and charm (no prize for telling who used what) Alison and Bob obtained the use of.. woolshed, stove, vital newspapers, milk and salt. Saturday morning was perfect. Not so perfect for Aio and Ken who had to return to Auckland, or for Jill Gurdie who strained a muscle, but to the remainder who ascended Mo'ehau. On Sunday, with a cracking of the whip wereturned to Colville, and after a great frenzied eating, necessitate by unplanned meals. we again reached T.A. on Monday to be joined by Dr. Friggs for the rest of the time. ..Bill Ringer.

DOC'S SPOTS.. BY RUM AND COCO-COALA.

We left Coromandel early in sunshine, climbed the Bay road in showers, rested on the top in cold wind, and went down the other side in humid heat. On to Waikawa into a clearing where there was nothing save firewood and a stream, so we camped. Next day we mashed through a very overgrown track. Rum, who was leading, disappeared into a carefully overgrown and camouflaged stream and had to be hauled out by C.I.L. who later left his boots to cool in the stream and fell in himself while trying to retrieve them, and consequently was lovingly called "Wet Pants" for the rest of the trip. On the beach C.I.L. went to stand on a rock, but it swam away.. It was a sting-ray. At Port Charles and Stanley Bay we found that the Stevensons were not to be found, So we went on to Stony Bay meeting Bruce's party on the way and Rob's when we got there. We camped by the stream near Rob, to be disturbed at some unholy hour by the arrival of Fernie. We had a marvellous singsong till midnight. Misery, misery. The best part of the track and we couldn't see a ~~thin~~ thing. Truly Plack Friday. At least we had lunch in the dry at Fletcher's bay in the remains of an old farmhouse, which we left much tidier than we found it, but still the next party complained. On to Port Jackson where we found Fernie installed in one of Ward's cottages, so in view of the inclemency of the weather, we joined him. The scenery down the coast road the next day was magnificent. We were heading for Moehau. We climbed it on Sunday meeting Dave on Sharp Moehau, Bruce on Blunt Moehau and a few Teiopolmas in between. The ascent of Moehau marked the end of our trip and we returned to Papa Moeha via Colville and the old coach road.

THE ROCK OF JAMES SPAILL.

We commenced our travels by playing a sort of a game.. Oilskins off! No! Oilskins on.. according to the rules concocted by the powers above. In between we had a look at the people in our party. Towards evening we blew into Whangapoua harbour where we spent the night on the verandah of a deserted farmhouse that looked as if it had a ghost. Yet the sight of us was enough to stop it stalking. Obviously the people who dismantled the place had reckoned without the knowledge of the power of Johnny's screwdriver, consequently ~~water~~ was had by all. After a night's sleep (some people made the remarkable find that they had hipbones) we found a "hills peep o'er hills" type of path leading to Kennedy Bay. There we got a lift (mile) some fish (species undisclosed), and permission to sleep in the orchard. The next morning brought us, that's right .. more hills over which there is one (not two but one Doc) reasonably good track. This led to a lovely quite uninhabited beach and a walk through wild lupins brought us to lunch and the sight of young pigs bathing in salt water. (probably our good influence). That night it started raining and in the morning it was raining still. It rained the whole way to Port Charles and it only rained a little less after we had found shelter in our unique (Standard prefabricated but it did have a stove even if the chimney was blocked) army hut. If correctly disposed in alternate layers of boats is an ideal number of boats for a two man hut provided that (1) the boats vary in size. (2-) they are supplied with (a) funny things to read, (b) the kind of intellect that permit them to, or at least some of them, to

discuss the point at which two parallel lines meet (Would that be correct? It went on for hours anyway.) The next day was Moehau day. The day after we trotted back to Denizes where for the benefit of the "Star" we, together with Bernie's, Bob's crew trotted up and down the road with our packs on. There were too many trampers in one place so we shifted a few miles out of Colville. (Recipe for preventing rain.. Leave your dishes out to be washed by the rain. Next morning they will be coated by a cement-like layer of goo, and the sun will be shining. We were awakened by the arrival of the herd at the water hole that we had declared inaccessible to all but two-legged animals the day before. After that we tramped through Colville, along the road ruthlessly, then a swim and a lift for some, tramping for others, and so to base.. Ruth Blumenthal.

PRINCE MORTON'S PARTY.

Nightfall of the first day found us at Waikawa. The only resident of this windswept valley was toothless Bill Jones who told the gang incredible yarns of the ancient Moriories, and presented them with cooked pork. The party ate well that night.. principle course Turbiage pudding. Some of us staggered off on an eel hunt and saw some whoppers. The close of the following day found us at the Cape. Port Jackson. Bob and his crew settled with us and celebrated Don Thrusch's birthday with cocoa and cake (one candle) The two parties were within hailing distance most of the way to Fletcher's Bay, around flat-covered cliffs that sheered down to rocks and sea. We reached Sandy Bay at dusk. It rained hard next morning, blighting all hopes of making the ascent of Moehau. The party oozed slowly on to Fort Charles to find Jim's party in a happy home in a brand new cowshed. No room for us. We picked up our crippling feet and made a few more miles to find much more comfortable lodgings at Waikawa in the woods of the Denize's. Next day, after a morning on the lovely Waikawa beach we went to Fort Charles in readiness for the ascent of Moehau. This was made from Sandy Bay, up grassed slopes, through bush and scrub to the summit from which a clear view of the peninsula, surrounding islands, and the mainland to the South West was obtained. Clouds began to sweep through a gap between the peaks so we descended and were soon on the road to Fort Charles. To celebrate success, every scrap of food left (except the rolled oats) was cooked up in a glorious hotch-potch. Party then lay round the fire in absolute bliss, listening to Nathaniel Grubbin's complaints about his tum. The cream lorry picked us up next morning taking us to Colville where we brought breakfast before being driven on to base.

..... Feverley Rudd.

DAVE HOOTON AND HIS PARTY.

We started from P.S. towards Colville with a strong wind on the Fort quarter. Had lunch on the side of the first ridge and turning East started providing the 1,050,000 foot pounds necessary to lift seven packs and loads over the backbone of the peninsula. In this we were greatly assisted by the wind, now dead astern and blowing great guns. Blithered down the other side and waded along the "Track" to Kennedy's Bay. Another day, and another stream track searching for the track to Waikawa, which we missed. We found instead a much better one clear enough to ride a bike along.

We thus arrived at W. early and camped in a graveyard. Tony set off across the stream by patent aerial cableway to get the milk while others went in swimming with a giant sting-ray and several man-eating sharks. Dawn (almost) and on the road to Fort Charles via a farm at the Northern end of Waikawa, where we bought the biggest cabbage in the world. Staggering under the weight of this monstrous vegetable, we struggled up the road over the spur to T.C. and on to Stony Bay. On Friday we squished along the track round the tip of the peninsula in a peninsula fog, which effectively blotted out the view and everything except the preceding boots. We arrived at Fletcher's Bay wet through, and were very glad to move into the only roofed room of the old house. As the sun set, like a lozenge sinking in a plate of porridge, we built great fires of driftwood and burned holes in our clothes in an attempt to dry them. Saturday was passed in reaching Tantalus Bay ready for the assault on Mochau. We climbed Mochau through bogs, frogs, and over ridge tracks, finding Doc's party on the summit and Bruce's on another peak. Clouds drove us down again to collect our packs and move on to Waitaro Bay for the night. Here Cecil found for us a whole car full of Humber Hikers, with ample supplies of spuds and we were very hungry. The residents told us that the tidal creek was usually so full of flatfish that there was no room for water, certain lunatics were fishing till 1 a.m. After a hearty breakfast we consigned our packs to Colville by Humber transport and gambolled lightly along the road through Colville and home.

...C.K. Tutt.

After all this monstrous activity came three joyous days at base, filled with swimming, baseball, talking, singing and eating to whit.. normal sane occupations.. Vale '46 After-degree.

APCOLOGY. We apologize for the non-appearance of any account from Pernie Powden's party, by after the Editor had worn herself grey trying to get an account out of a certain bod, abandoned it as hopeless and so we go to press without it as we couldn't hold the issue up any longer.

WHAT-NOTTING AT WOKAROA.

17 Tods and, surprises of surprises a leader appeared on Sunday the 19th to penetrate the somewhat mystic region of Wokaroa. This proved, as a few discerning souls had calculated to themselves to be none other than Wokaroa.. in fact, we visited the falls to prove it. The trip led by direct control, set off into the unknown from Taupaki, and thence across some fine open country to the waters beyond the back of the falls where we had lunch and a swim, and where our friend Mr. J.S.P. dived recklessly into the pool with his glasses on. Our roving camera man, Num, snapped falls and Mr. Marshall from all angles and then home to the Waitakere Station and the A.P.P. This country around Wokaroa is very fine and though not so well known perhaps to all club members as other parts of the Waitakeres, Sunday proved that there is ample scope for more club trips in this region.

J.S.P. Swimming without spectacles may lead to loss of same and the subsequent inability to pass the 4th den at hopshotch.

Alison Gladding..

Alison Gladding, Eleanor Mires, Dutch Holland, Jim Smail, 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 Mangatopopo 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 Mangatopopo. Nonchalantly we ford Wairiri 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 oats is a dead loss anyway.

Dave (wait till I tell Blenner this!) Spence.

HOPES AND WARTIES IN THE HUNUAS.

We left Auckland in Dr. Prockway's car, pausing at Tapakura for refreshments, (milk shakes and custard tarts or fruit pies according to taste) and on to the Ness Valley and up the twisty twisty road (a rather alarming experience for almost brand new driver) on to the Otau plateau at sunset. Parked the car by the pines where the dogs didn't bark this time! We started down the direct track to Te Hapua just as it was getting dark, so a moderate amount of slipping till we reached the bottom. Next morning we left early and went up the opposite ridge, between the two branches of the Mangatawhiri, where the ATC. have copiously marked the track with paint tin lids so that it can readily be followed after dusk. The route runs a short distance along the road from Flow's farm to the nearby mine. Some time later we noticed a tree marked "Water 100yds" so we investigated and found clear, cold, running water in the nearest gully. We came out onto the top of the ridge at the edge of the 1000 acre clearing and thought we might be on Kohokohunui but later found we were wrong. Along to trigzi where photographic evidence of our visit was taken. Admired the view from Manukau Heaus, Waitakeres past Auckland and the Islands in the Gulf, the whole length of the Coro Peninsula from Kiohau to Thames, across the Hauraki Plains and round to the ranges on their Western side. We followed the ridge back along the edge of the clearing, passed the top of the track we came up, found a hut in very good order, and then found Kohokohunui. Following a short length of track marked with white tapes we got on to a ridge between the Kohunini and the Mangatawhiri, sufficiently narrow to be easily followed. Saw a pure white billy-goat with a beard that looked as though it was combed and brushed. Came down at a saddle onto what must be the best track in Auckland's tramping country. We gratefully followed it down to Te Hapua. While getting firewood we found some *Peripatus* in a rotten log. They have a most elegant leg action (RUM!!!...) Intiugued by the excellent track of yesterday we decided to see wher it led. While resting at the saddle at the top, our leader (Tea) regaled us with imitations of Sinatra. We found the track went round to the Ponini side of the ridge descending until it stopped dead. Thence followed the obviously surveyed route for a while, but we got tired of walking on the side of the ridge so dropped into the Ponini. This we found to be a most beautiful stream, tho a bit difficult in getting past the gorge. However without packs we found even this part of the trip fairly straight going. Continued down to the Mangatawhiri forks where we branched up Mead's Track to the Manganese mines where huts, cableways and railway lines have been removed. Into the Momokai valley with Club dignitaries indulging in childish water fights at each stream crossing. And back to Te Hapua to climb out of the valley, looking especially attractive with the sun low in the West until we reached the car to find that Derek Clarke had paid a flying visit by motor bike and left us a list of exam results for our edification. This time the usual dogs were back at the pine trees to park at us. We witnessed the police catch a high speed motorist on the Gt. South Road. Journey's end at the A.M.P. RUM.

..15th March. combined Club weekend at Bethell's. Games on Sat. and a monstous camp fire.... Keep it free..