

# FOOTPRINTS

IN GENIO ET LABORE  
THE JOURNAL

of

A. U. C. TRAMPING CLUB

Volume 5 1/2

# MITCHBILT SHIRTS



FOR  
TRAMPING

LARGE  
RANGE  
OF  
COLOURS

SIZES  
2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

## ALL PURPOSE CAP

FAWN NAVY WHITE  
GABARDINE  
PLASTIC RED TEAL



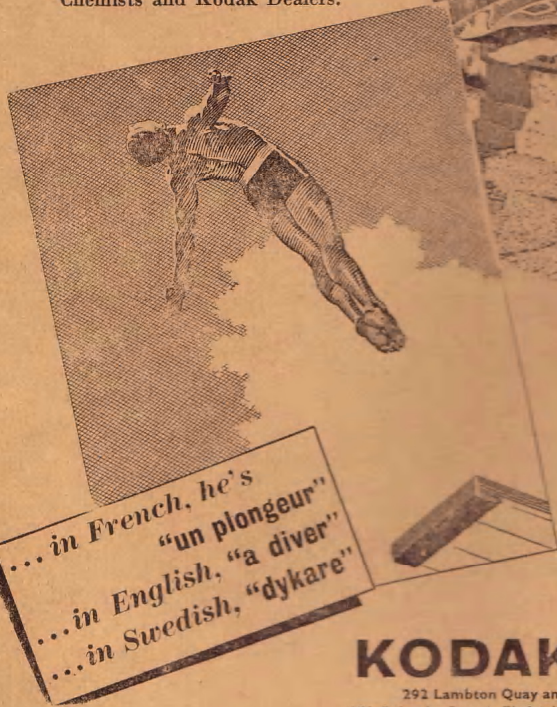
SIZES  $6\frac{5}{8}$   $6\frac{3}{4}$   $6\frac{7}{8}$  7  $7\frac{1}{8}$   $7\frac{1}{4}$

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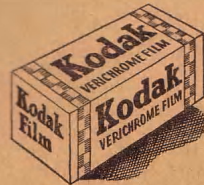
45 CUSTOMS STREET E  
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... in Dutch, she's "een danseres"  
 ... in Spanish, "una danzarina"  
 ... in English, "a dancer"

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... in French, he's "un plongeur"  
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EDITORIAL.Tunes for Trampers.

Singing is a fine institution--it lightens packs, sets heavy boots swinging jauntily and adds a variety to the monotonous functions of the New Zealand Railways. Combined with fresh air, no good food it promotes that spirit of well-being which advertisers would have us believe is to be found only in R.U.R. But we in Tramping Club are victims of a chronic complaint--we are songbound. We need a lyrical laxative to set flowing "the genial current of the soul". "Foo-oo-ood" and the "Old Beer bottle" are blocking the works.

When the mob takes over the last carriage at Swanson or Waitakere they have still enough energy left it seems to raise the roof with song. They have musical ability too--Marin's mellifluous voice and the bell-like tones of Bernie Bowden are but examples. Instruments are but left at home as far as singing is concerned. Puttoko's trumpet and Bill's fife are equally unsuited to accompany anything. Anyway, a voice is easier to carry around. With all this talent one should expect something like those music hall records--song laughter and boisterous jollity. Instead of this someone starts grimly to grind out (usually an octave too low) the woes of the fellow who has been rocking "that innocent baby" for the last comfeyen years. A sure damper to start with, its followed by a round of worm-eaten chestnuts, well frayed like the records at O'nuru, until at last we stagger across Broadway to soak our weary wits and tortured tongues in draughts of ice-cream. What should be a joyous ending to a fine time in the hills has become a mechanical recitation of ditties long since ground out to their barest driest bones by generations of tone deaf trampers. "O come let us be joyful when these chestnuts are done."

What we need is lots of new songs. There are stores of fine old tunes around which are just waiting to be torn rounder. If you know any good ones, then by all means, come out of the chorus line and teach the others. There is no reason why we should not tackle some more difficult or serious tunes. Jingo songs such as the "Yosman of England" are fine stuff, and part-songs and rounds at which we have shied can sound great and be a lot of fun to sing. If you have room in your pack shove in one of those small community song-books--it won't go amiss. We are lively trampers, not barrel organs, and our songs should be lively too. Sir Roger of Kildare and Mabel were married and had grand children years ago. R.I.P..

David Grace..

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 X X
 

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NOTE..

Anyone requiring Govt. Land and Survey Maps should get a chit from Marin. The price will then be reduced by a third.

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 X X
 

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MAY 1948

Once again T.C. spent a week in the Hunuas. The weather as usual was wet but in spite of this everyone had a good time.

This year transport was arranged to take place from Papakura Station out into the tramping country. This meant that we had an extra day for trips and avoided the blisters which inevitably result from walking up the gorge to the Presbyterian Bible Class Camp.

The following are accounts of what happened.

#### BASE CAMP MAY

This year the weekenders were greatly surprised on their arrival at base to find that all those who had spent the previous three days in the ranges had returned alive. I repeat alive.

With 40 odd full timers and about 30 week enders base camp turned out to be a pretty tight spot. Hence various day trips were organised on the Saturday to relieve the congestion and give those who so wished a chance to see the Hunuas.

Front page was created by Allan (hands and feet) Goodyear who battling against terrific odds crashed his way to fame by conquering the now notorious bridge above the falls. The amazing feat, sorry feat - of this sturdy pioneer must surely be unequalled in the history of A.U.T.C.

Dick Anson also took out a party whose trip was round the ridges and as the weather was particularly kind fine views were obtained.

A trip to the Otau Valley was led by Mike Martin-Smith, Gordon Nicholls finding the way and Mike providing a course in fern crashing that would make the most heroic commando loose faith. To those who dispute there being a track, I say well there is now.

On Saturday night various "items" were performed. It is easily seen that Peter Hutch had not wasted his time at base when Kauri trees, mossy banks and lastly Chloe appeared.

Mike Martin-Smith.

#### Allans Party

Allan Goodyear      Ross Howard      Betty Jackson      Brian Hayman  
Kate Thomson      Puttch.

This was my first trip to the Hunuas and I expected to be tramping around open paddocks and rolling hills. The presence of bush clad hills like the Waitakeries but on a larger scale quite surprised me.

We caught a bus from Papakura to the Ness Valley walked up the hill to Sandy Rose's then along Plows Road to that triumph of modern engineering, Hut Put. Our party fitted in very neatly. Hut Putt has only one disadvantage, it is necessary to tramp muddily through the water supply before drinking it.

On Wednesday we went to Kohukohunui to admire the view (mist) and then aquatramped down the East branch of the Mangatawhiri River to Te Hapua. The number and height of the falls on this stream since it drops about 1550 ft. to Te Hapua.

Next day we went over to Mangatangi via the manganese mine and Meads track, then up to Konini - a delightful stream with a pretty little fall and a ticklish gorge - and back to Te Hapua along the Water works track. On all these trips Puttch did a fearful execution with a musical instrument and no-one was surprised when it went missing. Unfortunately Gordon Hookings found it again in some blackberry bushes.

Alans Party (cont.)

Lastly we crossed the Otou Valley,--  
flackjaps (ugh!) for lunch--and Cossays  
Creek (where Alan caught a pig) to  
the base Camp and finished off an  
interesting and enjoyable week.

Brian Hayman.

This is Alan enjoying ? one of  
Puttohs flapjacks.

B. Jackson.

This is one of our party going  
down the Maungatawhiri valley!

DAVE GRACE'S PARTY.

Dave Grace.  
Rae Gribble.  
Marie Crum.  
John Leonard.  
Dick Patterson.  
Les Dudding.

Tuesday noon found three parties--Dave Graces,  
Shirley Annes and Sains--deposited in the Moumaukai valley. Dave proceed  
to R.S.C. and after a bit of house cleaning climbed up to the Mangatangi  
trig.

Next morning after an early start (it wasnt much after eight) we  
climbed part of the way towards Mangatangi and entered the bush along the  
old timber track for  $\frac{1}{2}$  of a mile until the timber got too much for it.

"We crashed down through the bush to a tributary of the Manga tangi  
river, and followed it down to the main stream for three rather solid miles.  
The river was rather high, necessitating frequent detours through the bush  
so that progress was slow particularly in the gorge. After 8 hours aqua-  
tramping we were still in the gorge. It was then quite dark and the  
promised land of Te Ha pua, three miles after the forks, which lay an  
unknown distance further on Dick succeeded in making himself some three  
feet wetter than anyone else by going swimming with his pack. We bedded  
down for the night on a sandbank after a second lunch.

Leave Graces Party (cont.)

feet wetter than anybody else by going swimming with his pack. We bedded down for the night on a sand bank after a second lunch.

On Thursday morning we reached the flats  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour upstream and uneventfully the forks. Up Meads track down the ridges to the railway track where we met Alan Goodyear and party day tripping with one slash and one trumpet.

Arriving at Te Hapua about 11 we set about making up the leeway in our eating. So we were reluctant to leave Te Hapua especially as very heavy rain had set in, so we abandoned the idea of an all out dash up Kohukohunui and thence to Shepherds hut.

We pulled out fairly late and made for Sandy Roses.

Sains Strack was encountered heading in the same direction. We spent a most enjoyable evening which Marin and Sains experienced to the full.

Friday, a brief jaunt to inspect Hutt Putt and then round the Ridges.

An Anonymous Anomolous Nonentity.

#### HARRY LOCKER'S PARTY.

Harry Locker,  
Beverly Rudd.

Cynthia Green.  
Bill Easton.

Roger Greenhough.

The party left Hutt Putt on the Tuesday afternoon. Putton gave us a good start off, carrying some of our heavy gear up to Trig. 21 and returned to his party with grave doubts as to whether we'd make Shepherds Hut that night.

Nine thirty found us plunging down a narrow bush clad gully through pouring rain and with only one torch working, trying to follow a narrow stream with the hopes that it was a tributary of the main stream flowing past S.H. Finally we extricated ourselves from the gully, and clambered up the side of a hill in the 1000 Acre Clearing. Here out of the wind Bill and Roger got a fire going--an extremely noble effort considering the adverse conditions--and a meal was prepared. Harry scouted round, coming back a little later with the glad news that S.H. wasn't far away. Setting off again, reinforced by food we reached the hut 3 hour later.

Next day we aquatrapped the Mangatangi getting tangled up in the "Punga flats" at the bends. Five hours later we reached the forks. Then up past the Mango mines to reach Te Hapua at dusk.

R.S.C. was reached at 1.30 next afternoon after frequent "little something stops". The dinner that night was unparalleled, Cynthia being kept well away from its preparation due to previous experience.

On the Friday morning we left by the track at the back of R.S.C. and after an hour of bush crashing we found the road and so on to the Ota uValley. From there we climbed up the hill on to the ridges where late in the afternoon we joined Alan Goodyear's party.

Harry Lockers Party. (cont).

to the Otau valley. From there we climbed up the hill on the ridges where, late in the afternoon we joined Alan Goodyears party.

We pushed down Cossies past the dam and arrived at base camp to the sound of Bill Earles rendering of "Ole Black Hoe."

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JOHN BUSINGS PARTY.

John Busing,	Margo Miller.	Bill Earle.	Franklin
Frances Spence.	Gordon Hookings.	Cedric Hoskins.	Hayman.

Three parties tramped up from Ness valley Rd., to Sandy Roses on Tuesday. After lunch and a roaring hailstorm, Harry lockers and Alan Goodyears parties set out and with a roaring and a spluttering Betty Burbridge and Peter Hutchinson came up the hill in Pates car. They tagged on to us making a 9 bod party and we were glad to have them. The shameful fact that Betty had brought a hot water bottle stirred us--however it was rather a chilly night.

On Wednesday we visited that fine example of Puttons architecture--Hutt Putt. Returning a short distance along Plows Rd., we branched off across paddocks to the upper reaches of the Waterfall Stream. We crashed through bush etc. til we were just above the large falls. We came down the rocks with the aid of a large rope. At the last fall, due to a slight mishap it took us one hour to descend 150 ft.! We crashed on from here through bracken and aquatrapped to reach Te Ha pua just after six. We had a somewhat belated lunch at 7 and dinner at 11. That night there were 20 bogs for 16 beds-- bunks.!

On Thursday 7 of us did a day trip. We sped up the Waterworks track to its very end. We lunched by the Konini and then aquatramped to a large fall. From here, by some excellent navigation on the part of John we came out on the Waterworks track not far from Te Ha pua. which we reached in time for dinner.

After Alan and Co. left next morning we cleaned out the hut and left for base at noon. We crashed through bracken into the Otau valley and from there followed the track over into Cossies valley where we examined the dam site and tunnels. We then went a long the new road, slipped down the hillside and across the swollen Wairoa by way of a partially sunken tree to reach base camp at 6.

Cedric Hoskins.

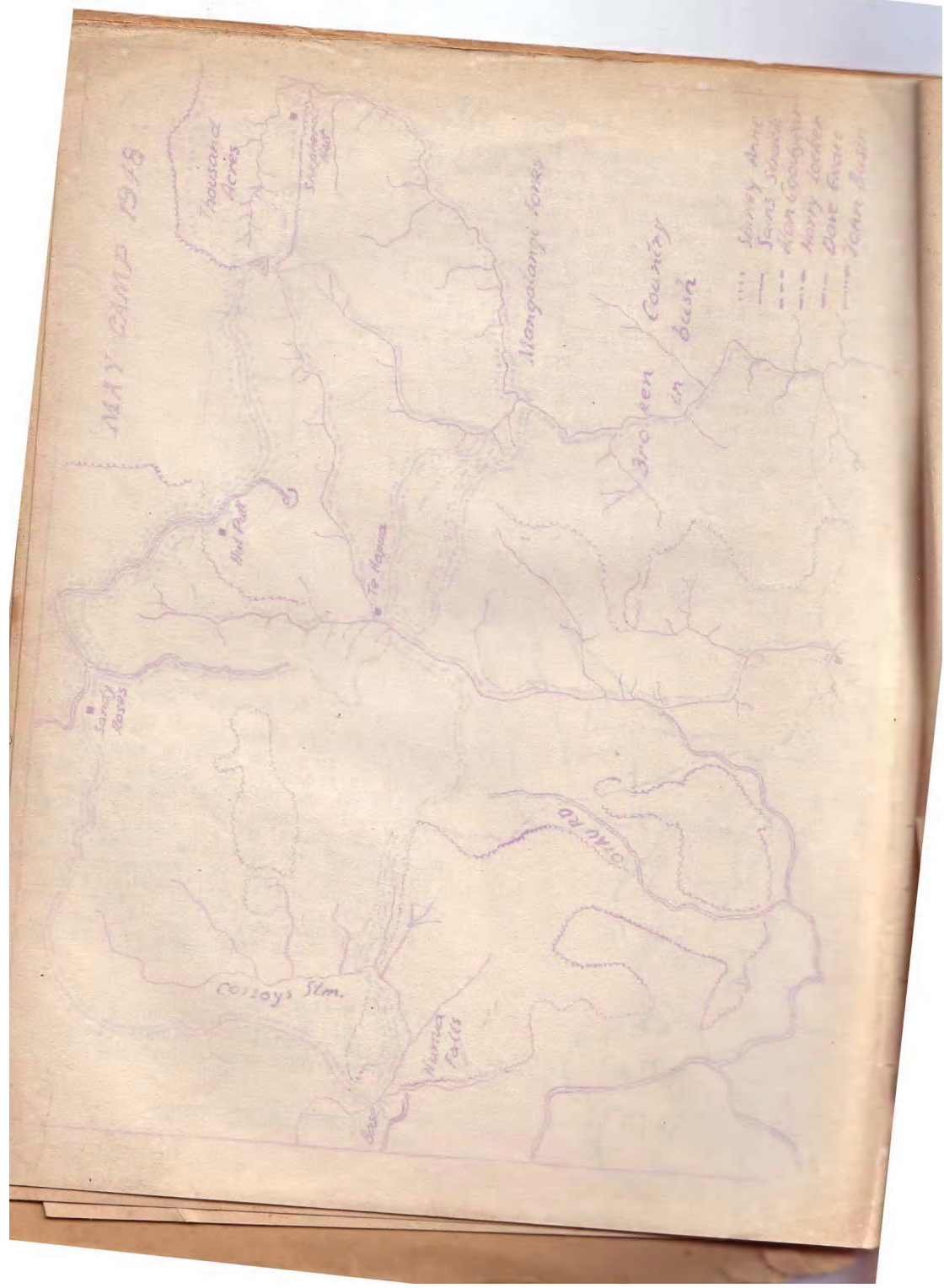
\*\*\*\* circular.  
(Cedric sent in a fine map which we are sorry we cant print. Ed.)

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MAY CAMP 1918



SHIRLEY ANNE'S PARTY.

Shirley Anne Rose. John Ross.  
Austin Thomas. Athol Crosby.  
Jim Cotton. Frances Baker.  
Mike Martin -Smith.



W.D. Grace.

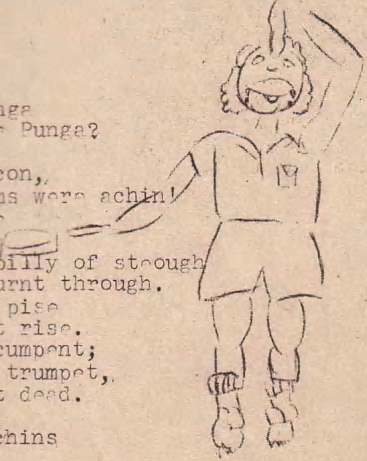
We asked John Ross to write our trip account and he sent in the following poem, which we have read with much satisfaction for its good to know the light of culture still burns among us. The poem, we have found by experiment, is best read aloud while a scotch friend plays a solemn dirge on the bagpipes. This gives it what is known as an atmosphere which is sure to be in keeping with the wild and barbaric Hunuas.

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(The poem is overleaf)

"MEMORIES."

Do you recall how we staved off Hunger  
After a freezing night beneath the Punga?  
Do you recall how, having taken  
Porridge and milk and eggs and bacon,  
We tramped and tramped till our tums were achin'  
At 12o'clock with bread & Marmalade  
The fragile forms enough upstade...  
To last through the hours till the billy of stough  
Bubbled on the fire till the pan burnt through.  
And bods sat round and ate Bil ls\* pise  
Gorged and gorged till we could not rise.  
The floor was strewn with forms recumbent;  
Weird noises caused not by Puttohs trumpet,  
Revealed the fact they were all but dead.  
And I fancy before we went to bed  
We were fairly nourised up to our chins  
With all the appropriate vitamins.  
Though its only a memory, nothing more  
Of the way we kept the wolf from the door.



Cynthia & Frances. \*(Bill Estes)

The bacon "Eater"  
(Who?)

THE POEM.

Peregrinations in the Pungas. or. Adventures of Shirley Annes Party.

We came to TeHapus on the 1<sup>th</sup>. of May  
We were led by Shirley Anne, [To the Mangatangi forks we came at  
We saw the Mangatangi falls that day] noon  
We returned as darkness began. [By way of the Mango mine.  
Then had our lunch, and very soon  
Went on; the gorge is fine.

This was rather a strenuous trip  
15 times we had to cross  
The party was Austin, Francis Baker, Mike, Athol, Jim,  
And John McKenzie Ross..  
We left the bush in the dark that night,  
The grass shone pale by the moon  
The Shepherds hut presently came in sight  
Not one moment too soon..

All the party were tired in the morning  
It was eleven before we'd begun  
Over the hills and ridges we tramped our way  
and landed at trig 81..

We should have slept at San y Roses  
But it was packed quite tight,  
So back we came to plaza del Punga  
and here spent Thursday night.. (I had a dream about Doreen, it was a  
nightmare really)  
Next morning we set out from chateau del Putt  
And westwards paved our way  
At noon we fed at a ruined hut  
Then back to base that day.

This is the sort of trip we like  
And just what we were needing  
A great assistance to us was Mike;  
Shirley Anne excelled in the feeding.

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-EASTER IN THE DART AND REES.

After a hectic capping week a party of twelve managed to catch an early train to Gore on Friday morning. From there we went by bus to Queenstown where we spent the night in the camping ground. The following day we went up by chartered launch, "Muratai", to Glenorchy. The mist cleared up as we approached the head of the lake and about us appeared a breathtakingly beautiful scene. The mountains rose up into a clean washed sky and the lake surface seemed like solid satin. There had been thirteen degrees of frost and everywhere that the sun had not reached there was a thick layer of ice crust looking altogether like snow. It was a marvellous beginning.

We were taken by bus to the Rees bridge where there is a large A.A. sign "Alpine Track" which amused us very much. We had lunch there and then set off over the wide track through the beech trees a long the right ~~XXXX~~ back of the river. It reminded me very much of the Rainbow Valley except that the valley was wider and the mountains were higher, and, of course, there was a greater quantity of snow. The track was like a road as far as Arthur's Creek Hut where some musters gave us tea and questioned us as to football scores in Dunedin. Beyond this the track degenerated into deer tracks but after some skirmishing with bogs we managed to reach "Twenty-Five-Mile Hut" just after dark. This is a moderately comfortable hut with an earth floor, 5 wooden bunks, and a workable fireplace.

On Sunday the weather being somewhat warmer, we set off for Shelter Rock, a large out-jutting rock beneath which 12 bods can lie in reasonable comfort. The track took us across the river three times, nothing over the kness at this time of the year, and up through some lovely beech forest on the left bank. Coming down onto the flat again and crossing a deep stony creek we unfortunately took the wrong gully, and after some tussles with thick scrub we found ourselves several hundred feet above Shelter Rock, and on the wrong ridge. However we reached it before dark and after a good meal life looked good. Food throughout the trip was not elaborate: split peas, dried veg, dried eggs, dried fruit, whole oat porridge, honey, biscuits (some corn and some rusks and some oat wafers) and cheese.

It rained that night and the weather from then on slowly deteriorated. At 11 a.m. on Monday the four climbers who had been making an attempt to climb Mt. Earnslaw caught up with us and the whole party, seventeen in number, including three girls, set off up the valley and over Snowy Saddle. The track crosses the river above Shelter Rock and continues high up the right bank and descends to recross the river at the head of the valley. The saddle was not much trouble, it did not even compare with the crossing of the Paske saddle at Christmas time, and the snow was light and dry. Nothing worried us except the cold. Then after descending to cross an ice cold creek we had to climb what I suppose to be about a thousand feet up the opposite ridge to avoid bluffs. However, we did not climb quite high enough, and did not have much contact with the track for the next few hours. We scrambled along in the dusk, and then through the dark, over stones, through scrub, and finally through Spaniard grass down the ridge onto the flat tongue of land above the junction of Snowy Creek and the Dart. Here we recrossed Snowy Creek by the suspension bridge and tumbled wearily into the Dart Hut. The Dart Hut is considered to be the best hut in the West Otago Alps with the exception of the Mt. Aspiring Hut in the Matukituki. It has a good floor, 8 bunks (16 bods) and a decent fireplace and first aid kit, etc.



CECIL AND THE BULL

Departing by bus to Glenorchy on the fol - (Easter in the Dart (cont.)).  
-lowing day we inspected the Sheelite mines in this district.

The latter part of the trip was, to a certain extent, spoilt by the ether, snow and hail, together with grey skies and freezing cold doing their best to make things unpleasant. Still we had more or less known that bad weather was inevitable and everything was a great success and everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Of course one of the greatest difficulties in tramping in a place like the Dart is the time wasted in getting there. From Dunedin it is two hundred miles and takes two days when you have to rely on public transport.

ANNE CONYNGHAM

ONCE UPON A CLIMB.

Under the Sacred hill Almis the tribe of Cteu had built a temple to their God Gnipmart. Here in the month of April their high priest Licec Nidges, who had wended a weary way from the vale of Sllenteb, was sitting in a silence broken only by the scuttling of the sacred star when he heard a mighty noise from up Almis.

"Tis a bod for some pog" said Licec stoking the fire.

The noise did not abate.

"Anaraka" yelled Licec, this being the traditional word of greeting.

Still the noise continued and wondering greatly Licec went forth to discover Mij, a novice, seated among the Akunam bushes while a large black and white Llub pawed the ground before him.

"Nice Llub" said Licec who mistaking Mij for a Tsinatob a common variation of the Repmart went forward to see ~~xxx~~ what specimen he searched for among the Akunum bushes.

The Llub did not like this, he charged at Licec who went swiftly through the temple gates. The temple gate had no fence, and around it pounded the Llub to pursue Licec to the door of the temple. Safe inside stayed Licec, to venture forth only at night when surrounded by armed henchmen to warn travellers over Almis. You beware should you go there for on Almis there are many Llub and all have mighty Shron.

As for Mij I do not know what became of him.

Dorren Pickens.

MERCER BAY.

The coastline south of Piha presents (as our members are well aware) a type of rugged scenery which is equally as good or perhaps better than the much publicised and photographed Scottish coast.

Mercers Bay lies just below the radar station and is remarkable for the cliffs that plunge downwards for 800 feet on to the small beach. From this beach the northern end of the bay seems to be covered with rocky gorges, gothic arches and deep coves. In one of the last, four of us were recently surprised when a wave suddenly burst around our knees acquainting us forcibly with the existence of another entrance.

By far the most interesting feature of the place is the "Hole". This is no small cavity. It was drilled with a bit some fifty feet in diameter and it goes down vertically for more than 250 feet. Think over those figures again! They are a conservative estimate.

The hole appears to have been caused by two intersecting faults at right angles approximately NNW and WSW. The latter is filled by a dyke which shows a well marked hexagonal prism structure on the edges. A cave leads along the former fault to the sea and as the map shows this is by no means the shortest route to the sea. The bottom of the hole is described by a local farmer who once entered by swimming, as a great basin in which the cave forms a deep plughole.

The final feature of this remarkable hole is the large gendarme on the seaward side. Formed like the rest of the bay of conglomerate it is covered with attractive foot and hand holds but again like the rest of the bay these are easily loosened by blowing on them, and the falls on to the beach on one side and the hole on the other are equally exciting. It has been climbed on at least one occasion, (We know it was climbed by the well known A.S.C. member Alan Bellamy) but most people think the odds too great.

Alan Ocell suggests dividing the hole into floors and using it as flats or else building a hut on the point above and using it as a rubbish tip. "We certainly can't let it go to waste."

A few of our members have already seen this place but those who have not will certainly, when they do, be most staggered!

BERNARD BOWEN.

X X

Enter in the Dart and Rees (cont).  
of the Mt. A spiring Hut in the Mutukituki. It has a good floor and eight bunks (16 beds), a decent fireplace and a first aid kit. etc.

On Tuesday, most of us being exhausted by our efforts and the weather being poor, activities were concentrated on the local glacier and hills. In company with four others I left the hut on Wednesday morning bound for Dredge hut. The track down from the Dart hut to the Dredge hut is through beech forests with glorious bush-framed scenes of snow-peaks and rushing mountain rivers. There are some lovely wide flats on the river. The distance between the huts is about fourteen miles. Dredge hut is a nice two roomed ~~hxxx~~ shack with a backdrop of snowy ridges and a view in front of river flats, beech forests and more mountains.

Thursday saw our arrival in Paradise after a very pleasant trip down the Dart river and before

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### MOUNTAIN PROSPECT.

It is good, sometimes, to read what other people in other countries experience and accomplish in mountain adventure. The Himalayas are a long way from the Waitakeres, but by getting to know of what is being done in the more distant regions of the world, we are able to realise more fully how our weekend tramping and the climbing of a great peak are both part of the same urge.

A comparatively recent addition to mountain literature of, perhaps, particular interest is "Mountain Report" by the New Zealander Scott Russell. In it he describes his early tramping and climbing in the Rees Valley and the Canterbury Alps. Then he goes to England and climbs on British rocks, spends a holiday climbing the Matterhorn, joins an expedition to Jan Mayer Island in the Arctic Circle, and finally accompanies Shipton to the Karakoram Himalayas. There the war found him and brought him eventually through the fall of Singapore to a Japanese prison camp where his book was written.

Scott Russell is one of the few lucky people who are able to combine their professions as botanist with the mountain exploration that they love. It was this that took him to Jan Mayer island with an expedition of university students from the Imperial College, London. Jan Mayer lies within the Arctic Circle and roughly midway between Norway and Greenland. The author tells a very lucid story of the party's exploration on it, and in general he gives an interesting account of what other university students have achieved.

Someday, perhaps, we as club, may find ourselves doing a similar thing!

John Leonard.

### A LETTER TO THE EDITOR..

WAST

Last week for the first time and with an open mind, I joined the University Tramping Club in exploring the Hunua ranges. Despite this unprejudiced attitude to the club, my outraged feelings have left me no course but to write this letter of resignation, the reasons for which your publication will, I trust make known as a warning to others and as a very necessary criticism of the present members.

"Tramping Club" is a grossly misleading name. Stamping, Ramping, or Scrambling Club, would I submit, be a far more accurate one. Last week, I was led (by one who will no doubt thankfully remain anonymous) tramping through the wild wet undergrowth where no sensible person would even think of venturing. For hours I scrambled over rocks and around muddy banks, becoming filthy and sopping. After all this and more, I was required on top of a huge meal, to stamp in abandoned, bucolic revelry. Do the uninitiated realise that the term "tramping" cover such goings on as these?

Cont. Letter to the Editor)

The Only excuse I can see for the name is that the members invariably look like tramps. To ~~xxx~~ one who is by nature fastidious in regard to his appearance, the uncouth spectacle presented by the men, and I regret to say the women of the club is most distasteful. My daily shave (surely a normal habit) was rudely ridiculed as was the umbrella I always carry. The men it appears actually take pride in their stubbly chins, and the women in their muddy knees and dirty faces.

Meal times were a cause of great distress to me. Trampers do not ~~eat~~ they feed. They take a positive delight in it. Such an attitude to ones daily bread is abhorrent to me. On one occasion I witnessed what I cannot describe by any other term than an orgy. I saw normally gentle ladies tear bacon with their teeth, and, licking their fingers with rude grunts of apparent delight gorge themselves with stew. The club captain was himself, I fear, too deep in the immense bowl of stew to remonstrate with them, or indeed to move for several hours.--a sad spectacle indeed. Is this the cream of the nations youth? Or this the result of the new education..

Lastly the songs of the club are an insidious evil influence upon the minds of the young and inexperienced who sing them or on those unfortunate enough to have to share a railway carriage with the tramps. Instead of singing of the beaux and celestial they ring the praises of the base and wordly. I was distressed and shocked to find on enquiry that the baby constantly referred to in one song was in an unfortunate condition not referred to in scrupulous conversation. Do such songs appeal to the finest and best in our youth? What sort of leaders in the new age will arise from such a foundation?

I appeal for a less wild and boisterous spirit in the club, less of the vulgar, rude jollity and rather a restrained, sympathetic, cultured and aesthetic approach to what can be the most uplifting and ennobling of pastimes. Only such an approach can attract those of gentle and refined tastes to your ranks.

Yours sincerely,

Percival K. Botts.

P.S. Correspondence should be addressed to my new club--the Lyceum.

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b  
or  
can  
will  
la

THE SUPERIOR WATERPROOFER.

RECIPE.

1 Quart boiled l inseed oil.  
¼ Pint Gold Size.  
1 Oz. soft soap.  
1½ Pints boiling water.

Dissolve soap in water, add G-Size to boiled oil, then add soap solution to mixed oils and heat in old tin until family driven out of house. At second, more careful attempt heat till creamy--yellowish mixture formed; when this cold apply to material with brush and hang in cool place to dry. (not brush.) May also be applied by hand if person of messy nature.

Use two to three extremely thin coats of proofer, each of which dries in about three days. "The Mixture" may be kept in a tightly sealed vessel but best used soon after concoction.

Above quantity sufficient to proof sleeping bag cover coat, pup tent, and probably even seat of pants if so inclined, so recommend starting with quarter amounts given.

This priceless information divulged of otherwise made known only because present holder more or less sick of answering telephone requests for same. (hint).

Anyway, boiled oil absolutely unprocurable so recommend get wet cheerfully.

Bruce Morton.

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FOOD FOR BRITAIN... FOOD FOR BRITAIN.

Last year the scheme was in operation for 7 weeks of term, 3 weeks of the vacation and faded out during the degree exams. In this comparatively short time 19 food parcels were sent to England (about 15/- each) and Johnny Burns ensured for us that really needy people received them. We have received several very grateful letters.

This year instead of sending small parcels which are a great waste of shipping space, we hope to send food in bulk to the Women's Voluntary Service in England. We have a letter from the W.V.S. which anyone is invited to read and it leaves no room for doubt that food sent to them will be fairly distributed to the most needy people.

Every one in the club will be asked to donate 6d. a week or more if they can afford it. It is purely voluntary and if you really can't afford it you needn't pay of course. But for most of us the sacrifice will be small.

Notice to those who feel harassed by collectors Give a large sum some time when you are flush and we won't pester you any more.



#### O'NIKU WORKING PARTY.

One Friday night before the end of term, the 6.15 train for Waitikeri carried a party of 8 dangerous looking bods swinging slashers etc., to the dismay of all peace loving passengers. Under scudding clouds and light rain we made our way up to the hut via Long Drive where Ron Bennett was waiting with hot cocoa. The older and consequently more feeble members of the party arrived by car.

Saturday turned out to be a perfect day (for ducks), and after breakfast we left armed with coats and weapons for Smythes track. The 3 girls in the party stayed behind to prepare lunch. At a point about half way to Anawhata we split up Marin leading one party towards the coast while the rest of us worked back towards Simla. Five o'clock saw us nearly finished and as everyone felt rather cold and damp, especially Alan Goodyear who didn't have a coat, we made our way wearily back to the hut. A number of dozen bods arrived that night and quite a merry party ensued. On Sunday we collected tons of firewood then leisurely prodded to the station.

Ross Howard.

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#### Trip Map of the Hunuas.

This map was drawn and printed by John Busing.

#### SCRAP BOOK.

Photos, articles, newspaper cuttings etc. of any tramping activities since November 1948 are wanted urgently by Scrap-book. Please help in the matter--long accounts of trips especially acceptable. Hand in to Ioreen Pickens of leave on the rack Womens Common Room labeled "Scrap Book."

#### HUTT PUTT.

The Club would like to thank Mr. Busing for the present of two windows for Hutt Putt.