

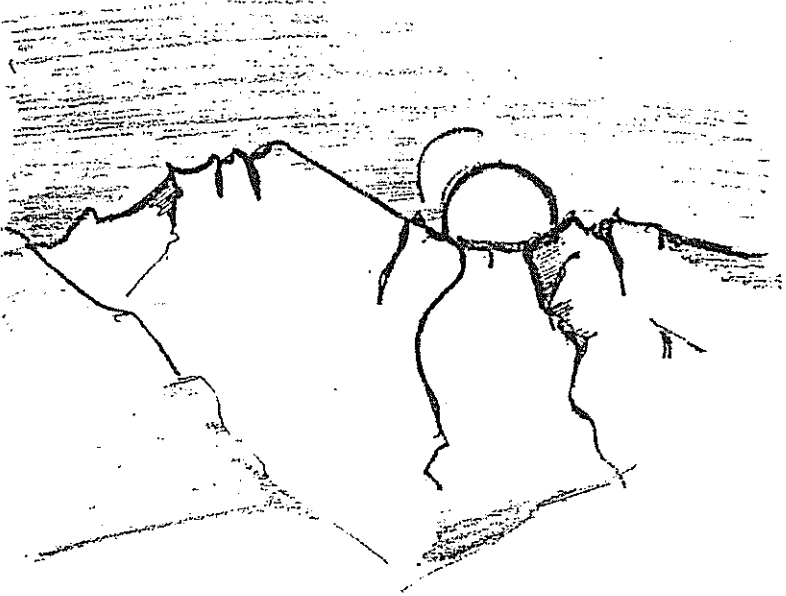
# BULLETIN

Registered at P.O.H.Q. Wellington for Transmission by Post as a Magazine

June 1988

## Easter 1988

h  
a  
w  
k  
s  
o  
f



t  
h  
e  
m  
o  
o  
n

Sunday night golden moon  
rising behind the mountains  
as we camped at 5,500  
ft - in snow  
- Wilnot Saddle

Rosemary  
Goodyear  
Z

With packs, boots, maps and all  
We go to climb the mountains tall.  
Across swamps, bogs and rivers  
enormous  
With only our Polyprops to warm us.

Bluffs, gorges, waterfalls so big,  
They worry us not so much as a fig  
As we roam this land from sea to  
sea  
For we are, you've guessed it, the  
OTMC.

# THE EDITOR SPEAKS

So now we are settling into the new Clubrooms. They still feel a bit uncomfortable and I don't really like meeting on Monday nights but we have no choice at the moment. Already one looks back on the old rooms with nostalgia and we sure did have a good deal there. Those rooms felt like home, we belonged there and could spread ourselves out and relax. All our gear was together and we had a comfy Committee room and places for the Bulletin stuff - a great life. But, having said that, I will qualify any further comments by saying that perhaps we were a little spoilt in having such facilities. We are, after all, a Tramping Club with one meeting a week and we may have to make do with less salubrious premises in the future. I am making these comments now because I know that some people feel that we should consider buying a place of our own for Clubrooms. I don't know that I think that that is a good idea. As I said earlier, we are a tramping club not a property-owning club. All we want is a cheap place to hold weekly meetings, have a natter, pay Trip Fares etc. and, perhaps, bugger off to the pub. Rooms of our own would, to me, seem to have too many hassles. Sure, I know that we have \$26000 in the Clubrooms Fund and it is unclear what we'd do with it if we decided not to purchase a property. Further, I do understand that we'll probably be taxed on our investments next year so it may be a good idea to 'dispose' of some of the money soon. But a Clubrooms? No. Any comments?



## Trip Programme

JUNE 26th	MICHELLE'S MYSTERY Mayhem with Michelle? Who knows? or Melodrama in the Mountains!	Michelle Williams 737-814
JULY 2-3rd	MID-WINTER SOCIAL TROTTER'S GORGE See Back Page for more info. <u>All Welcome</u>	David Peacock 779-855
JULY 3rd	TROTTER'S GORGE (ALL) The Day After? Freshen up after the night before!	Peter Mason 775-237
JULY 9-10th	MAKARORA/BREWSTER AREA Easy valley access, good campsites, superb views of surrounding area including Mt Brewster. For all you rock- climbing guns, ample rock. Let's go for it!	Sue Harding 43-215
JULY 10th	ROCKLANDS	Mike Floate 739-780
July 17th	SILVERPEAKS ROUND TRIP Knowing Doug, it should be a good one. The Silvers in all their splendour!	Doug Forrester 876-416
JULY 16-17th	X-C SKIING INSTRUCTION The follow-on from Bruce's talk on June 20th.	Bruce Mason 67-509
JULY 23-24th	SNOW 1 - BASIC SNOWCRAFT (Mt Domet) Essential for all whoever cross snow (and who doesn't?)	Chris Pearson 730-441

Mt. Cook - Anzac Weekend

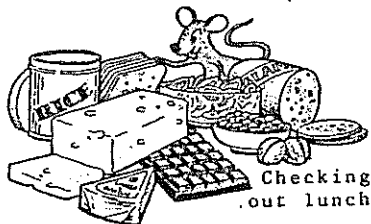
or

Rocky IV 3 Days

Bill Robertson for Geoff Brookes, Kathy Woodrow, Catherine Soper, Rosemary Goodyear, Gerard O'Connor, Blair Donkin, Neville Mulholland.

The Murchison Valley is a side valley from the Tasman and separates the Malte Brun from the Liebig Ranges. This trip took us across the Tasman and up the Murchison Valley as far as the foot of the Murchison Glacier and back. The Guide Books say that you should start at Celmisia Flat on the Ball Hut Road; we started at the first convenient parking place 300 metres past the Celmisia Flat sign which was a mistake. After a 15 minute scramble onto the top of the lateral moraine wall, we could see only one practical way down the other side of the wall which was a 300 foot high pile of very unstable rubble. Geoff went ahead checking the way down a narrow gut. Every dislodged rock went down the same way, after Geoff was nearly hit, we were much more careful and only went down in small groups. Consequently, it took the 8 of us over 2 hours to reach the glacier.

The Tasman Glacier in this area is totally covered in a layer of rocks which are in heaps everywhere with occasional steep-sided melt



holes where stones or small pieces of ice slide in from different sides every few seconds. After two hours of climbing over seemingly endless piles of rock, we found one of a series of small ponds where we had lunch. After that break, it took another half-hour to find a bridge over the Murchison which is marked on the map. Our pleasure at finding this was short-lived as, immediately beyond

the bridge, there was a large bluff to sidle around before we reached the Murchison Valley. Having got round the bluff with the help of the wire ropes provided, we were sure there must be an easier way into the valley. There was - and we returned that way on the Monday by crossing the Murchison near the mouth of the valley where the river is braided and little more than ankle deep.

As it was 4pm, we decided to camp on a creek fan about 2km past the bridge. This was a great spot in the weather we had because it gave an uninterrupted view of the Caroline Face of Mt Cook. While preparing dinner, we all spent time with the maps spotting peaks, glaciers and ridges we had heard of but not seen before.

Like the Tasman Glacier, the Murchison Valley is also covered in rocks. Fortunately, the valley floor is much more even because of the action of the Murchison Valley. The valley is about 1500 metres wide and almost totally devoid of vegetation - on the hillsides only Spaniards thrive. On the Sunday, we trudged up the valley for two hours to the Liebig Hut. We nearly missed the hut because it is tucked in against the hillside (a patch of bush marked on the map as being above the hut is only thin scrub). Liebig is a well-equipped 6 bunk hut with a "Penthouse". After Kathy and Gerard had read the "Penthouse" (without looking at the pictures (it was in Braille! G.H.)), we sat outside for lunch and spotted more peaks - this time in the Malte Brun Range. It must have been about the same time as Barry Wybrow's and Mary Hewinson's parties reached the top of the Aiguilles Rouge from the Beetham Valley but we could not see anyone from our distance.



Some of the group then returned to our campsite and the rest of us walked up the valley for another half-hour to the foot of the Murchison Glacier which, like the Tasman, is covered in rocks for miles and miles. That night we had a fire, drank lots of cups of tea and coffee and played "Bang, bang, you're dead!" and other brain-teasers.

The return on Monday was easier because we avoided the bluffs and also went to a lower, easier part of the moraine wall almost opposite the Celmisia Flat sign on the Ball Hut Road. There was only one short awkward piece getting down to the road caused by matagouri, lawyer and other vegetable nasties.

As a tramping trip, the Murchison Valley is somewhere quite different to go. A fitter party with more time could also have gone up from Liebig Hut into the Liebig Ranges. For me, the trip was made very enjoyable by brilliant weather, great views and good company. However, we all got sick of walking on rocks (at the end of the trip, Blair kissed the first dirt we walked on for 3 days). In bad weather, crossing the glacier and going up the valley would be quite nasty as both areas are very open and exposed.

#####

still more

# BUSHCRAFT

SILVERPEAKS Trip Report by Louise Potter

Doug Forrester, Ken Williams, Rosemary Martin and I started out from the end of the road leading to the Silverpeaks and, after an initial uncertainty as to which way to get onto the first small hill track, and therefore pushing our way through gorse and scrub, we followed the track through to Green Hut. A more strenuous climb straight after our rest but, once we had reached the highest level of the track, we enjoyed the view of the valley as we walked around the side of the hill. Climbing, again to have lunch on Pulpit Rock. On our way to Jubilee Hut, we took care down Devil's Staircase and into the valley where we set up camp for the night.



We were up early the next morning and started our climb past Jubilee Hut before the sun had crept around the hill. We managed to walk fairly high on the hill range to avoid having to climb up from the lower track later on. Above, ABC Caves, we took off our packs to climb down and visit them then on to Yellow Hut. Earlier we had heard a dog barking and, 15 mins from Yellow Hut, we were accompanied by a thirsty-looking pig-hunting dog which followed us to the hut and then stayed with the next group. We then started our descent into the bush, the track being easy to follow due to the pieces of red tape stuck to a few trees at eye-level and relatively sparse tree growth. After climbing down to, and over, the Waikouaiti River, the last climb of the day was back to the bus (it was getting quite sunny and hot by this stage). By the time we had reached the parked bus, the dog was sitting patiently in the back of a ute. Once on the bus, we sat back and relaxed.

#####

(MORE BUSHCRAFT on Page 6)



4 Q: What do you get when you cross a tramper and a centipede?  
A: Five hundred blisters!



# Monopoly

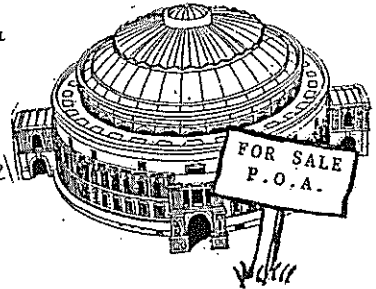
Barry Wybrow



The Club is currently trying to find new Clubrooms and wondering whether to purchase rather than continuing renting. This issue should make all of us think about the Club's current and future direction. The following is intended to give members a balanced viewpoint of the considerations before them.

i) FINANCE Since the onslaught of Rogernomics, the Clubroom funds have been swollen by the abnormal interest rates being earned on investments. The Dunedin property market has remained relatively static. This has placed the Club in a unique position in its history where owning our own Clubrooms is a possibility. Also intended tax changes mean that income from investments will no longer be tax-free next year.

We currently have approximately \$40,000 and purchase of a building would involve borrowing money and/or fundraising. To cover mortgage costs, it should be possible to let the building on other nights to other clubs and societies. Another option is that we buy in conjunction with another club. Regardless of the method it should be possible to find a suitable building where the cost of ownership approximately equals the cost of renting.



ii) AGAINST PURCHASING Members principal interest is to go tramping (climbing and skiing), not to be burdened with the upkeep of a building.

- Dunedin will always have an abundance of suitable meeting places at reasonable rentals.

- The Club cannot justify the spending of \$40,000 on clubrooms for meetings once a week, attended by thirty/forty people. Surely this money could be put to better use.

- Rent is a definite cost whereas property ownership can have unforeseen expenses. The job of ongoing maintenance will fall on the small few.

- The current membership should determine the frequency, location and expense of a meeting-place. The cost should be borne by them; purchasing removes this freedom of choice for future members.

iii) FOR PURCHASING While the Club's primary objective is outdoor activities per se, the social activity through regular meetings is an integral characteristic of the OTMC. The meetings are both social and educational and proper clubrooms are necessary for these important aspects.

- The building would not just be the OTMC clubrooms but could become the outdoors centre for Dunedin, particularly if other clubs with similar interests supported the venture.

- In the last six years, the Club has occupied three clubrooms and it is time we found a home. The permanency gained would provide better facilities and so encourage a more active club.

- The money accumulated has been given, raised and generated from joining fees and other surpluses, for the express purpose of buying a clubrooms; the wish of these past members should be honoured.

- Property values inevitably rise. While the first few years may be difficult, the clubrooms will become an asset for future members.

iv) SUMMARY It is time for introspection but one thing emerges, that whatever decision is reached, it should be done after careful consideration for both present and future members.

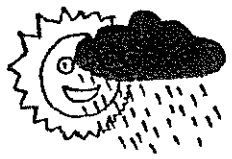
# FIORDLAND WEEKEND

→ BUSHCRAFT ←

→ BUSHCRAFT ←

MISTAKE / HUT CREEK Report by Tim Dobbin  
for Elspeth, Kathy, Kelly, Rob

"Fare thee well" bade a full complement of 55 Bushcrafters and some more experienced OTMC members to a soft Dunedin. The initiates were introduced to the oft-quoted Gore pie cart resplendent in its evening lights - where else a polished pie-cart? Back to the bus and the weight of Gore fare collecting spread over a busload of contented bellies proved more than the machine was prepared to endure. It was time to stargaze and enjoy the delights of southwestern air while a more resilient bus was summoned. On to Mistake Creek where the parties tumbled down to a maze of roots and mud and it was raining at 1-45am - to campsites beside the Eglinton. We awoke to inclement weather and Antony Pettinger up bright and early to check on nocturnal activities - who was checking on you Antony? (Sounds pretty fishy to me - there's a word for people like him - Ed). Dave Levick slept on. We breakfasted to feed the sandflies it seemed and left when they had had enough. Across the 3-wire bridge over the Eglinton in misty conditions, and half-an-hour later we discovered what "Turn right immediately after the bridge" meant. A morning of leisure as we became familiar with the damp beech forest and one another. We linked arms for a crossing of Mistake Creek - the emergency flotation method was shelved after hot debate. Perhaps we should have left out the hot debate. We clambered upwards along the banks of Mistake Creek; the beech forest sheltering sphagnum moss and ferns. What delight to have the accompaniment of the South Island robin? Doug Forrester burst from behind (incontinence?), happy to be led by his charges Geoff and Neil. We deferred to their quicker pace only to find them behind us once more when we reached a sunny bank beside the tumbling creek. What does "geographically embarrassed" mean?



In to open country as the valley broadened to allow a braided Mistake to wander; steep faces issuing waterfalls through beech forest interspersed with the semi-deciduous ribbonwood, like apple trees in a timber forest. Lunch beside a quiet elbow of the circuitous creek. Antony's party raced away to a cave and a view of the tarn. Dave arrived with an ailing Sue and decided to rest his troops for the afternoon. We soldiered on towards the 'U'. The mist condensed and we took to the stream to clamber up. The mighty falls cascaded before us. A quick appraisal of the left side route. How did the other party manage to get up? Wet snowgrass, slippery rock and, yes, it is hard to say "Turn back" when enthusiasm mounts. Thank you Kathy for your humour and good sense. The 'U' remained for next time. Flat campsites below the falls - what better excuse to splash back down over the rocks? We pitched the tent midst sodden trees; we soon forgot as from one end of Kathy's snowcave to the other, and continuing through the night, came lasagne and more and spongy pud. What an effort! Thank you Elspeth!!

The day dawned clear. What better way to spend a Sunday than in the glory of a natural cathedral hewn out of solid rock at the head of the valley. Soft green light, hushed weather, pocked ice walls, broken boulders, the still "Ice Cave"; it shared honours for the weekend with Elspeth's cooking delights. A view of the tarn from 200metres up and then time to break camp. The celmisia flowers (daisy flower) and other beautiful plants - did you know that most species of NZ Alpine flowers are white to attract pollination by moths at night?

We rustled down Mistake Creek, the river leaping over the boulders. It rained on. A return to the car park and a warm bus of weary but happy faces.

6 Thanks for organising a great weekend.

# Keith's

## founder

### ACROSS

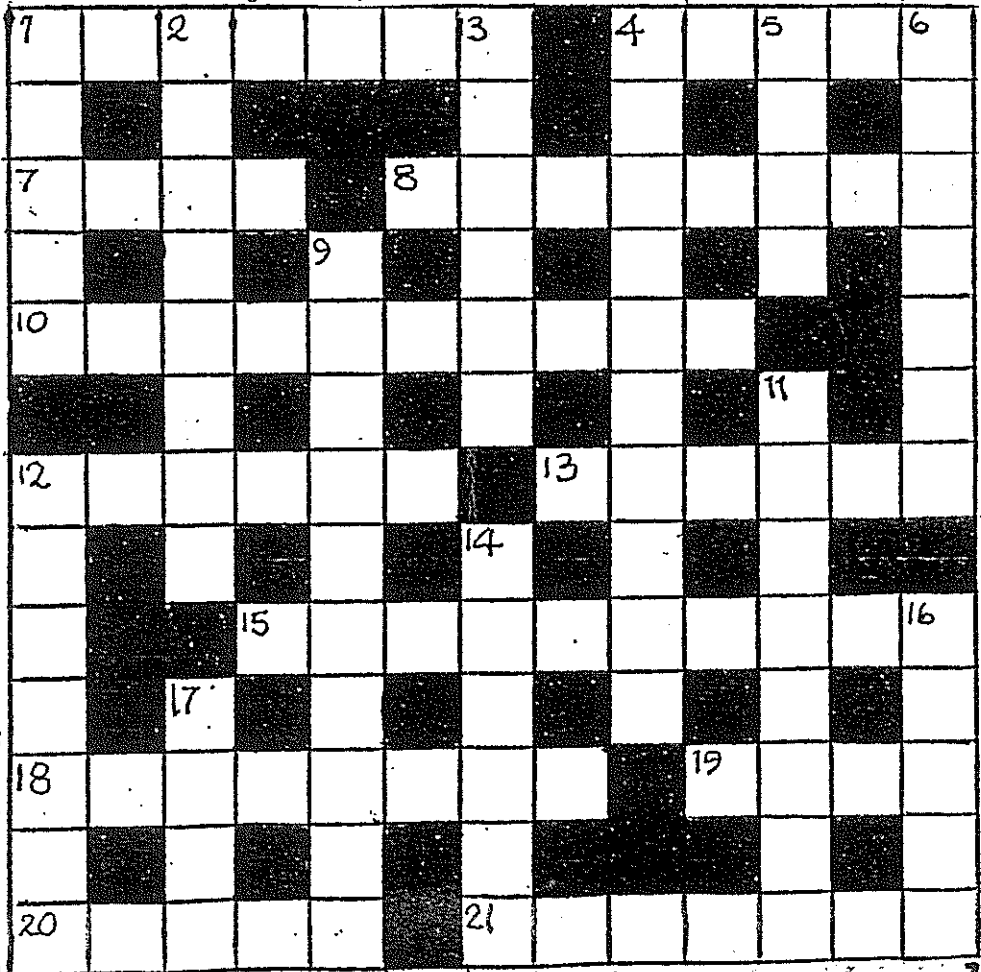
- 1 To sleep without a tent.
- 4 An obstacle often found in forests.
- 7 You would be this when staying in a hut.
- 8 A bird call.
- 10 The site of the Achilles gold mine.
- 12 A calling together.
- 13 This could be seen as an ecological wonderland.
- 15 A great navigator (6-4)
- 18 An area mistakenly named after a rock.
- 19 Often heard round a campfire.
- 20 A well named track.
- 21 To lodge as a pledge.

(\* This gem was constructed by Keith Roberts \*)

### DOWN

- 1 Commendatory description of a book.
- 2 A boring scene.
- 3 High mist.
- 4 We can feel this with some views.
- 5 Second word of a fairytale.
- 6 Nice with jam.
- 9 Definitely found in forests.
- 11 A trumper's nightmare (3-5)
- 12 A popular track.
- 14 A premonition.
- 16 It would be difficult tramping without it.
- 17 Most trampers would not be without this.

(ANSWERS next month)



# Subscriptions That time of year again!!

This year I hope to get subscriptions back into line with the subscription year, which runs from the 1st of August to the 30th of July each year. Over the past year, subscriptions were received from members well into January. For this reason, I am proposing a remit to the Annual General Meeting in August, to the effect that only currently financial members can vote at that meeting. The Membership Secretary will be attending meetings for the 6 weeks prior to that meeting to receive subscriptions, issue receipts and current membership cards. The Membership Secretary and Committee would encourage members to renew subscriptions before the 1st August for the 1988-89 year. I know I can trust you all to be prompt in such matters and I look forward to receiving those subs.

MARY HEWINSON - Membership Secretary

XC SKIS			
Karhu	XCD	GT	\$264.00
"	"	KINETIC	\$308.00
"	"	SUPREME	\$352.00
"	"	EQUIPE	\$422.00
MERKEL Boots			
	Telemark		\$264.00
BINDINGS			
Rottfella	Super	Telemark	\$96.00
VOILE	3-pon	Release	\$132.00
SKILOM			\$88.00
Also KLISTERS & WAXES			



See us first  
for your X-Country  
& Telemark Skis,  
klisters and Waxes



MOUNTAINEERING • SKIING • CANOEING • SHOP

101 STUART ST.. DUNEDIN PHONE 773-679

FOR SALE: Chouinard "Zero" Ice Axe, metal shaft 65cm; \$100;  
Koflach "Viva" plastic boots, size 8, \$50;  
Static climbing rope (ie Top Rope) 46m, \$80; Fairydawn "Liteweight"  
sleeping bag (Down), \$150.

Phone Graham Hopkins 55-080

→ **Stop**

WHAREPAPA MINING PETITION

**Press!** ←

If you remember in a recent issue of this Bulletin, I urged you all to go out and get signatures for this worthy assault on the unbridled power that mining companies have over our protected lands. Well, so far, very few of you have got out! So come on, we need a lot more signatures as very few in Otago have actually signed the petition. If you find enclosed a petition form, please take it to work and get it filled!! Send it back to me or the Club President by June 30th.

Cheers, Mark Hanger, Outdoor Recreation Group





# A.G.M.

## MOTION FOR THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Motion: That Section 3, Paragraph (g), of the Constitution of the Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club (Inc) be amended, replacing the word "social" with the word "sexual".

Proposed : D. Peacock  
Seconded : G. Hopkins

The Matukituki Ferryman  
(not available at Easter) →



## Easter Trip

Trip Report by .... George Palmer for Ken Mason, Ewan Wilson and Paul Taylor

Thursday evening, I arrived at the Club Rooms to pick Paul up only to find that I'd left my boots at home so there was a detour before picking up Ken. Then it was down State One to collect Ewan at Milton.

Next stop at Alex to find Parry's full of OTMC bods, then to Matukituki. As the fords looked high, I decided to save time the next morning by crossing the river at the OBHS bridge only to find there were no available campsites so back to Cameron Flat and the other happy folk.

Friday morning, we leisurely packed up and moved down river to be joined by several other parties walking up and down the bank and sending Ken into the water at intervals to see if the water was any warmer. This action allowed David Peacock's (actually it was Heather Robertson's - Ed) party to cross first so we decided to use a pole and follow them. After an uneventful stroll up to the junction, we crossed the Kitchener after lunch, the East Matukituki an climbed up the track next to the Hester Pinney Creek. Part way up, Paul had a problem with his ankles so we decided to camp on the bush edge.

Saturday dawned grey and blustery, not a time for the tops, so a walk up the Bledisloe Gorge was the order of the day. Paul's knee played him up down the Gorge so, being kind thoughtful beings, we left him in a patch of scrub and continued to Ruth Flat. As the rain was horizontal, we soon returned to our camp where the weather was better.



Sunday morning the sky was clearing, so leaving Paul at the camp, Ken, Ewan and I made for the Albert Burn Saddle and then up to Dragonfly summit for some superb views. After lunch in the sun, we returned to the camp and decided to move to Aspiring Flats that afternoon; we arrived there with daylight to spare and pitched camp.

Monday morning was clear and frosty as the three of us set off up Rainbow Stream, rock hopping over avalanche debris, then sidling up to Wilnot Saddle. Approaching the snowline, we decided that without crampons it was too risky so we decided to sidle across the face, in and out of gullies, with Ken instructing us on how to ride scree. We finally made the Saddle, then a short scramble to Syphilis (oops - sorry!) Sisyphus. We had intended to traverse the face and come down the bush face opposite our camp, but as the shady faces were icing up, we decided to return back down Rainbow Stream with Ken glissading down snow-filled gullies.

Tuesday was an easy day with a visit to the Rock of Ages bivvy and the Turnbull Thomson Falls, then back to the cars; back via Telford to drop Ewan off. A very enjoyable weekend and thanks to Ken for the instruction and anecdotes.

Dear Editor, It was with some interest that I read your latest editorial on the future of climbing within the Club. While, admittedly, it is only within the last 12 months that climbing has 'overtaken' tramping as my main interest, I can recall that when I first joined the Club in 1983 there was a strong 'climbing' element. I can also remember that for me, a novice, it was quite frustrating that this group was a closed shop, so to speak. While weekend instruction courses were held (relying on instructors freely giving of their time), the instruction was, of necessity, of a limited nature. I



found that gaining Alpine experience was really a "Catch-22" situation. Experienced people would be reluctant to take inexperienced people climbing (understandably as I will elaborate below). And the only way to gain such experience was by climbing. This left me with two choices: going on my own or getting the experience outside the Club. Over the last 12 months therefore I have attended a week-long instruction course and been on many private trips. This leads me to the quandary mentioned in your editorial - Who do you climb with? Well, other people at a similar level (in my case, short-sighted, clumsy and prone to vertigo). However, this is the problem - if you want to improve your skills then you must continually increase the difficulty of the climbs undertaken (gradually to be sure). If those few people interested in climbing tend to go on trips together then their skill increases but there is no 'flow-on' effect to help the new people. This is, in fact, the situation that I was in before I went outside the Club

to gain experience. Having gained my experience outside the Club, should I do as you suggest and train other interested people or go my own way, increasing my skills (which aren't of great significance) accordingly?

What is the point of all this? Well, basically, if we wish to keep the 'M' in OTMC, then Mountaineering should be on an equal basis with Tramping. Experienced Club members are the best asset the Club can have - any amount of money in our Bank A/C doesn't really give a healthy thriving membership. Personally, although I generally don't mind helping others, I want to climb not teach and I would be unwilling to take the inexperienced into the mountains, which you suggest I should do. Quite simply, while I am confident about my own skills, I do not feel qualified to teach others. Why doesn't the Club use some of its hoarded wealth to run an instruction course for the few people with some experience on the understanding that they will pass on their skills to others through regular Instruction weekends. This would result in 3 benefits: the members receiving the subsidised instruction don't have to go outside the Club; the Club has active people with Alpine skills; those people would be only too willing to pass on their knowledge. Even with an active membership of, say, 2-3 years, you would always have competent members in the Club and I am sure that would attract new people.

Well at the risk of being called a self-seeking " \*&çZ", let me say this. A lot of people will say that the Club has no responsibility to finance people on Alpine courses. But what I am proposing is of benefit to both the Club and the climber. If we, as a Club, don't do something then the end result is that you have a small closed group representing the 'M' and the rest, the 'OTC'. In other words, if you're interested in Mountaineering, go outside the Club to get experience and the Club should change its name to OTC.

GRAHAM HOPKINS

# No exit - Go back!

Trip Report by Bill Robertson  
for Heather Robertson & John Galloway

## Earnslaw Burn - Lennox Pass (twice) - Rees Labour Weekend 1987

Our plans for this trip were to go up the Earnslaw Burn, cross Lennox Pass, sidle over to Kea Basin and then come down and out via the Rees on Monday, but things did not go according to plan.

The track up the Earnslaw Burn took us through bush for just over half-a-day before clearing the bushline. We set up camp about an hour later before the gully leading up to Lennox Pass and then walked up to the head of the valley for a closer look at the south face of Earnslaw. For those who have not seen it, the south face is spectacular. It is a couple of kilometres across and about 6,000 ft high consisting of about 1,500 ft of snow, 3,000 ft of glacier and a 1,500 ft rock cliff at the base down which avalanches could be seen or heard rumbling every few minutes.

On Sunday, we took four hours getting up to Lennox Pass from our campsite sticking to a ridge on the left hand side most of the way except for moving into the creek bed for a short distance in the middle halfway up. The ridge brought us out on the skyline about 300 metres north of the Pass enabling us to avoid the last steep pitch directly below the Pass itself which was full of avalanche debris. After lunch on top with a magnificent view down either side and up to the peaks of Earnslaw itself, an animal track on the Rees side took us back within 40 metres of the Pass where we had to cross a small scree slope about 20 metres below the ridge top.

We made good progress down to Lennox Creek and headed for Kea Basin. We could see a tent pitched in the Basin and were expecting to reach there by 5 o'clock. But we had not realized Lennox Creek could be a major obstacle. Moin's describes a crossing of Lennox Creek 170 metres up from Lennox Falls. The spot is marked with a cairn but Lennox Creek is in a steep-sided gorge and although we could get down to the creek at that point, the crossing looked treacherous because of all the snow melt and the bank up the other side appeared too steep to us. We then battled down to opposite the falls through thick scrub and back up the mountainside but after four hours could not find any way across. Feeling totally stuffed, we camped above the fork in the stream - too tired to bother making or eating our cheesecake.

After much studying of the map, which reinforced our view that there were bluffs all the way along our side of the Ree's flats, and remembering the very thick vegetation, we decided to sidle round the hillside for several kilometres to the south and try finding a way around the bluffs where there was a break in the bush. (We found out afterwards that there is a route crossing under the waterfall and up through the bluffs at an angle). However, on Monday morning, after sidling for about an hour and seeing that the going would get much harder further on, we came to the difficult conclusion that the only definite way that we knew we could get out was by the way we had come in even though we would be late out. The climb back up to Lennox Pass was heartbreaking but we got up there at noon. After that the going was easier. We stopped on the way back down the Earnslaw Burn every hour for a snack to keep us going. It got very hot before we got into the bush and John had a quick shower under a waterfall of melted snow during one of our stops. (He told us we had missed a good picture for the photo competition!!)

We arrived at the road end just before 8-00pm (4 hours late) with aching feet and exhausted. We expected that the van would have been long gone by then but David and Anne-Marie Barnes were waiting there. What a sight for sore eyes! One van had stayed behind with the others in it looking for us in the Rees. We were really grateful and I CANNOT SAY THANKS ENOUGH TO THOSE WHO WAITED FOR US AND DID NOT COMPLAIN ABOUT



## Letters to the Editor



Hi Ed, Really enjoying your Editorials, David, keep up the good work. Good news about the winter wine and dine, the new venue sounds great; plenty of room means more happy trampers; no hard slog getting there means more food - yummy! Weight will be no problem, so one more bottle. Had a laugh at the Club the other night, I overheard some females waffling about challenging the males on the sporting field that weekend. I guess waffling is a bit harsh, they are entitled to their dreams. I thought Barry had a cheek, suggesting croquet. Anyway, Ed, fancy dress suits me fine, I won't look out of place in my usual garb, won't have my six-shooters but I will have my signet ring to help sort out the trouble-makers. By the way, have you heard whether S.H. is going? Won't have W.P. to keep in check this year.

Hope you can make it David.

Sss...you...there,  
The Phantom

(The Editor comments - Well, I hope I can make it, I'm the Leader! OK, no smart comments on my previous record on leading trips! I don't know if S.H. is going to be there, she'll be about as welcome as an attack of gonorrhoea but we all have our crosses to bear.)

FOR SALE:

**SALE!**

Tapper Sleeping Bag - \$130  
Phone Peter 779-125



# SPORTS

68 PRINCES STREET, DUNEDIN.  
PHONE 776-681.

CAMPING, TRAMPING, MOUNTAINEERING,  
CANOEING, CAVING & OUTDOOR  
CLOTHING SPECIALISTS

COME AND VIEW  
OUR RANGE OF  
SKI CLOTHING  
AND SUN  
GLASSES.



GETTING BACK TO DUNEDIN AT 3-00AM. Thank You.

P.S. For anyone else wanting to do this trip, I would recommend that they start at the Rees end and make sure that they can get across Lennox Creek at the start.

# the River

A dream in four parts

by

David Peacock

Shadows slumped from the steep walls into the gorge. The river ripped through this gash crowded and strewn with debris. We were forced to creep and sidle along the river's edge to negotiate the pools and boulders. Many times, the steepness of the walls caused us to jump and scratch a path across the rocks, the water boiling and beating below. Only a couple of miles in two hours, the gorge was about four miles long. A slow grind mapped out in moist footprints. Up and over. Down and under. A bluff loomed ahead rising straight out of the water. To my jaundiced eye, it looked impossible but Angela asked if I was a man or a mouse, her only response to my reply was a curt

"Well, you'd better follow, I'm carrying the cheese."

And with that she started the traverse. The bluff was about one hundred feet long bulging into the river. As I sat and watched, Angela wove her way along that face with little backtracking and few hesitations. It all looked so easy. When my turn came, I lumbered along the rock clinging like an unweaned child facing famine. Angela cried in amused exasperation,

"You're so uncoordinated, can't you ever move rhythmically?"

"Only in bed", I threw back.

"Oh yeah, and I bet even there you can't find the right handholds!"

I continued struggling, teasing the holds from the bare rock. The climbing wasn't really difficult, much easier than the climbs I'd fallen off at Long Beach, but with a pack and clumsy boots, it was a trial. The gloomy opaque water a few feet below honed my concentration as I scratched and huddled my way around. Although I fumbled across the face, there were brief moments of delight when I had a firm stance and knew I was winning. At other times, I could have wept with frustration until I controlled my self-pity and fought on. I didn't enjoy the traverse but, still, when I finally stood next to Angie, I felt taut with pleasure. And relief. Once past the outcrop, the valley opened slightly and we picked our way across the boulders. Along the river's edge, the water washed and willowed against the rocks and, further out, blinked dully as it raced through the narrow channels. We were making good time and I felt quick and powerful as we snaked and bounced over the boulders. Every sense was focussed on the next step, every reflex keyed perfectly. A rock stuttered, muscles recoiled, the body snapped and twisted to flip quickly to the next footing. Angela waded and rippled in front of me, flowing carelessly across the surface, each movement an exuberant splash of light spilling into the valley. I fell over several times.

The gorge had narrowed again, squeezing out the world, and darkened by the clouds massing overhead and swallowing the hilltops. We stopped for a brief rest and listened to the silent rumble of the river. I took a few snaps of the valley and a photograph of Angela laughing; she took one of me. I felt good and I am sure Angie did too. We knew enough about each other to be curious about the parts we didn't and there was a delicious uncertainty about where we were going. The journey beckoned but, with only the pain of an earlier traveller to guide me, I hesitated before her.

For the next hour, our progress was slowed by large boulders cluttering the river bed and hugging the unstable slopes. Each one posed a miniature route-finding problem and we squeezed, slid, scrambled and sloped our way past. Angela skinned her shin on a sharp edge but my offer of free medical advice was rejected. There's gratitude for you! She limped for a short while. A short way ahead, the valley curved sharply to the right. After a tiresome skirmish with a series of rapids, we reached the corner.

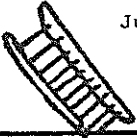


# Best wishes

Doug Puges is going Overseas To Marital Celebrations and to share his life with Dot Brown. May their days be filled with sun and their love flourish with the turning of the years. We look forward to seeing them both back in New Zealand following their marriage in England.



## Social Calendar



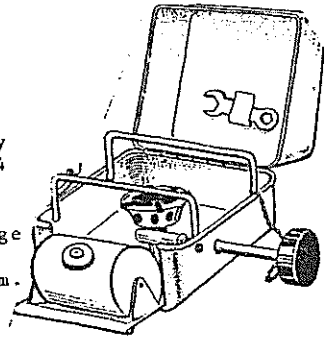
- June 20th - Bruce Mason on XC-skiing. What to do when you've grown tired of throwing snowballs.
- June 27th - Chris Pearson in "Alaska" - changed from June 6th 'cos no-one would be here.
- July 4th - Yippee! Another games evening. Dust off your mind and deal 'em straight! Let's pit wits against wits (?) and "May the best person win."
- July 11th - To Be Arranged (mysterious, eh?)  
You could be in for a surprise!
- July ??? - BYO slides. What have YOU been up to?

### CAMP STOVE FUEL

Now that unleaded petrol is available from most garages, I believe that the confusion is ended. My Optimus 8R says "Fuel: Pure petrol", and the enclosed instruction sheet says "NB Use only white gasoline (unleaded) NOT car gasoline" in 4 Languages!

I have been using unleaded petrol from the garage pump for a year now in 4 different Optimus 8Rs with tramping groups and there is no problem. And we've never had our cooker fuel so cheap!

Ian Sime



### MID-WINTER SOCIAL TROTTER'S GORGE, July 2-3



THIS IS IT! The Otago Tramping and Merriment Club's Annual Celebration to chase away those dark gloomy Mid-Winter Blues. Come along and dance, laugh, chat and enjoy Gourmet food. Please bring a plate and, if you desire, something to drink; get dressed up to the Tens with your Bangles and Beads and let's make the sun stay up late and turn the night into day. NUMBERS will be LIMITED to 1000, so GET IN NOW! I want you all there! David Peacock 779-855.