

OUTDOORS

Secretary:

G. A. PEARSON,
P.O. Box 462, Dunedin, C.I.
Phone 13-186.

The Official Organ of
The Otago Tramping Club, Inc.

Editor:

J. C. LUCAS,
34 Russell Street, Dunedin, C.2.
Phone 13-741.

Contributions for the next issue should
reach the Editor by May 20, 1936.

March, 1936.

Issued Quarterly.

Volume 2, Number 3.

EASTER, 1936.

The official trip for Easter will be to Kyeburn Diggings, described in an article in this issue.

The cost, for a party of 15, including hotel accommodation and return bus fare, will be about £2 10/- each.

Names of those going, **TOGETHER WITH A DEPOSIT OF £1, MUST** reach the Secretary **NOT LATER THAN 25th MARCH.**

As accommodation in the hotel is limited, state if you are prepared to camp, if necessary. Campers may get meals at the hotel.

ANNUAL PICNIC.

The picnic will now be held at Pipikariti Beach on **SUNDAY, 15th MARCH**, and the walk set down for that day is cancelled. The bus will leave the Queen's Gardens at 9.30 a.m. If you are going, **PLEASE** notify the Secretary **NOT LATER** than Friday, 13th March.

HUT FEES.

Apart from the decisions anent the Easter trip, of which full particulars are given elsewhere, one of the most important matters dealt with by the Committee at a recent meeting was that of Hut Fees. It appears that comparatively few of our members have been coming up to scratch and paying the prescribed fees for the use of the Green Hill Hut, and consequently the conscientious person has, as usual, been paying for the whole of the upkeep. It has now been decided that, as it is impossible to have any check on the use of the hut, to abolish the hut fees in so far as members are concerned. The fees for non-members continue to stand at 1/- per visit, and as there is now a collection box available in the hut it is hoped to get a greater percentage of these fees than we have done in the past.

PERSONAL.

Best wishes for a good trip go to George Arras, who will follow Mr Gilkison's footsteps in a few days and start on a trip to the Old Country. Good hunting, George.

During last summer we have had with us Charlie Shaw, who has just returned to Wellington after six months in the local Government Tourist Bureau. Chas. has had a good deal of experience of tramping activities in Auckland and Wellington, and, we hope, can now entertain his Wellington friends with stories of Otago tramping just as he used to keep us interested with accounts of his North Island activities. Our best wishes follow Chas., with a special "cheerio" from the back seats of the bus.

We have to congratulate Bob Watt for winning a Chess Competition during the Christmas period. We are not sure whether Bob is a Minor Champion or a B Grade Champion, but we do know that he **can** play chess, and hope that he will go on to further successes. We have other chess experts in the Club, not so expert as Bob, of course, so that one wonders when the Chess Section will be under way as a rival to the Tennis Club.

We also wish to congratulate Mrs W. McEwan (nee Alma Rodgers) and Ted Hunter, who have both forsaken lives of single blessedness since our last issue. Good luck and best wishes to you both and to your respective partners.

We welcome to our ranks the following new members, who, we trust, will enjoy many pleasant days with the O.T.C.:—Mrs J. Dryden, Miss D. Allen, and Mr H. Potter.

PHONE

A. G. FOLEY

**REG. PLUMBER AND DRAINER,
3 MACRAE ST., MORNINGTON,**

FOR GOOD SERVICE.

KYEBURN DIGGINGS.

Like an oasis in the desert is Kyeburn Diggings in Otago Central. The approach to Kyeburn Diggings is over land that has been washed for gold, leaving fantastic cliffs and heaps of tailings, no vegetation to speak of, mostly matagowrie and tussocks. Then suddenly, in the bend of the road, we come to the Pass Hotel, an old stone building picturesquely nestling in a grove of willows, poplars, and macrocarpas. Where is there to go in such a place? Well, let us take a walk up the hill behind the hotel and look around. Standing looking over the hotel we face Mount Nobbler, 5,092ft, then on our left is Kyeburn Hill, 5,369ft, and behind us Mount Buster, about 4,000ft, from each of which grand views of open spaces and mountain peaks and ranges can be obtained. Mount Buster is about nine miles from the hotel, and the way leads over an old mud road, across a flat stretch and a stream, and connects with a road that climbs round Mount Buster itself. On a clear day a wonderful view of Mount Aspiring is to be seen. Mount Nobbler is much steeper and over tussock ground. From here one can see almost to Oamaru and the coast. The Remarkables also stand out well, and many other ranges. Kyeburn would be harder to climb, as it is stonier, but no doubt the view would be worth the climb. An old coal mine on Kyeburn Hill is well worth a visit. Dansey's Pass is only about six or seven miles from the hotel, and the road rises to a height of 3,067ft. A climb to the top of a nearby hill gives a view of the Otekaike Valley and surrounding country. For those who wish a less strenuous holiday, there are the ruins of an old church made with mud bricks, a very interesting and pretty cemetery, also various small streams, and maybe a claim or two where you can try your luck for gold.—E.P.

They were about to tackle a difficult stretch of rock climbing. The leader, turning to the novice of the party, said: "You're green at this job, aren't you?"

"Am I?" said the beginner, with a glance at the rock-face. "I feel pure white."

HOWDEN TO ROUTEBURN.

5 a.m. and a sharp frost! Everyone sprang eagerly out of bed, and soon Howden Hut echoed to the sound of nailed boots rushing here, there, and everywhere in the bustle of packing up. We were away by 7, the sun was shining brightly, and the day promised to be a scorcher. The mountains stood out clearly in the frosty air, and during the first two hours' walk through the bush and past the Earland Falls we were frequently surprised by wonderful glimpses of the Lower Hollyford. By this time we had reached a small knob from which we obtained a most extensive view. Across the deep valley of the Hollyford River was the magnificent Darran Range, from the spire of Christina in the Upper Hollyford to Tutoko at the far away Martin's Bay end of the range.

10 a.m. saw us at Lake Mackenzie, a beautiful green lake set in the midst of rocky peaks. Here we had lunch and a welcome spell. The lake was very low, and the beach mentioned by Dr Moir could have been followed to the head. Above the far end of the lake the Emily Pass, heavily covered with snow, stood out invitingly in the clear air.

At 12 o'clock we struggled under our packs once again and commenced the steep climb through the bush to the zig-zag leading to the Ocean Peak track. Until just a few months ago the track through the bush on each side of Lake Mackenzie was a real "tramper's nightmare," but it has now been cleared and improved, and presents no difficulty. Two hours' climb took us to the far end of the zig-zag, where we had a final look down on the lake before turning north along the ocean track.

For the next two hours we followed this gently-rising track. All the time we had on our left the matchless panorama of the Darran Range, with its snow-clad peaks attracting the afternoon clouds and its heavily-bushed lower slopes leading down into the roaring Hollyford almost 4,000ft below us. The final steep pinch to the Harris Saddle was hard work, several drifts of soft snow slowing the pace considerably.

We reached the saddle at 4 p.m., and found Lake Harris almost completely covered with snow and ice. Below us lay the Routeburn Valley, with its extensive bush-fringed flats, and Mount Earnslaw could be seen in the far distance. During the next hour we found a use for the hitherto much-cursed rope and ice-axes, for a considerable length of the track along the steeply-sloping mountain side and over the bluffs above the lake was buried beneath the snow. After this, all was plain sailing, and we soon reached Callaghan's Falls at the entrance to the bush track leading steeply down to the Routeburn flats.

Half an hour down this well-formed track through tall beech forest brought to river level and out on open ground, just in time to see the last rays of the sun tinting the summit of Mount Somnus, whose wonderfully curved snow ridges, whether seen in sunshine or in shadow, cannot fail to thrill all who visit the Routeburn Huts.—G.A.P.

LAKE MARIAN.

Visitors to the Key Summit have always gazed across the Hollyford to Lake Marian, so that the news that at long last a track has been cut to this delightful spot should be most welcome. The track starts some fifty yards above the junction of the Marian Branch of the river and can easily be picked up by the blazed trees on each side of the main stream, which, in the meantime, has to be forded, although there is talk of a swing bridge being erected at the bluff a little further upstream.

The going on the blazed track is excellent as it winds its way up the left side of the valley through an otherwise almost impassable bush. The lower portion of this valley has a carpet of ferns of all kinds growing among the moraine boulders which fill the valley, these ferns being all the more remarkable after the comparative scarcity of them in adjoining parts of the district. After scarcely an hour and a-half from the Hollyford you find yourself on the top of the old terminal moraine, to which the lake owes its existence, with the lake at your feet like a beautiful jewel and the valley stretching away in the distance to the snow peaks. The route to the head of the valley takes you round the lake, still keeping to the left side of the valley, and thence up through the usual veronica scrub and moraine boulders. Towards the head are slopes which appear to be made for ski-ing, and with such easy access it would not be surprising to hear of parties visiting the locality for this purpose. The lake itself resembles Mackenzie in that its outlet is underground through an old terminal moraine, and also in its deep green colour indicating tremendous depth, but it is unique in its lovely setting, which makes a visit to it one of the memorable days of a holiday in the Hollyford Region.—J.C.L.

A CANTERBURY PIONEER.

With this issue you will receive a pamphlet issued by the Youth Hostel Association and the Sunlight League of New Zealand giving particulars of a memorial proposed to be erected in memory of the late Sir Arthur Dudley Dobson.

Your Secretary will be pleased to forward any donations that may be sent to him.

EXCHANGES.

Among the numerous publications received from other clubs during the past quarter are fixture cards from the Melbourne Women's Walking Club, the Interstate Hiking Club, New Jersey, U.S.A., and the Sydney Bush Walkers. We have also received from the last-mentioned club their 1935 Annual, an

illustrated booklet containing many excellent descriptions of their trips during the past year. The Club's copy of this publication may be obtained, on loan, on application to the Secretary.

CHRISTMAS CAMP. LAKE OHAU 1935-36.

By 10.30 p.m. on Christmas Eve the gear was stowed, the farewells over, and we were on our way.

At Kartigi a trailer was helped to its feet, and we informed its celebrating owners which way to go so as not to turn back home. Arrived at Oamaru at 3 a.m. on Christmas Day, when the "Red Terror" (which had followed up well in the rear), containing two members, three guests, and a dog arrived. They found an empty bus and all feet accumulated round the local pie cart. Shortly after leaving Oamaru dawn commenced to break, and for several miles we viewed the country through an ever-decreasing grey haze and through hazier eyes until Snowy would give an extra loud toot, and oh! what jumps. About 5 a.m. the Waitaki Hydro was reached. The majority of the party went down to view the works and stretch cramped limbs. At 7 a.m. the natives of Omarama were startled (before we left they could see we were quite harmless). We were given a most refreshing cup of tea and sandwiches, and were allowed to wash in a creek in front of the store. We met an ex-O.T.C. member who has now joined the Alpine Club so that he can climb higher peaks (by jove). The remaining part of the journey to the lake was uneventful, and we arrived at our destination at 9 a.m., in glorious sunshine, and were greeted by numerous black-billed gulls. Then began the arduous job of pitching tents, sorting out supplies, etc. Menus and cooks were arranged for each day. Some proved excellent cooks and others did not, judging especially by one being ill for a day after the meal she concocted. Most of the time was spent in sleeping, eating, and swimming. Practically every day we had a splendid view of Mount Cook, especially when the sun was setting. We enjoyed marvellous weather, with the exception of Sunday morning, when rain commenced to fall. On that morning five members, worthy of the V.C., carried around breakfast and lunch to each tent. On one particular day several energetic souls left at daybreak to avoid the heat of the day and climbed Mount Sutton and surrounding mountains. On one occasion Snowy conveyed all members to the head of the lake, where we spent a lovely day admiring the beautiful bush and alpine scenery. On New Year's Eve a huge bonfire was built on the shore of the lake, and we treated the gulls to a community sing, Johnny, as usual, being the comedian. At 12 o'clock the customary New Year greetings were exchanged. (N.B.: Two escaped having their faces washed, but one was caught and made to pay toll next day.) After an uneventful trip all reached home safely, quite satisfied with our holiday.—P.I.E.

Give your Custom to our Advertisers.

SOME NATIVE BIRDS OF THE DUNEDIN DISTRICT.

Leaving the Kaikorai Valley on a tramp over the ridge into the Silverstream, the first native bird one will probably notice will be a little grey and white one scarcely larger than a sparrow. This is the Pipit, or Ground Lark, mottled grey on the back and head, and cream white with brown spots on the breast and under parts. This little bird is also distinguished by its habit of running along a track in front of the wayfarer, and must not be confused with the introduced Skylark, whose song, as he soars overhead, is so well known. The Ground Lark has no song, merely a whistling call which has been likened to the sound of "Pipit," from which it derives its common name. Like its cousin, the Skylark, the Pipit nests on the ground, and its nest, containing four or five greyish white eggs speckled all over with greyish brown, may be found amongst the tussocks or other rough grass. The eggs of the introduced Skylark can generally be distinguished from those of the Pipit by the markings, which are of a greenish brown colour.

Another bird of the open country is the large Harrier Hawk, which, with its great wing-spread, is capable of soaring for considerable periods without apparent motion of the wings. The extermination of the rabbit in this district has reduced the food supply of the Harrier to such an extent that the bird is not now nearly so commonly seen as it once was. The nest is usually found amongst the rushes and tussock grass of swamps, but will at times be found in any convenient situation, such as on a mass of creeper on the edge of the bush.

Another species of hawk, known as the Bush-hawk or Sparrow-hawk (a true falcon), was found all over the country in the early days of settlement, but, being shy of human interference, is now met with only in remote districts. This bird is much swifter than the Harrier, taking its prey on the wing and not feeding on carrion as does the Harrier.

The black-backed Gull or Seagull may also be seen, and although it is so well known as to require little mention, one fact in connection with it may be referred to. This is the difference in colour of the young birds from the adults. The young are dark grey, and only attain the snowy white and black plumage of the adults after the second moult.

Passing through manuka scrub on the way down to Whare Flat small nests may be seen in the bushes which appear to be so flimsily built as to be almost capable of being seen through. They usually contain three or four pale blue eggs. These are the nests of the Wax-eye, otherwise known as White-eye, Silver-eye, and Blight Bird. These little birds, green and grey in colour, and easily identified by the white ring round the eye, are plentiful all over the district, and their lively twittering does much to enliven the scrub-covered land and the more open parts of the bush. The bird is not, strictly speaking, a native of New Zealand, for it was not known in this country prior to

1856, in which year it was first seen in the southern part of the South Island. It is a native of Australia and Tasmania, and its migration to New Zealand was probably involuntary, the birds being driven from their haunts by a bush fire, may have been caught on the wings of a north-west gale and borne to the shores of New Zealand. Since the first arrivals were seen other flocks in different parts of the country have been noted during the occurrence of north-west gales. The Maori name for the bird is "Tauhou," which means "stranger."

Other small birds of the scrub land and open forest are the Grey Warbler, Tomtit, and Fantail. The first of these (Grey Warbler, Maori name Riro-riro) is common, and often seen in winter in suburban gardens. It is brownish grey on the back, with white underparts and a black tail. It is very lively in its movements as it searches amongst the vegetation for insects, and at intervals sings its lively song like riro-riro repeated three times. It is the only New Zealand species which builds a pensive nest entered from the side. The bird has been the subject of commiseration owing to its being the principal host of the parasitic cuckoo, and as the entrance to the nest is only an inch in diameter, the method by which the Cuckoo, a much larger bird, introduces its egg into the nest has not yet been satisfactorily determined.

The Tomtit, a handsome little fellow with his jet black plumage and yellow breast, is found usually in or on the edges of the bush. The female is not so brightly coloured as the male, and is slightly smaller, with brownish-black plumage and a white breast.

The Fantail, a pretty little fly-catcher, so called from his habit of spreading his tail like a fan, appears to have decreased in numbers of late years. There are two varieties, or, as scientists have it, two species of these birds. One, the Pied Fantail, is dark brown on the back and light yellow on the breast; the other, the Black Fantail, is black tinged with rusty brown. Although these birds are classed as

separate species, birds of the different colours sometimes mate, and the offspring of such a union is always either distinctly pied or black. The nest, which contains white eggs with brown grey spots on the larger end, is distinguished by its elongated, pointed shape, and is often found hanging over a stream.

As we pass down the hill to Whare Flat, if the kowhai trees are in flower, the tuneful notes of the Tui will be heard as he feeds on the nectar of the flowers. The Tui, with its iridescent black plumage, relieved by a tuft of white feathers at the throat, is found in small numbers all over the district. At times it frequents suburban gardens wherever there are flowering trees and shrubs to provide the nectar which is its favourite food. The flax flowers also provide a rich harvest for the Tuis, whose white throat feathers were likened by the early settlers to clerical bands, hence the name of "Parson Bird" which they bestowed on the species.

Of similar habits to the Tui and sharing the feast of nectar will be seen the well-known Bellbird. This green-plumaged bird, whose tuneful notes have made it so well known as to render further description unnecessary, is much more plentiful in this district than the Tui, and everywhere its ringing notes enliven the way.

Space will not permit even meagre mention of the whole of the bird life of the Dunedin district in a short article such as this, but in a later issue it will be possible to continue the descriptions and so enable you to identify the birds you meet during your outings.—W.J.W., of Dunedin Naturalists' Field Club.

PERFECT ATTENTION FOR TOP AND TOE.

Every Customer gets a Free Shoe Shine at

G. E. WITHERS'

HAIRDRESSING SALOON

(Two doors from Stewart Dawson's).

WILSON AND WILSON,

MECHANICAL ENGINEERS, TOOL MAKERS, AND OXY-ACETONE WELDERS.

Telephone 18-074.

97 ST. ANDREW ST., DUNEDIN.

See us for your clinkers, nails, ice-axes, etc. We have an up-to-date machine for grinding Wood-working Knives, Bacon-slicing Machine, and Printers' Guillotine Knives. Fine Machine Repairing a Speciality.

No Job too big, No Job too small.

P. L. MOORE, Manager.

FOR THE LONG HIKE

CALEY'S MARCHING CHOCOLATE.

DELICIOUS AND SUSTAINING.

In the new handy Satchels, 6d and 1/- each.

MACKINTOSH CALEY PHOENIX LIMITED.

The Advertisements keep our paper going. Please keep our Advertisers going.

PAST TRIPS.

BUCKLAND'S CROSSING AND MISERY CREEK. 1/12/35.

The first of this summer's visits to Buckland's attracted a full bus, but the walking portion of the day could interest scarcely half of those present.

The trip up the Ben Dhoran Road to the head of Misery Creek requires no description, and the creek itself may be described shortly as the direct opposite of what its name would suggest, for the going is good and the distance to the Waikouaiti not too great. Tea at Poilite—not far upstream from the junction—and the usual pleasant stroll up the hill to Brightling's and the bus completed a good day.—J.C.L.

PENINSULA. 15/12/35.

If you will glance at your syllabus you will see for this date "New Trip on Peninsula. Bus to Harrington Point leaves Queen's Gardens at —. Leader. Mr R. B. Hamel." Now, we really didn't need to go to Harrington Point after all, for Dick, being unable to restrain himself long enough, used the step of the shop OPPOSITE the Pub. at Portobello to demonstrate his "new trip." As there was no prior announcement, a number of those present missed the actual performance, and so had to rely on the descriptions of others for their impression of this now famous full-length "trip." However, all were able to see the injuries sustained by our leader as a result of his demonstration, and we stongly advise anyone desirous of trying out the "trip" to first remove all attachments, such as field glasses. What we now want to know is whether or not the shop had in stock whatever it was Dick wanted to buy.—J.C.L.

LONG RIDGE ROAD, ETC. 5/1/36.

There were three members and a prospective member on the first trip for 1936, and everyone was at the meeting place on time—even the leader. The track through the Plantations was in good order, so a steady pace was maintained as far as the new pipe line, which was followed, as we had been advised that it was a far shorter route than Laing's Track to Long Ridge Road. At noon lunch was served at McIntyre's, and two hours later two other members (Percy and Co.) and a visitor from the country arrived on the scene, so we kept them company, and another start was made on lunch; then, seeing that this renowned boiling-up place seemed to be the only sheltered sunny spot about, the party decided to get as much sun as possible. After a few hours the second party returned to a well-known automobile, whilst the original crowd set off for Bell Hill. On the Whare Flat Road a boil-up was suggested, carried unanimously, and thus put a wonderful finish to a good day.—J.M.

KILMOG AND EVANSDALE. 19/1/36.

In typical Dunedin weather some six valiant members of the O.T.C. assembled at the Railway Station. Three miles from Sunny Dunedin the weather brightened, and promised to be fine; six miles out it was wet, nine it was fine, and so forth and so fifth. This did not improve matters at all, and heated discussions arose at each station, until at last we arrived at Puketeraki, where we just had to get out, as our tickets would take us no further. It was raining cats and dogs, and we

felt exceedingly sorry as we watched the train puff out of sight; but there was nothing else for it, so off we set up the road. The sky cleared—the rain stopped—our faces cleared—we stopped. Coats and capes were packed away, and once again we became a happy family. We had decided to go round past Seaciff Mental Hospital, and nothing untoward happened before lunch, except that T— M— was recognised by some of his old pals, who gave him a hearty cheerio. We lunched in our usual resplendent style beside a church, and after lapse of a reasonable time set off down the hill to the North Branch of the Evansdale. The only excitement during the afternoon was in passing through a paddock of bullocks, but Colin led the way and we followed. The bullocks were dumbfounded, and forgot to do the usual thing, so we got through safely. After a hearty meal at Evansdale we set off for the station with the idea that we had missed the train and would have to walk to town, only to find that we were about half an hour early, and the train was ditto late, so all was well.—I.S.

LITTLE PAPANUI BEACH EXPEDITION. 26/1/36.

Another unsuccessful attempt, but this time Dick swears that he sighted our objective in the far distance through his powerful binoculars, which is rather encouraging. Our next attempt in about 12 months hence will probably see the flag of the O.T.C. firmly planted on the beach of Little Papanui. I would suggest the establishing of food depots at regular intervals, so that the dangers of starvation would be greatly minimised.

P.S.—A rather unusual incident occurred en route, but I had better leave it to Dick to write up!—P.L.M.

BUCKLAND'S CROSSING. 2/2/36.

Buckland's Crossing, as usual, drew a full bus, and we had a (more or less) musical journey both ways. After sorting out the walkers, the fishers, the eaters, and those who wished only to bask in the sun, 11 of the party set off up the road for a round trip via Ram

Rock, Scratchback Hill, and Mount Watkin and returned to Bucklands at 7 p.m., although five of the party, who managed to escape the leader's eye, took a route of their own and were an hour late in arriving back. We heard that one of the five descended rather suddenly into the Waikouaiti River, with painful consequences—a cut nose, and no doubt a scratch (ed) back also.—G.A.P.

SANDYMOUNT AND SANDFLY BEACH. 9/2/36.

The leader, who was the only member to turn up on time, took the 9.30 a.m. train in spite of the heavy downpour and thick mist. Being the only passenger, it was an uneventful trip across the watery waste to Portobello. After the long, steady pull up Sandymount, a remarkable view of Sandfly Beach was obtained through the mist, and in due course the party (me) managed to reach Anderson's Bay at 3.30 p.m., thus setting up a new record for arrival home.—C.G.M.

PICNIC (UNOFFICIAL). 16/2/36.

Seeing that the Annual Picnic was postponed owing to unforeseen circumstances, some 15 members who had arrived at the Queen's Gardens at the prescribed time decided to hold a picnic of their own at Harrington Point. We took the 10 o'clock bus to the Point, where the usual boil-up was staged, and after this hearty feed a number of the party went for a walk to the lighthouse via the tunnel, at which place a certain member (who shall be nameless) had a swim in none too clean a pool. Her brother had to return to camp for slacks, and after a hasty change the Heads was decorated with a colourful array of bunting. In due course we returned to the base, met two members who had been out shooting, and heard a tall story about rabbits. A light tea, consisting of everything left to eat, was hurried over, and we packed up ready for the bus at 6 p.m., so ending a most enjoyable day, although it was bit wet in places (eh, Nell?).—J.G.M.

COATS
&
CAPESWATERPROOF
&
WIND PROOF

Light, handy, and inexpensive. Made from Proofed Silk, Balloon Cloth, and Proofed Japara. Leggings and Sou'-westers to match.

A whole Outfit from 25/- Made in our own factory.

ALEX. THOMPSON AND SON LTD.,

P.O. Box 710. Phone 10-075.

453 Princes Street, Dunedin.

PHOTOS—For Developing and Printing Bring your Films to—PHOTOS

CAMERON BROS. LTD., Stafford Street,

OR

CAMERON'S CENTRAL PHARMACY, 102 Princes St.

(Next Jackson's Hotel.)

If you want information regarding CAMERAS, FILMS, FILTERS, etc., we will be pleased to oblige. OUR PRICES ARE MODERATE.

Mention "Outdoors" to Our Advertisers.