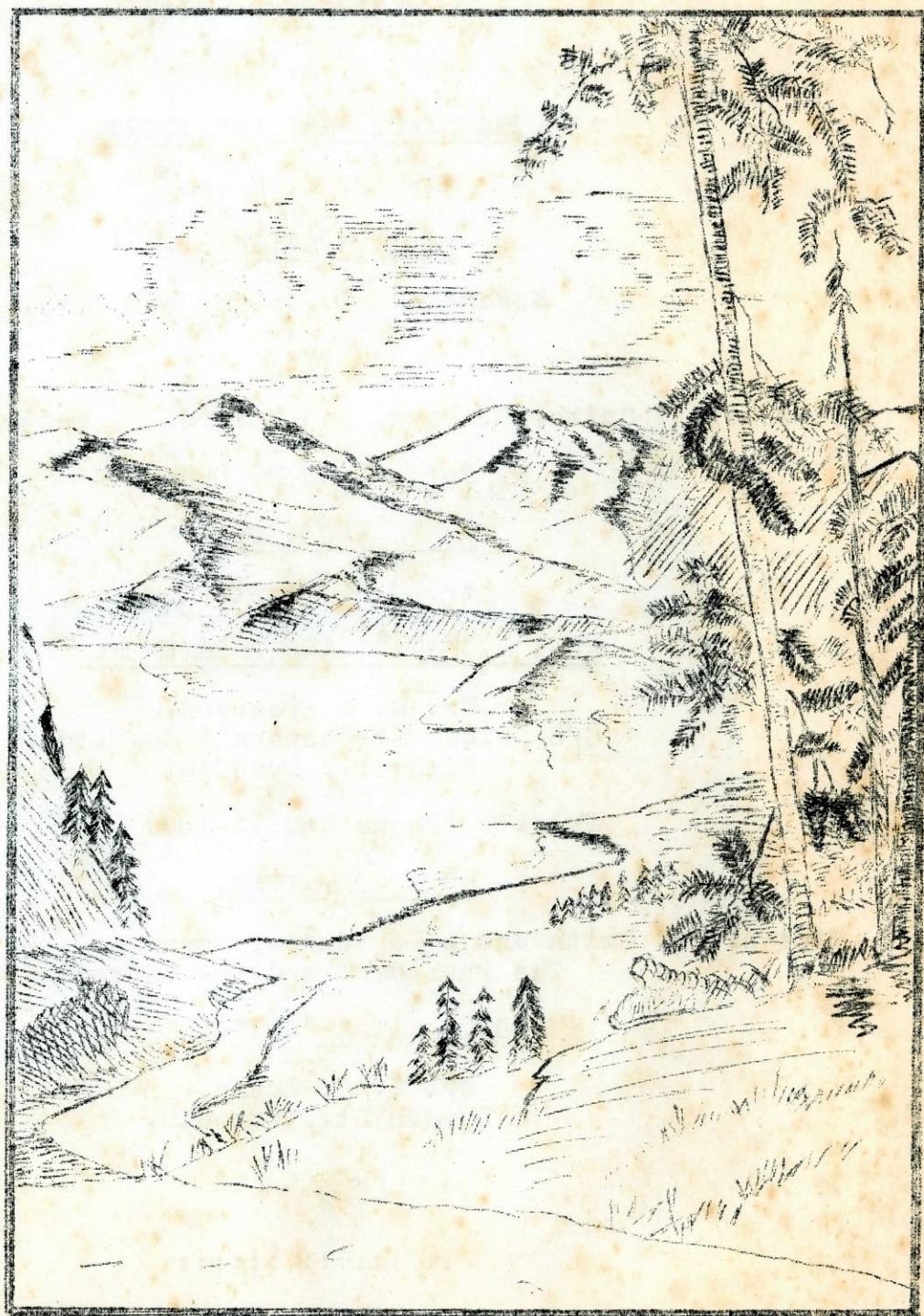


OUTDOORS



The Otago Tramping Club Inc

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The President and the Secretary.

Mr. J. C. Lucas,
6 Duncan St., Dunedin.

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O U T D O O R S.

The Official Organ of the Otago Tramping Club Inc.

June, 1937.

Vol 3, No.4.

Contributions for the next issue
should reach the Editor by 20th
August, 1937. As far as possible
all contributions should be typed.

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Special Trip -

Wednesday, 9th June, 1937.

A trip to the SILVER PEAK will be the feature for
Wednesday, 9th June 1937. The party will take the 7.52.a.m.
train to Mt. Allan - thence walk to the Silver Peaks and
return via Leith Valley. A special bus will leave the Leith
Saddle at 6 P.M. Fare to town, 1/-

Please notify the Secretary if you are going.

Whole day - Saturday walks.

Members desirous of full day walks on Saturdays
should communicate with Mr. R. Gilkison who will probably
be able to advise which other members are going out.

New Members:

The following new members have joined since our last
issue:-

Misses E. Purvis, K. Steele, P. Scott, E. Thomson,
J. Patrick, J. Rout, M. McLennan, L. Wynne and I. Balk.
Messrs. E.H. Clark, J. D. Fraser, Geo. Chance Jr. and
J. Styles.

To each of these new members we extend a hearty welcome
to the O.T.C.

Social Committee:- Your attention is directed to the
Social Committee announcement on Page 16.

Riding Down The Lower Hollyford.

Last January, after being storm-stayed for several days at Howden, five of us set off for the Lower Hollyford Valley with Dave Gunn as guide, accompanied by his three dogs.

We rode to Martin's Bay via the Hollyford River and Lake McKerrow, then followed the coast up to Big Bay, then turned inland to Hidden Falls Hut via the Pyke Valley and Lake Alabaster - thus making an interesting round trip.

We were struck with the sure-footedness of the horses on the rough tracks.

After leaving Howden our journey led through beech forest, which soon changed to mixed bush, where pines and miros predominated.

One thicket of bush seemed alive with bird-song, of which the cries of Kakas and the notes of bell-birds were the more noticeable.

We emerged on to a clearing at Sunny Creek, where were camped the men who are surveying the new road to Martin's Bay.

At Deadman's Hut we lunched before continuing on our way, shortly afterwards passing the Harris Saddle track, branching off to the right. On the left is the grave of Donald Keith, who died of starvation in the early days.

Passing Mid Hut, across the river from us, we eventually reached Hidden Falls Hut, where we spent the first night.

During the next morning, we visited the Hidden Falls, turbulent waters dashing over a huge round rock, the spray floating out and shrouding the rocky cliffs in many fantastic patterns.

At 2.30 P.M. we left for the Pyke Hut, the track rising gradually to Homer's Saddle, on the way up to which magnificent views of Tutoko were glimpsed through the bush. At the foot of the steep descent on the other side, another waterfall was seen on our right. At the Pyke Hut a curious piece of drift-wood shaped like a stag's head with antlers nailed above the door, gave the hut a distinctive appearance.

That evening, the sunset colourings enhanced the beauty of Tutoko and neighbouring mountains.

On a perfect morning we started off for Lake McKerrow Hut. At the Pyke River, Dave, by boat, conveyed us with the pack-saddles to the other side, the horses swimming behind the boat. So deep was the river that only their heads appeared above water.

Arrived at the McKerrow Hut, a meal was soon despatched, and then two departed with the horses along the track at the side of Lake McKerrow, whilst the rest of us waited until the lake was calm enough for Dave to row us the twelve miles to the Hut at Martin's Bay.

That evening, Lake McKerrow was dream-like in its beauty. The moon lent an added charm to the scene and lit up the succession of bush-clad ridges, which reached down to the water's edge, whilst the snow-covered peaks of the Humboldt Range towered in the background. Tern flying overhead seemed fairy sprites in the moonlight. An ever-to-be remembered trip over mirror-like water.

The higher mountains and bush gradually dwindled to lower hills and low-lying bush near the Hut at Martin's Bay. As we neared the landing place in the Hollyford River, we thought the weird outlines of the trees looked like a circus of strange animals and dancing figures by night.

On arrival at the Hut, welcome cups of tea were dispensed by a prospector already in possession, and it was not long before we were all snug in our bunks, after Dave had "flitted" the rooms, so as to rout the unwelcome mosquitoes.

Another fine day followed, so we rowed down the Hollyford River, and along a backwater for a considerable distance to a landing-spot, from which we followed a track to the Mackenzie's old homestead, picturesquely situated amongst blue-gums.

Then over to the beach, Martin's Bay, where we enjoyed a swim, and were intrigued by a cute little penguin standing on the beach. One foot had evidently been injured, and he rested it by keeping the heel lightly on the sand with toes up. On our return, we looked for flounders in the backwater, and saw many, but only three were speared.

In the evening we rowed up the Hollyford where the water reflected the bush, which seemed an even height all around.

The flounders were delicious at breakfast next morning. We were loathe to leave this delightful spot, but horses were caught, bridled and saddled for the ride up the coast to Big Bay.

Crossing the flats, we soon reached a track leading

past a lagoon at the mouth of the Hollyford River, - on which were twenty swans and one hundred or more Paradise ducks. The moulting season had begun.

A track colourful with the foliage of St. John's Wort and the flowers of ragwort and convolvulus led out to the Martin's Bay end of the fifteen mile beach of Big Bay, of which we were to negotiate eight miles. This end of the Bay was very picturesque with rocks and dashing spray. From this point, we could see some of the snow peaks near Routeburn and Howden.

At mid-day we stopped at a creek, and had lunch on the beach, then proceeded along the shore where were oyster-catchers, quaint birds with long red bills and legs. Soon we reached the sandy three mile beach at the head of the Bay, along which we cantered.

The Hut at Big Bay is a comfortable one with rough hewn table and chairs and good bunks. Dave's vegetable garden at this Hut gave us green peas, broad beans and potatoes, which we thoroughly enjoyed at the evening meal.

Rain set in shortly after our arrival, so it was thought better to stay the night here, rather than to proceed to the Upper Pyke Hut as at first intended.

The rain clearing, we walked to the beach and noted the petrol-tank (still intact), the rubber wheels and the rest of the wrecked aeroplane scattered far and wide over the sand.

Dave Gunn was the man who made the noteworthy ride in search of assistance after the aeroplane disaster at Big Bay which occurred at the end of last December.

After a delightful dip in the sea we went over to the Awarua River at this north-east end of the Bay, and near the edge of the river was a group of six oyster-catchers uttering their curious cries, and running hither and thither, advancing and retreating. Whether quarrelsome or frolicsome we could not determine.

Next morning, we continued on to the Barrier Hut, twenty miles distant. The bush was exquisite after the rain, and there were many filmy ferns on logs and arches. The so-called white rata, bearing white, pink and deep pink blossoms, covered the tree-trunks from which hung festoons of moss. The pepper trees glowed with red-tinted leaves. Long ferns hung from the trees, all looking very fine with the dew-drops upon them. Even the hard fern - aspidium - was transformed into something more graceful.

There were many big trees, such as rata, ribbonwood, kamahi, miro and pine. This bush gave way to clearer patches, where stoney creeks descended. Those who rode realised that it was a better way to see the bush, as some of the ferns

- grew so tall that the walkers could scarcely see over them. Rata trees in blossom delighted the travellers.

There was open country near Upper Pyke Hut, which was reached after crossing the Pyke River. After lunch at this hut, we pushed off for Barrier Hut, but rain increased in volume, and guide Dave thought it wisest to return to Upper Pyke Hut, which was roomy, and built only three years ago.

Slabs of tree trunks did service for walls and tables. A curious bird cry took us to the door, and we saw a sparrow-hawk chasing a large hawk, and uttering its peculiar cry meanwhile. It was interesting to see the smaller bird flying high and swooping down towards the other, which it eventually chased away.

The rain soon caused the river to rise quickly. Mosquitoes were troublesome throughout the night, and thunder and lightening also enlivened the hours.

Next morning looked hopeful, but rain and hail showers fell. The men set to work clearing a track through the bush to avoid extra crossings of the river on the next stage of the journey, and this job filled the day for them, whilst the rest of us went various short walks up and down the river, but found the bush rather wet for penetrating far.

We had a good glimpse of the Red Hills with fresh snow upon them, mists rising from their summits. More rain fell during the night, but next morning the mists began to rise, and the sun shone, so everyone felt cheerier.

After an early lunch we set off for Barrier Hut and followed the track the men had cleared the day before. Later on, several crossings of the river meant double-banking on the horses.

In the open spaces were much flax, myrtle, coprosma and olearia.

At our final crossing of the Pyke, we plunged into scrub through which a track had hastily to be cut. Swampy country here, so mosquitoes "got busy" in the daylight.

At last we found ourselves on a well-formed track, which led through beautiful bush where kidney ferns abounded on the tree trunks. Nearby, an outstanding rata tree was in full blossom. Then we crossed a branch of the river, and further along passed a rush-fringed tarn or back-wash of the river, which flowed gently towards Lake Wilmot. A rough track, along which we led the horses, followed the left side of the lake. Very tall olearias grew near the beach at the foot, and there were many veronicas in blossom.

The Pyke River flowed so gently out of the lake that it mirrored the bush nearby. Before we reached the Barrier Creek, the river had suddenly awakened to life, and flowed rapidly down the valley.

Crossing Barrier Creek, we arrived at a fine, open flat on which is Barrier Hut, built of totara slabs two years ago. From this hut, were fine views of snow-topped mountains with bush-covered ranges in the foreground. Ara-wata Bill's mai-mai still stood near the beech forest - a relic of interesting times.

Through the beech forest was another flat from which the beautiful Mt. Madeline showed up clearly in the distance.

After breakfast next morning, we left for Hidden Falls Hut, and had a splendid day for views. We crossed the flat with Mt. Madeline urging us onwards for a nearer view, then went through scrub to another flat, which was exceedingly swampy.

Toi-tois, bordering the river, grew alongside the track, from which we had excellent views of Mt. Madeline.

Arrived at Lake Alabaster, we stopped for lunch at its head, whence the scenery was indescribably beautiful. The lake, which is only one hundred feet above sea-level, is surrounded by bush-clad mountains. At the foot of the lake, Tutoko and Madeline looked like gigantic white marble statues, and formed a striking contrast with the lower green-robed hills across the lake from them.

A very rough track at the side of the lake led six miles through the bush, from which we had attractive views of Madeline all along the route.

At the foot of the lake, the track continued through bush to the Pyke river, alongside which we crossed a creek to again enter bush for the last stage to the Pyke Hut, where we had tea before proceeding to Hidden Falls Hut, thus ending this delightful round trip, before continuing to Howden next day.

E A S T E R T R I P - 1937.

PEEL FOREST.

For Easter, 1937, after considering Mt. Cook, The Blue Mountains and other places, the Committee decided that the Club should patronise Peel Forest. This choice proved to be a fortunate one, and those who took part in the trip had a thoroughly enjoyable time.

The thanks of the Club are due to an Ashburton member - Mr I. Mackie, to whom for much preliminary work and skilful leadership, the bulk of the success of the Easter Holiday is due.

Here are two accounts of the outings:

1. The Club party was due to leave the tram-sheds at 11 p.m. on Thursday, March 25, to set off for the trip to Peel Forest. When we arrived, a bit early, we thought the bus looked nice and large, but with the advent of each fresh batch of people, we thought the bus looked smaller, and as we looked at the size of the packs which had to be stowed aboard, we thought the bus looked as if it had shrunk still more.

In the semi-darkness of the front of the tram-sheds figures flitted about, packs were stowed in the rear compartment, then the members began to settle themselves, and their rugs etc., in their quarters, for the all-night journey. Envious eyes were cast on an inviting cushion brought along by one thoughtful member.

At 11.30 P.M. we started off, after receipt of the news that the tramper for whom we were waiting, was waiting for us in town. At the Gardens, we picked up the last member, the twenty-first, then felt we had really started.

As the hours went by, we gradually settled ourselves in attitudes more or less comfortable, and tried to sleep. Just as that seemed possible, we arrived at Palmerston station and everybody trooped out for tea and buns etc. More tea and buns at Oamaru. We reached Timaru just before daybreak, and there we prowled around while awaiting the arrival of the petrol station proprietor to attend to our wants.

When we arrived at Peel Forest, we did not know where to go to find our cottage. At the Camping Ground we were given some directions, and before long we saw one of our Ashburton members coming along to welcome us.

It was decided that most of the men should occupy the cottage on the hill, the other two finding quarters in a nearby caravan, and the ladies should have "Auchedoo" the comfortable little furnished cottage on the flat.

Our Ashburton friends had thoughtfully chopped a lot of wood for us, and had carried tins of water from the creek. Rooms were allotted, then there was feverish activity in every room, as we unpacked our bags. The first thing I removed from my pack was a large bag of bananas, which I had thoughtfully put on top to save them from squashing. Alas for my fond hopes! Some miserable male tramper had slept on that bag of bananas, and no doubt, because of that, had had a soft comfortable bed, and a delightfully refreshing sleep. Well, as I was saying, I took out that bag of bananas, from which juice dripped, then proceeded to examine my pack. Juice was everywhere. Believe me, banana juice is a past master at the art of peaceful penetration.

Numerous cupboards facilitated the disposal of our stores, and soon everything was tidy. After an early lunch, most of us went for strolls, despite the weather and the wet condition generally. Thick fog hid the mountain tops and hung about the bush-covered lower slopes, the grass was sopping and every bush we touched sent down a shower of drops.

The bush has great variety of trees and plants, and is very beautiful. We visited Emily Falls, and had some stiff climbs, to get out of some deep gorges.

The men invited the women for dinner that night, - the men doing all the providing and all the work. Though not an eye-witness of the activities, I heard lots about the whizzing and whirring that went on in that cottage. The result justified those activities, as that dinner was GOOD.

After the meal everybody stayed for a while and we had a sing-song with violin accompaniment.

As the following day was still thick and misty, we went for only short excursions, through beautiful forest tracks. There we saw various magnificent specimens of totara trees, some of them so large that five and once six people with arms outstretched were needed to encircle the trunk. Thick vines hung from some trees, tempting some members to climb, suggesting (as mentioned by onlookers) simian ancestry. The forest is a treasure-house for botanists and other nature lovers.

In the afternoon we went to the store, then visited the church next door, and on the way back to camp visited an avenue of wonderful old trees in Commander Denniston's property. These trees have been there since the early days of Canterbury settlement.

In the evening most of the party played cards, and talked of climbing Mt Peel the following day - weather permitting. Plans were made for early rising, the discussion centering around "Shall we start at midnight or some hours later?" Next day the weather although dry, was still unsuitable for climbing, so we decided to have a day at Orari Gorge. We took the bus for some miles till we nearly reached the river which we soon forded. We went up a valley some distance, then stopped for lunch, after which we went over a hill and down into another valley where most of the party had a swim in a very fine natural swimming pool.

We followed down Andrews Creek, which in places flows through a very deep gorge. Here it is spanned by a bridge the gorge becomes a chasm. After viewing a very fine stretch of the Orari, flowing between precipitous banks, we went down the valley till we arrived at the ford where we had crossed in the morning.

On the other side, we made preparations for a boil-up. Soon parties began to arrive from different directions, everyone seemingly happy and contented. On our homeward drive, we noticed that the fog still hung around the mountain tops, and we wondered if it lived there "for keeps".

The women decided that it was their turn to "shout" for the party, so, after arrival at the cottage they busied themselves preparing huge dishes of fruit salad, which was then carried up the hill to the men's cottage. Crockery and cutlery were carried up, also cake. After the salad etc., had been disposed of, some of us adjourned to the cottage down below for a sing-song musical evening, while the others stayed and played cards.

As the evening wore on, most of the party came down for the sing-song which was kept going till late.

Next morning, a drizzly rain gave promise of a bad day but about 9 o'clock the mist broke up, and the mountain tops showed clearly for the first time during our visit. Great excitement in camp! Those who intended to climb the mountain hastily packed lunches, and by 10 o'clock set off. As some of the others had to leave for home that day, they did not have time to climb the mountain, but they set off a little later, with the remainder of the party, to climb the Deer Spur.

Those who were making for the top toiled up the tussocky slope in the hot humid air, and found the going heavy. When they arrived at the top of the ridge, they were met by a cool breeze which modified things a bit. The climb to little Mt. Peel was a long plug up and up, but was well worth the energy expended. Miles of tussock-covered and barren country showed on the left, and Peel Forest and the wide expanse of the Canterbury Plain, with the ocean beyond, showed on the right.

One could see the Orari and Rangitikei Rivers winding their way across the plains towards the sea, and further north, dust blowing out of the Rakaia riverbed.

Lunch was eaten on top of Little Peel, then most of the party set off for the summit of Big Peel about three hours away. What at a lower altitude had been a breeze became a gale which could be leaned on at times.

The tramp along the ridge was uneventful, just pegging up and down, until we got there. The view was magnificent and very extensive. Because of the cold wind, we did not wait long on top, but set off to return by the same route as we had followed on the outward journey.

When we reached Little Peel, we found that some of our party had arrived there, by way of the Deer Spur, but had set off for home before our return. As we jolted and thumped our way downhill, we did not wonder that we had puffed and gasped as we went up. While still on the open ridge, we saw the moon rise, so waited there till the full orb appeared - a lovely sight. Then satisfied, we set off on the last lap, for the cottage, but we thought we would pop in and say "How do you do!" at the men's cottage before we passed on. There we were received royally by two members who plied us with food and hot tea, and more food and more tea. As we were leaving the cottage, we saw the rear-guard of the party descending the last slope. Everyone voted the day a great success.

Card-playing was in progress when we arrived at our cottage, but as the moonlight was too good to waste, some of us decided to go for a walk to view Commander Denniston's wonderful avenue by moonlight. The grandeur of the trees, the moonlight and shadow, and the hush impressed us all and we went home feeling that our good day had been rounded off most happily.

Tuesday morning, the last of our holiday, saw us early astir. Breakfasts that morning were rather lighter than usual, as everyone seemed to have joined the conspiracy to be ready in time.

Everyone whizzed around, packing, tidying and cleaning the gear was carried to the bus along at the corner, the door was locked and the last of the party set off, arriving at the bus at 9.28 with 2 minutes to the good!!!

In accordance with the wishes of the party, the journey was altered to include a visit to the Memorial Church at Cave. We spent a considerable time there, and were much impressed by the building, and by the thought and spirit enshrined in it. The spirit of the pioneers, their ruggedness and endurance, can be felt in the symbolism employed. It was a satisfying visit.

Soon after leaving the church we arrived at a stream beside which we stopped for lunch, then we set off for Timarū, where the last one of our Ashburton friends left us.

At Oamaru we stopped for tea, then some of us had a look around the Public Gardens. At Palmerston, we stopped at the Railway Station for more tea, and some of the party who seemed to have an insatiable hunger absorbed more nourishment. As we travelled along, we had some sing-songs.

About 9 P.M. we arrived in Dunedin, then soon scattered to our various homes, to tell our homefolks about the good times we had had at Peel Forest.

2.

A.F.E.

As a new and very green member of the Tramping Club, it was in trepidation that I wended my way to the Corporation Bus which waited to take us to Peel Forest for the Easter vacation. My previous tramping experience was decidedly limited, so that I felt rather like a gate-crasher. I would like to say that all our new members were accepted so naturally and unaffectedly that we knew our faltering feet had taken us in the right direction.

It was late on Thursday night when our party of twenty set out on our bus journey. I do not think I should dwell upon that journey, for it must bring back painful memories of aching bones and stiff necks, there being no suitable places where we could rest our weary heads and other accessories.

We were glad when we arrived at Peel Forest at 8 O'clock on Good Friday morning, and saw the two cottages secured for us. Here we were joined by three trampers from Ashburton whose guidance and companionship were appreciated.

Misty rain prevailed that day. We took a short walk through the bush to the Emily Falls. They were well worth seeing and the bush was beautiful. That was my first

experience of mud - lots of it. I was well plastered from chin to toes, all the while making vain efforts to deport myself in the approved manner. This business of mud-negotiating is something like swimming - once the art has been mastered, one wonders why such ludicrous floundering could ever happen. It was all great fun.

Meals were much akin to the picnic variety, speaking for the feminine section. One man rashly (or was it inadvertently?) invited us to dine on Thursday. Needless to say, we joyously repaired to the mail habitat where we partook of a sumptuous meal.

There was much to interest us on Saturday, when we ambled through the forest. The bell birds' liquid notes were everywhere and fantails followed us as we walked along. The ferns grow in great profusion and beauty. We saw some huge old totara trees which will long be remembered. One totara at least, was about thirty-five feet in circumference.

On Sunday, the old bus carried us a few miles to the Orari river. We had to begin our tramp by wading across the river, most of us still wearing our boots, which was a new experience for the greenhorns and made us feel like pioneers.

When we had crossed the river, we followed a track by Andrews' Creek. We had to ford the creek several times and finally bottled the billy on its banks. After lunch, we left the creek and began the zig-zag ascent of the nearest hill. Even now, I do not know the names of those hills. To all my queries I received the same reply - "The foothills". Some of the party crossed over and walked down into the little valley below, where they followed another creek, Blackbirch - I think. I believe most of that party enjoyed a swim in it. The rest of us kept to the hills which the new members fondly imagined were mountains. We have since realised our mistake.

And so we again reached the Orari river, after completing a round trip. From the mountains, I mean the undulations, we had a good view of the Canterbury Plains with the Orari and Rangitata rivers. During all this time, Mount Peel was closely shrouded in mist, so disappointing to those who wished to make the ascent. On Monday however, the mist cleared away, the day being beautifully fine and cloudless. Some climbed Mt. Peel, some went to Little Peel, and the rest of us went through the bush to the Deer Spur where we had lunch beside a little mountain tarn. Thus we spent our last day at Peel Forest.

The return journey to Dunedin began about 9 o'clock the following morning. We called at Cave to see the Pioneer Memorial Church, an excellent arrangement we had previously planned. Lunch was eaten by the roadside, near Pleasant

Point. Stops were made at Timaru and Oamaru, the lights of Dunedin showing up all too soon.

Although to the more experienced trampers, it may not have been strenuous enough, the Camp was an ideal beginning for the uninitiated, and it was a great success socially.

M.McL.

SHELLS OF DUNEDIN BEACH, PART III.

Being the final portion of an article by J. Niven Esq., of the Dunedin Naturalists' Field Club.

Glycymeris modesta. Small Dog Cockle. Comb Shell.

In shape this might be considered circular, or short oval, or triangular with the base very much rounded. It may be yellow, light or dark brown, on the outside, usually white inside. It has very close and very fine riblets, such that the shell seems almost smooth. Its best distinguishing feature is the flat hinge plate with a group of 6 - 8 tiny teeth in a row, on each side of the beaks. These can be felt plainly if the thumb nail is drawn across the flat surface. A peculiar feature is that the beaks are slightly curved backwards instead of forwards.

Arca decussata. Noah's Ark Shell.

An elongated shell with the upper and lower sides nearly "parallel". It has fine close radiating ribs crossed by similar concentric ones, and resembles a piece of coarse cloth. On beach specimens there is usually only some remains of the hair-like epidermis that covers a good specimen. Another distinguished feature is the two groups of numerous small teeth in a line on the hinge plate of each valve. These can easily be felt by running the nail over the long hinge plate. It seems to be more common on the St. Clair beach than on the St. Kilda.

Irona Reflexa.

This is a white four-sided or elongated oval shell which often looks deformed, the deformation being due to want of room in the rock crevice in which it lives. It is covered with thin, irregular concentric raised ridges. The pallial sinus is long, extending to about the middle of the valve, and is rounded in front. The raised ridges help to distinguish this shell from the first carpet shell.

Dosinia anus. Biscuit shell:

This shell is nearly circular in outline. It is only slightly convex. The heavy thick valves are covered with concentric ridges which are enlarged near the ends of the arcs. It is a biscuit or reddish brown colour.

Myadora striata. Bitter oyster:

This looks like an oval shell which has a piece bitten out. One valve is flat, the other slightly convex, the whole shell appearing thin. Both valves have concentric ribs outside, and are pearly inside. It is quite common for only the flat valves to be found on one part of the beach or at one time, while the convex valves may be found on another part of the beach or at another time.

Cardita aoteana.

A rather irregular shell which has about a dozen wide distinct, knobby ribs. The longer ribs run the whole length of the shell, reminding one of the ribs on *Mytilus maorianus*, but the former ribs are much wider than the latter, and the mussel will seldom be found on the beach as short as the *Cardita*.

Chlamys (species of). Fan Shell. Scallop.

These are shaped like a fan, but are convex, and have a projection or ear at the narrow end. They are of various species and colours, but will not be further described here.

Ostrea (species). Oyster.

These are irregular shells having one valve fairly flat and the other convex. They have only one adductor scar on each valve.

Terebratella rubicunda. Lamp shell. Toe-nails.

This is completely red, or pink, unless much bleached. This and the next one are not molluscs, but brachiopods, as they have two valves, however, and are fairly common, they are included here. The two valves are unequal and dissimilar, the larger one having the pointed part curved over and pierced by a round hole. A sort of stalk passes through this hole to fasten the animal to some solid. They are small, thin and light. The colour is sufficient, usually, to identify both this and the next. Molluscs (bivalves) have the valves at their sides with the edges meeting above and below; brachiopods have shells above and below, the edges being at the sides like the protection of the tortoise.

Homithyris nigricans. Black lamp-shell.

This is completely black or brownish.

PAST TRIPS.

On February 28, sixteen members and friends set off by bus for the trip to Taiari Gorge, etc. We stopped at the Taiari Aerodrome, and saw the plane leave for the north, then we waited while Bill went for a flight.

At Waironga we left the bus and set off along the railway line, following it for some distance till a promising ridge appeared on our left. Then we took to the ridges.

As the leader was not familiar with the locality she handed over the duties to one who knew the district better.

After the bit of up and down the party divided, some keeping to the ridges (plenty of gorse there), the others going along the railway line till they reached a tunnel, through which most of the party went.

Then in blazing sunshine, we went up more ridges and eventually arrived at the luncheon spot, beside a hut on a road, on top of a ridge. From there, we followed a pipeline, which led towards the Taiari River, which there ran at the foot of a very deep valley.

The sight of that deep valley, with Mt Hyde beyond, discouraged us from continuing in that direction, so we turned back, and followed the ridges for some distance. Again, the party divided, some keeping on the comparatively level sky-line, others keeping closer to the river, and so finding plenty of hard work, going up and down, up and down.

The party from the ridge arrived first at the boiling place at Outram Glen, and were soon supplied with tea by those who had elected to remain with the bus. Two-and-a-half hours later, we saw the remainder of the party coming along the road. They bore the scars of battle in the form of myriads of black streaks from the burnt scrub they had pushed through. In spite of that, everyone decided we had had a good day.

A. F. E.

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We are aware of the fact that the heading of this feature reads "PAST TRIPS"- whilst the account of but one trip is given, but we decline to take any responsibility for this. -

Ed.

FUTURE SOCIALS.

SOCIALS.

WILSON HALL, KING STREET.

Wednesday, 23rd June.
at 7.45 p.m.

Three short talks of holiday trips,
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Impromptu Speech Competition.
Dancing, 10 - 11 p.m.

Wednesday, 7th July.
at 7.45 p.m.

1½ hours' Variety Entertainment.
(Arranged by Miss R.D. Moore)
Dancing, 10 - 11 p.m.

Admission 1/-

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Punctuality will be appreciated.

4th June, 1937.

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