

# OUTDOORS

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The Official Organ of  
The Otago Tramping Club, Inc.

Editor:  
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Contributions Invited.

September, 1935.

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## CO-OPERATION.

In previous issues we have stressed the necessity for the active co-operation of all members if the Club is to progress, and once again it seems that the point should be raised. In this issue there are two notices of special trips which ask for the names of persons intending to take part to be handed in by specified dates. Is it too much for members to make their holiday arrangements reasonably early and hand in their names within the time set out, or must we again have a repetition of the majority of those taking part coming along, not only late, but at the last minute? Such thoughtless actions are entirely unfair to the persons who are giving up their time to arrange our trips.

The same remarks apply to the bus trips run during the summer, for here again, it is contended, the Club has the right to expect its members to notify promptly whether or not they intend to participate in these outings.

In respect of 'Outdoors' we have a similar complaint. More than half the cost of producing this paper is met by receipts from advertisements, yet some of our advertisers have complained that they never see customers from the Club. This may not be correct—we hope it is not—but how can an advertiser know he is serving an O.T.C. member unless you mention it to him? To carry on we must have the help of every member in this matter.

It has been said that you cannot get more out of a thing than you put into it, and this is essentially the position here, for if you cannot be active in your interest and co-operate with the Club's honorary officials, you cannot expect any measure of success to attend the Club activities.

## LIBRARY.

It has been suggested that the Club should open a library of books and papers on tramping and kindred activities. We have already a number of such publications which could be made available, and would like to know if you have any material you could let us have (as a donation or a loan), or whether you have any ideas on the subject.

## NEW MEMBERS.

We are pleased to welcome the following new members who have joined since our last issue:—Mrs Tresise, Misses E. Curle, V. Shepherd, R. E. Moore, and D. Boyd, and Messrs Wm. Stevenson, P. C. McKeown, and W. S. Gilkison.

## FEDERATED MOUNTAIN CLUBS OF NEW ZEALAND.

The Federation's work in the interests of tramping, mountaineering, and skiing now covers a wide field, and many national problems are being tackled.

Among the matters dealt with during the past year are the registration of club colours and badges, with the idea of avoiding duplication; the protection of our mountain and forest reserves, and the necessity of taking active steps to safeguard them against damage caused by careless visitors, deterioration due to natural causes, and the restrictions following upon their passing under private control; organisation of search parties; and numerous other matters.

Clubs have been requested to impress upon their members the urgent need to do all in their power to retain the goodwill of property owners. It has been stated that many runholders whose property provides access to mountain areas, and who often kindly lent their huts, were frequently imposed upon. For instance, firewood supplies at huts were not replenished after use, and property was sometimes damaged through the inconsiderate actions of visitors. It was felt that, as time went on, the question of access would become an increasingly difficult one, therefore it is impossible to be too careful.

Copies of the Federation's bulletins and of the Hut Folios are on the Club files, and are at present available for inspection on Club nights.

## BACK NUMBERS.

Don't glance at this heading and think we are writing of ourselves, for what we want to tell you is merely that there are still a few copies of the early numbers of 'Outdoors' available, and that these copies may be had on application to the secretary. He has already had a few inquiries—hence this paragraph—but we do not anticipate he will be bothered much (fortunately, of course, for there are only very few available), as no doubt everyone has been careful to keep such a valuable publication. Lucky there's no one to edit this paragraph, isn't it?

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All Smokers' Requisites in Stock.

## Annual Meeting.

The Twelfth Annual Meeting of the Otago Tramping Club (Incorporated) will be held in the HARROP STREET HALL on WEDNESDAY, 18th SEPTEMBER, 1935, commencing punctually at 7.45 p.m. Prospective members are cordially invited.

### BUSINESS:

Adoption of Annual Report and Accounts.

Election of Officers.

General.

G. A. PEARSON,  
Hon. Secretary.

Dunedin, 8th September, 1935.

## LABOUR WEEK-END.

OCTOBER 26-28.

A trip to Hampden will be arranged.

This is an excellent base for hill and beach trips.

Leave Dunedin by the 1.40 p.m. train on 26th October.

Estimated cost, 25/-.

Names of those going, together with a deposit of 10/-, must reach the Secretary not later than 14th October.

As accommodation must be arranged, please send your names in early.

## CHRISTMAS TRIP.

CAMP AT LAKE OHAU.

Leave Dunedin on 25th December and return on 2nd January.

For a party of 20 the cost will be approximately £5 (probably less).

For climbing, tramping, bathing, or doing nothing at all except eating and sleeping, Lake Ohau is hard to beat.

If a suitable leader can be obtained, provision may be made for some of the party to leave the base camp and go further into the mountains.

Names of those intending to take part in this trip must reach the Secretary not later than 1st November.

The cost is payable as under:—

£2 on 1st November.

£3 on 1st December.

## MEMBERS OVERSEAS.

Braemar, Scotland,  
20th June, 1935.

Dear Fellow-members,—As I promised to send you a note from time to time of my doings, I take this opportunity to make a commencement.

The incidents of a voyage from Auckland to England are so well known to New Zealanders they need not be recounted here. We were all delighted to have a break at Panama. The first evening I drove out with a party to the ruins of old Panama, a most interesting and historical spot. This was the first Spanish town on the Pacific, and to it came the gold trains of mules from Mexico and Peru. The cathedral was built in 1530, and improved in 1626. Gold was so plentiful in the town that it proved a great attraction to the pirates who frequented the West Indian Islands, and in 1671 a scoundrel named Morgan collected some 1,500 cut-throats, who marched across the Isthmus, captured the town, robbed the churches and houses, slew most of the inhabitants, and burnt all that was left.

Having passed through the Panama Canal before, I determined this time to go overland, and the next morning left by a train at 7 o'clock. This railway was made in 1849 for miners going to the California gold rush. It is a very wide gauge, and the carriages are very comfortable. The line runs through plantations near the Canal, and for miles is formed through the swamps which formed the great difficulty to Balboa and early explorers. Colon is a modern American city. The most interesting thing in it was a very beautiful statue of Columbus by a French artist, which was presented by the Empress Eugenie in 1866. In the afternoon I went off with a launch, and was picked up by the Rangitane after she had emerged from the Canal.

Three weeks in London I need not describe. I had a very interesting week's tour in Belgium, and visited Holland, Bruges, Brussels, and the battlefields in the North of France. The towns and villages in this part have been rebuilt out of reparations (lent by the Allies), and some of the buildings, such as the Town Hall at Arras, are rebuilt with the same stones in the same fashion as before so as to look just like the original erections. War memorials in that district abound, and the war cemeteries, though tastefully laid out and beautifully kept, make one very sad. Three of these memorials stand out in my mind—the beautiful French chapel, the Canadian monument standing on a hill surrounded by the trenches and tunnels as they were in 1918, and the Menin Gate, the fine building on the old walls of Ypres, where are inscribed the names of 56,000 British whose bodies were never recovered.

A visit to Zeebrugge impressed on me the magnificent valour of the British naval men who, in the face of heavy, concentrated fire, captured the mole and sunk ships at the entrance to the canal, so sealing the exit of the German submarines.

All above is preliminary to getting on the tramp. I am now at Braemar, in the centre of the Scottish Highlands, and hope in my next letter to tell you of some good walks. My only climbs so far have been to the top of the

Monument (London), 325 steps; to the top of Bruges Belfry, over 400 steps; up Arthur's Seat, at Edinburgh, in a thunderstorm, and up Cairn Taggart (near Lochingar), 3,430ft high.

Yours sincerely,

ROBT. GILKISON.

Burnbrae, Portree, Skye,

11th July, 1935.

Dear Fellow-members,—I wrote you last month from Braemar, where I was getting ready for a long tramp to the west. Braemar is a charming little Highland village nestling amongst the great Cairngorm Mountains and surrounded by most attractive beauty spots. Red deer are very common on the hills, and one day three deer which were frightened by a motor car came scampering through the village and past the door of the cottage where I stayed. One day I went up Lochnagar with Miss Balk. We were in hopes of seeing the golden eagles, which a keeper told us have an eyrie in the vicinity, but were disappointed, as a fog came on. The nearest we came to it was we saw the cliff where the birds have their nest, and we met a man who said he had seen a bustard (a large bird like an eagle). The same man afterwards lost his way in the mist and was searched for all night by four gamekeepers and two policemen, but turned up safely in the morning. He had foolishly gone up a mountain of which he knew nothing, without either map or compass.

On 28th June we left Braemar for the Spey. To reduce the distance we took a car for the first 10 miles, and so had only slightly over 20 miles to walk through the Larig Ghru. This is a fine pass 2,730ft high, and was formerly used by the Highlanders for driving cattle from one valley to the other. It runs between two magnificent mountains—Braeriach and Ben Macdhui—which are always crested with snow. For some five miles the going is very rough, great rocks having come down from the mountains, and on the Spey side one is apt to be lost in the Rothiemurchus Forest, but we got safely down to Aviemore Youths' Hostel. We spent two days there viewing the country round, including the charming Loch Au Eilan, with its island fortress, and the Gordon Monument and Waterloo Cairn, and then moved on to Loch Laggan. From that point we followed an old road made by General Wade after the rising in 1745. The road has not been used for many years, and has in places disappeared, but it was very interesting picking up the line of it, and when one struck an old bridge he knew he was on the right track. Prince Charlie's army swept down on the lowlands in 1745 from this pass, which is 2,510ft high, but at that time General Wade's road did not exist. A good supper and sleep at Auchterave Youths' Hostel, near Fort Augustus, were very welcome. Next day we proceeded by Glen Moriston through a lovely forest-clad valley to Cluanie Inn, a lonely inn standing in a very lonely valley; and the next day took us down Glen Shiel to Rattachan Hostel. Some of the party

walked up to a fine fall to be seen here, the highest in Great Britain.

Next day we walked to Glen Elg, and in the afternoon visited the Picts' Towers, over 1,000 years old. These are relics of the nation who were in Scotland before the Scots. The building is of a superior kind, the walls contain passages and stairs, and the outside of the towers apparently sloped upwards like the walls of a lighthouse. These towers show that their builders were no savage people, but a nation which had already acquired a certain degree of civilisation.

The next day a launch took us up the Sound of Sleat to the Kyle of Lochalsh, and a ferry at 6d a head transferred us from the mainland to the beautiful Isle of Skye.

In following the above route we have taken as far as possible unusual ways, but in doing so we have seen some of the most beautiful scenery in Scotland, and the whole expedition has been most enjoyable.

Yours sincerely,

ROBT. GILKISON.

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### TRAMPING ON THE WEST COAST.

As the June issue was going to press we received an account of a tour of the West Coast made by three O.T.C. members in January last. It was too late to publish it then, and now the necessity for including the Annual Report and Balance Sheet in our current issue forbids its publication again.

The trip was apparently full of incident, and included such minor joys as being flooded out in the middle of the night by an extra high tide and seeing the Duke of Gloucester admire the Coast at about 60 miles per hour.

After reading the account submitted we are converted to the view that perhaps it doesn't always rain on the West Coast, and that the kindly people over there make it an ideal place for a holiday. So that you, also, may be converted, we would refer you to the files of papers published by kindred clubs which are available in our Club Room, for in one of these papers you will find that a practically identical account of this trip has already been published.

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"I regard the true hiker as the king of the highway," remarks a writer. Despite this we note that few motorists are willing to give him the crown of the road.

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### HIKING REFLECTIONS.

The hiker walks for miles and miles, And gaily thinks "All Nature smiles," But I think Nature's most polite, Because It doesn't laugh outright.

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**Give your Custom to our Advertisers.**

## SOCIALS.

Harrop Hall is still in Harrop Street, and our socials are still held there fortnightly.

Should these gatherings continue to be a success, we hope to keep them going for another two months, but we must have the patronage of our members and their friends. Don't let a cold night keep you away, or you'll never get out of the rut in which you've parked yourself.

The radio and the fire are both very enticing, certainly, but think of the fun you are missing, the cheerful companionship, the dancing, and the interesting lectures.

During recent socials we have had two lantern lectures which must have unsettled even the most satisfied persons present. One, by Mr Thomson, made us want to explore all the places where our beautiful native flora might be found. The other, given by the Tourist Department, took us a delightful trip around both Islands. One moment we were breathing in the bracing air of Tongariro, and the next all hot and bothered viewing Rotorua's steaming thermal wonders. Why blame us if we did secretly wish for six months' leave of absence on full pay—plus a first prize in an art union?

At another social our Play Circle presented a small play, entitled 'Five Characters in Search of a Change.' On this occasion a rare phenomena in echoes was noticed by a number of listeners—a female voice would be returned by the echo in the strong, resonant tones of a male, and vice versa, ad lib. (depending, of course, on who was off-stage at the time). However, in spite of this and the bubbles of unexpressed mirth which threatened to overcome two of the actresses at frequent intervals, the author was persuaded to eat his 'addick from a teapot (or so it appeared).

By the time this appears in print the great event of our social season, the fancy dress dance, will be over. Judging from the remarks we have overheard there should be a display of weird and wonderful costumes at this dance. We are expecting a full turnout, and won't accept any excuses from those who say they are unable to dance. We notice that George has at last braved the storm and is tripping the light fantastic like a two-year-old, so come along and we'll teach you also.

The end of our season is drawing near, and the Social Committee wish to thank you for your support, which we trust you will continue to extend to the new Social committee to be elected.

E.G.S.—I.J.P.

## TIGER BEETLES.

Do you know the tiger-beetle? It is an active little creature with metallic colourings, and may be found throughout the country in dry situations. It delights in hot sunshine, and in districts where it is abundant it may be seen rising and flying before one's feet along the roadside. Its Latin name is *Cicindela Tuberculata*. Perhaps you have noticed numerous holes in clay banks or roadside cuttings. In these tubular holes live the larvae of the tiger-beetle—ugly, but very interesting. The head and first segment are horny and flattened; the body is furnished with two little humps on the back, and on each of these little humps is a slender, curved hook. Anchored inside

the hole by these hooks, the grub presses its head level with the opening, and, the horny plate being almost always smeared with clay, is rendered inconspicuous.

Big black blowflies love to sprawl on banks in the sun—"sun-bathing," the flies call it—but when one happens to spread itself out over one of these holes it is immediately seized by the grub of the tiger-beetle. There is a distressed buzzing sound, and the unfortunate victim is held fast till its body is emptied, and the empty carcass is dropped to the ground. Investigations will show numbers of empty bodies, not only of flies, but of other insects, some much superior in size to the grub, lying beneath the holes.

The mature insect is as interesting as its larvae, and it, too, preys on other insects, which it captures by crouching and springing, hence the name "tiger-beetle."

To lay its eggs the beetle turns its body to the bank, bores a hole (very small), lays an egg on the very edge of it, then turns round, and with its mandibles it pops the egg inside the hole.

O. R. CARRWRIGHT  
(Dunedin Naturalist Field Club).

## PAST TRIPS.

### SANDYMOUNT AND BEATTIE'S BEACH.—14/7/35.

The first part of our trip was by train, and there was the usual jumble of late breakfasters, keen "Ikey's" wanting to know how much the others paid for their tickets, and Speed Kings who went from home to the station in so many minutes and split seconds.

In due course Port Chalmers was reached, and then followed the long sea voyage across the harbour, but we

managed to reach Portobello without any regrettable incidents.

While passing through the tiny hamlet of Portobello we were all struck with the same thought—shrimps may die "unknelled," and "uncoffined," but certainly make a noisy protest against dying "unknown."

Proceeding uphill in the noonday sun, we were greeted by a noise which sounded like a cross between an Indian war cry and a rooster in distress, but it was only J.S. having his morning gargle.

We had just reached the boggy farm when he and his other crib cronies (J.D. and E.G.S.) appeared on the scene. Since we had passed their crib they had arisen, washed, dressed, cooked and eaten their breakfast, and brought in all the neighbours' cows. They honoured us with their presence until shortly after lunch—now that we come to think of it, they were only spectators at lunch time—most unusual, Joe; unheard of, Ted; and—well, Jack has been known to have dieting spasms. At any rate, it wasn't long before they received an urgent call back to the crib. Possibly Jack had forgotten to put the cat out, and Ted to put the cork on their next meal.

On arriving at Beattie's Beach we met Percy and party, who had gone round the other way to give the Pekinese some exercise. At least two of our party were well content to linger there a while in the restful atmosphere and give their new boots a chance to recuperate. Most of the others hurried on to view the wireless mast before dark.

Better luck next time, Len. We trust you'll see the Fairy Grotto in the not-too-far-distant future.

I.J.P.

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**PURAKANUI.—14/8/35.**

Eleven members rolled up for the Purakanui-Port Chalmers trip. They visited the iron ladder and caves at Long Beach.

Then, through Mr Hamel's generosity, everybody partook of a little snack, helped very much by one of those rareties (for us), an electric cooker.

Shortly afterwards the party left for Port Chalmers, some going via Hayward's Point, where they had the good luck to see a seal.

Four members went down to Deborah Bay, while three mountaineers went to climb the pebbles of Mount Mopanui.

The leader saw three of his flock away safely from Port in the bus, while he set off up the High road to find the rest of his flock; but, alas! he only found himself, and had to accompany himself home in the train.

J.B.S.

**ANNUAL REPORT.**

Your President and Committee have pleasure in presenting the Twelfth Annual Report, as under:—

The past year's trips as set out in the fixture cards have provided outings of as varied a nature as possible, and have attracted attendances well up to the average. The Club's hut at Green Peak continues to be as popular as ever. Tree planting and other improvements have been carried out during the year. Last Labour week-end a party of 15 spent a most enjoyable 2½ days at the Rock and Pillar Range. We are indebted to the Otago Ski Club for the use of their hut on that occasion. No official trip was held last Christmas. Several private parties were made up, and this probably accounted for the lack of interest in the proposed camp at Stewart Island. This year's camp will be at Lake Ohau, which has proved to be a popular spot. For Easter a bus load travelled to the Styx, and had three good days on the surrounding mountains.

This year socials have been held fortnightly, and have proved most successful. Our thanks are due to the Social Committee for their work in providing interesting programmes. We must also thank our orchestra, both for their music and for the plays they have presented. We hope to hear them again soon.

The Club's magazine has now completed its first year, and has proved most useful and interesting. The good work of the Editor is gratefully acknowledged.

Your Committee are considering the possibility of establishing a Club library, and hope for your support in this matter. A reference to the proposal will be seen elsewhere in this issue.

We again have pleasure in acknowledging our indebtedness to all who permit us to cross their properties, and assure them of our efforts to see that this privilege is not abused. We also thank the Otago Expansion League for the use of their board room, and the Press for publishing accounts of our activities.

Resignations and deletion of the names of unfinancial members have been rather more numerous than usual this year. We have enrolled 24 new members during the past 12 months, and the number on the roll at 31st August was 120.

A. F. EDMOND,  
President.

**Statement of Receipts and Payments for Year Ending 31st August, 1935.**

RECEIPTS.		PAYMENTS.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Balance at 31/8/34—		Printing and Typing ...	8 1 3
Cash in hand ...	£1 16 0	'Outdoors' ...	10 0 0
Cash in Bank ...	35 0 4	Advertising ...	0 14 6
	36 16 10	Stationery ...	1 0 2
Subscriptions ...	42 9 6	Postages and Telegrams ...	2 7 6
Sale of Badges ...	0 3 0	Expenses Annual Meeting, 1934 ...	2 17 6
Hut Fees ...	2 2 0	Insurance and Improve-ments Hut ...	0 8 1
Fares Bus Trips ...	36 2 2	Telephone Rent ...	8 10 0
Advertising in 'Outdoors' ...	6 10 0	Subscriptions to Other Clubs	3 16 0
Interest ...	1 2 10	Maps and Sundries ...	1 12 2
		Presentation to Mr R. Gil-kison ...	2 2 0
		Hire of Buses ...	35 13 6
			77 2 8
		Balance at 31/8/35—	
		Cash in hand ...	£2 10 6
		Cash in Bank ...	45 13 2
			48 3 8
	£125 6 4		£125 6 4

**Social Committee.**

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Receipts at Socials ...	17 0 0	Expenses of Socials ...	15 9 1
		Cash in hand at 31/8/35 ...	1 10 11
	£17 0 0		£17 0 0

**Balance Sheet as at 31st August, 1935.**

LIABILITIES	£ s. d.	ASSETS.	£ s. d.
Subscriptions Paid in Ad-vance ...	0 15 0	Cash in hand—	
Excess of Assets Over Lia-bilities ...	61 12 1	General A/c ...	£2 10 6
		Social A/c ...	1 10 11
			4 1 5
		Cash in Dunedin Savings Bank ...	45 13 2
		Subscriptions Due but Not Paid ...	6 2 6
		Badges on hand ...	1 10 0
		Club Property—Hut, Tents, Gramophone, etc. ...	5 0 0
	£62 7 1		£62 7 1

Audited and found correct.

((Sgd) E. W. HUNTER,  
2/9/35

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