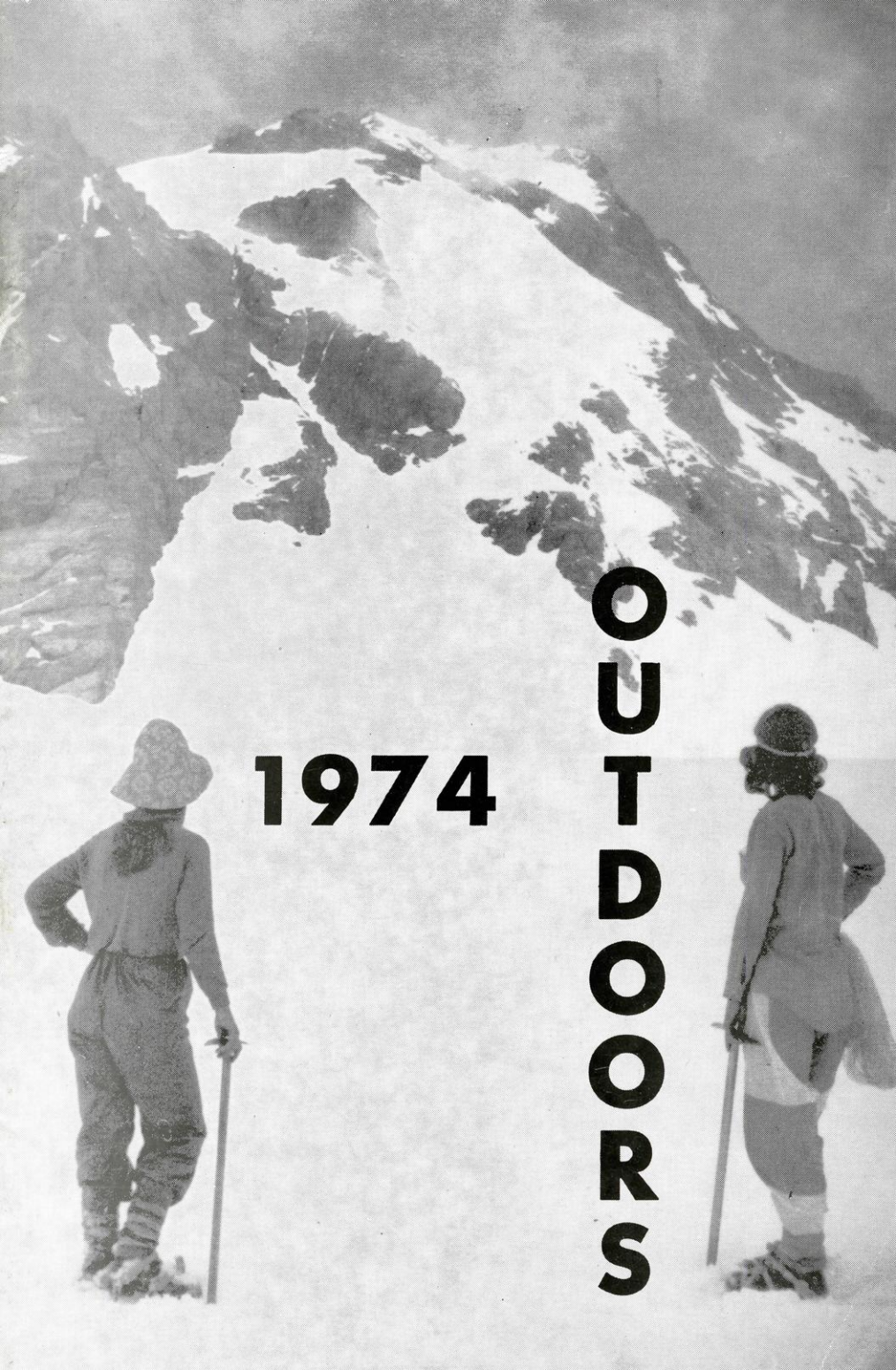




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OUTDOORS

The Official Journal of the

Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club (Inc.)

Dunedin, New Zealand.

Clubrooms: Top Floor, Cromwell Chambers, 9 Dowling Street,
(opp. DNTV 2), Dunedin.

Postal Address: P.O. Box 1120, Dunedin.

Meetings: Open 7.30 p.m. to 10.00 p.m. Thursday.

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Photos—

Front Cover: Mt Climax, Olivine Ice Plateau.

Back Cover: Montage—thanks to Ken Mason, David Still and Bruce Clark.

EDITORIAL

Well, here we are at last.

Outdoors, 1974. I hope you weren't expecting a book like last year's Anniversary Issue.

Nobody wanted to write anything for this, the Club couldn't afford it, nobody wanted to type the thing; so what you hold in your hands is what's left after many months of beating about the bush. We couldn't begin with even the usual President's Message. So this is in place of it. Of course nobody will notice the difference anyway, because you're only interested in what follows.

I hope.

I shouldn't apologise for this, of course. I am very proud to be associated with it, some of these articles are really worth reading.

There are a few people who helped me especially, whom I wish to thank: Claire Mulcock (CUTC), Trevor Henry, Gaylene Dunn, Virginia Terpstra, Ross Davies, Murray Kokich, Allan Fredric and Paula Smith.

Thanks to everyone. I hope you all read it. And when you're finished, if you are inspired to go tramping, go to it.

My good wishes to all for many more years of activity and interest in the mountains, and in the Club—that's taken from an earlier Outdoors President's Message.

And from us, Good Tramping.

Richard Pettinger.

THE GREENSTONE VALLEY

The Greenstone has had a varied history. Not so many years ago it was a major access route to the Hollyford Valley. This was one of the routes used by Samuel Turner in his attempts of Mt Tutoko, and was also used by Katie Gardiner in her successful attempt of the same mountain. After a trip by steamer to Elfin Bay from Queenstown, the horses were mounted and one travelled up the Greenstone and then to the Hollyford Valley. This was the easiest route to travel to the Hollyford, the others being by sea or by the Routeburn Track. With the opening of the Te Anau-Eglinton Valley road the use of the Greenstone Track declined as an access route, motorised travel was far more convenient than boat and horse.

Today the Greenstone Valley is the cause of considerable legal battles and much emotional and factual statements. In 1973 the Lakes County Council published that it intended to investigate the feasibility of constructing a road from Elfin Bay up the Greenstone and to ultimately link with the Milford Road. The Fiordland, Mt Aspiring National Park Boards and the Federated Mountain Clubs objected. The objection was ruled out of order. The three organisations then appealed to the Town & Country Appeal Court. Here the Lakes County Council questioned the validity of the Park Boards' right to be able to object—successfully. The FMC's objection was heard. However, an out-of-court settlement was made saying that investigation of a road up the Greenstone would be removed from the Lakes County Council District Scheme.

Another avenue which interested parties explored to voice their opposition to a road going up the Greenstone was through the Automobile Association. At the 1974 AGM of the Automobile Association the following resolution was passed.

"That the AA Otago (Inc.) withhold further support for the proposal to establish road access to Milford Sound via the Greenstone Valley until it has investigated fully the possibility of all alternatives and more direct links between Queenstown and Milford Sound than presently exist, by consultation and investigation, and unless and until it is satisfied that in the best interests of its members and the public generally the application of sound planning principles dictates such a road, no further steps be taken."

The OTMC was asked to comment on this motion and our reply is as follows:

THE GREENSTONE VALLEY—PROPOSED ROUTE

The factors contributing to the opposition of such a route are:

1. As there are no people living in the area a road is not necessary. The primary purpose of the road from Queenstown to Glenorchy is to service the people who live there. With the cessation of a regular service by the "Earnslaw" the people who live in the Rees/Dart area needed some form of communication. The bridge across the Dart River is a natural extension of the roading system in the area to serve the people who live there.
2. Such a road would cause crowding of facilities at Milford Sound.
 - (a) At present the land at Milford Sound is being used as follows:
 - (i) 5 acres is used by the hotel, hostel and ancillary services.
 - (ii) 3 acres is occupied by roading and parking facilities.
 - (iii) 9 acres of bush in the area north of the aerodrome which helps to preserve the natural atmosphere of Milford Sound.
 - (iv) 37 acres is occupied by the aerodrome.
 - (v) 22 acres of land is under flight paths. Hence precludes the building or congregation of people. Land use is sterilised.
 - (vi) 47 acres to the south of the aerodrome. Because of its location access is poor, hence the utilisation of this land is limited.

Totalling 123 acres.
The total amount of land available for any form of development is 138 acres. With the present lay-out of facilities this leaves 15 acres for development.

 - (b) Milford Sound is about to be developed to its ultimate. With one road servicing Milford Sound there have been reports of traffic jams in the 1973-74 Christmas period. At the period when the traffic jams occurred the number of vehicles that went to Milford Sound was about 560 per day. If another road were to service Milford Sound the existing number of vehicles going there could double. Over-crowding of facilities is inevitable.
3. That opportunities for foot travellers in the area are becoming more precious.
 - (a) Approximately 3,000 people were recorded doing the Routeburn Walk during the 1973-74 season (November to Easter) with a peak period between Christmas and the end of February.
 - (b) The majority of users at present are New Zealanders but in the peak period overseas visitors predominate.
 - (c) The Routeburn Track, because of the nature of the soil in some sections and the rigorous climate, is unable to withstand high usage without high maintenance.
 - (d) The pressure on the Routeburn Track could be relieved by promoting a Greenstone Track walk. Also areas suitable for camping on the Routeburn Walk are limited. There are many good camping sites in the Greenstone Valley.
 - (e) The Routeburn Track is *not* an all-weather track. High winds or snow at Harris Saddle can prevent crossings of the Pass being made. These

conditions can occur in the middle of summer (note, there are warning notices to this effect in Routeburn Falls and Lake McKenzie Huts).

- (f) The pass at the head of the Greenstone Valley is able to be crossed in any weather conditions.
 - (g) The pass between the Greenstone Valley and the Hollyford Valley is the only remaining accessible pass on the Main Divide south of Arthurs Pass without a road on it.
 - (h) The Greenstone Valley is considered to be the best training area for inexperienced people in the Fiordland area. (The Southland Youth Adventure Trust selected this area to base their operations. A gift by the New Zealand Electricity Department in the Borland Valley, near Lake Monowai, is the only reason why they did not establish their operations in the Greenstone Valley.)
 - (i) Trends overseas are showing an upsurge in walking for recreation. The indications in New Zealand are similar as has been demonstrated by the popularity of the recently-opened sections of the New Zealand Walkways. The New Zealand Walkways Committee would like to include the Greenstone Valley in the walkway complex.
4. The effect on Fiordland National Park.
- (a) With increased access there will be a corresponding increase in the use of a specific area. As a result facilities must be provided. This has a snowballing effect and there is a danger the facilities will destroy the atmosphere of the resource.
 - (b) A road in the Greenstone Valley would destroy a valley for outdoor recreation where the whole family can go. Access is easy and few skills in bushcraft are required.
 - (c) In New Zealand (at present) the lack of access to our National Parks is significant, when compared with the U.S.A. and U.K. in particular. In the U.S.A. roads have been closed because of the pressure that has been applied on National Parks. In these countries ease of access to National Parks has been found to put so much pressure on the Park (the resource) that there is a great danger that the Park could be destroyed. The effect is that gate control becomes necessary and only because earlier failure to recognise that control of physical access could have avoided its being needed.
5. As a point of information only the Lake County Council did not state that it had intentions of making provision in the District Scheme for the construction of a road in the Greenstone Valley. Provision for investigating the feasibility of such a road was made. We consider this to be an important difference.
6. Consider the National Park and the Greenstone Valley as a Recreation Resource.
- (a) The greatest benefit derived from the Park is to be able to have as many separate holidays in different places as possible. If a road connects two attractive holiday areas which can be readily visited in one day the other will be visited from where the holiday is based e.g. if the Glenorchy area was visited one year then the Eglinton-Hollyford area could be visited the following. Hence greater use is being made of the resource. However, if a road were to connect Glenorchy and the Hollyford-Eglinton area via the Greenstone, a recreation resource would be destroyed. The principle of loop roads is now recognised as being bad planning in terms of resource usage.
 - (b) The majority of overseas tourists who are at present visiting New Zealand are being encouraged to see as many scenic and natural phenomena in the least amount of time. To get from one of these

attractions to the next the quickest possible route is looked for no matter what the consequence. In this case a resource is being destroyed (the Greenstone Valley) to satisfy economic expediency.

7. It is considered that the money would be better spent in upgrading roads that are at present sub-standard, especially in regard to surfacing and dust. It is respectfully suggested that Automobile Association policy would be better directed along these lines as this would bring greater advantages to the average motorist in terms of vehicular wear and tear.
8. There has never been any detailed study or report as to why there is a need for such a road.
9. The visual experience of the outdoors can never be fully attained unless it occurs as a function of some physical effort and has an accompanying sense of achievement. The automobile is possibly the major feature of our modern urban life and to make it an equally major part of enjoyment of the outdoors is somewhat incongruous. Clearly a compromise is called for: to build a road through the Greenstone Valley is no such compromise, and could rationally be seen as capitulation to the motor vehicle.

IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED . . .

I wanted to go to Poison Bay. The first attempt ended in disaster (or the Mackay which is the same thing—see *Outdoors*, 1972). The second attempt ended in six feet of snow (see *Outdoors*, 1973). The third try is the subject of this chronicle. Read on.

People had heard of my previous attempts, and so companions were hard to find—I was really scraping the barrel when I finally managed to bludgeon into coming one J. G. Begg, a fellow geology student, and Grant McFarlane, an OUTC grubby. However, we gathered in Milford a few days before Christmas, 1973, and for the price of a dozen of the local tender, we were deposited at Sandfly Pt (Milford Track) across the Sound. A short jaunt saw us at Dumpling Hut at dusk, and the night was spent in comfort.

Next morning dawned fine, and we headed up Staircase Creek to the head cirque, where we camped on a site by now very familiar to me. The afternoon was spent surveying a route off the Anderson Pass into the Light.

The survey was found to be successful next day as we descended a steep gut straight off the saddle. This proved to be easier than expected, with a few short jumps, but no rope-work, and we were soon bashing through ribbonwood to the valley floor, then up the other side of the valley via a narrow fault-gut to the ridge looking into the Poison R. The descent below us was completely unknown, but was negotiated with a few jumps and minor pack-lowering. On reaching the valley, we headed down-stream, mainly in the creek, as the veges were rather thick, to some small, sandy flats where camp was set up. The gorge below the flats was traversed the following morning by jumping off boulders down the creek, until waterfalls barred the way. We then progressed by jumping off boulders in the bush. Past the gorge, open bushed flats and wide river beds led to the sea, which was reached about lunch-time. Fish caught from the rocks supplemented the staple diet of beef curry that night. This was the fourth fine day of the trip. "Struth", we thought, "This can't last." It didn't. Next day it rained, and was spent fishing and killing sandflies. So passed Christmas Day, 1973.

A fine day for Boxing Day allowed us to return dry to the Poison, following deer tracks this time, and pitch camp under the pass to the Light. "Ah, we thought, "another spell of fine weather!" It wasn't. It rained and snowed for three days. Three days later, the veges on the pass proved harder to climb than to jump off, on the return to the Light, but eventually the problems were surmounted and we headed into and down the Light. A waterfall from the cirque led to pleasant flats which gave onto another waterfall, below which flats, then bouldery cascades dropped to a third waterfall, a steep descent of which led us to the junction with the East branch of the Light, and eventually the flats near Sutherland Sound, where camp was set up. The Sound itself was reached after a short walk next morning, and again fishing was successful.

The return up the Light and into Staircase Ck was uneventful, save a short diversion up a waterfall of a side creek to visit Lake Dale. Camp was pitched at the head of Staircase Ck whereupon it rained hard all night and moisture entered the tent. So passed New Year's Eve very slowly.

It was still raining heavily as we walked down-valley on New Year's Day, but after the author's unscheduled swim in the Arthur below Sutherland Falls, a dramatic clearance brought a cloudless sky for a dry-out and sun bathe on McKinnon Pass, where the night was spent.

Early (8 a.m.) in the morning, we were awakened by the (so-called) Freedom Walkers arriving, but they produced tucker, so were welcomed. An easy walk later that day got us to Clinton Forks Hut for the night.

Dore Pass lay between us and tucker, so we crossed it in good time and good weather the following day, reaching the road by mid-afternoon, and Te Anau by bus (who said hitch-hiking is good on the Milford Road!)

As I said at the beginning—I wanted to go to Poison Bay. So I went to Poison Bay. It's a skungey, sandfly-ridden hole.

Moral—if at first you don't succeed—give up; it's probably not worth the trouble.

D. Craw.

27 YEARS LATER

I walked the Routeburn Track in 1942

being a member of the OTC it was the thing to bloody do.

Then after many years of trying to find the time

I walked the track with Gilky in nineteen sixty bloody nine.

The first time it was easy and not the least bit rough

The second time it was hard going and twice as bloody tough.

The first time it was sunshine, mostly fine and clear,

The second time it was mist and drizzle and twice as bloody drear.

The first time the zig-zag was just a hop, skip and a leap,

The second time the same zig-zag was twice as bloody steep.

The first time the Bergan sat easy to the gait,

The second time the same Bergan was twice the bloody weight.

The first time we were lead by Moir's noted book,

The second time the leader was the bearded bloody cook.

The first time the cooking was done by you know who,

The second time we had a Guide to spoil the bloody stew.

The first time just two huts, an eight-hour walk, they tell,

The second time, an extra hut and just as bloody well.

The first time, the wash was in the nearby stream,

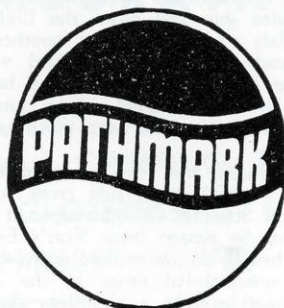
The second time, the shower was hot with plenty bloody steam.

The first time I was young, and keen and fit and bold,

The second time I was still keen but twice as bloody old.

Ex Member.

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SKI PATROL

Imagine a combination of lavatory cleaner, policeman, fraud squad, road-mender and bloke you can bitch at and you've a fairly good idea of the job. I asked one about the extent of the duties and was told that Ski Patrol has responsibility for the general safety of the slope. You *do* get a lot of skiing, and inevitably your skiing improves, even if only that your mistakes become that much smoother. The bit you'd think was the main part, i.e. gathering in the dead wounded, is only about a quarter of the job. There were only 129 incidents involving a sledge and of these 32 broke a leg (no one broke two), two broke an arm, five dislocated a shoulder (two girls who did this said it was easier having a baby), one broke his nose and one broke her collarbone. This last broke her leg too and I was scared she'd bust her back as she couldn't move one side. I don't know how many people used the field but it must be many thousands so the accident rate is possibly less than 1%. I have heard that a break can be expected at the rate of one per 2,000 runs. Incidentally, if I ever have to pick you up, don't scream and shout or cry, as it puts me off. Try and be on your back nicely stretched out and don't let *anyone* take your boots off. One not so nice aspect of skiing every day is just that. Skiing every day means being out in weather that you'd not evict the cat in. There's always some idiot skiing. You can barely see the tips of your skis and then you hear voices and there's a couple of nutters claiming to be having a wonderful time. In these conditions and even in much better, I'd strongly advise skiing with a friend or even a close enemy. One bloke was brought in one foggy day who'd fallen and lost not just his bearings but his memory as well. People heard him wandering around raving. You've only got to be separated a little from the crowd and Ski Patrol would never find you. We'd find your body eventually.

Another clash with the public is ticket checking. Some people bitch like crazy. It would be simpler if they just automatically dug out their tickets every time, and anyway their bitching won't stop someone asking for them to show—(the ticket that is). The job instructions require tickets to be checked, and I know from my own past experience that no checking and there'd be damn all tickets.

Have you ever joined in the bitch when the tows stop? You know the one about why doesn't Mt Cook tell us what's wrong, and, when is it going to start? Well, once I told some friends "the chair won't be starting for a while; why not go to Rocky Gully?" Alas, when they got there it had stopped and the chair started before they had even reached Rocky. I nearly got killed. From then on I kept my statement to what I was sure of. But here's the rub; like everyone else, when the lift breaks down, and no one knows what's wrong—how can anyone be told?

The job I enjoy so much that I'm off to Canada to do the same. Anyone who wants to try, then why not get qualified with St. John and a ski patrol training scheme and try your luck. People in Canterbury are running training schemes and once you're qualified there's various advantages, at least, on the Canterbury fields.

Ken Blackwood.



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LOVING OUR WILDERNESS TO DEATH

(The following is reprinted from "Out And Beyond—1973", the "allegedly annual" publication of the Sydney University Mountaineering Club, edited by Joe Friend. It is a precis of notes of a talk given by Warwick Deacock to the 1973 International Mountaineering Meet at Darjeeling, Sikkim, and contains the points relevant for mountaineering.)

It is impossible to put a monetary value on wilderness, and difficult to describe its value without raising issues of philosophy with which we should all be concerned. Its special significance is that it is not so much there to be used, but that it is there. George Elliot expressed the view a hundred years ago: "There should be some unknown regions preserved as hunting grounds for the poetic imagination", and an American wrote more recently: "Save a piece of country like that intact and it does not matter in the slightest that only a few people every year will go into it. That is precisely its value . . . We need to put into effect, for its preservation, some other principle than the principles of exploitation or usefulness or even recreation. We simply need that wild country available to us, even if we never do more than just drive to the edge and look in. For it can be a means of reassuring ourselves of our sanity as creatures, a part of the geography of hope."

Aldo Leopold expressed the view that: "Wilderness without wildlife is merely scenery." Perhaps in the mountains WE are the wildlife . . . Raymond Dassman of the American Conservation Foundation suggests the need for "Danger Parks"—where we sign a Release of Risk Form, and enter to try our luck against cliffs, rivers and tigers.

Certainly I believe that we are not far removed from the old hunter/gatherer, and need "throw-back" experiences. It was perhaps a sad day for the wilderness when the hunter/gatherer, i.e. wilderness man, learned to cultivate and become "producer and consumer man"!

Wilderness and pollution:

- (a) Litter. A problem which can be solved easily in mountain areas—a matter of discipline and education. It is interesting to note that sophisticated Western society people sometimes complain to me about "dirty villages or areas", yet that dirt is organic and therefore not half as insidious as the hidden terrors of air pollution (and moral decay) in some of the places they come from . . .
- (b) Pressure has been brought to bear on outfitters so as to stop deforestation (firewood) in delicate places and I have just heard of an experiment to take gas stoves to high places, such as Tilicho Pass in Nepal. Sherpas and guides can be trained. In the High Sierras, new camps in the more delicate higher alps are forbidden where a handful of twigs missing, or a tent gutter can change things irrevocably.
- (c) Basic Attitudes. I suspect that tourist groups of trekkers are less to blame for litter, etc. than are expeditions. Expedition aims are often short: "success on the mountain", e.g. the garbage which has accumulated around Thyangboche in Nepal from Everest expeditionists.

Looking back through history we have the following examples to study:

- (i) Irving on Everest: "Everest will be CONQUERED by the very things in which this present age excels, the skill to use material things which nature has provided."
- (ii) Tillman (Everest 1938): "All's fair in love and war, and the habit of talking of the assault of a peak may lead us to think that the same holds good for mountaineering and that mountains are foes to be subdued rather than friends to be won."

(iii) J. P. Farrar, President of The Alpine Club 1917-1919, and Editor of the Alpine Journal 1920-1926, reviewing the 1922 Everest Expedition states: "The conquest of the mountain must be kept steadily in view, and its attainment—with every available resource!"

(iv) The recent Italian expedition to "conquer Everest" is a case in point. I sometimes wish we could all "knock the bastard off", then we could settle down to enjoying our mountains again.

Accepting that mountains can be good safety valves for aggressions; current trends appear to mirror the consumer society and we already see the trendiness in climbing hardware keeping pace with the hems of women's skirts. Here I agree with Chris Bonington about the aesthetics of pollution on the mountain wall, and technology that can produce a "clean" nut or cracker, in lieu of a "dirty" bolt is valuable. It is simply a matter of attitude.

(v) Non-Expedition Approach. Recently I was at a meeting where committees were about to be formed, to form expeditions to conquer peaks! We chuckled around ideas and came up with the "non-expedition ethics"—no letter heading, no publicity and positively no free milk—shades of Bill Tilman—"If you can't plan your trip on the back of an envelope, don't go!"

Thanks to the SUMC.

FIORDLAND WITH THE "TONGUE AND MEATS" (1968)

On Christmas Saturday, five "Tongue & Meats" landed by floatplane at Lake Hankinson Hut, with the weather threatening to settle in. None of the trip members had been in this area of Fiordland previously. The bridge across the Wapiti River was derelict and as the river was already up, we had to use the true left bank to carry our food dump as far as Lake Thompson. This took about an hour and a-half, and was not easy going (some of it was moraine). After that, we crossed the river about five minutes below Lake Thompson outlet (normally under ground) and used the track on the true right to regain the hut in about half an hour.

The next day, we again used the true left and made an attempt at using the Park Board dinghy to transfer packs and food dump to the head of Lake Thompson. The lake had risen even further, so we were unable to cross the river. On finding a leaking derelict dinghy, two of us had a marvellous time bailing, and paddling with a stick to get across the outlet to the Park Board dinghy. The use of the dinghy was found to be slower than using the route around the side of the lake. Of course, we had to use the leaking dinghy to allow us to put the dinghy back in its shelter!

Monday turned fine, as we set off for George Sound with eight days' food. This took nine and a-half hours, through mud up to Henry Saddle and then down a near-vertical wall, to the river leading to Lake Katherine and the hut. The view of the Sound from the hut window makes this long day worthwhile. We found the fish easy to catch here.

Now we were to leave recognised tracks to go to the Stillwater River. We discovered that from the hut to the base of the Overlander Ridge, the route was quite tidal and we had to plan our departure for low tide. Otherwise it would have been better to use the Overlander Stream. So, our hut leaving time was 6.00 a.m. for the ridge, and with heavy packs, it took one and three-quarter hours to get around the sound to the bottom of

the Overlander Ridge. Six hours later after a most picturesque route—but a long uphill grind, we were at the top of Overlander Ridge and could see into the Stillwater and were able to use a note in a cairn. This note mentioned a creek. Well . . . we ignored a six-inch-wide piece of water quite incorrectly and lost a lot of time because of this. This miniature creek is followed on the true left until it deepens into a gorge and a little further on, some bluffs are found on the left. This is the only way out of this valley to Ethne Saddle (one and a-half hours from the previously-mentioned gorge). After the bluffs, a deer trail is followed easily through more bluffs. From Ethne Saddle it took us three-quarters of an hour to the wire crossing in the Stillwater—we were too low and ended up in a swamp!—

Our objective was to reach Caswell Sound. However, we were now concerned as to how much food we had to see us back to Thompson Hut and travel was slow due to frequent windfalls across the route. Thus we went downstream to the major clearing in the Stillwater (many deer here) where we were not sure whether to cross the river or not. At that point we had decided we had gone far enough, to tempt the weather with our limited amount of food. We retreated to the wire crossing and then continued through the short gorge to find easier going until a small gorge was reached an hour and a-half after Twin Falls Creek. Two hours after this we arrived at a major branch in the river—was this the junction we were looking for? If so, which side of the waterfall do we go up? Moir's Guide Book proved to be of no help here so we took what seemed to be the obvious route—the true right. This eventually turned out to be a well-defined spur leading to the Marguarite Peaks. This spur was quite hard going with heavy packs. At the bush line, we found large rocks in our way and we couldn't see any likely spots for camp, so we retreated down to the waterfall. The next day, we tried the true left of the waterfall and kept close to the creek. In one and a-half hours, we found ourselves comfortably in the hanging valley next to the Rugged Burn, so it was relatively simple to gain the ridge dividing the two valleys and check our position by seeing Deadwood Lagoon again. The lagoon was reached by going over the top of the top of the Marguarite Peaks and down through Henry Saddle. From there we returned to our food at the Thompson Hut. All that called for a rest day in a keen climate for sandflies.

Our next part of the trip was a side trip into Canyon Creek. We went down beside Lake Thompson again and almost to Hankinson Hut and then headed for the hanging valley of Canyon Creek. We did not follow any blazes here, but picked up a good spur and then crossed two creeks and met some bluffs!! We could see the floor of the hanging valley, so we descended to the main creek where the going became much easier and in no time at all we were in the head of the valley. Next morning, low cloud deterred the sandflies so we climbed the ridge separating us from the Wapiti River and discussed the possibility of getting down to Lake Sutherland (which we could see) to camp. We tried and reached a place where we would have to abseil—so returned and headed down another spur towards Thompson Hut. There were some deer on this spur.

After another rest day, we headed off on our "homeward leg" of the trip. Up the Wapiti River we found wapiti trails—like man-made tracks!—until we reached moraine below Lake Sutherland where they just vanished! The lake head was found to be very swampy. From there to a waterfall we found the snowgrass very heavy going with our packs. Because of the worsening weather and the type of pass we were heading for, we chose what we considered to be easier navigation—the Henderson Burn route. For an hour and a-half we struggled up beside a waterfall. When we reached the hanging valley, we all wondered where we would camp, due to the sloping basin-like valley floor. Eventually, we found a space for two tents which wasn't level, on the southern side of the valley. At this stage I, the trip leader, managed to spill three pints of boiling soup over my leg and suffered

a severe burn. The next days was spent there due to the weather still being closed in. The day after, we crossed relatively easily into the Henderson Burn. On reaching the creek at the scrub edge, I slipped and broke a bone in my hand (once injured, I feel one is prone to accidents until civilisation is reached). However, it was only a few hours from there to the Glaisnock Hut, at which we had only a few days' wait for the Tarawera from Te Anau.

In conclusion, I heartily recommend the Stillwater-Hankinson to Glaisnock area to any experienced tramp. There are long and hard days' travel, but the scenery is really worth it. Each time I look at my slides, I want to be back there again.

For those interested in technical aspects, I recommend:

1. Travelling on the tops in Fiordland.
2. Watch your weight by using food dumps or travelling in circuits.
3. Flies and tents with floors should be used.
4. Until sufficient NZMS 1 series maps are available, use aerial photographs. Care needs to be taken with distortion—try using the Stereoscopic viewer.

D. Ryrie.

"LA NUIT!"

. . . plod, plod, plod, ohh, that sun—that hill—hot—slow—wish it wasn't so hot—what's the time, anyhow? Ow! my watch's stopped—broke it when I slipped over in that mud and slush yesterday, down the valley —.

Minutes later—ah, ah! There be it—our destination; a closely-packed, gloriously green cluster of mossy-coated pine and beech trees, sprawling across the landscape about the top of the valley above Lake Ohau—what a mighty sound—those crisp, clean, unchlorinated waters, plummeting their way over rock and fern, following their never-ending, never-halting course.

Ahh, back to "us"—swim—stomach full of chow—a damn good sleep—early to bed?—a good clear night, so warm—yes, I love the summer, kind of wish winter would forget to come this year!

"A h h h . . . s-t-r-e-t-c-h." "Man, that was a good sleep—still a little tired though—but I never woke up once during the night—hmmm—tramping's a tiring game . . ."

Ah, well, first things first—wash—fill the billy, and demolish some of that there home-made and thrown-together muesli —.

"D e e li shimo!" "Get out of the pit, Dick." "Aargg . . ." Didn't take us long—but the sky looked a bit odd, so we hastened our bodies and didn't waste any time—packing up the tent fly, and recamping our packs we took off . . .

On reaching the edge of this beautiful entangled undergrowth, and overhanging leaf and branch umbrella which had created a glorious ceiling for our night . . .

"Well I'll be—" we yelped together, gazing up in the dire wonderment . . . the sky was coming out in spots—yes, little, bright, illuminating stars . . .

It's night-time—now, yes, now! It hadn't even been yet . . . What silly "knitwits" . . . what stupid "twits"—how the "h—" did we do it?

Oh, well, at least we had one extra night, quite unexpected to add to our extended holiday . . . Quite nice in a strange, peculiar way!

Josie and Dick.

THE AGONY AND THE ECSTASY

Climbing holds a peculiar attraction.

Climbing on Mt Cook holds an attraction all of its own. It IS the highest piece of land in New Zealand.

The flavour of my memories is far removed from the situation at the time. The colours, emotion, and reality have changed. It is now secure. I remember spending half an hour in Empress Hut getting a crampon on an overboot. I remember knowing I was going to die of hyperthermia (overheating!!), walking up the Sheila Glacier at 12.30 that night. I remember losing the feeling in my feet, front-pointing . . .

Below, the mists and clouds hid the Tasman. The South Face of Hicks was lowered into insignificance as we climbed. The grey wedge of Sefton hid behind the sweep of the Empress shelf. I slowly realised that it was 8 o'clock; we had been climbing eight hours.

I fell.

I was involved in one ridiculous pitch in which Jim had to move his belay stance on our (unpremeditated) variant on the Hooker Face of the Middle Peak, until I found a stance. This situation was repeated when I found I had given all my ice screws to him, as runners in the previous pitch! ! !

Above, the ice, silent; ever-threatening.

Us two. Two unprotected brothers . . . glaring at each other, as we moved on a 45-degree ice slope above Space . . .

As we approached the summit ridge, we negotiated a moderate rock pitch. Beside me stretched a vast stretch of green ice . . .

"Blimey."

I'm not going up there. More to the point, we're not going up there. We reach the ridge. We're not going over Middle Peak today! We're not traversing to the Plateau. We've carried 45 pounds for nothing! !

It's 12 o'clock.

Twelve hours without stopping, except on belay. Twelve hours without eating.

We munch raisins; hog anything we eat. I don't like the slippery feel of the snow . . . I feel I'm going to slide off into the Tasman Valley any minute. I sit down and look at the view. And what a view!

Two miles below. Ball Hut. The world tilts into a vertical plane, as I look down the icefield of the Caroline to the Anzacs 4,000 feet below. The green ice hangs threateningly.

It definitely was the highest piece of land, Sefton hid below and far away from us, a grey obscurity.

Around us, beside us, the weather is brewing. The high and middle peaks are in cloud, Fast, cold, whispery cloud. The cold is seeking your warmth like a lover.

After five minutes, Jim and I reverse our moves. I remember getting so cold, I thought I should never make it down the last rock pitch. My movements were clumsy, exposed. How I laughed at Jim's hoar-frost around his face and beard, hanging like cylinder bells, before I realised I too had solid tentacles dancing across my cheeks.

The foot-deep powder snow suffocated our crampons into 18-inch dinner plates. Ridiculous walking.

We arrived back at Empress at 6.30. We got the route right this time. We were in time for the schedule.

"How'd it go today, Jim?"

"Oh, not too bad . . ."

I spent the next day regaining (not painlessly), circulation in my toes.

Colin Strang.

NO MORE EASTER TRAMPING

Conceived whilst rain dripped down a poor soul's neck as he watched a six-foot-above "normal" Hokitika River thunder by.

Concocted in Rapid Creek Hut:

Prelude: Saturday night spent in haybarn while West Coast turns on its best—bless the friendly cockie—never did find out who he was. The wind rocks us to sleep with as much kindness as an earthquake. Dawn (or later) at the river:

"Never seen it as big as this before," said the one who had seen the river previously.

"Grunt," was the reply from the masses assembled to gape in awe—(two bods standing in the rain),

"Sure is pissing down."

"Grunt."

"Better get moving before we get too cold."

"Grunt, groan, mumble." (Intelligent types.)

"Gawd," thinks half of the masses, "every Easter away to the hills—every Easter hosed upon,"—as he slips for the 64th time on the 33rd wet log allowing the ever-present squadron of sandflies time to take aim.

Stop to admire view—noted cloud ceiling to be 200 feet above valley floor—visibility reduced drastically as large cloud regurgitates itself upon us.

"Wonder what the OTMC mob is doing—rained out of the Wilkin again?—seem to be getting more than our share here."

Pause as 164th sandfly (*petitus bastardus* or "beastie" for short) hits the rain-sodden ground—a quivering heap of crushed flesh, exoskeleton and my blood (intermediate entomology notwithstanding). Spludge on—why do I do it each and every year? 40lb packs (leather bottom, of course) lurch into precarious shoulders and ungamely follow their slithering pack animals—us.

Spludge, spludge—slap!—beastie 165 falls a screaming mutilated corpse to the valley floor.

Damn—a more-sturdy-than-most drip has found its way in between skin and parka and is at present blazing a trail in the undergrowth (me)—or is my parka leaking again?—no that was last Easter—today my boots need replacing, and their customary running repairs.

Squelch—how could I sell these to a mug yearning for a bit of leather—well broken in?

For sale:—size 9 Sherpa—high mileage though low running cost—(do anything for a drop of Neatsfoot).

Exterior worn in places—interior very distinctive (i.e., they stink and a nail frequently needs some encouragement to stay put).

Have a character all to themselves (usually the person in them).

Slap!—missed the sod—beasties here must be Dimp-resistant.

Another shower approaches—accompanying wave of wetness creeps over—river rises, hut located on t'other side.

Misery—No. Thank you; NZFS, for being nice Boy Scouts and building a modern type flying fox.

Water below you explodes in fury at you beating it—well we'll think that anyway. No, we sit—gradually obtaining dehydration from our saturation point (work that one out).

Gun trip—too right . . .

How does that song go?—(to the tune of "No more double bunking").

*No more Easter tramping, Easter tramping, Easter tramping,
No more Easter tramping,
Easter tramping for me
Been rained on, and snowed on
and shat on, and hosed on—
No more Easter tramping,
Easter tramping for me.*

. . . No more Easter tramping—bloody oath;
—Well, not until next Easter anyway.

Colin Sutcliffe.



TIME OUT OF MIND

*i like being here with you because
you have known the mountains
from the beginning of the sun to the
red end of time,
so,
we will sit on the snow
and let the cold into our thighs with
no effect on our minds
and watch the sun on the mountains
with perfect fascination.*

Amy Finck.

*"Your face is black
Your hair is singed
Your eyes go red,"
yet sootily it sits and grins.
Throw it in the corner
bang it with a hammer
no amount of gentle persuasion
will make it
catch.
"Give us another match."
Who invented it?
God knows, I don't.
squat, ugly box —
but
then again
it heats your food
that's pretty good
I guess
for a primus.*

Tina Finck.



SOU'-WEST RIDGE

The weather map in Tuesday morning's newspaper was the last sort that one would want for a successful long weekend's climbing. The general weather forecast in the afternoon dampened the spirits even more. However, it was decided that Thursday night would be an early night. The climbing forecast at 3.30 p.m. on Friday was just what was wanted.

It was raining when we left Dunedin; all the way down to Clarkesville Junction. As we progressed westwards the moisture content of the air reduced and the sky became clearer. When we arrived at Raspberry Hut there was a fresh, clean smell dominating.

I was woken in the morning to find breakfast being shoved under my nose, what a sight. Ugh! it was hot and easily digestible anyway. The stillness which prevailed was almost overpowering. The tops were out of sight; hidden by thick cloud which was below bushline. There were signs of recent rain as we moved up the valley. The temperature was rising steadily as we walked up the valley. As Shovel Flat the cloud started to thin out. Suddenly there above us, was the faint outline of the south-west ridge peeping down at us.

By the time French Ridge Hut was reached it was a stinking hot day. As we reached the snow we were rather perturbed to see some crud coming over. "Oh, no!" said Bruce, "not my eighth attempt." Quiet mutterings about certain individuals in the Met. Office at Wellington were rather profuse. After great deliberation, a couple of brews and two hours, it was decided that the crud was coming from the south-east. Who ever heard of adverse weather coming from the south-east? So away we went. Up through the Quarterdeck to the ridge and a bit of a breather.

We decided that the base of the S.W. ridge wouldn't have an inviting bivvy site, so we started having a look about near the top of the Quarterdeck. We followed the ridge towards Mt French. Not very far down we found just what was required. A large boulder had broken away from the ridge and in between was a reasonably flat area. A short time later saw a flat sleeping area with each end blocked up. Above us, the crud was still coming, in an endless stream. As the sun was disappearing behind Earnslaw, away to the south-east, a small patch of clear sky appeared. To our delight there was a completely clear sky by 8.30 p.m.

A sudden jolt, a few muttered oaths and I was struggling out of a nice warm pit. The sun had just risen, as we wandered down the ridge to a small depression in some rock, to fill our water bottles. Bruce was ecstatic, "It's all over bar the motions of getting to the top", was his only comment. The crunch of our crampons over the snow was a delight to our ears. By the time we reached the bottom of the ridge we were rather warm and thankful that we would be able to climb out of the sun.

We negotiated the rock band, found a suitable ledge and proceeded to record part of our climb on film. Up the ridge we went. The time taken was meaningless. The climbing was delightful as we continued on our way up. I'm not sure, even now, that the pace was steady. I had a feeling that it was increasing.

At the base of the ice couloir we stopped to replenish our supply of energy. We needn't hurry, it was about 8.15 a.m. and we only had a couple of hundred feet to go. The weather was perfect. A snow stake was hammered in. Up went Bruce. Up and over the couloir I followed, onto some icy snow and then led through. When Bruce came up to me we both looked at the slope ahead and at each other. The feeling was mutual; off with the rope. As I coiled up the rope Bruce couldn't wait any longer. He was away. As he went ahead his pace was increasing. He disappeared from view and a few minutes later a mighty yell rent the air.

We stood on top and surveyed the panorama. Away in the distance we could hear an aeroplane. We located its position and then followed its

flight. "Shooter's plane." We were suddenly aware that the offending noise-maker was heading straight for us. On it came, "Get ready to duck. That thing is likely to bowl us."

As the plane circled around us (not the peak) we had a feeling of achieving something very great. This was the ultimate. Our stance on top had been witnessed; nobody could ever dispute the fact that we had climbed Mt Aspiring.

We descended the nor'-west ridge as far as the gendarme. Here we stopped and yarned with a couple of older gentlemen whom we had seen crossing the Bonar earlier in the day. They had come from French Ridge Bivvy via Colin Todd and were now making their way steadily upwards. The climb down from here to the Bonar was a little tricky. We traversed about losing height slowly, until we came to some rock. We crossed to another snowfield. With great care we negotiated some snow bridges and crevasses and at last we were on the Bonar. We guzzled the remainder of our water. It was now 1 p.m. and hot!

We set off across the Bonar with snow in our water bottles in the hope that some would melt. Also in a pack (on reflection, rather foolishly), was the rope. Two hours later we staggered into our bivvy. A warm drink, a large amount of water, and we were away down to French Ridge Bivvy.

We left early on Monday morning for the valley: the valley and home. At the bottom of French Ridge we cooled our feet as we crossed the Matukituki. That water was cold. By the time we reached the car we felt like cooling off again. Finding no suitably deep pool to leap into (we were more afraid of the cold water), we left. By the time Glendhu Bay was reached, our sweaty bodies and the heat was too much for us. The water of Lake Wanaka was beautiful and cool. While floating on our backs we looked westward and there was a beautiful sight. Just think; 24 hours ago we were on top of that great snow-covered mass.

Bruce Clark, Murray Kokich.

TRAMPING IMPRESSIONS OF N.Z.

(or: I'm sure you don't want to read this, but you might as well. It kills time.)

By the way, may I explain that I first set foot upon N.Z. on February 27, 1974, and returned from whence I came, the States, on August 28, 1974.

My first impression of this country was one of sheer terror, being driven from the airport to Dunedin ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE ROAD.

Now, my first tramping impressions were taken in at the tender age of 15 years, going to Green Hut via Double Hill on the Bushcraft Day Trip. Walking with my sister, this was the extent of our conversation:

me: "wow"

she: "beautiful"

Several hours later, through much mistyful gorsefulness, as they say, my second impression left a bit to be desired. How do you explain away the intelligence of a leader who sets off for the Burns, and ends up on the top of Swampy? (Quite simply: "Norman."—Ed.)

Ahh, them was the days. At Taioma, my innocent young ears were subjected to the perverted ribaldry of 100-odd tramps. (ers. trampers—forget it.) What, you may ask, was my impression of THAT?

me: (all night) "ha, ha, ha"

However, the bushcraft Course did not quite leave me with the thoughts that N.Z. trampers are ignorant half wits, that the scenery is

beautiful, or that it rains a lot. Far from it. In my experiences, I learned that trampers are INTELLIGENT, ignorant, funny half-wits, who don't know what they're about, and that the scenery is absolutely fantastic. (You may take it for granted, but YOU spend 14 years of your life confronted by skyscrapers, steel mills and dirty rivers . . .) It was much later that I found out about the rain. And mud.

So much for first impressions. My next time out tramping was on that much-sung-of, but never-heard-much-about-of, work party to Leaning Lodge. From this I learned three things: that corrugated iron is no substitute for a sled; never trust a jeep over 30, or however old it was; and that the R & P Range is beautiful, beautiful, beautiful. In fact, I went up again the next month. This time I learned that muscle cramps of the legs are inconvenient unless some chivalrous gentleman carries your pack. I also found that the aforementioned C.G. is not good to have around when he's got a movie camera in his hands—but Russell could tell you more.

From my First Impressions of Tramping I shall now proceed to the Philosophy of Tramping. It had been six months, and 20-odd trips, and I am still held in ignorance. Exactly what kind of intellect do trampers possess? What is their philosophy? In one late-night conversation with my sister and a friend, during a tramp in the Ahuriri, we finally came up with this:

"Everyone is born dumb" (i.e.—"stupid").

You: "Yes, but that has nothing to do with tramping or philosophy."
"If I was a horse I'd give it the horse-laugh."

Me: "Well . . . hmmm . . ."

But it may prove something in the end. We three spend half the night trying to find out what makes a tramper tick, and we come up with the above. So, either we aren't intelligent enough to come up with some decent answers after four hours of brain-bashing, and something is wrong with us, or trampers aren't intelligent enough for us to have anything to come up with in the first place. But I can simplify the matter by confusing it: we were in fact trampers. In which case, we got it at both ends. In which case we weren't intelligent enough to think of anything because we weren't intelligent enough to think up ways to think of things for anyone else to think of. If you see what I mean. And if you think I know what I'm talking about . . .

So here we are then. You and me. Alone at last. (Unless somebody's reading over your shoulder. Go away you. Three's a crowd.) You have fought through two pages of undecipherable garbage and lived to tell of it, so now I'll have to sum things up:

Seriously, I had been in N.Z. six months, and have missed it terribly since I left. In six months I had gained many friends, and some who have been a bit more than friends. I shall never forget you. I've had the beautiful and satisfying feeling of being close to death a time or two—what a neat way to go. And so there it is, what I've been trying to say is, that you New Zealanders have a country second to none, inhabited by people second to none.

So take care of it, right? (sob—sniff—I'd better go before I start a flood or something.)

Tina Finck.

**NOW YOU'VE GOT US
RIGHT IN YOUR POCKET**



**OTAGO SAVINGS BANK
CHEQUE ACCOUNTS MAKE
FOR COMPLETE SERVICE**



**OTAGO
SAVINGS
BANK**

TROTTERS GORGE: THE WHOLE STORY

Nineteen seventy-four's Christmas Social was held. Because of the small number of people representing those who are not regular Thursday night OTMC socialites, this gathering degenerated into an ailing ale-ing session.

The Phys. Ed. School's hut at Trotters Gorge really made it, even though the Social Committee had completely forgotten Christmas decorations. (But they had made up for it, because they'd put up such festive wall-hangings some three months previously, at the more appropriate Fancy Dress "Dance" . . .) However, festoon's absences notwithstanding, the place took on quote: "a gala atmosphere", as the 30-odd residents hung up towels and bras, to dry after going for swims, etc. Yes, indeed, and galahs they were too, as was pointed out by visitors to the area. Jonathan and Monty Python provided entertainment until the majority of the people appeared later on.

Yes, at the height of the evening, 45 people were counted; and the eyes of the counter, peering into the dark beyond the fire, were not aided by the omnipresent ethanolic haze. "Perhaps it is time for a needle nidle noo." Alcohol may cause one to see double, but the hearing goes unaffected, and songs, jokes, arguments, and even some sleeping, were managed between bursts of mechanical disturbance from uphill.

The trail bike boys were all there. They behaved well, and really made the day. They rode their bikes around the camp, but almost never through it. Thus they kept the constant drone to a minimum, so that we could all enjoy fully, the serenity of this place on a fine windless weekend. The considerate lads could not be persuaded to stop revving up their bikes 10 feet from the tent of an Over Thirty Club couple, who were trying to sleep at the inebriated, but otherwise quiet hour of midnight, or thereabouts. Also, our water supply suffered when one nice boy rode his new toy along the river bed, spewing forth oil-laden exhaust fumes onto the surface of the calm, leafy-bordered river waters.

Next morning, the place was soon empty, as people left for quieter places to spend their day, and the bicycle kiddies, with nobody left to watch them, also left. Thinking it at last safe and quiet, the Family Group then arrived, and had a pleasant afternoon's walk, where they met nothing but other people out for a nice, relaxing stroll. (It's so rarely one gets the opportunity to escape from the noises of every-day city life, isn't it?)

It was felt that the owners of the trail bikes should have organised their own Christmas social the following weekend at this spot. They could have shown off their proud machines, and their riding skills, to those who do appreciate and understand such things. They have a right to have their fun too. But this would naturally be a motorcycle club, not a tramping and mountaineering club.

Thanks go to the Social Committee, and to all the drivers who supplied transport, especially Ross Adamson.

This article was reprinted on request, and with it goes a plea for trampers to be considerate to others about the use of trail bikes, transistor radios and the like.

The Organiser.



FROM CLINTON FORKS HUT BOOK

*The Climber stood at Heaven's Gate,
His face was scared and old
"And what have you done", St. Peter asked,
"To gain admittance here?"
"I've been a mountaineer," he said,
"For nigh on forty years."
The pearly gates swung open wide
St. Peter touched the bell
"Come in," he said, "and choose your harp
You've had your share of hell."*

Unknown.

CONFESSIONS OF A RED MARKER FOLLOWER

During the previous six days in Homer Hut, Ted and Dwight had demonstrated the qualities of a Yellowstreak Climbing Club member, reading, eating, writing diaries, concocting pancakes, curries and tall stories, sleeping in front of the fire, mouth organ recitals, repairing gear, doing nature walks, climbing rafters, climbing boulders; in fact, anything but climbing mountains. As a proven piker I was allowed honorary status but Dwight especially was in a class of his own, having not climbed Malte Brun after one of the best frosts of the summer "because it seemed too warm".

All too soon, an idyllic week passed and Ted and Dwight left to take my job on the Routeburn Track, leaving me alone in a hut full of people. I intended following them a day later across the Routeburn, for the last time. In the meantime, the unexpected happened and the weather cleared up so I figured I could go climb Mt Macpherson and maybe catch a later bus.

I won the race to get out of the hut next morning—cold and clear as anticipated—and boulder-hopped up the creek, turning right at the road tunnel, left at the nature walk and right down again at the "ranunculus lyalli". Then I got all cocked up in a bunch of boulders because no one told me the marker poles were really part of an old telephone line. At Homer Saddle I met the sun but wasn't exactly struck down with heat exhaustion. Thereafter the way up the ridge was obvious, the numerous iron stakes and hundreds of yards of wire hinting that someone had been before.

It was impossible to use the handrail and not wonder at the character of the tourist of the 1920's who must have used the same wire en route to the Milford pub. I mean, Talbots Ladder—as the ridge is romantically called—is steep. Not North-Face-of-the-Eiger steep but hardly Routeburn Track country either. Now bus loads of tourists pass thousands of feet beneath the ridge, unappreciative of the luxury of a road to Milford. Too soon, the same buses will be travelling the Greenstone Valley and racing past Lake Howden to save the tourists the apparent hardship of seeing the Eglinton Valley and Te Anau twice. Fifty years ago they had their priorities right. They wanted a road too, but to avoid death by drowning, avalanche, exposure, exhaustion, rockfall, starvation or just plain falling. Now them's hardships!

But to return to my tale. There I was climbing Talbots Ladder with all the respect and reverence I could muster and having second thoughts because it really was steeper than the Routeburn. Needless to say I survived and then proceeded to follow a line of cairns which someone had thoughtfully provided. After a while it became apparent the cairns were not going my way so I left Grave and Talbot and their long-skirted ladies and returned

to the ridge. Down below, the mysterious new construction alongside the Milford Road stood out very well. Which was very bad. My guess was that that it was going to be the world's smallest church (especially since Homer Hut would be its entire congregation).

There being no track to the top of Macpherson, I was forced to ad-lib which does not come easy to a red marker addict. However, I made it successfully and admired the view which, while not indescribable, is undescribed. I frowned at Mt Talbot next door and the gaping slots in the snowfield hardly smiled back, so I decided to abandon further mountaineering for the day. Having a bus to catch, I began my retreat without much delay, still trying to take it all in. It was absolutely quiet yet my ears were ringing, loudly it seemed.

The quiet wasn't all that was weird. To the south, range upon range, mountain behind mountain faded into a distant blue haze that only a colour slide could better. Déjà vu. After some thought, it occurred to me that it reminded me of the Silver Peaks on a warm, sunny Sunday afternoon. The view north from Hightop perhaps, or the Chalkies from Swampy. It also occurred to me that the day the Darrans reminded me of the Chalkies was the day I should be going home.

So I did. Just that.

Ross Davies.

*isn't it funny how when you're out in the hills
and everyone is kinda alone and cold
people tend to want you
to talk with you and listen to your ideas and ideals
which is good and fine 'cos you want that too
but what of back in the town?*

*trampers don't seem to realise
that weekends are only a small part of the time
or that Christmas is only three weeks out of 52
and that no matter how much they talk of the hills
and the routes on the rock
they must still spend their time
at the dull, dreary, monotonous work
which is the be-all and end-all of some people's existence.*

*keen trampers have often been heard to say
that living rough and at one with nature
is what makes a man
integrity and honour are achieved
when man realises his place in the greatness of nature
and of course they are right.
i too feel at one with the ridges and the bush
but to me it is more important
and demands much more of me
to do the dull, ordinary job which is in front of me
without my thoughts halfway up a valley.*

*tramping is not a life
it is only a small part of one's being
and i pity those for whom tramping is all there is.*

Anonymous.

HOW TO GET PNEUMONIA AND SURVIVE—[A Warning]

The Tramper: Have a slight sore throat or cough not severe enough to make him feel ill or want to stay in town. If possible, a smoker, and over-worked.

The Gear: A good supply of 100% wool underwear, a balaclava, mittens and over-trousers besides the usual gear.

Food: The usual menu: Aspirin, etc., not necessary but a bottle of linctus is a great help.

The Trip: Must be of easy grade, preferably with at least one waist-high river crossing, or failing that, no less than three feet of snow.

The Camp: A dry place to pitch the tent near a plentiful supply of fern, etc., to be used to make a deep comfortable mattress. If the temperature is below 4°C a hut will be essential.

NOTE: a warm, dry bed is a must.

Companions: Choose with care. None must have the simplest medical knowledge. They should not be able to recognise on their own, a person with a temperature, that a dry hacking cough is abnormal, that breathing which "bubbles" is a sign of fluid in the lungs—a state in which the lung capacity is drastically reduced. They must be good natured enough to tolerate long hauls of coughing during the night. They must be mildly sympathetic without making the tramper concerned feel he has anything more than a slight cold.

Saturday: Have a hearty breakfast. Don't overload your pack but don't give too much to your party. Don't dilly dally, get on the track as soon as possible, don't rest or wait for your companions. Once the camp or hut is reached change into warm, dry clothing, discard clothes damp with sweat. As soon as possible get into the sack and stay there.

Accept all drinks offered, demand more if there isn't enough but this will not be necessary where OTMC members are involved.

If you have a cough linctus don't follow the instructions of the label—take liberal doses often. If the mixture is strong enough this will result in a feeling of euphoria between periods of sleep. It will also mean you won't have any for later so you will not be awake at night on your own.

You won't need to concern yourself with the problem of getting out the next day—you will be too busy holding your head from bursting, your lungs from breaking their moorings, and between times, getting enough oxygen.

Sunday: Don't let on you feel worse, get up, have a good breakfast and pack up. If the snow has piled up during the night, ignore the fact, put on ample warm clothing and get going. When you stumble into three-four-foot drifts don't give in to the desire to stay where you fall or to turn back. Don't stop to rest—you will get cold.

If you are in warmer weather keep going at the best possible speed. Take an interest in sharp drops, steep or narrow track, etc. If you have a river crossing remove shorts before or after. Above all keep going.

Once you have reached transport change into warm, dry clothing. When you get home, have a hot bath and go to bed. Thank your lucky stars, for you have survived, survived to return to your week-day slave driver and your weekend gods.

Anonymous.

THE 1972/73 TRANS-OLIVINE CIRCUS EXPEDITION

(1974 Revised version)

Ross Davies for John Corcoran, Julia Davies, Mike Doig, Russell George, Rua Mercier, Dave Pickard, John Silvester and Dick Pettinger, Helen McKellar and Jenny Markby.

This is how I remember it and not a route guide, expedition book or anything.

Summary (! indicates night spent): Routeburn Lodge—Sugarloaf Pass!—Rockburn!—Park Pass—Hidden Falls Creek!—Cow Saddle—Olivine River—Olivine Flats!—Forgotten River Flats! Forgotten Bivvy!!—Olivine Ice Plateau—Forgotten Bivvy! Olivine Ice Plateau Snow Cave!!!!!! (Climbs by some of Little Ark, Gyrae, Gable, Paschendale and Blockade)—Destiny—Joe River!—Further down Joe!—Williamson's Flat! Above Williamson's Flat!—Mystery Col—Snow White Glacier—above Williamson's Flat!!—Mystery Col—Snow White—Whitbourne Saddle/Glacier/Valley/Flats! (Dart—Snowy Creek—Rees—25 Mile Hut—Out; or Dart—Dredge Hut! Chinaman's Bluff—Out, 14th January.)

More by good luck than by good management, the 11 of us got to Glenorchy on Friday, 22nd December, with everything we might possibly need for three weeks in the hills with the exception of a mere 84 gallons of food littering two isolated air strips.

Waking to rain on Sugar Loaf Pass, 11 under the fly, a mass of bodies, streams of water, wet sleeping bags, wet gear, try to keep warm and sleep.

Christmas in tents in the Routeburn, chocolate santas, wine, cake, balloons, surrounded by a huge puddle of water, almost dry on an island, reading "Truth" and paperbacks, cards, sleeping.

Stagger out into Olivine Flats into middle of a Christchurch mob finishing tea, stuffed after two days but at least we're getting somewhere, sleep under the fly by a deep, green pool in the Forgotten River. The weather is better. Somewhere back up the Olivine River snores Dick, Helen and Jenny who lack our urgency as they propose retracing their steps eventually.

The next morning was a rest morning, an easy wander to our first air-dump on Forgotten Flats and eating a huge feed surrounded by piles of food. A Hutt Valley mob arrives and it was "8 o'clock and all's well". The other three arrived that evening and parked just around the corner out of sight. No wonder. They had twice as much food.

Thirty-six hours later the Hutt Valley's "8 o'clock and all's well" woke us from our warm sleeping bags in the large, dry Forgotten Bivvy. The previous day we had double-packed up, chasing our tail and gotten bitchy. A Waikato mob was camped within sight because they couldn't find the bivvy so we were lucky. Now it was 8 a.m. and raining very hard. They went off to their food on the ice plateau, we turned over and went to sleep.

Early start, cook breakfast, weather doubtful, eat, grunt, "too early/dark/much cloud/bad", lazy sods. Already packed food up to plateau and we have to get a cave dug sometime. Gets lighter, grunt, seven stay in sack, us heroes depart, weather hmmm, relief stop, feel better, gets darker, starts gently snowing, oh good grief! Grunt on, look up, blue sky, Tutoko southwards, Intervention above, cloud swinging sou'-west "everything works". John and Mike arrive and Russell yodels below and we laugh at everyone asleep in bivvies and valleys. Later I got bitchy at the others for sunbathing and even found fault in their method of digging, unappreciative of our luck in merely being on the plateau when so many were retreating disappointed down damp valleys. On this day there were 21 OTMC folk either in snow caves or digging them and that night there were 28 in residence on the plateau. Some wilderness area! The pretty Pettinger party went off climbing before returning to the bivvy.

Another sack day, oblivious to storm outside, eat/sleep/read/write talk/eat/visit other caves/sleep/eat. Someone says it's clear. Pull on gears and stagger out into a perfect evening, climb ridge behind cave, sun-setting, orange-topped clouds fill the valleys, Aspiring pink. Climb higher, sun behind Tutoko, orange, finally is gone.

In worsening weather we climb Destiny, a brief moment on top without even removing our packs, a final view of the plateau, memories of climbs, storms, secure in our cave, lazy hours on the warm rocks, sunsets, petty times, things worth remembering. Russell and John Silvester had ventured a long way north one day, but otherwise we hadn't strayed far from our cave. The frivolous three had reappeared to bag the highest plateau peak and then returned to their Forgotten River food shop, the swine. In leisurely fashion they returned to Glenorchy via the Olivine River, and the Routeburn, bagging Mt Erebus and generally having a good time. Sounds idyllic, no? But for us on top of Destiny, the way was down, enveloped in cloud, faithfully (unwittingly) following footprints, always down, glissading (in crampons!) into the sun, off the snow, look down the ridge. "It's a milkrun," nuts to Solution Col and slots, an easy ridge to the river, "it's a milkrun".

Forget yesterday's hostile jungle. Remember today, warm sun, grassy flats, beautiful bush, a morning walk, wide open flats, 28 gallons more food, a swim and wash, John's scones, a beer, 97,000 blowflies, an evening stroll over the flats, sun setting beyond the Olivine peaks.

Scrambling the last few feet into the ledges above Mystery Col, Russell yodelling around the corner, a perfect day, almost a frost, and then a sight worth waiting for in the rain. Aspiring, so near it seemed we were on the same level with it, spectacularly beautiful. Below us the Snow White Glacier, above us Whitbourne Saddle from which we had retreated two days before in a nor'-wester, wet, cold, and disheartened. Now a nasty grunt to the saddle, a further climb above a few slots and then down, down to a rock island for lunch, a glissade down to the glacier, down to the moraine, everything behind us, at least on our way home. John Silvester twisted his ankle on the glacier and then we met four people with a message for Rua, making a jumbled ending to a long, long day.

The morning was clear and cold, the sun high up in the mountains towering above the Whitbourne. Russell, Mike and Dave left with Rua about 6 a.m. to try and get out in one long day, which they did, via the Rees. The rest of us were to go down the Dart. Packing up on such a perfect day after half the party had departed was an incredible anti-climax. It had taken a bit of a crisis to unite us and after 22 days with them, their absence was felt. In fact, as it turned out, that morning was probably the last time the eight of us would ever be together again. The day down the Dart was hot, beautiful and the worst day's tramping I can remember. Crossing Cattle Flat we all collapsed for lunch and fell asleep for some time. By evening we were nearly out on our feet and even Dredge Hut was a welcome sight.

Things I learned:

1. Eight is a far from ideal party number on account of being divisible too many ways. Circumstances kept making us into two parties of four. Four, apart from other considerations, seems a good number psychologically which might be stretched to six. A party of eight becomes ridiculously spread out in a place like the Joe Valley.
2. Given the conditions we had, anybody could do this trip.
3. A 23-day trip with seven others is a test of human nature (which I failed).
4. Even the Dart can be beautiful.
5. The Mason suggestion of a packing route over Destiny was a good one. The milkrun nature of the traverse of Destiny makes the Solution Col route seem like drunken meanderings. Unlike six others, we continued down the ridge due to ignorance of Moir. We didn't encounter any hardship worth remembering and hit the Joe River at a small flat upstream of Paschendale Stream due to bearing right down the ridge. The ugly nature

of the Joe prompted the discovery of a natural bridge about five minutes upstream from these flats. Time from snow cave to the river was about seven hours (for us).

6. A beef curry is a beef curry is a beef curry.

A Point to Ponder (1974):

The Olivine Ice Plateau is the last isolated, undeveloped tramping-alpine playground left down this end of the alps. The area is threatened by road to the north, west and south. However, from my observations during this trip the greatest danger to its wilderness status is from within. Two trampers flew into the Forgotten Flats airstrip. All O.T.M.C. parties and most of the others we encountered had food flown in to the Forgotten Flats. This was repeated at Williamsons Flat. This food included wine, beer and assorted spirits. Christmas cakes and puddings, and all kinds of tinned luxuries. All this was contained in dozens of four gallon kerosene tins most of which were abandoned on the Ice Plateau. The Hutt Valley lot had their food parachuted onto the ice plateau.

All this instant food means much greater mobility. Not to mention hordes of people. We countered up more than 50 people at one time in the Forgotten River and on the Ice Plateau. Sure it's better than the Routeburn but the Routeburn has grots. A Southland mob later in the season found our mess rather revolting and dug an ice cave under Intervention, some distance away.

So civilisation has reached the Olivine Ice Plateau. What can we do? It would be hypocritical for one who has indulged in "Marque Vue '72" beside the Forgotten River to suggest flying-in of food should at least be limited (if not banned) but I wish some non-hypocrite would say it. There are some wilderness areas in the U.S.A. which you cannot even fly over, let alone parachute food into. Also, it is about time we started pushing for some proper Wilderness Area regulations. It is all very noble trying to save the Red Hills from Foreign Capitalist Exploiting Bulldozers but how about trying to save the Olivine area from ourselves?

Ross Davies.

ABSOLUTELY APPLES—(or THE TAKITIMU TERRORS)

Before I begin, let me just remind you that this was a trip with a difference. Both in that most of the tramping was done after dark (it seems), and also in that it was still a really neat trip. So, gentle reader, read on:

* * *

At about 4,800 feet on a Takitimu ridge, with the Queen's Birthday darkness plunging around our ears, a strong, cold wind, a bottomless snow-gut ahead leading down into completely new country (for us anyway), is not the ideal time perhaps to teach two newcomers about ice-axe handling on snow. But, and you'll believe this, the two learnt very quickly, and were thus saved from a comfortless descent.

How the hell did we get in this unfortunate position? you ask. Well it was easy. It was so easy, we followed it with another ridiculous situation the next morning.

Bad leadership it was, or something. Gad, days are short at Queen's Birthday, good old Liz probably likes to turn in early after a day of festivities.

At the very crack of dawn precisely, on that fine Tower Peak Station morning, the OTMC slumbered on. Later still, they slumbered on. Then someone sat up and (probably) said: "Jesus it gets dark in eight hours. Better get breakfast going and make camp for the night." However, nobody



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did say that, because they'd have been kicked in the teeth for not being funny. Unhindered this time by a huge mob of lost Bushcraft Course INSTRUCTORS, we made a bee line for Whare Creek Bivvy. All 18 or so arrived roughly together. Here we split up, and the seven new T.T.'s grunted up this insane ridge behind the bivvy, along with the equally-insane "guide" who had "sort of been here before" . . .

It was hot work, since the ridge faced the hot afternoon sun on that Saturday, and was, in reality, nothing but a big scree slag heap above the bush and scrub.

Reaching the top we met an icy blast of blasted icy wind and leant on our axes. (Ah, heroes they were!) It was here that we found a great deal of snow, below on the slopes facing the east. We put on our warm clothes and all that sort of carry-on and watched the sun setting. Dick the Brasier started to look for a way down through the tussock and scree which was liberally plastered with millions of potential cold feet. We were not too worried, as naturally the sky was clear, and a near full moon assured us of sufficient light for the task ahead. A quick check with the map and we were on our—"Christ! Hey, wait a minute . . . Umm, I hate to say this, BUT, that there's the—ah—wrong valley . . . That's the Spence. The south branch of the Aparima is over there," I said, waving in a northerly manner. ("Now, Little Richard, your memory is not ALL it could be, is it? Geography is more important than geology when the comfort of six of your friends is at stake.") Feeling small, and still waving a two-inch arm to the north, I followed Dick. The only route onto the saddle into the South Aparima, lay just about over the top of the peak away up there. (It was a peak by Takitimu standards; so it wasn't all that bad—only about 5,000 feet probably, with no name.)

So we climbed up, and around, watching the light fade in the west. "Sod this for a lark," she said, "I'm going home." And so she was, in a way, from that moment on. "See the car lights down there in Invercargill," we said as we stood at the top of the Aparima, being beaten to death by the wind. Well maybe not exactly Invercargill—but from where we were, the view was terrific; standing not on a saddle, but at the top of the snow gut on the side of this peak. It was a long time since we ate lunch at the bivvy, and an even longer time since Christmas. Once out of the wind in this gut, with Dick B. giving instructions to Brian, and Marg giving instructions to Nigel, and the rest of us just giving instructions to each other, and one idiot "singing" insanely as he R-saded in the powder, things did not seem so unfunny then.

So that's how it all happened. But, how did we get out of there?

A tired sevensome took many hours from this point to where we eventually collapsed at the bushline. We were tired and hungry, in that order, but fell asleep after consuming little except some of Nigel's scroggin and one of Helen's custard and apricot brews. It now being after tea, and we had tramped for some 11 hours, following a late night before, we hit the pit thankfully.

Reaching the Forks next day, we lost our party leader, picked up some food left for us in the bivvy by another Takitimu Terror, and set off down the Aparima track as if we were fit, or something. Wendy, poor soul, bemoaned the loss of the husband, but Nigel comforted her: "There, there, Wendy, there's plenty more fish in the sea."

"That's right, Wenno—so my mum keeps saying. (Accursed ignorance.) But don't worry. I think I told him where we were heading. SHE would almost certainly be apples." (ALL things must PASS . . .) After lunch we met our now-hungry president, by some big peaty flats. (Y'see, it'll ALL come out in the wash.)

Soon we arrived at the edge of the wide cattle flats of the Waterloo Burn, and I felt that the Aparima was the most pleasant part of the Takitimu Mountains I had seen. Visit the place, everybody.

Darkness fell again that night, as it often does in those remote places. Even while it was still light, everything in the Waterloo looked the same, although it was far from boring. The trouble was that the map reading was very intriguing, and we had no idea where the famous luxury of Beckett's Hut was hidden. So began a long trudge and much stream crossing and map-debating.

The very first moment that we began to search for the hut, someone said: "What is that grey thing up in the bush? That could be it."

"No, that looks too tall, unless it's two-storied. I'd say it's further up valley," someone else said.

"Okay. If we follow it, we'll arrive at the hut." Now if we had seen Coal Creek joining Waterloo, we would have been right; but God knows, it probably dried up especially to fool us, as we failed to notice it in the dark. The moon was not as brave this night, there were too many clouds up there to hassle . . . but still it did a reasonable job.

After floundering around in the tussock for an hour and a-half, we found ourselves back near the two-storied, grey blob in the bush. Still slightly convinced, and spurred on by his preference for a night in a warm Takitimu hut, the hairy legs ran off and found a hut in his torchlight—not grey, but green; and one-storied with "Beckett's Hut NZFS" upon the locked door. A frantic search for the key—John von Tunzelman of the Te Anau forestry had told us where it was hidden—and we were inside. Ah, luxury! A comfy night, a few cool beers, a hearty Takitimu tea (imitation chicken) and next morning we felt miles better.

Frost during the Takitimu night made the tall, Takitimu tussocks very unpleasant next morning, as we waded Takitimu northwards, looking for the track over the pass into the Bogburn. Even though the sun was shining it was a relief to get into the dry bush and onto the highway.

Social/political discussions later, we found ourselves happily running down the Bogburn Track following the wild Brasier steaming steam engine. And after some insane Pettinger "singing" noises, we collapsed in the sun at the mighty, palatial Princhester Hut. No time for any lunch, or we'd have been late for the bus . . . Thank to Dick B. for running and holding it for the rest of us.

We are a relaxed bunch on the bus, as we went to pick up the Whare Creek and Borland/Green Lake people. Nobody had as good a trip as we had—so thought, or hoped, Dick Brasier, Wendy Brasier, Helen McKellar, Margaret Sandercock, Brian Craig and Nigel and I, the addicted.

Dick Pettinger.

P.S.: A damn good trip to do in summer. Night tramping is good for the soul.

1984 IS NOW

A few months back, me and me chick were runnin' round at Jerusalem, just groovin' in the real cool scene there, when some cat brings tidings of Ruapehu freaking out in a big way—like that mountain was really tripping its lid, man.

So me and the doll hitched up to see the action. Couldn't find any hospitality, so we jes lifted some nails outa the door of wunna them pluocratic ski lodges and made it our pad—real gas place too.

Well we tripped on up the hill one morning looking for some kicks and we were about halfway up when this flamin' great wad of steam and stuff comes chunderin' outa the top man, like a thousand acid freaks all blowin' their minds in one go.

Well it kinda drifted up into the void real weird like, and silent and then we get hit by this fall-out of hail and ash.

But we wandered on up to the crater anyhow, figurin' as it was no more dangerous than doin' the ton on a sicle, and that old lake looked peaceful enough, 'sthoough it were dreamin' after its recent high. So we skipped about real happy writin' "LOVE" in the ash-covered snow, an' wavin' at some cat overhead in this chopper. It was a real' gas scene, all that ash an steam, an holes in the snow where hot rocks had landed, an' wavin' to that friendly guy who kept circling above us.

Then this chopper lands like some kinda hallucination an' this mean lookin' straight cat comes flustering over an screeches:

"Are you two outa your minds?"

"Hey, no man. WE're cold sober."

"Look that crater could erupt any second and you'd get . . ."

Now this wasn't 1984 man it was then and now. Like it seems a guy an his chick can't climb mountains no more without some power-mad, thrill-killing park ranger playing BIG BROTHER.

At least we weren't muckin' up the atmosphere with chopper fumes.

Bruce Lusher (CUTC)

Reprinted from the 1971 magazine of the CUTC.
Many grateful thanks for the permission.

AIMLESS WANDERINGS

Rhys Buckingham, John Cocks and Dave Craw met in Te Anau at the beginning of a "Buckingham" epic. Unfortunately (or perhaps fortunately) the float-planes were all booked out, so we were left with 14 days' food and nowhere to go.

A snap decision was made: Dusky Sound—from West Arm, Manapouri. The first boat to West Arm was caught, and after posing with our packs for tourist photos, we headed up the Spey with heavy packs (the aborted trip had involved air-dropping goodies), to finally camp under Centre Pass.

The tops looked good, so the decision was made to go for a walk around the tops for a few days. A food dump was made on the Pass next morning, and we then headed towards McKenzie Pass. This involved an ascent of Mt Bain, and a great deal of upping and downing before McKenzie Pass was reached for lunch. That afternoon more wanderings led us to the divide between the Seaforth (to Dusky Sound) and the Lyvia (to Doubtful Sound). We chose (after some discussion) the Seaforth side, and dropped past a lake into a Seaforth tributary to camp.

Strong winds, rain and fog prevented movement next day, but on the following day the weather improved enough to head onto the tops again. All our navigation was being done on the Fiordland National Parks Map (due to the unprepared departure), and this showed the Kenneth Burn as having a large catchment "unconnected" to the main stream. The Invercargill sheet (1"=4 miles) was made from the "Park" map, and shows these sections joined. We thought we could wander along the Dingwall Range to the head of this and drop into the Kenneth Burn and thence to the Seaforth. Unfortunately this was not so; the "unconnected" catchment actually flows into Doubtful Sound. Thus, later that day we found ourselves peering through mist 3,000 feet straight down to a tributary of Doubtful Sound. Retracing our steps, then heading *east* along the Dingwalls, we eventually reached the "real" Kenneth Burn to camp that night.

The following day was set aside for peak-bagging in the Braan Range, but this was stopped on the top of Mt Nantes, as a strong wind and mist made life unpleasant. Camp was broken on our return, and we headed down the Kenneth Burn. Some grassy river flats appealed, so an early halt was called and a very pleasant night spent there.

Food was now getting low and the weather deteriorating; thus the exit down the Kenneth Burn was fairly rapid next morning. On reaching the track up the Seaforth, this was followed up past Gair Loch, where we pitched the tent and ran up to Centre Pass to get the dumped food. Heavy rain, night and morning, made for a damp trip down the Seaforth to Loch Maree, but the hut provided good refuge from the storm. A rest day was declared in which the two keen, young trampers trotted down to Supper Cove and back, while Rhys cleaned the hut windows.

A pleasant walk up to Lake Roe occupied the following morning and after a large lunch, we set off up the Deadwood above bushline, crossing the saddle at the head, then dropping to bushline to camp on the Kintail side at dusk.

A short, steep drop in the morning brought us to the Kintail Flats, and after a short wander through the bush, the Kintail junction was reached. We headed up the other branch to Pillans Pass where, on debating the merits of the rather evil-looking "traditional" route, and another, more direct possibility, we chose the more radical approach. After sidling through some bluffs, a leading ridge was gained, which led through fairly scungey bush down to the upper flats of the Spey.

Since there was not a great deal to do there, we made our way that evening and next morning down to West Arm and thence home again. Thus ended an extremely enjoyable trip, with no definite objectives or time-table; just aimless wanderings.

D. Craw.



A TRAMPER'S MESSAGE

*When you left the frantic city,
To tramp among the hills,
You set yourself a task
To make use of hidden skills.
For there are no posts to guide you,
No voice to tell the time,
And no one gives you shelter
When darkness stops your climb.*

*These tasks are all essentials
But others stand behind.
Although your scope's unlimited
There's other things to mind:
These hills are not your property,
So leave gates the way they are,
And don't destroy the landscape
From neglect or from your fire.*

*Reflect on what you've seen
With gratitude and care;
As others who will follow
Take note, and do their share.*

G. S. Crossan

"A Man of the Land"

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NATIONAL ICE CHAMPIONSHIPS

Dear Sir,

It is my duty to inform the citizens of this country of the results of the National Ice Championships held in conjunction with winter in one of the more remote of the outdoor rinks—please ignore any rumblings that may emanate from Auckland as to the validity of our competition.

On Sunday, 7 July, athletes (4 of) from as far north as Wanganui joined southerners from Dunedin and Hokitika at a frozen tarn on top of the Little Wanganui Saddle and prepared to compete.

Ice walking events had to be rapidly curtailed for two reasons—a minute two-foot safety margin and the second being the action of gravity on various forms ranging from 9½-13 stone.

Hence the lesser known sport of ice curling was indulged in—the honours tending to the Canterbury entrant for the fastest time in the 100-foot curl.

Accuracy curling events were won by the Wanganui entrance with a magnificent display of precision-shattering on impact with target rock.

Unfortunately unpleasant conditions prevailed for any passing spectators (of which none were noted) and competitors were forced to forego the remaining events.

A required ascent put paid to any further competition that night—but the spirit of competition was regained at the "Beef Curry Regurgitation Society" dinner that evening.

Competition to be held later in the week by three other competitors was forced to be postponed due to an unseasonal thaw.

Yours sincerely,

C. Sutcliffe.

THE OMTC MARATHON CHRISTMAS TRIP—1974-75

The starting pistol was fired by the club captain at Hell's Gates in the West Matukituki at 5.00 a.m. on the Saturday. The 14 starters were then on their way to the first rest stop, Aspiring Hut, where timekeepers allowed a mouthful of hot soup and a 20-second rest. As it was a hot day, the soup was used not as food it seemed, as the first seven in spilt most of it down their manly chests and legs, to wash away the sweat. Peas in boots did prove slightly uncomfortable later in the day, however. By this time, the starter had been back home in bed for 72.3 seconds.

What a day for the Irish! And Women's Liberation! Yes you are right, the first six reaching Dart Hut from Aspiring included none other than hot favourites, "Paddy" Mary Bloggs, Jean "Paddy" O'Riley, Murphy O'Flanagan (Mrs) and Paddy "Fred" Docherty (Miss). The club was certainly doing well as far as female membership goes; at least before this marathon was held. After a measured 30-second rest here for lunch, the contestants were set off for an easy afternoon's stroll over to Twenty Five Mile Hut, where the night was spent. Timekeepers, as in previous years, kept up with the marathon by using helicopters, the expense being covered by a small fraction of the club's 50-year accumulation of "profit on trips". A three-hour sleep was allowed, and at various stages after 10 p.m., depending on their time of arrival, the twelve remaining competitors shouldered their now-heavier packs, for the next stage of the trip. The two others having been disqualified for their refusal to pay lunch time stop over hut fees to the Park Board for Dart Hut. And of course, as the rules of the marathon stipulate, their pack loads were then distributed evenly over the remaining

entrants. (The aim being, oh ignorant reader, that the winner will cross the line with 840 pounds of gear on his/her back, which always impresses the press.)

One entrant, Jeremy Crint, a weak, skinny little fellow, aged seven, dropped dead on the Earnslaw Burn Section that day, having made a magnificent effort to cross Lennox Pass with his socks full of rhubarb and egg-custard. A big hand here then, for young Jerry. No big loss. In fact, a convenient place for the lad to thus drop out, as his body can be left there to impose an extra obstacle for competitors in next year's marathon. Littered rib-cages have been known to impose a very real threat to the unwary passer-by. So keep a sharp look-out, trampers.

Eleven people were now left in the running, and by mid-day on the Sunday, a quick church service (five seconds) had been given for Jerry, and the Dart had been crossed, most of the 11 going sufficiently fast to keep their feet dry. In fact the Dart River, being slightly above normal in silt content, had set quite hard, giving onlookers the impression that the contestants were indeed going very fast, or perhaps (they conjectured murmuringly), was it the effect of the recent (sincere) church service?? In fact the onlookers counted 12 crossing the Dart; the first being a long-haired, bearded, sandalled fellow with a fishing net and a head band that appeared to be two inches above his head, and a mob of little birds that landed on his shoulders, absolutely ruining his robe, and a donkey that carried his pack for him on a side saddle. "Jesus," the other 11 cried, "that bastard up front's going much too slow. If this race is going to succeed, we'll have to get past him, by Christ." Whereupon the unfortunates immediately sank into 30 feet of water and quick-sand and had to be rescued by the donkey. "That'll teach 'em," chuckled the first, "any more of THAT, and by God, there'll be a song and dance." He later surmised that the whole world has been toeing the line a bit more since insurance companies had invented (as he called them) "Acts of Dad."

All this happened in the Dart near Dan's Paddock and the Rockburn that overcast and exciting day. The next obstacle in the epic tramp was the Rockburn Gorge. The route followed here, was up the very centre of the river, quite a force of water to battle against with one's pack on. Under the 10-foot (Haddon?) bridge a newcomer to the club, Frank Oldstubb, who had recorded the fastest time for getting into his padlocked sleeping bag the previous night, was seen to stagger onto the river bank and was thus disqualified back into 20 feet of turbulent water. A real trier, his pack upon opening at Kinloch was found to contain three hydrogen balloons and 20 cubic feet of sponge rubber, all packed into a matchbox to conserve space. His pack was full of such tricky gadgets as this. The load was immediately flown into Park Pass, where it was of course spread over the remaining 10. The man with the donkey was tempted to watch a play at Theatre Flats, and was straight away turned into a pillar of scroggin. (The problem of salt deficiency causing cramp did not arise on this trip, as contestants were encouraged to lick their armpits. This saved valuable tramping time that would otherwise have been used in washing.)

A three-minute rest stop was allowed at Shangri-la, since it is written that members of this club must at all costs be made to take in the beauties of this little paradise whenever they are in the area. A thunderstorm and thick fog here though, meant that this rest stop had to be abandoned, and the entrants were whipped on to Cow Saddle as darkness approached. The primus lighting marathon section was held, but, due to the driving snow, three of the contestants were disqualified for having cold fingers, two were burnt to death, and the remaining five were allowed to continue to the Alabaster Flats for supper and a sleep stop. The marathon's tent erection section was then held, and "Paddy" Mary Bloggs unfortunately hung herself while attempting to secure a guy rope to a high branch.

Something to look back on!

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Four very pretty, little tents and seven timekeepers' helicopters made a cheerful sight in the steady downpour at Alabaster Flats that night, but the sight only lasted the allowed three hours' sleeping time. The Chief Timekeeper, retired Sergeant H. Crint, ordered an extra three crates of Chartreuse '54 to restock the officers' dwindling supplies in the "Pre-Fab Ezy-Move" bar marquee. The winning entrants in the marathon, of course, had a whole four and a-half of draught beer waiting for them at the finishing line. In fact it had been waiting there since the previous year's contest, when no one had finished in any condition fit enough for such celebrations. The West Matukituki doesn't get too much sun, so it probably wouldn't be too warm. Everyone knows warm draught beer is no use to anyone, except the Mt John Rugby Club.

Incidentally, speaking of Sgt Crint, when asked how he felt about his son's death, he said: "Oh, damn good show, this. Nothing like it. The best life for a growing lad. Makes men. Made a damn good man out of my . . . out of . . . Of course, the weakness was on his mother's side. God rest her soul too . . ."

After the heavy rain, two competitors were disqualified in the swollen Olivine River as they attempted to grab hold of one another before they were swept away into the Olivine Gorge. The remaining two did NOT attempt to use mutual support, and miraculously survived the trip down the gorge, although they claimed they had lost a lot of the air from their lungs by the time they had hit the bottom of the Olivine Falls.

As their detour was not part of the planned route, these two were then forced to return to the Olivine Flats, where the timekeepers resumed their stop-watches. Badly behind time, but neck and neck in the contest, the two remaining were then observed to dig their lunch-stop snow caves under Blockade at lightning speeds. As a storm was brewing, the two were then made to dig caves for the timekeepers and observers, and to build igloo hangars for the helicopters, as punishment for taking their detour that morning. There is nothing in the rules (as you all know) to disqualify people for taking long-cuts on any club trip.

As planned, the storm only lasted for the duration of their lunch stop (22 seconds) and the traverse of Destiny was carried out in searing sunlight and a skirl of snow. The Joe was covered that afternoon, the champion pair keeping together by not following the route in Moir's, and other tramping parties in the area reported no sign of either the pair or the helicopters. At Williamson's Flat the third night of the trip was spent, and after the toughest day of the trip, they still showed no signs of tiring. The usual tent erecting was held, with the pair still neck and neck. Next morning the two, each with 325lb of gear in their mules, slipped without fuss to Arawata Saddle, where it seemed nothing could separate the two. The timekeepers allowed the two a two-hour lunch stop at Aspiring Hut, so that the Press and TV would have time to get to the finishing line from the Wanaka pub, where they were staying at the expense of the club's transport fund. The two hours were spent wisely by the pair, sleeping. However, as the Girl Guide biscuit-sellers of Ocean View were using the hut at the time, completely monopolising one bunk room, they were forced to use the other, which was full of hairy trampers, with the result that the one female remaining contestant lost a lot of valuable sleep, answering cat-calls from the inhabitants. This gave the male a celibate advantage over the final lap to Hell's Gates where he slipped over the line at 2:09:53 p.m., beating Paddy "Fred" Docherty (Miss) by a boot. A bad day for the Irish.

As on every occasion, the winner's name was not mentioned, and face blacked out in all news coverage photography. This is to discourage egocentric trampers from participating. As usual, the winner was allowed to attend the previous bushcraft course free of charge; a small but very worthwhile prize.

Those contestants who were disqualified, but remained alive, were awarded positions on the new OTMC Committee, and those dead but not disqualified, were awarded life membership of the club, all such prizes to be confirmed at the following AGM.

In summing up, an interesting difference in this year's marathon from all other years' was that the women contestants did not seem to be distracted by the enforced double bunking on the one hut-night at Twenty Five Mile. In fact, this year unlike others, they seemed to benefit from sleeping beside dirty rats (and mice).

Another epic over, the plans for next year's marathon are going ahead in conjunction with Trolls and Molls Helicopters Ltd., and if you can lend a hand, please phone Paddy at 5439872 (after 5 p.m.).

Mrs Paddy and Eddy.

THE LIVINGSTONE FAULT EPIC

There is, in Western Otago, a major geological feature called the Livingstone Fault. It stretches in an almost straight line north-south from Jackson's Bay to the Mavora Lakes. From there it continues, mostly covered by river gravels, bending east to Balclutha. The western side of the fault is characterised by a belt of red rocks, the most notable zone of these is the Red Mountain area of North-west Otago. Where the fault crosses a ridge, it forms a prominent pass, and this fact makes the fault into a good tramping trip.

"You're mad," everyone said. And they were. But still, three jokers and a wench boarded the paper bus at 2.15 a.m. one May morning. Twelve long hours later, they emerged at Haast, and proceeded to hitch-hike towards Jackson's Bay. The road was left at the Arawata Bridge, and they made a little progress up the Jackson before collapsing into the pit in the dark. However, earthquake and mosquitoes prevented the much-needed deep sleep.

Onward again in the morning; up the Jackson, over Martyr Saddle and down into the Cascade for lunch. The Cascade was low, so good progress was made, crossing several times. A very pleasant camp was set up on a sandy beach. The next day was filled with crossings and recrossings of the river up to a gorge, where progress slowed. Darwood's Falls at the top of the gorge was the last problem, just on dark. While two jokers reached the flats above, one joker and the wench spent the night out (resulting in wet pits) 200 yards short of the flats.

After a later start next morning, the river was followed for a short distance, then veges were bashed up to the boulders of Red Mountain which was skirted above bushline to Simonin Pass and the Simonin Stream. The welcome refuge of Simonin Bivvy was reached just after dark, for a rather chilly night.

More veges were bashed out of the Simonin into the Pyke, and then even more for the climb out onto the open going of the Little Red Hills. Stag Pass produced good views of the Darrans as the crew crossed into the Barrier for the night.

An early start and a good blazed track made the trip over Beresford Pass into the Diorite very pleasant, then after lunch Four Brothers Pass felt the heavy tramp of boots as the mob raced to Olivine Flats where a superb campsite ensured a very comfortable night.

Since the rivers were very low, the trip up the gorge towards Alabaster Flats was done in the river bed. The going became rugged just before the flats and a very frustrating hour was spent in slippery boulders.

Contrary to the vividly-told tales of terror from the Olivines' veteran before the trip—Cow Saddle proved to be an extremely beautiful place, and the crossing into Hidden Falls was most enjoyable. This river had largely dried up, so good going was again found down the river. This being the sixth consecutive day of boulder-hopping the novelty of this was now beginning to wear off, and feet were very grateful when a camp site below Park Pass was chosen.

Park Pass was quickly reached in the morning and then followed the climb to Lake Nerine for lunch in delightful surroundings. More boulder-hopping in the afternoon brought the quartet through North Col and down the North Routeburn to another pleasant camp site on grassy flats.

Rain next day meant a slow start, and a short walk down to the track and up to Routeburn Falls hut, where the rest of the day was spent festering in comfort. However, the loopy-type occupants of the hut made the team very eager to leave the following day for Howden. Lethargy lurks everywhere, and the gang was attacked at McKenzie Hut, where scones were made and eaten for some considerable time. They fought their way out of the hut in the afternoon and proceeded variously to Howden. That night the heavens opened, and much rain and snow dropped, but a rapid clearance towards morning produced a frost and a fine day. A cold walk down to the south end of Lake McKellar soon progressed to a warming climb out above bushline to the now snow-covered saddle into Cascade Creek. The snow made walking rather tiring down into the Cascade basin then out over the low saddle into the East Eglinton. Camp that night was in a cold spot on the upper flats of the E. Eglinton still above snowline.

A faux pas by the maniacal route-finders resulted in an unnecessary trip to bushline and back next morning, but eventually a feasible route was found to the ridges, and then to the high pass into the Windon Burn. An easy descent and romp along snow-covered tussock flats brought the party to the Forks Hut for the night. That hut must be the original "Cold Hole". Socks froze in front of the fire, boots froze anywhere, and ice had to be chipped from billies to reach the water inside.

Down the Windon Burn to the Mavora Lakes next day was a very cold trip. Thirty yards past the Mavora River crossing, boot-laces were freezing again. Feet were getting very sore on the road when a winning smile from the wench resulted in a ride to the main road. The rest of the Livingstone Fault was observed the following day from the window of the bus.

Were they mad? Yes.

Did they enjoy themselves? Yes.

Will they do it again? NO!!!

Party:—J. Williams, R. Mercier, O. Cambridge, D. Craw.

Dave Craw.



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*Wisp snow mist blows off the peak,
and sun creeps over the snow so steep.
The cliffs in shadow tower above,
ice-cold—wet: my first love.
Tho' unfriendly, blue and hard,
I wish this were in my back yard.*

*A tussock weeps its bead with snow,
crystals crack, where in light they glow.
Fragments tinkle, crack, and run,
abh! there's nothing like morning sun.
Cool and dark, the bigland tarn,
a drink from here does me no harm.*

*Feeding peat moss with clean, fresh dew,
orchids, and gentians, are quite a few.
Sparkling dewdrops catch the sun,
if only I! . . . could capture one.
Snowberries in rows so neat,
cool and fresh, it's good to eat.*

*Dawn chorus of silver bell so clear,
its vibrates this damp and frosty air,
Bell birds ring their joyous song,
meek am I amongst their throng.
Wing above a skylark shrill
could I emulate such genteel skill.*

*Masters of the air, the fantails call,
they gobble sandflies, although so small.
This art of his is quite unique
whiskers like mine, on his cheek.
While gecko with his face so sad,
eyes me and sandflies, in my sleeping bag.*

*A ray of sun cuts the air,
mist swirls in the trees without a care.
Drips they form and then dispose,
I caught one, upon my nose.
Serenity broken by a hearty crunch,
From distant comes a likely bunch.*

*By track and foot they now come,
blotched by shadow and ray of sun.
Enthralled they stop. A bite to eat,
some complain: I've got cold feet.
Stacking packs, and rubbish too,
I find nothing left . . . but this great view.*

Allan A. Fredric.

SELECTION AND CARE OF BOOTS

Almost every seasoned trampler has his (or her:—gesture to women's liberationists) ideas about tramping boots. In most cases these ideas result from personal trial and error after having experimented with various types and brands of footwear. I will admit that this is one way of developing an awareness of the desirable qualities one should look for in these most important accessories of the trampler's gear.

Preliminary consideration, however, of a number of factors prior to buying new boots may save not only blistered feet but a considerable amount of lolly. Boots suitable for tramping may be obtained in N.Z. from any one of several manufacturers. Each one may consider his products the ideal one for your intended purpose, and he doesn't hesitate to tell you. However, the first quality you should look for is strength of construction. This should be your first consideration and is the prime requisite of all boots intended to be used for bush and river work. Mountain or climbing boots are not covered by this article but the following points are worthy of consideration in selecting this class of foot gear also.

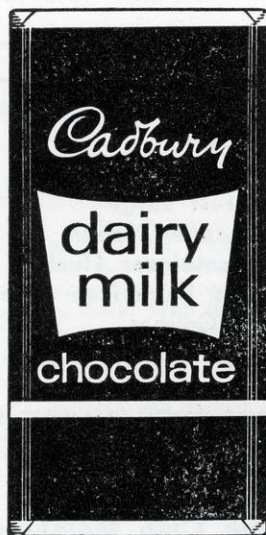
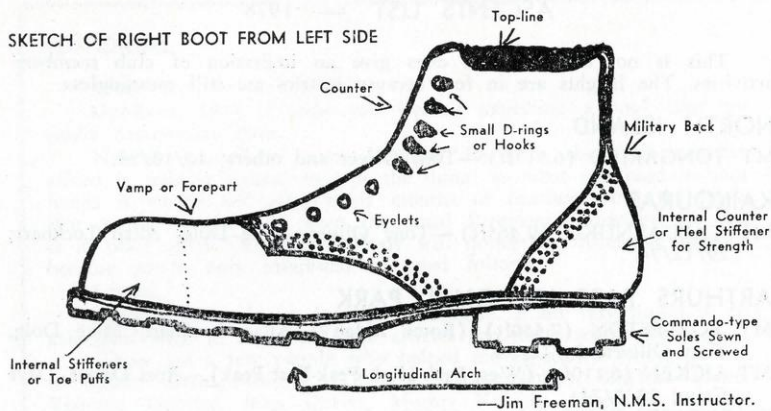
One should then compare several makes of the same type of boot, because individual manufacturers favour a particular last to construct their boots on therefore boots which may at first sight appear the same may have totally different longitudinal arch fittings. Heels should be a snug fit without cramping or binding the ankles. The boots must fit firmly over the instep, but must never be tight at this point, and at least a $\frac{1}{2}$ " clearance between the ends of the toes and the inner toe puff of the boot is essential when your full weight is placed on your feet, and you are wearing two pairs of woollen socks. The backs of the boots should be high enough to protect and support ankles but never so high as to bind the muscle of the lower leg. Military-type backs are desirable because straight sewn backs sometimes collapse at the stiffeners. The forepart or vamp of the boot should be in one piece and secured to the counter by at least three rows of linen thread stitching and preferably rivetted also. Probably the best leather for the boot upper is Wadec which absorbs oil or dubbin dressing very well and will remain soft and flexible in use. Soles of sewn and screwed Enzide commando-type rubber can be recommended with confidence. Tricounis in waists or foreparts of boots is a matter for personal choice and although not essential, is handy for beech forest tramping and river crossings.

A padded top-line is useful for keeping small stones and silt out of the boots and padded tongues make for comfort provided one does not have a slender foot in which case the tongue often acts as a fulcrum with resultant abrasion at toe and heel. Heavy weight eyelets or light grommets are effective when lacing the boots on the foot. D-rings are convenient but are not always positioned for firmest lacing. Hooks are acceptable only if in the event of one breaking, the lace can be passed through the hole. Nylon venetian blind cord makes an excellent lace. Leather laces are not sufficiently strong. As leather is not in itself a waterproof material it pays dividends to work neatsfoot oil, castor oil or dubbin well into the uppers.

The top-line of the boot where it covers the ankles can be made very flexible by working neatsfoot oil into the inside or flesh side of the leather and rubbing well in with the fingers. Before storing boots away after a trip, wash all mud from them and pack with newspaper, never dry boots out with direct heat. This will ruin the leather. If on a trip, do not bother to dry boots out. Wet boots are much more flexible and comfortable. If carrying gym shoes for hut use, or gym boots for supplementary footwear, in events of accidents, or loss of tramping boots, do not force-dry if wet, by artificial heat, or the footwear will shrink.

Jim Freeman.

SKETCH OF RIGHT BOOT FROM LEFT SIDE



ASCENTS LIST — 1974

This is not complete but does give an indication of club members' activities. The heights are in feet because metrics are still meaningless.

NORTH ISLAND

MT TONGARIRO (6,517ft).—Tony Oliver and others; 12/10/74.

KAIKOURAS

MT TAPUAENUKU (9,465ft).—Tony Oliver, Mike Doig, Allan Lockhart; 29/12/74.

ARTHURS PASS NATIONAL PARK

MT ROLLESTON (7,450ft) (Rome Ridge).—Allan Lockhart, Mike Doig, Tony Olliver; 24/12/74.

MT AICKEN (6,110ft) (West Peak-High Peak-East Peak).—Ross Davies, Dave Craw; 20/7/74.

WARNOCK'S KNOB (almost 4,000ft) (possible first solo winter traverse).—Dave Craw; 28/7/74.

MT COOK NATIONAL PARK

MT ANNETTE (7,351ft).—Bryan Jamieson, John Begg; 2/6/74.

MT OLLIVIER (6,269ft).—John Begg, Bryan Jamieson; 3/6/74.

MT HAIDINGER (10,059ft).—Brian Chalmers, Bob McKerrow; Dec., 1974.

MT HAAST (10,295ft) (East and Middle Peaks).—Brian Chalmers, Bob McKerrow; Dec., 1974.

MT GREY (9,490ft).—Maureen Chalmers, J. McKerrow; Dec., 1974.

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MT ASPIRING NATIONAL PARK

MT BREWSTER (7,950ft) (Lowe Peak).—Allan Lockhart, Russell Smith, Colin McKenzie, Mike Doig, Donald Holliday, Denise Gibbs, Graeme Buchanan, Rod Phillips, John Begg, Bryan Jamieson, Peter Jackson, Bruce Jackson, Ron Findlater (Club Trips); 13/10/74.

DUNCAN'S KNOB (6,050ft).—Logan McGhie, Dick Brasier; 20/10/74.

MT ASPIRING (9,957ft) (South-west Ridge).—Murray Kokich, Bruce Clark; Feb., 1974.

SHARKS TOOTH (6,640ft).—Richard Brasier, Logan McGhie; 5/5/74.

BLACK PEAK (7,566ft).—Ralph Markby, Barbara Markby, Helen Markby, Jenny Markby and Arne Cleland; Dec., 1974.

MT EARNSLAW (9,308ft) (East Peak, South-east Ridge).—Murray Kokich, Bruce Clark; Jan., 1974.

FIORDLAND NATIONAL PARK

MT CROSSCUT (7,600ft) (West Peak).—Murray Kokich, J. Rountree; Mar., 1974.

BARRIER KNOB (6,100ft).—Ross Davies, 2/4/74; John Begg, 20/1/74.

ALL OTHER MOUNTAIN RANGES

SADDLE HILL (1,526ft) (North Mound).—Mike Doig; 1/4/74.

MAJOR TRAMPING TRIPS

Club Christmas Camp, Rees Valley, 50th Anniversary: Most club members. Rees-Kea Basin-Lennox Pass-Rees-Dart-Whitburn and return: Russell George, Jenny Markby, Arne Cleland and Margaret Gilchrist; Dec., 22, 1973-Jan., 11, 1974.

Landsborough-Clarke-Mark's Flat-Murdoch-Otoko-Paringa: Dave Pickard, Ken Mason, Chris Jackson, Bruce Mason, Don Lousley and Michael Nodder. Dunedin-Wanaka Camp Ground and return: Allan Lockhart and Dick Pettinger. Milford-Staircase Creek-Light-Poison River and Bay-Light-Sutherland Sound-Light-Staircase-McKinnon Pass-Dore Pass: Dave Craw, John Begg and Grant McFarlane.

Routeburn (6,000 times): Ross Davies and Rua Mercier.

Europe: Mike Doig, Eleanor Harvey and Ralph Harvey.

Manapouri West Arm-Spey-Seaforth-Supper Cove-Lake Roe-Kintail-Spey-West Arm: Dave Craw, John Cocks and Rhys Buckingham.

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 Guzzwell Kaye 250 Forbury Rd Dun
 49-292
 Haddon Tony
 Hamel John & Gill 42 Ann St Dun
 65-203
 Hamilton John 152 Glenpark Ave Dun
 34-087
 Hanson Alan 36 Galloway St

Hardie Miss P 86 Kaikorai Valley Rd
 Dun 60-270
 Hardisty Dave PO Box 67 35-858 Home
 WTI 634
 Hardy Grahame 9 Leven St Dun 69-118
 Harris Colin 23 Cranston St Dun 45-337
 Harris Stella 23 Cranston St Dun 45-337
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 Hudson Callum 305 Pine Hill Rd Dun
 39-641
 Hunter E W 21 Ravelston St 52-441
 Jackson Bruce 88 Ravenswood Rd 49-236
 Jackson Chris PO Box 858 Dun
 Jackson Geoff 88 Ravenswood Rd 49-236
 Jackson Peter 88 Ravenswood Rd 49-236
 James Nigel 487 South Rd Cav 46-116
 Jamieson Bryan 3 Loudon St Gl 31-708
 Johnston Bruce 27 Marion St Mac Bay
 75-403
 Johnston Neville Lee Creek I RD
 Outram
 Johnston Ngairi 11K RD Kokoamo Oam
 Jones Janet 107 Forfar St Dun 35-394
 Keen Ron & Sara 71 Wilson Rd Bal-
 clutha 1140D
 Kennedy Laurie & Anne Applied Bio-
 chem Div DSIR Priv Bag Palm Nth
 Kenny Paul 6 Grater St Dun 60-299
 Kershaw Tony 12 Tanner Rd Leith Villy
 King Simon 43 Cargill St Dun 75-954
 Kinnamond James 128 Stamford St
 Balclutha 986R
 Knox Dallas & Judy 786 Portobello Rd
 Portobello 889
 Kokich Murray P O Box 756 40-239
 Home 65-293
 Krygsman P Blueskin Rd Mihiwaka PC
 La Hood Mike 80 Manor Pl Dun 70-771
 Larkins Beth 10a City Rd Dun 65-928
 Lawrenson Miss N 29 Arthur St Dun
 76-110
 Laws Bryan & Pauline 39 Cook Rd
 Centennial Park NSW 2021 Aust
 Leek Guido 71 Pacific St 66-022
 Levick Dave 80 Koremata St Gl 31-758
 Lewis Jonathan 31 Whitby St 36-238
 Liggett Kelvin 64B Clyde St 77-722
 Lister Malcolm 10 Hart St Dun 65-840
 Lockhart Allan 26 Elliffe Pl Dun 43-085
 Lodge Richard & Mrs PO Box 38
 Lumsden
 Loughrey Ralph 2 RD Sandymount
 Otago Peninsula
 Mains Clare 410 South Rd 47-358
 Malcolm John P O Box 71017 Rosebank
 Auckland
 Markby Jenny 9 Balmoral St 30-229
 Markby Ralph & Barbara 97 Harrow
 St Dun 37-545
 Markby Geoff 45 Signal Hill Rd Dun
 37-545
 Markham Clare 73 Signal Hill Rd Dun
 39-720
 Marr Peter & Barbara 101 Doon St
 42-062
 Mason Bruce 181 Surrey St Dun 48-048
 Mason Ken & Aileen, 77 Corstorphine
 Rd 49-510
 Mason Peter 181 Surrey St Dun 48-048
 Mercier Rua 12 Strathmore Cres 69-458
 Mess Derek & Ruth 2 Kipling St 44-208
 Millar John 2 Regent St Dun 44-373
 Millar Stewart 18 Castlewood Rd Com-
 pany Bay Dun
 Moffat Winsome 4 Afton Terrace 37-663
 Moore Bruce & Liz Wellington

Moore Mrs P Moore Haven, Skinner
Cres Lake Hawea
Mooyman Peter no fixed abode
Mction Grant 23 Tyne St Dun 60-354
Munro Miss N 29 Arthur St 76-110
Murray Alison 740 Cumberland St
80-803
Murray Jillian 27 Passive Grove Porirua
McArthur David 207 Signal Hill Rd
McDonald Gordon & Marie 5 Ettrick
St Dun 63-101
McDonald Malcolm 181 Shetland St Dun
62-311
McGhie Logan & Sue 173 Melmore Ter
Cromwell
McGregor I D P O Waikanae
McHugh Dot no fixed abode
McIvor Ross 124 Rolla St Dun 39-241
McKellar Helen 34 Claremont St Dun
60-619
McKellar Peter 34 Claremont St Dun
60-619
McKenzie Colin 427 Main South Rd
Brighton BGN 301
Needs Bill 10 Severn St Abbotsford
22-094
Neil Derry 12 Regent Rd Dun 79-715
Nelson Jean 58 Victoria Rd Dun 42-458
Newton Colin 195 Signal Hill Rd 37-605
Nilsson Ron Centre Rd RD 1 Ocean
Grove Dun
O'Callaghan Brian & Jan No 3 RD
Balclutha 1545M
Oliver Tony 30 Scotland Ter GI 32-474
Olsen Lindsay C/- 57 Mayfield Ave
Omler Eugene 50 Moana Cres
Paterson Donald 93d Musselburgh Rise
Dun 45-286
Pearson G A 146 Ilam Rd Chch 4
Pettinger Richard 22 Agnes St Dun
35-352
Pettinger Sid & Jean 22 Agnes St Dun
35-352
Phillip Rod Students' Union Lincoln
College P O Canterbury
Pickard David C/- 5 Allison Cres Dun
69-969
Pike Denise C/- 26 Ellesmere St Rav
Pledger John C/- Holy Cross College
P O Box 4 Mosgiel
Pullar Trevor & Margaret 19 Shandon
Rd Waverley Dun 44-966
Raffills Mike 116 Norfolk St 48-677
Rawlings Rusty & Jeanne 98 Forbury Rd
Richardson Terry C/- Coronation Hosp
Centaurus Rd Cashmere Chch 2
Rodgers M 4 Elmslie Rd Pinehaven
Silverstream Wellington
Roe Cyril 44 Daysm St Naenae Wgtn
Roe Malcolm 62 Priestly Drive Buck-
lands Beach Auckland
Ryrie D 2 Kea St Burnham Camp
Scott Ellen 30 Maybank St Opoho 39-891
Scott Lindsay 11a Highfield Pl Avon-
head Chch 4
Silverster John 43 Godley Rd Green Bay
Auckland 7
Smith Allan C/- 86 Glenpark Ave Dun
Smith Ian 64 Belford St Waverley
44-882
Smith Murray 18 Coleridge St Roslyn
Dun 66-467
Smith Paula 11 Malvern St 88-180
Staynes Francis 5 Henry St 65-083
Stevenson Jonathan 19 Linwood Av
60-607

Still Dave 7 Gilmore St Wakari Dun
65-291
Stubbings D 175 Tanner St Grasmere
Ingl
Sutcliffe Colin Student Union Lincoln
College Canterbury
Tate George 272 Clyde St Balclutha
Taylor Mrs M I Strathearn Wairuna RD
Clinton
Telford Shirley 362 Pine Hill Rd Dun
38-481
Terpstra Judith 37 Glendevon Pl
Waverley 44-372
Thomas Mike 381 Leith St 36-827
Thomson Allan 101 Main Rd Fairfield
Dun 31-524
Thomson Peter 78 Matai Rd Wanaka
Thorne Stuart Mr & Mrs Main Rd
Wanaka
Tilly Horace Mr & Mrs 64 Balmacewen
Rd Dun 60-096
Townsend Robert P O Box 11-073 Man-
ners St P O Wellington
Varcoe Garth Mr & Mrs Soames Island
Quarantine Station Box 38-155 Petone
Vosseler Martha 22 Korimako St St
Leonards 87-373
Walker Brett, 18 Aberfeldy St Caver-
shan 47-536
Whiteford David 451 Leith St 80-707
Whiting Gavin 34 Aotea St Dun 43-339
Wilden Penny 66 Easter Cres Dun
47-394
Wilson Norman 120 London St
Wright Alan 726 Portobello Rd Broad
Bay 29-575
Wright Simon 44 Glendevon Pl Waverley
45-253
Young Brian 27 Lynwood Ave Dun
69-441

LIFE MEMBERS

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

The editor apologises for any mistakes
or omissions in the compilation of this
list.

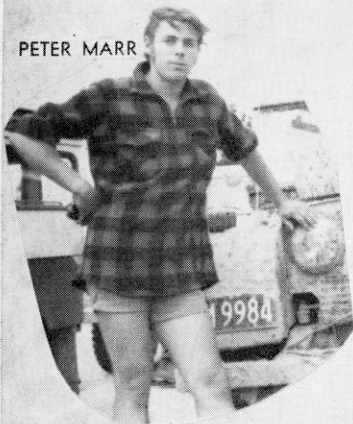
NOTE

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

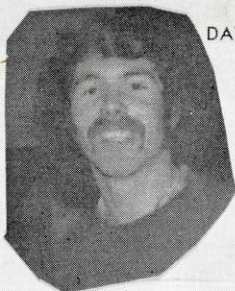
Abbreviations used are as follows:—

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

PETER MARR



DAVE BOND



AILEEN



COMMITTEE POSITIONS 1973-74

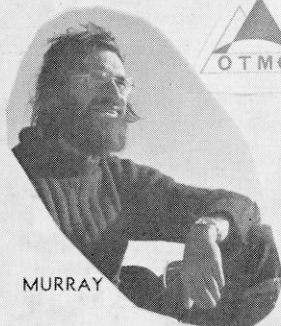
RICHARD BRASIER



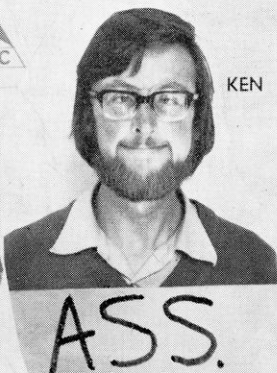
PETER McKELLAR



MURRAY



KEN



KAYE



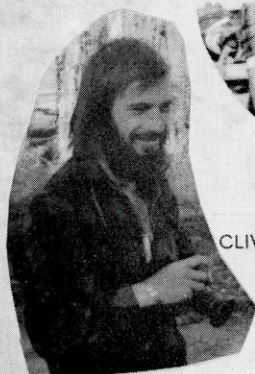
JENNY



RICHARD
PETTINGER



CLIVE



BILLY & MURRAY



DAVE CRAW

