



AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY



TRAMPING CLUB



JUBILEE HISTORY



1932-1982

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Edited by
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FOREWORD

In this volume we seek to record not only what the Club has done, but also what the Club has been. We chronicle some facts, record changes, examine trends. But we hope we do a little more than that. The Club is indeed a tramping club and the experience of track, stream, river and ridge have given us a common focus. But the Club has been people. People with whom we have shared the joys — and the difficulties — of life in the bush and the mountains. So we introduce our Jubilee book with sketches of the fifty years, following this with a section on Club life — with the emphasis on those things that have made the AU(C)TC distinctive. The third section records, in outline, the activities of the Club in a number of areas of the country, and we conclude with an anthology — in prose and verse — mainly from *Footprints*. The catalogue of Club tramping activities is brief. The emphasis is on the Club and you will find more — much more — on Ongaruanuku than on Te Hapua, Mangatepopo, Park Morpeth or Pioneer. Comprehensiveness has not been sought. Thames, the Kaimais, Tarawera and the Raukumaras scarcely appear again while, in the South Island, the Wilberforce, the Whataroa and the Wilkin, like their fellows east and west of the Divide, barely gain a mention.

But if living memory is more vivid than the printed word, there may yet be something here that will bring alive those days, in whatever year of the Club's life that you tramped with the 'Varsity Club. If, in the recording of some fragments of the past, we can evoke those memories and set them in the context of the first fifty years, our task is done.

Brian Davis

February 1982

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INTRODUCTION

The AUTC was formed by a gathering of 49 students and staff in the Chemistry Lecture Theatre on 11 April 1932. According to custom, therefore, and as Sellar and Yeatman might have said, 1982 is 'a very important year' for the Club.

A fiftieth jubilee is an interesting moment in the history of an organisation. For it has existed long enough for noticeable changes to have occurred and for past and present members to have developed significantly different perceptions of it. Moreover, while there are original members whose memories and perspectives span the whole of the Club's history, so there are also recent and contemporary members for whom the Club's founding and development now seem part of antiquity. In 1982, therefore, the Club celebrates an occasion at which it is still possible for the past and the present, though very different in time and circumstance, to talk to each other.

'History', to actually quote Sellar and Yeatman this time, 'is what you can remember'. To mark the Club's jubilee, some of these memories have been collected together to form a record of the activities of Club members over the years. There is, of course, a precedent in the Club for a publication such as this — part history, part anthology — and it deserves to be acknowledged. Twenty-five years ago, on the occasion of the Club's silver jubilee, Tony Nelson edited just such a volume. The present book is an updating of that admirable publication, some parts of which have been reprinted, along with much that is new.

The purpose of this book, like its predecessor, is to record, interpret and illustrate (largely through the words of Tramping Club members themselves) the life of the Club during the last fifty years.

There have been many changes in that time, not so much, however, in the character of the Club, as in the wider social, economic and technological environment of the Club's activities. The inner dynamic of the Club, that indefinable quality known as 'Club spirit' has endured or, rather, has been constantly regenerated by successive cohorts of trampers over the years. But the changes in the Club's environment are nevertheless reflected in the pattern of its activities and the mode and attitudes of its members.

Yet the continuities of many Club activities — the perpetuation of a tradition — tend to obscure just how long a period of time fifty years is. When those 49 students and staff met in the Chemistry Theatre, New Zealand was plunging into the Great Depression — the 'sugar-bag years' — and abroad, Hitler was not yet Chancellor of the German Reich. The constraints on tramping of the depression years were soon followed by the disruptions and restrictions of world war. Since then the opportunities for tramping have steadily broadened with rising affluence, greater mobility and marked improvements in gear and clothing.

The Club was founded in the age of hemp and canvas and leather; now is the time of light alloys, plastic and nylon, and a pack for every occasion. The 1930s was the hey-day of Austin and Morris cars, metal roads and steam locomotives; now is the age of Datsuns and Toyotas, of sealed highways and half-fare standby air travel. Since the Club was founded, the student population has increased nearly ten-fold, from the equivalent of a large,

modern secondary school to that of a medium-sized town.

Perhaps fortunately the Club's membership has not burgeoned proportionately to the University as a whole. As a Club it is still relatively small, a clique of keen trampers and an associated body of occasional participants, organising its affairs with a characteristic mixture of enthusiasm, informality and sometimes surprising efficiency. But the campus has changed around the Club and its impact on the University has diminished accordingly. 'Procesh' has been abandoned by the Students' Association and this annual farce which once engaged a large proportion of the active members has been replaced by the rigours of the raft race, strictly for the hardiest souls. O'nuku survives, expanded in size but more often silent now. Its role has changed. Years ago the Friday night and weekend trains to Waitakere were withdrawn. So died a tramping club institution. Tramping in the Hunuas has almost ceased, its streams dammed to cater for the thirst and hygiene of a sprawling city. Names like Runneymead, Te Hapua, Sandy Rose's and the Mangatangi are mere memories — if that. But the changes have not all been bad. A system of National and Forest Parks, tracked and hutted, has multiplied the venues for tramping and greater mobility has made them accessible. The trooping of trampers to the South Island is now a veritable migration. Christmas Party has to be held in November before the exodus begins; but it is still held. Change and continuity are the basic strands in the history of any country, culture, institution or club. So it is with the AUTC.

Acknowledgements

Obviously a great many past and present Club members have contributed (sometimes unintentionally) to this Fiftieth Jubilee publication and to the celebrations in general. Our gratitude is extended to them all. In addition, however, I think the enthusiasm and initiative of Brian Davis deserve special acknowledgement. As early as December 1978, life members will remember receiving from Brian a circular letter foreshadowing the Club's jubilee celebrations and the publication of a 'Jubilee edition of *Footprints*'. Throughout, he has been a specially energetic figure in all aspects of the preparations for the anniversary this book celebrates.

Peter Aimer

FIFTY YEARS ON THE FIRST TWO DECADES

A Panoramic View

It was on 11 April 1932 that a group of forty-nine staff and students met in the Chemistry Lecture Theatre in the Old Choral Hall to discuss the forming of a tramping club at the Auckland University College. For the ten years since its foundation the Field Club had been running trips and excursions to various locations but these, quite rightly, were concerned with field work for the natural sciences. From time to time, parties within the Field Club had organised their own outings which were essentially (I hesitate to use the word) 'hiking' but it was recognised by many people at the time that the interests of the two groups were not completely in keeping. In fact at times the field work of the 'Ologists' was frowned on by those whose main aim was to 'push ahead'. It was not a desirable state of affairs.

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

President: Professor F. P. Worley.

Vice Presidents: Professor R. M. Algie, Dr D. Brown.
Club Captain: Mr L. Lucena.

Hon. Secretary and Treasurer: Mr S. C. MacDiarmid.
Committee: Miss E. King-Mason, Mr J. C. Graham, Mr A. E. Goodwin, Mr J. Ricketts.

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

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

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

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

Nineteen forty-two was a year of magic and great excitement for all who took their part in the development of the Club. Over the Christmas holidays of 1941-2 the majority of students were either in the forces or on directed work. After 7 December (Pearl Harbour) it looked as if they would be kept in these occupations 'for the duration'. However, in mid-March certain categories of students such as engineers, scientists, etc, were released to complete their degrees at university. Easter was early in April that year and a private party was organised by Campbell Reid to spend a few days in the Waitakeres. It consisted of Campbell, Cecil and Marin Segedin, Norman Rumsey, Peter Wong, Alastair Geddes (Olly) and Ted Giles: at Bethells, trudging up from Happy Valley, they met Allan Odell in another party while back at the Swanson Hut they joined a Field Club trip in which were Ann Burbidge, Aileen Stanton (Odell) and Susie Perl. This group contained the nucleus of the future of the Tramping Club, with four future life members, two secretaries and four other committee members.

The die was cast.

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

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

Later that year there was the 'Bike Hike' to Huia — never repeated but enjoyable in retrospect, the After Degree Camp at Papa Aroha north of Coromandel with Field Club and the commencement of the Summer Programme. At that time most students finished examinations about the same time so that there was an ideal opportunity to celebrate with a camp which involved most of the members. To many, the After Degree Camp was the high point of the year's programme, and places invaded were Coromandel (twice more), National Park (four times) and Great Barrier Island (three times). Further details will appear elsewhere in this history.

However, the attraction of 'After Degree' was being replaced slowly by the call of the South Island and over Christmas/New Year 1948-9 the Club went to the

Spencers in the Marlborough area. In this trip 48 members in eight parties of six (or was it six parties of eight?) all traced their steps up the Wairau River from Top House, then via the Rainbow River and the Paske Saddle to Lake Tennyson. After a spell of exploration in the general area they ended up at Hanmer. It seems strange today for this succession of small parties to follow essentially the same route and camp together each night but it was a start and an enjoyable one at that.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ski Club was formed in the early 1950s though even then there was real co-operation extended to the new Club. Also, this time saw the growth in co-operation and friendship between clubs and the Auckland Associated Mountain Clubs was formed as a type of local branch of the Federated Mountain Clubs of New Zealand. Search party organisation was instituted and combined practices were held. The most successful co-operative effort

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

The late 1940s saw the end of the 'inspired' generation of 1942 and, as happens so often with university clubs and societies, there was a period of a year or two where the vitality of the Club went through a 'low'. This is where the importance of the staff and older members is realised for their presence tends to dampen down wild fluctuations of this type and keep the organisations in existence.

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

Marin Segedin

THE FIFTIES

Club life in the fifties is recounted in Peter Aimer's words, written for the 1957 Jubilee Magazine.

Consolidation

So we arrive at the fifties and the present. But there are no great profound changes to record, for the present contains much of the past, though stamped with the personalities of the trampers of 1955, '56, and '57.

Scrapbook and *Footprints* are a record of this continuity whose features are the essence of Tramping Club. Gone, however, are those consciously formative years of the early forties 'when every venture was an adventure'. And that must be accounted the greatest change of all. Now the Club is well established, formed and organised. We have our own hut. All this we take for granted, for to us it has always been so, and our confidence and self-assurance reflect this. But to those whose participation extends back to the early forties it has not always been so. Undoubtedly, then, our attitudes are in many ways different from those of trampers of the late forties and more so from those of the early forties, but such an observation can only be made vaguely. It is more certain that trampers of any past year would find much in the activities and demeanour of the present that would recall, with a pleasant shock of familiarity, their own days in the Club.

At the University, Tramping Club is manifest in a well-filled notice board but above all as groups of students — in the cafeteria, in the cloisters, or working in the library. 'Not only do they spend hours in a solid (and we regret to say, somewhat noisy) ring at lunch-time, but they gather in their hordes in the cafeteria at tea-time, some legitimately eating their (first) dinner, others drinking cup after cup of coffee for the admitted purpose of staying to gossip and look at the 2,198,404 photos that are floating round in Tramping Club.' This was written in 1950, not 1953, or '55 or '57. Whether the circumstances are desirable or not, it stresses the point being made. There are certain basic qualities of Tramping Club. Companionship is one enduring quality of the Club and its value in the University.

Introspection is another. Fully established, and confident as we are, sooner or later these groups of trampers within the University spend much time and energy in discussing the aims, and activities of the Club in the light

INAUGURAL GENERAL MEETING

Minutes of a meeting held in the Chemistry Lecture Theatre on April 11th 1932 at 7.30 p.m. to discuss the formation of a University Tramping Club.

Present Professor F.P. Worley in the chair; and 48 others

The chairman, after a short introduction, called upon Mr MacDiarmid to read a constitution as submitted by the convenors.

Miss E. King Mason
Mr L. Lucena
Mr E.A. Flynn
Mr J.B. Graham
Mr J. Picketts
Mr S.C. MacDiarmid.

Each clause was taken separately. Those dealing with Name, Objects, Membership, Annual General Meeting, Ordinary Meetings, Dissolution, and Alteration of Constitution, were passed without comment.

When introducing the clause dealing with subscriptions, Mr MacDiarmid mentioned that the matter of affiliation was not definitely arranged with the Students' Association Executive and until then the matter of subscriptions must be left.

After the reading of the clause dealing with officers, discussion arose as to the number of Vice-Presidents and it was asked why the number was limited. Mr Lucena stated that it was most satisfactory to have as Vice-Presidents only those who were genuinely interested in the affairs of the club.

It was necessary to restrict the number

since the election of a large number took from the position much of its standing.

On the reading of the clause dealing with committee, an amendment was proposed increasing the quorum from four to five to make certain of a majority in the voting. Mr Lucena mentioned the difficulty of obtaining such a number during examinations. On the absence of a seconder, the motion was dropped.

Mr Lucena moved that a club to be called the Auckland University College Tramping Club be formed and that the constitution as presented be the approved constitution of the club. Seconded by Mr MacDiarmid. Carried.

The election of officers then took place, results being.

President. Professor F.P. Worley.

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

Club Captain. Mr L. Lucena.

Honorary Secretary & Treasurer. Mr S.C. MacDiarmid.

Committee. Miss E. King Mason, Mr J.B. Graham,
Mr A.K. Goodwin, Mr J. Picketts.

The president stressed the need for a large variety of trips and for the introduction of men-only and women-only trips as well as the usual ones. The meeting was then adjourned. Read & Confirmed.

J.B. Bell.
17/6/32 (Chairman)

AUTC IN THE SIXTIES

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

And, where did we tramp?

Waitaks for Freshers' day trip and weekend
Thames for Easter
Kaimais in May
T.N.P. in mid-term break and August
S.I. in summer
Is everybody Happy?
You betcha life we are!

... which brings us to singing and the social side of the Club.

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

A very protective environment, though if you didn't 'belong' it was hard to break into that cluster of self-absorbed trampers eating lunch by Sir George. Until you'd been on a trip; then you were 'in'. What Rolf's famous marital statistics actually showed was that most of the active Club members were mixing almost solely with other AUTC members. A strongly cohesive and conforming group of friends, enjoying the same social functions year after year but moving in a temporal backwater. Because, outside, the sixties were apparently swinging. Beatles! Flower Power! Viet Nam! Shadbolt and Jelly Beans! At least the jelly beans found their way into multicoloured scroggin even if we remained largely oblivious to the forces shaping that decade. Inevitably the gap between the world of AUTC and the other world outside grew too great and schisms widened within the Club between the new and the old. What suited the more conservative members was irrelevant to many of the even vaguely radical ones and increasingly they came to resent the same social formats being rigidly perpetuated. The tapes made of the old dances exacerbated this; they were canned music, so easy to turn on and so hard to turn off when live music was an alternative. A telling contrast to those frustrated times was a freshers' weekend in the 70s where we sat by a fire on the shore of Lake Wainamu singing those same songs (and others) to two guitars and then danced the same steps happily and frenetically under the pines urged on by the driving rhythms from Cathy Newhook's violin.

The affluence of the 60s brought other changes. More money meant more cars and more groups of friends heading away to non-traditional areas. Kaimais at Easter,

Ureweras in May. Even the South Island mid-year. One effect was the disruption of the Easter leader-training trips where a second-year student 'led' a trip with an experienced sidekick lurking in the rear to keep any shambles to a reasonable dimension. This effect was recognised but was hard to counteract given the increased number of private trips.

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

Climbing now was on the upsurge. Alpine Club's membership read like a list of AUTC old soles and the Club's donation towards the new AC hut on Ruapehu guaranteed us a decade of cheap snow-skools and climbing. The almost mandatory Snow-Skools were popular then as now and a necessary prelude to the great white South. Grass Skools were even run on the local volcanic cones to try to instil some rope and ice-axe knowledge into those not able to make it to the real thing. Rock climbing at the (AGS) quarry became increasingly popular and led to trips to Karangahake Gorge (scene also of pre-Christmas River Skools) as well as such epics as the descent into the Tomo at Mercer Bay when Derek McKay and Chris Matthews double roped down and were guided out by Bryan Halliday who swam round the headland and in through a cave. Good rock was a revelation and a treat after the knobbles on the walls of the Pararaha stream which might or might not hold meaning that you possibly wouldn't but probably would get very wet. Down south, our club added to the throngs in the Mt Cook area.

In short, in the 60s AUTC enjoyed nearly a decade of the good life. A large active membership tramped frequently, free of onerous work demands, cash flow crises or tragedy. Then at the end of the decade, the recession. Deaths, schisms, a downturn in membership and the constant pressure of internal assessment for a time blighted the club.

John Pemberton

AUTC AND THE 'ME' GENERATION, 1970-1975

Like the real estate market, AUTC appears to go through six year cycles. 1969 under the K-cubedship of Tony Kerr was the last of the boom years of the 60s, not to be seen again until 1975 when Cathy Newhook took the helm. During those early 1970s student life underwent many changes as the 1968 riots in Paris, those of 1969 in Berkeley and the Vietnam War made their impact on New Zealand. Hair grew longer and enthusiasm for singing 100 verses of 'Wallah Wallah' grew smaller. At the end of the 60s AUTC was an institution in which alcohol was never consumed at hut weekends (believe it or not) and fresher persons (or fresher women as they were then called) were probably at greater risk locked in a convent cell. Lunch under Sir George Grey's statue in Albert Park

was a tradition firmly rooted among those majority of club members seeking the wholesome comfort of belonging to a group. In the few short years following, rapid changes ensued as individualism invaded the club. Tilley lanterns were replaced by shining noses at hut weekends (although rumours throughout the university of pot fields surrounding O'nuku were unfounded), and attendance at the statue dwindled throughout 1970 and 1971 and finally ceased altogether in 1972. The generation gap between the old soles and the new soles widened markedly and May Camp became something of a battleground by 1971, with a heated argument growing over the dimming of lights and the playing of Beatle music. May Camp moved from Hunua to Muriwai in 1972 and was in financial difficulty for a few years thereafter. An epitaph on the temporary death of May Camp in the old tradition was sadly delivered by Andy Haines, who in 1972 arrived in Hunua from Wellington on the second weekend of the May holidays to find nobody there. They always had been before.

Although membership waned considerably during the early 70s, AUTC continued activity in a different but enthusiastic way. Club trips continued to be the mainstay of many Club members, but with a reducing pool of hard core trampers the most energetic trips were organised privately, even though amongst club members. 'Doing your own thing' slipped into the procedure very early in the 70s with Mark Logan and Jeff Clark shocking the club elders by daring to climb Mt. Cook in their first season. Many notable 'private' and unusual trips were held over the next few years as a result of this undoing of what was perceived to be a proper order of things, probably culminating with the Andes expedition in 1974. By that time would-be climbers were no longer expected to spend a season cutting steps before receiving a sage nod from the elders to be allowed to hire a pair of club crampons. The final step in the direction of non-club trips was taken with the formation of URGA in the mid-1970s.

The formation of URGA was perhaps the first step of re-institutionalism rather than the last of de-institutionalism. Rick McGregor and his followers entered university to find AUTC a paradoxical blend of new ideals patched onto a traditional structure. Reasonably, they could see no particular use for a committee which, within the previous couple of years, had been almost as large as the active membership of the club itself. Perhaps too grand to compete, or perhaps not, AUTC at that time started to embrace the box-office membership attacks that coincided with the new strengthening of the Club. Initiated at a 'let's get our act together' meeting organised by Barry Barton in early 1975 and reinforced by the election of a woman Club Captain (the first for several years and the first of several more to follow in the next), AUTC freshened its outlook and improved its visibility. The 'loo with a view', club teeshirt, and Cathy Newhook's momentous slide show played their part.

Throughout the changes of mood that university life underwent in these five or six years, and despite the changing membership every three (or more) years, it is incredible how many of the traditions survived (and survive even now). Even as political and apolitical groups waxed and waned in those early 1970s, there was still a place for stolid wevealwaysdoneitthiswayism. And there probably still is. Long live the old soles! Mogambo!

Roll Horne

A VIEW OF AUTC FOR HALF A DECADE, 1975-1980

'Participation in group activities has dropped off and the number of people actively tramping has decreased. . . .'

Letter to the Editor — *Footprints*, 1974

' . . . suddenly we had a shot of new blood into the club and the results are now well known to all who attend . . . '

President's Report — *Footprints*, 1975

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

But inevitably some of the signs of changing times were reflected in AUTC. The 70s conjure up a kaleidoscope of technological images and breakthroughs which all eventually had their effect on our tramping scene. The New Zealand outdoors became a 'gear freaks' paradise. A 1974 trampler owned a trusty, solid Mountain Mule pack; japara parka; down sleeping bag.

' . . . I found myself looking critically at other people's colour schemes and comparing their choice of colours . . . '

Footprints article, 1979.

By 1980 there was a bewildering selection of equipment from several infamous manufacturers for a confused and 'poorer' tramping public. A waist-belted, internal-framed, extendable pack was essential for a day trip to O'nuku; the parka could be constructed of PVC, gortex, 2 oz or 4 oz or 6 oz nylon; the sleeping bag could be filled with down, fibrefill, hollofill or polarguard.

With all this 'new', improved gear, did the 'standard' of tramping trips improve? A glance at trip lists showing the number of trips and regions visited would seem to indicate this, but I really suspect tramping became easier in the 70s. With the last inch-to-the-mile map published in 1975 to give a complete New Zealand coverage and the publishing of guide books and information sheets from park authorities, today's trampler now has no excuse to be lost. The cutting of new tracks, building of huts and bridges especially in the wild West Coast valleys, has provided straightforward access compared with the scrub and gorges of the past. A greater use of helicopters and light planes to provide access and food drops has avoided days of heavy packing. But many of today's trampers are questioning these developments, and there is now a strong trend for wilderness areas in the hills, free from all the intrusions of civilisation.

A far more serious threat also hangs over our mountains and bushland. Coupled with the growing use of the outdoors for recreation are the conflicting needs for hydro dams, timber for milling and mining of minerals. It has become an important activity of the Club to present its

views on the protection and use of tramping and mountaineering regions, mainly through submissions on Management Plans and support of conservation organisations.

'There seems no doubt that in cases where the Minister is required to consider submissions before finalising the management plan, we are entitled to evidence that our comments have not simply been receipted and pigeon-holed.'

Technical Appendix for Bush Lawyers
— *Footprints*, 1979

The growing sport of rock climbing saw the emergence of URGA (University Rock Group of Auckland) and FURGA (Friends of URGA), initially with the objection of a few Tramping Club members.

' . . . mushrooming interest in technical climbing. Personally, I find this competitive aspect quite nauseating . . . '

Letter to the Editor — *Footprints*, 1974

But this attitude was short-lived and a strong interest developed for crag climbing in AUTC in close association with URGA. With the Mt Eden quarry so close and a competitive atmosphere, Auckland was soon the centre of New Zealand crag climbing and the setter of standards.

' . . . A jam of sorts, but careering wildly off balance so right foot over onto the wall . . . tuck a breast in the crack and up you go . . . '

Footprints article, 1976

All this rock climbing has led to national fame for several URGA members, on the walls and slabs of Yosemite and on the Virgins of the Himalayas. However all this interest in high standard rock climbing had no carry-over into advanced alpine climbing. Relatively few alpine summits were obtained, but trans-alpine tramping was very popular, notably to the glaciers and snow-fields of the Southern Alps between Arthurs Pass and Mt Cook.

'But we plug on, knowing we are so close to achieving our goal. Hours later we finally emerge onto the divide between the Classen and Murchison . . . '

A Gentleman's Tour of the Great Southern
Alpine Regions — *Footprints*, 1979

Women have always played a large part in the club 'affairs' but in an unprecedented move we had female club captains in 1975, '77 and '79. In the hills as well, the girls are taking an active role, participating in and leading all types of trips. In these days of equal rights, what more should we expect.

' . . . and how can these women be so fit? 50 lb apiece and no sign of strain . . . '

Footprints article, 1978

The social activities of Tramping Club have been popular and flourished as always — indeed many students seem to be 'social trampers', only appearing at hut weekends at O'nuku or at social evenings. Just as trends in

entertainment and music have changed in the 70s, from Pink Floyd and hard rock to Punk and New Wave, so too have club socials. Crypt socials and square dancing evenings are almost extinct, occasionally revived at May Camp by 'old soles', and the trend is now to 'Priest & Prostitute' or 'S & M' theme evenings — a reflection of our times?

Geoff Mead

'From the Minute Book'

Moved: M. Segedin. That a letter be sent to Exec. apologising for overtaxing the notice boards.

Mr M. Segedin withdrew his motion.

Moved: Odell/Crosby. That a letter be sent to Exec. apologising for overtaxing the inadequate notice boards. CM, 5 April 1950. CARRIED

The minutes were read. A motion (C. M. Segedin/Bennett) that Miss Goodyear's name be expunged from the minutes [under 'Apologies'] was carried. The minutes were read again, Miss Crum, Messrs Bennett and C. M. Segedin recording their dissent. CM, 6 October 1953

THE CLUB

THE CLUB ON THE CAMPUS

Auckland University Tramping Club members didn't expend all their energy on tramping. There were a lot of activities on campus to occupy their time as well. In fact Alastair Smith once defined units as 'those things you study in between visits to the notice board and having lunch at Sir George'.

The notice board, at first situated in the old cloisters, was useful not only for gaining information on trips and activities, but also for wasting time. If you had nothing to do you could wander along there and hope to find someone else in a similar situation who wanted to pass the time of day. Later, around 1970, the notice board moved to the new Students Union Building. The poor old board periodically came under fire for its poor quality of notices and untidy presentation. It had a nickname of the 'rubbish board' on these occasions.

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

Unfortunately, in the mid-70s Sir George was increasingly left to have lunch by himself. Instead you could go to the notice board and sit around Student Union, but there was never quite the same atmosphere and numbers lunching there dwindled. This was rather a loss as the University was becoming larger and less personal. For some, lunch was a lonely time. At least at Sir George you could be assured of company, even if Tramping Club members weren't the most outgoing of students. In 1963 the comment was made 'at Sir George at any lunch hour Freshers sit by themselves in a group removed from others. Any suggestion of attempting to get them to integrate is met with an apathetic "Why bother — if they want us they'll come!"'

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

Socials were another campus activity. These were at first held in the old Men's Common Room. In 1964 the venue was moved to St Paul's Crypt. John Prebble comments in his editorial on the change, 'The hall turned out to be far more suitable than the Men's Common Room — there was a good floor, we made it look comfortably full and yet there was enough space to play even Clumps.' As far as sophistication, there was a strenuous attempt to start jiving or twisting, but there was never any question that Strip the Willow would be abandoned for anything more modern. The struggle between the traditional and the sophisticated continued. Graham Allely wrote in 1972 'social functions were a source of grievous trouble and annoyance to many in the club, so that the question of cancelling them altogether

was raised more than once. The first term social was poorly attended so in the second term a hut social weekend was held instead.' At this stage crypt socials became a thing of the past. There were, however, many who really enjoyed them while they lasted.

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

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

One other famous venue associated with campus life was Vaile Building. In 1964–5 the Club gear was moved from its room in Hut 6 which it had occupied since 1960, to a cubbyhole under the stairs in Vaile Building. In 1967 we were given extra cupboards upstairs and by this stage committee meetings were being held in the staff wives room on the ground floor. Vaile Building was a much more convivial spot than Hut 6 in the rain. More bods could fit in and one grew to positively enjoy the smell of ice axes steeping in dirty oil and the aroma of partially washed billies and dehy. It soon became known that the gear cupboard lock was easily picked with a knife, faster than a key, as long as you got your knife in the well-worn groove in the catch. It was also common knowledge that the staff wives used their room and old chairs only once a month, and that they seldom stood on their mantelpiece or windowsills and never bothered to get right round the room without touching the floor. As a result, to combat disuse of the building, Vaile Building became the general meeting place for many of AUTC. Notes were left on the door and much went on. It was a convenient place to kip down while waiting for the 2 am Herald bus to Ruapehu. Some time later Vaile Building was finally condemned, though it actually had many useful years left. AUTC was evicted and Sir George reared his charming head again.

The caf and later the coffee bar under Student Union were other places where AUTC members met to eat and socialise. Probably the most famous eating place, however, was The Golden Dragon. Amongst the AUTC members of the fifties, the name The Golden Dragon conjures up nostalgic memories.

When satiated with the uninspired monotony of cafeteria dinners, many of us frequented The Golden Dragon



1955

Left to right: Brian Davis, Struan Ensor, Peter Aimer, Ray Moorhead, Garth Barfoot, Judy Cotton, Helen Lyons, Bobby Longworth, Justine Cox, Dorothy Ehrlich, Linda Scholes.



LUNCH AT SIR GEORGE — 1964

Back row: Ken McAlister, Jerry Lowe, Elizabeth Gray, Claire Gregory, —, Dave Aston, Jim Frater, —, Noel Chandler, Dave Smyth.

Front: Robert Erskine, Gary Carter, Rolf Booker, Sally Montgomery, Gary Bold.

THE GOLDEN DRAGON CAFE

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PHONE 45-994

MENU

SOUPS

LONG SOUP	1 6
LONG SOUP and SHREDDED CHICKEN	3 6
LONG SOUP and SHREDDED PORK	3 6
LONG SOUP and MEAT	3 6
SHORT SOUP	1 6
SHORT SOUP and MEAT	3 6
SUI GOW IN SOUP	3 0
CHICKEN SOUP	1 6

CHOW MEIN

PORK FILLET CHOW MEIN	3 0
CHICKEN CHOW MEIN	4 0
VEGETABLE CHOW MEIN	3 0
WOON TUN CHOW MEIN	3 6
GIBLET CHOW MEIN	4 0

CHOP SUEY

PORK CHOP SUEY	3 0
CHICKEN CHOP SUEY	4 0
VEGETABLE CHOP SUEY	3 0
WOON TUN CHOP SUEY	3 6
GIBLET CHOP SUEY	4 0
WOON TUN CHOP SUEY and SHREDDED CHICKEN	4 6

PAN FRIED

PAN-FRIED CHICKEN and CASHEW NUTS	5 0
PAN-FRIED CHICKEN and PINEAPPLE	5 0
PAN-FRIED CHICKEN and TOMATOES	4 6
PAN-FRIED SOUR PORK	4 0
FRIED WOON TUN and PICKLES	3 6
FRIED SUEY GOW and PICKLES	3 6
PAN-FRIED MUSHROOMS and CHICKEN	5 6

EGGS AND MEAT

EGG FOO YOONG and VEGETABLES	3 6
EGG FOO YOONG and SALAD	3 6
ROAST PORK and SALAD	4 6
ROAST CHICKEN and SALAD	5 0
PLATE OF PORK	2 6
PLATE OF CHICKEN	2 6

RICE SPECIALS

PAN-FRIED RICE (1 bowl)	1 0
PAN-FRIED RICE (1/2 order)	2 0
PAN-FRIED RICE	3 0
PAN-FRIED RICE and SHREDDED CHICKEN	4 0
PAN-FRIED RICE and SHREDDED PORK	4 0
PAN-FRIED RICE and CURRIED CHICKEN	5 0
PAN-FRIED RICE and SHREDDED SHRIMP	5 0
PAN-FRIED RICE and SHREDDED BEEF	4 6

SPECIALS

TEA or COFFEE.	MILK 6d
MINIMUM CHARGE	2/-

OPEN FROM 11 a.m. to 11.30 p.m. DAILY
SUNDAYS 8.30 a.m.

6d EXTRA AFTER 10 p.m. AND HOLIDAYS
SATURDAYS 3d extra. 6d EXTRA ON HALF ORDERS

before evening lectures for a cheap, nourishing and tasty meal. A quick run, or walk, depending on fitness, through the park and across to dimly lit Greys Avenue, brought us to The Golden Dragon, opposite and above the Town Hall. Despite an unprepossessing decor and a dubious clientele, The Golden Dragon was a warm and tolerant haven on winter evenings. Generous half portions for 2/-, or, if one was wealthy or hungry, full portions for 5/-: more exotic choices sometimes dearer. Sweet and sour pork, and woon tun chowmein were firm favourites in those days before Chinese cuisine had become commonplace. Extra soy, or sweet and sour sauce available free!

The management accepted our habits of combining several tables to make one large one with unruffled oriental calm . . . Are there comparable eating places for students in the swept-up Auckland of today?

These were by no means all the campus activities. There were slide evenings, especially before Christmas trips. The Annual General Meeting with its dart throwing was most memorable for its ritual of kukri and goblets, and in itself was an enjoyable social occasion. Even the humble gear locker was a scene of considerable activity and hilarity at times. In fact, it would be true to say that AUTC was one of the best clubs to join if you had a lot of spare time on campus. It was certainly imperative to keep away from the notice board or Sir George if you had a lot of swot to do!

Janet Frater

ONGARUANUKU

. . . 'the subject of a Club hut'
It is hard to imagine Tramping Club without its O'nuku. Yet for more than a decade after its founding the Club had no hut of its own to provide a focus for the organised or spontaneous weekend activities of its members. Then, in the early 1940s, several organisational setbacks having been overcome, there was a new-found confidence and purposefulness among the Club's active members. The idea of a Club hut or huts began to be discussed seriously, (see Committee Minutes, 22 April 1942) and the idea was explored in Cecil Segedin's presidential report in 1943:

Looking further ahead, I should like to raise the subject of a club hut. This, I think, should be the goal towards which we should strive, although there seems to be little chance of being able to do anything towards it for the present. Our year, being determined by University conditions, is largely restricted to the winter and this makes the use of huts essential. We are fortunate in being able to use several excellent huts near Auckland, chiefly through the courtesy of kindred clubs outside the college, but we have nothing to offer in return. A hut of our own would do more than anything to ensure a really successful club spirit. There is, however, one other aspect of the matter that should be brought to light. I refer to a tendency that has often been observed in tramping clubs which on acquiring their own hut have tended to restrict their activities to country near to the hut, and eventually to merely the hut itself. There is a lot to be said for the policy that we should not embark on the building of one hut until there is a strong possibility of being able to build a second in the near future. A chain of cheap, unpretentious but serviceable huts appears to be the best policy to pursue.

Clearly, by 1943, the idea of a club hut was in the air, but it had not been crystallised into a realisable club policy. Two formidable problems at the time were a lack of finance (the hut building fund had not then been

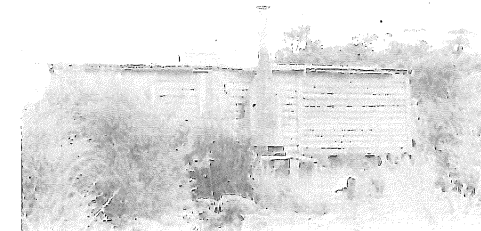
launched) and the difficulty of access, in wartime conditions of severe petrol rationing, to any permanent hut site. These problems, however, were not so insuperable that nothing could be done. In August, the committee discussed the idea of setting up a hut fund and it was suggested that members could be invited to donate a day's wages from their work in the long vacation, for this purpose. It was also decided to make some enquiries about a hut in the Pararaha (presumably the old Muirs Cottage, now destroyed). Then, in November, a sub-committee was formed to report to the next committee on progress towards acquiring a suitable hut.

'The hut between ASC and Simla'

In the light of this sub-committee's report in February 1944, a clear policy and a course of action emerged. The sub-committee's report contains the first mention of the future Ongaruanuku. It is of interest now to note that it seems to have been regarded as a second-best choice, a short-term expedient until a permanent hut could be secured. For the long-term objective was to locate such a hut on a site in the Hunuas, which had already been investigated. Meanwhile, however, the committee accepted a suggestion that the Club rent a temporary hut and decided that for this purpose the most suitable one was 'the hut between ASC and Simla'.

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

A list of renovations, including the installing of bunks, was drawn up and a hut fund at least started. By August 'the hut between ASC and Simla' was ready and Cecil Segedin officially opened it on the 27th, in the presence of 51 others. There remained the question of 'a suitable name'.



FIRST VIEW OF 'THE SIMLA HUT', 1944

'Ongaruanuku'

Dominion Physical Laboratory,
Lower Hutt,
12 December, 1950.

Dear Ron,

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

(a) in Maori,

HUT OPENING

AUGUST 27th. 1944

C.M. Sajadi.
 L.H. Briggs.
 R. Morrison Bassie.
 A. Webb.
 P.B. Hutchinson.
 Geof Wilson
 Susanna Paul
 Annette Phillips
 D. Hill. L. Stanton
 Aileen C. Stanton.
 Mrs. Shaw. (A.T.C.)
 Mrs. Cook
 Ralph J. Swell.
 S.A. Rumsey.
 Margaret Averil.
 H. Norton
 W. Janssen
 L.R. Boarder
 P.K.L. Arnold.
 J. Whitte.
 H.E. Shank
 B.S. S. Stratford.
 M. G. Rumsey.
 J. Harrison.
 P.W. Taylor.
 Barbara Curwell
 L. S. Williamson
 Helen H. H. H. H.

R. W. ...
 J. J. Miller.
 J. D. H. Clarke.
 G. H. Holland.
 R. F. Driffin.
 Kathleen C. Brown.
 E. Gray
 M. P. Hutchinson
 J. Burns
 B. & Thomas.
 Judith J. Pharo
 Charles V. Owen
 G. Mitchell.
 B. J. ...
 D. W. A. Rodwell
 Dorothy Gawitt
 J. A. Williamson
 B. Barbi ...
 Alan L. ...
 Mary G. Scarlett

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

This was not easy without the help of an expert in the Maori language, and no one in the club could find such a person with any really helpful suggestions, though two people I approached did their best. So I compiled a list of possible names from the vocabulary in the back of a Maori grammar. Some of these were flippant in meaning, which, said the elders of the club, would be suitable for bivvies we might put up but not for the club hut. It was particularly difficult to find any name dealing with the location of the hut or any other attribute, so I concentrated my attention on translating into Maori the phrase: 'belonging to the students'. The only easy part of this was the translation of 'the' by the plural definite article *nga*. 'Belonging to' caused some trouble because this should be either *o* or *a* according to which of two categories the word 'hut' belongs. The rules given in the book were not very helpful on this point, but eventually I decided on *o*. Unfortunately, I could not at that time find any accurate translation of the word 'student' so had to resort to 'learned person' for which the book gave a string of words without distinction, among them: *pu*, *pukenga*, and *ruanuku*. The elders dismissed the possibilities *Ongapu* and *Ongapukenga* as being unsatisfactory in sound and unpleasant in associations, especially to residents of North Shore who had to drink the waters of Lake Pupuke. Objections were raised to *Ongaru* — that it might be shortened to 'nook', and that it was a trifle long. However, as no better suggestions were forthcoming this was adopted. Derek Clarke then painted the swinging sign, and the hut was eventually named and opened with solemn ceremony by one of the great among trampers.

Recently I have found the information I needed then. In 'THE MAORI SCHOOL OF LEARNING' by Elsdon Best (Dominion Museum Monograph No. 6), we are told that the general term for 'student' is *akonga*, and particular terms are *Pia* for a beginner, *Taura* for one further advanced,² and *Taurira* for one who has completed the course (a graduate), while *Pu* is used to describe a past master, a repository of tribal lore (a doctor or professor say). From this we see that better names would have been *Ongaakonga* and *Ongataura*. The first of these is awkward in sound, but the second would, I think, have been perfectly satisfactory. *Ruanuku* turns out to be a person learned in the arts of black magic, so arguing backwards from the adopted name of the hut the members of A.U.C.T.C. must be little wizards.

Best wishes,
'Rum'

1 (a fresher, say)
2 (an undergraduate)

Our own hut — Ongaru

AUCTC are now, for the first time, the proud occupiers of a home of their own at Simla. The City Council has agreed to lease the building to us on a year-to-year basis, and the first year's rent has been remitted in consideration of the renovating work being done. Materials are being supplied, up to a point, by the Council, while fittings, such as bunks, are being financed out of the Hut Fund, and will remain our property.

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

While these renovations have considerably cramped our tramping style for a period, it will be generally

admitted that the effort has been worthwhile and that we have accomplished something of lasting benefit for both ourselves and future varsity trampers.

A start was made on the work over Easter. Under the supervision of foreman of works — Peter B. Hutchinson, about thirty enthusiastic wreckers, carpenters, interior decorators and glaziers worked a wonderful transformation in the once gloomy and dirty-looking shed, while half a dozen even more enthusiastic girls busied themselves with ancillary duties, eyeing all the time the three tins of creosote to be applied next working party. The development of Cecil's 'club spirit' is certainly in evidence and scenes from the building of the hut will provide reminiscences for many years to come. I can still see Ian Reid as he staggered in under a load of bricks, Sue covered with red paint, Bert Cook's pride in the mantelpiece, Kath Olds with her truly rural murals, Cam's anguished look as he fell off the lorry, and the girls cooking in an environment of sawdust and epithets. Incidents such as these are worth reflecting on; they envisage the true spirit of the Club, a free and easy fellowship of students, keen for the outdoors. It is difficult to define just what we do gain from Tramping Club, something which is not easy to portray to those who have not tramped with the Club, but there does exist a sense of freedom, companionship and independence which is very real to each of us, and these have been symbolised in Ongaru.

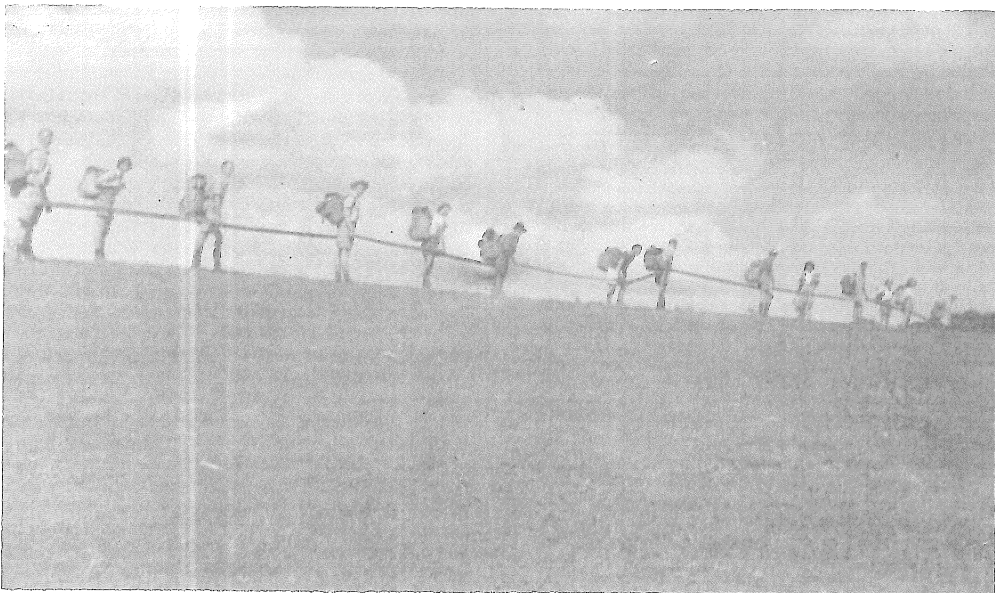
From being a vague dream in the minds of the committee a year ago, the vision of an AUCTC Hut has finally crystallised with the opening of 'Ongaru' last week. The Hut will be open for use by members at all times. Club trips will be held there at intervals, and its use by members arranging their own trips 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.

— Footprints, Vol. 1, 1944

Getting to O'niku — Waitakere to O'niku

The tramp from Waitakere Station to O'niku — about seven miles — involved about three miles of metal road then clay road and track and usually took two to three hours. Most people or parties caught the 7.30 or 8.15 train, so any time between 10.30 and midnight those already in residence at the Hut could expect to hear the clump of boots and the thud of packs on the verandah. Some hardy souls made a practice of non-stop dashes to the Hut in considerably less time than two hours, and for a while breaking the 'Hut record' was popular among a small group (see 'On Being TUF or GUN'). But records can be of two kinds and in Vol. 2 of the Hut books there is this arresting entry: 'HUT RECORD CAPTURED BY WOMAN!' What happened was that Eva Conway, a first-year Club member, 'set off from Waitakere by herself at night, missed the turning to O'niku and slept the night in a swamp. Next day she made her way to Ridge Road, but missed the turnoff to the Hut and again slept out alone' (Footprints, 1953, Vol. 9, No. 2). Her record of forty-one and a half hours for Waitakere to O'niku probably still stands.

Mostly, however, the tramp to O'niku followed more predictable sequences, with the weather being the main variable, ranging from clear, moonlit nights, when one's



EASTER 1945

Working party taking timber to O'Nuku from the Anawhata Road.



IN FRONT OF O'NUKU — 1945

Left to right: Ian Reid, Campbell Reid, Norman Rumsey, Aileen Stanton, Allan Odell, Cecil Segedin, Margaret Hoodless, Jimmy Pendergrast, Peter Hutchinson, John Gummer.

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

The tramp from Waitakere started easily on the flat. Fresh and eager and sometimes the air chilly, you started fast, clinkered boots crunching loudly on the metal and striking an occasional spark. The scattered lights of Waitakere were soon left behind and jumpers shed as you slogged up the first hill. On top there were pine and macrocarpa trees that spoke in the wind. Tramping alone, I would always hurry past this dark spot, undecided whether to use the torch or scurry by as inconspicuously as possible. So it was a good feeling to strike out again on the winding downhill stretch, past the bank with the glow worms, to Black Bridge.

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

of another rest at the wooden gate where the bush and the track began.

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

Along the track, one checked off one's progress against a mental map sketched in previous trips — a short climb here, a corner there, next a prominent tree, then a muddy patch or a place where once you'd been startled by a pig crashing off into the bush. As well as these private sign posts, there were the major land marks — Smythes Ridge, the Upper Kauri turnoff, Simla — yes, above all, Simla — with the wind in the pines or a bright moon throwing shadows on the grass and the broken remnants of an abandoned shack. Simla was always ghostly. So one hurried on, past RGB's and then down the last slippery hill to the Hut. With the wind in the right direction, the smell of wood-smoke would tell you that the sign was out, the billy lit and a brew not far away. Another weekend at O'uku had begun.

Off the Piha bus and other ways

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



ONGARUANUKU FROM RIDGE ROAD, 1945

there were people breaking half an hour for the Anawhata Road—O'nuku stretch.

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

Now that the Waitakere Dam is open to the public, a quick route into O'nuku, especially for day trippers, is from the Scenic Drive, across the dam and up Fenceline to Simla.

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

O'nuku over the years: 'Something of lasting benefit'

Those who worked weekend after weekend between Easter and August 1944 to get the City Council shack near Simla in shape for the Hut opening were confident they had 'accomplished something of lasting benefit'. There can be no doubt of that. O'nuku immediately became and has remained an institution in its own right. Helen Clarke, who painstakingly analysed the Hut attendances and activities recorded in the eight volumes of Hut Books (1945–79), noted perceptively that:

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

That members should do this speaks explicitly of the role of O'nuku in Club life — and of the part played by the Club in the lives of many student trampers. To a significant extent for many years O'nuku was the Club. The same cannot be said now. O'nuku remains a focus for some Club activities, but not to the overwhelming degree it was in its first ten or even twenty years. The amount of activity at O'nuku in the Hut's first ten years up to 1955 has never since been equalled and it is during the last ten years (to 1980) that usage has consistently been at the lowest levels in the Club's history. The overall trend is thus clear: O'nuku has gradually come to play a less central role in Club activities. The period of greatest decline has been since 1966. It is necessary, however, for the analysis to distinguish between two kinds of O'nuku-centred activities — the 'set piece' activities and the



1948

spontaneous or informal ones. The pattern of the major annual events — Freshers' Hut Weekend, track-clearing and hut working weekend, the annual watershed weekend (in past years), and the two social occasions of Hut Birthday and Xmas Party — is fairly stable. It is the pattern of spontaneous activities that has changed markedly. For many years O'nuku functioned as a sort of retreat or 'drop-in centre'. 'Who's going to O'nuku this weekend?' was the normal question among those clustered around the notice board from Wednesday on. And few weekends went by without someone at the Hut, playing the gramophone, reading, going for a stroll or just 'torping'. It is this activity that has fallen away, since the mid-sixties in particular.

Although there was a dramatic decline in the volume of activity between 1954 and 1959, there was an offsetting period of recovery in the early 1960s. Since 1966, however, the dwindling of O'nuku-based activity has been relentless. It was checked in the early seventies, but there was no recovery as there had been ten years before.

The pattern of Hut usage changed in another, perhaps complementary way, after 1965. Associated with the decline in frequency of informal Club activity, there has been an increase in the use made of the Hut by outside groups. Before this there had been considerable reluctance to hire out the Hut. In 1959, for example, the committee discussed such a request and concluded cautiously that letting the Hut would lead to an increase in such requests and would make the Hut less 'popular' for Club members (CM, 10 June 1959). Perhaps unfortunately, in some respects, the proverbial thin end of the wedge was driven through O'nuku's door by the use that former Club members, who had become secondary school teachers, began to make of O'nuku for school parties. While on the one hand this serves an effective recruiting function (at the Annual General Meeting in 1964 four of the officers and committee were former members of the Rangitoto College Tramping Club) on the other, it prized open O'nuku's door to the more regular non-Club usage that characterises the most recent years.

Indeed, since 1975, the volume of non-Club usage has been virtually equal to that of Club usage. Club members used the Hut on an average of 18 weekends in each year in the period 1975–9; while non-Club members averaged 17 weekends. By comparison, in a similar period ten years earlier (1965–9), the member and non-member rate of usage was 33 and 7 weekends, respectively.

In the latter seventies, the dominant role of the Hut has been that of a venue for organised weekend activities. This is when the crowds rather than small groups go to the Hut and the incidence of this activity (involving groups of 10 or more) has not fallen away as have the 'small group' activities. Why has this trend occurred? Why has going to O'nuku, or going to the Waitakeres for that matter, become less popular? I think we need to recognise what social scientists would like to call a 'period effect', or, more simply, that things have changed in the environment of the Club over the years. Long-term trends of the kind seen here are much more likely to find their source in the Club's environment and to be a response to that than to be an intra-Club phenomenon.

There have been many changes bearing on the role of O'nuku and the Waitakeres generally in the last twenty years. For example, the Waitakeres as a venue for tramping have changed drastically. Tracks have been opened

up, improved, maintained and signposted for the benefit of the hundreds of day strollers who make their way there; the Piha Road has become a sealed highway; the suburbs are not very far away at Henderson and Massey. Going to the Waitaks and O'nuku in these circumstances has lost much of the former sense of getting right away from the city and into the wilderness. O'nuku, too, has lost its solitude. In recent years trail bikes and four-wheel-drive vehicles have regularly shattered the weekend peace and have carved Ridge Road into a muddy, bog-ridden scene reminiscent in places of a World War I battle site. Meanwhile, back on the campus, the introduction of continuous assessment in the early seventies effectively redistributed study pressures more continuously and evenly throughout the year, leaving fewer weekends free for a quick dash to O'nuku. In addition, there is now the weekend Bonnici bus service to the Chateau, bringing TNP into direct competition with the Waitakeres as a venue for the weekend activities of the keener regular trampers.

Thus, many factors have subverted the role that for twenty years O'nuku played as a focus for casual weekend escape from home, work and the city. The trend is, therefore, probably irreversible, a product of the period in which the Club now functions. One can regret the fading of former modes, but as the conditions during the heyday of O'nuku-centred activity cannot be reproduced, it must be accepted that the Hut's 'lasting benefits' are to be sought in a different pattern of usage. For most members, of course, the changed role of O'nuku means little. The 'occasional' trampers still attend the organised weekends as they have always done. The real differ-

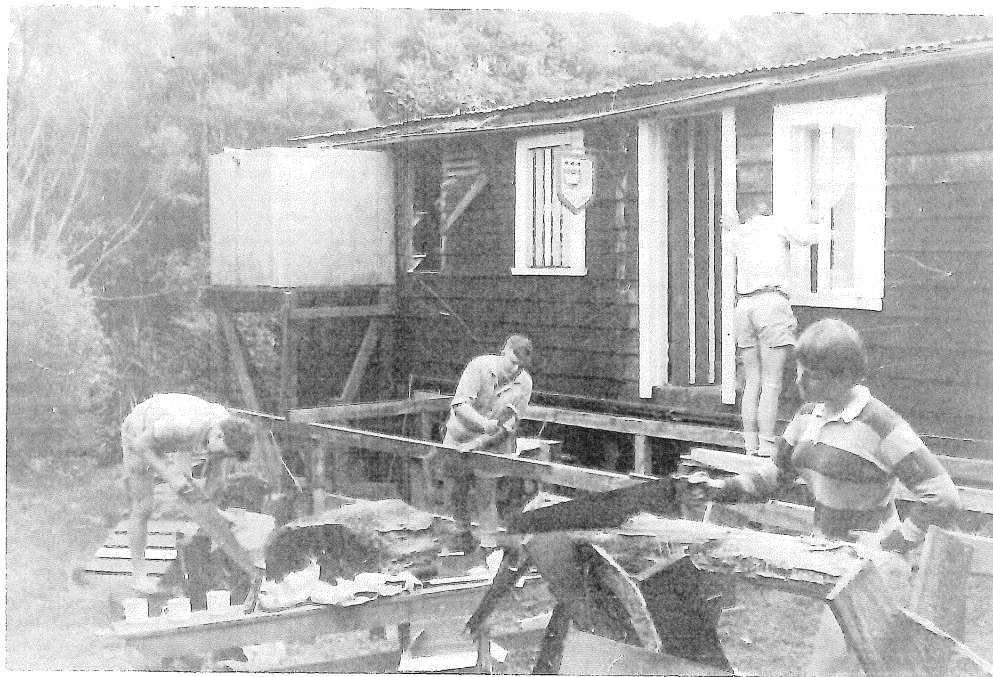
ence is in the behaviour of the 'hard core' group, the O'nuku fanatics who, as Helen Clarke has noted, 'are up weekend after weekend and then fade to be replaced by others'. In the 1970s these cohorts have looked elsewhere, and the statistics for Hut use have sagged in response.

As well as in its role, O'nuku itself and its setting have changed. Early photographs of O'nuku show it standing in a clearing beside Ridge Road in six to eight-foot high manuka and scrubby second growth. Now it is well concealed in mature manuka, kanuka and regenerating native bush. The original hut has been reshaped and enlarged. In 1950 a verandah was added and in 1963–4 there were extensive renovations. The interior was expanded, the kitchen and bunk-room partitions were removed, the Maori bunks installed, the verandah incorporated into the Hut and the new verandah built, the roof of which was further extended in 1969.

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

O'nuku Escapades and Activities

Skirmishes at O'nuku quickly became as much a part of the ethos of the Club as, say, Stripping the Willow at May Camp. Water seems to have been the usual weapon of combat and mattresses for the floor space in front of the fire the classic scarce resource that often provoked the conflict!



ONGARUANUKU 1964



— and now for the mattresses

(O'Nuku's mattress cupboard, 1980)

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

'About 10 p.m. an argument arose on the subject of mattresses and the possession thereof, and rest was difficult for some time. It all started when the Softies objected to sleeping directly on the floor, and attempted to obtain other people's mattresses, thus starting a small war. Some system of booking your bedding for a small fee may be necessary soon if order is to be maintained.' — *Footprints*, Vol. 9 1953.

Vol. 2 of the Hut book has this more poetic version of nocturnal violence at O'nuku;

If you wake at midnight and hear the storm of feet,
Don't go pulling off the bag, but make a safe retreat,
Them that stay away from fights never end up wet,
Watch the bunkroom door my dears, while the gentlemen
get set.

If you pant and lose your sweat, trudging up the tracks,
Don't expect a good night's sleep before the fire in sacks,
The tramping boys are out for blood, and none of us will
sleep,
Watch the bunkroom door my dears and your own peace
will keep.

If you go outside the door, obeying Nature's call,
Don't expect to get inside, but rally siegers all,
Billies full and chimney blocked, water flying free,
Watch the bunkroom window latch, or you will shambles
see.

Sodden boots upon the lawn, chaos reigns within,
The dismal, watery dawn reveals result of sin.
Poor O'nuku fights for life against impending doom,
Watch the bunkroom latch my dears, at least preserve one
room.

Anon.

The Club's calendar of organised events has always included weekends at O'nuku, starting with Freshers' Hut Weekend and, in more recent years, winding up with Christmas Party. In between there were working weekends and Hut Birthday to celebrate.

Although most new recruits to the Club had already been on Freshers' Tramp, it was at *Freshers' Hut Weekend* that some of the basic truths about tramping (and trampers) were learned. The effect of new boots on heels climbing up Long Drive was sometimes horrific. One learned too that trampers did not sleep in pyjamas and that bounding up and down the hall at home to give an overweight pack a test run is one thing, while its cumulative effect over three hours or so of road and track is quite another. After Freshers' Hut, anxious mothers who persisted in offering extra food and clothes, 'just in case', had to be dealt with more firmly. It was at Freshers' Hut that one was either smitten by AUTC or decided that perhaps Field Club was after all to be preferred. One of the problems of Freshers' Hut was that of giving recruits a realistic introduction to tramping without putting them off. The weekends were great fun; but equally they could

be experienced as endurance tests of tiring tramping interspersed with sleepless spells in a hutful of raucous if not riotous individuals. To ease the problem of overcrowding, in 1952 and for a number of years after, Freshers' Hut Weekend was restricted to freshers and committee members. The restriction on attendance was well intended but was never popular and was subsequently abandoned. In 1978, 96 people attended Freshers' Hut Weekend. Some problems seem to be insoluble.

At least one *hut working and track-clearing weekend* has been held each year since O'nuku opened, although with the ARA's administration of the Waitakere ranges the necessity for tramping clubs to organise track clearing declined in the 1970s. This function has been taken over by the ranger staff and more recently TEP workers. Before this, however, AUTC slasher parties worked on tracks from Cutty Grass to Andersons. Andersons and Smythes were the worst by far, since they were the most open and gorse-ridden. A wasps' nest on Andersons was an added hazard for several years. Routine work parties at O'nuku have been, as they still are, concerned with creosoting, painting and minor carpentry, and with filling the wood store.

Pennies

Observant users of O'nuku will have seen small circles with numbers in them carved into the table. In 1948 the game of 'pennies' was introduced to O'nuku's repertoire of activities. The idea was simply to hit a penny with a cue into eight circles in the correct sequence and to frustrate your rival's attempt to do likewise by knocking his or her penny off the table with your own. The rules are set out fully in Hut Book, Vol. 2, pp. 42-3. From this we learn, for example, that 'players are permitted to make use of the term "blast"' and that 'the roughness of the table is to be taken as a natural hazard' so that planing the table is banned. 'Pennies' raged for a time then waned in popularity, before being revived by Dave Gauld in 1963, when the Hut Book records people coming to O'nuku for a few hours to play pennies before returning to the city. The introduction of decimal coinage in 1967 seems to have struck the game a mortal blow, but a 20 cent piece would do as well and has about the same value as a 1948 penny.

Ranger Don

In the Hut Books from November 1951 to January 1964, one may read every few pages the neat signature: 'Ranger Don, passing through.' Don Stirling was employed by the Auckland City Council as a ranger. You would meet him with horse and dog and old felt hat usually somewhere along Ridge Road or Long Drive. He would be checking the Watershed boundary fences, keeping the track open, checking the dams and keeping a benevolent eye on the Tramping Club huts in the area. Sometimes Ranger Don would stay at O'nuku for a cup of tea and a quiet chat before moving on down the track. For many years the Club acknowledged his work by making him a vice-president and Ranger Don, in turn, acknowledged this with a one guinea donation to the Club. Ranger Don was from the King Country — a kauri bushman who, after coming to Auckland, met his future wife whom he married in the Taupaki Church. They lived at Te Aroha for a time, where Don was sharemilking, before returning to farm at Henderson, as well as undertaking the job

of ACC ranger. Ranger Don died in 1979, aged 85.
Peter Aimer

MORALS, MANNERS AND MORES

A Heterosexual Club

There used to be a saying among Club members that there were three sexes: male, female and tramp. There is some truth in most epigrams; and certainly, once they are out tramping, there is often little to help one distinguish between the males and females of the species. A standard sartorial code of boots, shorts and parkas guarantees that! So do certain of the Club's activities, like those murderous conflicts involving *inter alia* mud, water, Marmite or mattresses, or those bone-crunching, muscle-wrenching contests at May Camp.

From this, of course, arises the need for the Club to have functions like BinDin or the now defunct coffee evenings, when men (used to) put on jackets and ties and women their p.d.s. and it is possible to sort out again who is what, and to be reassured that the old saying is wrong, that trampers are, in fact, composed of the familiar two genders — with the inevitable social consequences (see 'The Generation Game', below).

Perhaps, however, the epigram contains a note of wishful thinking. How much simpler life would be in a unisex club — if trampers were trampers, unqualified by considerations of gender. For example, think of the present logistic problems caused by an overcrowded hut, or an undersized tent, or the featureless expanse of the Whakapapa Glacier. Of course, things are not always so complex. 'Men upstream and women down' (or vice versa, depending on the leader's perception of the distribution of natural hazards) is a time-honoured way of sorting the sexes for basic purposes.

And there are other more drastic solutions to the inconvenient fact that trampers consist of two genders. For example, in the minutes of the inaugural meeting, the idea of officially segregated tramps was floated. We can read that the president 'stressed the need for a large variety of trips and for the introduction of men-only and women-only trips as well as the usual ones'. In fact, there is no evidence of such trips ever being organised. Even less does there ever seem to have been any suggestion that AUTC follow the notorious example of the Canterbury Mountaineering Club and restrict membership to men. Besides, even such doyens of the CMC as John Pascoe and D. O. W. Hall sensed a certain deficiency in their club. Brian Davis tells of meeting Pascoe and Hall in the Rees Valley in 1955 and of Hall's musing aloud: 'Yours is a heterosexual club, I assume. It makes the weekends more interesting'. Indeed!

The AUTC has always valued its women trampers in a way that, with the passage of time is beginning to look quaint. Sometimes in earlier years their functional utility was clearly decreed by the accepted sex roles of the time. So we find in the Club's official records for 1943 'great enthusiasm' being expressed for the idea of a regular Club dinner which 'would be run by the women members' (Committee Minutes, 13 July 1943). And at the Club's Silver Jubilee dinner in 1957 'the ladies' were formally toasted along with the Queen, the Club and kindred clubs. One way or another, therefore, women have

impressed their presence on the Club, though in precisely what way they have, there seems to have been a lack of consensus (see 'Women in Tramping Club', below).

In an early version of the Club's constitution, one reads with horror, these days, the stipulation that the Club Captain is to be 'a man'. But about 1942, the Club took an important step towards the equal participation of women with men in the running the Club when the Constitution was changed to enable women to be Club Captains, that is to hold an office embodying clear leadership functions. In 1950, Marie Dow, (née Crum) became the first women Club Captain quickly followed in 1952 by Rosalie Smith (née Goodyear). Since then other women have held this office.

In the summer of 1951-2, Rosalie and two others struck another blow for their sex when they organised the first-recorded all-women AUTC climbing party in the South Island, an event commemorated in the words of the song 'Virgins Three'.

As in the community at large, so in TC the trend has been towards a more relaxed acceptance of social mixing. There is less emphasis now on the segregative modes of organisation which social attitudes used to prescribe more stridently than they now do. For many years, for example, O'nuku had separate bunk-rooms at each end of the main room, their respective doors labelled with a neat pinex replica of the two internationally recognised biological symbols. The advantages of this structural arrangement were not only social, however. The bunk-rooms (in theory) also provided neutral territory for those who sought immunity from the midnight skirmishes accompanied by flying mattresses and water in the 'no-man's land' in front of the fire. But these were havens of security only if resolutely defended.

It has always been accepted that the Club serves a social purpose and that some of the friendships will culminate in matrimony. Yet it was extremely 'non-U' for observable 'pairing off' to occur during a Club tramp. A tramping party was a group of individuals who all got to know each other; the party was a non-divisible unit. Pairing off spoilt this. It sub-divided the group and detracted from the development of an overall group spirit. So known couples often found themselves assigned, by cold-hearted Club captains, to different parties. Taboos have relaxed a little during the course of time, but not so as to threaten the judgement that the AUTC continues to cope in a dignified manner with the inescapable fact that ours is a heterosexual club.

Club mores have followed the logic of greater affluence and the trend of community attitudes in another direction, that of a relaxing of constraints on alcoholic drinks. For more than thirty years, abstinence was the prevailing doctrine at Club functions, trips and at O'nuku. As late as 1961, the committee debated whether there should even be alcoholic drinks at the Biennial Dinner, other than what was necessary for the formal toasts. With notable liberalness, but not unanimously, the committee concluded that 'a limited amount' was acceptable for this 'formal occasion' (C.M. 18 July, 1961).

A decade later, after another long discussion by the committee on the matter of 'alcohol and socials', it was generally agreed that alcohol was not really necessary at functions such as May Camp and at the Hut. But the age of dogmatism was now over and the committee concluded that alcohol would be neither 'encouraged nor

discouraged' at O'nuku and that it may be brought in at Club functions on the campus. (C.M., 30 May 1971). Now there is no such debate. It is accepted and acceptable that alcoholic drinks are available at Club social functions.

The Generation Game

Old *Footprints* make interesting reading and my attention has been drawn to an article originally published in the mid-sixties which commented on the number of marriages occurring between Club members. According to Rolf's statistics one's chances of forming a permanent relationship with a fellow trumper were approximately one in three and at the time of writing there had been 41 marriages or engagements in the Club. Did I detect a note of derision for this so-called 'marriage bureau' or was I, a trumper of the 50s and no doubt one of those statistics, being over-sensitive?

However, I wish to defend those old 'soles' of the fifties, those who were tramping when the first Mogambo rang out over the hills. They were the true blue who had interests of the Club firmly in their hearts and who ensured that its traditions would not die. They looked to the future and the results of their loyalty and foresight are now becoming apparent. Names such as Aimer, Ensor, Hoyle and Rattenbury are reappearing in the Club. The second generation has arrived and is now active in AUTC.

This situation is naturally, not without dangers. Inevitably an aristocracy is being formed and quite clearly status in the Club will no longer be achieved simply by 'being a gun'. Discreet inquiry will be made into one's ancestry.

Naturally, having two parents from the Club will put one into an elite, but being able to claim even one, will have considerable one-upmanship over the ordinary member. But let not those ordinary members despair. Any royal line is well aware of the dangers of inbreeding and will welcome the infusion of vigorous new blood. You too can look to the future. Roll on the third generation.

Susan Rattenbury

Women in Tramping Club

(Excerpts from *Footprints*, Vol. 8, No. 2, 1951)

'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)

'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



Susan Ensor, after Kath Olds

women are fulfilling their natural functions as two types.

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

Type a. are eternally wounded 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-bloc with hot water bags, jersies, 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

On being TUF or GUN

Tramping is a very physical activity: you sweat a lot, you get tired, parts of the body hurt, sometimes there are bruises, blood or worse. It is done in all weather, often in steep terrain and over rough surfaces, and with the added impediment of boots and pack. None of this sounds very nice. Yet people do it by choice. Why — is the age-old question. If there is to be any rationality at all in the decision to go tramping, those who do it must consider that the rewards somehow outweigh the 'costs'.

Speaking for men, I am sure that some of the motives

for going tramping stem from that inherently male impulse to demonstrate physical prowess. (I don't know why women go tramping, unless it is to keep up with the men.) For out tramping there are physical challenges to be met and hopefully overcome. 'Men and materials', as the saying goes, can be 'tested to the utmost'. In such a setting, gratifying self-images of masculine TUFness may be sought and cultivated.

In *Footprints* (Vol. 13, No. 1, 1956) the motivations of trampers were analysed in humorous, but perceptive vein. I quote a passage:

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

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

In the 1950s, when the Friday night trains to Waitakere Station were still running, the GUNS of the time would leap from the last carriage and somewhere around 90 minutes to 2 hours later would collapse in a sweating, gasping heap on the verandah of O'nuku. There was always something slightly unethical about this practice. One felt impelled to do it, but the voice from the recesses of one's conscience kept saying that this was not what tramping was about. The tension between what might be called one's 'Club conscience' and one's private impulse was nicely expressed in a *Footprints* editorial (Vol. 10, Sept. 1953) at the height of the record-setting phase:

'when the amble turns into an Endurance March, and the Endurance March into a Marathon, it is extensively felt in the Club that such a method of progression is not quite tramping. (However, don't start thinking that 1 hr 40 mins is going to stand much longer.)'

In August 1952, Govan Wilson had recorded 1.40 for the Waitakere to O'nuku dash. A little over a year later, in October 1953, Duncan Dow, Graeme Claridge and Brian Davis tumbled into the Hut in times ranging from 1 hr 25 mins to 1.36. Hardly had the sweat dried on their brows, however, when Govan Wilson, off a later train, burst in in 1.24½. And there the record stands. It only remained for Marin Segedin to utter the justified gentle reproof: 'there have always been record breakers of some sort or another, but if the Club gets the reputation that all its members always tramp that way we will certainly discourage some of the lesser hearts.' (Presidential Report 1955.)

Of a somewhat similar masochistic nature to striving for the Waitakere-O'nuku record, emphasis on precise timing, one might note the occasional fad for 'non-stop' epic excursions from A to B, for example, from Muriwai to O'nuku via Whatipu and Destruction Gully, or, more recently round Ruapehul (See 'T.N.P. at a Rush', below.)

Drawing on the same reserves of competitive egotism as the cult of TUFness or being GUN there were other ways of asserting one's superiority over one's peers, besides breaking tramping records. (Unfortunately, those who are TUF or GUN often excel in these activities as well.)

For example, the Club once owned a magnificent brass horn called Boosey which was actually the name of the manufacturer). Nick Bárfoot once blew a continuous blast of sound on it lasting 85 seconds. Then there was 'Round the Table', which required one to circumnavigate the table at O'nuku without touching the floor and without using the table legs or end braces. In 1957, Paul Bielecki went round 13 times in 175 seconds. (What happened after that is not recorded.) Alternatively, for the more vocally robust, there can be the singing of 100 Green Bottles — or some other unlikely number.

Tramping being what it is and human psychology functioning as it does, every generation of trampers has its GUNS. *Footprints* (Vol. 36, 1979) gives us a very recent portrait of the genre. (See 'The Art of Being Gun', below.)

Peter Aimer

T.N.P. at a Rush

Off the Bonnici bus at midnight (start of June) and into the drizzle and night; a change of batteries brings us to Waihoihonu hut by 3.15 a.m. The hard man plan has been to continue in darkness but once in our pits after a good feed the only course of action became very obvious. There was just a hint of reluctance from Jim McLeod in getting up at dawn but we managed to leave at 7 a.m. The weather was misty, wet and windy all day which helped progress as we were so ill equipped that it was too cold to stop. After a 1/2 hour in the huts we had to start tramping again to regain some body heat. So with this unfortunate set of conditions Maungaturuturu hut was reached by 4 p.m. via the round mountain track (2½ hrs. to Rangipo, 2½ hrs. Rangipo to Mangaehuehu etc.) It wasn't till after about 2 p.m. that we noticed a strange phenomenon — walking up hill hurt a lot and going up the Ohakune Mt. road was the hardest part of the trip.

A very long sleep in at Mangaturuturu and we rise to a fine frosty Sunday. Ice covered rock by the river but no other problems apart from getting stuck on a tussocky ridge and sun-bathing for two hours. The Chateau was reached in time for the bus home after an enjoyable days tramp (anything would have been better than Saturday!)

Geoff Mead

The Art of being a Gun

A few observations based not on personal experience, so much as on a friendship with a very crafty trumper — for the ability to be crafty in the hills is half the secret . . .

In my first year at University, I looked on anyone who'd tramped in the South Island, as a 'gun' — super-fit, experienced and possessing all the necessary sophisticated gear. A few years later and much wiser, I know that this can be a fallacy. One can encounter just as many difficulties at TNP for instance, where you get people wearing jeans in the snow, forgetting their lunches (for a ten day trip) or simply overestimating their fitness.

So what makes a gun? How do you distinguish him in a crowd? He's most likely to be the hard looking case with either a) a beard or b) several days stubble on his chin, because a razor weighs too much to carry! His bush shirt is battered and perhaps he wears rubber gumboots (a la NZFS), adapted with a few slices of his sheath knife. His pack has probably travelled around most tracks and over half the mountains in the country or perhaps it too, is specially adapted. Even his tent fly — (hard men spurn tents) is made to his own design, (proven by experience to be cold and draughty).

While the aspiring 'gun' of moderate experience is building up his collection of sophisticated gear; sleeping-bag cover, Chouinard ice axe, tents, etc., the gun is busy disposing of his and getting back to the basics that most of us thought we'd just forgotten.

The big secret? Weight! — his own, for the typical gun knows perfectly well how to look after himself when it comes to meal

times. Ever noticed how he avoids carrying a bowl ('too bulky') and eats out of the billy, because he is sure that the portion in the billy is always the biggest. He'll do anything to cut down on those extra grams — like replacing his sleeping-bag cover with a sheet of plastic (only half the weight) or even 'forget' to bring toothpaste and soap, because he knows that someone else (i.e. yours truly) will lend him some. The gun relies on good management plus a bit of luck — like left over TVP or wholemeal macaroni which he's found in some hut or other. If you've miscalculated or are out of luck, then you'll have to tramp a little faster and 'just a bit' further each day so that you do have enough food. I remember the start of a planned 16 day trip where the dishing up of dinner was a ritual presided over by four pairs of hawk-eyes; each spoonful appraised; each bowl carefully weighed and the cook had the privilege (?) of scraping out the non-existent left-overs in the billy. Things might have been tricky if we hadn't finished in 11 days — with relative bloats at the end of the trip.

Whereas formerly, men used to pride themselves on their ability to tote loads of 80 lbs or more — (masochism) — today's "gun" carries as little as possible. The especially crafty ones even have a smaller than average pack so that they thus avoid carrying nasty bulky things like billies.

But I'm sure there are some advantages in tramping with a gun — just let me think a bit . . .

Unlike your average (read 'sane') trumper, he looks on fire making in the rain as a 'challenge' — especially when all the wood is wet. But then the gun usually has lesser mortals running about in the damp bush hunting for dry kindling, while he tends to the technical business. His legs are so long he doesn't suffer much from those river crossings where most of us feel the water lapping round our waists.

He loves boulder hopping — the bigger and greater the rocks, the better — and he'll philosophically take the worst moraine in his stride whereas I tend to stumble and swear my tortuous route over loose boulders which delight in tripping me off balance — Oh the joys of tramping . . . ?

Fortunately he's an excellent route finder who can quote whole maps and always knows which direction he is heading in. The big hassle, is keeping within sight of him. More often than not you'll have to use your own ingenuity and route finding (dis)ability and when you do finally catch up with him and thankfully sink onto a hidden spianard plant to enjoy the remains of the scrog he's already feasted on, he's ready to set off again — or he'll pretend to be fit and rearing to go. Remember, he can be quite a crafty actor — Never the first to admit he's tired and the last to admit defeat or — horrors — pike! The gun will cunningly exhaust the troops so that they are the first to pike and then he can magnanimously pike too, whilst pretending to do them a favour. Perhaps it's a matter of ego?

Becoming a 'gun' is the hard bit — once you've attained that doubtful status, you simply retire on the strength of your reputation!

Lisa Capon

PUBLICATIONS

Footprints

Footprints was conceived in the summer of 1943/4. Travel restrictions during the war made tramps in the more distant parts of even the North Island virtually impossible. Thus one of the tasks of the committee was to formulate a 'summer programme' of day and weekend trips through January and February. In 1943, the committee decided on a programme of fortnightly tramps. To keep members informed of these trips, it was decided that a monthly circular to every member would be necessary'. 'This newsletter, it was suggested, might be the fore-

runner of a Club magazine' (Committee Minutes, 28 November 1943). Sure enough. In February it was felt that 'from the good reception of the newsletter . . . a magazine would be even more appreciated' (C.M. 15 February 1944). A sub-committee was set up which recommended the production of a magazine to be called *Footprints*, on the suggestion of Cecil Segedin (C.M. 10 March 1944), with Ian Reid as the first editor. The role and character of *Footprints* has been well analysed by Mike Taylor, editor of *Footprints 1944-69*, in a volume commemorating the twenty-fifth year of *Footprints*' publication:

A report submitted to the 1944 committee explained the desirability of a Club magazine. *Footprints* would provide 'tangible evidence of membership', 'absent Club members could both receive and contribute', the 'functions of newsletters as a programme and bulletin can be more extensively carried out' and *Footprints* would also provide 'useful links with other clubs'. Several recommendations were put forward in the same report. It was recommended that there be 'two issues in the first term; two in the second term; one near the beginning of the third term and an additional three or four issues during the long vacation'. The report proposed that *Footprints* include 'editorials, overseas and other members' articles, tramping hints and recipes, accounts of trips, suitable extracts from other tramping magazines and correspondence'.

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

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

The function of the newsletter 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 the clubs' facilities, mainly huts, is another form 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.

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

managed by Mr Jackson-Thomas, whose daughter, Helen, was a Club member.

The number of *Footprints* produced annually has varied from three to five. For two years it was published as a six-inch by eight-inch booklet. In 1949 the present size and the distinctive cover design, with its bare-footprints pattern, were adopted. *Footprints* was produced in this form for over twenty years.

Attempts to improve the production quality of *Footprints* have constantly collided with the cost factor. Throughout the 1970s especially there were regular investigations into the cost-style-number-of-issues equation. In 1972 for example, the idea of 'one good *Footprints* and two ordinary ones per year' or alternatively of two issues per year supplemented with regular BELCHes was discussed. (C.M. 7 June 1972). Nevertheless, the quality of paper, typesetting and duplication did improve. In the 1970s photographs began to be included in *Footprints*, at first one or two on a special page, and then more liberally throughout the magazine. Finally, in 1974, the format and frequency were changed. *Footprints* in that year and the next appeared as a small, firmly-bound, clearly printed and illustrated journal with one large bootprint on the cover in the place of the bare footsteps that had rambled across it for a quarter of a century. Almost immediately, it seems, there was a problem. In 1975 *Footprints* incurred a specially heavy financial loss and again came under the committee's critical eye. There was talk of reverting to the old style of several issues a year. Instead, however, in 1976, the first of the contemporary-style *Footprints* emerged at the end of the year — back to the old size, but bound between pictorial covers, professionally typeset and illustrated by photographs, drawings and sketch maps.

Production techniques are one subject of a publication; the quality of authorship is another. Inevitably perhaps, as Mike Taylor commented in 1969, *Footprints* articles are predominantly trip accounts 'because almost anyone can write a readable trip account'. At the same time he felt constrained to quote the admonishments of a former *Footprints* editor who appealed for trip accounts to be enlivened by 'some desire to communicate some information or feeling about the trip'. It would be impossible to claim that the literary quality of *Footprints* has improved as much as its technical quality. Nor would one want it to. For *Footprints* must above all be a journal in which all Club members may express themselves — in serious or witty vein, imaginatively or objectively, in prose, poetry or pen sketch. In that way, *Footprints* will continue to be not only a record of Club activities, but an intrinsic part of those activities, a journal giving both entertainment and 'an impression of the spirit of the Club, its humour, its personalities and its activities' (Jubilee Magazine, p. 15).

Over the years, *Footprints* has been supplemented by newsletters and programmes of activities entitled 'Fingerprints', 'Thumbprints' and (the current version) 'Belch'.

Songbook

In 1942 the committee agreed 'that a list of words of songs suitable for singing on trips be written out' (C.M. 18 June 1942). Thus *Songbook* was born, a publication second only to *Footprints* in the ethos of the Club. Subsequent editions have updated and expanded the original. The occasions on which it is used, however, are probably

fewer now than in the Club's history, owing to the decline of camps and of mass forms of transport. Organised trips tend to be in more diverse and dispersed areas and private cars a more common mode of transport. There is less need for song to fill in the time and knit the group together.

Peter Aimer

KINDRED CLUBS AND ACTIVITIES

Elsewhere the relationship between the AUTC and the Auckland Section of AC has been outlined as a function of the blurred boundary between tramping and climbing and of the development of a strong group of climbers within the Club's membership. Historically and logically, however, the AUTC's links with the University Field Club were once even closer. Again, as with the case of the AC, there has been an overlapping membership, largely because many tramping club members have been BSc students in the natural science subjects. In the 1940s combined AUTC-Field Club camps were held, commonly at either mid-term break or after degree. The two clubs also often co-operated to put on the once-famous 'coffee evenings' in the MCR. In recent decades, however, with the growth of the campus and the decline of the 'camp' format of activity, AUTC and Field Club have drifted apart. In 1958 the Club committee arranged to share transport with Field Club for an After Degree excursion to Waikaremoana, but decided to be separate from Field Club during the trip itself. Interaction with Field Club has, for some years, been confined virtually to the annual photographic competition and an occasional sports fixture.

A similar trend is evident between the Alpine Sports Club and AUTC. For ten years the relationship was very close. In 1935 consideration was even given to affiliating with the ASC (CM, 2 April 1935). University trampers were invited to take part in any of the functions arranged by the ASC (CM, 22 November 1937) and this close co-operation was re-affirmed in the early 1940s (CM, 3 June 1943). At the same time there was a note of anxiety. Too close a link with the ASC might, it was suggested, impair 'the formation of a post-graduate' tramping club. Such an extension of AUTC was logical, given the limited time student trampers spent at university; and this led to discussion from time to time of where the boundaries of Club membership were to be drawn. In 1946, for example, the committee seriously considered the idea of recognising 'associate membership' of the Club, to allow those who had been members and left university to continue to participate in Club activities. It was largely to meet this need to cater for the active interest by former students that the constitution was changed to allow for the election of up to ten vice-presidents. Rather than implement the idea of 'associate membership', however, the committee accepted that 'a certain number of former members' would 'take an interest in the club and participate in its activities' (CM, 24 January 1946).

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

Small numbers of Club members have been drawn towards the kindred activities of canoeing and caving, depending on taste. Jim Mason, who ran the Canoe Club at University for many years, maintained a close association with AUTC and in the 1950s a canoe trip began to emerge as virtually an annual event. In May 1955 a proportion of that year's May Camp floated down the Wairoa to the Otau Hall, accompanied by liberal quantities of mud and cattle dung provided by those who were walking out in the normal way. Caving trips have also been maintained on a semi-annual basis since 1959, when with some caution, the Club allowed an official caving trip to the Te Kuiti area. Another lesser area of overlapping membership was between the Tramping and Harrier Clubs. Again the impression is that inter-club collaboration was greater in the context of the smaller, more intimate campus of the 1940s and 1950s. In 1942 a combined Tramping-Harrier Club camp was held at Swanson (CM, 18 June 1942), and spanning the 1940s through to the late 1950s, Marin Segedin, Duncan Dow, Brian Davis and Peter Aimer retained strong links with both clubs.

Peter Aimer

MOUNTAINEERING

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

The more specialist forms of modern ice, snow and rock climbing are a relatively recent phenomenon. For individuals, climbing and tramping are easily compatible. But at Club level, finding the optimum balance between the two has not always been easy. The perennial question has been to what extent the Club should sponsor climbing trips, which, by their nature, could not be made available to any Club member as were normal Club activities? Yet clearly, the Club could not disown its members who chose to go climbing and nor could those members dissociate themselves from the Club when so engaged. A distinction therefore emerged between official Club trips — advertised on the notice board — and private trips, organised by Club members. For the latter category, the Club has functioned as a resource and advice centre — a repository of basic alpine equipment and of persons with experience who could be consulted. The Club has sponsored climbing, but has required its members to observe some responsibility to the Club. This relationship was spelled out as early as 1945, when the committee passed the rule:

That as the Club is held responsible for the actions of its members in such areas as the Tongariro Nat. Park . . . as regards accommodation, equipment and safety, members intending to visit such areas be required to confer with the Club Captain or Alpine Convenor when arranging any such trip. (CM, 12 June 1945).

Subsequent committees reaffirmed this policy of sanctioning private climbing trips, subject to appropriate approval being sought (e.g. CM, 20 April 1951). For this purpose, the portfolio of Alpine Adviser was created in

1947, a position first held by Allan Odell. And for many years the Club has organised snow and rock climbing schools, where members could be introduced to the relevant basic practices.

The strand of interest in mountaineering that is woven into the Club's contemporary activities may be traced back to the founding of the Club, and specifically to climbing and skiing at TNP. During the 1930s and 40s, the AUCTC was responsible for all University mountain-oriented activities, including skiing. Indeed, in 1939, the Club's name was very nearly changed to AUC Tramping and Skiing Club (CM, 7 May 1938). Interest in climbing, however, appeared to strengthen in the mid-1940s. Probably no-one in the AUTC was more closely associated with the growth of alpine activities than Allan Odell. At the same time as the Club was searching for a bush hut near Auckland, Allan was negotiating with the Ruapehu Ski Club for the use of Glacier Hut, on Ruapehu, by the Club. In March 1944, he reported to the committee that RSC had approved the lease of Glacier Hut to the AUTC at a nominal fee. The Club grasped the opportunity, authorising a grant towards renovations and appointed a Glacier Hut sub-committee. At Allan's suggestion this was soon renamed the Alpine sub-committee. Also at his suggestion, the Club began to subscribe to the NZAC *Journal* (CM, 24 April 1944). Working parties attended the Glacier Hut during the winter of 1944 and summer of 1944-5. And in 1945-6 the Club began adding ice-axes (at \$7.50 each!) and alpine equipment to its stock of supplies available for use by members.

Meanwhile, the close links that still remain with the Auckland Section of the NZAC were being forged. In 1947, three Club members were nominated to attend the AC's mountaineering school on Ruapehu. The relationship was further cemented in 1948 and 1949 when the Club assisted the AC (a small donation and more liberal supplies of labour) with the construction of its first hut on Ruapehu. Subsequently the AUTC has been a major channel of recruitment to the AC and the overlap of membership at committee level has been considerable. AUTC members also played a specially prominent role in the construction of the AC's Whangaehu Hut, which was completely pre-assembled in Dave Hoyle's back yard and then dismantled again to enable its component parts to be transported overnight by heavily overloaded truck to the mountain.

While the Club effectively sponsored and catered for those who were inclined to extend their activities into mountaineering, the AUTC's patronage of University skiing was less successful. Although regular skiing parties were organised to go to Ruapehu (usually in August) and these were often made available to non-Tramping Club members, the fostering of the competitive side of skiing especially seemed to languish. The Club was responsible for organising ski teams to compete in the annual inter-university winter tournaments, but sometimes this proved impossible (e.g. CM, 12 June 1945). Finally, in 1948, a deputation presented the Club committee with the charge that it was 'not going out of its way to encourage skiing, especially with regard to Tournament' (CM, 18 November 1948). It was suggested that the Club should either constitute a special section for the 'sole purpose of skiing' or, alternatively, that a separate ski club be formed. In 1950 the University Ski Club was inaugurated, and the

fostering of skiing at the University ceased to be one of the Club's official objects.

Peter Aimer

MISHAP AND TRAGEDY

Tramping and climbing always involve some element of risk, and the AUTC has not been entirely immune to the consequences. As students, we assured anxious parents that 'of course we'll be all right' and, for very many of us, we returned home safely, exhilarated by a mountain holiday, to prove it. Some of us, later, as parents, were to know the other side of the coin or, as search and rescue contacts, had to reassure parents of an overdue party hoping, in a wakeful night, that our faith was well founded.

For many the exhilaration of calculated risk-taking on a narrow ridge or exposed slope and the overcoming of fear have been vital ingredients in the satisfaction to be gained from a trip. We have experienced a heightened awareness of the value of life, that we might never feel in the humdrum world of lecture, laboratory and tutorial. Occasionally, lying in the tussock with the sound of the river chattering over the boulders, back at the tent or hut after a day in the mountains we might have mused over the risks and the benefits. For many, there was excitement and satisfaction in a climb; for a very few, those moments on a mountain were their last. Could a world exist where a few paid the price of their life for the enjoyment of many? Such a thought seemed unreal and even improper; such mental meanderings were anyway interrupted by a boiling billy or a gust of wind and pursued no further.

However, Club trips have not gone unattended by accident or attention from the press and we record herein some of these more noteworthy, and sometimes sad, events.

Ruapehu 1931

This AUC Field Club trip was not one undertaken by the AUCTC as such, as it pre-dates the Club's formation. However it provided headlines in the *Herald* and *Star* for days, it was undoubtedly one factor in the decision to set up a Tramping Club at the College and a number of those involved became members and office holders in the new club. Early on Saturday, 29 August 1931, a party of students set out from the Chateau to climb Ruapehu. They reached the lake in good conditions, but as a group of them were climbing Tahurangi, the wind freshened and a blizzard struck; Egmont was suddenly obliterated by driving ice and snow. The whole party, under the leadership of a lecturer in engineering, Graham Bell, began the descent, roped together. In the conditions they could make only slow progress and spent the night at 6000 feet, above the Whakapapaiti Valley. In the morning, the weather cleared and the fitter ones dashed on ahead, thinking to head down the Whakapapanui Valley to the warm safety of the Chateau. There were only two huts on the NW slopes of the mountain, which was much less well known or well mapped than it is today.

By Sunday evening, six members of the party were safely back at the Chateau, but eight others were moving into the tangled bush of the Whakapapaiti Valley. The weather worsened again on Monday as they continued

on down the valley hoping, finally, to reach the road. On Monday afternoon, Harold Addis and Warwick Stanton set off downstream to look for help, leaving five others — some of whom were in a weakened state — to move on more slowly. Finally, on Tuesday in somewhat better weather, John Graham and his fiancée (Susan Graham) set out for help and, after pushing through dense bush for some miles came upon a search party — who were most surprised to see them alive. 'We were looking for your bodies,' they said. They led them back to their three companions. Harold Addis was found the same day in the Makatote Valley, having left his weakened companion, Warwick Stanton. An immense search effort located Warwick's body three weeks later, just where Harold had left him. A plaque in Warwick's memory was erected on the rock where the party had spent the Saturday night above the Whakapapa Valley. The search and rescue operation had been an immense one — bushmen from the whole area, skiers and trampers had all combined in the massive effort. Of interest to a reader 50 years on is the reaction produced from politicians and the press. In an editorial on the Wednesday, the *Star* said: 'It is difficult to write or to think quite rationally about the events that during the past few days have concentrated the attention of the whole Dominion upon our National Park and Ruapehu. So terrible has been the danger, and so intense the anxiety that for the moment one's natural impulse is simply to record gratitude . . . but went on later to write — 'that these momentous events have made it painfully evident that mountain climbing in this country requires to be regulated and restricted by rules and precautions far more carefully than hitherto' and to this was added the words of the Prime Minister, Mr Forbes — 'We must have more control over people wandering up mountainsides' and he advised that it might be possible to introduce legislation 'within a few days' to systematise alpine climbing in New Zealand. The Chateau manager chimed in with: 'It is impossible for the present conditions governing the ascent of mountains to continue.'

Letter writers suggested equipping every climber with a powerful red-flared rocket, or a 'small shrill whistle of the police variety' while one suggested a powerful searchlight at the Chateau, its light being reflected off clouds.

Finally, at Warwick Stanton's inquest, no blame was attached and Graham Bell's leadership was praised.

In a postscript, it is noteworthy that the drama did not quell the new Club's enthusiasm for trips to National Park. At a committee meeting on 30 April 1932, under the heading 'National Park Trip' we read 'Letters were read from W. Sotham, agent for the Chateau. The Secretary was empowered to try to get further reductions'.

The Kaimanawas — February 1950

A party of four men, traversing the Kaimanawa Ranges in February 1950 became separated and the report of an inquiry was published in *Footprints* — excerpts from their comments describe the scene.

'In Feb. 1950 a party of four men who were traversing the Kaimanawa Ranges, became separated.' The inquiry had something to say about this incident which though it had a 'happy ending', was the source of some anxiety. The party of four contained one 'who was not so fit and thus travelled more slowly. There was thus a tendency to string out and it was because of this that they became separated.' 'With young inexperienced

trampers, all benefit by a common pace and the leader can keep an eye on everyone. Now this was a heavily laden party of fairly experienced responsible chaps and it was natural for each burdened as he was, to set his own pace. But the fact is that with any party in unfamiliar country or threatening weather, the Leader should be able to see Everyone All the Time.'

That was the first point in this tale which the report hammered home.

The Leader and companion were looking down from High Cone at a scrub-covered ridge to Ignimbrite Saddle, and had planned to descend to it and thence to the Rangitikei and on to the Forks. The slower trumper and his companion were about 100 yards behind.

'It was four p.m., the weather was packing up; the route looked straight forward enough . . . The two ahead 'pressed on regardless'. The two behind did not climb High Cone, 'they never saw Ignimbrite Saddle. They mistook a dip between rock outcrops on the ridge for it and turned down a spur into the Rangitikei where they spent the night at the Forks.' The Leader and companion, 'after searching up the ridge, bedded down on the saddle believing that the others must pass that way. In this belief they stayed there all the following day. This was the worst mistake. The Rangitikei Forks was the prearranged camping site.' They should have gone there with all speed and stayed there, or at least left a large clear signal. The leader and companion, short of food, had to go out for help after going to the Forks. When the leader and companion came down to the Forks, their companions 'having spent the night in the hut upstream were setting off to finish the trip believing the others to be ahead.' 'Criticism here is that they left no sign at the Forks.' The leader's failure to redistribute weight to give the unfit member of the party a lighter pack was also censured.

In the meantime, the missing trampers and the search operation gained the attention of the *Herald* and the *Star*. The first report, 'Auckland Trampers Overdue. Companions at Tokaanu', said that 'no serious fears were yet entertained for their safety', but the following day, under 'Search for two young Auckland trampers fails' it was said that they were 'feared lost' and, on the day following, an RNZAF Harvard set out to cover the upper Waipakihi and the head of the Rangitikei. Finally a ground party of students led by Mr Geoff Wilson, found the missing two in the Waipahiki and signalled to the searching aircraft. 'Trampers Safe in Bush' 'Missing Students' 'Successful Search in Taupo Area' concluded the *Herald*.

Kaimanawas — August 1959

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

First Encounter

We were a party of university students, 'trampers', camped by a patch of bush on an open saddle somewhere in the Kaimanawas. It was cold, August, but clear and calm. We had built a fire as the sun slanted down behind a higher range to the west and we sat around it and watched the last pink rays play across the snows of the highest tops. The stew bubbled happily and we talked of random things — more preoccupied perhaps with our senses — the beauty and peace of the whole scene, the damp, clean smells wafting from the stew billy. Our general satisfaction with life as we wriggled into warm sleep-

ing bags after satisfying our mountain appetites hardly anticipated the tragedy of the next day.

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

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

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

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

At dusk we reached the bush and stumbled down into the darkness. Bruised, scratched and tired, but very relieved, we arrived at the river bank about ninety minutes later. Reaction and the domesticities of camping, collecting firewood, preparing food and pitching tents soon had us in remarkably good spirits, though for each of us this was probably something of a defence from the reality; the chilling memory that he who had been the most cheerful of us was now lying cold and alone on the mountain above.

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

Fiordland — January 1964

'FOUR AUCKLAND TRAMPERS OVERDUE IN FIORDLAND', the main headline in the *Star* on Monday, 13 January 1964, was the first the public knew of the problems encountered by a four-man party west of Lake Te Anau. The Club's SAR contacts in Auckland had not received the expected telegram on the previous Wednesday and telegraphed Fiordland Travel to enquire if they had picked up the party, as planned. They also made enquiries of parents in Auckland — attempting to make it sound a casual question — and a second telegram went to the Chief Ranger of the Fiordland National Park. On Tuesday, 14 January,

the *Herald* reported that ground and air searches of the area were being made and finally the good news came in Tuesday's *Star* with a page 1 headline 'Plane Finds the Trampers'. Their account in *Footprints* tells the story . . .

Fiordland Fiasco

Party: Warwick Brown (leader), Jim Witten-Hannah, Tony Nelson, 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 in to 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 a half 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 the 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 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 spent 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 led to the Esk exhausted the party and gave the leader frost-bitten toes. It was not until, by a piece 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 Au. 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 lunchtime 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.

Footprints, Vol. 21, 21 February 1964

May Camp — 1969

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

Rainbow Valley — December 1969

A five-man Club party set off up the Wilkin Valley, from Makarora on 12 December 1969 planning to cross to the East Matukituki and Lake Wanaka — a route that had been followed by many Club parties — 'and others' — in previous years. For tramping parties, the waterfall at the head of the Wilkin was always recognised as the major obstacle on the trip. The party was led by a committee member, Peter Gin, who was also an Associate Member of the NZAC and one who had had alpine experience in the Wilkin and the Mt Cook region. With him were Ian Carmichael, Doug Millar, Jeff Bushell and Mike Anderson. The party reached the Matukituki without incident and on the night of 22 December camped at the Rock of Ages Bivouac in the Kitchener, a tributary of the East Matukituki. Having a spare day on the 23rd, they decided to spend it moving up the Rainbow Valley, another smaller tributary flowing off Mt Fastness. There had been much warm north-westerly wind during the trip although the 23rd was fine. As the party tramped up the valley to the spur between the stream forks at the head, they had seen some small avalanches from the glacier below Fastness, but about 10 am they heard a boom and realised that an avalanche of massive proportions had started above them. Suddenly rocks began

to fall near them. Mike Anderson dashed for cover behind a rock five to ten yards from the others, but Peter, Ian, Jeff and Doug were engulfed by the avalanche, described later as 'cataclysmic and quite abnormal' which 'shook the ground like a jelly'. Only Michael escaped, though he suffered some leg injury from flying fragments. He travelled alone to the main valley with the news. Mr Aspinall, at the Aspiring homestead, had heard the avalanche; the Wanaka policeman said it was the biggest he'd seen.

Governor's Col — January 1971

An increasing interest in the peaks of the Mt Cook region was a feature of the Club's activities in the early 70s. Club members had climbed in the area after World War II and a trio had climbed a number of ten-thousand footers in the summer of 1956-7, but the increasing sophistication of climbing in New Zealand and an acceleration of the rate at which Club members progressed from South Island pass-hopping and valley tramping to major climbing led to an increase in visits to the Cook region. The risks, too, are magnified with the scale of the country and Club members have not been immune, here, either. In the early hours of 28 January 1971, Mark Logan, Jeff Clark, Claire Butler and Derek McKay with two Australians were crossing Governor's Col from Pioneer Hut, to the east. They were on top of the Col at 4 am and started down at dawn on fixed belays. Jeff and Mark were leading, and when about 400 ft below the Col, Mark was putting in a snow stake for an abseil rope, an enormous block of ice fell off, 'not an avalanche but more like a glacier moving or the collapse of an ice cliff'. The block broke in its fall, the debris engulfing Mark 'under thousands of tons of ice'. Jeff was pulled off his belay and both were swept down the slope. One of the Australians left for Pioneer Hut; the other three were unable to reach the debris because of wide slots. However, the alarm had been raised and a Sioux helicopter dropped two rangers with blankets. 'Conditions were extremely turbulent at the time and the pilot did a first-class job in hovering his machine with only the tip of the skids resting on the slope, just long enough for the two rangers to jump out' reported the Chief Ranger at Mt Cook. About 11 am an RNZAF Iroquois helicopter with a winchman on board arrived at Mt Cook and was able to rescue Jeff, who was taken to Timaru Hospital in a critical condition. In the meantime Claire and Derek crossed to the Plateau Hut and descended to Ball Hut at about 8 pm. There was clearly no possibility of recovering Mark's body; Jeff later made a full recovery. The FMC Accident Report, aimed at providing lessons for others was, indeed, brief. Their only comment was 'This appears to be a genuine accident.'

Karangahake — 30 June 1974

The Club's growing interest in rock climbing in the 70s led to trips organised for this purpose. Mt Eden Quarry is closest at hand but the Karangahake Gorge provided good pitches. This fatal accident did not occur while climbing. While tramping alone between two groups of climbers, a committee member, Geoffrey Patterson, fell and was killed. The Paeroa coroner was, indeed, critical of Club organisation on this occasion and the committee critically examined policy and practice on all aspects of safety.

Brian Davis

Search and rescue

Club members, in their turn, have assisted in searches for missing trampers or planes. A notable search was for a National Airways Corporation DC-3 which crashed in heavy bush in the Kaimais in the winter of 1963. The plane — and its occupants, who were all killed — was not found for some days but the first party to reach it was a Club one, led by Dave Smyth. In fog and mist, the wreckage was located in steep bush near the summit of Ngatamahinerua.

More frequent have been search and rescue exercises — a typical one is described in *Footprints*, Vol. 38, 1981.

SAREX

The annual SAREX (which stands for Search And Rescue EXercise for uneducated mortals of our tramping stock) was held in the bright and sunny (and hot) days of early May.

AUTC supplied 2 teams of 5 bods each, headed by Messrs Powell and Cave, and we were joined by about 8 other teams from various clubs and organisations scattered throughout the Auckland area.

All personnel met at the Cook St Police station at 6.00 am on Sat. (yawn) for the pick-up out to the Cascades in the Waitaks, to be briefed, and sent on our way.

The exercise was simulated to (hopefully) represent the real thing, although from comments I gathered this was a bit doubtful. Anyway we were looking for two ATI nurses (young, pretty — you know the type) who had been reported overdue from an overnight stroll in the general area of 500,000 sq cm.

Each team was given a no., ours were Cascade 1 and Cascade 2 (with the base being a big surprise — Cascade base), to assist in the radio communications etc. Also supplied (for personal use) for each group was a police officer who just went along and observed, and assisted when he could.

Once all the formalities and ground rules were established, equipment issued etc we were ready to go.

A field controller, sitting safe and snug at the base, co-ordinated all the efforts, and sent us searching high and low, far and wide, for the two girls.

The search continued all Sat. with no luck, and after a night of varying degrees of comfort for various groups, Sun. dawned another cracker day.

One of the girls pretended to have a broken leg and so stayed put in a hedge above a small creek, only to be found by Dave Henwood's Cascade 9 as her friend was walking out to inform the authorities of the accident (albeit a few days late, but it was by then 2.00 pm on Sun.)

To overcome the difficulty of walking on a broken leg, a stretcher carry was initiated. Poor girl must have roared, wrapped up in dozens of bush jackets with a 25° sun beating down all the while. Cascade 1 (that's us) excelled themselves by judging the carry perfectly, catching up by 5 mins away from the end, good idea too because that stretcher was heavy (truth was that Cascade base had given us a wrong grid reference, so delaying us — believe it if you want!)

Anyway, as it turned out both girls were found and brought out which is obviously the point of the exercise and after a conclusory chat, and quick beer we were on our way back to Auckland. Most people, I believe, derived some benefit from the weekend and all seemed to enjoy the experience, although I suppose an exercise can never come close to the real thing!

Andy C.

MAPS AND PLACE NAMES

Club members have been great users of maps. They have also contributed to making them in various ways. The story of one Waitakere track is told in this article from *Footprints*, Vol. 33, 1976:

The Mystery of R.G.B.

Have you ever wondered (as you crashed down the R.G.B. Track to the sound of splintering bone and snapping pack straps) 'what do the letters R.G.B. stand for?' The anguish of the flesh has doubtless prompted many (unprintable) suggestions — but the truth of the matter is that it was named after a member of the A.U.T.C. itself.

When the club first had O'nuku, back in the 1940s, the only way to get to the Anawhata Stream swimming hole or the beach via the gorge, was down a short track to the SE of the hut (re-opened by Pete Simpson) to the 'O'nuku Branch' of the Anawhata Stream. This was known then as the 'Pigwallow Stream' for obvious reasons, and it was a good 1½ hours' stream-bash down to where it joined the main stream at the swimming holes.

Around 1948 a member by the name of Ron Gibson Bennett surveyed a track down the spur to the north of the hut, and this was cut over a number of weekends. Contemporary accounts in the hut book noted this development with approval. I quote from memory: 'Today we followed R. Gibson B's new track down to the swimming hole. This is a great improvement as it now only takes a record time of 20 minutes to get a swim . . .' Originally known as the 'Pigwallow Bypass', the track came to be called 'R.G.B. Track' in recognition of Ron and his insistent use of his middle name.

What brings this all to mind is that I met Ron on the weekend of 3rd July at O'nuku, which he was visiting for the first time in twenty years. 'Old Soles never die; they just slowly wear away!'

The Club has made other contributions to maps and mapping. In 1958 we produced our own inch-to-the-mile map of the Waitakeres. At that time this was the only map available which attempted to describe the whole track system of the area. It also introduced the name of a track junction — Orange Peel Corner — which now appears on the Lands & Survey 1:50,000 map. The junction was named when Nick Barfoot, Graeme Claridge and Brian Davis had paused there and Nick, normally ardently concerned about unsightly litter, had left orange peel lying on the ground. This was back in the mid-fifties when words like 'environmentalist' and 'biodegradable' were not yet in fashion.

PROCESH

The annual Capping procession of decorated floats through the centre of Auckland has now disappeared from the year's events. A much more staid procession of graduands has replaced it — in which Club members are, no doubt, well represented. However, over the years, Tramping Club has taken its place either in a float on the back of a truck or, more fittingly it was thought, in a foot float. In the Club's minutes and Annual Reports two themes reappear — finding a good idea and finding someone to do the work. Delegation sometimes worked.

In 1939, 'Mr Stanton (the Club Captain) represented the Club on Procession Committee'. With the revival of the Procession after the war, 'the Club was responsible for three very attractive floats, the members taking part looking slightly grubbier (if possible) than they do on most weekends.' (A.R., 1947 and 1948). A Maori war canoe was under construction in 1951 when the procession was cancelled due to the wharf strike, but in 1952 'the Club made what we consider to be a most successful float depicting trams at their best, and were devastated not to receive a prize' though the float featured prominently in newspaper pictures. However next year, under Dick Walcott's direction, a hole-in-the-road detection squad won first prize for foot floats, while a truck float of 'tram



disappearing into said hole in the road, hit the headlines in the Weekly News'. 1954's effort — St Trinian's School 'horrified the greater part of the populace of Auckland, the team being most aptly picked from our more rowdy members'. (As the Golden Jubilee approaches those members are, no doubt, staid citizens in their late forties.) About this time, however, a typical minute reads, 'Procession: Discussion of this was abandoned, this matter being left in the capable hands of the Vice-Captain' (Garth Barfoot) (CM, 27 April 1955).

The Club had some successes in winning a prize — a carton of beer — which resulted in 'beakers in the President's room', either in the Chemistry or Physics Department. The Annual Report for 1959 states that 'As usual, our float in procesh [on the escape of the Dalai Lama] caught the judges eye, to gain us a prize, which was duly consumed,' but only two years later, 'Processh was the usual shambles, and our float about the school milk scheme must have curdled en route because we received no prize.' Enthusiasm for Processh seems to have been waning: (CM, 8 April 1963) 'Moved: Gibson/Utting, That Hugh Barr be in charge of Tramping Club's float. CARRIED. Mr Barr wished his dissent recorded.' The Club's views on the fluoridation issue were expressed in 1965 with a float 'depicting Mr Robinson's decaying teeth. We took a very severe flour-bomb beating, but gave as good as we got.'

Procession continued into the early seventies, but Tramping Club's enthusiasm obviously declined along with that of the whole student body and with four graduation ceremonies now spreading over Thursday and Friday of Capping Week, 'Processh' is but a memory. We conclude with a contemporary view (*Footprints*, Vol. 14, No. 2 1957):



PROCESH 1958
Jailhouse Rock

'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.

BIN-DIN (Biennial Dinner)

Some sort of formal dinner has been a feature of the Club's programme for many years. 'The idea of a Tramping Club dinner' reads the committee minutes of 13 July 1943 'met with great enthusiasm' and in June 1945 'it was decided to hold a Formal Dinner, Miss Pharo to be responsible for arrangements and dates'. This was a great success and a number of subsequent dinners were held — usually in the College Cafeteria (now occupied by the Counselling Service) with catering done by Club members.

In 1946 'the good reputation this function gained last year was marred by gas shortages' while in 1953 the Social Committee could provide a Buffet Dinner for 3/6 (35c!). In 1955 the dinner 'provided the occasion for members to indulge formally in the social graces' as described in a *Footprints* article:

Biennial Dinner 1955

This year's biennial dinner amply justified all expectation and tradition. For many, many years, this occasion has shone forth brightly — as the one constant highlight in the A.U.C.T.C.'s Social Calendar. In fact, among a vast variety of tramping dates, it really can't help shining.

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

Dinner was served in the modern and, this night, delight-

fully decorated cafeteria. A large U-shaped table, laden with salads, meats and other delicacies and enhanced by tasteful bowls of flowers formed a perfect setting for this scene of formal yet intimate revelry. The menu consisted of mushroom soup, chosen by the organisers for its international acceptance as a gourmet's dream. This was followed by a bountiful salad, with an exotic concoction of assorted fruits in syrup and vanilla ice-cream as dessert. Coffee and biscuits with a variety of cheese, ranging from the little-known but delicious 'continental' cheese, to the world-famous Gruyere, formed a fitting epilogue to a memorable feast.

We understand that a representative of the International Food and Wine Society attended incognito and was much impressed by the cooking and by the unusual scope and content of the dinner. It is thought probable that this dinner (to be known among gourmets as the 'T.C.' '55) will find a treasured place amidst the annals of culinary achievements.

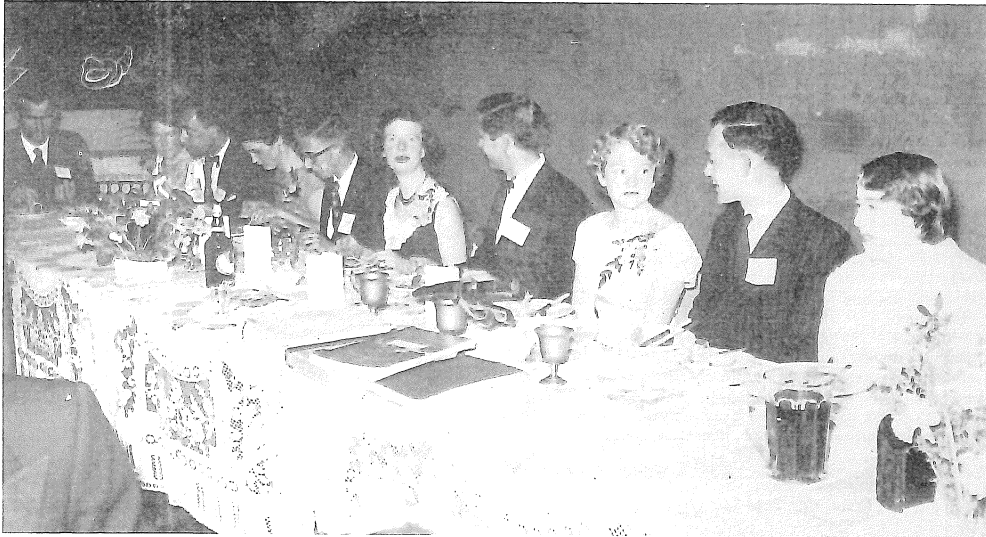
During the evening toasts were proposed and various speeches made — all of them, happily, rich in interest and entertainment value. First, the toast to the Queen; then our president Jack Rattenbury introduced the guest speaker, Cecil Segedin, who spoke of A.U.C.T.C.'s beginnings and the emergence of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

The most informal part of the dinner came after dinner. The management, on behalf of the guests, wish to graciously extend thanks to Murray Thompson and others who exhibited slivers of revealing interest and beauty. To the enthusiastic singers praise, slightly modified, is also due.

Footprints, Vol. 12, No. 3, 1955

The Jubilee Dinner in 1957 provided the committee with a bigger task. The committee resolved (10 April 1957) 'that the Jubilee Dinner should be more formal. Professional caterers should be employed so that less work would devolve on the social committee. It was also suggested that liquor might be provided.' Next month the Chairman (Linda Scholes) suggested that 'men should wear dark suits and the women P.D.s' (pretty dresses). In June under the heading 'Jubilee Dinner' it was reported 'Mr L. Wilson explained the legal intricacies connected with the provision of liquor at this function.' The dinner was indeed a great success, though beforehand tickets at £1 (\$2) a head had sold slowly. Liquor indeed was served; the minutes of 1 August record, under Inwards Correspondence, 'Corban's Wines'.

It was back to the cafeteria for Biennial Dinner in August 1959, two speakers being returned travellers — Marin Segedin, talking on student and university life in the USA, and Dick Walcott on Antarctic's Husky dogs. Mr Mac Vincent, reminiscing about his early climbing days, was guest speaker in 1961; 'the dinner was followed by a dance, the whole function being notable for the gaiety and complexity of the decorations' says the Annual Report. A new note was sounded in the report on the 1963 dinner. 'Peter Mulgrew gave an outstanding address, but there was an outstanding paucity of girls. It gives food for thought that at a Hut Working Weekend girls outnumber boys by a considerable margin, whereas at Biennial Dinner the ratio was four to one in favour of the boys.' No such problems appeared again. We visited



JUBILEE DINNER 1957
with Kukri and goblets

Left to right: Ivan Pickens, Nancy Jenkinson, —, Rae Musty, Peter Aimer, Margaret Segedin, Marin Segedin, Linda Scholes, Brian Davis, Bobby Longworth.



BIN-DIN 1963

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

Sorrento, The Toby Jug, The Carousel Lounge and the Sheraton Lounge, and, at least through the sixties, there were a series of toasts to the Queen (though 'might not be necessary' noted one Club Captain in notes to successors), the Club, and kindred clubs. A guest speaker usually followed. Ticket costs were of constant concern — at 7/- (1951), 25/- (1963), £2 (1967), \$4.50 (1969) or \$10 (1977) — and encountered some sales resistance, 'but as it turned out, very few people did not come because of the cost' noted one Club Captain. It was back in 1945 that the Club Captain, John Burns said that 'Tramping Club should dress up and eat decently now and then.' The Club, indeed, has continued to do just that.

Brian Davis

RECIPES

'Armies' said Napoleon, 'march on their stomachs' and presumably Tramping Club has tramped on its stomach. Food — either its weight in the pack, or its lack, after a meal — was a constant source of conversation on South Island trips. Two Club members — both life members — have given their name to items of our diet — Ivan's biscuits and Govan's breakfast. An article by Graham Long in *Footprints*, Vol. 33, 1976 tells the latter's story:

Govan Wilson

Very few members of the AUTC have their fame preserved for posterity by having their names in the common vocabulary of the club. Each year as we climb and tramp, nourished by that fragrantly robust breakfast of the hills, we recall that one such person is Govan Wilson.

1952 was the fateful year when Govan, studying under the Science Faculty for Dentistry Intermediate, launched himself into Tramping Club life with a first day-trip in the Waitakeres.

In 1953 Govan was on the committee as Hut Officer for O'nuku, which was then only nine years old, and somewhat smaller than today. As befalls all Dentistry students, in the following years he disappeared into the bowels of the Earth (namely Otago University), but still retained active membership of AUCTC and reappeared for all holiday tramping and

such great festivals as May Camp. It was also during this period that he made the discovery (as a result of much practical research) that the angle of approach to O'nuku is no more nor less than equal to alpha. Look out for this sign appearing in the Hut Book, even today. At the end of 1957 having survived

such events as carting the old 78 record-player down to the Anawhata stream in order to swim to the sound of the Marsellaise, Govan graduated from the School of Dentistry with his 'Licence to Butcher'.

Returning to Auckland in 1959-60 Govan was elected Voting Vice-President, and held the Post of Alpine Advisor. 1961-62 were spent in Britain drilling teeth and climbing with members of the UK branch of AUTC. After a year in Australia Govan returned to Auckland to set up his current Dentistry practice in Sandringham. He resumed his interest in the club (you may have seen him at May Camp), and he and his wife are still active trampers with A.S.C.

The famous 'Govans' breakfast had its roots in the hard days of flattening in Australia. Govan concocted a patent brew which had the following advantages:

1. Strictly a one-pot meal, therefore less washing up.
2. Unlike pog it does not gunge up the pot, and does not require hours of scraping to clean.

3. No frying, and thus no nasty fat to clean.
4. Good and solid, with nourishing ingredients.

Realising that these advantages were ideal for tramping trips, one fateful Kaimanawas trip the hapless party members were ordered to bring the gruesome ingredients. All returned safe and well! Thus 'Govans' the trampers' breakfast was born, and quickly won acceptance — even notoriety — within the AUTC. To use Govan's own words: 'It has an interesting physiological effect.'

The recipe has stood the test of time and use — I can vouch for it myself — and so for the benefit of our readers I present it below.

1. Take rice, chopped bacon, dehyd peas (a few).
2. Add water, salt, & boil until cooked. If too wet, drain.
3. Before serving, add grated cheese.
4. Eat.

And a final word of advice from the Colonel: 'Don't overcook it.'

All who knew him were deeply saddened to learn of Govan's death in February 1982.

Ivan Pickens invented — or discovered? — the tramping biscuits which now bear his name in the 1950s. In this article from *Footprints*, Vol. 34, 1977, the name has obviously passed into Club lore and the apostrophe has disappeared:

Ivans Biscuits

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

- 2½ lb rolled oats (or oatmeal)
- 1½ lb flour (wholemeal is best)
- 1 lb brown sugar
- 1lb butter
- 1 tsp salt
- ¼ to ½ lb nuts and raisins (optional)
- 5 tablespoons golden syrup (for flavour)

Mix with a 50-50 mixture of milk and water until malleable (or thumpable). Roll out to ¼ inch thick, and cut into rounds (less likely to break in the post or pack). Cook for 30 to 40 minutes at 400°F. This makes about 140 biscuits. This is only a basic recipe, so you can add whatever's around, such as wheatgerm, kibbled wheat (good for adding crunchability and breaking keas' teeth) coconut, currants, chopped apricot, etc.

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

SONGS

Tramping Club has been singing since its earliest days. The second issue of *Footprints* (1944) contained this piece:

The Guard's Van,
Whangarei Express

Dear Sir,

When I joined the Railways Dept. as message boy for the Engine Driver some 10 years ago I used to be puzzled by strange noises which came from the end carriages of the Sunday trains. When I had listened for a year or so I found that the noises were songs about Jimmy O'Grady, Sammy Hall and a Darkie Sunday School. The Engine Driver was a tolerant sort of bird and said 'Let 'em alone. It's only A.U.C. Tramping Club.' So I forgot about it.

Five years ago I was promoted to helping the Guard go through the carriages and stop people standing on the seats, putting out the lights, etc. and found the end carriage was always a ticklish problem. That was bad enough. But worse still, the same Jimmy O'Grady and Sammy Hall were still going round the harbour with the ladies and getting hanged. By this time I was a bit sick of the same tunes all the time.

Well Sir, I have put up with the monotony of the Railways for 10 years, but your songs are going too far. Last April Fool's Day I was promoted to Guard and feel that now I am a Big

Noise on the Express. I am convinced I should use my influence for the Common Good. The Engine driver and I, to mention only a few, are more than tired of the same songs over and over again.

Please do something about it and oblige,

Your Servant,
PRO BONO PUBLICO

David Grace, in a *Footprints* Editorial (Vol. 5, No. 2, 1948) thought that the Club, in the last carriage on the Sunday train from Swanson, had become 'song-bound' and needed a 'lyrical laxative to set flowing the genial current of the soul. "Foo-oo-ood" and the "Old Beer Bottle" are blocking the works' he wrote. Well, in memory of those days, here's one of those songs:

'It was only an old beer bottle
A-floating on the foam
It was only an old beer bottle,
So many a mile from home,
And in that old beer bottle,
A note was written on:
"Whoever finds this bottle
Will find the beer all gone, all gone".'

If any song could be thought of as a 'Club song', it was probably 'Walla-Walla', which arrived from Alpine Club after their Annual Dinner in 1953.

Walla Walla

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

Chorus

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

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

Chorus

Glissading's a glorious feeling,
As you slide down the slope on your feet,
The rest of the day's spent concealing,
A wet and uncomfortable seat!
Walla-walla-walla . . .

Chorus

A piton's a peg with a ring on it,
Intended for stopping a fall,
You mutter as gently you swing on it,
'Why do I go climbing at all?'
Walla-walla-walla . . .

Chorus

We hear there are snowmen abominable,
(And doubtless snow-women as well.)
So that's why our climbers indomitable,
Return to NZ for a spell!
Walla-walla-walla . . .

Chorus

An ice-axe is ideal for cutting ice,
And other less virtuous ends,
However we feel there is nothing nice,
In sticking it into your friends!
Walla-walla-walla . . .

Chorus

A crampon's a great source of confidence,
And speeds you up climbing what's more,
To use them on ice slopes is common-sense,
But not on the living-room floor!
Walla-walla-walla . . .

Chorus

Now climbing's a pastime for everyone,
Apparently quite a cheap sport,
But when you've equipped for both rain and sun,
It isn't as cheap as you thort!
Walla-walla-walla . . .

Chorus

We're the cream of the mountain fraternity,
You trampers are only the skim,
But tramping (when far from the Hermitage),
Satisfies an occasional whim!
Walla-walla-walla . . .

Chorus

Now tramping's position's unassailable,
We object to being known as the skim,
When a climber is all that's available,
Why we'd even go tramping with him!
Walla-walla-walla . . .

Chorus

They say skiing's a first-class activity,
(Provided you've got pansy clothes),
But in spite of our natural proclivity,
We'd never become one of those!
Walla-walla-walla . . .

Chorus

We're surely the cream of humanity,
In spite of our squabbles and scraps,
We're all of the mountain fraternity,
Including canoeists — perhaps!
Walla-walla-walla . . .

Chorus

But another song had a long run. Its words were 'hardly Tramping Club, old man' but they boomed out over the Hunuwas — and other valleys — and, in the traditional fifties and sixties one stood for the last verse:

She was poor but she was honest
She was poor, but she was honest,
Victim of a squire's whim;
First he loved her, then he left her,
And she lost her honest name.

Then she ran away to London
There to hide her grief and shame;
But she met another squire,
And she lost her name again.

See her riding in her carriage,

In the park and all so gay;
All the nibs and nobby persons
Come to pass the time of day.

See the little old-world village
Where her aged parents live,
Drinking the champagne she sends them —
But they never can forgive.

In the rich man's arms she flutters
Like a bird with broken wing;
First he loved her, then he left her;
And she hasn't got a ring.

See him in his splendid mansion,
Entertaining with the best,
While the girl that he has ruined
Entertains a sordid guest.

See him in the House of Commons,
Passing laws to put down crime,
While the victim of his passion
Trails her life through mud and slime.

See him riding in his carriage
Past the gutter where she stands;
While the girl that he has ruined
Stands and wrings her ringless hands.

Standing on the bridge at midnight,
She says, 'Farewell, blighted lifel'
There's a scream a splash — Good Heavens
What is she a-doing of?

When they dragged her from the river
Water from her clothes they wrang;
For they thought that she was drowned
But the corpse got up and sang:

It's the same the whole world over,
It's the poor that gets the blame;
It's the rich that gets the pleasure —
Ain't it all a blooming shame!

The songs of the sixties produced their own Club versions — this one seems specially suitable for a Jubilee History:

Where have all the Trampers gone?

Where have all the trampers gone?

LONG TIME-A-PASSING

Where have all the trampers gone?

LONG TIME AGO

Where have all the trampers gone?

Gone to 'Old Soles', every one,

When will they ever learn?

WHEN WILL THEY EVER LEARN?

Where have all the 'Old Soles' gone?

Gone in couples, every one.

Where have all the couples gone?

They've got married, every one.

Where have all the families gone?

Lots of children, every one.

Where have all the children gone?

They've gone tramping, everyone!

WHEN WILL THEY EVER LEARN?

WHEN WILL THEY EVER LEARN?

THE AUTC BOOK OF RECORDS

1. Waitakere to O'nuku via Long Drive: Govan Wilson 1 hour, 24½ min., October 1953.

2. Continuous blast of sound on Boosey: Nick Barfoot, 85 secs.

3. Round the Table (at O'nuku): Paul Bieleski, 13 times in 175 secs.

4. Round Ruapehu: Geoff Mead and Jim McLeod, midnight Friday to 4 pm Sunday (40 hours), June 1980.

5. Rat catching at O'nuku: Chris Nobbs, 5 rats in 2 hrs 5 mins, May 1958.

6. First second generation to visit O'nuku: Elizabeth Rae Segedin, November 1955.

7. Largest party at Hut: 96 at Freshers Hut Weekend, 1978.

8. Most frequent visitor to O'nuku: Govan Wilson (total unknown, but 100 visits 1952-9).

9. Bog-hole digging: A hole was sunk to 27 ft 9 in in 1949.

10. Committee Meeting, 8 April 1959 lasted 4 hours — from 8.10 pm to 12.15 am.

11. Number of Christmas trips in one Christmas: 5½, Mike Lennon 1962.

12. Number of Christmas trips in one Christmas for a fresher: 4, George Carr 1960.

13. Number of four-day or longer trips with AUTC: 27, Jim Frater — this has taken 4-5 years!

14. Number of days of four-day or longer trips spent with other people: 49, Jim Frater with Jack Butts; 45, Jim Frater with Dave Smyth.

15. Ivan Pickens went on 11 consecutive Full-Time May Camps.

LIFE MEMBERS

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

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

Campbell Reid was Club Captain for two successive years, 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 Hunuwas, in the first camp there in 1942. It was often the case that Cam went out on numerous reconnaissance trips even if it meant going alone. His heart and soul were in his job and he made a real success of a difficult task.

It was during all of the formative years of the early 40s that Cecil Segedin was president and really was responsible for putting the Club on a sound basis. 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 was 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 RSC and became the Ongaruanuku of the Park. At all times Allan insisted on caution and responsibility in trips above the snow line and it was his idea to have an Alpine Adviser. His capabilities have been well recognised in the Alpine Club by his being made a full member and also by his election as chairman of the Auckland section.

By now the Club was firmly on its feet and most of its original aims were accomplished. Yet as new people joined the Club each year, someone had to carry on the work of organising and provide a continuity of outlook.

To stimulate enthusiasm and provide a real university club atmosphere in the period after the 'pioneer work' had been done was a most important task. Marin Segedin did just that. In a long association with the Club (he was President for six years) his experience and valued opinions helped all who had the job of organising Club functions. There is no better indication of his influence on the Club than the question which crossed many minds when faced by a difficult or unprecedented situation — 'What would Marin say?'

In 1957 another life member joined the honoured ranks, Ivan Pickens. The true test of a life member would seem to be a consistent and whole-hearted interest in tramping, and importantly in tramping with the Club! Ivan has left his mark on the Club and the many aspects of its life. Some will remember him carrying timber for the AC Hut, some at '56 May Camp (as a dusty tramp!). In the organisation of trips and as Alpine Adviser his quiet unassuming efficiency and rare sense of humour (seen in the pages of *Footprints*), as well as his individual energy and experience have been a source of encouragement to new trampers, and have added to the enjoyment and spirit of Club life during his years of association with it.

John Utting joined the Club in 1956 and was closely associated with the social aspects peculiar to Tramping Club. An excellent cook, he unselfishly volunteered to cater for all present at each May Camp. It became another tradition of the Club that John was in the kitchen at May Camp slaving over a hot stove, while everyone else danced the Eightsome Reel or the Gay Gordons. John was a Vice-President in 1962 and 1964 and during a return to full-time university was Hut

Officer in 1963. He was made a Life Member at the AGM in 1965.

Dave Smyth started his outdoor career as a caver and lone trampler and it was not really until his third year at university in 1961 that he became active with AUTC. 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. Few in the Club have 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 trampler, and moved to Christchurch where for many Christmases their home was a base camp for all AUTC members passing through Christchurch. George was an unfailing visitor to May Camp for years after he moved south, and in 1967 was elected a Life Member at this focal Tramping Club function. George was Hut Officer in 1960 and a Vice-President from 1961 to 1966.

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

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

Boyd Miller has shown a long and close connection with the Club, with an active tramping period right through the sixties. He was Club Captain in 1962 and Vice-President on a number of occasions after that. He tramped extensively with the Club in both islands and combined this with high climbing. May Camp has also seen him to the fore as a square dance caller.

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

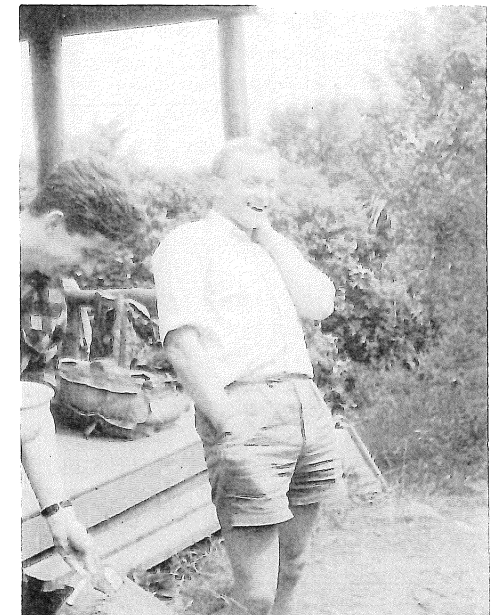


SOME LIFE MEMBERS — AND OTHERS

Left to right: John Utting, —, Dave Smyth, —, —, Prue Fenton, Hugh Barr.



Gary Bold



Govan Wilson

Govan Wilson's exploits are recounted more fully elsewhere in this volume. From a keen tramping family, he was a committee member in his second year at university and after his return from the Otago Dental School continued a very close association with the Club. He preferred the bush of the North Island and was probably O'nuku's most frequent visitor. He was a keen trumper with ASC until a few months before his untimely death in 1982.

TRAMPING, CLUB-STYLE

THE HUNUAS

Lying some thirty miles south-east of Auckland, the Hunua Ranges have been a popular area for Club tramping. Although less accessible from Auckland than the Waitakeres, the ranges rise to over 2000 feet and the two main valleys — the Mangatangi and the Mangatawhiri — provided camp-sites and gorges on a bigger scale than those found in the Waitakeres. The Club's attention to the area was first noted (CM, 24 April 1933) under the heading 'Future Trips' with the resolution (Shaw, Cahill) 'That a tramp to the Hunua Falls be arranged for next term.' Later that year (CM, 12 September) the Secretary (Eric Goodwin) was asked to make enquiries about Orere, Hunua, Whatipu and Anawhata 'with the view to holding an After-Degree there', but the records give no indication of the outcome. It was almost ten years before the area appears again in the Minute Book — unless the resolution (CM, 27 April 1937) '*Wet Weather*: It was moved (Fleming/Dempsey) that leaders be recommended to hold club trips in wet weather provided there is no financial loss' could be seen as presaging May Camp 1954.

However, in 1942 the new and revitalised Club decided to hold a camp at the Presbyterian Bible Class Camp at the Hunua Falls, beginning a tradition that was to bring the Jubilee Committee to hold a May Camp there forty years later. The main party travelled to Papakura by train on Thursday morning 28 May and tramped by road to the camp. They spent Friday around the Falls and on Saturday made a day trip, travelling over the ridge above Cosseys Creek to the Ottau Valley and over again into the Moumoukai Valley, at the head of the Mangatawhiri stream, for lunch at the ATC hut, Te Hapua. The afternoon rain meant a long, wet tramp back to the camp. A first-rate dinner followed as the menu sets out. Sunday saw the group return to Papakura and the train home. The Annual Report comments that 'many people were carrying packs for the first time' and that 'most of those attending the camp have been enthusiastic members since'.

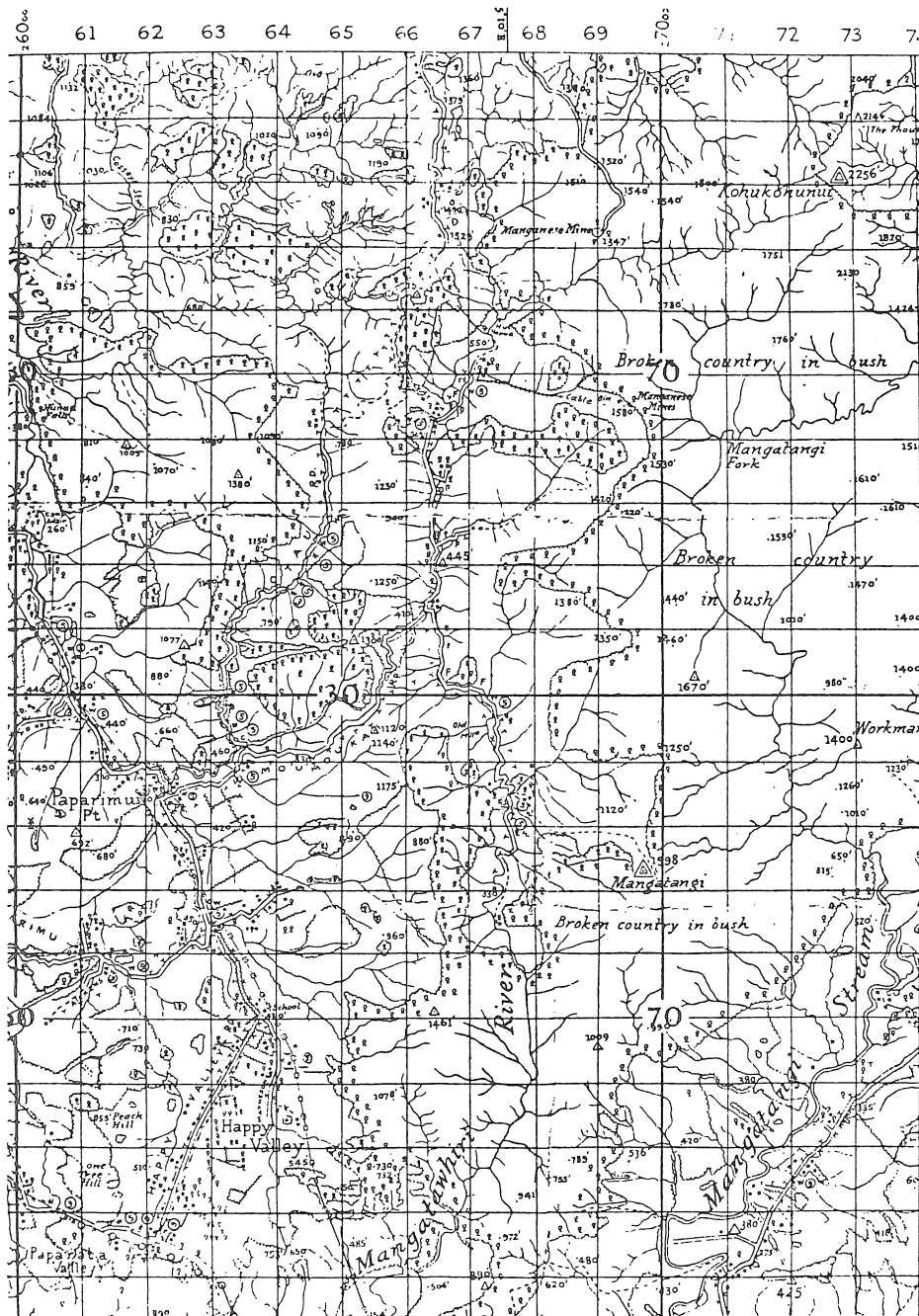
In the following summer 'Jimmy' Pendergrast led an all-male party aqua-tramping down the Mangatawhiri Gorge. The trip account records 'Everybody had a great time and voted the gorge a few hundred times greater than that of the Anawhata, . . . members of the T.C. *must* be shown this gorge'. The party returned home by tramping to Pokeno and catching the train.

Next May (1943) the Club was in the area again with a camp based on Camp Adair from Thursday to Wednes-



ROUND THE FIRE — MAY CAMP 1942

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



THE HUNUAS — AS THEY WERE 1943

Inch to the mile

day, with the major day trip reaching the Otau Mountain Road above the Ness Valley. On the first night in the camp, the cooks had a real battle with the stoves, so that at the nominal dinner time they were still stone cold. Eventually, dinner was served — three hours late. Cecil Segeidin had saved the day by playing for a sing-song that dwarfed all other sing-songs. When he finished he had blisters on all his fingers. At Mid-Term Break that year a party reached the same point from Clevedon, tramped down the Mangatawhiri Valley, climbed the Mangatangi trig and descended some way into the valley. On the return home 'we came in touch with civilization . . . we heard that the Allies had landed in Sicily'. They returned home via the Otau, Cosseys, the Hunua Falls and a road walk to Papakura and the train.

By now a tradition was becoming established of holding May Camp in the Hunuas, at the Presbyterian B.C. camp and the club went there again in 1944 and 1945. A move to break with tradition (not the last in the Club) saw 60 members exploring the Tarawera area from Reporoa in 1946, but it was back to Hunuas in 1947 with parties travelling across the ranges, leaving the base camp empty for three days. The same pattern then became established for a number of years. Five or six parties entered the ranges from various points and circulated among the various huts. Most substantial of these was ATC's Te Hapua (1937-61) at the head of the Moumoukai Valley. Above it, to the north was the Club's own Hut Putt, built by Colin Putt on Plow's Road while at the top of the road from Ness Valley was Sandy Rose's cottage. Shepherds Hut, on the southern side of the Thousand Acre Clearing, and east of the high point of the ranges, Kohukohunui had become delapidated by the early 50s. In the Mangatangi Valley, Runneymead Hut in Mead's

Clearing, originally built by ASC of punga logs in late 1949, provided shelter while the Ruapehu Ski Club Hut in the Mangatawhiri Valley, above the gorge, was also used by Club parties. This pattern was little changed for a number of years; the Annual Report for 1952 records that 'May Camp was successful by usual standards, viz. one party spent a night out, eighty people attended the weekend and one party almost got lost in Bernie's Bush'.

Two brief accounts from the 1949 *Footprints* tell of a typical trip, from Tuesday to Friday, before meeting up with other parties at the Bible Class camp.

Ross Howards Party

Don Aimer Murray Andrews Alan Goodyear
 Ross Howard Bernice Rodewald Louise Rose
 and one of Boosey's Bugles.

The first night Shepherd's Hut was to be shared by Athol's and our parties, and thanks to the bus, which took us up the Ness Valley as far as Sandy Rose's, we got away to a good start. Half way up the bus stopped to pick up three lean, hungry looking engineers coming to help us carry the food up the hill.

We all, Athol's, Dave's & Ross's parties, made for Hutt Putt for lunch where we were greeted very warmly by the other engineers (looking leaner and even hungrier than the first three). After lunch Athol's and our Parties left for Shepherd's Hut. We parted company at Kohukohunui, Athol's party continuing via Trig 21, our party keeping on the ridge running down from Kohukohunui.

Athol's party had a fire going when we arrived and very soon a three course meal was underway and tucked away. The evening was spent playing a hectic game of 'Half Goats' — beware of this, it ought to be banned.

Next morning (after a crowded night) our party went down the Mangatangi as far as the forks where we met Les Dudding's party, then continued up Meads track to the Mango Mine, and along the old trolley track to Te Hapua. Dave's party soon arrived from Hutt Putt, and while some bods gathered wood



TE HAPUA 1954

Left to right: Neil Small, Brian Davis, Peter Aimer, Garth Barfoot, Bruce Fraser, Dave Jenkins, Dick Walcott, Govan Wilson.



MAY CAMP
Raingauge Hill above the Otau, 1956

Left to right: Linda Scholes, Chris Barfoot, Helen Lyons, Ivan Pickens, Roberta Hulek, George Stark.
Front: Lochie Wilson.

the rest cooked tea. When we were about to eat it John Leonard's party arrived after a long and very successful trip from R.S.C. For the rest of the evening we ate, watched others eating, and listened to a commentary on the Derby presented by Grace & Geddes.

Thursday morning after seeing the waterfall we left for R.S.C. where we arrived about three. We spent the rest of the afternoon cooking and the evening eating and talking about an open cylindrical shaped object, i.e. the eye of a needle (refer to those present for further information).

Friday morning saw us crashing up a long blackberry(?) bracken and bush lawyer covered slope at a nice easy pace which allowed plenty of breath for conversation. After lunch we went along the Otau Valley for an hour or so before getting up on the ridges and following the ridge track back to base camp. We arrived at base just in time for tea. after being held up by an ambush in the tunnels at Cossey's Creek.

Bernice Rodewald
May Camp Weekend (in the Hebraic style)

AND those of increasing wisdom who do walk long distances with considerable loads dwelt in the wilderness four days, and ON the fourth day all the Tribes came separately to the Promised Land.

AND there was great rejoicing among the multitude, and there was the sound of a trumpet from above, and the great prophet who best sounded the trumpet was below.

AND a multitude gathered in the chief tabernacle and there was a great clamour and noise as that of animals, while without, victuals without end were prepared. And huge quantities of victuals were consumed.

AND all the tribes did rejoice, and did laugh and sing and dance. And they continued thus many hours until the next day was come.

AND some arose early before the day dawned, and the great prophet who is called Sains led a chosen few up to the great mountain called Kohukohunui.

AND the land was in a cloud, and it did rain, and a great wind did blow. But the multitude did rise up and went forth their several ways to Cosseys and to Otau and to the Wairoa and across the Ridges. And some did do a long trek (but not so long as that to the Great Mountain), to the place called Te Hapua.

AND when evening was come all did return to the Promised Land. And while victuals were being made ready (and great quantities of victuals were made ready and consumed in the Promised Land) many of the multitude went out to watch those of great courage who did venture forth to anoint their bodies with clay. And there was much clay. And some did venture down to the water mountain and did slip a great distance at the bottom. And many mouths were filled with laughter.

THAT night there was much joy within the Tabernacle, for all did sing and dance and play the games of children. And when this had continued many hours, then some did retire to sleep, but many did stay a great time, even until the fourth hour of the seventh day.

AND after morning was come all did sluggardly rise up. THAT day the multitude did leave the Promised Land, and those of the multitude that did dwell in the land of Ardmore and do labour with the works of the Devil, did cross over the wilderness. But most did follow the way to the place called Papakura, and did reach the great City in weariness after it was dark.

AND the multitude did take great joy in the days spent in the wilderness in the fifth month, and felt great gratitude for the prophets who did labour long for it.

BLESSED are the names of those that tramp,

AND may they dwell in the hills forever.

Rosalie Goodyear

Footprints, Volume 6, No. 2, 1949

A feeling that the tradition of May Camp in the Hunuas was too firmly entrenched resulted in a move to Thames for 1953, although two club parties tramped in the Hunuas during the year. However, in 1954 the Club was back in the Hunuas, with six parties tramping round the ranges during the week under the wettest conditions in Club memory. The bus that was to take some parties from Papakura to the Moumoukai was stopped by floodwater near Camp Adair and on the Wednesday night Auckland recorded its lowest ever barometric pressure. The experiences of two parties were typical:

The Song of the Washed Out Trampers
Vol. 11, No. 2 (1954)

Hearken here a while, my children,
Hearken to a tale of daring,
Of the wondrous time of Maying
In the ranges of Hunua,
At May Camp in Fifty-Four.

We left Auckland in a rainstorm,
Raining still at Papakura,
Embarked in one bus then another,
Finally left for Sandy Roses,
Clevedon Bridge the bus was halted,
Wairoa River flooded yellow:
Heavy still the flood uprising;
Tried in vain the Gorge Road detour
(There the flood was even deeper).
Waded then along the roadway,
'Cross the plains and up the hillsides,
Along the mountain road of Otau;
Ridgewards then to Sandy Rose's
Where the wild nor-easter hit us —
Wind and rain combined against us
Screaming past across the hilltops
Trampers bent against its fury;
Reached we then the night's dry lodging.

Nick Barfoot

A Cool Reception on Kohukohunui

Vol. 11, No. 2 (1954)

Peter Aimer

Brian Davis

Sue Waters

Jackie Harding

Peter Ellis

Simone Shera.

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 back on Te Hapua.



SLEDGING AT MAY CAMP

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 hokitokis and went to bed. The agony of the night was complete and utter. Sometimes the howling 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. It 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, scored 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.

Peter Aimer

Such enthusiasm was kindled, despite the weather, that in the following year's minute book is recorded 'On 5th May 1955, a meeting extraordinary was held in the President's room to discuss alternative arrangements for May Camp as it was feared that the Bible Class Camp would not be available'.

All was well and 'traditional' May Camps continued to be held for the rest of the 50s and into the 60s. Extension of the watershed area resulted in a gradual decrease in the area available for tramping. The Mangatawhiri Dam was built between 1961 and 1965 and dams in the Wairoa and Mangatangi were to follow. 1964 was to see the last full trip in the Hunuas, finishing up at the Bible Class Camp. Kit O'Halloran led a party from Whakatiwai over to the Mangatangi, up to the Thousand Acre clearing and Kohukohunui, meeting John Prebble's party — which had followed a similar route — for the return to base camp. Sally Montgomery led a party up through the Mangatawhiri gorge in a trip described (accurately, it seems) as 'almost unique in the annals of May Camp history for bungles and misfortune'. And so ended the by-then traditional four day tramp before meeting up at the Hunua Falls. Loss of the week's tramping in the Hunuas has not, however, ended the weekend at the Bible Class Camp and year after year — with a break in 1972, 1973 and 1974. Club members have gone out to Hunua on Friday night or Saturday — for a tramp up to Cosseys Dam, through the bush in Bernie's or by car to the Moumoukai, Kohukohunui, or the Mangatangi trig or the Mangatawhiri gorge. On Friday evening freshers and others have been introduced to Tramping Club's square dances and games, Clumps, Moriarty and the like. Saturday evening has followed a similar pattern — a sing-song round the piano and fire, accompanied by Cecil Segedin and more recently — since about 1960 — by Gary Bold, a sumptuous dinner, square dancing, games and Revue. In early May Camps the popular dances were 'Jingle Bells', 'Picking up Paw-paws', 'My Man's away in the Hay'. The arrival in the Club of Dorothy Ehrlich, Elaine Jacka, Bobby Longworth and Linda Scholes, among others, in the mid-fifties saw the addition of 'Northern Lights', 'A Hot Time', 'Dashing White Sergeant', 'Red River Valley', 'Eightsome Reel', the 'Cay Gordons' and later 'The Hora'. The evening's dancing always concluded with 'Strip the Willow' almost

until the last participant dropped with fatigue. Dances were at first accompanied on the piano, in 1955 by Struan Ensor on the piano accordion, but increasing electronic sophistication saw much of the music and words taped, and played at higher amplification. The piano was still required on occasions — at socials in town or when dancing became a feature of O'nuku socials — Jim Frater became known for his playing of 'Hot Time'.

May Camp Revue, too, became part of the tradition. 'Mogambo' in 1954 was the first. A film of that name, starring Clark Gable and Ava Gardner, was shown in Auckland during the first term and the theme was 'loosely adapted' by Mark Barber for the Revue. (A party travelling down the Anawhata on the first Saturday of the May vacation discovered that the cry 'Mogambo' could be produced with great volume and had very satisfactory resonant qualities. It became a club call, of greeting or when making contact on a tramp, for many years.) The May Camp Revue is best described by a contemporary reviewer:

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 premiere, 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 Friend 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.

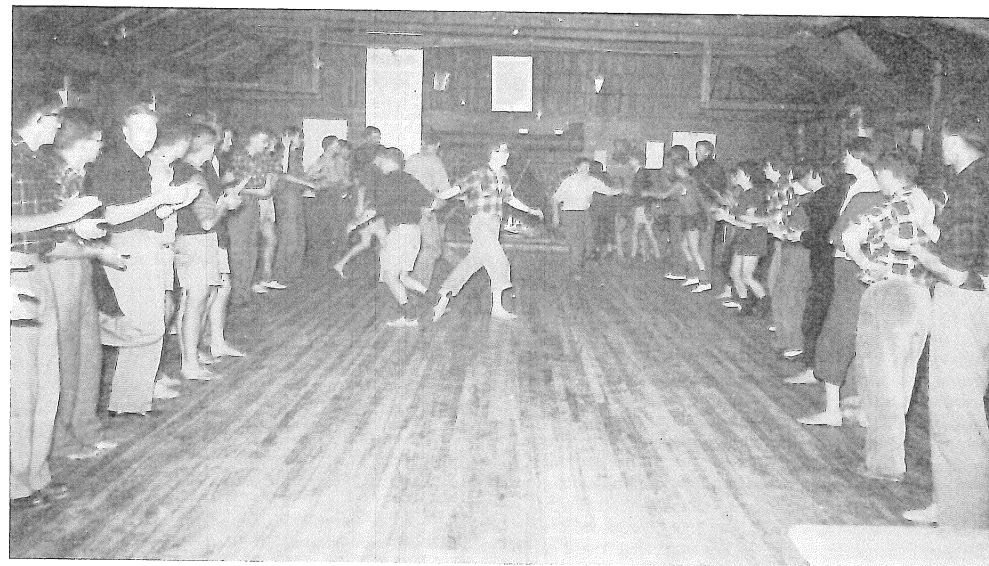
Skilled work on the part of all collaborators gave real polish and finish to this production and it is to be hoped that it will not be the last we see of this promising young dramatist's work, nor the inspired performance of the stars.

Footprints, 11/2 (edited) 1954

Then followed 'The Pirates of Hunua' (1956), 'Cox and Box' and 'Trial by Jury' in 1957, although the report in 1959 was probably typical: 'I shall not mention names, but a certain amount of memory training will be necessary in future to counteract the deplorable practice of some of the cast, first unobtrusively and then obviously consulting the script.' 1959 saw the introduction of the Limbo and — on Sunday — square dancing on the newly opened Harbour Bridge. May Camp's 21st Birthday was celebrated with a birthday cake — and the candles blown out by the Club Captain at the first May Camp, Morrison Cassie.

Brian Davis,

MAY CAMP 1956



Strip the Willow



'Fleas'

Ivan Pickens, Tony Nelson, Jack Mein, Sue Waters.

AFTER DEGREE CAMPS IN THE 1940s

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

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

The venue for the 1942 camps was at Papa Aroha on the Coromandel Peninsula, a few miles north of the township of Coromandel itself. It was necessary to guarantee a relatively large number to justify booking a special trip of the *Moretana* so that an approach was made to Field Club to combine in the venture. They were only too willing so that over forty from the two clubs went to the camp. The small parties went to various parts of the peninsula and visited places from Port Charles to Whangapoua and a day trip to the hills behind the base camp was very late getting back. They said that they were never at any time lost, but that's their story.

Overall the general arrangements were so successful that 1943 saw the return to the same place, but this time the Club went alone: numbers had grown. The highlight of that camp was undoubtedly the way that an outbreak of dysentery was cured by the use of koromiko leaves. What the theory is behind it I don't know, but it worked.

In 1944 After Degree was at National Park, a mile or so from the Waihohonu Hut. That year, it rained! and rained! The result was that very little real tramping was done, but still people seemed to enjoy it. One group of three came up from the 'Wellington Wing' for the weekend and in spite of the conditions tramped from the National Park Station to the Mangatepopo Hut then round to the Waihohonu Hut and on the Sunday returned to the Chateau after visiting the Base camp which was closer to the Desert Road than they thought. None of them had any difficulty sleeping on the return train journey to Wellington.

Great Barrier Island was the choice for 1945 — the whole of it! Four parties tramped the island and ended up at Whangaparapara in the remains of the final settlement of the Kauri Timber Company. There was a hall there with a beautiful kauri floor and memories of that wonderful dance which went on from about eight to midnight are very vivid. The 'band' was the 'Barrier Bobcats' led by 'Decca' Clarke who 'played the clarinet' on an arum lily, with accompanying 'trumpeters' Ted Harvey and Mann Segedin. Drums (billies [inverted]) and cymbals (billy lids) were also managed by the leader, while a group of others 'booped' into drain pipes or large billies in an attempt to sound like double basses. The repertoire consisted of a very limited range, mainly 'Dark Town Strutters Ball'. Laugh if you will, but no-one who was there will forget the utter enjoyment of the occasion.

But there was also another event that crowds into the memory. And that is how an amazing series of coincidences resulted in the undoubted saving of Morrison

Cassie's life. He had returned from one of the trips feeling unwell, but since other members of the same party had also been similarly affected it was not thought to be serious. However, 'Cass' got steadily worse over the next day or so and the people in charge were getting more and more worried. Some of them even went over the ridge to Okupu Post Office to use the nearest phone to get some medical advice from Auckland. Things looked grim, but suddenly all was well. It was almost a miracle. The naval vessel *Arbutus* was on patrol and chose to enter Whangaparapara harbour for the night quite by chance. It also happened to have a doctor aboard and this was quite unusual. After an exchange of morse messages — very laboured on Ted Harvey's part and a desperate request for a slow reply from the ship — a party rowed the doctor ashore and lo and behold Cecil Segedin knew him. The diagnosis was peritonitis and Cass was taken aboard the ship and flown back to Auckland next morning by a Walrus Amphibian aircraft. A lot of us were very sobered by the experience and thought a great deal about providence. Morrison Cassie later became a Professor in the Zoology Department at Auckland University, but died at an early age in 1976.

The year 1946 saw a return to the previous haunt of Papa Aroha and it was of interest that there was a party which went to the Kauaeranga Valley for the first time. Under Keith (I.) Williamson it went via Mount Hihi and thence over to the headwaters of the Tairua, thus arousing our interest in the area. At Great Barrier in 1948 there was a smaller number, and only a couple of parties because by now the examinations were getting more spread out and even in its first year the new South Island programme was having its effect.

However, at the After Degree camp in 1949 the Club undertook to help the Alpine Club with its plan to build a hut on Ruapehu. The materials for the building were carried by hand 2000 feet up the mountain and for a whole week or more the hard labour continued. Those who took part will readily remember the real feeling of relief and pleasure at seeing Ivan Pickens carrying up the last load to the hut site.

In the 1950s the popularity of After Degree faded, until it became a lazy wallow at some place like Waiwera or somewhere similar, but at the 1950 trip I well remember the feeling of being almost trapped when the party I was in was caught in a tremendous downpour of rain when in the Te Mari Crater on Tongariro. The floor of the crater started to become a lake and down each channel on the sides cascades of water started flowing, carrying small boulders with them. It was eerie and all of us were thinking of the Maori story about the crater being tapu. We were pleased to get out.

Over the next few years there were a few more After Degree Camps, usually at previously visited areas, but even though those on them enjoyed them, the air of magic was no longer present.

However, over the years the major contribution to the Club that the camps had made is something that can never be forgotten.

Marin Segedin

TONGARIRO NATIONAL PARK

The outcome of the 1931 Field Club trip to Ruapehu — recounted elsewhere in this volume — was a contributing

factor in the formation of the AUC Tramping Club the following April. The whole area — formerly just referred to as 'National Park', now more usually as 'TNP' — has continued to draw Club members at all seasons, but particularly the winter months when the snow lies deepest. National Park was — besides the Waitakeres — the one area visited regularly by the Club during the thirties. Parties stayed at the Whakapapa Huts, behind the Chateau, before tramping up the mountain, past Salt Hut (situated near the start of the loop at the top of the present road) and on to the snowfields and skifields above. Following the revival of the Club in 1941/42, while plans were going ahead for a hut in the Waitakeres, others were looking further afield. Following lengthy consideration of the Hut Committee's report (CM, 15 February 1944) 'Mr Odell then presented a report upon the possibility of a club hut in National Park. The desirability of having a hut in National Park was agreed upon'. Glacier Hut belonged to the Ruapehu Ski Club but was no longer used by them; a lease was arranged and confirmed (CM, 19 March 1944), work parties were busy in May and June, and the hut was 'opened' by a party staying over the period 5 to 10 June. The Hut Book records much climbing and skiing from the Hut in the next five years — the whole story is summarised in the *Footprints* Editorial of February 1949.

Once again Glacier Hut figures in our editorial. Last time it was to point out how the club's climbing and skiing activities had for four years centred around this small hut. This time it has been chosen as an editorial subject for a very different reason. Our lease of G.H. has terminated.

In 1943 Allan Odell decided that a base on Ruapehu would be of great service to the club. With this in view he embarked on a project which involved, not only much talking, but also a lot of hard work. Eventually he persuaded the Ruapehu Ski Club to let us use G.H., a small, and at that stage, useless hut situated in a hollow especially designed for accumulating snow drift. During 1944 and the early part of '45 the hut was renovated and enlarged, a stove, primus, bench and three bunks were installed and a five foot extension and snow porch were added.

During this period the hut was used both by skiing and climbing parties. Unfortunately skiing activities were held up in the latter part of '45 by the erupting mountain which dropped dust over the skiing fields.

In 1946 it was impossible to hire skis unless staying at the Chateau, so only one party used the hut in August. 1947 saw three parties there in August as well as the usual mid-term break crowd. By August 1948 skiing had become so popular in the club that four parties used the hut and three keen types dug themselves a snow cave so that they could have a longer holiday on the mountain.

However G.H. is no more as far as we are concerned and it is only a matter of time before R.S.C. will erect their chalet above its site. But what about T.C.? As yet there has been no committee meeting and hence there is no official policy, but the matter is serious. As you know there has been a movement in the College to form a ski club, but on talking to T.C. committee the skiing enthusiasts have agreed that T.C. should go on organising skiing, but more efficiently. Hence it appears that we must have a hut we can use at any time if we are to fulfil our obligations to the skiers and to keep climbing as one of our main objectives.

Footprints, Vol. 5, No. 5, 1949

However, the Club was involved with other modes of accommodation. Four members built a snow cave in August 1948, and After Degree Camp that year saw the Club pack in materials for the new NZ Alpine Club hut below Delta Corner. With the formation of an AUC Ski

Club in 1950 emphasis on skiing by Tramping Club members declined, but the 50s saw tramping and climbing parties throughout the National Park. An igloo was built in Tongariro's South crater in August 1953 by Duncan Dow and his henchmen and the same party was back to put one on the Te Heu Heu plateau the following year — before moving off to watch Ngauruhoe's spectacular eruptions. Snow caves — including an all-woman snow cave dug by Nancy Jenkinson, Helen Lyons, Linda Scholes and Sue Waters — appeared in August 1955, but huts provided the main accommodation — Mangatepopo, two hours from the Chateau and no thought of road access, the 'old' Waihohonu, still standing, and to a lesser extent, Ketetahi and Blyth Hut (on the Ohakune side of Ruapehu). These were the only Park Board huts. On Ruapehu itself, Club members stayed at the NZAC or ASC huts, or the dilapidated Salt Hut — and overnight accommodation was still available above the Chateau. Members joined Alpine Club climbing schools for practice in step-cutting, belaying and self-arrest before a roped ascent of Tahurangi.

It is at least a subjective view that the Club visited Tongariro National Park less in the 60s. Snow schools were held on Ruapehu — with increasing confidence and experience the Club was providing its own instructors and attendance at a snow school was required of all Club members going to the South Island at Christmas. Tramping and climbing in the Park were still popular, but competing North Island venues — the Kaimais, Egmont, Kaimanawas, Ruahines, and Tararuas — all served to attract students who in earlier times might have gone to 'National Park'.

Around 1970, the Park Board built a number of new huts, making cross-country and 'round-the-mountain' trips a real possibility at all times of the year. New 'Lockwood' huts appeared at Waihohonu, Oturere, Ketetahi, as well as a series situated an easy day's tramp apart around Ruapehu. These were a factor in the increasing attention paid to TNP in the 70s. Not that the improved accommodation removed the risks. A four-man party on Ngauruhoe at Mid Term Break 1971 engaged in some antics which no writer with a pride in the Club would wish to report (but the trip account and the 'nine lessons to be learnt' are in *Footprints*, Vol. 28, No. 2, 1971). At the same time Chris Ward and Malcolm Patterson watched Ruapehu erupt from the Paretaitonga Col, Malcolm giving Chris some belaying instructions on an icy patch 'while having his 7th litter of kittens in 20 minutes'. Next summer (February 1972) Ian Wilson and two Canadians had a lucky escape on the crater rim of Ngauruhoe — 'I stood there for a few seconds, terrified, as the awe-inspiring cloud billowed above'. Rocks were being thrown out and one set fire to Ian's pack (which wasn't on his back!). He escaped unharmed, descending to South Crater 'in record time'.

Club members were in the news again in July 1972. Bryan and Ann Dudley were caught out in a blizzard near the Pyramid on Ruapehu and dug themselves an igloo between the Pyramid and Tahurangi. On Wednesday 12 July Park Headquarters were advised they were missing. Search teams checked likely huts, unsuccessfully, on Thursday and Friday. Very bad weather on Saturday prevented any of the experienced search teams from getting out until the afternoon and a hoped for helicopter lift on Sunday was not possible. However, on Sunday



NGAURUHOE — 1954



IGLOOING TE HEU HEU PLATEAU 1954

Team 7 located them — fit and well, but cold and hungry. Another team, including a doctor, made contact on Monday, but it was Tuesday — a week after they had set out — that an Iroquois helicopter lifted Bryan and Ann and the two rescue teams to Waiouru. They were in good shape considering their ordeal, and did not require hospitalisation. At the same time, three Club members of a search party in a snow-cave under Pare-taitonga were reported buried under 10–20 feet of snow. A ground party and helicopter moved to their assistance and the three — Fraser Clark, Mark Prebble, and Graham Langton — were located, suffering from exposure and requiring oxygen. They were sledged down to the Top of the Bruce. The review of the operation considered that Bryan and Ann had done the right thing in building the igloo and staying put — ‘their actions proved their competence and fitness to survive’. Compared with earlier searches, the use of radios and helicopters was an innovation.

The mid-seventies saw a new Club involvement at TNP. The Park Board and others had been concerned about the spread of *Pinus contorta* on the south-east slopes of Ruapehu and offered to provide material and financial assistance to groups who would root out or slash down pine seedlings. This seemed an ideal occupation ‘for a horde of students full of frustrations and pent-up anger after finals’ and resulted in the annual After Degree exercise ‘Aborta Contorta’.

Nineteen seventy-five saw a boom in Club interest both in TNP and elsewhere. In 1974 a slim *Footprints* records one solo climb in the Park and the committee minutes mention only the August snow school. In contrast, the 1978 *Footprints* records a snow school and tramping party

in August 1977, Aborta Contorta in November, and numerous visits to the Park at Easter, May, Queen’s Birthday, 1978, capped by superb weather and climbs of all the crater peaks — and tramping besides — at Mid Term Break. A similar range of activities is recorded in the latest, 1981 *Footprints*.

But for all the fashions, habits and trends that do change, the basics do not . . .

‘. . . so we dropped over a ridge to the east of Blue Lake down into the Te Tatau-Pounamu Wilderness. Following the Manga-houhounui Stream, we tramped to the very edge of the beech forest. What an incredibly beautiful place. It was a perfect campsite with lots of dry firewood and flat tenting ground under the trees, and fresh water not even twenty yards away — but best of all there were no signs of civilisation. The evening was spent around a warm camp-fire . . .’

Bev Smith, Easter 1977

‘. . . But overall — in spite of the soft snow, it was a very good day. An incredible world of white all around us. I have never experienced anything like it — the clear air and the amazingly blue sky. Also from Mangatepopo to Ketetahi we saw no-one. This immense white and blue world was all our own. Unbelievable, glorious experience . . .’

Jeni Ellis, Tongariro, 1975

‘. . . Waking with the dawn, Taupo glows orange and ranges multiply into the distance. Ruapehu stretches to meet the red sky and the smoke above me shades pink as the sun bursts over the horizon. I wave to my shadow in the sky away out beside Egmont. Light floods over the folded bush and smooth snow ridges, and flecks of golden cloud float on the translucent blueness of Lake Taupo. The pageant is complete.’

Chris Ward, Ngauruhoe, 1974

Brian Davis

THE NORTH ISLAND BACKBONE

Running like a backbone through the North Island, the Kawekas, Kaimanawas, Ruahines and Tararuas have proved a magnet for Auckland trampers. Limited budgets and restrictions on travel meant that Club parties were not to visit these ranges until after the Second World War. Trips have frequently been written up in *Footprints* and yet have not been too numerous to allow us to give a chronological account of Club activity that would not be possible for other, more popular, areas. Like so much else, trips in these ranges provide a mirror of the times, reflecting — especially in the seventies — increasing affluence and mobility.

Kaimanawas and Kawekas

The ranges can be introduced in the words of various *Footprints* writers over the years:

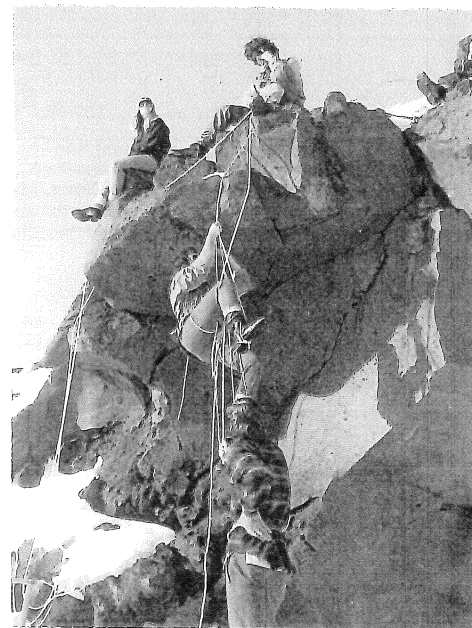
‘The Kaimanawa Ranges are incredibly beautiful, big enough and worthy of an easier Christmas trip, but fitness and *experience* are essential for a winter trip in this area.’

‘Always they had been THE KAIMANAWAS — fit only for the “guns”. After much training I finally decided to venture therein . . .’

‘. . . one of the island’s most rugged terrains — a land of virgin bush, wild rivers and precipitous river valleys, carved out of a hostile landscape. Dennis Glover describes it as a “country crumpled like an unmade bed”.’

‘The Kaimanawas appear to be a much neglected area by A.U.T.C. This is a pity because within this vast territory the trumper will encounter a greater variety of conditions and terrain.’

Although some Club members had entered the Kaimanawas previously, it was an offshoot of an After Degree



TONGARIRO NATIONAL PARK
‘Practice Run’

Camp in November 1947 in National Park (as TNP was known, when it was *the* National Park) that saw the first Club party enter these ranges. Of the six parties tramping and climbing around the volcanoes, one crossed the Desert Road and travelled up the Waipakihī. As the first Club trip in the area, their brief report in *Footprints* is worth quoting in full:

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

The Club was not in the area again until 1950, when Dave Cooper, Athol Crosby, Russel Aitken and Brian Timmings travelled up the Waipakihī. Their doings on the Middle Range and in the head of the Rangitikei made the newspapers and are detailed elsewhere in this volume. Don Aimer led a party up the Waipakihī later in 1950 but it was a few years before Club members again visited the area; they were led by two experienced trampers, Neil Clarke and Nick Barfoot, who preferred the bush and tussock tops to the snow and ice of the South Island. With others they made a Kaweka-Kaimanawa crossing in the summer 1952-3, inspiring Garth Barfoot and Dave Chandler to lead a trip across the Kaimanawas, climbing Makorako, in the following summer. Nick and Neil were back at Easter, 1955 — Nick's prose does some justice to the ranges:

Easter Kaimanawa

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

What can one write about an idyll? It is easy enough to write about misfortune, about struggle — if the bus had broken down, if the Waipakihī had been in raging flood, or if the bare tops were blizzard-bound — but nothing like that happened. The bus went like a bomb, the Waipakihī was as warm, as calm, and as low as I have ever seen it, and the pools were of that wonderful green that is the prerogative of a clear mountain stream; and the tops were like they always are when you are incarcerated in the city, and can only look at them, and see them clear and proud and inaccessible.

But this time we were up there,

“On the hills like Gods together, careless of Mankind.”

We had got up there the first day, climbing wearily up and up and up into the cloud, and the cloud engulfed us and made everything strange and misleading. We went to the top of Patutu for navigation purposes and then bungled down to a campsite in the Otamatea watershed. But the cloud was gone in the morning, and we just sort of rambled along, from Patutu, 10th highest North Island peak, to Karikaringa, 14th highest; then on Karikaringa we built a cairn, and off Karikaringa Neil ('Dead-eye') massacred four deer. We lazed around here in the late afternoon sun, on the hillside looking down into the Waipakihī, and over at National Park, Roto-Aira, and hazy Taupo; and the joey was skinned, and the hind dissected, and the stag was delegged; still later, all meat-laden like a butcher's wagon, we scattered the roaring deer and dropped into an upland valley where a campsite was ready waiting for us, all prepared with firewood and bedding and tentpoles, as though we had been expected in that high and lonely moorland; and that night we drank strong cocoa, and all had fearful nightmares of persecution and horror — cocoa and nightmares and high valleys and roaring stags and Ngauruhoe, all in purples and whites and framed by the hills, floating on the mist in the early morning.

Then another perfect day, and we still lorded it over the tops, but this time the valleys under Stob towards Thunderbolt were caught between the haze and the sun and transformed by the light and the shade into something rather rare and beautiful. The ridges were sharp and steep and the ridge sides even sharper and steeper, but always there were deer trails, always leading on in the right direction. Till at last we overlooked the Waipakihī again, overlooked the long yellow flats, with the blue stream winding from side to side; and not long after having broken the bush lawyer barrier, we were in that blue stream and eating on those yellow flats, down at the Stob Junction.

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

Neil Clarke was back again with a Club party at Easter, 1957; two years later the Club's first winter trip into the area ended with Julian Davis's death in a fall on Makorako. This incident is detailed elsewhere. It was to be four years before another Club party entered the ranges in August, a four-man party led by John Gregory tramping from the Waipakihī to Ngamatea Station. Late January 1964 provided more pleasant conditions for a party led by Roger Dick, although the trip account noted that 'The Kaimanawas in summer make ideal camel country'. Dave Chandler's younger brothers, Richard and Noel, were in the area in May 1965 with a party that crossed the ranges, but parties in May 66, led by Jim Frater, and May 67, were merely able to travel up and down the Waipakihī. The Club was back again at Easter and May 1969, May 1970 and May 1971, the trips usually going to the head of the Waipakihī, either up the river or over Umukarikari, although a party led by Bryan Dudley made a Kaweka-Kaimanawa crossing in May 1971.

The area saw little of the Club until Geoff Mead began a series of trips with a Kaimanawa-Kaweka crossing in May 75; he was back in the ranges during Easter, May and August 1976 and was to continue visiting the area up to the time of writing. A good number of other Club members joined Geoff on these trips — Barry Barton, Penny Brothers and Richard Stocker among others. It was clear that the Kaimanawas were becoming popular with other clubs, too. There were 60 people, including 12 from AUTC, over Umukarikari on Good Friday 1977, while in 1978 there were four Club parties at Easter, two over Anzac Weekend and three in May. The climax — in speed and endurance — was provided by a trip with Geoff and Jim McLeod, who in November 1980 left the Access 10 road soon after midnight, breakfasted on Umukarikari, lunched on the saddle before climbing Makorako and travelled via the Mangamaire, the Mangamingi to the Ngaruroro and Harkness Hut on Saturday night. On Sunday they travelled on over Te Puke and Venison Top to the Makahu Hut.

The Ruahines

Higher, harder and less accessible from Auckland, the Ruahine Ranges have seen much less of the Club. A whole generation of trampers might pass through the Club without a trip in the area.

Cecil Segedin, Mary McMillan, John Gummer and Tony Druce were the first Club members in the range, during the summer of 1946/47, where they joined up with a Heretaunga Tramping Club party led by Norm Elder. But eight years were to pass before Neil Clarke and Nick and Tim Barfoot visited the Ruahines. With examinations now behind him, Nick was able to write: 'Labour weekend without sword suspended — the best time of the year; the bush in bloom, the spring snow yet on the tops.' The party enjoyed a climb to Mangaweka, 5678 ft, 'the highest point in the North Island outside the volcanoes'. Six years later, at Easter 1960, Lochie Wilson, Chris Nobbs, Grant Hundleby and Meg Sheffield travelled the tops while the summer of 1961/62 saw some 'old soles' on the dry tops — a trip recorded by Murray Thompson's movie camera.

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

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

Two members of that party, Dave Chamley and Rob Round, were back in February 1976, while a third member of the 74 party, Rob Slater, was back in May 77. The indomitable Geoff Mead was in the area with Lisa Capon in February 1979 and part of her article in 1979 *Footprints* describes the range:

Ruahines Rambles

After a summer's tramping in the South Island and four or five energetic days in the Tararuas (now I understand why Wellington trampers are tough . . .), I felt more like a holiday than tackling the Ruahine ranges, but it turned out to be one of the best North Island tramping trips I've done.

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

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

Saturday was again hot and the quote 'narrow and exposed' Sawtooth Ridge turned out to be an enjoyable scramble over a myriad of little saddles on an eroded ridge crest. Broken Ridge was just as its name implied (i.e. hard work) with lots of small rock pinnacles and we both agreed that the number of deep saddles made this some of the toughest 'tops' tramping country we had experienced. Mostly we were at an altitude of 5000 to 5500 ft and under a broiling sun. An interesting 'Mead' shortcut via scree and stream beds saw us at Waikamaka hut by mid afternoon and enjoying a swim in bushy surroundings at 4000 ft.

Next day we climbed steeply to Waipawa Saddle and up again to peg 66 (Te Atuaoparapara) at 5450 ft. This trig point is unusual in that we climbed up on every hard scree and descended on

the other side on more gentle angled tussock. Further along the range we dropped down a side spur to top Maroepa hut for lunch and a 'rest day'.

The Tararuas

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

Although ex-patriate Club members like Bob Cawley and Graeme Claridge were active in the ranges with other Clubs, the first mention of the range by an AUTC party was in a trip in 1954 described as 'a shambles' due largely to the weather. An attempt at the Northern Crossing next summer (January 1955) did not get beyond Mitre from the east, but Tony Peterson and George Stark were to make the Club's first Southern Crossing in May 1956 and in August of that year Chris, Nick and Garth Barfoot, Neil Clarke and others made the Club's first Northern Crossing, recorded in Nick's blank verse:

'No deer up here, Neill'

No, no deer up here;

Only wind and ice,

And more wind spilling over the Tarn Ridge to the westwards,

With it the rain,

Turning to ice in the winds tail

Entombing with ice the dry tussock

Encrusting with ice the new snow;

Then the wind again violently,

All suddenly tense against the slope

Then up as the wind goes . . .

How slowly we move across this summit ice,

Slowly the axe falls, the ice shatters

And splintered, scars on the wind

And drops away . . .

Below in sheets of rain, the river

And beyond, the plains, all in sunshine:

But around us now only the mist

And the ice and the wind and the winter . . .

How came these hills so hostile

These fierce ridges, how much further?

John Miller made it to Kime Hut on the first leg of a Southern Crossing from Otaki in 1959, but 'sackbashed' and retreated from there. The crossing was completed by George Carr, Bruce Jenkinson and four others in May 1960; they struck mist but no snow between Alpha and Hector. This effort spurred Club interest in the ranges and two more Southern Crossings followed — Dave Smyth, Jack Butts, John Gregory and Robyn Charman at Easter 1962, with an all-male party making the first real winter crossing in August 1962. Both accounts quote from the Alpha Hut Book: 'Fifteen people have died in the Tararuas, 7 from exposure, one 100 yards from Alpha Hut, one five yards and one actually in the hut.'

Such quotes may have acted as a deterrent — it was three years before Jim Frater, Dave Smyth, Ross Medland, Dave Roberts and Mike Frith were to enter the area, only to report that 'Winter tramping in the Tararuas is very similar to caving'.

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

The years 1970-1 probably saw the most determined and successful tramping in the Tararuas. In May 1970, Mark Logan, Mark Prebble, Fraser Clark and Dave Tapp travelled right up the Main Range from Vosseler to Te Matawai — the start points for the Southern and North-

rn Crossings — while in August 1970, Fraser Clark, Jeff Clark and Rob Allely crossed from the Ohau to Girdlestone and down the jagged ridge to Holdsworth. The mist cleared as they left Girdlestone and they wrote, 'The magnitude of the country was now beginning to lawn on us'. Fraser Clark was back in May 71 with Roll Horne, Doug Brasell and Pete Egan to do a Southern Crossing from Kaitoke to Hector returning via the Winchcomb Ridge to the east. Mid Term 1971 saw Graham Allely, Robert Foster, Mark Prebble, Mark Rolfe and Pat Strange cross the range from Waitewaewae over Crawford and Nichols to Girdlestone and Mitre.

After this heroic period, the Tararua lay unvisited by AUTC trappers for some years; Brian Davis and Dick Maltcott did a Southern Crossing in July 1976, came down the Main Range in March 77 and a year later had fine weather for a Northern Crossing at Easter 1978, traveling from the Ohau over Girdlestone and Mitre to the Waingawa on the Saturday. The Club's most recent visits were a Southern Crossing by John Watts and Nick Finnis in October 1978 and a trip in the Southern Tararua by the enthusiastic Geoff Mead and Lisa Capon in the following February.

Brian Davis

EGMONT

As one of the few tramping areas which AUTC trappers could see (or thought they could see!) from their local Waitakeres one might be surprised at the infrequency of their visits to Mt Egmont. Perhaps it is the isolation of the mountain from other tramping areas or the apparent smallness of the tramping area. More likely a clue to the reason is the parenthetical comment above. Many a day that the sky over Taranaki is clear blue except for a cloud cover of her mountain, often itself looking like a mountain perhaps 4000 metres high. When one browses through past issues of *Footprints* one is frequently reminded of Mt Egmont's meteorologically significant position. In the 40s and 50s there were very few trips to Egmont. One party in August 1954 managed the climb to the top and was rewarded by the views. By the early 60s, however, attention turned to this area and in the succeeding years, many parties at various times of the year visited the north side of the mountain with the sole aim of climbing the mountain only to be thwarted by the weather. Some parties did, indeed, climb the mountain, both from the north side and from Dawson Falls: and a few of these were rewarded by the stupendous views, but just as often the victory was hollow when the only way they knew they were at the top was the realisation that there was no more up.

In the mid-60s an ambitious party set out from the coast with the aim of climbing Egmont in steps: firstly Kaitake, then Pouakai and finally Egmont itself. Torrential rain washed them down from the summit of Patuha to Carington Road. They struggled on to Mangorei Hut before admitting defeat. One member of this party took another party back the next year but although they began at Carington Road, all they could manage was a traverse to Holly and Tahurangi Huts before retreating from the mountain. The next few years saw sporadic trips whose main aim was to tramp around the mountain but even near the bushline the going was not automatic and few

parties completed a circumnavigation of the mountain.

By 1971 the break with tradition in other areas resulted in more parties visiting Mt Egmont, at Easter, May and mid-term break. Also at this time there began Inter-University Meet, a convention of members of New Zealand Universities' Tramping and Alpine Clubs. The 1973 meet was hosted by AUTC and it seemed natural to hold it at Egmont.

David Gauld

CAVING

Although the heyday of caving exploration in the Waitomo area was the late 50s and early 60s, AUTC members had a much earlier introduction to this sport. In mid-term break 1950 a mainly tramping trip in the vicinity of Wairere Falls near Piopio was broken by a visit into some nearby caves. *Footprints*, volume 7, number 4 describes an AUTC trip to Karamu cave, 'the biggest discovered cave in New Zealand': this cave no longer features in even the top ten caves in the country. Caving as a club activity seemed to disappear during the mid-50s, to reappear in about 1959 when there were a keen bunch of Club members who were out exploring caves as well as taking other Club members on caving trips. In addition, at least two of our life members were active cavers about this time before they joined AUTC. This, together with a close affinity between the two sports, means that one should not be surprised that during most of the last 20 years there has been at least one Club caving trip. In 1959 a party of 35 visited Luckie Strike, which must be one of the prettiest caves in the area and still in excellent condition thanks to its difficult entrance. The early parties are to be envied: they visited the snow cave in Gardiners Gut when it still looked like a snow cave. That was the golden age of discovery: in 1962 an AUTC party dropped down into St Benedict's 'discovered early this year'. The letter-box in Waipuna really was like a letter-box, not the present grove in the mud.

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

Caves in other areas have not been neglected. There have been trips to Puriri and other Port Waikato area caves as well as Two-Tone and Waipu.

Sometimes a tramping background has been a disadvantage. For example on nearing the end of a long ladder descent a trapper was advised by a caver not to step on the handy rock at the bottom of the ladder. Thinking that his expertise at boulder hopping was superior to any slippery rock a cave could produce our trapper ignored the advice, only to end up knee-deep in the carcass of a rotting cow. Closer to home, a pair of trappers joined their climbing ropes together and descended the 100 metres or so into the hole in the cliff at the north end of Mercer Bay having previously been told of the tunnel leading from somewhere near the bottom through to the bay. Unfortunately there are several caves leading into the cliff, all swept by wild waves except at low tide. The cave which seems most likely, dead-ends.

The most dramatic caving trip for AUTC must have

been that in 1970 to Self Respect. This cave begins with a ladder pitch of about 25 metres, all free from the wall. Below this there are more drops of lesser magnitude, the total drop being about 75 metres. One returns, more or less, the way one goes down. On the way out, one member of the party fell heavily and twisted an ankle: the pain was so severe that it was treated as broken. The epic task of getting her out is well described in *Footprints* volume 27 number 3, pages 15-18. How did they get her up the last 25 metres? That was relatively easy. She was tied to one end of a rope, this rope passed through a pulley at the top, with the other end being tied to one of her rescuers. When he descended, she ascended.

David Gauld

TO THE SOUTH

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

'Coming by devious routes, we assembled at the Godley Hut by Boxing Day, after a trudge up the long shingle bed of the Godley River. 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. We were surprised too by the river which, though but twenty yards wide and three feet deep, has a bed a mile wide, and strength to knock a man down.

'Another unforgettable day was spent in the Classen, a small glacier having a moraine far more formidable than that of the Godley ("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 cannons 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.'

While this party was exploring the Godley, two other parties were tramping in the mountains of the Nelson-Marlborough area. In those days the mountains were sparsely populated: C. S. Masters records that on his trip from Lake Rototoi to Hanmer lasting twelve days, his

party saw only five other people. The other party travelled up the Wairau then across to the Waiau and so to Lewis Pass. Both parties were enchanted by the area.

Following these trips, the 1947 Annual Report recorded that 'Some of our climbing enthusiasts again visited the South Island over the long vacation and although they met with indifferent support from the weather, much good climbing was done. As a result of this and other excursions we now have in the club several fairly experienced leaders in Alpine work and we hope that they will pass on their knowledge.' No time was wasted in realising this hope. Drawing on the experience of the Nelson-Marlborough parties, the committee decided to run its first Club trip to the South Island the next summer. The following announcement appeared in *Footprints* volume 4, number 2, dated 25 June 1947:

PROPOSED CHRISTMAS TRIP

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

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

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

A meeting will be held of all interested persons when details will be discussed.

Act now as this should be an excellent opportunity to see some of the South Island.

The first Club trip to the South Island consisted of a party of 29 people 'organised with military precision by Stu Masters, who acted as an efficient but unobtrusive "C.O." aided by "2i/C" Marin Segedin.' In five smaller parties they made their way up the Wairau and spent four days at Lake Tennyson with various side trips before heading down to Hanmer. The Annual Report for 1947/8 notes that 'there was just enough rain on the first day to make the party fully appreciate the glorious weather for the rest of the trip'. Climbing was not neglected because of the official trip, however, nor was tramping in other areas, and parties visited the Dart/Rees and Mt Cook areas.

The success of the first official South Island trip was so great that such trips became well established: so much so that the Annual Report for the year 1948/9 makes the plea 'We would like to emphasise the fact that excellent tramping is to be had in the North Island as well as in the mountains of the south'. This plea followed the appearance on 27/2/49 of volume 5 number 5 of *Footprints* in which the Editor announces 'I am publishing a complete South Island issue with a certain amount of doubt as to its reception. However, when it is realised that over forty-five members have been "off the mainland" for their holidays I think you will agree that it is justified'. Again a large party, sub-divided, tramped in the Nelson-Marlborough area for the official Club trip and there were several private tramping or climbing parties on both sides of the Main Divide in North West Otago and near Mt Cook.

The pattern of the first summer was maintained for several years: an official Club trip with about 30 members, often subdivided into smaller parties, and several independent private trips to other areas of the South Island. The climbers logged many successful ascents including a first ascent of Delta as well as other climbs

in the Dart/Rees and Mt Cook areas.

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

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 had a good word to say for them but after a couple of years the system changed. Instead of sticking to one valley the parties followed individual routes in the one area, viz. between Nelson and Arthurs Pass.

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

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 it is 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 be a slightly greater element of control over the now independent trips, and it will give greater breadth to the Club trip while retaining it as an excellent first South Island trip for budding leaders and for budding climbers.

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.

Where will you go with the Club next year — Stewart Island, Roubetburn, Dart, Wilkin, Hokitika, Three Passes, Clarence. . .

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

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

east ridge of Hooker, climbs of Cook and a number of other 10,000 foot peaks, Aspiring and Earnslaw.

The Annual Report for 1955/6 stresses the participation by noting that over 1.4 man years were spent in the South Island by Club members. This figure doubled the next year despite the worst weather in the Southern Alps for many years: the author of the Annual Report was pleased to note 'that 3/5 of this impressive total was logged by the official Club trips viz four parties in the Three Pass, two in the Dart/Rees and one in the Landsborough-Clarke.'

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

The decade ended with perfect weather to welcome ten tramping parties and five private climbing parties contributing to three man years in the South Island: exploratory trips in Fiordland and the wilds of North West Otago, as well as the more familiar Dart/Rees, Nelson Lakes and Arthurs Pass areas.

Despite an editorial plea in *Footprints*, volume 18, number 4, 1962, the pattern of the 50s continued through the next two decades. This plea was:

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

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

One is reminded of the rapidity of the turnover of the Club's membership by the comment in the Annual Report for 1963/4: there was 'a general exodus to the louisiest South Island Christmas season that anyone can remember'. Indeed, the weather was atrocious and this summer was noted especially for the national headlines made by one party which was overdue in Fiordland for several days. The trip account in *Footprints* volume 21, number 2 makes interesting reading: the daily diary omits the days 6 to 11 January inclusive. This party had to endure a mountain range unmarked on the map and a snowfall, which proved fatal elsewhere in the South Island, below 2000 ft.

In August 1964 a presidential party of six, unable to wait a whole year to return to the South Island, went to Arthurs Pass for a winter trip. This trip was so enjoyed that a similar August Arthurs Pass trip was held the following year.

During the decade of the 60s the total participation tended to remain more or less constant at between 800 and 900 man days. Summer 1969/70, however, saw this total jump to over 1100 man days. This summer was also the summer of the Club's greatest tragedy when four of a party of five were killed in a massive avalanche in Rainbow Valley.

Climbing in the Seventies

The early seventies saw the Club's biggest involvement with high climbing in the Cook region. The area had been visited by Club members sporadically — a keen group

were there after the war, and Bob Barrack, Mike Gill and Paul Bielecki climbed a number of 10,000 footers, in the summer of 1956-7. These included Cook via the Linda before 8 am, breaking an ice-axe shaft on the way up — those were the days of wooden shafts! Bruce Jenkinson and George Carr set new standards — for the Club — in traversing Cook in the summer of 1961-2 and in the late sixties Jim Frater, Jack Butts, Boyd Miller, Mike Frith, Dave Roberts and others were in the Tasman and the surrounding valleys. January 1970 saw Jeff Clark and Mark Logan on the summit of Cook, while next summer Club members climbed Cook, Lendenfeld, Malte Brun, Silberhorn and Tasman, among others. After a space of a few years, Club members were back with a grand traverse of Cook and climbs of Elie de Beaumont and surrounding peaks. In most recent years there has been less attention to climbing in the Cook region (though one notes climbs of Tasman, Elie and Malte Brun) but much enthusiasm through the whole length of the South Island. The summer of 1980-1 saw Club parties and members in north-west Nelson, Nelson Lakes, Arthurs Pass National Park, the Rakaia and the country to the west (with climbs of Arrowsmith and Evans), the Tasman and Fox Glaciers, the Hopkins-Dobson-Landsborough area, the Matukituki-Wilkin, the Dart-Rees, the Olivines, and Fiordland.

All sorts of Club members are still being catered for. The annual exodus to the South, begun cautiously after World War II, now involves large numbers of Club members covering a very wide range of country, with valley tramping, pass hopping and climbing of a high standard. Such a pattern appears likely to continue.

Some Club members were so taken by the South Island that they remained there during the year, ostensibly to study such southern subjects as dentistry, home science and medicine, but really to enjoy the South Island mountains throughout the year. It was cold, however, as one such exile noted:

When it snows,
And blows,
Your toes
Get froze
And rain
And sleet
Don't warm
Your feet.

Even during summer it isn't all fun, as recorded in *Footprints* volume 13, number 4 (1957):

WAIATOTO PARTY LAMENT

Tune: Old Man River

Let me go way from the East Matuki'
Let me go way from this place of hell,
Let me go there to the Arawhata,
Let me go there where all is well.

The hail is hailing, the snow is snowing,
To cross this saddle we must keep going,
And night is coming, it keeps on coming on.

It rains all day, it rains all night,
Thunder and lightning without respite,
Sleeping bag — soaking wet,
This is a trip we'll never forget.

Ten days food, will have to last,
For thirteen days, so we must fast,
'Cause in the East Matuki' it still keeps raining on.

Again in *Footprints* volume 14, number 2 (1957):

Reflections on a Trip to the Olivine Ice Plateau

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. Went to the Plateau | 2. Diet was lousy |
| Hoped for a freeze | Pounds and pounds of cheeze |
| Didn't get a bit of frost | Undercooked Enzo |
| Sank to our kneeze | And bulley blue peeze |
| 3. Brown a bloke off a bit | 4. Back to O'Nuku |
| Weather didn't pleeze | Beautiful green treeze |
| Next time I'll go | Good old Waitaks! |
| With a fast pair of skeeze. | Live a life of eeze |

Washing was always a problem, particularly when the only available water was a fast-flowing, freezing cold river. One who tried to keep clean related his experiences in *Footprints* volume 10, number 3 (1954):

HYGIENE TRAMPING

Most jokers start odourifising after a coupla days tramping. Not this babe. He decides to go for a purifying SWIM @ all nightly habitats. In case some other bod decides to do likewise here's a few clues for what to expect.

LAKE TE ANAU. Rocks on shore gave agonised foots. Water a kilometer away. Too shallow close (believe its deeper out further) in. Temperature sub-zero. Nett W.T. 31 secs.

L. HOWDEN. (Women around so did night craw). Half mile of swamp around shore so was dirty when again reached terra. Temperature sub-zero. N. WETTING Time 61 secs.

L. MACKENZIE. Firm sand on shore, water deepens rapidly. Altogether luvly. T. 'she freeza by jeeza'. n.W.t. 301 secs.

ROUTE BURN. Two shallow (2 deep later) current to speedee. General hack swim. temp. just zero. N.w.t. 239 seconds.

L. WAKATIPU. Too public. Beachgood, temperature ante-zero.

REES RIVER. Awful fast current, full mountains bricks (of) temperature ante-zero. n.w.t. Nix (got feet wetT).

SNOWY RIVER. Nearly fell in (pushed) but didn't wett (get). Besides water blacker than this baby.

CASCADE CREAK. (near cascade saddle). Saw fall a copla of thousand ' so didn't contemplate gettin wet.

DART RIVER. FULL of dirt, and rocks, and currents (25Kts). Didn't get de-odoured (thank heavens the dirt keeps sandflys out).

Got back to civilisation where they keep H₂O on tap.

CONCLUSION: What's the good of being dodoured when the other guys smell?

Graeme Thornley
(Original typography)

The cost of a South Island trip gives an idea of the effects of inflation over the years. The first official club trip was advertised as costing about £10, including rail and steamer. Today one can expect to outlay \$140. In between times in 1961, *Footprints* volume 18, number 2 provides an insight into the true cost of a South Island trip (as well as certain other costs in those days!):

Lets face it folks you can actually save money by going on a South Island trip. The more trips you do the more you save. Consider a chap X who earns £12-0-0 gross a week. From this he pays tax of £1-17-4. As he lives ½ an hour away from work he catches a bus which costs him 2/3 each trip. He also wastes during this bus trip 1 hr daily of his time which is worth to him 6/- per hr (£12/week = 6/- per hr.) Because his job starts at 7.00 a.m. he does not have time to read the Herald in the morning after breakfast. He therefore buys one each day (cost 3d). His employer deducts 2/- a week tea money and 4/- overall money. Because he is earning money his parents extract from him £3-10-0 a week board. On Friday nights he is expected to shout the family to the pictures. This costs him 5/6 (1/- for his small sister and 2/3 for himself and mother, his father pays for himself). He also has to buy a lunch each day of the week. He regularly gets 1 pie (11d) 3 sandwiches (1/3) and a bun (3d). For morning and afternoon teas he gets 2 cream cakes (8d). One of the chaps (the Foreman) is always selling raffle tickets which

TRAMPING SECTION

SLEEPING BAGS

Many years' experience enables us to select and offer a particularly good range of bags. Five different patterns of "Twenty Below" sleeping bags are manufactured. We stock the two most popular types, and will quickly obtain from our branches in the South any of the other three patterns that may be required.

"Twenty Below".—With hood. Japara covering; down-filled. Weight 4½ lbs. **£18/5/-**.
 "Twenty Below".—Down-filled Japara bag with full zip. When fully opened, can be used as a double mattress. Weight 4 lbs. **£15/5/6**.
 "Arctic".—Japara cover; down-filled. Thirty-six inch side zip and foot zip. Weight, 4 lbs. **£12/2/6**.
 "Hunto Super".—Down-filled, thirty-six inch centre zip; pillow attached. Weight 4¾ lbs. **£9/10/-**.
 "Hunto".—Down-filled. Thirty-six inch side zip; pillow attached. Weight, 5 lbs. **£8/17/6**.
 "Snowline".—Down-filled; "Dux" proof covering; thirty-six inch side zip. Weight, 4 lbs. **£7/17/6**.
 "Special".—Japara; wool-filled; thirty inch side zip; weight 4 lbs. **£4/10/-**.

SLEEPING BAG COVERS

Oiled Japara.—Full hood; button side. Weight 24 ozs. **£3/12/6**.
 "Dux" proof top.—Rubberised nylon bottom; extra large hood; tapes at foot. Weight 10 ozs. **£4/18/6**.

PILLOWS

Japara.—Down-filled. Weight, 6 ozs. **19/-**.

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Oiled Japara.—6 ft. x 2 ft. 6 ins. Weight 12 ozs. **23/6**.
 Rubberised material.—6 ft. x 3 ft. Weight, 16 ozs. **18/6**.

HIKERS' TENTS

Japara.—6 ft. x 4 ft. 6 ins. x 4 ft. 6 ins. Twelve inch sed well; complete with guy ropes and bag for easy carriage. Total weight, 2 lbs 4 ozs. **£5/7/6**.
 Same as above.—In waxed calico. Complete in bag; weight, 2 lbs. 8 ozs. **£4**.

TRAMPING BOOTS

"King Leo".—Strong and serviceable tramping boots; three-layer leather soles; pebble grain uppers. Sizes 3 to 10. **£3/16/6** per pair.
 "Rubber Soled".—Same as above, with heavy clinkered pattern rubber soles. Sizes 6 to 10. Per pair, **£4/4/-**.

For Summer Sports and Sporting Equipment—

6

BOOT NAILS, ETC.
 Clinkers.—Swiss, hand forged. Long or short shanks. 3/- per doz. Corner heel clinkers.—1/6 per pair. Muger Nails.—6d. doz. Triple Hobs.—6d. doz. Single Hobs, 3d. doz. Tricounis.—No. 1 and 2, 6/- doz. Welt tricounis.—Complete with staples. 4/- doz. Welt Bar tricounis.—Complete with staples. 6/9 doz. Leather laces—36 ins. 1/6 pr.

PRESERVATIVE DRESSINGS

For leather.—Dubbin; 4 oz. tins. 1/-. "Pluvai".—½ pint tins. 3/1. "Mars Oil".—Half pint tins. 7/6.

For fabrics.—"Casmac", for proofing Japara, etc; half pint tins. 4/-.

PACKS

SIZES OF PACKS

Sizes indicated are heights, widths and depths of the main compartments. Any "extensions", and also outside pockets, are additional to these measurements.

PACKS WITH FRAMES

"Alpine".—English make; three outside pockets; medium size hood flap; strong tubular steel frame; leather shoulder straps; 17 ins. x 9 ins. **£6/12/6**.
 "Bergan" pattern.—Local make. Three outside pockets; large hood flap; extra strong tubular steel frame; leather shoulder straps; 18 ins. x 17 ins. x 8 ins. **£7/10/-**.

"Trapper Nelson".—Well-known wood frame pack; lace-up sides; two outside pockets; web shoulder straps; 24 ins. x 17 ins. x 7 ins. **£7/7/6**.
 "Globus" pattern.—Local make. Lace-up sides; extension top; large hood flap; strong tubular steel frame; leather shoulder straps; 18 ins. x 18 ins. x 7 ins. **£7/5/-**.

"Bergan" pattern.—Ladies' model. English make. Three outside pockets; tubular steel frame; web shoulder straps; 17 ins. x 16 ins. x 8 ins. **£5/18/6**.

"Light Alpine".—English made; one large outside pocket; web shoulder straps; spring steel frame; 15 ins. x 14 ins. x 6 ins. **£4/10/-**.

PACKS WITHOUT FRAMES

"Bergan" pattern.—Three outside pockets; large hood flap; leather shoulder straps; 17 ins. x 18 ins. x 6 ins. **£4/17/6**.

"Hikers".—Large capacity pack; one outside pocket; Japara extension top; leather shoulder straps; 17 ins. x 16 ins. x 6 ins. **£3/17/6**.

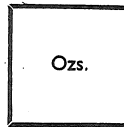
"Scout".—Lightweight pack. One outside pocket; shoulder straps of canvas reinforced with leather backing; 16 ins. x 14 ins. x 4 ins. **£2/7/6**.

SHOULDER PADS FOR PACKS

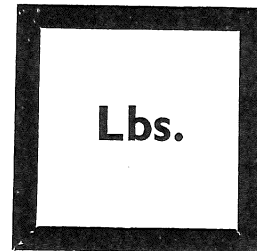
To slip over the shoulder strap of packs. Half inch foam rubber with felt backing, slots for straps. Size 6 ins. x 3 ins. **7/-** pair.

—see inside front cover.

7



— instead of . . .



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"ENZO"

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Weighs only 8 ozs. but when soaked gives approximately 2 lbs. of prime beef, beef tea, soup, curry, or can be eaten without preparation.

Price 27/6 Doz.

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'ENZO AD — EARLY 50s'

X feels obliged to buy (2/-) . . . the first prize is a T.V. set but X never wins. His expenses are listed and totalled below and come to £9-10-0 a week. His gross income being £12 a week he is thus able to bank £2-10-0 weekly.

Now living costs on a South Island tramp are generally recognised as being about 6/- a day for food. The return boat fare costs £4-10-0. As X is not living at home he is automatically saving his weekly expenditure of £9-10-0, and we can thus take this amount to be his weekly income during his trip. Now we allow 4 days hitching between Auckland and Wellington and back again and consider the cost of a 10 day trip. Total food costs will be 14 x 6/- i.e. £4-4-0. Incidentals say 4 nights at motor camps at 2/6 a night, pictures at Wellington 2/3, ride on the cable car 1/-, steak grill at Christchurch 6/6, train fares in and around ChCh, and Wltn 10/- must be added to the club gear charge (1/- a day for the first two days and 6d a day thereafter of the 10 day trip) which will be 6/-. His total expenses thus come to £10-10-0 for two weeks and his income at £9-10-0 a week, i.e. £19 for the two weeks, will mean that his saving will be £8-10-0. From this he must bank £2-10-0 a week leaving him then with £3-10-0 profit for the two weeks. If he stayed South for a year his profit would exceed £91.

Auckland Expenses		South Island Expenses	
tax	1-17-4	boat fares	4-10-0
bus fares	1-2-6	food	4-4-0
time lost	1-10-0	camp charges	10-0
Herald	1-3	pictures	2-3
tea money	2-0	cable cars	1-0
Overall money	4-0	grill	6-6
board	3-10-0	trains	10-0
pictures	5-6	gear	6-0
food	15-5	letter home	3
raffles	2-0		
	<u>£9-10-0</u>		<u>£10-10-0</u>

David Gauld

THE ANDES

The Club's first — and only — overseas expedition is described in the 1975 *Footprints* by Barry Barton:

The Auckland University Andean Expedition 1974

The idea of an expedition became definite in May 1973. We were: Graham Langton, Mark Prebble (co-leaders), Barry Barton, Doug Brasell, Tess and Tony Parlane, Roscoe Tait, and David Tapp.

We left Auckland 10th-17th May 1974. All mountaineering equipment was taken from New Zealand on the plane. All food was bought in Peru, mostly Lima, where nearly all foods used in New Zealand could be obtained. Left Lima on 25 May, arrived at Base Camp on 29 May. Climbed Mexico and TAM Sur, reached our highest point on 12 July. Left Base Camp on 20 July. The first of us left South America in early August; the Parlanes are (probably) still there.

The night we arrived at the head of the lake Jahuacocha, it was raining, and we were tired with altitude and disorganised. The next morning, after the arrieros and their animals had set off back to Llamac, we had a better look around and decided to set up camp a little further away from the Spanish Expedition HQ, in the drystone walls of an abandoned house. With a roof of polythene we had a fine solid residence, big enough for all of us and our cookery. We added shelves, benches, made a fireplace and oven, moved in all the supplies and pitched the other tents nearby. A little later, farming families took over another couple of the houses, roofing them with long grass. These farmers became good friends, although they moved in and out of the area a lot. We had good relations with them, lending them things, being given fish, talking about the weather, our occupations, other people, the countryside, politics — same as you would with any neighbour, but at a slower pace, not as fluently. Still, you don't need to share a language to share a joke.

It was a most happy camp. If there was nothing else one slept, or if the weather was poor up the valley, we could go fishing, ramble around, sit and think — or just sit — and, if wet, read or play pontoon. There were a couple of birthday celebrations, complete with cake, pudding and the well-known Drambuie Sauce, not to mention the infamous Jahuacocha Spiritous Milkshake. Cuisine was at a regularly high standard; our oven was the talk of the neighbourhood, and the products that emerged from it were a credit to the bakers, mainly David and Tess. Ginger beer was found to go down well on the Peruvian palate. We felt more confident of our own kitchen hygiene than that in the towns, but we didn't escape bouts of the dreaded gallops all the time.

Then tribute must be paid to David's guitar and Doug's and Mark's prodigious musical memories. Just about every night the guitar would come out after dinner and another session would be sung out in to the cool night.

Tribute must also go to the finest camp guard in the business. Julian Velasquez. His greatest contribution — apart from insisting on doing wood, water and washups — was as a mentor on local customs, prices, and so on. He overturned all our preconceptions about lazy, dishonest, stupid and dirty Peruvians.

After the one-day carries and a couple of forays on the glacier, we started on a snow-cave, which took a lot of making as it was in ice; but the result was quite a respectable split-level cave with room for six, plus kitchenette. We were fed up with kneeling in snow digging and the weather went crook so we joined Mark at Base, where he was quelling a gastro-enteric insurgency.

In a couple of days we returned with the objective of at least finding how far we could get with an alpine-style attempt on Yerupaja Chico. The answer turned out to be — not very far. The weather blew up bad for a few days, although we were able to get out one day to whip up TAM Sur, just behind the cave. It was in fact the highest summit we got to; a real grandstand, sitting just over from the biggest peaks. Jirishanca is the most wonderful peak in the world; a glorious expression of the majesty of nature, the icy hummingbird's-beak. Early in the morning at Base we could see the sun illuminating the huge cornices and, later, playing on the great flutings.

Then we had what we knew would be our last attempt at Yerupaja Chico; four of us, taking bivvy gear, well laden. Leaving at midnight, up to the Schrund, over it, starting on the routine of climb and belay, mainly with stakes. The slope steepens up, the runnels become more pronounced, hard in the trough, easier on the ribs. But the cold is getting at us although it is calm here, and belays are taking longer on account of the climbing. Sun on the way, but it's on the other side of the mountain. At the flat bit we get our duvets on. In front, the big ice cliff, which has to be got around on the left. A nice Roscoe-weight snowbridge provides a careful way across the gap. However, it is not a Barry-weight bridge so down I go. Before extracting myself I have the chance of seeing that we are quite a distance above TAM Sur and the glacier, with stuff all in between. I wonder how the other two will cross now. We head up the ridge, which becomes narrower, sharper, steeper and softer, all at once. So down a bit, and head out left, into a little face of flutings. But it's heavy going traversing — you have to demolish the ribs to get around them, and it's steepish. Roscoe looks over a little rib and says 'H'm, well, there's only way and the snow doesn't look that it would stay there with me on it.'

Which means it wouldn't with anyone else.

Dave and Tony have been watching from the ridge and yelled out 'Don't like the way things are going.' Nor do we; so we started back.

Once every so often, such as every half an hour, someone says, 'What was it like in Peru?'

I say 'It was great, fantastic, really good.' The questioner is satisfied, and so am I, except every fourth or fifth time I think to myself, was it now, is that right, eh?

To which, I think, of course, it must have been, because it was a trip mountaineering in Peru.

So in retrospect the question doesn't seem to matter much, the whole thing was just something that happened. But would we go on another one? No problems answering that one.

'From the Minute Book'

At 9.40 am Mr M. Segedin left the meeting with apologies, to answer the plaintive calls of a bushed Fresher. At 9.55 am, having rescued the said Fresher, he returned to the meeting.
CM, 18 March 1956, at Ongaruanuku (Freshers Hut Weekend)

There was also some discussion on the nature of Club Socials with special regard to the increasing roughness and lack of grace in the dancing and lack of variety in the games noticeable at recent functions.
CM, 5 August 1962

FOOTPRINTS

An Anthology

The Club's magazine *Footprints* first appeared in 1944, twelve years after the founding. We open this section with some recollections from the early years.

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

Prehistoric Recollections

Tramping it seems to me, must be one of the very few sports in which the gear is basically the same as half a century ago. By the same token maybe it remains one of the few unspoiled ones, still not engulfed in sophistication and commercialism. Skis, bindings and boots, for instance, have become miracles of precision engineering, infinitely better than anything we used prewar — and costing infinitely more, plus inflation. But modern trampers seem to get along with very much the same disreputable collection of odds and ends that we did in the 30s.

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

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

My recollection is that tramping evolved for many by way of the Field Club, an organisation basically for science students undertaking field study, which pre-dated the Tramping Club. A few arts and other students were tolerated.

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

A remark pointed up at my first political meeting as a *Herald* reporter at about that time. 'The 'erald is some use,' conducted the candidate. 'We don't use nothing else in the little 'ouse out the back at our place.'

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

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

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

University trampers of the 30s eagerly discussed everything under the sun — the arts, philosophy, sport. Politics did not figure very prominently. Talk among the serious became metaphysical before political. Among the extrovert majority, a fairly ribald range of tramping songs held more appeal.

Elsie Locke was a student at AUC in the early thirties. Although not a member of Tramping Club she often tramped in the Waitakeres. She recalls those trips in her

recently published *Student at the Gates*; we express our thanks to Whitcoulls, the publishers, for permission to quote:

We had no special gear. We wore old clothes, old shoes and raincoats. Later on I acquired shorts, which were 'proper' only away from traffic roads. I used an old frameless rucksack of my sister's — a frame pack was a luxury seldom seen. At first we took blankets. Later we made our own sleeping bags of unbleached calico, waterproofed with linseed oil and smelling horrible, with a sewn-up blanket inside and no zips. Zips weren't around yet, anyway — nor were plastic bags, sheet plastic, aluminium screwtop containers, dehydrated meat or any items made of nylon. For making things watertight we only had light oilskin.

Food went into cloth bags or the billy. We took root vegetables, sausages, cooked corned beef, bacon, hard-boiled eggs, cheese and dried fruits, all then relatively cheap. Sometimes a friend's mother came up with cold roasted chicken fresh from the hen-house. Oh, sumptuous!

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

Forty years on — A wartime memory of AUCTC

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

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

The break from Field Club, to form a separate Tramping Club, in 1932, was naturally notable for the parent body. In their 1972 Jubilee Book they wrote:

The Birth of a Tramping Club

By the late 1920s the Club had received a number of setbacks in its attempts at scientific field work, in particular at Swanson. Energies turned to another outlet — tramping. With the annual visits to National Park from 1928 to 1931, skiing and mountaineering also became popular. These trips were timed to coincide with the annual Ruapehu Winter Sports Tournaments. They were so successful that in 1931 the Committee resolved to set up a Ski Club as a branch of Field Club. But at the next A.G.M., it was decided that rather than form another club with its own committee and constitution, the name of Field Club should be changed to reflect its widened interest. So the Auckland Field Naturalists' Club acquired the rather weighty title of 'Auckland University College Field and Alpine Club'. The change was to be for a year only, when the possibility of a separate club would be reviewed.

The experiment was not a success: the Club was growing quite large and with a diversity of interests. The trampers and skiers felt limited by the trips organised; the naturalists felt the Club could be stronger doing exclusively scientific work. So, in March 1932, at the A.G.M., the President, Mr Lancaster, simply announced that a Tramping Club would be set up, completely separate from Field Club; and that the objects of Field Club would not be completely scientific. This appears to have been

a rather undemocratic decision — no vote was taken, even at a committee meeting. However, presumably, it reflected the will of the members.

Tramping Club set off on shaky foundations, but has since flourished, and in membership, is now larger than its original parent body. In 1936, Tramping Club asked the committee of Field Club to bind the two together again. This was turned down by Field Club; they said experience showed neither could gain anything by it. The two Clubs still hold joint social activities but, otherwise, tread separate paths.

The Field and Alpine Club adopted its new name of 'Auckland University College Field Club'. A new constitution was drawn up with tramping now no longer a Club aim. This document was ratified at a stormy Special General Meeting in April. It was moved, but not carried, that all non-natural history students should be excluded; but as a compromise, they were not allowed on the Committee.

A wise move? It was a narrower Club that emerged. However it proved a breeding ground for a long list of well known natural scientists in the ensuing years.

Footprints began with trips accounts, Club news and 'Letters to the Editor'.

This letter from Vol. 1, No. 3, 1944, has appeared in two former anthologies, but deserves reprinting:

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 'Akarana' 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'

Other writers had other problems, as evidenced by this letter from Vol. 7, September 1949:

Dear Madam,

During a recent trip we were startled — nay, shocked — to hear certain lewd youths of the party singing the following vulgar ditty —

'She's got a pair of feet,

Just like two plates of meat,
Hot dogs, that's where the money goes . . . etc.'

On being pressed for an explanation as to the reason for this low refrain, they alleged that it embodied the personification of their Ideal Woman.

We are of the opinion, Madam Editor, that if the moral standards of Tramping Club are to be lowered in this unseemly manner, then the lowering shall not be left solely to the plumed vanity of the male, and we therefore beg that you will publish herewith our conception of the Ideal Man —

He's got a hairy chest,
Just like a morepork's nest,
Whisky, that's where the money goes.

He doesn't care two hoots,
Whether he cleans his boots,
Whisky, that's where the money goes.

He's got a brawny back,
Under a trampler's pack,
Whisky, that's where the money goes.

And all the maidens shout
'Oh! how his ears stick out!'
Whisky, that's where the money goes.

His great big appetite
Keeps him awake at night,
Whisky, that's where the money goes.

Just where do you suppose,
He got that great red nose?
— Whisky, that's where the money goes.

And so on, ad nauseam.

We remain, etc

Four Indignant Females

Footprints also set out to answer readers' queries. Uncle Willie appeared in 1950:

Uncle Willie's Corner, Vol. 7, No. 3

Dear Uncle,

How did that trumpet get the name of Boozey? Also, what is it used for?

'Sleepless'

Dear Sleepless,

Well, Boozey refers to the maker, but whether that is his name or his condition, I'm not sure. I believe he took as his standard tuning note, a sick cow which had an over-dose of brandy. The official use of this instrument is to recall wandering bods who have missed the Ongaruanuku turn-off in the dark. The unofficial pranks that go with it are (a) Annoying that man in the train who waves a green flag and a lot of red tape. (b) For collecting smoke from a Meerschmump pipe and inhaling at one gulp. (c) Pouring water down it while someone is blowing it. (d) Inverting for use as a rain-hat. (e) To scare seven bells out of anyone at Onuku who dares to go to sleep before 2 a.m.

Unc,

How long has varsity Tramping Club been in existence?

Whiskers.

Whiskers old boy,

At least 300 years I should say. John Bunyan was a foundation member they tell me. He gave a short account of a trumper in one of his books. 'And behold, I saw a man clothed with rags standing in a certain place, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back.'

The year's tramping activities followed a fairly standard pattern through the 50s — here's Jacque Surman's view of one year, from Volume 8, 1951:

Club Activities for the year A.D. 1951

(A Review)

By popular request we make it plain
We're bursting into print here once again,
Per medium of the nobler art

(Very soon we'll make a start).
The nobler art, as everyone knows,
To-day is poetry — not prose.
This is supposed to be a Chronicle
(We must endeavour to be economical)—
In that we've said and what we've done
Of what unforgettable, so regrettable
Nineteen Hundred and Fifty One.

First of all, the Great Occasion
Looked forward to (with much persuasion)
By unsuspecting first-year students
Who later wished they'd had more prudence.
Now disillusioned, ardour damp,
They speak in whispers of Freshers' Tramp.

Next in line on the agenda,
Another cause to make feet tender,
The never-ending tramp at night,
Arrival by dawn's early light.
Walls bursting — Blast, the lamp's gone putt!
Pandemonium — Freshers' Hut.

By now you've reached your own conclusion,
Where else on earth could such confusion,
Such singing, dancing, spontaneity,
Noisy bonhomie and gaiety.
You ask us — Did we ever tramp? —
Oh yes, quite often at May Camp.

Winter months did not deter us,
Nay, they only served to spur us,
With greater zeal we hit the road,
Another crop of wild-oats showed.
Whackol for Tarawera Lake —
We're on our way — It's Mid-Term Break.

O'nuku came in for its share —
Cosh — the record-library there:
Mozart, Gershwin, Yehudi Menuhin,
Warsaw Concerto and Flatbush Flanagan.
Also, They're Tough, Mighty Tough in the West,
And lots more besides — these aren't even the best.

In the August vacation we get more ambitious,
And the Chateau staff get more suspicious.
The snow-train bears us South at last —
To ski-ing grounds both slow and fast.
As you'll expect, our seats are numb —
(The following rhyme of course is deleted. Ed.)

The next two months are more or less a blank.
(But someone spilled creosote in the tank).
Bright Tramping Trips of course are missed,
But still we manage to exist
On milk shakes and occasional hot
Before the weather gets too hot!

But all these trips can't hold a candle
To Great Barrier Island or Coromandel.
With exclamation marks and curses
Examination gloom disperses.
With gay quip and laughter light and free,
It's hey nonny no for After-Degree!

Club Xmas Trips are under way —
Dart-Rees, Hollyford-Martin's Bay.
A few more lunatics that dote
On mimicking the mountain goat.
'How I wonder what you are —
Are you goat or are you thar?'
Bergshrund and overhanging cornice
(Kind friends can do no more than warn us).

To trampers all, the season's greeting
See you next Annual General Meeting.

The weary poet's song is done
And so is 1951.

Freshers Hut Weekend is described in Vol. 7, No. 1
(1950):

What Trampers Tell'er
(by Hilair(ious) Hillock)

Do you remember a Hut
Miranda?
Do you remember a Hut?
The elation and sensation
Of that tramp from the station
And the packs on our backs up the high Waitaks
And the cocoa that burnt out insides?
And the chunks and the hunks in the bunks that had sunk
Till they threatened perhaps to collapse thro' their gaps
And land you on the person below.

Do you remember a Hut
Miranda?
Do you remember a Hut?
And the scurry and the flurry
Of breakfast in a hurry
And the rushing of the dishes to be done?
The returning tired and burnt
From a day trip where you'd learnt
About cutty grass and blisters, gorse and dirt?
Then the view of the stew that you chew till you're blue
Followed by the jelly
What a mellee
In your — (censored — 'stomach' — Ed.)
And the licking of the dishes till they shone?
Do you remember a Hut
Miranda?

Do you remember a Hut?
And the sitting round the fire
Where you gradually perspire
Working problems arithmetic
Singing pseudo energetic
And then sloped off to bed at half past two.
Then the cleaning up on Sunday
All the sweeping and the chopping,
And the lifting and the dropping,
And the washing and the sloshing
And the painting of the creosote on the roof;
Then the final preparation
For the trip back to the station —
All those old last minute jobs
And the nailing down of hobs.
And the final signing of O'nuku's book.
Then no sound echoes back
Save the clomp up the track
Of the boots and the pack
Going home . . .

Robin Armstrong provided these thoughts on
hitch-hiking:

Car-goes Vol. 8, No. 2 (1951)

Smooth British Jaguar, shimmering in the sunlight,
Gleaming in its glory as it glides upon its way
With a cargo of pince-nez'd Chateau bound Dowagers,
Mah Jong . . . Creme de menthe . . . and too elite to stay!
Cadillac from U.S.A., costly-cheap with chromium,
Yankee Doodle Dandy—debonair delight—
With a cargo of gaberdined, cigar-smoking 'nouveau-riche'
Trout rods . . . Lion Ale . . . already out of sight!

Dirty smelly Bedford truck—dust encrusted tip-tray,
Humbly rumbling homewards to a wholesome farmhouse
tea,

With a cargo of 'Used-to-hitch-hike-once-myself' farmer,
'Clear a space and hop aboard!' — AH! that's the man for
me!

— and these, on the Club:

'Last Lines' Vol. 7, No. 2 (1950)

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.C.
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
(Criping 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?)

Don Aimer was also contributing to *Footprints*. Two
of his pieces follow:

Lighting the Primus Vol. 9, No. 2 (1952)

You take a bottle of meths. and pour a little into the round
cup thing on the stem. You'll probably pour far too much and
it will spill all over the primus and the table. But fear not. Put
a match to it, and admire the display of blue flames licking all
over the place. You can do this because the meths burns with
a cool flame. Just test this queer fact by putting your finger in
the flame. The blisters it raises are much smaller than in a wood
flame.

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 it's 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 are 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.')

Single Ticket to Simla Vol. 8 (1951)

John and I both worked overtime last Saturday, but we decided
to go up to the Hut in the evening. The gang knocked off at
four and we went off home to pack and get to the station for
the 8.15 p.m.

I got down to the station first. It was a lowering evening and
lightning flapped occasionally around the cloud rims. The
station was deserted and the echo of my boots followed me down
the platform. A gusty wind hustled scraps over the rails. The
booking office was shut, but I supposed that, as it was Satur-
day night, the staff was off-duty. Soon I heard John's footsteps
booming down the steps of the bridge. We sat and talked until
the light of the train curved up the incline. The engine was an
old Ww that seemed to leak steam in all its joints. I don't
remember noticing the driver leaning out at his usual place,
but we were both intent on getting aboard. Several covered
waggons rolled past, and then came two old carriages lit dimly
with oil-lamps. We remarked that both carriages were quite
empty.

The guard came in. We hadn't seen him before on this run.
He was a little shrunken man and when he opened his mouth,
I saw a gap where a front tooth had been removed. His eyes
were hidden by the shadows cast by the oil-lamps. He asked
us where we were getting off and when we said Waitakere, he
laughed shortly and slipped through to the next compartment,
softly closing the door.

Mt Eden station was dark and empty and we rumbled through
without stopping. We speculated on the absence of other
passengers for a while, and then conversation lapsed. We both
felt rather tired after the day's work, and I found myself begin-
ning to doze. I opened my eyes and saw John's head nodding.
A tram swayed along the road nearby, and its pole sent off a
brilliant green flash. The rattling of the carriage wheels put me
to sleep.

Later I awoke with a start. The oil-lamps were out and the
carriage was black. I asked John what the hell was going on,
but he only muttered something about an oil shortage. I cursed
the railway and settled back. We were out beyond the city
towards Henderson and scattered lights winked under cloud.
I slept again. Suddenly I started up with a feeling of panic, I
was sweating. The carriage was still black, and outside, I could
still glimpse fern and scrub beside the rails. 'John' I said . . .
There was no answer, and I exclaimed louder. Then I reached
forward and felt that his seat was empty. My groping hand
touched something sticky. I licked my finger, and it was salty.
I leapt up and then the door creaked open and the guard came
in dangling a green lamp which glowed over the carriage. His
face was sharply etched in light and shade with a terrible depth
of evil in it. As I sprang forward, he laughed the same short
laugh which was more like a snarl. As he opened his mouth I
saw his teeth stained darkly, and dark foam flecked his lips.

I saw bright stains on his fingers darkened by the green glow of the lamp. I think I screamed.

Then the sound of the train melted into the moaning of the wind in pine trees, and the clicking of the rails became the creaking of branches. I found myself lying face-down on top of Simla, under the pines. I sat up. There was a light shining in a hut across the Anawhata valley, and I could smell the pine resin. When I could control my trembling, I got up and stumbled down the rutted track to the Hut, running until I saw the light through the scrub. John was not there. Then someone noticed a smear of blood on my fingers and two small spots on my shorts . . .

The Club, of course, has covered the length and breadth of the Waitakeres, although little space has been given to these activities in this volume. An old wooden cottage in the lower Pararaha was used by the Club and others from the late 40s to the mid-60s. Here it is described by Neil Small:

Muir's Vol. 10, No. 4 (1954)

I have been to Muir's several times now and each time vowed never to return. How well I remember standing on the edge of the gap with the sea roaring in and out. Someone makes a dash and is across — reasonably dry. The second and third get across dry. Now my turn. In I go. A wave thunders in. I'm wet now. Now a struggle, bent double against the wind and biting sand. Clouds scud overhead and the entrance to the Pararaha seems to be as far away as ever. We press on. After a seemingly endless time we are sloggng up through soft sand and onto a track. A cold ford now and the wind blowing up the valley making it colder still. Misery. A long grass slope with a small red-shack ahead; Stagger; barely moving, we crawl up the slope. Thus I come to Muir's.

It had rained during the week and it was still drizzling. Never have I seen a more desolate place with the wind blowing through the cracks, the floorboards broken, and mud — everywhere. But, oh, somewhere to rest and cook a meal. Leave your boots on and flounder through the mud in front of the fireplace. The wood is hard to find and gives a smoky fire. Still, the meal finished in the darkness illuminated only by a fitful flame of a rush lamp. Now there is no bacon fat left and bed is the order of the day.

O Agony. The bunk and the sleeping bags are warm and you are tired. But can you sleep? No. There is a constant buzzing in your ear. Mosquitoes. — Thousands of them. They seem to be attracted to your ears; they crawl into your sleeping bag; they get into your clothes; and always the constant buzzing — irritating, driving you crazy. It seems to your distorted imagination that every other mosquito in the Waitakeres is visiting Muir's too. Still it has cleared up and you can look out of the window at the forbidding bulk of Baldy lit by the moon — an awe inspiring sight.

We rose at 6 a.m. (?) the next morning. A perfect day. Muir's looked reformed but, remembering the night before we squelched through the mud and cooked breakfast. We were well up the gorge before nine.

Farewell Muir's — till next time.

For tramping in the area, a random, but typical trip account from Volume 18, No. 3 (1961) must suffice:

Up Georges Stream (But not quite.)

One of those get-fit affairs.

25-26 November

Carry Carter, Jack Butts, Jim Sheffield, Boyd Miller, Gerald Irwin, Ross Barnes, Basil Thom, John Wilson, Eddy West, Jan Halliday, Val Glover, Jenny Barr, Ruth Baird.

On the night of Friday 24th November the above party of thirteen monopolized the Laingholm bus. The bus left town with five trampers and a full bus-load of normal passengers. At various stops more trampers managed to force their way on and at the Laingholm turn off above the Parau dam the bus regained its usual shape as it disgorged the trampers and their baggage. By

midnight the energetic mob were at the camp-site on the Parau track and soon bedded down for the night.

Unknown to the majority of the party they were all up soon after five a.m. and away before seven. The track to Huia, for the latter part at least, was traversed at break-neck speed. A fool-hardy few ran the last mile or so. After a moment's collapse at the swing bridge the party was off again to Middle Camp. A courtesy visit to the hut preceded their start up the mighty George. They forged their way onwards and upwards until a fall of about 26 feet barred their way.

Here for a some reason the party forsook the George to do battle with the mighty jungle. One goat led up in a semi-vertical manner for a while before finding a pig-track which led to the masses of cutty-grass on the ridge which eventually leads to the Nuggets Track. Dauntlessly the party blundered ahead blindly following their leader (and assistants as each in turn decided they had been mangled enough).

A lunch stop occurred mid treacherous vegetation soon after twelve. Picture to yourself 13 scratched bodies arranged circularly, surrounded by six foot cutty-grass and passing around (anticlockwise): tinned pineapple, sardines, cheese, bread with chocolate spread and jam, chocolate biscuits, apples, cheese, sardines, orange juice, pineapple again and so on — all eaten in a very random order. It revolts you I fear — still, as originally stated the party were not normal.

The track was reached soon after and the party straggled on up to Nuggets and on to Lone Kauri Hut. Soon after Nuggets Gerald (who had to be back in town fairly early) decided that the pace was not hot enough and charged off never to be seen by the rest of the party again (correction, he was seen by Jim later Saturday night). On reaching the hut Carry and Jim rushed off too, to hitch back to Auckland for their evening's engagements. They returned early the next morning by scooter.

The morning also brought Matt Fowlds who joined the party for a day. From the hut (by the way they did not use the hut) the party went via Odlin's Timber Track, the Pararaha and Muir's to the beach for a swim. Ruth and Boyd could not wait for the beach and swam in pools in the Pararaha on the way down.

After the swim and lunch the party again split as Garry and Matt headed up over Zion back to the Lone Kauri Road and so to their respective vehicles at the L.K. hut. The rest of the party felt that they had done their dash and headed round the rocks for Kare Kare. The local store's supply of soda spoons was surely taxed as the party stored energy for the hill trek to the Piha Road and then the hitch home. (A bus from Piha now costs 7/6!)

Introspection and self-criticism surface regularly in *Footprints* and Club records. In her June 1963 Editorial, Christine Crawford wrote:

When does a non-conformist conform? When he joins Tramping Club. We have a highly-developed corporate sense: we eat together, we go to plays together. We say the same things to the same people and do the same dances at the same socials. Lately we seem to have been spending a lot of time telling each other what great guys we are, how different we are from other clubs in this university, how superior we are to OUTC and Vic., what a high moral standard we have . . . *ad infinitum* (or *ad nauseam*, depending on your point of view). What follows is a more or less incoherent investigation of our attitudes.

We are a University club. Yet some of our members might be described not as university students so much as Tramping Club members. Matters of general student interest do not provoke the discussion they ought. Is this the much condemned student apathy, or has it something to do with Club attitudes? In any controversy the general feeling of the Club tends to be conservative. A couple of years ago, when the Club initials were changed from AUCTC to AUTC, it was suggested that the C be retained and the name changed to the Auckland University Conservative Tramping Club. Sometimes we go to Stud. Ass. General Meetings, but even there we seem to vote alike. We

are in danger of becoming a tight clique in but not of the University.

At heart we are non-conformists. Going tramping often involves braving public incredulity and ridicule. Our families and neighbours think we are queer. People in the buses stare. Acquaintances in the street look the other way — and yet we persist in our strange behaviour, even though we ourselves often find it impossible to explain why. In self-defence we group together. It is *us* against *them*, the people in the street, the tourists, sometimes even fellow-students. And here I am, back to the question of our corporate sense. Our club is run with a considerable amount of organisation covering active tramping and social functions. With tramping itself, I am not concerned. The organisation is efficient without cramping the style of the individualists who want to rush off tramping at the drop of a hat (although these, it would seem, are not as numerous as they once were.) But in the social field, organisation all too often involves regimentation. Things you enjoyed as a fresher may not appeal to you by your second or third year. In this way, people, sometimes the least conformist of us, stay away from Club functions, lose contact with the Club and the newer members, and go tramping less often. Their experience is lost to us; and with the rapid turnover of membership, experience is valuable. And so our circle becomes narrower, even though we are one of the largest clubs in the University.

I am not going to join *Craccum* in blasting everybody for apathy, for not entering the tricycle race or writing for Capping Book. But we must remember we are students as well as trampers (and I don't mean we should work harder). Trampers *are* escapists. But escaping from the city to the bush and the mountains should not be confused with escaping from our responsibilities as students and intelligent beings into a cosy little world of our own. We must not lose members, potential or actual, by appearing either exclusionist or reactionary. Nothing would please me more than for this editorial to provoke violent disagreement. I should be happy to be proved wrong.

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

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

- . . . in the case of premises occupied as a dwelling-house accommodate boarders.
- Make or permit to be made any alterations or additions to the premises or any apparatus or fittings installed or fitted therein including plumbing, electrical or gas installations or fittings nor cut or injure any of the foundations, floors, walls, partitions, ceilings, roof, or the timber or material of the premises.
- Do or suffer to be done anything which may be or may tend to be or become an annoyance to the landlord or the occupiers of adjoining or neighbouring premises.
- Allow visitors on the premises after 11.30 p.m. on any night of the week nor play musical instruments, radios, or gramophones after that hour nor otherwise disturb the occupants of adjoining premises.

The tenant hereby agrees with the landlord that he will:

- . . . keep the premises and all conveniences, sinks, drains, wastes and water closets and pipes and grounds, paths, lawns, hedges and fences in a clean, tidy and sanitary condition.
- Replace all electric light globes and power elements in the premises as they wear out or are broken or become unserviceable with others of at least the same quality and power as the original globes or elements.
- Duly and punctually pay all electric light, power and gas charges in respect of the premises.

A *Footprints* Editor around 1967 found interest and amusement in unlikely places — the dictionary —

The Oxford Illustrated Dictionary seems to take a rather dismal attitude to tramping.

It defines 'to tramp' as 'to walk on foot (usually with impli-

cation of reluctance, weariness, etc.)' and 'a tramp' as 'a long tiring walk or march'.

Roget's *Thesaurus* —

The entry in Roget's *Thesaurus* gives, under the same heading as 'tramp' — tourist, globetrotter, adventurer, peregrinator, wanderer, straggler, rover, gad-about, landloper, wastrel, stray, loafer, hobo, beachcomber, vagabond, nomad, gipsy, Arab, Wandering Jew, pilgrim, palmer. (!)

Wondering what 'clumps' was like, I consulted Roget's *Thesaurus* again. Astonishing though it may be, this is the exact entry from the book. The list which ends with 'clump' begins thus: 'tooth, knob, elbow, process . . . ' and even the Library catalogue —

Amazing what talent lies hidden. I had a spare half-hour the other day between morning coffee and lunch, so nipped up to the library to do a bit of research. Flipping idly through a bibliography of English Literature, the following entry caught my eye:

Carr, G. (novelist)

Corpse at Camp Two.
Corpse in the crevasse.
Death under Snowden.
Ice Axe Murders.
Murder of an Owl.
Murder on the Matterhorn.
Swing away, climber.
Youth Hostel murders.

Does The Good Book not say: 'Hide not your light under a bushel.?'

Footprints also sought to instruct. Here's a brief glossary from Volume 16, No. 1 (1959). (Philologists will note that somewhere around 1970, the abbreviation for 'dehydrated' became 'dehy').

Aqua-tramping: Progressing downstream by a mixture of climbing and wading (and even swimming).

Bartrum, Bart: A type of pack, without a frame, and having broad leather straps.

Bergen: A pack with a triangular steel frame.

Bluffs: Cliffs, inland — For running up.

Bush-crash: To struggle through bush or scrub with no definite tracks or purpose.

Commando Soles: Boot-soles of black rubber, rather resembling tractor tyre-tread.

Dehyd: Abbreviation for 'dehydrated food' (more particularly vegetables).

Enzo: Reputed to be dehydrated beef.

'Hardly Tramping Club': Undesirable, wrong, or more often, just 'not done'.

Hitch (actually Hitch-hike): To solicit rides from passing vehicles by means of a horizontal motion of the thumb.

Hut-bound: Forced by weather conditions or circumstances (e.g. lazings) to remain in the hut.

Hut-wallow: To remain in huts generally eating, sleeping, playing cards, etc (see 'Hardly T.C.').

Mountain Mule: A very well-known pack with a square steel frame.

McGrath: A pack, no longer manufactured, steel-framed, but having rounded corners.

Ongaruanuku: Commonly 'O'nuku' — the club's hut in the Waitakeres.

Pog: A glutinous, often blackened mass for distending the stomach at the beginning of a day's tramping — otherwise known as porridge.

Puttees: Strips of cloth wound around boot-tops and ankles, to keep out silt, pieces of stick and for winding and tying practice during rests.

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 prostrated 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 snow and sleet
Who caught bog-frogs for folks to eat
And told a tale of mad conceit
A-sitting on the gate.

Warwick Brown, Vol. 17, No. 1, 1960

— W. S. Gilbert

I've got a Little List
As often it may happen that we have a victim's quest
I've got a little list; I've got a little list
Of the sorts of bods on tramping trips who really are a pest
And who never would be missed; never would be missed.
There's the heroes who have brand-new boots and never
think to squeal
Until red meat is showing on the back of either heel
And those girls who wait until the party's all packed up to
go
Take towel and soap and vanish for half-an-hour or so
And all attempts to make them get a move-on they resist
No, I don't think they'd be missed! I'm sure they'd not be
missed.
I've got 'em on the list — I've got 'em on the list
And they'll none of them be missed — they'll none of them
be missed.

There's those hairy-chested freshers, so determined to be
tuff
On being way ahead insist — we can put them on the list
Who loudly fear the trip they're on will not be hard
enough
Well, I doubt if they'll be missed, no, I don't think they'll
be missed.
Then there's the sort of leader, who, I fear, is quite a nong

Who says 'I'm sure this is the way — our compass must be
wrong'
At Thames he'll pick out camping spots on top of bone-dry
ridges
Or else selects a bit of swamp, with mozzies, flies and
midges
Yes, there's lots of stupid types that you can shove upon the
list
And they never would be missed, no, they darn well won't
be missed.
I've got 'em on the list — I've got 'em on the list
And they'll none of them be missed — they'll none of them
be missed.

Ice-axe or camera left behind, and hours wasted looking
You're down upon the list — I've put you on the list
Or if you've let the fire out — or burned whatever's
cooking
You can bet you won't be missed, it's a cert you won't be
missed.
Now some older members tend to congregate in little
cliques
And just go tramping with their friends and never try to
mix
Some think the Club's traditions, too, are little short of
mad
They'd rather be sophisticated — follow every fad
Instead of dancing eightsome reels, they'd rather do the
twist
Well, they can go upon the list — yeah, we'll stick 'em on
the list.
I've got 'em on the list — I've got 'em on the list
And they'll none of them be missed — they'll none of them
be missed.

Roger Dick

— Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

The Adventure of the Missing Scroggin

Holmes and I had been seated for some time in silence, when suddenly he spoke.

'So, Watson,' he said, 'you do not intend to go to National Park this August?'

'Holmes!' I cried, 'This is wizardry! How could you know what I was thinking?'

'Elementary, my dear Watson. You have a copy of "Safety in the Mountains" at your side, a pad at your knee. It is obvious, therefore, that you are making out a food list. I deduce from this that you are planning a tramping trip. However, you have not asked me for a loan of my ice-axe, crampons, or snow goggles — all essential items of equipment for a winter trip to National Park. Hence I infer a less ambitious enterprise; Te Aroha, perhaps, or the Kaimais.'

'Marvellous!' I exclaimed.

'Commonplace,' said Holmes. 'Such a train of thought serves to stimulate the intelligence without taxing it. But perhaps here is a matter more worthy of our attention. There was a ring on the door bell, followed by the entry of a slight, dark-haired girl.

'Oh, Mr Holmes!' she cried, 'Please clear me of this awful charge. What shall I do?' Holmes held up his hand.

'Please compose yourself,' he said. 'You forget that we have not yet heard your problem. In fact, beyond the obvious facts that you are a student, a mathematician, and a trumper, we know nothing of you at all.' Familiar as I was with my friend's methods, it was easy for me to follow his deductions, and observe the 'varsity badge, the computer paper and the cutty-grass scars, that had given rise to them. Our client, however, stared in amazement.

'I am all of these, Mr Holmes, and in addition I am the most wretched girl in the club. On our last trip I was entrusted with the scroggin. At dinnertime, I left my pack open while I went to fill the billies, and when I returned the greater part of the scroggin had vanished. I have been accused of secretly gutzing

it, but I swear to you that I know noth— good heavens! Who is that?'

There was another ring at the door, and a moment later our friend Inspector Foubister was ushered in, accompanied by a sturdy trumper.

'Miss Myers?' he enquired. Our client rose white-faced. 'One moment, Inspector,' said Holmes. 'Miss Myers has just given us her account of this singular affair. With your permission I would like to go over the ground.'

'Well, Mr Holmes, I see no reason against it. However, from what this gentleman here, Mr Kerr, has to say, the case against Miss Myers seems conclusive.'

An hour's drive in an Austin Gypsy brought us to the edge of the bush, and we set out for the campsite. Besides the Inspector and Mr Kerr there was the driver — a Mr Reid — and a grim, swarthy, trumper named Langton. At the camping spot Holmes whipped out a large measure and a magnifying glass, and conducted an extremely thorough investigation of the ground. At last he turned to Inspector Foubister.

'Where's the bag that contained the scroggin?' he asked. 'I have it here.'

'Excellent, my dear Foubister. You anticipate all our needs. Hal! What is this?' Foubister was watching with some impatience.

'Well, do you make any progress?' he asked.

'I have solved it.'

'Indeed, and Miss Myers?'

'She is innocent. But I would like to ask a question of Mr Langton, here.'

'What do you wish to know?' asked Langton in an amused tone.

'Just this. Why didn't you take the chocolate too?' With a scream of rage, Langton snatched his ice-axe and placed the point to his breast. Holmes and Foubister sprang upon him and wrested it from his grasp.

'None of that!' said Foubister. 'Well, Mr Holmes, it beats me how you know. You have saved us from a grave injustice, and the club owes you a debt of gratitude.'

When Foubister and his prisoner had departed, I turned to Holmes.

'My dear Holmes,' I said, 'how did you reach a solution? I saw no clues.'

'On the contrary, Watson, you saw as much as I, but you failed to make the necessary deductions. The scroggin bag had been cut open with a large knife. Who would possess such a weapon? Surely a boy, rather than a girl?'

'It seems very probable.'

'And then there is the question of opportunity. Who is likely to remain resting in camp while the young, keen freshers are out gathering wood?'

'Would it not be the wily veteran trumper?'

'Bravo, Watson, your deduction is improving. However, I told Jim Frater that we would meet him at O'nuku this weekend. What is that little thing he plays so well? Tum, tum, tum, de-dum, de-dum, de-dum, there'll be a hot time in the old town tonight. I think, Watson, that it is time we were starting, if we are going up to the hut.'

Vol. 26 (2), 1969

— Old Moore

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 hardest 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 timespent

tramping, will crack up completely, and be unfit to go on Christmas Trips.

November. Tough luck! Unfortunate trampers, having diffed 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 louisiest 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 overtime 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.

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'.

Vol. 23 (2), 1966

— Sir Henry Newbolt

Vitai Tramp-harder

There's a deathly hush in the bush tonight —
And a party of trampers, soaking wet —
A muddy track and fading light
Miles to go, and dinner to get.
But it's not the thought of a nice hot meal
Or the hope of earning a trumper's name
But their leader's voice, in its raucous call
'Tramp on! Tramp on! and play the game!'

The sand at Bethells was sodden wet
Wet with the rain of a winter gale
The primus is jammed and the sun has set,
And the party cold with the wind and hail.

The Anawhata has brimmed its banks
And O'nuku's far, and home's but a name.
But the voice of the side-kicks rallies the ranks
'Tramp on! Tramp on! and play the game!'

Vol. 19 (2), 1962

and even George Moir —

Route Guide:

A. U. T. C. Notice board — Sir George Grey

After proceeding north from the noticeboard a prominent set of steps is reached. Descend these to the south bank of Alfred Street. The crossing to the true left bank is not an easy one, and under adverse conditions it may be prudent to wait for the flow to subside before forcing a crossing. (A cableway was built earlier in May, but subsequent reports indicate it is no longer usable.) Continue up Alfred Street to the head, where a short scramble over parked motor scooters leads to Princes Street. Cross to the west bank. The wastepaper basket topped massif of Sir George Grey (20') is clearly visible on the skyline to the north-west.

The route from Princes Street is obvious, leading across easy slopes, and sidling to the south-west of Queen Victoria (15').

The excursion to Sir George is a popular one, but the more ambitious tramp may descend the steep slopes of Albert Park to Queen Street and there attempt the ascent of peak 246 which, under summer conditions, may be accomplished without the aid of Ice axes or alpine equipment.

Vol. 26 (3), 1969

This is a University Tramping Club — and during the 60s *Footprints* regularly published lists of Club members who were graduating. For the others . . .

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'être* 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 AUSAPOCPAH).

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 learnt of a decadent bivvy where a stuffed bod. could hutchash, desouge 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.

Vol. 25 (3), 1968

Rock climbing was a major interest of the Club in the 70s. Len Gillman recalls:

URGA

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

Inspired by the moon one night at AC hut we traversed the

Middle Pinnacle and then did a cramponed run down to the Top of the Bruce in search of a party. We heard Dark Side of the Moon for the first time at the Varsity Ski Hut and from then on Pink Floyd was one of the stays on the Urga ship. It was Dark Side that appropriately played on our portable one pitch black night when we soloed halfway up the Shield at K. Gorge and tied ourselves to the rock and waited for dawn as bivvy training for the Darrans.

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

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

Some of us went to Australia in 1976 and most of us went to Yosemite in 1979 but by then Urga was just something we had shared somewhere in the past and after Yosemite we scattered ourselves around the world.

Rick McGregor was one of the 'founders' of URGA. In *Footprints*, 1975, he wrote:

Alone

God only knows how long I've been building up for this one. over the last month anyway everything's been falling into place and I really feel I can do it. I hope.

I've put in a solid day's work at the library; I feel good. Now it's time to put the books away, get my helmet and my friction boots from my locker, and head for the quarry.

Trying so hard not to think about it on the bus I almost miss the stop. But someone gets off and I follow, swing the duffel-bag over my shoulder and walk around the corner. There's the quarry, the rock lit up pink by the rose-fingers of the sun setting over the harbour in the West.

No one there. Great.

Walk across the grass to the rocks, mind wound up tight like a ball of string, nerves and muscles like a bow pulled taut.

Look up the climb.

Clear the rocks away from underneath it.

Still a few small ones left.

Put on the helmet.

Sit on a boulder and lace up the tattered E.B.s. Check the soles are clean.

When you've got to go you've got to go — no hesitation. The faster you move the less strength it will take.

Now go.

Swing round and into the climb on the first small holds. Bridge up. Now jam that toe. Jam, you bastard, jam! Balance up, up. Strain for the faintest of finger holds. Wriggle your fingers higher as that toe starts to lift. Now go for the jam. Pull up. Seat fingers in the crack above. Now layback. Hard. Lift that foot. Grab for the jug, strain for the next, then the tree. Stand quivering. Up. At last. Up.

Still quivering as I climb down Three Beard.

All the adrenalin slowly ebbs away as I unlace the boots, and walk away across the fields.

Back to the city.

We present some South Island trip accounts — the earlier ones describe something of the period; the later ones will give 'Old Soles' a glimpse of what the Club has been doing recently.

The Three Pass trip was a popular one with the Club through the 50s. It is described here in what one may represent as a typical account of a typical trip of that era (Volume 12, No. 5 (1956):

The Three Pass Trip

The correct way to do the Three Pass trip

PARTY: Lochie Wilson 'Lochie is our leader now.'
Peter Ellis Our side-kick
Tony Peterson Chumley Cholmonderly
Phil Mathews Snore artist
George Stark Gentleman George
John Miller Intelligence officer
Marin Segedin Cheerful cobbler
Bill Brookie 'Why did I come tramping'
Jack Rattenbury Camps king
Marion Wilson 'Cocoa please'
Dorothy Jenkinson 'No more double bunking'
Janice Townsend Peg leg

Most of the members of our party met on board the *Maori* where we pitched our sleeping bags in with the Canoe Club enthusiasts, and sun bathed on the deck. Arriving at Christchurch we picked up Lot 1 food and a down station sprint resulted in our boarding the rail-car to Greymouth. Seats were bagged and piled high with packs and food, and lastly us. At last we reached Greymouth Station in which we slept for a few hours after Christmas Eve drunkards and early churchgoers had stopped their noise.

From Greymouth Station we proceeded to Hokitika by bus where we all disembarked except Peter's pack which was carried on to Ross before it was retrieved by its owner. Christmas dinner celebrations were held on the shore of Lake Kanieri where we shared one fowl and one Christmas cake between 9. Though most of us were suffering from lack of sleep we began our tramp through bush which was typically wet forest growth.

Dorothy Bush supplied a change and welcome resting spot and it was here that I first noticed the battery of cameras all asking Phil for the exposure reading. We crossed the Styx into Hell in the form of Sandfly Hut. Attacked as soon as we arrived the position was made worse by drizzling rain and the problem of sleeping 9 bodies under all available sheets of corrugated iron.

Two Christmas cakes were carried through thick and thin by the owners and a third, an extra large eggless one caused one tramp to dislike it until the 11 lbs. were gradually eaten away and the weight decreased. Next day provided a good tramp to Renton Hut except for the many stings the ones without hairy legs received.

The bungle up O'Connor Creek resulted in us taking partners for rock hopping 'Jingle Bells' in a snow fall while our leader and side-kick searched in vain for the track over Browning's Pass. The morale of the party dropped when voices grew hoarse and a deep freeze set in. We were saved by returning to Pyramid hut for the night. Here Cholmonderly (Tony's uke) entertained us accompanied by two harmonious voices singing 'O The Parson — !?! — in Mosgiel' etc. and other notorious freezing works and air force songs.

'Good old George' led us to the right track over Browning's Pass which was mainly characterised by the stops for one acid drop per tramp and rapid film changing. Lake Browning, surrounded by rugged snow capped mountain peaks, was one of the most beautiful spots at which we stopped for lunch. From the top of the Pass we had a magnificent panorama of the surrounding country and the Wilberforce. Members of the party experienced varying feelings as we all gathered speed down a 1000' scree slope to Park Morpheth Hut. At the hut a bespectacled tramp saved the day by suggesting upstream for the ladies(?) and downstream for the others after a near embarrassment.

The Cronin Ice Fall, the ascent of the Whitehorn Pass (5,723') and resulting snow fights over the Canterbury border will be remembered by all as the climax of the first half of our trip.

As we got nearer to civilization in the form of Arthur's Pass the huts improved to the point of having almost every facility one could wish for. Oscar, if no one else, will remember our short but not sweet stay in his Mountain Sports Depot at Arthur's Pass. Hut wallowing was freely indulged in with one energetic excursion to the Devil's Punch Bowl. Phil tried to pull the Hut's ancient piano to bits and fix up broken hammers with most of the party's 1st aid sticking plaster. We commemorated

our stay by the addition of Marin, Bill and Jack to the party. Boots were repaired free of charge. Conglomerations were served on the menu by two experienced cooks — Peter and Phil.

The first night in the company of our new friends was spent in a Govt. hut (No. 4) up the Taramakau River. The party sat around the fire clutching hold of scissors in their right hand, and later a stick. We rounded off the evening with little talks about eccentric Aunt Tilly's likes and dislikes and a little French boy; — Janice and Geoff didn't catch on. The second half of the trip brought about a welcome change from one acid drop per person to a handful, also more scroggin and chocolate.

Our extra long lunch-time stop at the hot springs gave every one a chance to have a proper wash for the first time in hot water. George and Tony will remember this stop vividly when they recall the wetting billy fight they had in front of an audience of cameras. One contestant needed windscreen wipers several times.

Lake Sumner made a lovely picture surrounded by low hills and beech forest with a rainbow hanging precariously at one end. We left this beautiful spot after spending a night in No. 2 Govt. hut on uncomfortable wooden slab bunks.

After crossing the Kiwi Saddle we came upon flat ground where Bill washed his legs very carefully after an accident which happened again when he misjudged his jump from one tussock to another bridging glorious black swamp mud. The washing episode was repeated when we managed to extract our friend. It was an enjoyable tramp alongside the Hope River. To provide a change we acquired a new leader for quite a distance until this new leader stepped up the pace to a run and ended up in the matagouri!

Our last night together was spent in close proximity to the road from Lewis Pass under canvas for the first time. Hitchhiking pairs to Christchurch began fairly early in the morning with half-hour intervals between each pair 'hitting' the road. Ten of us eventually in the Square at 5 o'clock after varied experiences. Some unshaven, all dirty, we tramped off to the 'Coffee Pot'.

Our sincere thanks go to the Blackburns for accommodation in Christchurch and their generous menu of food put at our disposal.

To Lochie our leader we all owe our thanks for a most successful and enjoyable trip. Everyone returned home with a remodelled laugh and a hope that Marin's skilled carving has left behind us a lasting memory of our tramp in the Alps.

Janice Townsend

The style of this account varied from the standard — Michael Lennon's account of one of his many trips: *Journey of Three Robust Travellers in Distant Parts of Te Wai Pounamu*

Being an account of the most marvellous adventures of the three travellers Michael Lennon, Roderick McKenzie and Edward West. They are honest men, free from all deceit, and what I will write will be a true and accurate account of their journey.

On the sixth day of February, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and sixty-three they departed from the banks of the river Paringa on the start of their journey from that distant country called by its inhabitants Wesslin, meaning The West Land, to the country of Kant Erbree. They had reached this desolate spot by a journey of thirteen days through much heavily-forested mountainous country, and their two companions had departed in haste for the great metropolis of Orklen. Michael, Roderick and Edward, however, undismayed by perils or difficulties — to which they had long been inured — set out to cross Copland Pass.

After a long journey on foot across a desolate plain, they reached the town of Bruce Bay. Finding the inhabitants unfriendly, they paused only to replenish their provisions and proceeded beside the mighty ocean. Here grew much wild fruit beside the track, which refreshed the weary travellers. Coming at last to the city of Fox, they were received at the hostelry with great hospitality, and camped nearby.

They remained here for two and one half days, being unable to proceed owing to heavy rain and swollen rivers. After replenishing their provisions once more in the morning Michael was able to make a wondrous dish called a 'Chocolate Plum Pudding'. It contained suet, flour, porridge, raisins, currants, sultanas, cherries (preserved and artificial), cocoa, chocolate, acid drops, barley sugar, one silver coin and many other edibles. It required cooking for one third of a day, being taken off the stove in the third hour of the morning.

In the morning the intrepid travellers attempted to cross that mighty Wesslin river, Rough Creek. They set out in a deluge which must have rivalled the Great Flood, with a native of the area who had experience in such matters. The mighty Edward waded into the torrent, but was unable to find secure footing and was eventually swept away. He would have been in dire peril had it not been that he was secured by a stout thong. After Michael had also been defeated by the steadily-rising river, they retreated to their camp at Fox. That night they were regaled by a travelling artist from the distant country of Ostrilya, who told strange tales and showed miraculous sights of his travels in the deserts of his homeland. During this, Michael cooked a 'Raspberry Jam Cake', a most delectable, if somewhat charred, dish. Feasting and drinking continued well on into the night.

The next day being fine, they set out again, Rough Creek being much reduced in size. They followed the track up the broad Karangarua and Copland rivers for some distance, but the celebrations of the previous period had wearied them so much, they were forced to camp early. On the morrow they continued along the track to Douglas Rock Hut, sheltering under awe-inspiring cliffs amidst dense bush. Here they partook of the second half of the Chocolate Plum Pudding, and met that rare and curious bird, the Weka.

The weather continuing bad that night and early the next morning, they did not rise until late, when, to their chagrin, the sun once more appeared. Since their provisions were somewhat short by this time, they decided to cross the pass next day under any conditions. They were somewhat cheered by Michael's horoscope for that week, in which it was predicted that he would 'get his way over most things'.

Rising before the cook crew in the morning, they set off into the cold air. The climb up to the pass was accomplished expeditiously, despite ice on the rocks, a light fall of snow, and a malady affecting Roderick and Michael. Although in some doubt about whether they had crossed the correct pass, they speedily descended a ridge on the other side. A high mountain nearby, Mount Cook, gave them much pause for admiration. With much of the mountainside following they proceeded down to the Hermitage, where a worthy and honest workman, Bruce Jenkinson, provided them with victuals and shelter. As the rest of the journey was over familiar and well-travelled paths, I will cease the tale here.

Footprints, Vol. 20 (1), 1963

The Clarke-Landsborough area has attracted many Club parties over the past 25 years. A recent trip account by Dave Henwood, from *Footprints*, 1979: With the Hookers in the Otoko (Or Why the Boys Shave Their Legs before Trips) Bodies: Patsy Naylor, Penny Brothers, Richard Stocker, Dave Henwood.

A rare West Coast day — brilliantly fine — as the gang arrived at the Paringa road bridge. Patsy and Penny turned their combined 'charms' on local farmer, Mr Tom Condon Jr and we were soon speeding up the Paringa the easy way. At the Paringa-Otoko we left behind our water-taxi. First, it was up river on the true right to the Condon's musterers shack and the start of a 'well-defined' pack-track. Somebody has a good imagination! After losing it rather rapidly, we struck out through bush to the next barrier — a bad patch of nettles, at least a hundred yards thick that apparently blocks this side of the valley. Wearing full storm gear was the only way to break through. A small gully enabled us to get down to the river. Here we

decided that wading up river under steep banks was preferable to another three hundred yards of jungle. We emerged from the river onto flats and from then, progress was rapid as the blazed track was soon located. The first camp was made about half-way up the river.

Next morning, with signs of the weather packing up, we set off for the head of the Otoko, keeping to the over-grown track. Along this section, this trip earned its above title — with the track ploughing through dense hookgrass, both Richard's and Dave's legs disappeared under a quivering black mass of seeds. By lunch, the track had petered out and scrub-bashing and boulder-hopping commenced, the latter decidedly preferable. Finally, late in the afternoon, the head of the Otoko was reached — Lake Zenen. Hemmed in by a classic moraine wall left by a retreating glacier, fed by a small stream from the Otoko Glacier and a plunging waterfall from the McCardell Glacier, hanging precariously above a sheer, thousand foot slab — an impressive place. Camp was in a sheltered hollow just up the Otoko steam, with brewing stormclouds to bid us goodnight.

Morning, and heavy rain. An attempt on the Lower Otoko Pass wasn't on so a pit day was declared. After lunch, the weather cleared allowing a recee and some sightseeing.

With a fine morning, we headed upstream for the Otoko Glacier and Pass. The immense North-East face of Mt Hooker towered above us as we plodded over the moraine-covered ice and up steep moraine walls to the Pass. Because of the fine weather, we decided not to drop down to Mark's Flat, in the Clarke, but to press on to the Landsborough. By dropping into the head of the Clarke, we picked up a deer trail which led to the crest of the Solution Range. A hot plod south along the Range and then a very steep descent through good bush took us to Toetoe Flats and our camp for the night. Here, our party was joined by two million winged locals who were to escort us for the rest of the trip. To add to the horrors, Penny decided to flavour the evening's custard with her handkerchief — not a good omen for the morrow.

Our big fear that the L'borough would be uncrossable proved unnecessary next morning. After some hairy sidling, we crossed over to Kea Flats without difficulty — the only problems were the accompanying hordes of beasts and an unexpected hole. We crossed back to the true right by Dechen Creek, only getting knees wet this time. Then it was on towards the towering Zora Rock. Camp was at the bottom of the blazed track up the Zora.

Next morning's lot involved a bit of bush-bashing and much high sidling above the infamous Zora Canyon to reach the head of the Zora. After lunch, we headed up steep snowgrass slopes to Mueller Pass. Our re-entry to the West Coast was greeted with the usual fanfare — visibility forty feet, rain, wind . . . By sidling to the right, then streambashing, boulderhopping and fighting through half a mile of really grotty, typical West Coast scrub, we at last arrived at a friendly bivvy rock for the night.

A pit morning to repair boots and clothing preceded the next afternoon's battle with the Mahitahi valley. The day's activities included more rivercrossing, boulderhopping, bushbashing, hanging from tree-roots, getting tangled up in supplejack . . . Late that afternoon, we arrived at our next campsite — out the back of a hovel known as the Edison cullers' bivvy.

We rose next morning to be greeted with torrential rain. (Dave left his two pint bowl outside the fly while packing — quarter of an hour later, it was full). A well blazed track from the bivvy was followed but it kept playing hide and seek. However the combined bushcrashing, route-finding and blaze-sniffing talents of Richard and Dave got us there in the end. At lunch-time, the previous morning's laziness caught up with us — an uncrossable stream swollen by the still heavy rain. We were forced to lie in our wet pits and wait. There were anxious moments as we watched the stream rise nearly three feet in two hours threatening our campsite. Finally with the end of the rain, the water level dropped quickly allowing us to cross next morning.

Our final day. More Stocker type bushcrashing above a gorge

brought us down to river flats and the worst was over. By crossing to the true left, we were able to follow a bulldozed farm track through the final section of the Mahitahi. Through a herd of frightened cattle (not surprisingly) and the road was reached — the end of a beaut trip.

Final reflections — a great trip, a magnificent area. You can bet we'll be back for more.

At the head of the Tasman — as recalled by Lisa Capon in *Footprints*, 1978:

Tasman Morning

Mid morning, my peaceful solitude disturbed only by the drowsy summer sounds of insects, cicadas, ants trickling through the grass . . . I contrast the bush shrouded tranquillity of the Waitakeres to another morning, in an almost alien world. A morning that began typically with the stifled shrilling of the alarm under Terry's pillow in Tasman Saddle Hut — Mt Cook. The whispered, fumbled, dark predawn hour pierced by the blue jet of the gas cooker and the flickering candle light. Patsy drifting back to sleep as she ties her boot laces. The last knots tied, ropes thrown over shoulders, karabiners and ironware stowed away; crampons pockmark the scarred and pitted wooden floor and scrunching in the frozen snow outside. The first stiff steps by torch and starlight, still pushing the sleepiness from our eyes, wincing at the shock of the dark, chill air.

Easing into a rhythm — the crisp contact of the 'poons, axe-spike biting into the snow, rope swinging lightly between the two of us; dark shadows guarding crevasses. Voices hushed in this great, sleeping, white silence, which gradually comes to life with the stealthy approach of dawn. Lights glitter and twinkle off the myriad microscopic facets on the crystalline surface of the snow, like diamond dust. Depths of blue in the first crevasse. I step wearily over its fragile lip, glancing down entranced at the eerie lapis-lazuli cathedral below me. A serac rises out of the slope like some curved fang. Its own blue etched against that of the lightning sky.

Dawn at the head of the Tasman. Colours washing up from the east, backdropping the silhouettes of the Godley and Murchison peaks. A dream world of blues and the green and yellow, the apricot and crimson clouds. Standing on Hochstetter Dome . . . Stuart weirdly illuminated against the gilded curves of Elie De Beaumont behind him. A 360° panorama of peaks — Lake Pukaki, Cook; the Whataroa headwaters between dirty avalanche fans; Malte and then quickly down, straddling the ridge to Mt Aylmer, half in Westland, half in Canterbury. Scroggin on our second peak of 7.20 am. Then crampons again — bent-kneed, duck-waddling down to the saddle. Moving more slowly now, we trudge up Mt Abel's lower slopes. Minutes shifting from one foot to the other as Patsy disappears out of sight up over the rocks and around a corner. The purple rope snakes out slowly, slowly, as chips of ice rattle down, catching the light. The lowest of three peaks, but probably the most difficult. Eventually back to the hut. The sun has caught up with us and we wallow in soft, sugary snow. I laugh as Stu, who is carrying the pack, flounders, where the crust holds my weight — though only just.

At last the orange hut on its rocky precipice, brushing the snow off boots; peeling off layers of goggles and woollens, scraping away the skin of Uvistar cream and zinc . . . and sinking into a bunk at the end of a perfect day.

Party: Terry Crippen, Patsy Naylor, Stu Gray, Lisa Capon.

Most recently come two accounts from the summer of 1980/81 — the first a Club trip —

A 'Clean' Nelson Lakes Trip

The party: Margaret Lowe (Ldr), Tony Prebensen (SK), Andy Prebensen, Colin Wright (C.J.), Colin Corkill (F.J.) Susan Hoyle.

Having arrived at St Arnaud by various means (bus, car and bicycles) we spent the first night at the camping ground, sharing a communal dinner with two other AUTC parties.

Day 1: After sorting out food and gear, we caught the boat at 8 am for a fast trip up the lake. Having survived this, we

started up the Travers Valley. After an easy and uneventful day, we reached John Tait Hut at about 3.30 pm, where we gratefully collapsed, and spent the rest of the afternoon swimming, sunbathing and (horrors!) washing. Pete Bowden's party arrived at about 8 pm.

Day 2: Left for Upper Travers Hut, visiting the Travers Falls on the way (well worth seeing). The day was shorter but steeper; and taking our time, we got to the hut for lunch. The view down the valley was spectacular, and the afternoon was spent exploring the upper valley slopes, reading, *, — and C.J. had a nap.

Day 3: The next morning three parties left early to go over the Travers Saddle. It took just over an hour to climb up, less time than we had expected. Then down, down, down! The steep descent on scree was hard on the knees.

We could see the Franklin Ranges and Mt Franklin clearly. Following the East branch of the Sabine, we reached West Sabine Hut in the late afternoon, spending the night under the fly, due to overcrowded huts.

Day 4: Possums demolished about 6 of M's tararua biscuits overnight, and also any ideas of leaving a food dump hidden in the bush.

After the usual fight over Andy's 'sombbrero', we left for Blue Lake Hut, taking three days' food with us. After encountering patches of old avalanche snow, we arrived at the hut about four hours later, in time to be served with pikelets by Renske and Penny.

Of course a swim in Blue Lake was compulsory, and Tony leapt in first, turned bright red in the face, attempted to scabble out the other side, didn't succeed and had to swim back again. All of us were then forced by our leader into the icy water — C.J. piked though, sat on a rock, watched and wondered.

Day 5: Was scheduled a rest day. Intentions of going up Mt Franklin were abandoned, as there was a fair bit of snow, and we hadn't brought ice-axes.

So we all went up to Lake Constance, and admired the lovely lake — a mirror-like, characteristic grey colour. F.J., Tony, Andy and Margaret decided to circumnavigate the lake — the route is vague and badly marked, and involved some 'interesting' rock climbing, spurred on by the thought of the freezing water underneath.

We arrived back in time for a late lunch, and ate pikelets and raspberry jam all afternoon. Tony, Andy and Sue spent an enjoyable afternoon and evening arguing with C.J. about Lardo figurines, plastic sandals and the balance of payments.

Day 6: Back down to West Sabine Hut, a quick and easy half day. The heat was so intense that it drove us to return to the relative coolness of our bunks. We had the hut to ourselves, and spent the afternoon swimming and *. And C.J. washed his socks!

Day 7: Down the Sabine to Lake Rotoroa and Sabine Hut, all except Margaret, who managed to miss the Sabine Hut sign, and continued on the D'Urville Hut, eventually meeting some people coming in the other direction, who redirected her.

Tony, Andy and F.J. dumped packs and ran back up the track to a deep pool by the bridge, while the others swam in warm and weedy Lake Rotoroa, which even managed to entice C.J. in; and *.

The hut was sandfly infested, hot and crowded, so we took our mattresses and slept on the jetty.

Day 8: The sandflies were chronic, and we dressed in full storm gear and balaclavas to eat breakfast and drink a protein-filled mixture of coffee and sandflies.

The sign pointing up Mt Cedric was rather daunting (set at a 45° angle), and taking water with us we set off, taking between 1½ and 3½ hours to get to the top. In the clearings in the bush we could see Lake Rotoroa below, then we emerged onto tussock, and then scree. We had a long rest on top, ranging from 2 hours for Tony, who was there first, to about 30 seconds for C.J., who powered on. Sue managed to leave a pair of socks on top — in lieu of a cairn?

We reached Angelus Hut in mid-afternoon, in its beautiful setting by the lake, with large patches of snow among the rocks. We had a swim, and *, before being joined by several other

groups, including a party of schoolgirls, who giggled incessantly. We saw some keas that night for the first time on the trip.

Day 9: We got up in time to see a beautiful sunrise, then scrambled our way up to Robert Ridge. It was a long, hot haul, tricky at times on the loose scree and rock. Later the heat got too much for M., who'd lost her hat, so she made herself a shady bonnet out of the map and some sticking plaster.

We stopped by the ski basin for lunch, and then began the trudge down Mt Robert to the road. It was steep, and the motor camp looked a long way away. M. and Sue exerted their charm, and got a ride to the store, where the others appeared some time later, somewhat disgruntled. After eating and drinking everything in sight (almost), F.J. hitched into Nelson, and the rest of us went to the Lake Rotoiti motor camp for the night. The day-trippers gave us some funny looks over their picnic teas as we plunged into the lake with our soap, and *!

* = Did some washing. M.L. and S.H. and a 'second generation' account by Graeme Aimer, from *Footprints* 1981 — on a 'private' trip — excursions to Evans and Arrowsmith are not yet standard fare for all comers.

East to West: Rangitata to the Waitaha
Flying to the South Island is definitely the way to go. Geoff and I flew down on Boxing Day, meeting Peter and Sue in Christchurch. An NZR bus to Ashburton and from there a pre-arranged taxi had us at Erewhon Station that same evening, with the huge Christmas feasts of the day before still struggling through the digestive processes. So I found it all rather hard to comprehend, going to sleep again to the sounds of a big river and gazing up at the shadowy seven and eight thousand foot surrounds, which just the evening before had been but exciting dreams.

Our route for the next twelve days was as follows: from Erewhon Station at the junction of the Rangitata and Clyde, up the Lawrence River, from where Geoff, Peter and I climbed Mt Arrowsmith. Then over Butler Saddle to the Rakaia, up the Ramsay Glacier and over Erewhon Col to the Bracken Snowfield; down the Evans River and then up the Smyth Range (in the headwaters of the Wanganui) and across the Smyth Range to the County Stream. From here Geoff and I climbed Mt Evans via a County Glacier — Red Lion Col route. The trip continued down the Waitaha River to come out on the West Coast at the tiny outpost of Pukekura, notable only for its Lake Ianthe Tavern.

As with all trips, it had its share of moments to be remembered for better or worse: like that scary feeling of pulling up and around large and incredibly loose blocks of rock encountered near the top of Arrowsmith. As Geoff said, we were all 'fart scared'. Then there was the cold, uncomfortable, spooky night spent on the Ramsay Glacier, trying to sleep while tenting over the top of a slot, and listening to the rattle of rocks pouring off the Ramsay face of Mt Whitcombe — and yet all the time quite enjoying it.

Probably our biggest disappointment of the trip was missing out on seeing the Bracken Snowfield. Instead, we passed through it in a thick, swirling, white murk, with the guidance of some well-practised orienteering skills.

The Smyth River caused a few problems. Some five hours, a single wire bridge and one map-square of seemingly vertical river boulders and thick wet alpine scrub later, the previous night's hut was still annoyingly close for the amount of effort we had expended.

During the later stages of the trip, a nasty little bacterium appeared on the scene, which catalysed varying degrees of bowel activity amongst the male members. Sue, by good fortune, managed to miss out on this affliction, something that I was envious of as I made my nth trip out into a wet night.

While negotiating a large slip in the Waitaha gorge, we temporarily misplaced Sue. This caused a few panic-button-pushing actions, as Geoff and I spent some time searching the area. But all ended happily as we were successfully re-united to reveal a few embarrassing misunderstandings.

Thus, after twelve days we had traversed from Erewhon to

nowhere — though perhaps the Lake Ianthe Tavern does deserve credit for its quite rustic appearance and especially the grilled sausages, bread and tea that were served up by southern generosity and rapidly gulped down by northern greed.

The party: Graeme Aimer, Peter Bawden, Sue Ensor, Geoff Mead.

Not everyone who wrote for *Footprints* expressed themselves in prose. Graham Allely in Vol. 27 (1971):

May the Rakaia set you on Fire
In the night
I find myself lost
Lost in the hotbreathing stones
Found where the icewater runs
Seething a way to the coast.

The evening we came to the flats
The sun slanted down through the haze
As we crossed the shingle
To where the grey-green liquid danced.
From above near the pass
We had seen the main skein
Wriggling in the valley floor;
How our knees brown in the sun
Rapidly numbed in the torrent.
The peaks all down the Rakaia
Went yellow and red sinking sunflush
The purple gloom that gathered
All over the valley floor
Was soon dispelled by the moon
Which rose over Totara Peak
And turned the Rakaia quicksilver.

All night the grey waters swished
Or roared in the shallower channels
And the silver rocks turned cold
Still in the sand and shingle
Still as the silver scree and scrub
Still to the tops of the peaks
Still the Rakaia moved.

We conclude with some pieces that look forward and look back:

Thoughts for Lost Soles
In this the year of our Jubilee
We're remembering how things used to be,
When we tramped the hills
Without a care,
We'd only one chin then,
And a lot more hair.

All of us students
Looking ahead,
Tramping to goals —
to trails — wherever they led,
Fashioning a future
with stars in our eyes,
The packs were no bother,
Just those wretched sand flies!

We knew the exultation
of the spirit on wings,
The challenge of mountains,
A heart when it sings

It gave us some quiet
from the harsh cities' roar,
And it made us so fit,
That we came back for more

Friends, lovers, we were
bound in a way,
Some of the young,
don't experience today

There was Rod, Brian, Marin and Stewart
(to name but a few)

They toiled and sweated
to build 'Onuku'
They put in the wiring
and even a loo

But some are not with us,
They just went ahead,
Tramped over that far pass
Where all packs are shed.
Did they simply tramp on
and leave us for dead.

There will always be trampers,
Both young and old,
Slogging it out in the heat
and the cold
Loving each moment as they trudge along,
Of the swift flowing stream,
The Tui's far song

The peace of the bush
The silence so deep
The city they've lost
and the solitude keep

And their spirits rise up
Like the dawn breaking through
All is swept clean
And the world seems like new.

Sheila Treseder (née Smith)

The year 1984 is now only two years away. This article from *Footprints* Vol. 8, 1951, looks forward. (We suspect that the author's initials have been transposed):

'1984'

The following is an article appearing in a 1984 issue of *Footprints*. It is written by Mr Ben Gibbon Rogers who has been associated with Tramping for a considerable time. He tells of the progress made in tramping in the Waitakeres and of the progress of A.U.C.T.C. made during the last 50 years.)

When I first began tramping in the Waitakeres conditions were very primitive. There were merely huts for trampers with no water supply or electricity. The tracks were in a frightful condition, it being next to impossible to keep from getting mud on oneself. In the early days there were only two bus services, one to Piha and one to Huia. Of course then, one had to walk from the Anawhata Road to Ongaruanuku. We have certainly come a long way since then.

During the 50s, people began to protest against these archaic conditions. In 1951, a bridge was put across the Gap at Karekare so that people could get across at any time without getting their feet wet. There were a few trampers who actually protested about this bridge — they talked about this and that and adventurous spirit — but they could not prevent progress. Also in 1951, I initiated a thorough and overall discing and sign-posting of all tracks so that eventually there was no chance of anyone losing his way. Again, there were protests from a certain lot of trampers. Towards the end of the 50s, roads were being put through in many places. By 1960 there was a good road connecting Anawhata and Bethel's through Long Drive and Ridge Road and one from West Coast Road over Nugget's Lookout and round Mt Donald McLean to Huia.

During the 60s the Coast Road linking Whatipu and Muriwai was completed so that people could make a round tour of the Waitakeres. A certain section of trampers opposed the making of this road. They said it would mar the isolated nature of certain parts of the coast so that these spots would lose their natural attractiveness. What a stupid argument to put forward to halt progress!

By the end of the 60s there were tracks running everywhere in the Waitakeres so that anyone attempting the old time bush crashing could not go many yards without striking a track. Wherever you wanted to go there was a track leading you right to your destination. Also, all the streams had good tracks run-

ning along their banks. At this time there were strong protests from a certain section of trampers who said that they wanted to be able to try new routes in the bush instead of having to follow tracks everywhere. They said something about 'initiative'. But what a ridiculous argument and naturally they didn't have a hope of halting progress. It was then that a certain rough group of trampers left A.U.C.T.C. The club was much better without them.

It was during the 70s that Tramping Clubs gave up their huts in preference to lodges. This change was begun by A.U.C.T.C., their hut being at this time so borer ridden that they decided to build another — an 80-bunk lodge. There was electricity and water supply throughout the Waitakeres by this time so that these were laid out to the lodge. Conditions were much more satisfactory now, particularly as there was a regular bus service past the door of Onuku. Tramping was now extremely popular and all kinds of people came out to these lodges for one reason or another. About this time there was a split in A.U.C.T.C. when an unimportant group left the club and formed a mountain club. Naturally they received very little support from the Students' Assn. They tried to organize rough tramps to the Thames area (which they claimed was the only handy tramping area left) but found it difficult to get there on account of time and finance. There is now only a very small portion of the group left.

At present, in the 80s, at all the important track junctions there are being built refreshment rooms which supply large quantities of hot cocoa and orange juice. Thus one is able to stroll along a path for about half an hour and then rest and have refreshments. I am hoping to have the name of A.U.C. Tramping Club changed before very long to A.U.C. Country Club. This new name would be more in keeping with the present aims of the club. At present a start is being made in the clearing of all undergrowth and it is hoped that this task will be completed with the turn of the century. The Waitakeres will be a beautiful park with trees and grass and metalled paths throughout. I only hope I live to see this dream fulfilled.

Recollections of an Ageing Craftsman on the Preparation of Leather-soled Tramping Boots

The members of the Guild of Hobnailers and Clinkers are middle-aged or older nowadays, and the Guild has long since ceased to recruit apprentices to its ranks. For the preparation of leather-soled boots so that they could withstand the rigours of snow, rock, stream-bed and bush is a dying craft. And a craft it truly was; it demanded skill, there was an empathy with the finished product and there was artistry, too, in the varied patterns of clinkers, hobs and tricounis on the sole of the boot. Each craftsman and craftswoman developed his or her own special pattern. It is even said that serious members of the Guild could foretell with great accuracy who was already at O'nuku, by examining the boot imprints in the mud on Long Drive.

I said craftsman and craftswoman. But, really, the Guild's membership was overwhelmingly male. For clinking and nailing boots required considerable strength of hand and arm. Besides, for a trampler to offer to nail a lady's boots was as clear a signal of social interest as an invitation to accompany him to the Golden Dragon on a Friday evening. Cynics used to say, on the other hand, that the ladies in the Club were conspicuously more sociable about the time of the year when new boots were being prepared for the South Island summer season.

How was the craft conducted? First you bought your hardware — a couple of dozen clinkers and the same amount of triple hobs and, according to taste, some instep tricounis. Then you assembled your equipment:



tucked it under the ear-like flaps on the head of the clinker, hammering them flat against the edge of the sole (second blood blister). The result usually looked good and some of your craftsman's pride deadened the pain of damaged fingers. But the wiggle in the clinker was ominous. With every future step that clinker would be working its way free until, jubilantly, it could tear itself from the sole . . . (see above). You repeated this process another twenty-three or so times. Alternatively, after careful reflection, you concluded that fewer clinkers and more triple hobs was the optimal solution, and economic too, for the surplus clinkers would do for next year.

Once the clinkers were in position, you could gratefully start on the triple hobs. Your artistic flair could really come into play here, composing new patterns across the sole. And it was a simple process too, just one or two clean blows of the hammer. But wait. Your first clean blow has tilted the hob to one side, driving one leg deeply into the leather while the other two have barely pricked the surface. Then your second clean blow, aimed to correct the skew, drives the first leg deeper and plays the other two across the surface of the boot. You extract the hob, like a dentist pulling a molar, and devise a new pattern and a new strategy. Next time you steady the hob between thumb and forefinger while tapping it into position. Success — though you have burst the blood-blister on your finger and given yourself another on the thumb. When this process has been repeated twenty or so times the job is done. The new boots are ready for use, half again as heavy as when you bought them, their shiny uppers pitted and scarred, their soles punctured and torn. Moreover, they have not appreciated the craftsman's artistry and skills. They will have their revenge, soon adding the sting of blisters to the throb of damaged hands.

As an old Guild member, I look back with nostalgia to the activities of a dying craft, while giving thanks to the inventor of the Commando sole.

Peter Aimer

Kathleen Kelly (née Olds) wrote this for the 1957 Jubilee Magazine. How better to conclude a Jubilee History?

Song of the Old-time Trumper

Where are the trampers of yester year?

Where, oh where would you think?

Gone from the meadows and gone from the crags

Travelling to work in worn flannel bags,

Drooping at home o'er the sink.

Oh, the years are many the years are long,

And we're not what we used to be.

And some are wealthy, and some are not,

And some are famous, I hear.

But most of us plod in the middle way,

In gentle obscurity end our day,

Fading a bit each year.

But still, on days when the sun shines clear,

On nights when the moon hangs low,

We think of the hills and the camp-fires bright,

The friendly faces and shared delight,

And we dream of long ago.

Oh, the years are many, the years are long,

And we're not what we used to be!

CLUB OFFICERS

Even a list of Club officers provides a window on Club life. In its early years the Club had no 'base' of former members to draw on for Vice-Presidents; there were only two, usually members of staff. In fact, Professor Worley (Chemistry), Dr Brown (Physics), Dr Bullen (Maths) circulated around between the offices of President and Vice-President during the 1930s. With the Club on a firm footing, the number of Vice-Presidents was increased in 1946 to ten — five to be voting, on the committee, and five non-voting. This number continued through the 50s and 60s. Vice-Presidents were chiefly recent committee members, but the office also allowed the Club to honour or thank others, such as Ranger Don Stirling, for their services to the Club. The break with tradition around 1970 was reflected in a reduction of the number of Vice-Presidents to six, and these were entirely recent Club members.

The portfolios on the committee have changed over the years, too. In 1945 they were: Vice-Captain and Chairman of the Huts Committee, Alpine, Supplies, Entertainment, Publicity and Records, Advertising, and Trips. In 1954 they were Hut Officer, Gear, Publicity, *Footprints* Editor, and Business Manager, and they have changed very little since then. The 1981 portfolios were Trips, Business Manager, Publications, Advertising, Hut and Gear. Only one committee position has come and — presumably — gone for ever — the 'Ardmore representative' of the Engineering students housed there from 1948 to 1968. Michael Hayman was the first and Tony Kerr the last of the line.

CLUB OFFICERS

	1932	1933	1934
<i>President</i>	Prof. F. P. Worley	Dr Dennis Brown	Graham Bell
<i>Club Captain</i>	Lyndon Lucena	Stuart MacDiarmid	Max Vautier
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	Stuart MacDiarmid	Eric Goodwin	Stuart Read
<i>Committee</i>	Edomé King-Mason Jock Graham Eric Goodwin Jim Ricketts	Brigid Cahill Kath Moran Max Vautier Charles Shaw	Brigid Cahill Ruth Mason Desmond Williams Joseph Finkelstein
<i>Vice-Presidents</i>	Prof. R. M. Algie Dr Dennis Brown	Lyndon Lucena Graham Bell	Prof. F. P. Worley Dr Keith Bullen
	1935	1936	1937
<i>President</i>	Dr Keith Bullen	No committee formed	Dr Keith Bullen
<i>Club Captain</i>	Desmond Williams		Basil Monckton
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	Stuart Read		Charles Wrigley
<i>Committee</i>	Miss Coup Natalie McLeod Eric Goodwin Max Vautier		Marie Best Jack Dempsey Charles Fleming Cecil Segedin
<i>Vice-Presidents</i>	Prof. F. P. Worley Dr Dennis Brown		Mr W. T. G. Airey Prof. R. M. Algie
	1938	1939	1940
<i>President</i>	Cecil Segedin	Prof. F. P. Worley	No committee formed
<i>Club Captain</i>	Basil Monckton	Mac Stanton	
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	Jack Dempsey	Dennis Gully	
<i>Committee</i>	Joyce Bell Dennis Gully Geoff Hole Mac Stanton Charles Wrigley	Heather Dunning Charles Vincent Mr Daniels Ken George Moray Wilson	
<i>Vice-Presidents</i>	Dr Keith Bullen Miss A. E. Lorimer	Cecil Segedin Mr Waters	

1941
President Cecil Segedin
Club Captain Morrison Cassie
Secretary-Treasurer Bev Williamson
Committee Dorothy Seaman
 Jean Livingston
 Mary Tewsley
 Cyril Belshaw
 Bruce Lethbridge

Vice-Presidents
 Prof. F. P. Worley
 Mr H. R. Rodwell

1944
President Cecil Segedin
Club Captain Peter Hutchinson
Secretary-Treasurer Sue Perl
Committee Betty Burbidge
 Derek Clarke
 Bob Cawley
 John Gummer
 Graham Holland

Vice-Presidents
 Dr L. H. Briggs
 Campbell Reid
 Allan Odell
 Tony Druce
 Marin Segedin

1947
President John Burns
Club Captain David Hooton
Secretary-Treasurer Ron King
Secretary
Treasurer
Committee Colin Putt
 Margaret Hutchinson
 Miriam Rodewald
 James Small
 Bernard Bowden

Vice-Presidents
 Jim Rose
 Arthur Mead
 L. H. Cummings
 Dr L. H. Briggs
 Allan Odell
 Morrison Cassie
 Peter Hutchinson
 Marin Segedin
 Graham Holland
 Stu Masters

1942
 Cecil Segedin
 Campbell Reid
 Pat Thomas
 Pam Key-Jones
 Ann Burbidge
 Marin Segedin
 Alan Horsman
 Norman Page
 Mr H. R. Rodwell
 Dr L. H. Briggs

1945
 Cecil Segedin
 John Burns
 Graham Noonan
 Phil Allingham
 Neil Theilman
 Rod Williamson
 Judy Pharo
 Aileen Stanton
 Dr L. H. Briggs
 Derek Clarke
 Allan Odell
 Norm Rumsey
 Peter Hutchinson

1948
 Gordon Hookings
 Marin Segedin
 Sainsbury Strack
 Dick Anson
 Shirley Ann Rose
 Marie Crum
 Ron Bennett
 Alan Goodyear

Prof. L. H. Briggs
 Jim Rose
 L. H. Cumming
 Arthur Mead
 Bruce Morton
 Allan Odell
 Bob Cawley
 Stu Masters
 Bruce Morton
 Cecil Segedin
 Aileen Odell

1943
 Cecil Segedin
 Campbell Reid
 Ann Burbidge
 Margaret Hoodless
 Sue Perl
 Aileen Stanton
 Graham Millar
 Marin Segedin
 Pat Thomas
 Dr L. H. Briggs
 Prof. J. A. Bartrum
 Alan Horsman
 Allan Odell

1946
 Graham Millar
 Graham Holland
 Rod Williamson
 Aison Gladding
 Audrey Innis
 Rod Draffin
 David Hooton
 Bruce Morton
 Dr L. H. Briggs
 Allan Odell
 Jim Rose
 L. H. Cumming
 John Burns
 Ted Harvey
 Marin Segedin
 Norm Rumsey
 Morrison Cassie
 Peter Hutchinson

1949
 Marin Segedin
 David Grace
 Shirley Ann Rose
 Dick Anson
 Katharine Thompson
 Bernice Rodewald
 Athol Crosby
 Don MacLean
 Sainsbury Strack
 Arthur Mead
 Jim Rose
 L. H. Cumming
 Bruce Morton
 Stu Masters
 John Gummer
 Allan Odell
 Gordon Hookings
 Bob Cawley
 Aileen Odell

1950
President Marin Segedin
Club Captain Marie Crum
Secretary Don MacLean
Treasurer Dick Anson
Committee Rosalie Goodyear
 Louise Rose
 Don Aimer
 Russell Aitken
 Athol Crosby
 Michael Hayman
 Ron Bennett
 David Grace
 Gordon Hookings
 John Leonard
 Arthur Mead
 Allan Odell
 Jim Rose
 Aileen Odell
 Shirley Anne Rose
 Katharine Thomson

1953
President Marin Segedin
Club Captain Nick Barfoot
Secretary Rob Leatham
Treasurer Murray Webster
Committee Eva Conway
 Susan Waters
 Duncan Dow
 Dick Walcott
 Govan Wilson
 Mark Barber
 Marie Dow
 Rosalie Goodyear
 Don Aimer
 Ron Bennett
 Arthur Mead
 Ivan Pickens
 Jim Rose
 Cecil Segedin
 Allan Odell
 Don Stirling

1956
President Jack Rattenbury
Club Captain Garth Barfoot
Secretary Bobby Longworth
Treasurer Justine Cox
Committee Helen Lyons
 Linda Scholes
 Brian Binning
 Murray Thompson
 Lochie Wilson
 John Miller
 Nancy Jenkinson
 Rae Musty
 Peter Aimer
 Brian Davis
 Struan Ensor
 Allan Odell
 Ivan Pickens
 Cecil Segedin
 Marin Segedin
 Don Stirling

1951
 Marin Segedin
 Don Aimer
 Rosalie Goodyear
 Murray Webster
 Margaret O'Connor
 Robin Armstrong
 Russell Aitken
 Ivan Pickens
 John Rockell
 Michael Hayman
 Aileen Odell
 Marie Crum
 David Grace
 Alan Goodyear
 John Leonard
 Stu Masters
 Arthur Mead
 Allan Odell
 Jim Rose
 John Weadon

1954
 Marin Segedin
 Dick Walcott
 Peter Aimer
 Murray Webster
 Nancy Jenkinson
 Rae Musty
 Brian Davis
 Struan Ensor
 Neil Small
 David Chandler
 Rosalie Goodyear
 Ron Bennett
 Nick Barfoot
 Duncan Dow
 Ivan Pickens
 Jim Rose
 Jack Rattenbury
 Don Stirling
 Peter Taylor
 Marie Dow

1957
 Brian Davis
 Murray Thompson
 Linda Scholes
 Brian McKeon
 Lochie Wilson
 Roberta Hulek
 Dorothy Jenkinson
 Janice Townsend
 Chris Nobbs
 Colin Regan
 John Miller
 Helen Clarke
 Nancy Pickens
 Bobby Longworth
 Peter Aimer
 Garth Barfoot
 Marin Segedin
 Don Stirling
 Jack Rattenbury
 Murray Thompson
 Ivan Pickens

1952
 Marin Segedin
 Rosalie Goodyear
 John Rockell
 Murray Webster
 Margaret O'Connor
 Susan Waters
 Duncan Dow
 Kingi Sihoe
 Dick Ward
 Nick Barfoot
 Aileen Odell
 Marie Crum
 Don Aimer
 Ron Bennett
 John Leonard
 Arthur Mead
 Allan Odell
 Jim Rose
 Cecil Segedin
 Don Stirling

1955
 Jack Rattenbury
 Peter Aimer
 Dorothy Ehrlich
 Justine Cox
 Elaine Jacka
 Helen Lyons
 Garth Barfoot
 Brian Davis
 Struan Ensor
 David Chandler
 Rosalie Goodyear
 Rae Musty
 Mark Barber
 Nick Barfoot
 Ron Bennett
 Ivan Pickens
 Jim Rose
 Marin Segedin
 Don Stirling
 Dick Walcott

1958
 Murray Thompson
 Chris Nobbs
 Pat Sinclair
 Lochie Wilson
 Megan Edwards
 Gennis Simmonds
 Tony Nelson
 Ron Paterson
 David Skinner
 Ross Barnes
 Helen Clarke
 Nancy Pickens
 Linda Scholes
 Peter Aimer
 Garth Barfoot
 Jack Byers
 Don Stirling
 Brian McKeon
 Ivan Pickens
 Brian Davis

1959
President Murray Thompson
Club Captain David Skinner
Secretary Phil Matthews
Treasurer David Bell
Committee Bob Gale
 Brian Halliday
 Peter Lennon
 Robin Bland
 Gennis Simmonds
 John Miller

Vice-Presidents
 Chris Nobbs
 Jack Byers
 Don Stirling
 Marin Segedin
 Lochie Wilson
 Govan Wilson
 Struan Ensor
 Tony Nelson
 Megan Edwards
 Ron Paterson

1962
President Brian Davis
Club Captain Boyd Miller
Secretary Dave Smyth
Treasurer Hugh Barr
Committee Bruce Jenkinson
 Dave Haddock
 Donna Chetwynd
 Marion Thompson
 Lorraine Gibson
 John Gregory

Vice-Presidents
 George Carr
 Jack Butts
 Jenny Wayte
 Meg Sheffield
 John Hardie
 John Utting
 Murray Thompson
 Don Stirling
 Don Nield
 Ivan Pickens

1965
President Brian Davis
Club Captain Jim Frater
Secretary Elizabeth Gray
Treasurer Ross Medland
Committee Diane Dallison
 Maureen Rawson
 Garrett Fitzgerald
 Tony Parlane
 John Prebble
 Dave Roberts
 Noel Chandler

Vice-Presidents
 Claire Gregory
 Diane Vazey
 Dave Aston
 Jack Butts
 George Carr
 David Gauld
 Rod Mckenzie
 Boyd Miller
 Dave Smyth
 Don Stirling

1960
 Murray Thompsn
 Phil Matthews
 Warwick Brown
 David Bell
 Cherry Benton
 June Meyer
 Meg Sheffield
 George Carr
 John Hardie
 Bob Jones
 Megan Edwards
 Jack Byers
 Don Stirling
 David Skinner
 Chris Nobbs
 Tony Nelson
 Ivan Pickens
 Marin Segedin
 Lochie Wilson
 Govan Wilson

1963
 Brian Davis
 Dave Smyth
 Lorraine Gibson
 Hugh Barr
 Jenny Barr
 Christine Crawford
 Lindsay Wilson
 David Gauld
 John Utting
 Kit O'Halloran
 Jack Butts
 George Carr
 Donna Chetwynd
 John Hardie
 Bruce Jenkinson
 Boyd Miller
 Jim McDonald
 Ivan Pickens
 Don Stirling
 Peter Miller

1966
 Brian Davis
 Dave Roberts
 Maureen Rawson
 David Jones
 Heather Barnes
 Ruth Lyons
 Cathy Smyth
 Mike Frith
 Tony Parlane
 John Pemberton
 Peter Connor
 Elizabeth Gray
 Claire Gregory
 Dave Aston
 Jack Butts
 George Carr
 Richard Chandler
 Jim Frater
 Boyd Miller
 John Prebble
 Dave Smyth

1961
 Murray Thompson
 John Hardie
 Warwick Brown
 Grant Hundleby
 Ruth Baird
 Jenny Waite
 Jack Butts
 John Smith
 Boyd Miller
 Warwick Hill
 June Meyer
 George Carr
 Chris Nobbs
 Tony Nelson
 David Skinner
 Phil Matthews
 David Bell
 Marin Segedin
 Don Stirling
 Jack Byers

1964
 Brian Davis
 David Gauld
 Elizabeth Gray
 Blake Shorthouse
 John Prebble
 Sally Montgomery
 Claire Gregory
 Dave Aston
 Jim Frater
 Peter Connor
 Lorraine Gibson
 Dave Smyth
 George Carr
 Don Stirling
 Boyd Miller
 Carol Johnston
 Eddy West
 John Utting
 Hugh Barr
 Jack Butts

1967
 Brian Davis
 Mike Frith
 Cathy Smyth
 Dave Jones
 Graham Langton
 Jenny Myers
 Neil Binnie
 Ruth West
 Andy Haines
 Chris Matthews
 Tony Kerr
 Dave Roberts
 Jim Frater
 Boyd Miller
 Richard Chandler
 Garrett Fitzgerald
 Maureen Rawson
 Claire Gregory
 John Pemberton
 John Prebble
 Jack Butts

1968
President Brian Davis
Club Captain Graham Langton
Secretary Jenny Myers
Treasurer Scott White
Committee Brian Cox
 Claire Butler
 Tony Kerr
 Philippa King
 Alastair Smith
 Derek McKay

Vice-Presidents
 Mike Frith
 Jim Frater
 Andy Haines
 John Pemberton
 Richard Chandler
 Boyd Miller
 Roger Dick
 Cathy Frith
 Dave Jones
 Ruth West

1971
President Gary Bold
Club Captain Graham Allely
Secretary Alison Waters
Treasurer Mark Prebble
Committee Fraser Clarke
 Margot Woodward
 Doug Brasell
 Christine Mairs
 Malcolm Patterson
 David Tapp

Vice-Presidents
 Tony Kerr
 Roscoe Tait
 Mike Anderson
 Janet Foster
 Pete Simpson
 Virginia Spencer

1974
President Gary Bold
Club Captain Alistair Kent
Secretary Jane Harman
Treasurer Kris Longson
Committee Cathy Newhook
 Janet Waters
 Jim Bougher
 Brad Field
 Geoff Patterson
 Marty Sage

Vice-Presidents
 Fraser Clark
 Chris Worth
 Pete Thorby
 Chris Ward
 Roslyn Smith
 Graham McVerry

1969
 Gary Bold
 Tony Kerr
 Claire Butler
 Scott White
 Hilary Dutton
 Peter Gin
 Alan Reid
 Alastair Smith
 Colleen Beaumont
 Brian Cox
 Dave Roberts
 Philippa Gravatt
 Graham Langton
 Jenny Myers
 Boyd Miller
 Jim Frater
 Mike Frith
 John Pemberton
 Andy Haines
 Derek McKay

1972
 David Gauld
 Mark Prebble
 Penny de la Mare
 Roll Horne
 Barry Barton
 Roslyn Smith
 Chris Longson
 Margaret Powell
 Alistair Kent
 David Sidwell
 Janet Foster
 Roscoe Tait
 Jeff Clark
 Malcolm Patterson
 Fraser Clark

1975
 Roll Horne
 Cathy Newhook
 Anne-Marie Ritson
 Chris Worth
 Brian Barlev
 Len Gillman
 Ron Grimes
 Linda Jarvis
 John Maine
 Mary Kensington
 Barry Barton
 Fraser Clark
 Brad Field
 Alistair Kent
 Marty Sage
 Chris Ward

1970
 Gary Bold
 Roscoe Tait
 Virginia Spencer
 John Silvester
 Mark Logan
 Pete Simpson
 Mike Silvester
 Janet Foster
 Mike Anderson
 Alison Waters
 Alastair Smith
 David Gauld
 Brian Cox
 John Pemberton
 Scott White
 Claire Butler
 Derek McKay
 Graham Langton
 Boyd Miller
 Tony Kerr

1973
 David Gauld
 Barry Barton
 Jill Mairs
 Pete Thorby
 Chris Worth
 Chris Ward
 Bob Uhe
 John Cargill
 Roslyn Smith
 Cathy Gilbert
 Roll Horne
 Malcolm Patterson
 Roscoe Tait
 Alistair Kent
 Mark Prebble
 Gary Bold

1976
 Roll Horne
 Brad Field
 Sally Bowden
 Stephen Titter
 Geoff Mead
 Grant Moss-Mason
 Penny Brothers
 Graham Long
 Christine Thomas
 Keren Lilburn
 Jane Harman
 Barry Barton
 Ron Grimes
 Alistair Kent
 Cathy Newhook
 Anne-Marie Ritson

1977
President Brian Davis
Club Captain Penny Brothers
Secretary Lisa Capon
Treasurer Stu Gray
Committee Terry Crippen
Stephen Titter
Adrienne Jacka
Gordon Macdonald
Jane Martin
Anne Sharp

Vice-Presidents Sally Bowden
Christine Thomas
Graham Long
John Caldwell
Geoff Mead
Brad Field

1980
President Peter Aimer

Club Captain David Henwood
Secretary Jane Cutler
Treasurer Raymond Fong
Committee Peter Manning
Adrian Grierson
Paul Edmond
Dianne Crawford
Nick Engleback
Tim Longson
Sue Ensor

Vice-Presidents Grant Caldwell
Jim McLeod
David Tapp
Cameron Smith
Gordon Macdonald

1978
Brian Davis
Stuart Gray
Lisa Capon
Winifred Ennion
Patsy Naylor
Alistair McIvor
Murry Cave
David Mountfort
Alison Mountfort

Barry Hook
Penny Brothers
Terry Crippen
Gordon Macdonald
Jane Martin
Stephen Titter
Christine Thomas

1981
Peter Aimer
John Pemberton
Peter Manning
Peter Eman
Sue Hoyle
Maira Southon
Liz Baker
Hugh Gollan
Mike Stringer
Mark Rattenbury
Tim Longson
Peter Bawden
Chris Peryer
Jim McLeod
Dave Henwood
Dianne Crawford
Nick Powell
Paul Edmond
Graeme Campbell

1979
Peter Aimer
Christine Thomas
Jane Cutler
David Henwood
Jim McLeod
Yvonne Joass
Louise Porteous
Peter Manning
Nick Powell
Graeme Campbell
Lisa Capon
Gordon Macdonald
Winifred Ennion
Patsy Naylor
Beverly Smith
Richard Stocker

1982
John Pemberton

Mark Rattenbury
Maira Southon
Sue Hoyle
Jenny Rattenbury
Sue Clegg
Peter Eman
Tim Longson
Andrew Clark
Hugh Gollan

Dave Henwood
Liz Baker
Peter Manning
Jim McLeod
Adrian Grierson
Peter Bawden

These photographs of AUCTC in 1933 were sent by
Adrienne Gower-Jones
as we went to press.



PUKEMATAKEO



SMYTHE'S RIDGE



A.U.C. FORESTRY SHACK



'POTATO PEELERS'