



OTAGO
TRAMPING
AND
MOUNTAINEERING
CLUB

OUTDOORS

The Official Journal of the
Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club (Inc.),
Dunedin, N.Z.

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Fiftieth
Anniversary Issue
(1923 = 1973)

With Supplement — Outdoors 1973

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FOREWORD

It is with pleasure I write the President's Message in this, the 50th year of the Tramping Club. All those who attended the recent celebrations will realise what a tremendous amount of mental and physical satisfaction has been achieved both by the Club and by individual members during these fifty years.

Enthusiastic support was given by practically every member in former years and it is that same enthusiasm that I ask you to show now towards all the activities of the Club.

We have always fostered non-competitive sports in the hills and a much greater participation in skiing, mountaineering and canoeing is now possible with improved and quicker means of transport. With all this extra involvement by so many people, it is more important than ever that the back country should be preserved in its natural state, therefore the Club is strongly on the side of the conservationists. Also, little and other signs of untidy human beings should never be able to be attributed to any member of the Club.

It has been on the agenda of several seminars that restrictions should be placed on trampers and climbers. Much money and many people — police, helicopter pilots and other non-tramping personnel — are involved in the rescue of ill-equipped and inexperienced persons who go blindly into the mountains, hoping for fair weather and good conditions, only to find that New Zealand mountains and New Zealand mountain weather are treacherous in the extreme to those who are ignorant of the hazards. The Club can, and does, do a great deal in the training of those desiring to tramp and climb: the Bushcraft courses held each year provide a starting point, and Club trips, with experienced leaders, carry on this work. It has been mooted that trampers and climbers may have to be registered in some form or another; this may mean that unlicensed people can no longer go where they like when they like. This would mean a further encroachment by authority on the rights of the individual. Should the Club oppose this?

On behalf of Bruce Mason and myself — each President for half the year — I should like to thank all those people who have helped us throughout the year — committee, Club members and interested friends. Your help has been greatly appreciated.

Dick Brasier.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The compilation of any work of this nature must rely to a large extent on the memories and impressions of the contributors. Club records are often, at best, rather sketchy. For some periods they may even be non-existent.

Often, too, some readers may consider that a particular trip or member-of-note appears to have been omitted in favour of another they consider less deserving of mention. If this is indeed the case, I trust they will accept my apologies.

To the following contributors, I extend my grateful thanks—without them my task would have been so much harder. Scott Gilkison, Ralph Markby, Bruce Campbell, Bruce Moore, Jim Freeman, Alan Thomson, Murray Kokich, Bruce Mason, Dick Brasier and Russell George.

Credit for the photographs belongs to Ken Mason who was supplied with material by the following: Beth Larkins, Trevor Pullar, Peter Johnson, Miss C. M. Lucas, Ralph Markby, Horace Tily, Bruce Campbell, E. W. Hunter.

Clive Donaldson, at short notice, has done a grand job in assembling material for the supplement to this edition.

This is probably a fitting place to record the thanks of the Anniversary Sub-Committee to Peter Mason, for his design of the plane-table for Flagstaff, and to Dorothyann McHugh, who designed the menu and "Outdoors" cover. Thanks, too, are accorded all those responsible for the hard work that went on behind the scenes to make the Anniversary celebrations the great success they were.

And last, but not least, my grateful thanks to my wife, Sara, for the many hours she spent typing, editing and just making cups of coffee.

R. J. Keen.

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THE EARLY YEARS

1923 - 1930

From "Otago Daily Times", 23rd August, 1923:

Ladies and gentlemen interested in the formation of a "Tramping Club" are invited to attend a meeting to be held in Mr Diver's Board Room, Grand Picture Palace Building, Tonight (Thursday), August 23, at 8 o'clock.

From "Otago Daily Times", 24th August, 1923:

A successful and enthusiastic meeting was held in Mr E. S. Wilson's Board Room last night for the purpose of forming the Otago Tramping Club. There was an attendance of fully 60, including a large number of ladies. Mr O. Balk, who was voted to the chair, referred to the great advantages which Dunedin offered to a Club of that nature. He pointed out the benefit to be derived from such healthy exercise as tramping over the hills, and the elevating effect it would have upon the mind. In the Tararua Tramping Club, of Wellington, which had now completed its fourth season, they had an excellent model to work upon as regards rules and procedure.

A decision to form the Club, proposed by Mr R. Gilkison, and seconded by Mr F. W. Clayton, was carried.

The following Committee were elected: Messrs O. Balk (President); R. Gilkison and F. W. Clayton (Vice-Presidents); C. J. Hayward (Secretary); E. Miller (Treasurer); A. E. Gascoigne, P. L. Ritchie, R. B. Hamel and Misses E. Webling and M. Le Brun. Messrs J. Knox, I. B. Mackie and Miss E. Harrison were later co-opted on the committee.

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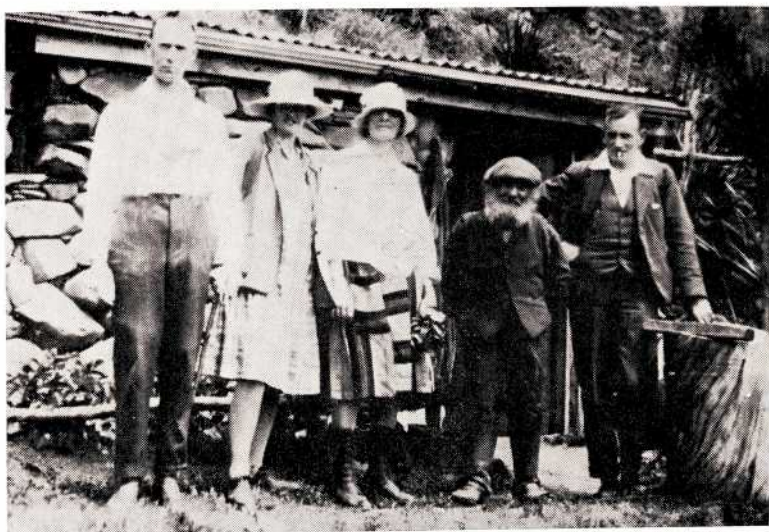
This original meeting was convened by a small committee headed by Mr Balk and Mr Gilkison. It is interesting to note that these gentlemen had independently conceived the idea of the formation of a Club, and both had written to the Tararua Club asking for advice and information. From their enthusiasm and that of their colleagues arose the early success and progress of the Club.

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The formation of the Club was not an isolated event. Dunedin had been the home of a good many noted trampers and mountaineers such as Malcolm Ross, Kenneth Ross, H. F. Wright, J. K. Inglis, E. Miller and E. A. Duncan. In the earliest post-war years groups

of Otago University students — G. M. Moir, R. S. M. Sinclair, D. R. Jennings and many others — had been exploring and track-cutting in the Hollyford and Cleddau Valleys. And both the hills around Dunedin and the Routeburn, Greenstone and Hollyford areas saw an ever-increasing number of visitors. Amongst these the idea of forming a Club had been discussed informally, and the idea was quick to gain acceptance.

The new Club immediately started with a flourish, and forthwith set out to walk. There was an immediate rush of new members, and at the end of the first year the roll was 157. The first tramp was planned for Saturday afternoon, September 1. About 50 members assembled at Ross Creek reservoir and set off up the Pineapple track to Flagstaff—a clear sunny day, with a cold south-westerly wind, the kind we still know so well. The following Saturday some 60 persons gathered at the Gardens corner for a climb of Signal Hill and down the other side to Burkes; and this was followed the next day by a trip to Whare Flat, where various parties converged on a pleasant river-bank below McQuilkan's (long since washed out by floods and ruined by the invading gorse). A fortnight later while one group climbed Mt Cargill, two others set off for Whare Flat—one of which made the journey successfully, but the other was stopped and warned off by Ben Rudd, the old hermit whose property was long afterwards purchased by the Club. Scott Gilkison was one of those cut off, and still remembers the feelings of alarm as they



Ben Rudd at his hut with O.T.C. visitors.

encountered the stocky, bearded little man with the shot-gun. As a result of this, the Club arranged with Ben Rudd that he would cut a track through the manuka scrub, thus providing a route to Whare Flat while keeping members well away from Ben's property. For this he was paid the princely sum of £5; and the track was under very heavy use for the next 11 years until it was blocked by extensive scrub fires in 1935.

Labour Day, 1923, saw a massive gathering on Silver Peaks. Club weekend parties went by way of Whare Flat and Mt Allan, by Bendoran, and by Waitati-Red Hut; and on Monday they were joined on the Peak by another party of about 40 who had come by the Central Otago train to Mt Allan. About 70 Club members were joined on the top by some 30 others; the summit was crowded and the water supplies in the vicinity were severely taxed.

The first Christmas saw a lot of activity on the hills round Dunedin, while one party spent a fortnight based on the shearers' quarters at Cecil Peak station.

The pattern of Club activities had now fairly well settled down. For a period tramps were organised for both Saturday afternoons and Sundays, both being well supported. Saturdays then started to fall from favour, and for a while were dropped from the programme; a few years later the call for Saturday outings developed again, and as they gained in favour the Sundays dropped off. Over the years there have been many changes in the pattern of Club activity, but always it has endeavoured to meet the demand and give satisfaction to members.

During the period up to 1930, the Club roamed far and wide over the local hills, while Christmas trips saw visits to Milford Sound, Cecil Peak and Fox Glacier. The membership dropped sharply in the first two years; some of those who had rushed to join at the start found that the Club was not just what they wanted, and by 1926 the roll had dropped from 157 to 73. Then a more healthy growth developed, and for the next 20 years the membership varied between 100 and 160.

Social activities developed at an early stage. At a special general meeting in 1924 "dancing was indulged in till 11 p.m. and all went home pleased with their evening's enjoyment". Also in 1924 a Military Pageant was staged at Carisbrook in aid of the War Memorial Fund; the ladies of the Club ran a refreshment stall while some of the men joined in the Pageant as "The Yeomen of the Guard". Then the Club ran a successful Kitchen Stall at an Oriental Bazaar in aid of St. John Ambulance Association funds. A framed list of outings, surrounded by views of typical beauty spots, was on display at the N.Z. and South Seas Exhibition, 1925-26. Soon after this the Club began supplying the Press with regular reports of day and weekend trips. This lasted for about two years, and was replaced by a series of radio talks over 4YA.

The first Club Room was opened in 1927, and operated every second Wednesday in the International Harvester buildings in Castle Street. Over the following years the Club Room idea was maintained, with varying support, in several different locations; but it did not, at this stage, play the vital part in the Club's life that it has done in recent years.

Mr Balk was followed as President by Mr Gilkison, after whom came Messrs Knox, Clayton, Lumb, Kennedy, Gascoigne and Ritchie. During this period two particularly competent Secretaries kept the Club's affairs in order: Mr I. B. Mackie (1924-26) and Mr G. A. Pearson, who held the position from 1927 until he left Dunedin in 1939. Messrs Hayward, Knox and E. W. Hunter also carried this responsibility for short periods.

By 1930 then, the Club was well established as a force in the community. Whereas previously trampers had been looked on almost as cranks, or at best as rare curiosities, their activities were now accepted as rational and respectable. The 'thirties, and the onset of the Depression, saw the Club ready to play its part.

THE 'THIRTIES

The early 'thirties was a period of world-wide economic depression, and had a profound effect on the lives and habits of people everywhere. The strengthening interest in tramping and mountain activities was widespread; in New Zealand there were spontaneous developments in many areas, partly the result of a recognition of the value of healthy recreation involving only minor expense. The Tararua Tramping Club had been formed in 1919, the Otago Club in 1923, the Canterbury Mountaineering Club in 1925, to name but a few. The 'thirties saw an outbreak of new clubs in many areas.

On the local scene there was extensive development of active interest in the mountains. For seven years the Otago Tramping Club had been building up its activities. The Otago University Tramping Club was functioning—very actively in some years, more modestly in others. Under the influence of Ellis, Miller, Boddy, Aitken and others, Otago men had been taking an active interest in the higher mountains in North-west Otago. At the end of 1930 the Otago Section of the N.Z. Alpine Club was formed in Dunedin, this being the start of a long period of friendly co-operation between trampers and mountaineers. In 1932, as a result of five weeks of continuous ski-able snow on Flagstaff, the Otago Ski Club was formed; the Tramping Club "learned with interest of its formation and extended to it its good wishes for a successful future". The three clubs

operating in their respective fields worked in well together, with some members common to all, and with members of one of the clubs not infrequently becoming interested in the others.

During this period the life of the Otago Tramping Club continued at a fairly steady tempo. The membership had built up during the period 1925-32, but then fell quite sharply—due in part to the purging of unfinancial members—and for the next 15 years was little over 100. Christmas trips became more far-ranging, from Ohau, Ahuriri and East Matukituki to Routeburn and Lake Gunn; while Easters covered a variety of areas mostly in Central or South Otago. As for the usual weekly trips, "every effort has been made to provide the greatest possible variety in the fixture cards, at the same time keeping the cost to a minimum".

It was in this period that the Club did its first hut-building. In 1932 it had donated £5 to the N.Z. Alpine Club as a contribution to the cost of Cascade Hut in the Matukituki Valley. At the end of that year permission was obtained from the Dunedin City Council for the erection of the Club's own hut on a site selected on Section 3, Block X, Silver Peak District. This venture was approved at a special general meeting of the Club on March 16, 1933, when the Committee was authorised to spend £50 on the scheme. A packing contract of £30 was let, and working parties from the Club, assisted by parties of helpers from the N.Z. Alpine Club, proceeded to get the materials transported and hut erected. Access was by the old Sawmill track from near the Leith Saddle, and it was a grand sight to see the team of oxen hauling their sledge up the bush track, then along the narrow ridge from Hightop to Green Peak. In 1933, Club accounts record the total cost of the hut (less donations) at £48.16.10; so it is clear that some good planning and keen financing was involved to keep within the budget. Green Peak Hut was officially opened on June 3, 1933, and over the next few years it became the main base for Club activity.

Now that the Club had acquired property, it became necessary to give it proper legal standing, and shortly after it became duly incorporated.

A year later, in September, 1934, the Club's first publication appeared—"Outdoors No. 1". Originally a very modest pamphlet-style publication, it has had many changes of content, format, size and style, but it has continued over the years to record at least some of the thoughts and experiences of Club members. The first Editor was J. C. Lucas, for many years Town Clerk of Dunedin, who, over a long period, showed himself an excellent friend of the Club.

Social activities at this period consisted mainly of fortnightly or monthly gatherings. At various stages there were reports of the "Club Orchestra", and of the plays, music, dances and magical performances that were presented at these functions. By these means the Club's spirit and enthusiasm were maintained and developed.



O.T.C. Orchestra, 1935.



O.T.C. Play group, 1935.

THE WAR YEARS AND THE POST - WAR RENAISSANCE

The Second World War, commencing in September, 1939, led to a very difficult period in the Club's history. Although the membership was well maintained during this time, the loss to active service of many of the Club's most energetic young men and women threw an extra burden on those who were left. Nevertheless a steady pattern of Saturday afternoon, Sunday and occasional weekend trips was maintained, and most years an extended Christmas trip was run. Social activities continued, having the added purpose of the preparation and despatch of parcels to members serving overseas. An important element in the Club's life at this stage was supplied by the arrangements made for the use as a Club Room, every Friday evening, of the Otago Chess Club's rooms in Lower Stuart Street. This room proved to be of steadily growing importance until it became too small for the growing numbers using it.

About the end of 1944, a new breath of life seemed to come over the whole situation. The war picture was looking much brighter, and it began to look as if a normal life might shortly be resumed. About this time came a grand crop of new young members who did so much over the next few years to lead a tremendous revival of activity—names like Markby and McLaren, Vann and Lymburn, Burke and Tilly, Shona Hogan and Val McGavin, these and many more moved in to take control of the Club's destinies.

A decision not to run a Christmas trip in 1945 was reversed at short notice, and the result was a highly successful expedition to the Rees and Dart. During 1946, Club trips became even more interesting and better patronised, and the crowded Friday night Club Room gatherings became more and more important. Plans were set up for a Christmas gathering in the Rees Valley; this materialised as a base camp near the Hunter junction, used by upwards of 60 members as a starting point for tramps and climbs over the whole of the upper valley. Indeed, the considerable number of climbs that were accomplished were later to cause differences of opinion as to what the Club's philosophy should be. R. B. Hamel, who was President at the time, was a man with very strong views and a certain bias against climbing and ski-ing. Eccentric as he may have been on occasions, he nevertheless played a valuable part in forging a link between the extreme age groups in the Club at this time by joining members of the "under 30" group in an operation to renew and revitalise the whole Club. Dick Hamel had a sense of humour, sometimes acid, sometimes wicked, but nearly always enjoyable. As a lawyer, he gave the Club much useful advice, and he will always be remembered for the 25th Anniversary Dinner at Brown House which he organised from beginning to end. In the words of one of the participants, "Not before or since can I recall having enjoyed better food, better wine, better after-dinner speeches

or a better evening. The whole affair was an eye-opener to most of us, and I can well recall my intended requiring two days off Training College to recover from the after effects”.

Interest in organised Christmas trips reached a peak in 1947 when no less than three expeditions were planned — Rockburn-Olivine, Hopkins and Ahuriri, with 50 to 60 members involved. Gordon McLaren and Murray Douglas climbed Mt Ward (third ascent)—the first major ascent to be made by the climbing enthusiasts. A high standard of safety was maintained on all these trips and no incident of any sort occurred, despite the numbers in the field.

It was during the 1947-48 period that Horace Tilly officiated as President, and it was under his leadership that the Club's future course was to be charted. During these two years he laid an administrative foundation which, with minor alterations, has been followed ever since. Monthly news bulletins were issued to keep members abreast of current events, sub-committees were appointed to attend to the detailed running of the Club, ski-ing and climbing were put into their proper perspective and given the Club's blessing, and the Rules were amended and brought up to date.

Meanwhile, the pent-up energy and enthusiasm of the active group within the Club had expressed itself in other ways. Green Peak Hut, which had become almost unusable due to the depredations of pig hunters, was almost wholly rebuilt and became once more a centre of Club activity. Then the approach of the Club's Silver Jubilee led to much discussion as to the best way of marking the occasion. The final decision was in favour of a new hut alongside Cave Creek, just above the junction with Christmas Creek; and this having been agreed, much planning and preparation had to be undertaken urgently. A major sledging contract had to be organised to get all the material from Hindon, up to the top of Lamb Hill, and part way down to Christmas Creek; from here it had to be manhandled down to the junction and up to the selected site. Eventually the hut was completed, and its official opening, on March 17, 1951, in the presence of some 60 or 70 members and well-wishers, was an impressive land-mark in the Club's history.

Another important development at this stage was the acquisition of the old Ben Rudd property on Flagstaff. This area had been offered to the Club, and thanks to the generosity of Mr and Mrs W. Stevenson, the offer was able to be accepted. A group of young Club members transported materials and built a hut on the old Ben Rudd site, and a little later this hut was handed over to the Club for the use of all members. Although that particular structure was abused by visitors to the stage where it had to be demolished and replaced by a vandal-proof building, it nevertheless made a major contribution to the development and activity of the Club over the last 25 years.

Meanwhile tramping activity—which, after all, was the Club's basic purpose—continued at an ever-increasing tempo. The Silver Peaks country was full of trampers every weekend—the majority being

Club members, but their paths crossing a variety of groups known as the "Shakobites", the "Trapperites" and the "Same Old Mob".

Christmas 1948 saw another Club camp in the Wilkin Valley. Pack horses took half a ton of stores to Jumboland Base Camp and their owner charged £97 for the privilege. Every part of the Wilkin and its tributaries were visited, and several good climbs made, including the first ascent of the inaccessible Pickelhaube in the South Wilkin. Jack Hoskins and Scott Gilkison made a first crossing from the West Coast via the Waiatoto, Pearson Saddle and South Wilkin. The Rees, Dart, Matukituki, Rockburn, Hollyford and Ahuriri were also visited by other parties. Aspiring was climbed by Gordon McLaren and party, and Murray Douglas climbed Mt Cook—the Club's first major post-war ascents.

Nineteen forty-nine was a year of busy activity in many parts of Otago, but for the first time an official Christmas trip was not held. This probably reflected the individual member's desire to go off in smaller parties and put his new-found experience to the test. Many ambitious trips were planned, including one to circle Aspiring and ski across the glaciers to the north into the South Wilkin. Weather unfortunately limited this expedition by McLaren, Lush and Hubbard.

A further Club camp was held in the Hopkins Valley during Christmas 1950, and this was to be the last of its kind for a good many years.

In the Presidential letter to the 1948 edition of "Outdoors", Horace Tilly wrote: "Twenty-five years' activity is behind us, and I feel privileged to call myself a member of our Club with its history. What we do now will be history 25 years hence. Let us follow on from the foundations of the past and use our energy and vitality to create a history which, in 25 years' time, will be respected by future members." That second 25 years is now behind us, and the Club looks forward with anticipation to the next half-century.

THE 'FIFTIES

The great burst of post-war enthusiasm was now receding and the effect of this was not so much a slackening of interest in the Club, but a dispersal of members' energies into more diverse fields. The Otago Ski Club was rapidly expanding and its new building programme at Coronet Peak claimed the attention of some of our members. Private trips to more out-of-the-way places were popular now that some individuals owned their own transport, even if it was only the humble motor cycle. Matrimony took its toll as the years advanced and other responsibilities combined to cause a slowing of the vigorous tempo the Club had become accustomed to since 1945.

For the next few years, the Club was to pursue a more leisurely pace, with many fine cross-country trips undertaken in remote places. Great interest was taken in the Olivine country, with Bruce Campbell spending considerable time there. The Darrans, too, attracted increasing attention.

Some of the best-known personalities who made major contributions to the post-war revival have already been mentioned. There were many others, too, who collectively made the Club the great success it was during this period. George Arras, a life member and active from the '20's until his death in the '60's was a climber and skier of note, a guide at the Hermitage and the Club's first Chief Guide. Wilf Broughton, Jack Hoskins and Bruce Campbell were each in their turn President and no club could have been better served in this capacity. And those who just tramped, skied, climbed, built huts, cut tracks, etc.—well, there were many. Cliff Anderson, Gavin and Daphne Clark, John Scott, Russell Gregory, Arnold Hubbard, Ross Adamson, Ross Lake, the O'Kane brothers, Keith Lambie, Stuart Needs, June and Barbara Napier—to mention only some of those best recalled.

During the mid-fifties the Club met in the TOC H rooms in upper Dowling Street. These rooms were heated by a round pot-bellied stove in the middle of the floor—a stove which often gave out more smoke than heat. Furnishings were very old easy chairs and sofas and there was an all-pervading smell of dust and old age. The practice of detailing two members each week for clubroom duty continued, with the anonymous organiser often using considerable skill and acumen in pairing likely lads and lasses, who, it was felt, should get to know one another better. It is interesting to record that the 72 male and 70 female members of 1954, had changed to 90 and 64 by the following year. In 1955, the last Barn Dance at the Leith Valley School was held, later years shifting to the Pukehiki Hall.

In 1954, an appeal went out for gifts of equipment to set up a hire pool, and to the two packs, two large billies and 80 feet of manilla rope that was donated, the Club added two four-man tents which it had purchased. Later on, ice axes were added and new members were then able to enjoy weekend trips without the worry of a large financial outlay on equipment.

New areas were being chosen for long weekend trips. Queen's Birthday, 1954, saw 26 members in the Orari Gorge, with some of the party climbing Mt Peel. At Labour Weekend, 34 went to the Shotover and then followed the Moonlight to Lake Luna, finishing at Mt Creighton station on Lake Wakatipu. There was no official Christmas trip that year, although private parties went to the Rees-Dart, Routeburn-Hollyford, Hollyford-Pyke-Olivine-Rockburn, Martins Bay-Big Bay and the Mt Cook area.

In 1955, 30 members enjoyed a round trip at Easter from the South Temple to the Huxley, and Timaru Creek was visited at

Queen's Birthday weekend. This was only a short time before Lake Hawea was raised 70 feet and the very pleasant camp-site that was used is now under many feet of water. Snow-caving was first attempted in the Kakanui during September, and the Eyre Mountains were the venue for Labour Day. During this period Saturday trips lost much of their former support and were consequently no longer arranged.

Club politics were lively around this time. At the 1954 Annual General Meeting, there were two nominations for the Presidency (something almost unheard of), but as it turned out there was no vote. Dick Hamel withdrew from the "contest" and Ian Pollard was elected. Ian's tenure was to be short-lived—a transfer away from Dunedin forced him to resign and his place was taken by Albie Green. Albie was re-elected unopposed at the 1955 A.G.M., but resigned for personal reasons early in 1956, with Bruce Campbell filling the gap until the next Annual Meeting.

April, 1956, saw the new diamond-shaped Club badge go on sale to members. Practical, but with little appeal.

Scott Gilkison became President at the Annual General Meeting and a vigorous policy was begun to rid Flagstaff of some of its gorse. Forty-eight people turned up to help and A. H. Reed presented his booklet "Walks Around Dunedin" to those who took part. Membership at this time was 155 and many large-scale working parties were held on track clearing and hut repairs. Long weekends were spent at Lake Ohau, the North Temple and the Ahuriri Valley.

By the end of Scott Gilkison's term of office, the roll had climbed to 164, the highest for that time. Jim Malcolm followed Scott as President and it is worth mentioning that Jim always practised what he preached. You could count on seeing him on nearly every Sunday trip, often with a small slasher at the ready.

Easter, 1957, saw over 30 members spend a very wet time up the Matukituki Valley and although very little was achieved, a few stalwarts managed successful ascents of Liverpool and Bevan.

Working parties were still to the fore, in fact so much so that a number of active members of the time all pleaded "wanderlust" and took off overseas.

By 1958, Club activity was steadily increasing, with most trips being reasonably supported. Weather during 1958 left a lot to be desired and although it considerably reduced some activities, it was said by one active member that if nothing else, it played a firm part in character building. To wit, there is nothing better than sitting out a storm for three or four days in a small tent to learn to live with your fellow men. There may be a lot of truth in this, but it is suspected that the member quoted was also in the habit of ensuring that his "fellow-men" were issued with a daily ration of "Lifebuoy".



Top of the Rock and Pillar Range, Labour Day, 1925.



Members near Cape Saunders, c. 1925.



TOP. Seven original members at Dusky Hill. (Blue Mountains) Easter, 1933.

BOTTOM. Annual Picnic, 1929.

Private trips were still a part of Club life at this stage, with various parties climbing or tramping in the Seaward Kaikouras, Hunter Hills, Mt Grandview, Homer, Hopkins, Mt Murchison, Hunter Valley, Dart, Whitbourn, Arawata and Matukituki Valleys.

The official Christmas trip for 1958/59 took nine members over the Routeburn-Rockburn-Hidden Falls-Olivine-Pyke-Hollyford-Greentstone circuit, with more than the usual share of fine weather. Easter, 1959, was centred on the Ahuriri Valley. With 29 members in the valley, popular campsites were sometimes at a premium, but the lack of serious river-crossing problems meant all grades of experience were adequately catered for; from an ascent of Mt Peterson to a gentle ramble to the head of the valley.

During 1958, the usual snow-caving trip to the Kakanuis gave way to igloo building. Good snow, plus slightly-below-freezing temperatures, allowed three to be built, with that erected by the Keen/Cunninghame party assuming true classical lines. One of the others was a massive structure about 14 feet across. Shortage of time and an uncertainty of procedure made it necessary to roof it with a tent, which caused it to be likened to an astronomical observatory or alternatively a convertible automobile.

A 35th Anniversary Reunion was held between the 12th and 14th of September, 1958, and proved to be both a great success and a triumph for the Organising Committee. An informal evening at the clubrooms on Friday night drew a large crowd who saw slides of past and current club activities, looked through the old albums, and chatted over supper.

The dinner on Saturday night at The Vedic was attended by approximately 120 members and friends. Toasts honoured were "The Queen" (Horace Tilly), "The Club" (Bruce Moore), "The Founders" (Bill McFarland/Charles Hayward) and "Present Members" (Jim Freeman/Bruce Campbell). Ralph Markby was in the Chair. After some piano items by Pam Barton, Gavin Clark showed tramping films, and dancing and supper completed the evening.

At Ben Rudd's on the Sunday, 80 members and their families enjoyed a picnic outing in spite of dull weather. The hope was expressed that the large numbers of cars seen at the fire-break was not a sign of decadence, but rather of the prosperity of the older members.

Bruce Moore was President during this period, and those who were fortunate in attending the 50th Anniversary Celebrations and were subjected to his "harangue" will perhaps understand why he was so instrumental in getting everyone back into the hills—no one wanted to be put in the position where they might have to listen to one of his lengthy "speeches". In a serious vein, though, Bruce has been a mainstay in the Club since 1953, and his achievements were later recognised by life membership being conferred on him.

THE FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS

Late in 1962 it was decided that the Club's 40 years of existence warranted recognition, even if only as a "warm-up" for the 50th anniversary.

The then Vice-president, Ron Keen, was co-erced into the position of chief organiser, his first task being to compile a register of members past and present. With able assistance, this formidable task was soon accomplished.

The activities were planned for a weekend in August, 1963. A "get-together" was arranged for the Friday night, and because the Dowling Street Clubrooms were considered inadequate for the numbers expected to attend, the Otago Cine Club rooms were hired. A fine selection of colour slides was shown of notable Club trips, of members through the years, and of some rather peculiar activities that trampers indulge in from time to time.

Well patronised was the collection of Club records and black and white photographs arranged for display. Among these was a series entitled "The Seven Ages of a Trumper", featuring a well-known member of that time, from his earliest days as a babe-in-arms to his debut as a booted and bearded man of experience.

The evening concluded with an excellent supper ably served by a bevy of the Club's attractive young ladies.

The main celebration was held on Saturday night at the Crawford Lounge, with a formal dinner and dance. At the conclusion of the dinner itself, Horace Tilly proposed the toast to the Club and was in turn followed by the speaker for the evening, life member Jim Freeman. Jim regaled the large gathering with stories of the local hills. One in particular, told against himself, was of the occasion when he was mistaken by a small lad for Ben Rudd. After the laughter died, the floor was quickly cleared and dancing began, with the band playing everything from a sedate waltz to hectic limbos.

Dancing was interrupted for a special interlude provided by the "Committee of '63". This (rather discordant) choir, accompanied on the piano by Ian Smith, sang a selection of well-known tramping songs, the feature song highlighting certain events of the Club's 1962 Rees Valley trip.

A Club picnic was held at Ben Rudd's on the Sunday, this being attended by a large number of family groups as well as those who hadn't succumbed to the previous night's festivities. From the amount of noisy chin-wagging and reminiscing that went on, there was no doubt whatsoever that the celebrations had been a tremendous success.

"Outdoors" for 1963 was printed as a 40th Anniversary issue and featured a number of portraits of Club members active at that time; as well as serving as a pictorial record of places and faces from Club trips of that year.

THE 'SIXTIES

It is part of convention to break the history of clubs into decades, and though most of us shun convention, it is perhaps difficult to find a more convenient way of comparing eras in the Club.

Naturally, when the 1960's arrived you would have expected that the then committee would have said, "Let us make this the best 10 years of the Club's history", but as the writer was the President at the time he could vouch that no such thought crossed their minds. They were only concerned with running the Club, and enjoying themselves tramping and climbing. It is true that they had the interest of the Club at heart, and whilst they were there they hoped the Club would prosper. Membership at the start of this period was 125 and they were determined to build this number up.

The early '60's saw a great deal of activity in property development and maintenance—Ben Rudd's hut received new bunks, Jubilee Hut had top bunks added, and the Club took over the maintenance of Dart Hut. The Club property on Flagstaff was finally surveyed by Ron Keen and a detailed topographic map drawn of the area. Many thousands of trees were planted with a great deal of encouragement from Bruce Campbell and Eddie Cutler. It is noted with interest that in this early period of the '60's vandalism to our huts was a continuing source of worry to members, but it was known that this had also been a problem in the early days of Green Peak Hut, and in fact, when the contractors built the hut in two parts—one for males and one for females—so much "hanky-panky" went on that the partition was eventually removed.

In November, 1961, the Club moved out of its rooms in Upper Dowling Street and shifted to Broadway, where Dr Cotton had generously given us the use of a room next to his surgery. Almost overnight attendance doubled, and about this time the Club started its Advanced Instruction Course to provide plenty of capable leaders for the future. The emphasis was on climbing as this was thought to be the best way of strengthening the Club. This arrangement continued to the mid 1960's when a change in attitude became noticeable in the committee. However, individual climbers still brought climbing to an important stage during this period.

The Easter trip in 1962 saw 35 members tramping and climbing in the Hopkins Valley area, the largest number since 1958.

In late 1962 the South Otago Branch of the Otago Tramping Club was formed with people like Russell Gregory, Clarry McInie and Jim Kinnamond providing the driving force. On July 3rd, 1963, another Branch was formed, this time at Mosgiel. The organisers were John Armstrong, Graeme Hasler, Trevor Pullar and Eric Donaldson, names that proved how valuable the formation of this Branch was. It is also interesting to note that at about this time Jim Cowie was given the task of leading a group to climb Mt Cargill, Mihiwaka and Moponui, so future "guns" take note and don't scoff when

you are asked to lead a trip to Mt Cargill. About this time the Club took over the repair and maintenance of Twenty-five Mile Hut; and no-one will ever forget the sterling efforts that Gerry Kampjes put in to getting the Club's own transport established.

It is interesting to note just how advanced the Club had become by the end of '63, with parties as far afield as Cook, Homer, Harrison, Tutoko, Matukituki, Dart and Rees. A considerable number of peaks were climbed in these areas, and while this may be commonplace today, it was then regarded as another mile-stone in the Club's history.

In November, 1963, the Club moved into its present premises in Lower Dowling Street. By 1964 the Club was under the capable control of President Gerry Kampjes who initiated ski-ing within the Club, and expressed a desire for the Club to build a hut at Coronet Peak. Models, plans and specifications were prepared, but even up until 1968 "red tape" foiled all plans to go ahead with this.

Trip records showed 62 members up Mistake Creek at Easter, and the Club roll had risen to 226.

In September, 1965, the Club purchased a '49 Morris Commercial truck. This replaced the one owned by Gerry Kampjes and which had been so generously loaned on many occasions for official trips. It had certainly had a chequered career, having run into a ditch near Lawrence, gone head over heels down Stuart Street, run out of road on Swampy, got stuck in the Matukituki, cracked its block in the Eglinton and nearly lost its deck crossing Muddy Creek. It was sadly missed, and no doubt its "misadventures" would have provided enough material for a first-rate book.

1965 saw the Club enter politics with its famous freedom walk on the Milford Track. This, of course, is now history and was adequately covered in the 1965 "Outdoors"; but it should not be forgotten that the action the Club took then has had far-reaching consequences for all tramps and climbers in New Zealand.

On January 8th and 9th, 1966, six Club members climbed Mt Cook—M. Jones, G. Kampjes, J. Armstrong, G. Hasler, I. Meyer and H. Laing. Although Club members had climbed Cook before, and have since climbed far more formidable peaks, this does serve to give some idea of the standards reached during this period.

A change in attitudes was noticed in 1966, and is evidenced in the following report which is worth a place in history:—

At a lively extraordinary general meeting held on October 26, 1966, the grandiose plans of the committee, led by radical President John Armstrong, were amended. Chief Guide James consented to remain in the cabinet, as tramping is still an "approved" sport.

The following motion was passed after hours of discussion and much amendment. "This Club should continue to encourage tramping, climbing, ski mountaineering and ski-ing without detriment to the Club's prime aim of tramping."

Bob Cunninghame: "There has been a considerable change in the last five years. There was next to no climbing up until that time."

Gerry Kampjes: "Five or six years ago there was little ambition in the Club and less than half the number of people."

Graeme Hasler: "Safety is of paramount importance. We must have a balanced club."

Laurie Kennedy: "Something must suffer if we run a climbing course."

Jim Freeman: "People now have more money and are able to spread out into areas and sports not previously possible. Now less scope for tramping. Climbing is the natural outcome of tramping."

Alan Thomson: "Need to support tramping."

Arthur James: "Far better to have a small specialist club where you know most of the people rather than a large social ski-ing and climbing organisation."

Jim Cowie: "If the O.T.C. does not run an instruction course in climbing there is little incentive for the likes of me to remain in the Club."

Roger Conroy: "Let's change the name to the Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club."

Ross Adamson: "Too much advertising on ski-ing by word of mouth and publications."

Here the President made some extremely sensible and pertinent remarks. He also pointed out that the visit of President Johnson was in no way connected with the Otago Tramping Club's Extraordinary General Meeting!

Easter '67 still saw climbing being carried out with Bruce and Ken Mason, Heather and Stu. Thorne, Logan McGhie and Dick Brasier climbing Mt McKenzie. Mt Strauchon was climbed by Stu. Thorne, Logan McGhie and Dick Brasier, and Mt Huxley by Bob McKerrow, Graeme Lockett, Jim Cowie and Keith McIvor. Bruce and Dick became Club Presidents in the 1970's.

August 1967 saw John Armstrong finish his two years of Presidency. His enthusiasm and concerted drive did much to popularise tramping, climbing and ski-ing, the latter becoming firmly established during his term of office. This was helped along by Graeme Hasler's booklet on "Ski Touring Notes".

During this year Lyall Campbell and Marie McDonald started the Family Tramping Group. This group continues to thrive and provides a valuable adjunct to the Club. Also, Dave Still helped to set up an older members' group. Mr and Mrs P. L. Moore played an important part, but the group did not get the support it deserved.

Note should also be made that at this time Bruce Campbell retired as Secretary, a position he had held for many years. In one way or another Bruce has influenced the Club since the early 1950's.

The following story, "What is a Trampler", appeared in the July '67 Bulletin and is worth repeating because it typifies the thoughts of so many.

WHAT IS A TRAMPER

Somewhere in time between the innocence of childhood and the finality of the grave (or wedlock) you find the phenomenon known as the trampler.

Trampers inhabit unusual places. They may be found wandering on top of, underneath, around, across and about such places as mountains, bush, swamps, caves, river-beds and abandoned gold mines or wading up or floating down icy mountain torrents — simply another of their many specialties.

They appreciate such things as rice, scroggin, route-markers, nylon ropes, dry sleeping bags, the roar of a primus, bawdy songs — but above all, good weather.

They don't like bush lawyer, sandflies, powder snow, social skiers, organisations, mundane city dwellers, Monday morning and nor' westerlies.

Trampers are a strange mixture. They are a combination of poet and peasant, philosopher and friend. They are God's children with a smile on their lips, and Satan's disciples with a joke to tell. If you get into trouble they will help you, but might get hurt themselves in the process. They have a profound source of wisdom, but can't tell you the answers. Some call them lazy — they can climb mountains but won't walk to the corner store.

Trampers can argue at the drop of a hat about boots, other trampers, cameras, routes described in guide books, or how to boil water in a paper bag.

They possess a language and word association of their own — witness the unique mental conditioning that allows them to smile when another refers to them as "skungy" or a "stupid b . . ." and you will have observed a simple example.

Trampers inspire the average citizen to different heights of passion: mothers are inclined to worry about them, policemen tolerate them, girlfriends say ". . . and where have you been?" Children avoid them, waitresses hate them and sometimes don't give service, and deerstalkers maintain they shouldn't be allowed in the hills. (That's because half of THEM can't tell the difference between a deer and a human, anyway.)

Trampers like to get away from crowds, but they will welcome you in their own manner. When you walk into camp at night, foot-sore and weary, these dirty, smelly bundles of joy will brighten your whole day with one magic word — "Wannabrew?"

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Christmas 1967-68 saw Club trips led by John Armstrong and Bruce Mason to the North Routeburn, North Col and Rockburn,

others going on to Fohn Saddle and the Beansburn. Parties led by John Fitzgerald went to Martins Bay, Big Bay, Pyke, Alabaster Pass, Olivines, Cow Saddle, Hidden Falls, Park Pass and Rockburn. Trevor Pullar looked after a party from the Arawata River to Milford Heads, Laurie Kennedy's party went into the Olivines whilst Jim Cowie spent 10 days in the Cook region and 10 days at Aspiring. Graeme Hasler also was back in the Cook area. All in all, a fantastic amount of tramping and climbing was achieved during this season — on a scale which was to continue until the end of the '60's.

Club member Bob McKerrow was a member of the 1968 Andean Expedition, and in return for some assistance from the Club, provided interesting accounts of his exploits.

Club membership began to climb again from the 235 in 1967 to 271 in 1969. Judy Knewstubb (now Knox) was the second woman President in the 1960's, the first being Jean Armfield (now Payne). There had been only one woman President prior to the '60's, Miss Agnes Edmond, who filled this position in 1934 and again in 1941. Both women had similar capacities for hard work, and knew how to get the most out of members of both sexes. Judy is particularly remembered for her sterling efforts during the campaign to "Save our Lakes". Mention also should be made of Henry Stoddart who helped to get the Dunedin Mountain Safety Committee off the ground.

Nineteen sixty-nine saw the Taieri Branch fading out, the South Otago Branch having already disbanded. The era of the Club's own transport also closed and this is probably a fitting place to record members' thanks to the small band of "mechanics" who helped to keep it running. The 1969 Annual General Meeting saw a move to change the Club's name, but this was not to be achieved for a few more years. Although unsuccessful, this move did serve to show where the Club's future interests lay.

It is impossible to mention all trips, people and events that have helped make history for the Club. If anyone wishes to delve further, it is suggested they make the effort to read old bulletins and back numbers of "Outdoors". There is a wealth of information there.

Mention could be made here of "Outdoors". In 1963 it changed its format and continued to improve year by year until 1970, when members received the first printed copy for some 20 years. It has always been a worthwhile publication, despite the fact that the Editor has often had to bludgeon articles from unwilling writers.

The number of Club members who went south to the Antarctic during the '60s included Ken Gousmett, Keith McIvor, Bob McKerrow and Frank Graveson. A large number of members have tramped and toured overseas, with some distinguishing themselves on the climbing scene. Two names that spring to mind readily are Bob McKerrow and Murray Jones.

In the writer's search for information for this chapter, he has never ceased to wonder at the number of engagements and marriages that have taken place within the Club. He started to write all the names down, but there were just too many for the available space. What is evident is that the partnerships formed within the Club are very stable indeed—divorce is non-existent. It is suspected that this is the result of both parties having got to know what their future spouses look like first thing in the morning, as they emerge from their sleeping bags, unwashed and unkempt!

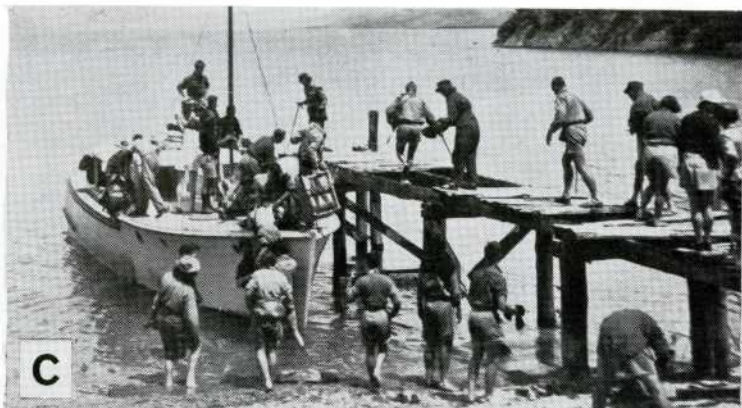
THE EARLY 'SEVENTIES

Late in 1969, the traditional Friday night meeting was altered to Thursday. With an ever-increasing interest in weekend trips further afield, the Friday night was often required for travelling. The decision to make this change has resulted in a startling increase in the numbers attending film and lecture evenings—an average attendance of fifty to sixty with occasional turn-outs of up to eighty.

Evidence of the ever increasing popularity in tramping was shown by the establishment of clubs in some of the smaller centres. These include the Maniototo, Lawrence and Earnslaw Tramping Clubs.

This surge in popularity for the sport also brought with it the ever-attendant problem of vandalism. Pyramid Hut, a popular Sunday Mecca for the older members was burnt down; extensive repairs had to be made to Jubilee Hut; the Green Hut floor was replaced once again; and Ben Rudds Hut had to be demolished after excessive vandalism made repairs impracticable. Approaches to those groups most benefiting by the use of these huts, several attempts to police them, even the black-listing of known vandals all had very limited effect. On the credit side, though, the end of 1971 saw Poplar Hut, Leaning Lodge and Twenty-five-Mile Hut all in good order, and a start made on improvements to facilities on the Ben Rudd property. These improvements included the planting of 5,000 Douglas Fir trees, and the erection of a "vandal-proof" shelter alongside the old hut site.

The 1971 Annual General Meeting provided one of the most significant milestones in the 50-year history of the Club. A motion was passed that "advanced levels of tramping and mountaineering be encouraged." To fit in with this new concept the Club was renamed "The Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club (Inc)". Not content to rest on its laurels with this, the meeting went even further in appointing ten senior members to act as consultants to the committee. Only time will tell if this move proves successful in bringing together the experience of the older members and the enthusiasm of the younger ones.



TRANSPORT

- A. Hitch-hiking home from the Wilkin, Christmas, 1948-49.
- B. Jerry Kampjies' truck in a ditch. Swampy, 1963.

- C. Boat leaving the Craigieburn Wharf (head of lake) for Wanaka. Wilkin, Christmas 1948-49.
- D. Club truck and the demolished Invincible Bridge, Rees Valley, 1966.



A. Climbing Mt. Sutton, Lake Ohau. Christmas, 1935.

C. River Crossing Instruction, Taieri River, 1966.

B. Wilf Broughton's Harem, c. 1947.

D. Snow Caving, Old Man Range, 1966.

The Club has always shown an active interest in Conservation and National Parks, both through personal efforts of members as well as representation through the Federated Mountain Clubs and the Dunedin District Conservation Committee. During the height of the "Save Manapouri" campaign several letters to the press were written on behalf of the Club and door-to-door canvassing obtained nearly 1,000 signatures to the petition. Members, both individually and collectively, have taken an active interest in the affairs of both Mount Aspiring and Fiordland National Parks, with a number of Club members being board members of the former. Annual well-attended work parties to both parks have been a feature of Club programmes for some time.

Bushcraft courses continue to be organised by the Club for the National Mountain Safety Council, with instructees from these courses providing the greater proportion of new members in the Club. R. Brasier, R. McKenzie and H. Stoddart have at different times acted as Course Directors. In July 1972, a snow-craft course was organised by Bryan Freeman, but unseasonal heavy snow and flooding isolated Dunedin and resulted in one weekend's instruction being cancelled. A later weekend, however, allowed a certain amount of ice and snow work to be covered in the area around Ball Hut.

Search and Rescue operations have always had the full backing of the Club, with, on occasion, up to 60 members on call for ground support parties. During the early seventies there were frequent local searches for missing persons as well as a coastal search for a missing fishing boat. The Club can be proud of the fact that a number of its members play an active part in the Dunedin Face Rescue Team.

After the steady increase in membership of the late sixties, the number has levelled off at somewhere around 280. The committee considered that this was a sufficiently large enough number to warrant a membership secretary, and this was endorsed by the 1972 Annual General Meeting.

The Family Tramping Group, under the expert guidance (plus it is suspected, a certain amount of connivance) of Lyall Campbell and Marie McDonald, continues to thrive, with up to fifty children and adults taking part in some of the trips. Easter and Christmas camps have always been a feature of this group's activities, with some very pleasant combined camps being held with the Hokonui Club.

What has been written so far shows the healthy interest the Club has taken in affairs around it, but its main aim, that of promoting tramping and climbing, should not be lost sight of.

A lot of the former appeal of the Silver Peaks area has been lost in recent years. Intensive farming practice has resulted in roading, fencing and burning off, and this together with the forestry development to the north, has made substantial inroads in to what was once "tramping country". Communications aerals and their associated

installations and roading have proliferated on Swampy Summit and Mount Cargill. The result of all this has meant that the Club has had to look further afield for a lot of its weekend trips. A look at the trip lists for 1970, 1971, and 1972 shows the commendable efforts of the various committees to introduce both variety of area and variety of interest into the programme.

Some of the more unusual weekend trips were to places such as Lake Monowai, The Chaslands, Green Lake, Port Craig, Lake Luna and the Moonlight, Mavora Lakes, Moke Creek and Arthurs Pass. Weekend climbing trips took members to Castle Rock on Banks Peninsula, the Grand Plateau, Mts Earnslaw, Sir William and Aurum, Homer and the Matukituki Valley. And if not content with this impressive list, the Club introduced a "marathon" to test the stamina of those hardier souls amongst its members. The course ran via the Pineapple Track, Ben Rudds, the Chalkies, Poplar Hut, Mt John, Christmas Creek, the Gap, Silver Peak, Green Peak, Swampy Summit and finally back down the Pineapple. For the statistically-minded reader, the course involves a distance of 35 miles and 9,400 vertical feet of ascent and descent. No mean feat! Winners to date have been R. Brasier and A. Smith with a time of 10 hours 30 minutes and R. Davies in 9 hours 20 minutes.

1973—THE YEAR OF CHALLENGE

As the 1972-73 tramping and climbing season got under way, the Club appeared to be moving along smoothly, with everyone intent on making the season a successful one. But this serenity was to be short-lived. A small but vocal group of dissident climbers felt that the Club should cater for their interests exclusively. Transport to the areas where they wanted to climb appeared to be the basis of their discontent, with club-room activities and the trip list also emerging as major issues. In an attempt to rectify this situation, a selection of active Club members were invited to discuss their complaints with the committee. It was hoped that some worth-while criticism would come of this, but unfortunately the vocal dissidents dominated the meeting and reverted to some harsh personal attacks on some of the committee members. This hindered some of the quieter members from presenting their sides of the story and the only result of the meeting was the resignation of the vice-president and the general disillusionment of the committee.

At this juncture, Club members who had attended the special meeting soon realised that there had to be some outcome, but the failure of the December bulletin to appear resulted in members not being informed of changes proposed for the new year.

At the January committee meeting, various decisions made in December on the social programme and trip organisation were annulled. This series of events eventually led to the resignation of the Club President. These domestic problems were by now impinging on other matters which should have been receiving precedence; namely tramping, climbing and the 50th Anniversary celebrations. An Anniversary sub-committee evolved from the main committee and the rest set about trying to establish some sense of direction.

The 1973 Bushcraft Course still went ahead, and although small was very well organised by Clive Donaldson. Publicity this year was directed at the man in the street and not at school pupils as in the past. There was a wide variety of ages present but unfortunately very few of these people have continued within the Club. The local television camera team appeared at the river crossing and certain young ladies "swimming" in tramping boots and bikinis suddenly became very self-conscious when they saw the lens directed at them.

This really was one of the few lighter moments of the year. Trip patronage continued to decline although most trips still managed to get away. A few newcomers turned up but after a trip or two, disappeared. Finally, a small but strong nucleus emerged that has given constant support to most of the recent trips.

And so the year has passed. There have been challenges such as this before, but each time the Club has emerged stronger and more closely knit. The reader may very well ask himself what causes dissension such as this to erupt periodically. Is it a failure of some to take but not give in return, to criticise but refuse to accept criticism, of the older members down-grading the achievements of the young, or of the young deriding the memories of the old? Or is it perhaps a little bit of each?

What can we do about it? The 50th Anniversary went part way to bringing all age groups together; allowed them to compare philosophies and ideals. The rest is up to each of us, young or old, to ensure in some way that the next 50 years will be as good as the first.

HUTS AND TRACKS

Buntings, the Bridle Track, Websters, Bell Hill, Smeatons, McIntyres, Laings, Craiglowan—today mostly only names; thirty years ago these tracks and places would have been familiar to most Club members. Indeed, a typical day's outing could encompass them all. At that time cars were a luxury possessed by a few, and even for them petrol rationing ensured limitations. To a large extent, these

factors obliged trip-programme planners to restrict outings to the Silver Peaks district, with an occasional trip down the Peninsula.

The majority of walks were set down to leave from the cable car terminus at Nairn Street, or from the Duke Street corner. A popular way up Flagstaff as an alternative to the Bridle Track and Kuaka Road was past Bain's farm, up Rudd's Road, through Harbourn's property (marked now only by a concrete water tank on piles) then straight up the town side of "Flaggie", which at that time was largely free of the gorse and scrub which has since taken over. It is probably true to say that at that time, members walked greater distances over much smaller areas than the trampers of today. It is also true, unfortunately, that many of the places to which trips were regularly organised no longer exist as such. Plantations, bush, gorse and scrub cover long-disused tracks. Huts have been built, used, ill-used and abandoned or else destroyed by the ubiquitous vandal.

The suburban area has expanded in an amazing fashion, and where once cows and sheep grazed contentedly, power mowers now noisily shear the grass to an acceptable carpet-like smoothness.

"On a recent grey and raining day, I drove the car up to the T.V. installation on Mt Cargill. Visibility was very limited and a cold southerly was blowing. As I sat there listening to the rain pattering on the car roof, I fell to wondering how many times I had crouched in the lee of the trig and boiled the billy, while that same old south wind bustled over the ridge a few feet above. Despite the rain, I got out of the car and walked for a few nostalgic chains along part of the old summit track, trying at the same time to close my eyes to the presence of the large, grey concrete mass just below. As I returned to the car I idly wondered how long it would be before the area boasted a hill-top tavern, the present-day criterion of the ultimate in gracious living. On the return journey down the metalled road I glanced across to the Peaks. Long ago, when helicopters were still new, it was a common joke among members lying around outside Green Hut after lunch, to bewail the absence of a landing pad at the hut site. Loud and phoney wails ascended heavenwards from trampers who had allegedly reached the limits of human endurance, but who, oddly enough, after a little grizzling, happily set out on the return trip over Swampy."

Swampy, Flagstaff, Mt Cargill; how careful one had to be to avoid losing the tracks when the mists came down. Today it would be rather difficult to lose oneself. The one-time ill-defined tracks have been replaced by wide roads.

Ah well, such is the price of progress!

Further afield, the tracks of the Rees and Dart, the Matukituki, Wilkin, Routeburn and other popular valleys are familiar to us all. In recent years the Club has played its part in the maintenance of these and lesser known tracks. Once a year, the Clubs from Invercargill, Gore and Dunedin get together, alternately assisting the Mt Aspiring and Fiordland National Park Boards in opening up

long-abandoned routes or pioneering new tracks. These combined "meets" have produced, as well as the expected welter of blisters and aching backs, many lasting friendships.

HUTS

(Although a brief history of each of the Club huts has already appeared in foregoing chapters, it was felt that they form such a vital part of the Club's history, that it would be worthwhile gathering them all under one "roof". I trust readers will forgive the odd bit of repetition.—Ed.)

Early in the life of the Club, the question arose as to the feasibility of providing a shelter in the Silver Peaks district where much of the Club's activities were centred. As a result, Green Peak Hut came into being. The task of sledging the materials and erecting the framework was entrusted to Mr Bill Harris of Waitati,



Mr Bill Harris and his bullock team sledging materials to the Green Peak Hut site. January, 1933

who, along with his team of enormous bullocks, was well known in the district. The hut was officially opened in 1933 and since then, despite the vicissitudes of time and vandalism, has given welcome shelter to many a tramp and hunter.

Around about 1945, convinced that the business of segregation of the sexes was being carried too far—three Club members (who shall remain nameless) removed the partition which up to that time

had divided the hut down the centre into "his" and "hers", and thus initiated the second "re-building" of the structure.

Many enjoyable work hours were spent in re-flooring, replacing existing bunks with shelf bunks, adding a water tank and repairing and repainting.

Two new toilets, each a masterpiece of the bush carpenter's art, were constructed and strategically sited windows permitted one a most comprehensive view of Blueskin Bay and environs as one sat comfortably enthroned.

Even before this rebuilding project was undertaken and completed certain enthusiasts were pressing for more hut accommodation in the area, and, with the ready transmission of thought into action which characterised this period, a scheme was outlined which resulted, after several years' planning and a great deal of hard work, in Jubilee Hut being completed and officially opened in 1951.

These, however, were not the only huts used by trampers in this region. The old, but popular Red Hut (located on a plateau above Black Gully behind Evansdale), Poilite Hut on the Gilmore Brothers run, and Pyramid Hut on Salisbury Station were used frequently by



Red Hut, December, 1927. Accidentally burnt down in 1959.

rabbiters, pig-hunters and others far longer than the Club had been in existence. Although these refuges have since been destroyed, many older members will no doubt recall with gratitude the welcome shelter they provided.

To those who travelled farther afield but still within the confines of the Silver Peaks district, the huts on Mt John on Mr Radford's property, the old hut in the gully on the western side of Lamb Hill, the now-ruined building in Fiddlers Gully, the old mud and galvanised iron shed on Christmas Creek (since re-furnished and re-named the "Homestead") and the one-time horse shelter now called Poplar Hut all in their turn served the needs of those wanderers who took advantage of the longer week-ends to go exploring.

More recently the Club has acquired an interest in 25 Mile Hut in the Rees Valley and work parties from the Club to this popular area have succeeded in salvaging a very pleasantly-sited structure from the state of disrepair into which it had fallen. Another hut which had often given welcome shelter to Club members, particularly the skiing fraternity, was Leaning Lodge in the Rock and Pillar Range. This was purchased from the Otago Ski Club in 1972, after several work parties had succeeded in bringing it to a good state of repair.

THE BEN RUDD PROPERTY PURCHASE

What has come to be appreciated as one of its most progressive moves, was the purchase by the Club in 1946, of the 112 acres of Flagstaff known as the Ben Rudd property.

It was purely by accident that the committee of that time learned that this section of land was available, and further, that it was probably the only property in that area not owned or spoken for by the Dunedin City Corporation.

As it was, the subsequent purchase by the Club caused considerable flutterings in the City Hall dove-cotes and there was talk of our being deprived of our purchase under one of the many avenues open to it by the Corporation.

The situation eventually resolved itself however, and it may be purely coincidental that one of our late members, a Mr Charles Hayward, was at that time a member of the City Council and that another member, the late Colin Lucas, occupied a position of prominence on the Staff of the Town Hall. (In fact, Mr Lucas later became the Town Clerk.)

The top part of Flagstaff where the property was situated was, and had been for a goodly number of years, a very popular area with Club members, not only because of the raspberries and gooseberries growing in profusion on the site of old Ben Rudd's little stone house, but also because of its association with the quaint, little man with whom many members had been on friendly terms for some years prior to his death in 1933.

From memory, the availability of the estate was mentioned by Mr Dick Steel and this information was quickly acted upon by the late Mr R. B. Hamel. Although the transaction was completed by the

Committee without reference to the general membership, the following Annual General Meeting enthusiastically endorsed the committee's action.

The money used for the purchase was initially loaned by Mr W. Stevenson who later very kindly refused repayments; a generous gesture that has long been appreciated.

From the very beginning of the Club's new status as landowner, numerous ideas were advanced for using the property, and it transpired later that considerable interest in establishing a sort of park where the public could enjoy a day's outing was being demonstrated. This interest tapered off, however, when it was realised that most of the work involved would take a great deal of effort on the part of individuals. However, interest flowered in another direction and many trees and ornamental shrubs were planted.

In 1950 a determined bid was made to make the area a paying proposition and several thousand pine trees were bedded in. There was much speculation at the time as to how the Club would eventually allocate the great sums of money which would become available after the sale of the mature timbers.

A great deal of credit is due to those sincere and conscientious members who later endeavoured to arrange regular tree-pruning work parties to the developing plantations but who were unable to overcome the latent apathy of members towards commitments of this nature. Quite recently, after considering all factors, the Committee decided to pursue the afforestation programme no further.

Shortly after the Club embarked on its role of landowner, several members interested in skiing, sought and obtained permission from the Committee of the day to erect a small hut to serve as a base for ski trips over Flagstaff and Swampy.

The building of this hut was undertaken by these several enthusiasts often assisted by other members whose curiosity prompted their going to the work site to observe progress and who were soon pressed into service by the eager builders. The result of these efforts was a well-constructed, weather-proof building which served for years as a focal point for day trips, weekend birthday sessions and somewhat hilarious Christmas parties.

Unfortunately, the "ski-run" prepared in conjunction with the building programme was never actually used as such. The big snows of 1939 and 1945 which prompted the undertaking, seemed to stop with the building of the hut. Later in the saga of Ben Rudds, the Club compensated the builders for their initial outlay in constructing the shelter and it was taken in on the books as a Club hut.

As time passed, it was becoming increasingly apparent that the hut was too near town to be free from vandalism. Much work in painting, relining walls, rebuilding bunks and replacing broken windows was laboriously undertaken by interested parties but to no avail and the hut was dismantled to make way for a concrete block



TOP. East Matukituki, Christmas 1933-34.

BOTTOM. Camp at Halfmoon Flat, East Matukituki, Christmas 1933-34.



TOP Group from the Rees camp, Christmas 1946.



BOTTOM Rock climbing party at Big Rock on Flagstaff, 1949.

shelter. The loss of the hut was very keenly felt by those who had spent long hours on its maintenance or whose efforts to establish ornamental garden surrounds came to nothing.

At a recent Committee meeting it was decided that, although no further long-term development was envisaged the Club should reject any suggestion that the property be disposed of and in supporting the executive in this viewpoint, may one express the hope that in the years to come the members will continue to hold this opinion and our little property will remain an oasis for all to appreciate and enjoy.

CLIMBS AND EXPEDITIONS OF NOTE

As the early members of the Club gained confidence and experience in the local hills, they started seeking new areas to explore and enjoy. Roads were poor and transport rare, but enthusiasm always found a way. Christmas camps, with most of the active members taking part, became a popular feature of the nineteen-thirties. Shared experiences and the opportunity to tramp in exciting country with other stalwarts, have always helped to set a high standard of tramping and enhance the spirit of the Club.

Christmas, 1932, saw 31 members camped at Cascade Creek in the Eglinton Valley. At this time the road extended only as far as the



Rescuing the transport, Eglinton Valley. Christmas 1932.

shores of Lake Gunn. From this campsite, parties ventured as far as Gertrude Saddle, Homer, Lake Howden, Key Summit and Earland Falls. Four years later, the Routeburn Valley became the venue, with trips to Sylvan Lake, Harris Saddle, Emily Pass, Lake McKenzie and Mount Bonpland.

Soon after World War Two, there was a marked increase both in tramping and membership. Roads were still not as good as they are today, petrol was rationed, few younger members owned cars or were even able to borrow them — yet there were still many exciting areas to be explored. The long travelling times between Dunedin and the back country ruled out trips to the Main Divide valleys for most members, except perhaps for the Christmas and Easter holidays. The 1945 and 1946 Rees camps set the stage for post-war tramping, opening up the delights of some of the main back-country valleys to members.

Smaller parties, some privately organised, probed deeper into the mountains of North-West Otago. Others broke new ground closer to home. A typical early post-war expedition was that of Gordon McLaren and Murray Douglas who, one weekend, took pack, skis and tent on one motorcycle to try out the ski-touring potential of Mt Siberia in the Kakanui Range. At 3.15 on the Sunday morning, a westerly blizzard ripped open their tent and forced a hazardous descent to safety. On the recovery trip the following weekend they were rewarded with two days of perfect skiing. Nowadays ski touring is usually done on the high nevé's of the Main Divide, with access by ski plane ensuring more time for skiing and less effort expended in getting there. A far cry from the "old days". (Incidentally, these same two keen motor cyclists also attempted Mt Aspiring in a weekend from Dunedin, but bad weather confined them to an ascent of Mt French).

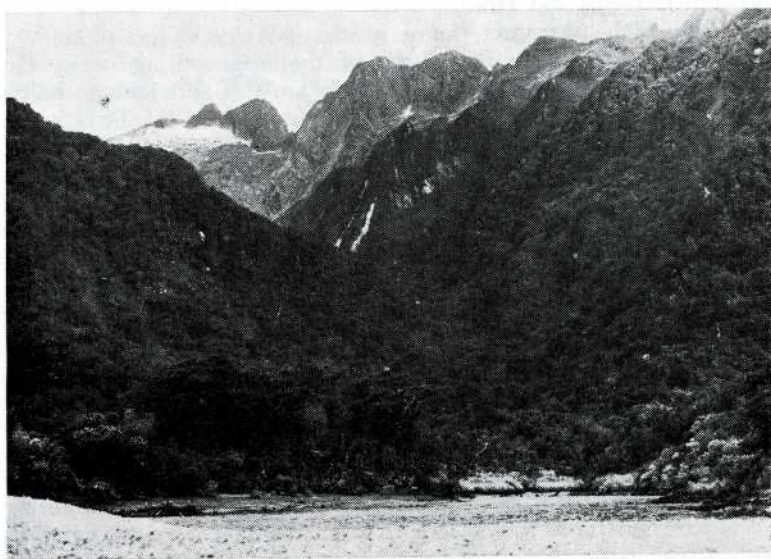
The country between the Dart and Hollyford Valleys has always provided many satisfying cross-country tramps. An early expedition which broke new ground for the Club was that of Gavin Clark, Stuart Needs, Bob Mulgrew, Julian Bullock and Ralph Markby, who in 1947-48, followed the Rockburn — Olivine — Pyke — Hollyford — Routeburn circuit. This was ably recorded on cine film by Gavin Clark. Christmas 1948-49 saw Scott Gilkison, C. Kershaw, G. Good-year, and Jack Hoskins on a marathon trip, during which they walked from The Neck at Lake Wanaka to near Haast township, up the Waiatoto Valley and over Pearson Saddle to the South Branch of the Wilkin. There they joined up with the official Club Christmas trip.

During the nineteen-fifties, Bruce Campbell, Keith Lambie, Ross Lake, Albie Green, Rusty Rawlings, John Allison, Clarrie McNee, Bruce Moore, Brian Cleugh, Ian Jeffery and Bill Bambridge approached the South Olivines from various quarters, often doing trips across the Main Divide.

Over the Christmas-New Year holidays of 1958-59, Tony Croxford, Gerry Kampjes, Tony Bowden and Brian Cleugh tramped from the Dart to the West Matukituki by way of the Whitbourn and the Arawata Saddle, using snow caves for shelter.

The South Westland-North Fiordland "Empty Quarter", between Haast and Milford Sound, has attracted a number of Club parties. In December, 1960, Ian McGregor, Noel Read and two others pushed their way through bush and swamp and boulder-hopped along the coast to reach Big Bay. From there, they continued to Pyke Hut, Lake Alabaster, the Hollyford Valley, Greenstone Valley and finally to Queenstown.

During Christmas 1968-69, Miss J. Knewstubb, Miss J. Jones, B. O'Callaghan and Trevor and Margaret Pullar tramped from Jackson's Bay to the Milford Heads. Their route took in Big Bay, Martin's Bay, the Kaipo River and the John O'Groats River. They were picked up at Milford by a fishing boat in "difficult" conditions. (For a full account of this journey, see *Outdoors* 1968).



Looking up the "Poison" River from Poison Bay, which is between Milford and Sutherland Sounds. On their third attempt Dave Craw and two companions reached Poison Bay by way of the Milford Track—Staircase Creek—Light River and "Poison" River during the Xmas of 1973-74. It was a new route and probably only the second penetration of this difficult country to reach Poison Bay. This would be the last major area to be explored on foot in New Zealand.

NOTABLE CLIMBS

Prior to the Second World War few Tramping Club members were also mountaineers. Indeed, there was often some antipathy towards the "peak-baggers" by the more conservative trampers.

Of these few members who had developed a healthy interest in the mountains, the trio of George Arras, Daisy Mackie and George Watt is worthy of mention. Over a large number of seasons they achieved many successful ascents in the Cook and Franz Josef areas — some guided, some not.

Scott Gilkison and a number of others were active in several areas, completing an ascent of Earnslaw in January 1932, and Cerberus and Pluto the following December. Four years later, Scott Gilkison climbed Stargazer (a new ascent) and Aspiring on successive days.

The 1946 Rees trip was attended by forty-four members, with eleven making ascents of Plunket, Islington and Liverpool; seven climbing Cunningham; nine up Headlong; four up Cleft; 2 up Leary; and the impressive figure of thirty-two up Clarke. In addition, a party of seven climbed a virgin peak in the head of the West Hunter, between Cerberus and Head.

The Club Christmas Camp in the Wilkin Valley (1948-49) provided an ideal base for climbs of the neighbouring peaks. On December 28, Martin Lush, Bill Brooks, Wilf Broughton, Ralph Markby and Cliff Anderson made the first ascent of Pickelhaube between the South branch of the Wilkin and the East Matukituki. During this same season Gordon McLaren, Julian Bullock and John Scott climbed Aspiring from a snow cave on the Bonar Glacier (13/1/49) and on the same day the East Peak of Earnslaw was reached by Arnold Hubbard, Russell Gregory and Bill Brookes. On January 10, Murray Douglas and party climbed Mt Cook, and on the 15th, with Harry Ayres, he made the first North-South traverse of Haidinger.

The early years of the next decade saw a decline in interest in climbing, although ascents of moderate difficulty on established routes were regularly made during "rest days" by parties on tramping trips to remote valleys.

Space precludes anything other than a brief selection of the many notable climbs by Club members in recent years. The following record favours those who graduated from tramping to climbing while still active in the Club. (Some party members mentioned were not Club members.)

One member who has done much to enhance the record of Club achievements is Scott Gilkison. His list of first ascents reads like a "Who's Who" of the alpine world and includes Belle (December, 1931), Cleft, Tyndall and Clarke (December, 1932), Glenmary (November, 1934), Sinclair (February, 1935), North Osonzac (January, 1938), Dasler Pinnacles, Glencairn, and Glenisla (March, 1936), Pivot and Maruiwi (January, 1939), Huxley (on skis almost to top —

September, 1939), Sharks Tooth (December, 1939), as well as those previously mentioned. Some of his other climbs or trips include second ascents of Students Peak, Ngatimamoe, and Avalanche and the West Peak of Earnslaw (first ascent from the Dart), and the first crossing of Charity Col. Earnslaw seems to have had a strange fascination for him for in January 1933, he completed the first South-North traverse of East Peak, and followed this with a double traverse of East and West Peaks.

During the 1947 Hopkins trip, Murray Douglas and Gordon McLaren completed a successful ascent of Mt Ward, as well as a variety of smaller climbs.

In November, 1958, after a number of attempts, Mt. Brewster was conquered by Barry Davidson, Ted Sadd and others.

21.12.59 Second ascent of Mt Huxley — P. Barker, J. Chivers and R. Cunninghame.

November, 1960 Mt Aspiring — G. Kampjes, B. Cleugh, and B. Lumb.

7.2.62 First Ascent of Mt Todd — L. Kennedy, G. Edwards and Miss J. Armfield.

1.2.65 Mitre Peak (third ascent in a single day) — H. Laing and T. Pullar.

31.12.65 Tupaenuku and Pinnacle (Kaikouras) — B. Freeman, A. Thompson, E. Warburton and Miss R. Norton.

26.2.66 Mt Maori, double traverse via N.E. — S.W. Ridges to Mt Maiti-iti — L. Kennedy with B. Robertson.

February, 1966 Mt Crosscut. First ascent of East Face to Cirque Col and South Ridge — H. Laing.

27.2.66 33 members of a Club party reached the summit of the Remarkables.

28.8.66 Mt Aspiring. Winter ascent by R. Cunninghame, J. F. Grave-son and R. G. Wilson.

29.8.66 Mt French. Winter ascent by R. Cunninghame and F. Grave-son.

3.1.67 Mts Magellan, Drake and Teichelmann — new routes and traverse — R. Cunninghame and party.

24.1.68 Mt Hooker — First ascent of South Face — L. Kennedy and party.

February, 1968 Young Peak — First traverse, second ascent — Miss M. Reidy, Miss J. Knewstubb, R. McKenzie and B. Chalmers.

August, 1971 Mt Tasman — First winter ascent — K. McIvor and party.

9.1.71 Mt Cook — First solo grand traverse — Bill Denz.

7.11.71 Mt Cook — Caroline Face — Denz and Carroll.

January, 1972 Mt Cook — Hooker Face — R. Cunninghame and party.

June, 1972 Mt Cook — First winter grand traverse — R. Cunninghame and K. Thompson.

Two Club members have made their mark overseas as well as in the New Zealand mountains. Murray Jones, often with H. Jacobs, made numerous exacting climbs by new routes on Fiordland peaks, including the first ascent of the South peak of Christina. In Europe, along with Graeme Dingle, he established a notable first in climbing five of the six major north faces of the Alps in one season. Bob McKerrow, after an apprenticeship in the Southern Alps, joined the 1968 New Zealand expedition to the Andes, climbing Nevado Blanco (17,790 ft).

Surely a record to be proud of!

GLEANINGS

In an effort to introduce a lighter-hearted side of the Club history, the following GLEANINGS have been taken from various hut books, minute books and back copies of "Outdoors".

Excerpts from the Green Peak Hut Log Book.

- 22.10.33. Stayed in hut and had a meal every two hours. Icicles 18in long adorned the window all day. P. L. MOORE
- 26.11.33. Arrived at hut for the first time. A haven of rest. Thank you. H. BENNET
- 17.12.33. P.S.: Lost bun hat on way over.
- 3.3.34. Have been looking for your cute little cabin all day. God help the sailors on a night like this.
28 Rue de la Paix, PARIS P.P.A.
- 3.3.34. Am enjoying very much your fine N.Z. scenery. Reminds me of my own dear Rhine country. Auf Wiedersehen.
37 Wilhelmstrasse, BERLIN
- 4.3.24. Have replenished your valuable wood supply. Will convey your compliments to London Hiking Club. Memories of hospitable people that welcomed me into your midst as a brother hiker. Hoping we left the hut as you hope to find it. H.D.S., LONDON
- 3.4.34. Ian Johnston just finished second mutton bird and three cups of tea at 2.45 a.m. Further mutton birds being cooked.
- 3.4.34. We are patiently waiting for our sports to arrive at 4 a.m.
- 7.7.34. Lost at sleepy hollow—2"-3" of snow—had to dig snow from door. Icicles 18in to 22in long and wonderful sight.
I. JOHNSTON
- 8.9.34. Am just having 3lb of curried mince and three saveloys (not Bartons) and a 2lb plum pudding.



The first snow on the newly completed Green Peak Hut. 1933.

- 28.10.34. R. Johnson of Johnson-Pullar Hiking Club Inc. Apology from Pullar. In bed with 'flu (not Sue).
- 28.10.34. Went to bed at 10 o'clock (bed is a helluva dignified name for the thing I slept on).
- 28.10.34. Kept awake for about an hour by the buzzing of two mosquitos but finally managed to kill both on my face. MEMO: Bring "Flytox" next time. R. B. EASTGATE
- 4.5.35. King's Jubilee Weekend. Visitors to see the snow, winter sports on the peaks and sleep in the ice box were . . . of O.T.C. and guaranteed all sane. God Save the King. (Incidentally, the Boy Scouts will have to light the bonfire in the cold, cold, snow.
- 1.12.35. Please don't leave empty beer bottles in this hut for it makes me very thirsty. B. HUNT
Page 95: Kindly put donations in the box as they may be swept out if left on the table.
- 13.4.36. Would hard-ups who pinched axe head, kindly return for handle. Woolworths stock good axes for 2/6d.
Easter Sunday found party of pig-hunters in ladies' room of hut and several ladies sleeping outside. At daybreak pig ?? hunters kindly vacated the hut and let ladies get some sleep. (Very good of them.)

7.11.37. If mother could only see me now.

MORRIS GARTHWAITE

7.8.38. Marvellous sunset on snow. Have you seen pink snow?
NO, BUT HAVE YOU SEEN THE LOCH NESS
MONSTER??

24.9.38. Climbed the Silver Peaks despite the gales against us.
God knows how we're going to get home.

O.B.H.S. RAMBLERS

25.9.38. Will the person who took door from the "Peaks Hut"
kindly return same as he is known—to save further
trouble.

GEORGE ARRAS

7.10.39. Norman kindly made billy of tea which was certainly
wasted when Nancy collected it over her foot.

3.12.39. A good nip of gin was left in a bottle here. It would
appear that this troubled world has at least one kind
person. MORAL: When at first you don't succeed try, try
"a gin".

20.1.40. Caught another mouse. (That makes 10 for this week.)

2.3.40. Arrived after one-man working party on tracks with
slasher—boy, won't I be good in the army with a bayonet!
Look out, Hitler.

K. TIMLIN, O.T.C.

5.10.40. Found hut in bad condition—No, it's not the fault of the
war either.

Note on last page of book by K. Timlin.

* * *

Excerpts from Trip Reports:

Entry from 1946 Rees Christmas Camp Log Book:

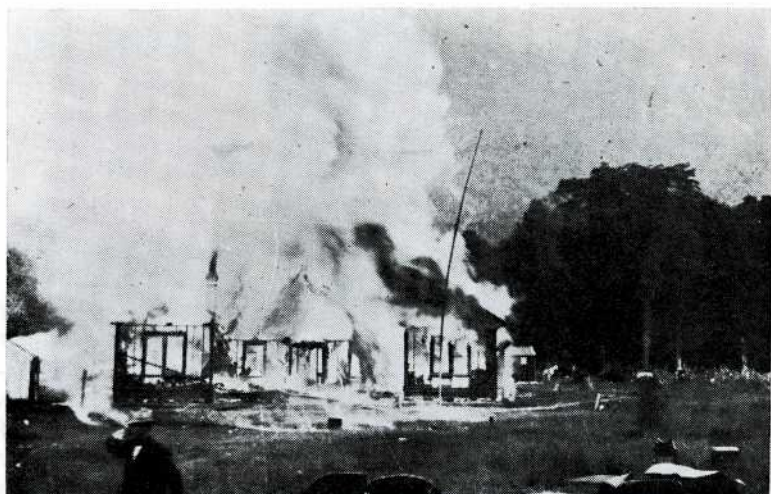
"Dec. 26th. R. Markby and C. Anderson. Left 9.30 p.m. Going
to bed. Will be up again about 12.30 p.m. Friday."

From a report to the President on the 1950/51 Christmas Trip:

"... here let us add that the inconvenience of the unequal
distribution was in no way connected with MAN as a member
of the opposite sex—all that was required was a little assistance
over rivers and tricky spots."

From a trip report, July, 1959:

"At the (Green Peak) Hut we were greeted with the news
that Otago had beaten the Lions . . . Just as we were getting
ready to dish out the stew, Miss J. Armfield arrived and we
had much pleasure in offering her a plate of the concoction."



From 1928/29 Milford Track Christmas Trip report: "During the meal we were all called out and had the unwanted experience of seeing Glade House burnt to the ground . . ."

From a report on a trip to Kyeburn Diggings, 1959:

"About an hour later, the six of us were back in camp where the females refused to believe that we were going to the pictures at 8.30 p.m. No, it was not the Pass beer . . . we had met the local runholder who invited us down to see 'The Spanish Gardener' that evening."

and

"With a trapper pack for wickets, a pitch like a ploughed paddock and a 'bat' broken off a willow tree, a test match atmosphere prevailed. The game concluded when the ball disappeared into a large patch of broom where it still is."

* * *

Gleanings from some Old Minute Books (or There's Nothing New Under the Sun):

"Members may at any time form groups or parties, having regard to vicinity of residence, similarity of tastes and preferences as to objectives, distances and pace." (Circular to members, 6.9.23.)

"Proceedings commenced with a tramping song by members of the Social Committee." (Report of social evening, 19.4.25.)



"After the last heavy snowfall a few of our members had the experience of ski-ing on the slopes of Flagstaff and Swampy Hill." (Annual Report, 1925.)

"Dancing was indulged in till 11 p.m., and all went home pleased with their evening's enjoyment." (Minutes of Special General Meeting, 30.6.24.)

"The Club supports the Dunedin Chamber of Commerce, The Otago Institute and other bodies in the course they are taking to keep Mt Cargill, Flagstaff and Signal Hill as scenic reserves." (Committee Meeting, 20.4.31.)

"During the year the Dunedin City Council has taken over the control of the scenic reserves on Flagstaff and Mt Cargill, and has been given power to plant trees on both areas up to a height of 1,500 feet above sea-level." (Annual Report 31.8.32.)

"We learn with interest of the recent formation of the Otago Ski Club, and extend to it our good wishes for a successful future."

"In order to assist in preventing damage in the Water Reserves by pig-hunters and others carrying firearms, it was decided that the Club Hut be kept locked." (20.4.36.)

"As a result of the increasing popularity of tramping, it has become still more necessary for our members to exercise the greatest care when taking part in the various outings. During the past year it has been made plain to us that the privilege of tramping over private property will be available only so long as members realise their responsibilities in this connection." (Annual Report, 31.8.37.)

* * *

A Strange Tale

This is a reprint from the 1951 "Outdoors". Twenty-two years later this story of "N. Seine's" assumes even more significance, particularly to those who heard Peter Johnstone's speech at the 50th Anniversary Dinner, and who have also been concerned with the Government's apparent intention of leaving not a square mile of our mountain fastness unroaded.

A STRANGE TALE

I do not offer any explanation for the strange story I am about to relate. Indeed, it is a tale which would not be told, but instantly dismissed as an idle dream, were it not for the corroborative evidence of my wife, who shared with me the most unnerving adventure ever to befall a tramp. If there are loose ends to the story and questions which leap to the perceptive mind left unanswered, I beg your forgiveness and plead both the clumsiness of my pen and a violated nervous system which has not yet regained its perspective.

Without more ado, let me begin at the point, where, on a sudden impulse, we decided to change our plans to spend Christmas quietly at home and make for the Rees Valley instead. We have no clear recollection of the journey there, but vividly recall trudging up the valley on an evilly black, foggy night. It seemed we were two tramps in an eerie void, but the soft feel of the turf underfoot comforted us and the noise of the river soothed our city-fevered minds. Memories of yesteryear subtly came stealing, and conversation drifted.

Of a sudden the mist lifted and then came as quickly down again. There was sufficient time, however, for both of us to notice a very bright glow, tinged green, yellow and red, towards the head of the valley. We shivered involuntarily—it was a chill night—and to reassure ourselves I offered as explanation, "Must be a sort of freakish aurora effect. Let's make camp here and hope for better weather tomorrow."

The events of the next day seared themselves indelibly into our memories. Every detail is vivid. We must have had some sort of premonition of the supernatural events to follow, as we both slept uneasily. The first shock came with the strengthening light of dawn. Not far below us was a broad motor highway, clearly leading up the valley. Four traffic lanes were plainly marked on it. This was, of course,

impossible, so I woke my wife to tell her so. She agreed. Just then, to dispel all doubts, a car of rather futuristic design glided swiftly past.

"We must have taken the wrong turning."

"Can't have! Look at the valley; it's the Rees, with a doubt."

"Then it's a mirage," she concluded. "Too many late nights recently for both of us. Let's go and take a closer look."

We did and our worst fears were confirmed. Embedded in the tarry material of the road were countless bright objects which closer inspection showed to be bottle tops, and the whole surface was sticky with bubble gum. We then noticed, some little distance ahead a large sign which read: Motorists, we unreservedly guarantee you more hours per grain on a SHELLVAC super-charged super atomic super pile. Insist on a plug of SHELLVAC. Take nothing else!

With forced cheerfulness we set off along the highway. We were both joking about it to keep our spirits up, but the strain was beginning to tell. Even the sight of Earnslaw failed to dispel our gloom. Traffic on the road was increasing, and quite a number of cars had passed us. None had any visible headlights and their designs generally were quite unorthodox. Even more disturbing were the frequent guffaws which floated back on the wind as various occupants turned round to stare at us.

"Something," my wife observed with masterly understatement, "is vaguely different about the Rees." I agreed by pointing to Mt Leary. The top was completely missing, and it wasn't because cloud was obscuring it. There was just a high table-land about 5,000ft.

"Let's get up the hillside a bit," she continued, "and boil the billy. I must get away from this Macadamised horror for a while."

"Yes," I replied, "my mental gears are slipping. Perhaps we could reverse a bit."

We scrambled up the hillside, grabbed some firewood as we went, dipped our billy in a nearby stream and concocted something stronger than our usual watery wash. While sipping it, we saw a school of flying wings flash up the valley, but by now we were beyond surprise. We talked things over as rationally as possible until well into the afternoon and got precisely nowhere. We finally decided to cling grimly to our remaining strands of sanity and push on.

I will not dwell over-much on the strange sights and sounds of that journey. We passed cosy tearooms by the dozen, quick-snack counters by the score, and milk bars by the gross. Electric signs everywhere flashed their stale advertising, and loud-speakers, strategically and mercilessly placed every 100 yards, entertained us with Boo-hop daughters and Blurb Smith with his Hot-dog band. We were advised at every turn of the tourist attractions of "Reesland", of the Osonzac Speedway, the Cleft Frivolities, the Dude Ranchos for beginners, the Saturday Night Grand Fireworks Display, etc. Almost every mile we came upon a big hoarding. On the top left of it was a painting of a splendid building. To the right it said "The Slip Hotel", and underneath "Luxuriously appointed, superbly set.

Guided trips by day, ice skating, water polo, dodgems, nocturnal revelries, and side-shows by night, featuring the world-famous "Hunter Aquacade" with 100 aquatic lovelies to entertain and thrill you. The best floor show in the valley. The Rees Cuties beckon you. Tariff only 100 dollars a day."

Let me not dwell any longer on that nightmare trip. Suffice it to say that we strained in vain to hear the friendly voice of the Rees and even the squawking of a Paradise Duck would have been a welcome sound. Evening was advancing as we approached that architectural masterpiece called "The Slip Hotel." A large neon sign in pretty colours advised all to "Ask the Man in Grey."

We found him, complete with monocle, impeccably dressed in a grey evening suit and delicately perfumed. "Ah," he said when he saw us. "Two more for the Monster Christmas Eve Fancy Dress Ball and Carnival tonight." I glanced at the calendar on the wall, did some quick thinking, and replied, "We're representing two Twentieth Century Trampers." He looked at our outfits and packs, wrinkled his nose and said, "Yes, it must have been primitive for people in those days. No amenities, no night life, no modern transport," and, wrinkling his nose again, "no hot showers. You've certainly captured the spirit of those times, the—er atmosphere, as it were." He gently pressed a scented handkerchief to his nose. "Well, the show doesn't start for an hour yet, so as it's a fine evening perhaps you'd like to see the sunset from Earnslaw. Our fast helicopter service will have you to the top in three minutes. Fifty dollars, inclusive of Coca-Cola refreshment on the summit."

"Does anyone actually climb it these days?" I asked.

"Frequently. Our funicular railway runs a daily service at the height of the season, arriving just before sunset, but it's too long a trip to compete with air travel. It's fully three-quarters of an hour's journey."

"What I meant was," I ventured rather timidly, "Do any—er—mountaineers climb the mountain?" The monocle dropped from his eye. "You know, with rope and ice-axe and things," I added lamely.

"Not for many years," he replied solemnly. "Legend has it that the last man to attempt it was an old crank, a relic of the last century. Gilkison was his name. First of all he insisted on fording the Rees instead of using the bridge. Then he got up at 2 a.m. when respectable people were going to bed, produced a very large blackened object called a billy, concocted a white viscous substance he termed 'Podge' and then consumed it with every show of enjoyment. This done, he declared he was going to have one last crack at Earnslaw or bust. Of course, he was obviously in his dotage. We had to forcibly restrain him."

"What finally became of him?"

"When last seen, he was heading off towards the Olivines. Can you imagine that—a place that hasn't been developed yet! He didn't even wait to see the scenic show-piece of Reesland—the

floodlighting of the East Peak of Earnslaw in technicolour every Wednesday and Saturday nights. It's simply breathtaking in its Kaleidoscopic beauty. It's mainly because of that that we average 25,000 more tourists a year than our old rivals, The Dart Development Trust, or D.D.T., as we call it."

He was now warming to his subject. "What held back Rees Cultivation Limited for quite some time was a widely circulated rumour that the valley was haunted by a poltergeist, said to be the restless spirit of a trumper of the last century. According to reports, this unearthly apparition always heads up the valley about Christmas time, constantly emitting spectral grunts. On some occasions a ghostly train of trampers could be dimly seen in line behind him. However, we haven't been worried with such visitations for years. Not since a spiritualist advised us to lay a trail of sausages, tins of sweetened condensed milk, and packets of dried apples, up Twenty-Five Mile Creek. A simple and relatively inexpensive device, and amazingly effective. Incredible, isn't it?"

"Not entirely," my wife dissented (and gave me just a suspicion of a wink). "Tell me, what happened to the top of Leary?"

"Ah, removing that was a master stroke. We had it atomically vapourised to improve the view of the mountains behind. Wasn't that simply marvellous?"

"Unbelievable!" I said. "However, it's time we were pushing on."

"Pushing on?" he asked puzzled. "But where?"

My wife got in ahead of me. "To the Olivines."

We shouldered our packs and walked down to the river. With one accord we forded it, ignoring the bridge. We took one last look at the Slip Hotel. "The Man in Grey" was still standing beneath his colourful sign. His monocle was dangling unheeded. His mouth was slightly open.

"It's just an idea," we said to each other, and headed into the gathering darkness.

—"N. Seine".

THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

The first steps toward the organisation of the 50th Anniversary Celebrations were taken some five years before the event, and around 1970, a steering committee was set up to lay down a few guidelines. This committee, after the due preponderance for which such committees are noted, decided that the format already established by previous celebrations would admirably fit the occasion for this one—though

perhaps on a grander scale. Only two things had to be got under way immediately; the compilation of a register of past and present members and the appointment of an Editor for the special 1973 edition of *Outdoors*. After some inveigling, a former Vice-President, Ron Keen, was appointed Editor and a number of Club members "volunteered" to contribute chapters covering decades or topics they were familiar with. (After looking through a lot of back copies of "*Outdoors*" and noting the continual complaints of Editors who have been unable to extract copy from recalcitrant members, I fully sympathise with them —Ed.)

The first sign that the celebrations were drawing close was when members received a copy of the intended programme, together with a registration form. The presentation of this programme, together with the tickets and name-tags that one received after he had parted with his cash, promised a hint of an extremely well-organised function.

In this, we were not to be disappointed!

On the Friday night of August 24th, a Social Evening "Get-together" was held in the Moran Buildings in the Lower Octagon. The 130 or so participants came from as far afield as Auckland, and although it is suspected that some memories were getting a little hazy with the passage of time, there was no doubt whatsoever that the gathering provided the chance to meet old tramping friends and talk of old times. The presentation of the Club's historical records and photographs was first class, and everyone present was given adequate opportunity to browse through them.

The highlight of the evening was the presentation by the Chief Guide, Ken Mason, of a selection of slides of faces and places throughout the fifty years of the Club's history. Many of these slides had been taken off old, rather-deteriorating photographs, and it said a lot for Ken's photographic skill that they were clear enough for some of the older members present to instantly recognise faces that have long since gone.

The evening concluded with a magnificent supper.

During the Saturday, an open day was held at the clubrooms and gave those who attended another chance to look at the early records and photographs. A number of members also held "open house" for visitors and friends to get together.

The main event of the celebrations — the Anniversary Dinner — was held at the University Students Union Hall on the Saturday night. Around 230 people gathered for pre-dinner drinks and the magnificent five-course banquet that followed. The formality of the evening was soon dispersed by the able Master of Ceremonies, Horace Tilly, and those present soon got down to the serious business of enjoying themselves.

Amongst those present who were members of the Club during its first year were W. S. Gilkison, E. W. Hunter, G. A. Pearson and

J. Ritchie. The honour of being the oldest member present fell to Miss P. Hardie, who generously confessed to being somewhere on the wrong side of eighty. It was also gratifying to see nine of the Club's eleven Life Members present.

After a toast to the Queen, Scott Gilkison proposed the worthy toast to the Club. The reply was given by Bruce Moore and perhaps there is some significance in the fact that the reply was considerably longer than the toast. (But enough has already been written about this in "The Fifties").

The toast, The Younger Generations, was presented by Ralph Markby and ably replied to by Dave Bond.

Guest Speaker for the evening was Peter Johnstone. Originally, the speaker was to have been Dr George Moir, but owing to illness he was unable to attend, and Peter stepped into the breach. After a lively, often lighthearted introduction, Peter soon got down to the meat of his subject, and parts of his speech are quoted below:—

"It seems appropriate to look at the Club to see what it has achieved. I will not be so concerned with physical achievements like hut building, heroic feats of endurance and magnificent feats of skill, but with achievements with people. This, to my mind, is the most important aspect of the Club's activity and the one which most people least consider. I believe this Club has made an important contribution in this.

"Young people coming to the Club soon find friendships, some becoming life-long. The Club helps these people develop a competence in outdoor living and enjoyment. Most importantly, it helps them to get to know themselves and others, and from this comes confidence and leadership.

"..... the beautiful serenity and tranquility of the hills, the black and white situation of being alive or dead, thirsty or satisfied, hungry or full, go towards making our training ground for the young complete. But, above all, it is the tough situations which bring out the best in us and give us the necessary confidence to make us better people. As long as the O.T. & M.C. continues to provide facilities so that young people can grow up, it will provide a magnificent reason for being.

"It seems to me that having weathered the storms for 50 years, the Club is surely going to go into its next 50 years with renewed vigour. I think it appropriate to look at the future and see what clouds we can see on the horizon. I can see at least three rather serious-looking hogs-backs.

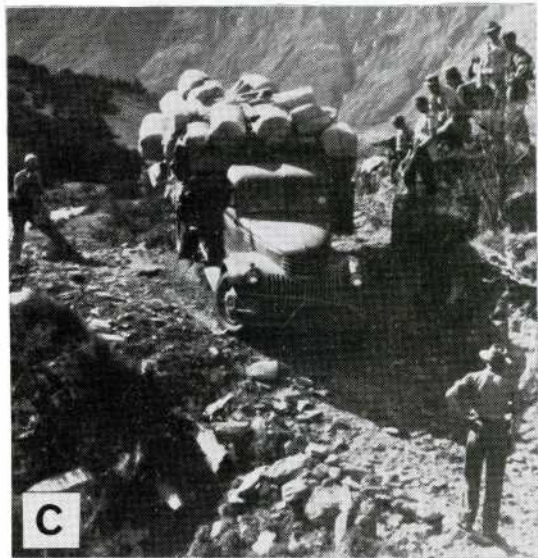
"The first of these problems is already with us and can only get worse. It is the problem of pressure on our limited facilities by a rapidly increasing outdoors' fraternity. All of us are accustomed to going away some time and seeing no other party but our own. How galling it is to find a remote bivvy rock, hut or campsite already occupied. These occurrences are going to become more and more



A



B



C



D

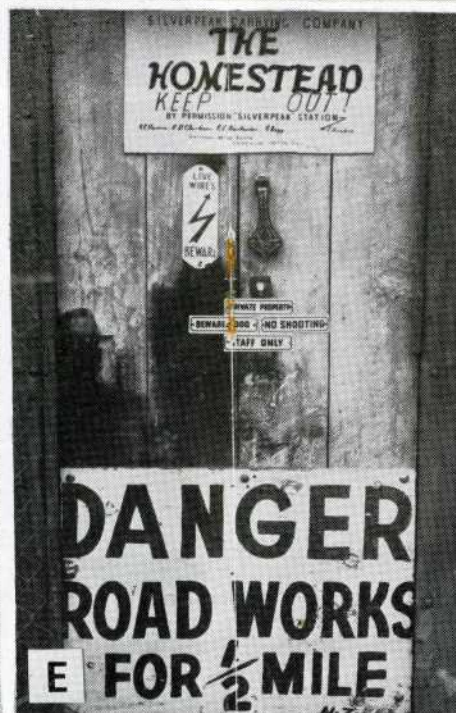
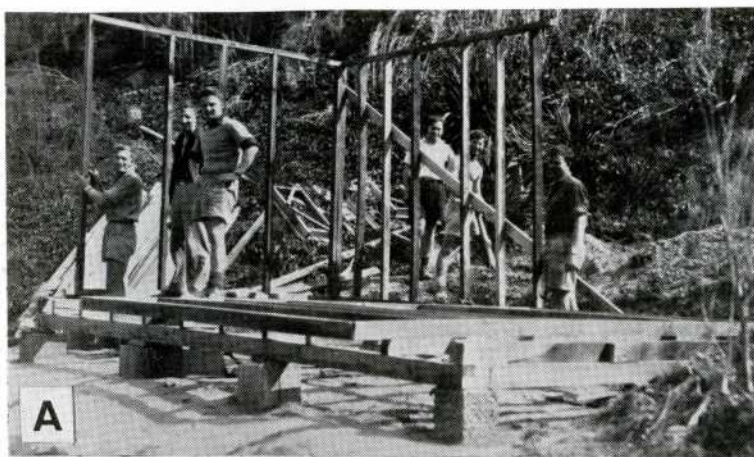


E

GETTING MATERIALS IN.

- A. Packing in materials to the Ben Rudd Hut site, 1947.
 B. Carrying a new water tank to Green Hut, 1958.

- C. Transporting material along "Gillespie Street" to the Aspiring Hut site, 1948.
 D. & E. Packing into Jubilee Hut, 1949.



A. Building Jubilee Hut, 1949.

C. Pyramid Hut. Burnt to the ground in 1969.

B. Jubilee Hut nearing completion, 1949.

D. Opening of Green Peak Hut, June 3rd, 1933.

E. Door of "The Homestead", Christmas Creek, 1964.

F. Finishing Ben Rudd Hut on the Club property, 1947.

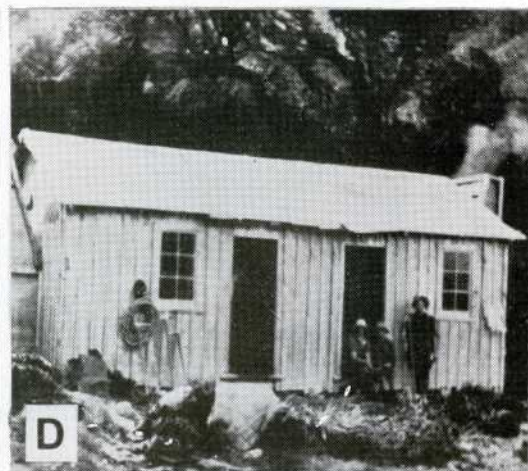
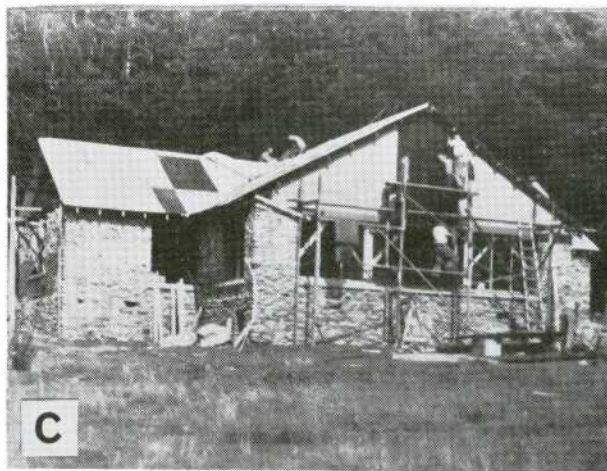
G. 25 Mile Hut, Rees Valley, 1964.

H. Leaning Lodge, Rock & Pillar Range. Purchased from the Otago Ski Club in 1972.



OTHER HUTS FREQUENTED BY MEMBERS

- A. Old Top Hut (Otago Ski Club) Rock and Pillar Range, 1945.
- B. First Otago Ski Club Hut at Coronet Peak (Skippers Saddle,) 1949.
- C. Construction of the Alpine Club's Aspiring Hut, 1948.
- D. Homer Hut, c.1933.



common. They are something we must learn to live with. One thing about this increased pressure which should concern us all, is the increasing amount of damage done to our environment. I do not refer to professional vandals like the Power Generation Authority, but more specifically to the small time "hillbilly" vandals. Like the ones who chopped down a Totara tree at Aspiring Hut, chopped down the trees at the Rock of Ages Bivvy, or who leave junk scattered along their trail in the forests.

"My second hogs-back is a cloud of oily smoke coming from a b trail bike. When my peaceful ramblings on Flagstaff are shattered by the noise of these machines, I am close to doing murder. No doubt so are most of you. What can we do about them apart from ramming our ice axes through their spokes? I do not know, but perhaps this Club may care to take a lead in the matter.

"My third and final storm is one due to regulations. How long will it be before someone decides to regulate against us in an endeavour to preserve our safety and to save the valuable public purse? Perhaps a petty empire builder can already see the corner-stone of his castle in our "irresponsibility". My only comment is, we must fight for the freedom which is rightfully ours.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, thank you for bearing with me."

The vote of thanks to Peter was given by Wilf Broughton.

A very fine evening concluded with a rendition of songs, some old, some new, by a duet of the Club's more talented vocalists.

The final event on the programme was a Club Picnic at Ben Rudd's on the Sunday. For this we were blessed with a magnificent day. Members, families and friends started gathering at the shelter from around nine-thirty onwards. No firm count of those present could be got, for the simple reason that like true trampers they just could not stand still for long enough to be counted. One or two who tried estimated that there were in excess of 130. Others were of the opinion that there was somewhere over eighty adults and literally thousands of children between the ages of one and twenty.

It really doesn't matter which account is closer to the truth — it is sufficient to say that everyone present enjoyed themselves. Old acquaintanceships were renewed and camera fiends had a field day. Truly a fitting climax to a magnificent weekend.

Well, the Club's first fifty years is behind it. Anyone who has in any way been associated with the Club must surely feel proud of its achievements. The success of the next fifty years will depend to a large extent on the example and leadership set by the present administration, but even they cannot be expected to succeed without the support of members. The Club's destiny, then, lies in the hands of every one of us, and age and business pressure cannot really be admissible as reasons for why we are unable, each of us, to do our part.

CLUB PRESIDENTS

1923—O. Balk	1948—W. A. McFarland
1924—R. Gilkison	1949—W. Broughton
1925—J. Knox	1950—W. Broughton
1926—F. W. Clayton	1951—J. Hoskins
1927—L. Lumb	1952—B. W. Campbell
1928—J. J. Kennedy	1953—B. W. Campbell
1929—A. E. Gascoigne	1954—I. Pollard
1930—P. L. Ritchie	1955—A. Green and B. W. Campbell
1931—G. D. Wright	1956—W. S. Gilkison
1932—R. Gilkison	1957—J. Malcolm
1933—A. J. Thompson	1958—B. Moore
1934—Miss A. F. Edmond	1959—B. Moore
1935—P. L. Moore	1960—S. Tomkins and P. Barker
1936—R. B. Hamel	1961—B. Moore
1937—R. B. Hamel	1962—G. Kampjes
1938—J. C. Lucas	1963—G. Kampjes
1939—J. Niven	1964—G. Kampjes
1940—R. B. Hamel	1965—J. Armstrong
1941—Miss A. F. Edmond	1966—J. Armstrong
1942—F. Dunn	1967—L. Kennedy
1943—F. Dunn	1968—K. Gousmett
1944—J. Niven	1969—Miss J. Knewstubb
1945—R. B. Hamel	1970—Miss J. Knewstubb
1946—H. Tilly	1971—B. Mason
1947—H. Tilly	1972—B. Mason and R. Brasier

LIFE MEMBERS

Mr B. W. Campbell	Mr E. W. Hunter
Mrs L. Campbell	Mr G. A. Pearson
Mr F. B. Moore	Miss L. Tweedie
Mr A. B. Thomson	Mrs M. McDonald
Mrs P. L. Moore	Mr J. Freeman
Mr W. S. Gilkison	

OTAGO TRAMPING AND MOUNTAINEERING CLUB (INC.)

OFFICE-BEARERS, 1972 - 73:

President: B. Mason / R. Brasier
Vice-President: H. Stoddart / C. Donaldson
Hon. Secretary: Miss A. Varney
Hon. Treasurer: M. Kokich
Membership Secretary: R. George / C. Donaldson
Chief Guide: K. Mason
Editor: R. Davies / Committee
Club S.A.R. Representative: B. Mason
Mountain Safety Council Representative: T. Pullar

COMMITTEE

J. Beekhuis, R. Brasier (later appointed President),
C. Donaldson (later appointed Vice-President),
B. Freeman, D. Pickard, T. Pullar, Mrs J. Knox
Hon. Auditor: A. Thomson
Hon. Solicitor: J. Hamel

50th ANNIVERSARY SUB-COMMITTEE:

Convener: R. Brasier
Registrar: R. George
Editor: R. J. Keen
Committee: Margaret & Trevor Pullar, B. Freeman

50th ANNIVERSARY REGISTER

The following list of 208 members, past and present, has been compiled from the "official" anniversary register. It includes the names of these who attended all functions as well as those who were able to attend only one or two. The compilation proved a difficult task indeed, and apologies are extended to any who may find their name missing.

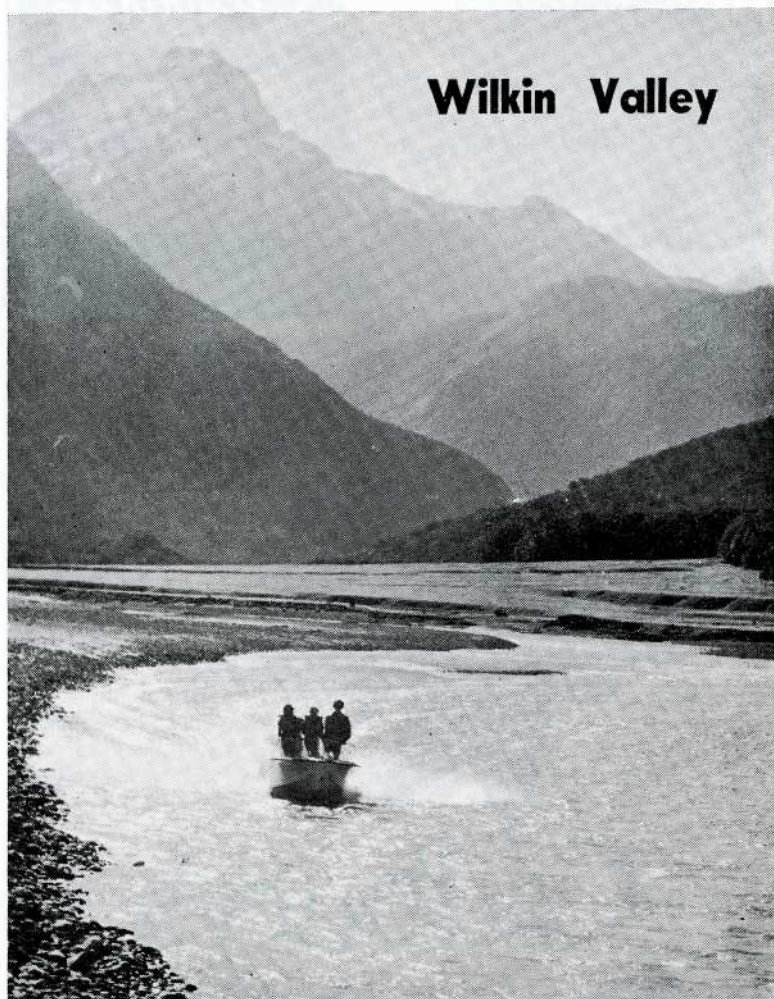
Miss Mavis Adam, 20 Christie Street, Green Island, Dunedin.	Mrs Robyn Armstrong, 3 Upland Street, Dunedin.
Mr Ross Adamson, 8 Heriot Row, Dunedin.	Mr A. G. Attewell, Police Station, P.O. Box 808, Invercargill.
Mr John Allison, 1 Monroe Street, Maori Hill, Dunedin.	Mr Peter Barker, 25 Francis Road, Paraparaumu Beach, Wellington.
Mrs Gwenyth Allison, 1 Monroe Street, Maori Hill, Dunedin.	Mr A. H. Barth, 16 Tui Street, Christ- church.
Mr C. N. Anderson, 41 Mayfield Avenue, Wakari, Dunedin.	Mrs A. H. Barth, 16 Tui Street, Christ- church.
Miss R. Anderson, C/- 10 Glengyle Street, Dunedin.	Mr John Bellamy, 108 Rolla Street, Mt Mera, Dunedin.
Mr John Armstrong, 3 Upland Street, Dunedin.	

- Mr John Beekhuis, 47 Cole Street, Caversham, Dunedin.
- Mrs Pauline Beekhuis, 47 Cole Street, Caversham, Dunedin.
- Mr G. K. D. Begg, 41 Roy Crescent, Concord, Green Island, Dunedin.
- Mrs G. K. D. Begg, 41 Roy Crescent, Concord, Green Island, Dunedin.
- Mr John Begg, 16 Ross Street, Dunedin.
- Mrs Lexie Bell, 18 Galway Avenue, Christchurch.
- Mr Richard Bell, 18 Galway Avenue, Christchurch.
- Mr Ken Blackwood, 14 Eden Street, Dunedin.
- Mr Lester Blomfield, 2 Kevin Street, Mornington, Dunedin.
- Miss Averil Boag, 21 Isadore Road, St. Clair, Dunedin.
- Miss Lee Boag, 21 Isadore Road, St. Clair, Dunedin.
- Mr David Bond, 47 Signal Hill Road, Opoho, Dunedin.
- Mr Vance Boyd, 7 Braemar Street, Mosgiel.
- Mr Richard Brasier, 488 Leith Street, Dunedin.
- Mrs Wendy Brasier, 488 Leith Street, Dunedin.
- Mr G. W. Broughton, 35 Murray Street, Dunedin.
- Mrs W. Broughton, 35 Murray Street, Dunedin.
- Mr L. L. Brown, 62 County Road, Kaikorai, Dunedin.
- Mrs E. Brown, 62 County Road, Kaikorai, Dunedin.
- Mrs Graeme Buchanan, 10 Braeburn Street, Waverley, Dunedin.
- Mr B. W. Campbell, 20a Monowai Road, Ravensbourne, Dunedin.
- Mrs L. Campbell, 20a Monowai Road, Ravensbourne, Dunedin.
- Mr J. K. Campbell, 48 Rimu Street, Timaru.
- Mrs M. I. Campbell, 48 Rimu Street, Timaru.
- Miss C. Carey, 7 Passmore Crescent, Dunedin.
- Mr Brian Chalmers, Flat 2, 78a Manor Place, Dunedin.
- Mrs Maureen Chalmers, Flat 2, 78a Manor Place, Dunedin.
- Mr Gavin Clark, 47 Every Street, Andersons Bay, Dunedin.
- Mrs G. Clark, 47 Every Street, Andersons Bay, Dunedin.
- Mr Bob Clarkson, 22 Dryden Road, Hamilton.
- Mrs Rose Clarkson, 22 Dryden Road, Hamilton.
- Mr Arne Cleland, 47 Mechanic Street, Dunedin.
- Mr Jim Cowie, 67a Gladstone Road, Dunedin.
- Mrs Frances Cowie, 67a Gladstone Road, Dunedin.
- Mr Paul Coxhead, 114 Tenby Street, Wanaka.
- Mrs Helen Coxhead, 114 Tenby Street, Wanaka.
- Mr David Craw, 123 Centennial Avenue, Dunedin.
- Miss A. M. Cross, "Roselle", Lower Portobello.
- Mrs C. Davies, 16 Uxbridge Street, Mt Mera, Dunedin.
- Mr M. Davies, 16 Uxbridge Street, Mt Mera, Dunedin.
- Mrs Pam Dawber, 59 Warden Street, Opoho, Dunedin.
- Mrs C. M. Dew, C/- Nurses Home, Timaru Hospital, King Street, Timaru.
- Miss Ellen Dick, 484 North rd, Mt Mera, Dunedin.
- Mr Clive Donaldson, 7 Tweed Street, Mosgiel.
- Mr Kevin Doyle, 2 Ashmore Street, Halfway Bush, Dunedin.
- Mr F. F. Dunn, 8 Lazar Street, North-East Valley, Dunedin.
- Mr Bruce Dwerriyhouse, 252 Whitney Street, Blockhouse Bay, Auckland 9.
- Mrs Joanna Dwerriyhouse, 252 Whitney Street, Blockhouse Bay, Auckland 9.
- Mr George Dyer, 14 Motu Street, Dunedin.
- Mrs D. J. Dykema, 84a Tennyson Street, Christchurch 2.
- Miss Carolyn Elliot, 198 Helensburgh Road, Wakari, Dunedin.
- Mr John Fitzgerald, 22 Gillespie Street, North-East Valley, Dunedin.
- Mrs C. Fitzgerald, 22 Gillespie Street, North-East Valley, Dunedin.
- Mr J. S. Fleming, 11 Traquir Street, Dunedin.
- Mrs J. S. Fleming, 11 Traquir Street, Dunedin.
- Mr A. T. Foley, 8 Mosgiel Street, Mornington, Dunedin.
- Mrs A. T. Foley, 8 Mosgiel Street, Mornington, Dunedin.
- Miss M. Forsyth, 4 Arran Street, Mosgiel.
- Miss Christine Fraser, C/- 14 Motu Street, Dunedin.
- Mr Bryan Freeman, P.O. Box 54, Milton.
- Mrs Louise Freeman, P.O. Box 54, Milton.
- Mr Jim Freeman, 39 Greenhill Avenue, Dunedin.
- Mrs J. Freeman, 39 Greenhill Avenue, Dunedin.
- Mr Russell George, 1 Miller Street, Abbotsford, Dunedin.
- Miss Margaret Gilchrist, C/- 324 Hillingdon Street, Mt Mera, Dunedin.
- Mr W. Scott Gilkison, 16 Lawson Street, Dunedin.
- Mrs Margaret Gilkison, 16 Lawson Street, Dunedin.
- Mr Colin Gillam, 58 Moana Crescent, Sunshine, Dunedin.
- Mr L. J. Gordon, 117 Forfar Street, Dunedin.
- Mrs L. J. Gordon, 117 Forfar Street, Dunedin.
- Mr K. Gousmett, P.O. Box 141, Queens-town.
- Mrs K. Gousmett, P.O. Box 141, Queens-town.
- Mr A. E. Green, 7 Bruce Street, Dunedin.
- Mrs M. Green, 7 Bruce Street, Dunedin.
- Miss Angela Gray, 413 North Road, Dunedin.
- Mr J. Russell Gregory, P.O. Box 2411, Christchurch.
- Miss Kay Guzzewell, 250 Forbury Road, Dunedin.
- Mr J. Hamel, 42 Ann Street, Dunedin.
- Miss P. Hardie, 86 Kaikorai Valley Road, Dunedin.
- Mr J. F. Harrop, 3 Cashel Street, Dunedin.
- Mr Bruce Hedges, 24 Clifford Street, Dalmore, Dunedin.
- Mr R. Hedges, C/- 24 Clifford Street, Dalmore, Dunedin.
- Mrs R. Hedges, C/- 24 Clifford Street, Dalmore, Dunedin.
- Mr E. L. Hope, 63 Grendon Street, Dunedin.

- Mrs E. L. Hope, 63 Grendon Street, Dunedin.
- Mr W. J. Hoskins, 62 Chapman Street, Wakari, Dunedin.
- Mrs W. J. Hoskins, 62 Chapman Street, Wakari, Dunedin.
- Miss Barbara Houston, 27 Isadore Road, St. Clair, Dunedin.
- Mr Calum Hudson, 305 Pine Hill Road, Dunedin.
- Mrs Richard Hudson, C/- 66 Easther Crescent, Dunedin.
- Mrs J. Hughes, 34 Murray Street, Mosgiel.
- Mr E. W. Hunter, 21 Ravelston Street, Musselburgh, Dunedin.
- Mr Chris Jackson, 13 Ascot Street, Dunedin.
- Mr Bruce Jamieson, Ronay Street, Dunedin.
- Mrs Marion Jamieson, Ronay Street, Dunedin.
- Mr Bruce Johnson, 27 Marion Street, Company Bay, Dunedin.
- Mr Peter Johnson, C/- Botany Department, Otago University, Dunedin.
- Mrs Rosemary Johnson, C/- Botany Department, Otago University, Dunedin.
- Mr G. W. Johnston, 4 Rotoiti Street, Ravensbourne, Dunedin.
- Mr G. W. Johnston, 4 Rotoiti Street, Ravensbourne, Dunedin.
- Miss Ngairé Johnston, 186 Maitland Street, Dunedin.
- Mr Peter Johnstone, Riccarton Road, Mosgiel.
- Mrs Shona Johnstone, Riccarton Road, Mosgiel.
- Mr Peter Johnstone, 14 Tanner Road, Woodhaugh, Dunedin.
- Mrs Mary Johnstone, 14 Tanner Road, Woodhaugh, Dunedin.
- Mr Ron Keen, 8 Willis Grove, Wainuimata.
- Mrs Sara Keen, 8 Willis Grove, Wainuimata.
- Mr E. C. Kellett, P.O. Box 12-228, Wellington North.
- Mr James G. Kinnamond, 66 Stamford Street, East Balclutha.
- Miss J. F. Kitto, C/- 2 Allison Crescent, Belleknoves, Dunedin.
- Mr Murray Kokich, 11 Pitt Street, Dunedin.
- Mr Dallas Knox, 133 Tahuna Road, Dunedin.
- Mrs Judy Knox, 133 Tahuna Road, Dunedin.
- Mr Brit Laing, 10 Dunblane Street, Maori Hill, Dunedin.
- Mrs Naomi Laing, 10 Dunblane Street, Maori Hill, Dunedin.
- Mr R. M. Lake, 65 Greers Road, Christchurch 4.
- Mrs R. M. Lake, 65 Greers Road, Christchurch 4.
- Mrs Elaine Lambie, 27 Dunblane Street, Maori Hill, Dunedin.
- Miss Beth Larkins, 10a City Road, Dunedin.
- Miss N. J. Lawrenson, 29 Arthur Street, Dunedin.
- Mr David Levick, 80 Koremata Street, Green Island, Dunedin.
- Mr Alan Lockhart, 26 Elliffe Place, Dunedin.
- Miss C. M. Lucas, 133 Centennial Avenue, Dunedin.
- Miss Nola McCay, 57 Lees Street, Dunedin.
- Mr D. G. McDonald, 5 Ettrick Street, Dunedin.
- Mrs D. G. McDonald, 5 Ettrick Street, Dunedin.
- Mr W. A. McFarland, 90 Newington Avenue, Dunedin.
- Mrs W. A. McFarland, 90 Newington Avenue, Dunedin.
- Mr Logan McGhie, Waipori Falls, Otago.
- Mrs Susan McGhie, Waipori Falls, Otago.
- Mr Donald McKellar, 34 Claremont Street, Dunedin.
- Miss Helen McKellar, 34 Claremont Street, Dunedin.
- Mr Ian McKellar, 34 Claremont Street, Dunedin.
- Mrs Mary McKellar, 34 Claremont Street, Dunedin.
- Mr Peter McKellar, 34 Claremont Street, Dunedin.
- Mr Colin McKenzie, 61 Mechanic Street, Dunedin.
- Mr Gordon McLaren, 10 Glengyle Street, Dunedin.
- Mrs Fay McLaren, 10 Glengyle Street, Dunedin.
- Mr W. M. McLeod, 29 Burns Street, Dunedin.
- Mr D. H. McMillan, 128 Helensburgh Road, Dunedin.
- Mr C. G. Mann, 21 Kildare Street, Waikouaiti.
- Mr J. G. Mann, 11 Craighall Crescent, Dunedin.
- Mr Ralph Markby, 45 Signal Hill Road, Opoho, Dunedin.
- Mrs Barbara Markby, 45 Signal Hill Road, Opoho, Dunedin.
- Miss Jenny Markby, 45 Signal Hill Road, Opoho, Dunedin.
- Mr Peter Marr, 101 Doon Street, Waverley, Dunedin.
- Mr Bill Marshall, "Mabel Bush", Southland.
- Mrs Joan Marshall, "Mabel Bush", Southland.
- Miss Jennifer Marshall, "Mabel Bush", Southland.
- Mr Frank W. Marshall, 20 Mokonui Street, Te Anau.
- Mrs I. E. Marshall, 20 Mokonui Street, Te Anau.
- Mr Bruce Mason, 181 Surrey Street, Dunedin.
- Mr Ken Mason, 181 Surrey Street, Dunedin.
- Mr Geoff Mason, 11 Granville Terrace, Dunedin.
- Mrs Val Mason, 11 Granville Terrace, Dunedin.
- Mr Derrick Mess, 2 Kipling Street, Waverley, Dunedin.
- Mrs Ruth Mess, 2 Kipling Street, Waverley, Dunedin.
- Mr John Millar, 2 Regent Road, Dunedin.
- Mrs J. Millar, 2 Regent Road, Dunedin.
- Mr Stu Millar, 18 Castlewood Road, Company Bay, Dunedin.
- Mrs S. Millar, 18 Castlewood Road, Company Bay, Dunedin.
- Mr Euan Miller, 144 Dundas Street, Dunedin.
- Mrs Jill Miller, 144 Dundas Street, Dunedin.
- Mr F. Bruce Moore, 33 Derwent Street, Helensburgh, Dunedin.
- Mrs Elizabeth Moore, 33 Derwent Street, Helensburgh, Dunedin.
- Mr Grant Motion, 23 Tyne Street, Roslyn, Dunedin.
- Miss Carol Morris, C/- Invermay Research Station, Private Bag, Mosgiel.

Miss Linda Morris, 12 Cherryburton Place, Christchurch 1.
Miss Nancy B. Munro, 29 Arthur Street, Dunedin.
Mr T. Murie, 24 Gilmore Street, Dunedin.
Miss K. Mutch, C/- 24 Clifford Street, Dunedin.
Mr Bill Needs, 10 Severn Street, Abbotsford, Dunedin.
Mr Stuart Needs, 27 London Road, Koro-koro, Petone.
Mr J. D. Neil, 12 Regent Road, Dunedin.
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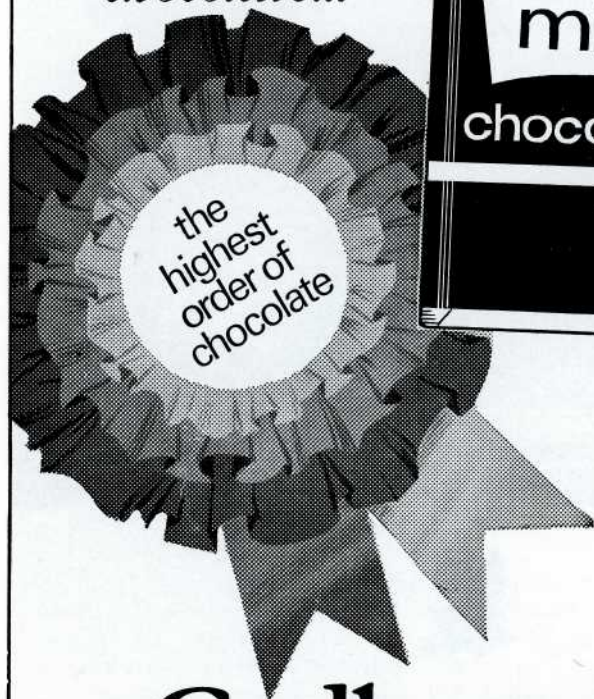


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CHRISTMAS '72 - '73

It was Friday, 22nd December, 1972, that saw Pete McKellar, Dave Levick, Graeme Roxburgh, and myself heading for Glenorchy. The Olivines seemed miles away after passing through so-called tourist centres, but soon we were out of all this hustle and bustle and crossing the head of Lake Wakatipu in Harry Bryant's boat. We were taken up to the Lake Sylvan walking track in Harry's car and were soon following the old tram lines towards the Dart. After following the Dart for a while and negotiating some quicksand we were soon at the mouth of the Rockburn, where we spent the night. Next morning we followed a reasonable deer trail up the true right bank of the Rockburn. After getting bluffed and lowering packs we were on the first small flat. The track then climbed fairly high above the gorges of the Rockburn. After an uneventful walk we arrived on the large Theatre Flats, where the night was spent.

We were welcomed to the next day with thunder and lightning, and during a slight clearance in the weather we moved further up the valley. The rain was soon falling again and about 1½ hours from Theatre Flat saw us searching for a dry bivvy. We found a shelter rock, but it wasn't particularly dry, but it was good enough. We spent the rest of the day in the pit while the rain and thunder continued. Next day was Christmas Day, which was spent in the pit due to Huey.

The following day was clear enough for us to proceed over Park Pass, where there was a fairly thick coating of fresh snow due to the weather over the last two days, and we were soon dropping down a fairly steeply-blazed track to Hidden Falls. On our descent Pete managed to put a nasty hole in his knee. After some good first-aid work and a careful descent we found a delightful place for a campsite. We were soon greeted by an onslaught of Russell George and the other seven members of his party and Dick's party of three, who had also come over Park Pass. They camped about 10 minutes up the river from us and were also destined for the Olivine Ice Plateau.

It was obvious that we would have to spend several days here to allow Pete to recuperate and so the above parties very kindly donated us some food to allow us to last out until we reached our food dump on the Forgotten River Flats.

The next day (Wednesday, I think) was calm and sunny and a very relaxing day was spent sunbathing and reading. Thursday was also spent relaxing, although the sun wasn't shining today.

The following day it was decided that Pete's knee has mended itself sufficiently to carry him further on. We were soon moving up towards the gentle slopes of Cow Saddle in cold conditions. After a brew in the Cow Saddle Bivvy we were away down the Olivine,

and arrived above the junction of Fiery Creek for lunch. Here we crossed to the left bank of the Olivine River, where a blazed track was found, although not in evidence all the way. After a long, long time we emerged onto the Olivine River Flats from where we moved up to the junction of the Forgotten River, where camp was set up for the night, 13 hours after leaving our campsite in Hidden Falls.

Next morning dawned wet, but we were soon away up the blazed track climbing above the Forgotten River Gorge, where we met a party of Christchurch Tramping Club bods, telling us that the Olivine Ice Plateau and Forgotten River Flats had been inundated with people. We were soon on the Forgotten River Flats and found our food dump, where we also saw Dick Pettinger and party. We decided to carry our food dump up the valley in one go, but after walking for about a mile across the flats we decided our load was too heavy and so pitched camp. We spent the rest of the day eating Christmas cake and taking photos of blue ducks. The following day was spent taking some of our food up to the head of the Forgotten River below the Olivine Ice Plateau.

Huey was kind to us the next morning, New Year's Day, with the sun shining brightly; however, we still had a rather late start, and didn't reach the Plateau until early afternoon. Here there was a hive of activity with two parties digging snow-caves and Dave Bond and party sunbathing after just returning from a morning's climbing. At 9.00 p.m. we were still digging our snow-cave and at this stage it could only accommodate two bods. However, two of us found sleeping quarters in Russ. George's party's snow-cave. Next day promised to be fine, although we were welcomed in the morning with light snow, and this enabled us to finish off our snow-cave, while the other sundry parties on the plateau spent the day pit-bashing.

The following day was fine, after a good overnight frost, and we decided to recce our route out, which was to be down the North Branch of the Barrier.

At 5.00 a.m. we were cramponning across the Plateau and soon we were on top of Little Ark and in another few hours we were on top of Ark, after a very enjoyable climb. The weather was perfect and the view was just as good. We then traversed around to Pic d'Argent which was again quite enjoyable. From here we could see our route down the North Barrier which led directly down from Pic d'Argent and which looked quite feasible. After lunch we set out towards the Plateau via way of the Gyrae Névé which proved to be a real heat trap. However, we were soon over the top of Little Ark again and plodding along the Plateau in knee-deep snow towards the snow-cave.

The weather over the next few days was rather slack and we managed to climb Blockade and Climax during this period. By

now we were the only inhabitants on the Plateau and we were all looking forward to getting back down into the valleys and bush. Our departure from the Plateau had to be postponed due to the bad weather.

The following day Tuesday, 9th January, dawned fine and we were away at 4.00 a.m. We climbed over Little Ark and across the Gyrae N  v   to Pic d'Argent and then descended down the North Barrier which was reached at 8.00 a.m. We then walked along a ledge some distance above the river, until we came to some pleasant tarns. Here we stopped and sunbathed for several hours. We then continued along this ledge until we came to a spur which we thought would be an easy route down to the junction of the North and South branches of the Barrier. We soon found out that we were wrong when we were confronted with overhanging bluffs, but we soon found a more feasible route down to the junction. We were soon on the Barrier Flats where the night was spent.

The following day we were to head down the Barrier Gorge and had heard of a variety of times for this section, with Moir's quoting 8-10hrs. However, 8 hours later we emerged onto the flats at the junction of the Pyke and the Barrier, where the night was spent. After heavy overnight rain the Pyke and various side streams and rivers had risen to a fairly high level with the Olivine River being the most difficult to cross. However, all were crossed safely. At the head of Lake Alabaster we had some difficulty when we tried to cross a sandbar which wasn't there, but we were soon back to the shore again, with the exception of one ice axe. We dried ourselves out and began our walk around the edge of Lake Alabaster. The lake had not risen too much and we were able to keep to the shoreline all the way and in three hours from the head of the lake we were at Alabaster Hut.

The following day was taken up with an uneventful walk up the Hollyford to Gunn's Camp, where we had our first fresh food for three weeks. Here Graeme Roxburgh left us for a trip into the Te Puoho. Next morning we left Gunn's Camp and headed up Deadman's and three hours later we were on top of Harris Saddle in bright sunshine. We ambled down to Falls Hut where we spent a couple of hours relaxing, and then continued down to Bryant's Lodge, where Harry Bryant met us in his car and took us down to Kinloch and then across to Glenorchy in his boat.

Saturday night was spent quenching our thirst, and on Sunday, January 14th we had a leisurely drive back to Dunedin, 24 days after leaving.

The trip had been most enjoyable and successful and every day provided something different with a large variety of country being covered.

Tony Oliver.

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NELSON LAKES NATIONAL PARK

Christmas 1972-73

After meeting Rodger Conroy, Peter and Joslyne Douglas at Christchurch we departed in two cars for St. Arnaud. At St. Arnaud the final party member Prestine Smith was met and the seven of us settled down to a good night of food, wine and sleep.

The following day we jogged to the John Tait Hut, where we tented camp for the evening in steady drizzle. We were up at four the next morning with rain commanding the day, the proposed climb of Travers having to be called off. Upper Travers Hut was set as our goal for the day, arriving at about 11.30 a.m. Since we had half a day to spare Prestine made some fantastic scones, while I dressed a large wound in Bruce's hand, he got from a fall on his ice-axe earlier in the day.

Next morning the weather had cleared, with Rodger, Peter, Joc, and Prestine leaving at 6.00 a.m. for an ascent of Travers, while Bruce, John and myself went over the Travers Saddle to the Sabine Forks Hut. Rodger and Co. arrived at the forks later in the evening with Rodger and Prestine a little more exhausted after an almost successful descent of the South Ridge, meeting us at about tea time after we had made a quick sortie up to Blue Lake.

The night was spent dressing Rodger's finger he cut on Travers while Joc taped up blisters received from new Rockers.

Blue Lake was target for the next day with Lake Constance to be looked at after lunch. After a seven-person cuddle under a 7ft by 9ft fly, we woke to the mist-covered morning, for an attempt on Mt Franklin, returning to Sabine Forks Hut that evening, myself suffering from a sore knee received while trying to fly down a scree slope.

The following morning after a beautiful breakfast of bacon and cooked meusli we slowly (because of my knee) started down to the Sabine Hut, arriving at about 12.30 p.m. for lunch, only in turn to be eaten by man-eating sandflies. Three thousand feet of hard grind was in store for the start of the afternoon up to Mt Cedric, which we traversed in deteriorating weather on the way to Lake Angulars Hut. Getting to sleep after a Conroy fire, we woke late at 8.00 a.m., leaving the hut for St. Arnaud via the Robert Range at about 10.00 a.m., stopping for lunch in the pre-heated shelter where three weary travellers had also stopped for lunch.

Leaving the warm hut it was the 60-knot winds for the last part of the journey, Prestine showing us the quick way by running the final two miles to the car.

After a brew, a loaf of bread (toast), cheese and fruit cake we all departed our separate ways with the memories of a fantastic trip with the hope we will return to the park in the near future.

Graeme Cooper for:

Rodger Conroy, Bruce Hedges, Peter and Joslynn Douglas,
John Fitzgerald and Prestine Smith.

EULOGY OF A SOLO CLIMBER

Beneath the Ivory Towers
and sunken precipices
The golden streams of living light
and sea of clouded blue on the hard Argelite
and sole worn cracks
There the guns of
"Go climb a Rock", Castle Rock
Scratch and scan with bash hat and rope
The routes to test their skills of protection
and safety.

And what of the ego tripper
Alone on the lip, hanging on a hand jam,
psyched-out and in harmony
Trusting the demons of the darkness of
the crack,
relying on angels to support him should his hold slip
Indeed, despite his PA's, his selfish hopes,
he's still human
Steppenwolf and solo.

And if you chuck this guy a rope
Scratch around in your gear and find one,
Start up the rock and feel how insecure you are,
sure to fumble in the crack with your piton
drop it,
look gingerly over the edge, manage
a smile
Argue, tie on.

Climb together enjoying new Friendship.
That's the way you find yourself, together on a rope.

Colin Strang (1972).

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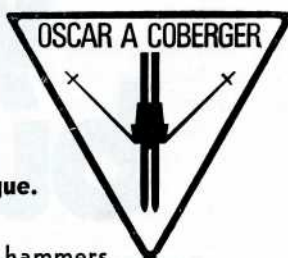
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Barn Dance, Leith Valley, 1951



Club Picnic, 1952.

AN ATTEMPT ON THE S.W. RIDGE OF ASPIRING

Pitons in the ice,
People moving in a line,
The first move so different from those on Rock,
The scrunch of points in the white ice,
The harder stuff where you have to kick,
The Arete thrusting above you,
The staircase of rock and shadowed bits of ice,
Indicating the lurgs which lurk beneath the overhangs.

Below the Bonar laps around a one-night stand,
Waving, Falling, Calling, Crashing, Pooling,
Flowing seaward,
Above ice which has never been trodden,
The hours, the ever-falling sun,
Rock which has never seen the onslaught,
of three 'nuts'?

Beside you, a fitzroy, bent, mangled, fatigued, broke,
an ice axe, useless.
Between you, nothing—but air, sharing a friendship,
A common trust in the mountains,
the fact that you both feel life has
something more important for you.
At Long Beach,
maybe not,
Maybe at home, at school, in the club,
in your friends, with someone you do not know.

However, must turn, homeward now,
Reverse your moves,
enjoy the last you'll see of ice till
you get stuck in again.
Home in the night, pleasant company,
welcoming home.

Colin Strang (1973).



DOING MY THING

I sat on the ledge, left foot idly shuffling small pebbles towards the edge, watching them skip gently down the slabs, then, possessed by the moment, splintering and bounding over the walls and overhangs to be lost in the azure whiteness of the snow. Above and somewhere to the left comes the rhythmic pound of metal against metal. Not a terribly secure piton, I think vaguely, but good enough as long as he doesn't fall. A loop of rope slips leisurely upwards and he is away again. Thoughts moulded by the sun shining soft and brown on the snowgrass, harsh and white on the snow, grey and reassuring on the rock all round. Rock that is firm and coarse and covered with little holds that makes climbing really wonderful. Different to last August when verglas clung dully to it, and the powder snow locked up the walls. But even then it still had its own irresistible beauty. Hot and cold, clear rock and snow-covered faces may be opposites, one is beauty but the other is not ugliness, they are as different as left and right but not as good and bad.

A shout from above stilled my boots—belay on—back to the experience of really living, lift out that good nut, which might not stop an elephant's charge but then you don't find elephants on the Summit Pyramid. Let the nut that you've been holding in with the right boot fall out on its own accord, adjust the gears and you're away.

Feel the rock beneath the fingers, sharp, rough, caress it, be as one with it. Let the whole body sing with the rocks-life. Move in balance, in harmony with this mountain, which is more than just snow and vegetation and diorite, experience that wonderful, all embracing, all stimulating sensation which is really being rather than simply existing. Take out the runners, nuts are better than pitons, nuts don't interfere with that communication which is so important, you have to be that crack in the rock, feel its slightest contours and place the nut so it feels right, looks right and is in harmony. Still, no rope, no nuts, no protection is even better but the complete feeling of being overawes all but those able to flow, merge and unite themselves with the "Spirit" that surrounds.

It's my lead, my turn to venture onto the unknown—I find it's always easier to lead a more difficult pitch—you're more attuned to the process at hand. Twenty-five metres out, only one shaky nut behind a loose flake, there's an overhang ahead and I begin to lose my cool. Relax, relax, that nut will be fine—if you don't fall off. Begin to feel that rhythm again, search above the overhang for holds. Fingers can feel the coarseness of the rock, can feel the individual crystals. Great stuff, pull up and around. I am flowing again, integrated with the sense of the rock, no hassle with the lack of protection. No worries, just exhilaration, looking between my legs, beyond the snow, to the centre of the valley four thousand feet below, at the tourists

crawling along in their chromed glass bubbles, seeing the beauty with only two eyes, not experiencing, feeling, being and seeing what surrounds them. Still that's their bag and can turn you on the same way climbing does, be part of reality instead of just observing a partial reality.

Start to run out of rope, it really interferes with my process, still in with a belay, back against the rock—gaze out at all that surrounds me. Life is really worthwhile.

Kevin Rogan.





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FIORDLAND FESTER

The original idea was to go to Sutherland Sound, but as it has been known to snow in May the four lads didn't take that very seriously. However, with snow to bushline we headed up from the Eglinton towards Dore Pass one cloudless May morning. Out of the bush everything was frozen in perpetual shade, and we were soon plugging through the $\frac{1}{4}$ metre or so of powder snow up to the Pass, reaching it just as the sun did, about noon, to find the Te Anau side full of valley mist up to 1300m. After a 300m faux-pas in the fog, the decent ridge was reached, and we dropped down to bushline to have lunch and gesticulate at a passing helicopter, then followed the frustrating zig-zag track, and the four miles to Clinton Forks is a Drag!

Day two dawned fine, but a warm wind held the promise of things to come, and by early afternoon it was raining as we reached McKinnon Pass Hut with varying degrees of the dreaded exposure. After lunch no one was very interested in moving on, so pits were produced and climbed into. That night the hut shook mightily in a strong nor'-wester, and next morning there was fresh snow higher up.

However, the weather had cleared enough to move on, so we headed down to Quintin, then up Staircase Creek, on a well-marked track to the first flats, then bashed up to the head carrying tent poles from the bush-line. A camp was set up near the Lake, below Anderson Saddle which we intended to cross into the Light R. the following day, weather permitting.

The weather was not permitting, as a steady rain was falling, so a pit down was declared next morning.

The steady patter of rain on the fly was replaced a day later by an eerie quiet. This proved, after an investigation, to be due to the past and present precipitation of several inches of snow. Sutherland Sound was flogged away, damp pits and porridgerous billies stuffed into packs, and we headed down through snow-covered scrub and bush, chased by an occasional flurry of snow, to the Milford Track and thence to Dumpling Hut. There the next day was spent, in intermittent downpours, consuming much food, and, owing to the dearth of firewood, lying in the pit.

Snow on the ground outside the hut the following morning told us we could put it off no longer, so we packed up and headed back over the track. Long before reaching bushline, step-plugging was a chore, and branches heavily weighted with snow made for unpleasant walking. Squalls of snow-laden wind welcomed us to bush-line where various detours from the track were made, where it was indistinct on the flat sections. However, an avalanche on Mt Elliot, and piles of snow of similar origins on the track under Mt Balloon, suggested it was a good place not to be, and a rapid ascent to the

pass was made. At the top, snow was lying deep, and once again the track was very difficult to follow on the flat, the ubiquitous telephone line proving useful for following. Down the other side, the going became easier, and Mintaro hut was reached for lunch. Snow continued to fall as we moved down the Clinton, but fortunately soon after Pompalona the weather improved, sufficiently to give us some sunshine for a while before sunset; and we strode into Clinton Forks Hut at about 5 p.m., to be joined two hours later by two meat-shooters from Te Anau.

Day eight dawned fine, but with snow on the ground, from nocturnal squalls. Laziness and incomprehensible mutterings about avalanches on Dore Pass caused this day to be another pit day—on a sunny day!

The long-dreaded day had arrived as we left the hut at 6.30 next morning. Glade House was reached soon after daylight and the upward grind began. Very soon the snow was getting deep and the previously-fine weather was being rapidly replaced by a nor'-west storm. It started to snow at bushline, where chocolate and an up-trou were had, and then taking turns at floundering in the lead, we headed upwards. Time spent leading became shorter as the snow reached waist level at the top of the climb, and this state of affairs continued on the long side to the Pass. The sun shone occasionally through the snow-ridden mist, but not enough for navigation, so the route was from iron standard to iron standard, across steep snow—almost textbook avalanche conditions, forcing us to spread out and hope.

The view from the pass was negligible as we struggled to the top at about 1.30 p.m.; four hours for the 300-odd metres from bushline to the top. We plunged through the proto-cornice into sometimes neck-deep snow, and floundered, rolled, staggered and swam down-slope to the valley; the last section under high bluffs ominously hung with snow was negotiated very rapidly.

Once in the bush, alpine clothing was discarded and a quick bite bitten, before we headed down the final stretch to the road, to be greeted by more snow on the Eglinton Flats.

Things we learned from this trip:

- (1) It *does* snow in May.
- (2) Walking the Milford Track can be a Drag!
- (3) Although it is a tourist track in summer, the track should not be under-estimated in winter.
- (4) Nevertheless it is quite a nice place, especially in Winter.

Party: B. Scott, P. McKeller, O. Cambridge, D. Craw.

D. Craw.

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TOP & BOTTOM. Club members at an instruction course, c. 1963.



Adventure Leadership Course, Waiora, Where Flat, 1966.

NOBBLING THE NOBLER

The northern section of the Kakanui Range, extending from Dansey's Pass to the Pigroot, has long been a popular area for activity by Club members. Numerous and varied expeditions have been made, both from the Pass and from the Pigroot end, in addition to direct ascents from the Kyeburn road.

In the course of a good many visits to the Upper Kyeburn, I have been interested to look on the many peaks and ridges of this area. I had been on Mt Alexander on several occasions, and once, time only had beaten me from pushing on to Nobler. But the more I looked, the more I was fascinated with the idea of a "sky-line traverse" covering the whole range from Dansey's Pass in the north to Kakanui Peak overlooking the Pigroot. Clearly no technical difficulties; clearly a long way; but pretty obviously it had the makings of a delightful expedition with a splendid continuing outlook all the way.

After a night at Dansey's Pass Hotel I was deposited on the Pass at 6.30 on a lovely February morning. As the car sped on towards the Waitaki, I turned my nose southwards up a well-defined Land-Rover trail, and in very quick time I was on the first peak of Alexander. There were another two bumps to pass over, but the morning was still very young when I reached the highest point, with its extensive field of Edelweiss.

The ridge drops a few hundred feet to the south, then starts a steady climb towards the main peak of Mt Nobler. This section gave no problems, and in quick time I was past my previous furthest point and was steaming on for the summit. This point, reached about 10 a.m., marked the end of the Land-Rover trail, and progress slowed down considerably over country which was a good deal rougher. Down to another saddle, and up a gentle slope leading to the next high point. The day was hot and absolutely still—not a breath of wind, the complete stillness and quietness was almost overpowering. I tried to short-circuit the next climb by traversing to the left, and landed myself in rough country for my pains. There followed a succession of ups-and-downs, with a sit-down on every summit to admire the extensive view from the Ahuriri peaks to Aspiring and Earnslaw. The next main peak, about the same height as Nobler, carried a substantial cairn on top, containing a bottle inside which I could just read the record of an ascent in January, 1950. Another substantial descent—another plug upwards on legs which were starting to feel the strain—I hit the main ridge of Mt Pisgah and followed it up towards the summit.

By now the afternoon was wearing on and I was still a long way above the road. The traverse round to Kakanui Peak was tempting but could be justified neither by the available daylight, by my arrangement for transport, nor by my own physical fitness. I went part way round the ridge towards it to a prominent knob which gave

access to a good leading ridge, promising a direct descent towards the road. This was longer than I had anticipated, but about 7 o'clock I came out on the Pigroot about four miles from Lower Kyeburn. A convenient lift to the latter took me to a phone, which summoned my return transport and soon after 8 I was back at the Pass Hotel.

This was a most interesting day's outing, would be covered in much less time than mine by some of our fit, young members, and warrants attention from the Club from time to time. It takes you up high and you stay there all day, with the continuing reward of an extensive and interesting outlook. It gives you a wide view over North Otago on the one side, and over the Kyeburn and the Maniototo country on the other, with all the time the magnificent back-drop of the main ranges beyond the foothills.

W. S. G.



RECOLLECTIONS OF A FIORDLAND AUGUST (1972)

(Being an attempt on Mt McPherson, a trip up Chasm Creek and a Routeburn wander with Rua Mercier and Bruce Clark.)

Clear sky, cold, hard frost, wearing long johns, woollen trousers, bush-shirt, two jerseys, balaclava. Stopping the car to see the sights, snow-covered Emily looks spectacular. Despite bus driver at Homer Tunnel telling cheerful stories of huge avalanches, decide to try McPherson. Not too much to carry, wearing everything including parka, over-trousers, crampons. Wander off and eventually rope up. Follow Bruce and Rua to find them knitted to a couple of ice-screws so I get to carry on. Reach end of rope, snow getting much softer, much more to go, time flies by. Decide to turn back. Think "100 plus 100 equals 200 feet to fall" so Bruce comes halfway to rescue me. Much rope muddling later and I've learnt a bit about belaying. By scrunching over the tunnel portal I can take my crampons off sitting in the car (armchair climbing?). Drive through to Milford, sunset on Tutoko, snow everywhere.

Another cloudless day, hut water tank frozen. Down to Hollyford, late start, lunch in the sun, almost warm. Boots off, across the river, knee deep, numbing feet. Decide which is Chasm Creek. Bush all afternoon, sidling and then back into the creek where we stop, sleeping out in the bush.

Waiting for the sun, about 9 a.m. Smoke hanging, shafts of sunlight. Start up a ridge, more bush, back into the creek. No closer to top. Lunch on a rock in the sun. Later scrub and lose the sun. Roar of the creek, look over the edge. Don't look over the edge, seven seconds, crash, how far? Suddenly the place is cold and evil. Rua and I revolt. Back to the bush, sleep out again. Fire danger, so dry.

Everything waits for the sun, warming cold bodies. Rua and I unrevolt so away for the day. Around the chasm, up some gentle bluffs, ice so smooth, hardly cold. A bit of snow, a corner and it all unfolds. The whole Te Puoho basin, Tuhawaiki, Taiaaroa, Revelation, Karetai, Te Wera, the glacier, the cirque wall, the blue sky, snow everywhere. Click, Click. Head for sun for lunch. A huge hunk peels off the glacier, falls in slow motion, explodes, delay, roars around the cirque. High cloud appears, let's get going, back through the scrub to our packs. Time drags on, try to remember the way, try a different way. Good ridge, back into the creek, bush, bash, bash. Finally at 6 p.m. the Hollyford. Boots wet this time, tip toes, shorts dry. Now we can have a rest. Plod, Plod up the darkening valley. Follow those feet, torches, at last the car. Late tea on the divide, rain, sleep.

A night at Lake Howden (rain and mist). Next day, past Earland Falls, Rua looks unhappy. Look up, an avalanche flows down

the bluffs. What a way to go, avalanched to death on the Routeburn. Lake McKenzie frozen over, chip, chip, one foot of ice, creak, creak. Weather still bad, an attempt on Emily, no frost, three snow flakes, so back to the coal range, to shelter, warmth, food, comfort, the little things in life.

Ross Davies.

THE DOWNFALL OF THE ULTIMATE CLIMBER

Steely he gazed upwards, nothing escaped his glance, the smallest rugosities stood out as large boulders and boulders as large as mountains. Shifting his balance slightly he moved upwards and across the smooth overhanging walls 10 c.m., but sensing all was not right he moved his left hand gracefully, with a studied motion up 0.15m.m. to a small hold, barely 10 microns wide. Carefully calculating the extra moment caused by shift in the gear, carefully racked at his centre of balance by 2.5mm, he changed 0.495 of his weight to the left foot, precariously, but precisely edged onto a hold 1mm wide. His eagle eyes found the next point of weakness in the flint smooth wall, fastened on it. His steel-trap mind, trained for this, and only this, ultimate purpose quickly derived all the permutations and combinations available for the next move, and, at the same instant, the probabilities of success for each combination.

His course decided upon, he moved with ruthless efficiency. Dedicated, as always, to the move that gave the greatest satisfaction plus reasonable safety he chose a probability of 0.198 success. Like a skilled artisan, with a fluid motion only seen before in the great painters of many centuries ago, he moved his right hand up and across, always remaining in balance, fingered the hold in a manner few of his women had felt, a tender, loving feeling. Applying only that amount of force which was needed he again shifted his balance. Above this move he could see the grade relented to an average of, solo country he thought. Pulling up briskly he moved upwards. But, dear readers, alas and alack, our super climber, just as he reached for a hold felt a sudden pain in his stomach which made him double up in agony, causing the intrepid climber to miss a hold and fall.

So overcome by the thought of the shame caused by coming off a lowly 7+, was our climber that he immediately pulled out his mk VI Boy Scout and cut the rope. Better a glorious death than a shameful life.

The moral of this story is—never eat Weetbix before a climb, the indigestion can be killing.

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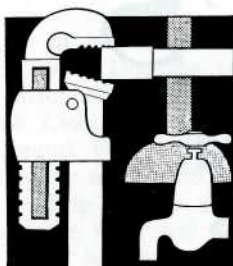
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BEN RUDD

—by Charles Brasch.

1. High above the town
He lodged with wind and sun
In a hollow of the hill
Whose tussock arms fell
About him, streams ran by
Low-voiced night and day.

Narrow hut and black hearth
Crouching to earth,
Billy, bank and crude
Bench, axe and spade,
Candle and shotgun—
And the flag of green
Outside by the brown wall,
Potato patch and full—
Fruited raspberry, gooseberry.

2. No one crossed his door,
No one crossed his path
For fear
of sudden threat or oath.

It was no hate he nursed
But fear of hate,
Dread of being forced
Into the common net.

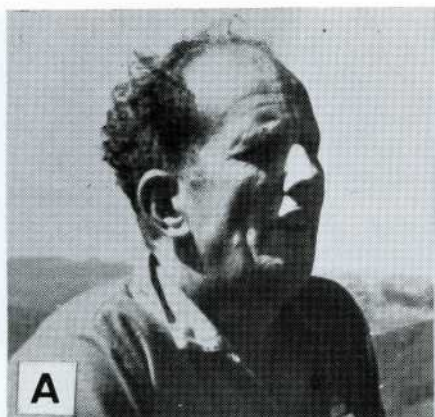
Into the common life
Where none are free or content,
But only safe
To want what all want.

So to keep strangers at bay
Was all his care,
None came but to pry
(He thought) and interfere,
Strike at his liberty;
And so he ran
When words were thrown away
And seized his gun.

3. 'Up there on the mountain,' they said
'Half crazed, not right in the head,
Dangerous too, pointing his gun
For no reason, at anyone

Passing, not stopping even—
That's what he's come to, living
Alone in the wind and the sun,
Old, and his wits gone;
It's not right,' they said,
' Alone there, muttering mad
Words, mad old Ben Rudd.'

4. Start alone, end alone.
All known faces gone
And familiar talk done;
Heart that poisoned on a knife edge
Eased now of its stubborn rage,
Beyond fear and hope content
Not to ask, not to want,
Free to live its own days
Wasting no breath upon the ways
Of other men, but every thought
Bent to work the sum out
Of what is and what is not.
5. ' Ben Rudd, mad Ben Rudd
Soft in the head
Thinks himself God! '
The town boys cried out
Running past his hut,
Angry looks, a black
Word flung in their wake,
Gun snatched up,
But they were gone sharp
Down among boulder and bush
Into the evening hush, swelling the rumour spread of mad
Ben Rudd.
6. It was no madman who gardened and farmed for a life-time.
Gardening in the valley, climbing to farm the hill;
Who ploughed and sowed the unbroken waste
Of hillside, dividing fields, setting byre and barn;
Planted pine-belts, raised stone walls
To run like natural boundary marks
Between field and field on the rounded slopes,
Boulders, grey hill stones, an everlasting race
Out of forgotten time;
Walls that rise in their fields
Stone-grey, marking out
Place and time, separating
Field from field, life from life;



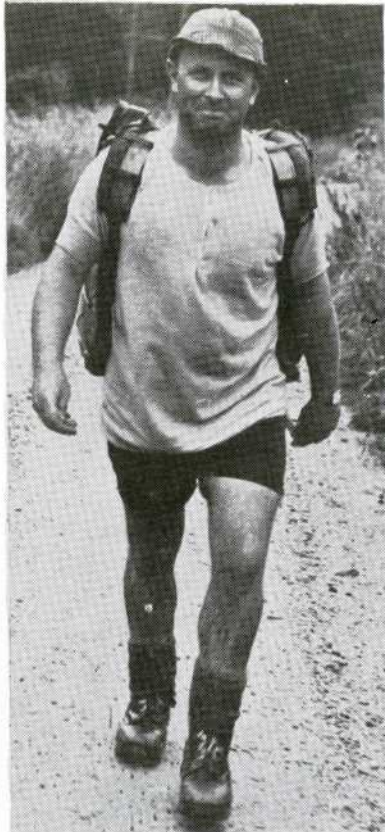
PERSONALITIES.

C. Ross Adamson. D. Dave Still.

A. Scott Gilkison. B. Jim Kinnamond. E. Gerry Kampjies. F. Garth Varcoe.



Donald McQuilken, Whare Flat,
c. 1934.



Henry Stoddart, 1968.



Margaret and Trevor Pullar, 1966. One of innum-
erable Club Weddings.

Vanishing over the flank of a hill,
Disappearing into the night
Of cloud, or winter snow;
Borne past years and lives
Across the hillside, round the curving globe
and onward into memory, into myth;
Carefully, lovingly raised, stone by chosen stone
Day after day, year on year,
A lifetime burden of stone,
A history traced out in stone walls.

7. Moving higher at last
He left field and wall behind,
Looking down on them, looking beyond them
To town and harbour, and beyond the town
Green headlands, white beaches
And the sombre arc of ocean
Scarcely heard except on still nights after storm,
But always present, the oncoming night
Waiting, the end of time waiting,
Cold ocean, grave of waters
And world's burial ground.
8. Few passed his door;
None crossed his mind.
At home to summer air
And railing wind
He lived out day and night
As though none but he
Trod earth's deck, beset
By sea and sky.
9. The town clacked, mocked, forgot, was reminded.
An old man on the mountain,
He had no right there
Setting himself up against
Decent folk in houses.
It did no one any good to think of him,
Old men should not be alone
—It wasn't right for anybody
To live alone.
Why, left there
He might die alone
And nobody be any wiser.

And some might think the town neglected him,
Which would give it an ill name—
Like the bad names the old man gave
Any passer, or visitor
Who threw him a kind word, proffered a kindness.
But, live and let live,
No one was looking for trouble,
It wouldn't be wise to use force
Not unless it was needed.
Leave the old dog alone.

10. They found him when his strength failed.
Carried him down
Hardly protesting in the end.
And the town received him,
Nursed him barely a week
Until death shook
His leaf the bough,
Out of then, into now.

(from "Landfall" No. 44, December, 1957.)



Oscar Balk, first President with Ben Rudd. c. 1925.

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SIX IN THE OLIVINES

"This is where we play table-tennis," said Dave, showing us over the house. "Impossible, the table's three feet deep in food." We spent two nights cramping it into 13 four-gallon cans and then Dave beetled off to Haast in the V.W. to our friendly pilot who flew it into the Forgotten and Williamsons.

The 23rd of December dawned grey, I woke with the 'phone ringing, "I'll be late", said Clive. "Thank God," I said, and we headed for the end of the Hollyford road to meet the 'Crow'.

We were all finally together in Hidden Falls Hut eating our first meal when there was a loud crack, echoing around the hills and the rain started to fall.

Hidden Falls to Alabaster Hut in the rain, but joy, the lake was low, no bush-bashing, around the lake wading in the water with the thunder and lightning, camp was pitched under the familiar beach tree. A reluctant six packed up and set off in the rain through the scrub and round the Pike swamp. On the track we met four homeward bound. "How's the Olivine?" "Up, cross at the island." At the Island we linked in pairs and headed across, then the bottom dipped away and we were swept off our feet. "Head for the bank," shouted Clive, so we did and staggered off to Olivine Falls, pitched the fly and went to sleep.

Boxing Day dawned with the promise of a clearing and a hard, sweaty grind to Olivine Flats where we arrived at 4 p.m. But the lure of Christmas Dinner pulled us on to Forgotten River Flats, where we arrived one gashed knee later and after some quick work with the ice-axes it was oranges, beer, Christmas pudding and cake in fine weather at last.

We woke on December the 27th with that familiar alpine cry as the keas made us welcome by sliding down the tent fly. This was an opportunity to dry out and soak up some sun. A plane came in carrying the Entwistles, 35 minutes from Queenstown. We set off up valley at a leisurely pace for Forgotten River bivvy and our first look at the Col, a formidable-looking ice breakaway.

At the bivvy we had our first taste of first year apprentice-cooking when Mark burnt the custard.

The next day we made our bid for the plateau. As we neared the Col the weather steadily deteriorated and when we arrived at the plateau there was driving snow. We hunted in vain for the snow-caving shovels, but everything was hidden under feet of new snow. We were faced with the prospect of digging a snow-cave with a broken grubber, three plastic bowls and an aluminium plate. But by following some footsteps in the snow we found an abandoned cave with a collapsed entrance. We managed to patch this up by pitching the fly in the entrance. The new cave was started and the entrance tunnel completed. The 29th was a white-out and a rest day.

We had our first visitors on the 30th, six people from Hutt Valley stomping over the plateau looking for their buried air-drop. We continued with the cave finishing the stairs and starting on the chamber. Our second visitor was a kea which came in at dusk and started nibbling at a plastic bag. I sat up and shouted at it and all the boys shot about a foot in the air. The weather cleared on the 31st in the afternoon and being sick of sitting around we decided to have a go at Climax from Blockade Col; the rock was like weethix and the weather closed in reducing visibility to nil. On returning to camp we found many other members of O.T.M.C. had arrived, and we sold our half-finished cave to Russell George and party.

The first day of the year dawned brilliantly fine. We were off at 6 a.m., four racing ahead to climb Passchendaele then meeting Clive and me and all of us going on to climb Climax, Diedalus and Destiny, and back to the plateau by 1 p.m. The view was magnificent, Big Bay, Martin's Bay, Tutoko, Madeline, Earnslaw, Ionia, Aspiring and below Williamsons Flat and the Arawata. It was obvious that the best packing route from the plateau to the Joe was via the summit of Destiny.

By now there were 28 people on the plateau. Imagine if they put a road up the Pyke there would be 100 times that number. Russell's party finished the cave, magnificent, walk-in tunnel and stand-up chamber.

The 2nd dawned a white-out but we were away on the 3rd, staggering over Destiny and down into the mighty Passchendaele gut. Half a day it took to cross it, the idea was to traverse above bush-line until above Williamson's and drop down through the bush. The gut wasn't even a quarter of the way there and we had seen other guts and large rock falls. But on we pressed down a shingle slide, lunch among huge boulders beside a small lake in the bottom of the gut and repairs to Dave B's leg. Then up very steep snowgrass and into the John Ingles gut to camp beneath a small bivvy.

The rain started as we did, and oh how it rained all day; over guts and meadows, through rock falls we went, stopping only to chase a chamois from a bivvy so that we could have some scrog in the dry. Then we came to a creek we couldn't cross. "Down," said Dave C., and he lead us skilfully through the bush down to the Joe River, but were we far enough downstream through the bush to a small flat similar to one we had seen from the top of Destiny, quite near to Williamson's. Then there it was—Williamson's, that thousand-acre paradise. Williamson's on the 4th of January, Dave Craw's twentieth birthday, with birthday cake and wine and beer, but that was across the river and we couldn't cross it. We camped under the bivvy rock.

It was still raining the next day but it slowly cleared and it was time for drying out, relaxing and photographing keas.

We crossed the river in the afternoon, six on a pole and set up camp with the food. One tin had been opened and six cans of

beer removed. The wine was put to cool in the creek and oranges and fruit cake were eaten. Never pack white spirits in the same tin as food, no matter how good the seals are, the fumes get into everything. The fruit cake had that spirituous taste.

We were greeted the next day with the chop of a helicopter shooting the tops. We went down to the strip to see what they brought in, three does and a live fawn placed on the strip beside his disemboweled mother. "Which lot are you?" they asked. "Oh, you're the lot with the black writing on the tins." No need to ask where our beer went. "Rugged country this," they said. "That saddle (Arawata), is very steep, you wouldn't get us going over there." These people would be useless without the chopper, they have neither the honesty or integrity to cope with country like that. But we got some good photos of them dropping deer guts in the river.

Off we went up the Arawata through some of the most beautiful bush you will ever see, across the deceptively-swift Snow White Stream and through thick scrub to Arawata Bivvy where you have probably the only kitchen in New Zealand with a twin waterfall view.

We filled in the next day answering Dave Craw's usual call, "back to the pit".

The next day dawned wet and foggy but the rain eased and we were away up the Arawata until we came to a prominent creek bed on our right. We followed this up into the tussock to keep away from that wretched scrub. Up towards the saddle we went in the fog, then as we neared the top it cleared and before us was the massive shape of Ionia. Then we were standing on the saddle, the main divide and the route east. This was the beginning of the end.

"Where do we go?" they said, "Down there," "You're joking," "did last year". Then there was an ominous crack and the blue ice opened up and showered stones down the mountain onto the route. We found another route and were soon walking down the moraine wall and over tussocks to Liverpool bivvy; a late lunch and we were off down that steep, tortuous track to the valley and off to Aspiring Hut.

We set up camp and cooked a huge meal, then we went over to the hut and had a good talk with Mr and Mrs Everson, the wardens, who gave us rum and coffee.

Then it was up camp on the morning of the 9th of January and off in pairs to hitch to Wanaka.

MARTIN CONNELL for: Clive Donaldson, Dave Craw, Dave Bond, Bruce Johnston and Mark Easton.

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A hot day coming down the valley—a pleasant evening in the cool outside and then in the lounge, watching four figures making a very late crossing of Bevan Col—and then nightfall. Could I climb into my bag inside the hut bunk-room with 20 or 30 others? No, I couldn't; outside and under the stars was the place for me.

The hut lights were still on but outside was cool and peaceful. About 30 yards in front of the hut I settled down in a cosy hollow. The moon was getting fairly low but was still lighting up the top ridges of Plunket and Islington. The ridges leading up to Rob Roy were dark and featureless. The distant roar of the river—the murmur of Cascade Stream—the sound of distant waterfalls—and closer at hand an occasional bird broke the silence. Then someone put out the hut lights and everything was peaceful.

As dawn approached I heard the screech of the rain-bird. Did this really mean the end of the hot, dry weather? (As it turned out, it did—there was just enough rain to fill the empty tanks and save the job of carting water from the stream before it cleared up again.) A satellite made its way across the skies, looking utterly out of place in such surroundings. Then a feeble glow inside the hut windows. I gave them a little while, then went in to see a group just finishing breakfast before heading up the valley. I gave them time to get clear, then started our own preparations.

It had been a lovely night—I am glad I stayed outside to enjoy it. May there be many more like it.

W. S. G.

EVENING (Easter '71)

Smoke
Drifting
Into a cloudless sky
Sun-topped peaks
The Evening
Cool
and clear.
Sounds of laughter
Melting slowly
Away
To echo forever
In the darkening valley.

Ross Davies.

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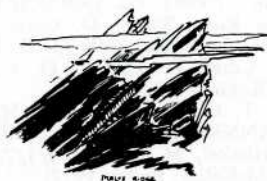
REFLECTIONS

Leaves flickering
As the fire dances
About a blackened billy
The trees watch in silence
The end of the day

Chattering, laughing, shouting, singing,
whistling, talking
A wall of noise
Hiding the world.

The grey smoke lingers
Long after they go their ways
Leaving the trees silent
and wishing for the time
That is lost forever.

Ross Davies.



ASCENTS LIST

The following list is the ascents submitted for inclusion in the Ascents List. They do not constitute a complete record of the Club's climbing activities in the past year.

OLIVINE AREA

- CLIMAX (2380m).—D. Craw, D. Bond, M. Easton, B. Johnson, C. Donaldson, M. Connell; 1/1/73. P. McKellar, D. Levick, T. Oliver, G. Roxburgh; 7/1/73. H. McKellar, J. Markey, D. Pettinger; 3/1/73.
- DESTINY (2320m).—C. Donaldson, M. Connell; 1/1/73. J. Corcoran, J. Davies, R. Davies, M. Doig, R. George, R. Mercier, D. Pickard, J. Silvester; 6/1/73.
- DAEDELUS (2290m).—D. Craw, D. Bond, M. Easton, B. Johnson, C. Donaldson, M. Connell; 1/1/73.
- PASSCHENDAELE (2200m).—D. Craw, D. Bond, M. Easton, B. Johnson; 1/1/73. J. Corcoran, J. Davies, R. Davies, M. Doig; 3/1/73.
- LITTLE ARK (7300ft).—R. George, J. Silvester; 3/1/73. P. McKellar, D. Levick, T. Oliver, G. Roxburgh; 3/1/73.
- GYRAE.—R. George, J. Silvester; 3/1/73.
- GABLE.—J. Corcoran, J. Davies, R. Davies, M. Doig, R. Mercier, D. Pickard; 3/1/73.
- BLOCKADE (7300ft).—J. Davies, R. Davies, M. Doig; 5/1/73. D. Levick, T. Oliver, P. McKellar, G. Roxburgh; 5/1/73. H. McKellar, J. Markey, D. Pettinger; 1/1/73.
- EREBUS (6555ft).—H. McKellar, J. Markey, D. Pettinger; 13/1/73.

ARTHURS PASS

- PHIPPS (S. Face) (2040m).—TEMPLE (2000m).—D. Craw, A. Webb, J. Cocks, P. Glasson; 13/8/72.
- AICKEN (1830-2030m)-CASSIDY (1750).—D. Craw, A. Webb; 18/8/72.
- AVALANCHE (1841m).—D. Craw and many others; 20/8/72.
- PHILLISTINE (2080m).—D. Craw and others; 22/8/72.
- ROLLESTON (Low Peak 2200m) via GOLDNEY RIDGE.—D. Craw, A. Webb; 14/8/72. Via Rimu Ridge—D. Craw, A. Webb; 16/8/72. Via Otura Slide—D. Craw, A. Webb; 19/8/72. D. Craw and others; 23/8/72.
- STURBS (6000ft).—D. Craw, R. Davies, O. Cambridge; 13/8/72.
- MT. BREWSTER.—M. Kokich; 19/11/72.
- MADELINE.—T. Puller, T. Oliver, L. McGhie, M. Kokich; 30/11/72.
- OLIVIER-KITCHENER-ANNETTE.—R. and K. Hieskel, M. Kokich; 2/1/73.
- SCISSORS.—R. and K. Hieskel, M. Kokich; 4/1/73.
- YOUNG PEAK.—Helen McKellar; Easter, 1972.

MAJOR TRIPS

- Rockburn-Olivine-Olivine Ice Plateau-N. Barrier-Pyke-Hollyford.—P. McKellar, D. Levick, T. Oliver, G. Roxburgh; Christmas, 1972-73.
- Dore Pass-McKinnon Pass-Staircase Creek.—(Attempt to get into the Light)—(and return).—D. Craw, B. Scott, O. Cambridge, P. McKellar; May, 1973.
- Hollyford-Pyke-Olivine-Forgotten-Olivine Plateau-Joe-Arawata-Matukituki. — D. Bond, D. Craw, C. Donaldson, M. Easton, B. Johnson, M. Connell; Christmas, 1972-73.
- Rockburn-Olivine-Forgotten-Olivine Plateau-Joe-Williams Flat-Mystery Col-Whitburn Saddle-Dart-Rees.—R. George, J. Davies, D. Pickard, R. Davies, J. Silvester, J. Corcoran, R. Mercier, M. Doig; Christmas, 1972-73.

CLUB ROLL

- Adam Miss D C/- Waimea College,
Richmond, Nelson
Adam Miss M 20 Christie St G I 32-146
Adamson R 8 Heriot Row 76-644
Aitken R B Riccarton Rd, E T 7793
Andersen C N 41 Mayfield Av 62-330
Armstrong J & Mrs 3 Upland St 62-564
Attwell A G Police Station Box 808
Invercargill
Austin F C/- Virus Dept Med School
Bagley A 11 Ascog St Rav 87-330
Baigley Miss L 75 Glen Rd.
Baxter K J 32 Nottingham Cres 47-294
Beecroft A 15 Blundell St 39-342
Beekhuis J 47 Cole St 47-811
Begg J 16 Ross St 66-148
Begg G & Mrs 41 Roy Cres Con 32-236
Bell Mrs L 18 Galloway Av Christ-
church
Blackwood K 14 Eden St 80-655
Blomfield L 2 Kevin St 35-162
Boag Miss A 21 Isadore Rd 48-050
Boag Miss L 21 Isadore Rd 48-050
Bond D 47 James St 37-835
Bond Miss L 109 Balmacewen Rd 63-711
Boyd R V 7 Braemar St MSI 6408
Bradey M 4 Herron St 63-585
Brasier R J & Mrs 488 Leith St
Broad J 43 Maryhill Ter 36-674
Broad Miss L 1 Hyde St
Broughton W 35 Murray St 49-408
Bruce G H, C/- Wellington Radio, Priv-
ate Bag Wellington
Buchanan G 8 Hart St 60-326
Buchanan G R 10 Braeburn St Va
44-690
Burke M Park Ranger Glenorchy
Cadzow W J 34 Ayr St MSI 6770
Campbell B & Mrs 20a Monowai Rd Rav
87-245
Chalmers Mr & Mrs B Flat 2 78a Manor
Place 76-913
Chalmers S 71 Poole St Motueka
Chandler N 85 Caldwell St 62-501
Clark B W 145 Worth St 79-630
Clarkson R & Mrs 22 Dryden Rd Hamil-
ton
Cleland A C/- Forest & Ranger Station
N.Z.F.S. Rangiora
Cleland G G 19 Trafalgar St 49-266
Cleland R National Park Wanaka
Cleugh B & Mrs The Secretary Mani-
ototo Tramping Club, Ranfurly
Connell M W J 71 Glen Rd 54-374
Conroy Miss B H 18 Drivers Rd 65-228
Cooper G L 3 Spey St MSI 7704
Corcoran J 46 Melville St
Cotton L L 11 Tennyson Crt 4 Tennyson
St 77-168
Cowie J W 54 Evans St 39-165
Craigie A R C/- Arthur Ellis Ltd Kai-
kora Valley Rd 65-349
Craw D 123 Centennial Ave 62-955
Craw Miss H 142 Harbour Tce
Cuthbertson Mr & Mrs L 105 Bader St
Melville Hamilton
Davies Miss J C/- Wakari Nurses Home,
Dunedin
Davies L 2 Flower St Ffd 32-649
Davies R O 38 Victoria Rd 55-040
Dewar Miss S Flat 2 3 Royal Tce
Dick Miss E 484 North Rd 37-370
Doig M 70 Elgin Rd 35-211
Donaldson C W 7 Tweed St MSI 6613
Douglas S C J 90 Hargest Cres 49-781
Douglas P & Mrs C/- Hardy & Ander-
son Box 13-045 Chch
Doyle K P 2 Ashmore St Halfway Bush
63-067
Dunkley N 27 Ettrick St 63-512
Dyer G 14 Motu St
Easton M 5 Northfield Ave 39-793
Englefield Mrs D Millers Rd No 1 R D
Outram
Fitzgerald J 22 Gillespie St 39-184
Fraser A J 24 Bedford St 48-423
Freeman Mr & Mrs B Box 54 Milton
Freeman J 39 Greenhill Ave 66-479
Galloway D J Plant Chem Div DSIR
Private Bag Palmerston North
George R D 1 Miller St Ab 33-494
Gilchrist Miss M 67 Browns Rd Papanui,
Christchurch
Gilkison J H 10 Queen St 77-872
Gilkison S 16 Lawson St 65-133
Gillam C S 58 Moana Cres 53-913
Gordon L 117 Forfar St 34-498
Gousmett K P O Box 141 Queenstown
Grant Miss A 29 Honeystone St 62-175
Gray F T 18 Christie St G I 33-767
Griffiths Miss N 32 Rewa St Sunshine
51-314
Grigg Miss A 431 Castle St
Guzzwell Miss K 250 Forbury Rd
Gustafson Miss K
Hadden T c/o Mt Aspiring National Park
Glenorchy
Hamel J & Mrs 42 Ann St 65-203
Hamilton J 152 Glenpark Ave 34-087
Hanson A J 30 Galloway St
Hardie Miss P 86 Kaikorai Val Rd
Hardy G F 9 Leven St 69-118
Hardisty D 588 Great King St 35-858
Harvey Mrs R c/o 70 Elgin Rd
Hasell B 17 Marion St Macandrew Bay
Hedges B T 24 Clifford St 39-827
Herron P 23 Merchiston St 43-291
Highton Miss C 2 Field St
Hoskins J & Mrs 62 Chapman St 66-320
Houston Miss B 27 Isadore Rd 47-355
Hubbings O 175 Tanner St Invercargill
Hudson C M 305 Pine Hill Rd 39-641
Hughes R 194 Evans St 37-771
Hunt Miss A 59 High St MSI-6041
Hunter E W 21 Ravelston St 52-441
Jackson C C/- Box 858
Jamieson B 3 Laudin St 31-708
Jansen R C/- N.Z.F.S. Te Anau
Johnson B M 27 Marion St Mac Bay
75-403
Johnston Miss N Invermay Centre,
Private Bag Mosgiel
Johnston N A Lee Creek 1 RD Outram
Jones Miss J 107 Forfar St 35-394
Keen Mr & Mrs R J C/- Post Office
Balclutha
Kennedy L C/- Dept Applied Chemistry
DSIR Private Bag Palmerston Nth
Kershaw A c/o J A Buckley, Darfield
R.D.
Kenny P 6 Grater St Maori Hill 60-299
King S 43 Cargill St 75-954
Kinnamond J G 128 Stamford St East
Balclutha 986 R
Kirby K J 5 Lesney St 36-526
Kirk Miss M C/- Nurses' Home, Wakari
Hosp
Knox Mr & Mrs D 133 Tahuna rd 45-294

Kokich 145 Forth St 79-630
 Krygsman P 24 Marion St Collinswood 87-828
 La Hood M S 80 Manor Pl 70-771
 Larkins Miss B 10a City Rd 65-928
 Lawrenson Miss N 29 Arthur St 76-110
 Laws Mr & Mrs B Unit 80 41-49 Roslyn Gardens Elizabeth Bay NSW 2011 Australia
 Levick D R 80 Koremata St G I 31-758
 Lister M 10 Hart St 65-840
 Lockhart A 26 Elliffe Place 43-085
 Lodge Mr & Mrs R C/- P O Box 38 Lumsden
 Loughrey R 64 Clyde St
 Lumb B W C/- NZ Shipping Co Ld Box 22 Auck
 McAlevey M J 19 Leckhampton Crt 54-707
 McDonald G & Mrs S Etrick St 63-101
 McDonald M J 181 Shetland St 62-311
 McFarlane K 2 Warden St 37-966
 McGhie Mr & Mrs L R C/- Wairopi Falls
 McGregor I D P O Waikanae
 McHugh Miss D 89 Fredrick St
 McIvor D J 48 Manor Place
 McIvor D J
 McIvor R 124 Rolla St 39-241
 Mackay Miss H M 523 Gt King St 78-078
 McKellar Miss H 34 Claremont St 60-619
 McKellar P 34 Claremont St 60-619
 McKenzie C W 61 Mechanic St 38-039
 McKenzie Miss J 8 Cairns St Newton 3220 Geelong Victoria Australia
 McKerrrow R Box 39 Mt Cook
 McLaren G F 10 Glengyle St Wav 43-475
 MacMillan Miss S J 1 Waireka St Ravensbourne 75-645
 McTaggart Miss J 84a Queen St 76-072
 Malcolm Miss A 4 Pollock St 60-730
 Malcolm J 50 Eastdale Rd Avondale Auck 7
 Mann A 263 North Rd
 Mann J G 11 Craighall Cres 66-120
 Markby Miss J 45 Signal Hill Rd 37-545
 Markby R & Mrs C/- Metalon Products 97 Harrow St
 Markby G R 45 Signal Hill Rd 37-545
 Markham Miss C V 73 Signal Hill Rd 39-720
 Marr P A 101 Doon St Wav 43-703
 Mason B J 181 Surrey St 48-048
 Mason Mr & Mrs K Flat 1 56 Eglinton Rd
 Mason P 181 Surrey St 48-048
 Maunsell R Post Restante GPO Bankok Thailand
 Mercier Miss R 145 Forth St 79-630
 Mess D & Mrs 2 Kipling St Wav 44-208
 Meyer I I 34 Dortstrausse Thalwil 88-00 Switzerland
 Millar J 2 Regent Rd 44-373
 Millar S 18 Castlewood Rd Company's Bay
 Miller E 144 Dundas St 79-917
 Moore F B 33 Derwent St 64-144
 Moore Mrs P L C/- St Hilda's Boarding College 12 Tolcarne Av 69-600
 Mooyman P J 8 Cracroft St Parnell Auckland
 Morrell W D 81 Waimea Tce Christchurch
 Motion G 23 Tyne St 60-354
 Munro Miss N 29 Arthur St 76-110
 Murray Miss A 38 Pennant St 69-243
 Murray J A 25 Lingarth St Remuera Auckland
 Needs B 10 Severn St 32-094
 Neil J D 12 Regent Rd 79-715
 Nelson Miss J 58 Victoria Rd 52-458
 Newton Colin 195 Signal Hill Rd 37-605
 Nilsson R J Centre Rd RD 1 Ocean Grove
 O'Callaghan B & Mrs Te Houka No 3 RD Balclutha 1545 M
 Oliver T 30 Scotland Ter Green Island 32-474
 Ombler Miss E Junction Rd S B 8791
 Paterson W D 93d Musselburgh Rise 45-286
 Pearson G A 146 Ilam Rd Chch 4
 Pettinger R W 22 Agnes St 35-352
 Pettinger Mr & Mrs S 22 Agnes St 35-352
 Pickard D 5 Allison Cres 69-969
 Pike Mrs D (nee Jones) c/o 26 Ellesmere St Ravensbourne 75-636
 Pledger J H Holy Cross Seminary Box 4 Mosgiel
 Pleiger F J J 21 Evans St 38-578
 Pullar T W & Mrs 19 Shandon St Wav 44-966
 Rawlings R & Mrs 74 Albert St 47-322
 Reeves G 205 Tomahawk Rd 44-392
 Richardson T G 10 Moss St Pblo 29-513
 Rodgers M 4 Elmslie Rd Pinehaven Silverstream
 Roe C R & Mrs 70 Slaney St Bluff
 Roe M L 62 Priestly Drive Bucklands Beach Auckland
 Rogan K P 35 Quarry Rd G I 32-508
 Rylie D J RD 5 Taihape
 Scott G 220 Pine Hill Rd 39-678
 Scott G J 70 Queens Drive
 Scott L 11a Highfield Rd Avonhead Christchurch 4
 Short Mrs E 37 Sutherland St
 Silvester J 79 Ascot St 42-293
 Silvester J M Godley Rd Green Bay Auckland 7
 Sinclair R Lincoln College P O Canterbury
 Smith A 86 Glenpark Av 35-143
 Smith I J 64 Belford St Wav 44-882
 Smith M 18 Coleridge St 66-467
 Stevenson J 19 Lynwood Ave 60-607
 Stevenson W 45 Claremont St 60-936
 Still D 7 Gilmore St 65-291
 Still P K 6 Waimea Ave
 Strang C 30 Prestwick St 66-072
 Stuart A 120 Albany St
 Stubbings D 175 Tanner St Grasmere Inggil
 Sutcliffe C K Lincoln College Canterbury
 Tate G 272 Clyde St Balclutha
 Taylor Mrs M I Strathearn Wairuna RD Clinton
 Telford Miss S 362 Pine Hill Rd 38-481
 Thomson M A 101 Main Rd Ffid
 Thomson P J Manuka Cres Wanaka
 Thomson R 36 Embo St 49-297
 Thorne Mr & Mrs S Main Rd Wanaka
 Tilly H & Mrs 64 Balmacewen RD 60-096
 Tomkins S 32 Skibo St 48-152
 Townsend R 75 Oroua Rd Eastb Wgtn
 Troon R W 37 Wales St Christchurch
 Tubman L 154 Balmacewen Rd 63-521
 Tweedie Miss L 6 Tennyson Crt Tennyson St
 Varcoe G & Mrs Soames Island Quarantine Stn Box 38-155 Petone

Welham L 12 Chapel St 65-134
 Whiting G 34 Aotea St 43-339
 Wilden Miss P 66 Easter Cres 47-394
 Williams F P 30 Aotea St 44-319
 Wilson N 192a Maitland St
 Wixon H 10 Royal Ter 70-595
 Wright A 726 Portobello Rd B B 29-575
 Wright E J 48 Bavona Rd Wilton
 Queensland
 Young B S 27 Lynwood Av 69-441

LIFE MEMBERS

Messrs B. Campbell, J. Freeman,
 S. Gilkison, E. W. Hunter, F. B.
 Moore, Mrs P. L. Moore, Messrs
 G. A. Pearson, A. Thomson, Mrs
 Campbell and Miss L. Tweedie.

NOTE

Unless stated otherwise, all the
 above addresses are in the Dunedin
 City area.

Abbreviations used are as follows:—

Abbotsford (Ab)
 Alexandra (Alex)
 Broad Bay (B B)
 Concord (Con)
 East Taleri (E T)
 Fairfield (Ffd)
 Green Island (G I)
 Henley (HY) dial 21
 Macandrew Bay (Mac Bay)
 Mosgiel (MSI) dial 2
 Portobello (Pbilo)
 Ravensbourne (Rav)
 Sawyers Bay (S B)
 Vauxhall (Va)
 Waverley (Wav)