

OUTDOORS

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The Official Organ of
The Otago Tramping Club, Inc.

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Contributions Invited.

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OUR ORCHESTRA.

The Club's social activities commenced on Wednesday, 15th May, with a flourish of trumpets—well, to be exact, with the cornet, trombone, violin, and piano, which at present constitutes the orchestra. Prospective players are invited to get in touch with Percy Moore at once as “players please” is the slogan until our musical combination reaches full strength. If you once played any instrument come along and we'll teach you all you may have forgotten about it—says Percy.

EXCHANGES.

One advantage of having a regular Club Night each fortnight is that we are able to make available to members the publications which are regularly received from kindred clubs. We thank our friends for these papers, and invite our members to come along early on Club Nights in order to enjoy the interesting articles now available.

PERSONAL.

New members since our last issue are Messrs J. P. Lowery and C. Butterfield. May they have a long and pleasant association with the O.T.C.

It is whispered that the non-dancers at the first Club Night are getting together to repair this deficiency in their education at the earliest possible date. Are you still content to be out of the fun or will we see you along on 12th June and each fortnight thereafter?

We are pleased to note that Mrs G. A. Pearson has found it possible to appear with our Saturday party once again—presumably George was at home minding the infant, who, you will be pleased to know, is now finding a good deal of use for the silver plate and spoon which was presented to her by the O.T.C. Christmas Trip Party for 1932.

We record with pleasure the deletion from the list of members the name of Miss E. M. Hislop and of the insertion in its place of that of Mrs P. L. Moore. To Percy and his bride we extend our hearty congratulations and best wishes for many years good tramping.

Persons having announcements for this column should hand same to the Editor as soon as such announcements are available. (I— J— please note.)

LEISHMAN'S.

Members who are in the habit of “boiling up” at Leishman's should note that on a recent Sunday a Club party was asked to move on by the owner of the land. In view of this perhaps it would be wise to refrain from visiting this locality until the Committee has had time to take the matter up with the owner.

BIGGER, BRIGHTER, AND BETTER SOCIALS.

The Social Committee request the pleasure of the company of our 140??? members and friends at the fortnightly frolics held in Harpor Hall. We want you all, young and old, and are catering for all your particular and perhaps peculiar ideas of whiling away a winter's evening in a pleasant way.

Come and make new friends and keep in touch with the old ones. Talk over again that stirring tale of how you nearly lost your false teeth when the train whistle blew and you were still a few yards from the Waitati station.

Our first social for the season was held on 15th May, when games and dancing constituted the larger part of the programme. The new Club Orchestra entertained us with two items, and we were also treated to an exhibition of the worries of a sextet of “would-be-cleans” endeavouring to gain entrance to what eventually proved to be an empty bathroom. Mr Balk also added greatly to the enjoyment of the evening by reading a most interesting letter from Miss Daisy Mackay.

Of course, we had supper. Rigby's cakes, too!

The following social, held on 29th May, combined education with pleasure when Mr Niven gave an interesting discourse on the local shell families. The rest of the evening was spent playing games, supper, and dancing.

We have been fortunate in securing the services of Mr Jack Roberts, who is a first-rate dance pianist, and can assure all those who exercise the privilege of attending their own evenings that they will have an enjoyable time.

We are now busily engaged in drawing up a programme for the year. Included in our repertoire we hope to have a Fancy Dress night for the budding artists in the Club, a Sports night for the energetic ones, several full nights' dancing (which should prove extremely popular), and a number of other novelty nights, the particulars of which we will keep up our sleeves at present. We hope your interest and curiosity will arise sufficiently to enable you to be present when the disclosures take place.

We wish to have every member's support, so that we can extend our activi-

A THOUGHT.

Some folk don't like to wak over bluebells or buttercups or other flowers growing on the ground. But it is foolish to try to pamper Nature as if she were a sickly child. She is strong and can stand it. You can stamp on and crush a thousand flowers—they will all come up again next year.—W. N. P. Barbellion.

ties in the future. Any items, ideas, criticisms, plays, games, etc., will be welcomed and if forwarded to the Editor will be put in the hands of the Committee and acted upon.

You have already had notice of the programme for Wednesday, 12th June (in the current week), when we will have cards to suit all-comers, followed by dancing, the admission charge being 1s 6d. An extra night has been arranged for 19th June, and it will take the form of a picture evening at the Regent Theatre. The chief attraction from our point of view will be the pictures from the Mt. Everest expedition, but the remainder of the programme will also be found most interesting. (Charge, one shilling.) On 26th June we will charge 1s for a sports night and will entertain you with ping-pong, quoits, scallywag, and other suitable games, appropriate music being provided by our orchestra. Dancing will, of course, fill up the “after-supper” period. For the following club night (10th July) we will again have a varied programme, one of the chief items being another short play by our members. If they approach anywhere within range of the standard of their first performance this item alone will ensure a good evening. In addition, however, the orchestra will be heard in new and tuneful numbers, and we will have an extended dancing session, the charge for the evening being 1s 6d. Added novelty will be given on this occasion, as the evening is to be a special “tramping night,” and all patrons will be expected to come in tramping kit (or other suitable costume), but note carefully that nailed boots will be prohibited. For the second July club night (Wednesday, 24th) we hope to arrange for a lecture on mountaineering or some similar suitable subject, so this again is a night when we anticipate a full muster.

These are our own evenings, and the more we support them the more the Club and we ourselves benefit; so keep every second Wednesday free and roll along and help swell the happy crowd in our room, Harpor Street.—I.J.P., E.G.S., Publicity Agents.

An English party spending a holiday in Switzerland decided to ascend a very small peak in the neighbourhood of their hotel. Though the climb was no more than a strenuous walk, a guide was engaged, and when the party assembled it was observed that one of them carried a totally unnecessary rope. The guide, nodding gravely towards the rope, inquired politely: “M'sieu is going to skeep—yes?”

AN ASCENT OF FUJIAMA, 12,365 FEET.

Fujiyama must be classed among the most famous mountains of our globe, and anybody who knows anything at all about the Land of the Rising Sun knows that Fuji is the highest mountain of these islands and that for symmetrical beauty is has no rival anywhere. To fully appreciate Fuji and to be able to understand the intense regard which the Japanese have for their holy mountain you must see it with your own eyes. We in Yokohama, at a distance of about 50 miles, get lovely views of it, especially from the sea, where it lends a fine finish to many pretty views along the hilly shore.

I shall never forget one magnificent autumn sunset which I saw one day when out yachting in the Bay. The sun went down almost immediately behind Fuji and left the glorious mountain standing out in a dark purple tint against the beautifully coloured sky, while the red clouds overhead were reflected in the water beneath.

For about nine months of the year Fuji is covered with snow, and on a bright winter's morning, when the sun is shining on it, looks but a few miles off. We generally have very clear and pleasant weather during the autumn, and it is nothing unusual to see Fuji from Yokohama by midnight moonshine.

An accent of Fuji is very different from, and presents none of the difficulties and dangers of, alpine climbing. Hob-nailed boots, iron-tipped alpenstocks, ropes and ladders are not needed. All we provided ourselves with was a change of warm clothes, something to eat and to drink. In these respects I was wiser than the rest, who relied to a great extent upon what they could find on the road, and that was not much.

Our party of five left Yokohama at 4.30 on Friday afternoon, 14th August, and after about an hour had a second engine added to our train, which now proceeded through mountainous country and reached Gotemba shortly after 7 o'clock in the evening. This being our destination, we sent our passports for examination to the police station and then looked about to make ourselves comfortable at a tea house—rather a difficult problem, for the fair "nesans" were so tired out that they actually dropped off to sleep as we were talking to them! It was the height of the season with them, and they were busy from early morning till late at night attending to the many pilgrims passing through the village. We soon decided to go down into the kitchen and help ourselves, and by this means managed to scrape a meal together. After a fair night's rest—a certain nameless hopping insect did not disturb us much—we got up early in the morning and repeated the previous night's tactics for breakfast. Meanwhile a couple of wiry natives had shouldered our baggage and our horses were got ready. A Japanese horse is not a thing of beauty, and ours were no exception to the rule; still, they carried us bravely through some 10 or 12 miles of wooded country to the foot of Fuji. The mountain itself was partly hidden by clouds, but the top stood out clearly against the bright blue sky. About 8 o'clock we had come

to Umagaishi—i.e., horses turn back—dismounted and took a little refreshment at the first "station." These stations, although only rough stone and wooden huts and only offering you water, Japanese tea and cakes; some also rice and dried fish, are as welcome to the pilgrims as an oasis is to the weary traveller in the desert. You pass about eight or ten of them on the whole journey. On leaving the first station, and having provided ourselves with some white wood pilgrims' staves with inscriptions on them, we began the actual climb. We left all vegetation behind and had a long, toiling march through slippery loose lava (like loose cinders), with very little variety to the top. I had taken some straw sandals with me and found them much easier to walk in, as I did not slip back so much. Still, as we were passing one station after another and could gradually overlook all the surrounding mountains, the hard work began to tell on us, and we were very glad that a strong, cool breeze saved us from getting fagged. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon we had ascended nearly 11,000 feet, when the rarified air began to trouble us. I fancy I felt it more particularly on account of the extra stone which I have unfortunately increased in weight since my arrival here. Climbing any further seemed almost impossible, as I had to make frequent pauses for breath. The summit seemed so near and yet so far, while everything below looked simply sublime and made me wish I were there instead and looked at the picture reversed. I lost all desire to go any further, and was heard to ask one or two of my companions to look for a nice quiet little spot where they could bury me. I reflected and thought what a pleasure it would be climbing Fujiama if we could only sail up here in the "Isabel" with such a spanking breeze!

However, a final struggle got us "top-side" at 5.30—just 12 hours since we left Gotemba. I felt that I had now done my duty, and as it was blowing hard, with the temperature near freezing point (N.B.—we had brought our semi-tropical Yokohama summer-skin with us!) I tumbled into one of the huts without much hesitation and left the others to look after the sunset. I unpacked my knapsack and found that a few slices of ham and bread, washed down with a little Bovril soup, made an excellent supper, and I soon felt quite peaceful and forgiving. Our night's rest was execrable. I was bothered with the thin air and hard floor, while some of the others had neglected to strew insect powder over their blankets and had to suffer in con-

sequence. We were glad when daylight burst in through the cracks, and we hurriedly threw Japanese cloaks, rugs, etc., over us and went out to see the sun rise. It was a memorable sight as the red orb of day gradually rose over the clouds thousands of feet below us, while the Japanese pilgrims sat crouching behind the rocks turning the rosaries in their hands and muttering their prayers. The cold wind which blew the remaining vapours of the night off the mountain soon drove us back to the hut. Luckily none of us felt inclined for a big breakfast, because there was very little to be had. Having had a good peep at the crater, which is quite a respectable hole, with a lot of snow on the southern side, we began the descent in the most lovely weather, having most charming views of the world beneath us—mountains and plains, woods and lakes, and in the distance the rolling sea, all intermingled with soft white clouds—this was the picture we gazed upon with admiration. But we could see few villages and no large towns. Yokohama and Tokio could not be distinguished in the distant haze. Little remains to be told of the descent; being led by an aggressive disciple of teetotalism, who presumably wanted to demonstrate that thin air suited his slim frame, we came down through the loose lava at a flying pace, and by about 10 o'clock in the morning we were down in the plain again in a good Japanese hotel. We had come down a different side of the mountain, and not only found a prettier road, but also much better accommodation at the village of Subashiri. After a bath, a fairly substantial lunch, and a good rest, we made a fresh start at 1.45 and walked to the station of Oyama, a distance of about 12 miles. Here we had a delightful swim in a cool mountain stream, and then got into a very slow train, arriving home about 9.30 on Sunday night, the weather having meanwhile become quite cloudy and windy. A party of Frenchmen who ascended a day later than we were detained on the summit for over a day and night by bad weather. Today several parties have also gone up, who will probably have had little pleasure from this trip, as it has been raining the proverbial "cats and dogs" all day. It was our good fortune to be favoured with such magnificent weather, and we have every reason to look back with pleasure and satisfaction upon our Fujiyama pilgrimage.

O. BALK.

Yokohama, Japan,
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FUNGI.

I wonder what you associate with the term "fungi." Does it make you think only of "fairy rings" in the lawn or the old puff balls in the field that you kick with relish that you may see the brown smoke rising from them; or does it make you think of "dry rot" and all the harm this particular fungus does in the destruction of timber?

A closer observation and study of the fungi will open up a world of interest and beauty. Come with me into the bush, preferably in any month between April and September, and take a little time to explore the nooks and crannies by creek beds and fallen logs, or wander over the shadier patches of the forest floor. A small pocket lens, hung round your neck rather than in your pocket, will help matters considerably. The brightly-coloured fungi may attract our notice first. We may find three different red ones, all drawing their nourishment from the humus of the soil, but one of them seeming to have very slight attachment to it. This particular one has no stalk, is rounded, rather convoluted, and almost hollow inside. Its name—or rather one of its names, for experts are not quite agreed about it—is *Otagoa coccinea*. The second red one is *Aseroe rubra*, and grows out of a gelatinous case. At the top are eight scarlet rays that spread out and make the plant look rather like a beautiful sea anemone with a reduced number of tentacles. It has a surprisingly vile odour, by which it attracts flies that crawl over it and distribute the spores. So this particular specimen is better left where it grows. The third red fungus—the commonest—has a yellowish stalk and a rounded head, brown inside. It is the common *Secotium*. Another rather rare *Secotium*, *Secotium superbum*, with a shorter stalk and longer head, is of a lovely egg-shell blue. The first Dunedin specimens were collected by some members of the Tramping Club a few years ago in the neighbourhood of Powder Creek.

The gilled fungi will very soon be noticed; but we warn you that even the Government mycologist at Palmerston North hesitates to name these for us. These all have their spores projecting from the plates or gills that hang down from the lower surface of the caps. The colour of the spores is different in the various genera—white, rust-coloured, purple, brown, etc. It is quite an interesting experiment to cut off the stalks of some of the larger ones and place the caps, gills downward, on light or dark paper, according as you think the spores may be dark or light in colour. After 12 hours or so you will probably find a good "spore print" on the paper.

There is space left only to mention the "basket" or "cage" fungus that you may find by the roadside at Waitati or even in your own back garden; the odd little bird's nest fungi in the marram grass stalks at Taieri Beach; and the tiny tree-like *Clavarias*, white and orange and purple, that grow on the forest floor. Next time, however, when you go a-tramping we hope you will spare a little time to admire not only the great forest trees and the big things in Nature, but some of these lowlier dainty things fashioned so perfectly by the great Master Artist.—H.K.D. (Dunedin Naturalists' Field Club).

BIRD MONTH.

Viewing the whole as a whole, New Zealand may be looked upon, from a bird point of view with the same idea as a pastoralist looks upon his holding. He knows that the limit of his carrying capacity is the number of stock which can be successfully wintered. So he supplements the natural available food supply by growing turnips, etc., in order that he may make full use of the plenitude of food in the coming spring. So it is with birds and most creatures.

The available winter food supply is the deciding factor in giving us a sufficient number of birds to combat the prolific spring breeding of harmful insects which, increasing at a much more rapid rate than birds, annually cause grave losses. Therefore let us double the excellent efforts which many have made in the past, thus helping more birds to live through the hard times of winter. Enough waste of food daily takes place to feed hosts of birds, and by feeding the birds we can prevent them from eating that which we do not wish them to, such as our early peas, etc., because they are usually driven by sheer necessity to such sources of food which at other times are unpalatable. Beef suet, heavily sweetened porridge and milk, cooked potatoes—nay, almost any refuse—will be consumed by most birds when hungry, including tuis and bellbirds. It has, moreover, been fully determined by skilled observers that well-fed birds can easily avoid their enemies if cover is handy, because they are alert and have the dash and speed to seek the safety which the cover affords.

The feeding of birds presents little difficulty. Soon they will recognise their benefactors and come to the sound of a bell or whistle, if so desired, provided the summons and food are regularly given.—From N.Z. Forest and Bird Society's Bulletin.

"I look on walking as a tonic."
"Yes, and a passing lorry as a pick-me-up, I suppose."

BOOTS.

It has been said that "your face may be your fortune, but it is your feet that carry you through life," so it is necessary for us to take good care of our feet, and, of course, the first step in this direction is to have good and efficient footwear.

A good boot has no thinning of the sole under the instep and is wide enough and long enough to allow plenty of room for the toes. Dealing with the upkeep of boots, Raeburn, in "Mountaineering Art," says: "New boots should never be taken out for the first time on a long, hard expedition. These should first be worn on a short, easy walk, preferably a wet one, in order to let them get the set of the feet. After this they should be slowly and carefully dried, re-oiled, and again worn for a short time. Hurried drying near a fire is death to boots. I have seen a new pair drop to pieces on a climb through such maltreatment at an hotel. . . . Waterproofing is best done by giving the boots dressings with some thick oil; collan is very good, so is odourless castor. Vaseline melted and rubbed in while the boot is warm is excellent. All oils and greases work out in time and must be renewed, but there is no use over-oiling. Animal fats have an objectionable smell and their use is to be avoided, as they decompose readily and rot the leather and stitching."

Another good recipe for "breaking in" new boots is as follows—First oil the boots thoroughly and leave them for two days, then re-oil. Four days from the first oiling fill the boots with boiling water and leave it in them for about four minutes, then repeat with cold water. Wearing two pairs of socks, you now put on the boots whilst still wet and go for a walk of, say, about five or six miles. Dry the boots slowly and carefully, re-oil them, and they will be found to be perfectly comfortable for the future. This method of breaking in new boots has already been found satisfactory by one O.T.C. member.

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THE STYX.

Easter coming late this year made one wonder if Old King Sol's merry rays would reach such an isolated spot as the Styx, but he was remarkably good to us during our few days at the back of beyond.

Our party of twelve left Dunedin on Friday morning by a bus, which took us via Leith Valley to Palmerston, where we branched off on the Dunback road. Up through Green Valley the countryside looked very beautiful with green fields and very yellow and golden autumn leaves, the tall straight rows of golden-green poplars appealing to us very much. Shortly we came to a delightful sunny spot by the Shag River, and all decided that it must be lunch time, especially as there were mushrooms growing in profusion by the wayside.

On our arrival at the Styx about 5.30 p.m. we were soon sorted out into our respective rooms, the men having to sleep in the old hotel (originally the Tannahill Hotel), and then we all did justice to the excellent dinner, the roast goose and plum pudding being general favourites.

On Saturday it was decided that we should visit Lake Onslow, so we chartered the bus to take us part of the way. Unfortunately we missed the turning and continued straight on. However, we had a most enjoyable day, having climbed Scrubby Hill, about 3,000 feet. From there the jagged peaks of the Remarkables could be seen and the devious twists and turns of the Taieri River. Some of the party went still further on, but Lake Onslow still remained some 10 miles distant. So it remains for some future party to visit its shores. That evening we had a most enjoyable hour. A local lady and gentleman entertained us with old-time songs, which we appreciated very much indeed.

Sunday was spent more or less quietly by most of us. The energetics, however, had a most strenuous day, starting off fairly early to find the most suitable way to take us over the range on Monday. They returned about 8.30 p.m., having been as far as Stonehenge, but they missed the roast turkey! Others went a short walk to the waterfalls and some to the gorge.

The question now arose: The trip over the mountain on Monday—to be or not to be. All the pros and cons were discussed, and it was finally decided to wait and see what the morning would bring in the way of sunshine. But we were told: "Mind, if there is a fog I'm not taking you." Breakfast was called for 7 a.m., as an early start was most essential. But, alas, the morning dawned very foggy and very misty, but we were all optimistic, so up we jumped, each one determined not to be the last to be ready. After

bidding good-bye to our host and hostess we set off at 8.30 a.m., looking like phantom figures in the mist. Soon, however, as we climbed up out of the mist, the sun shone warm and bright. It then became a case of removing our scarfs and extra jerseys, etc. So up, up we plodded, the countryside below us shrouded in heavy fog and the lower hills peeping out ghostlike. At 12.20 came a most welcome respite for lunch in a delightful gully beside a mountain spring. One hour later saw us on our way again, up the last steep ridge to the top. And what a view! Snow-capped Earnslaw, double cone of the Remarkables, Mount Aspiring, and numerous other peaks came into view. We continued on across the plateau and finally rested to admire the patch-work plain beneath and the red roofs of Middlemarch. The trail now led downwards, and we were all very glad to be off the slippery tussock and to arrive at the Ski Club hut at 4 o'clock. Our bus was already there waiting for us, so after another boiling of the billy we commenced our homeward journey, arriving in Dunedin about 8 o'clock. And so ended one of the most delightful trips on record. Even the most doubtful of the party concluded the trip over the Range "easy money" and well worth the effort.—M.H.W.

PAST TRIPS.

The vicar was appealing for donations for the tea room at the church garden fete. He finished his appeal by saying: "It's not abstract sympathy we want, but concrete cakes!"

This may seem out of place under the above heading, but glance below and note that there has been but one report submitted for publication, and then realise that, like the vicar, we want concrete contributions and not abstract sympathy if this column is to be continued.

About 150 words is enough for a report (certainly not one word more than

250), so you leaders must get on with the job immediately after your outing and let us have some views on it whilst it is fresh in your memory.

19/5/35—Stone Hut.—A doubtful-looking morning kept all but 11 members at home and nearly made most of those present miss the train. From Waitati we went over the paddocks to Double Hill, which (conditions being excellent) was climbed from the north side without the use of ropes. From the top a likely-looking route down the south slope was selected, and we then completed the traverse and proceeded on to the Stone Hut. After disposing of our lunch and after inspecting the cow—now quite tame and approachable—we proceeded home via Pigeon Flat and Pine Hill. On the way we nearly tripped over another cow (a live one this time) which was lying on the path, and then found she was a bull after all so two members who were in the rear decided to make a detour to study the bush in an adjacent gully, but eventually all arrived home safely.—J.C.L.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—For some time a number of our members have felt that there is far too much formality in our Club in the manner in which we address each other. We think that it would create a much more friendly atmosphere if all titles such as Mr. Miss, and Mrs were prohibited at O.T.C. outings. We do not mean this to be disrespectful to our elder members and would not go so far as to suggest that they be called by christian names by the younger set, but in their case perhaps a suitable nick-name, such as the initials at present in use amongst themselves, should meet the case. We consider that this matter should receive attention from members at an early date, and would like you to provide space in our paper to introduce the topic for consideration.—Yours, etc.,

"Plain Len."

[This letter has been submitted to the President and to Mr O. Balk, both of whom consider the suggestion excellent. In some northern clubs it is the custom to call the senior members "uncle," but here, our President suggests, we could permit such members to select their own nick-names.—Ed.]

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