



THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF
THE OTAGO TRAMPING CLUB (Inc.)
DUNEDIN, N.Z.

J U L Y, 1947

OUTDOORS

JULY 1947

EDITORIAL

Ever since the last Annual Meeting, when it was decided to make "Outdoors" an annual publication, you must have been at least vaguely interested to witness the appearance of the next issue. When Christmas was over you must have become more and more agog as each month rolled by. The compilation of descriptions of trips done during the past year has been performed, not without expense. A new pair of scissors, for example, cost 13/6, while my imagination boggles at the amount of tobacco that has been necessary to facilitate the process of thought.

I would like to thank all contributors for passing on to the rest of the Club the delights of Nature's pageantry and companionship among the hills and, in particular, Scott Gilkison, who has contributed no less than four articles for this magazine; to Ralph for obtaining and arranging the advertising and writing the Bulletin, and to Nancye Lawrenson and Mona Lisa for preparing the stencils and running off the sheets.

A wider range of exploration has been made possible during the past year, due to the kindness of those members who have made available their private cars and trucks.

In conclusion, no Tramping Club magazine would be complete if it failed to render its thanks to those landowners over whose territory we are privileged to wander. In an age wherein trespassers are daily warned of dire consequences, it is pleasing to reflect that between station-owners and our Club there exists an unblemished record of mutual esteem. So in rendering thanks to the Jopps and the Pinkneys, we pledge ourselves to respecting the beauty of the country that we enjoy.

NEW MEMBERS

The evidence of a Club's virility can be judged by the number of new members enrolled, of whom there are twenty-seven this year. They are:—Cliff Andersen, Arthur Barth, Doreen Bradley, Winnie and Bill Brooks, Julian Bullock, John Campbell, Gavin Clark, Murray Douglas, Russell Gregory, Edna and Jack Hoskins, Arnold Hubbard, Beth Larkins, Ian McKellar (re-elected after absence from Dunedin), Bob Mulgrew, Neville Marquet, Donald McMillan, Sheila McLean, Barbara and June Napier, John Scott, Gordon Sim, Reg. Spellar, R. Steele, Margaret Tarlton, Betty and Molly Wilkinson.

In most cases it would appear superfluous to wish these new members good tramping since they have been away with the Club at Christmas, Easter and other lesser trips during the year.

PERSONALITY PARADE

I started to write out the Personality Parade the same as usual, including all events as from the last issue of "Outdoors." Then I read the result and could picture the reader raising his eyebrows and muttering: "Dash it, this all happened years ago." After carefully removing all that comes under the heading of ancient history, only three announcements remain—the birth of the Masters Lucas and Gilkison, and the engagement of Winnie Brooks to Wilf Broughton.

There are many who will not remember Colin Lucas, but he was, until 1940, Editor of "Outdoors," and it is only health reasons that prevent Colin from still being an active trumper.

More familiar now are Margaret and Scott Gilkison, while it is only fair to point out that, had the O.T.C. an Early Settlers' Association, Ronald Scott Gilkison would automatically qualify for membership.

A certain regrettable tendency for male trampers to plight their troth outside the Club has received a check with the engagement of Winnie and Wilf. It is understood that the happy pair will ultimately pass beneath a triumphal arch of crossed ice-axes and/or ski-blades. The congratulations and best wishes of all members are heartily extended.

PRESIDENT'S LETTER

To All Members,

The past twelve months or so have seen a considerable increase in all forms of Club activity. More enthusiastic and active members have helped to swell our ranks, and official trips have been better attended. Highlights have been—thirty out for the St. Bathans week-end, over forty on the Christmas trip, two bus loads to Waiholo, thirty at Easter, and large attendances at our social functions such as the film evenings, talks, the Christmas party, the picnic at Pipikaretu, and the Open Forum evening. In February, Saturday trips were started as an experiment, and received sufficient support to justify their inclusion in the current programme.

Since Christmas, members have shown an increased interest in training, leadership, tramping etiquette, safety, etc. This is an aspect of our activities which should continue to receive our attention, and all members, new and old, are urged to give their support to any lectures, discussions, articles, etc., on this matter. Those who know are urged to pass on their knowledge to those who ask for it. Those who don't know are urged to seek knowledge from those who do. And don't let us forget that true knowledge only comes from the experience of doing things.

A spirit of progress and expansion is at work in the Club and, properly guided, should give added strength and influence to our activities. I look forward to wider and more varied tramping, better and more efficient organisation, increased influence in the community, and an increase in the good fellowship and the love of the hills which are such marked features of Tramping.

Winter is now with us and many of our members are looking forward to an active season in the allied sport of ski-ing. Our representatives at the Alpine Club's School of Instruction are reported to be enthusiastic members and eager learners. Future trampers should reap the benefit of this policy of the N.Z. Alpine Club who are to be complimented and thanked for the fine public spirit they have shown.

I shall close by wishing all members and prospective members good tramping and real fellowship within the Otago Tramping Club in the future. **Remember:—**

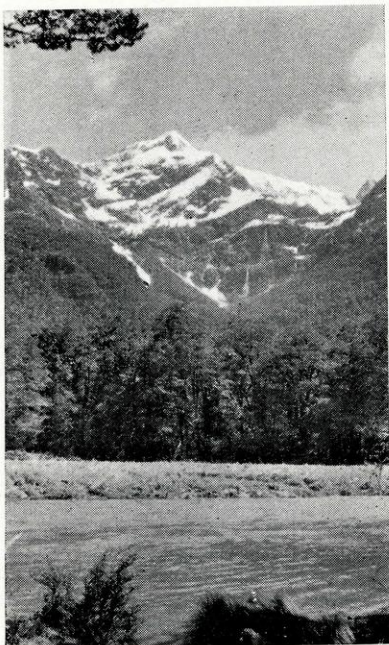
"A trumper is a person who believes in wearing out, NOT rusting out."

Yours, etc.,

HORACE TILLY,

President.

Dunedin, 30th May, 1947.



Mount Somnus and Bridal Veil Falls
from above Routeburn Bridge

**TRAMPERS
CLIMBERS
CAMPERS and
SIGHT-SEERS**

will remember the

**ROUTEBURN
VALLEY**

has everything that can
be desired.

The Hollyford Valley is
only 27 miles distant from
Lake Wakatipu if you
pass through the Route-
burn Valley from Kinloch

***Spend your Summer Holidays among the Mountains
in ideal camping places.***

Any further information can be supplied by writing to—

R. H. BRYANT

MOTOR SERVICE PROPRIETOR - KINLOCH

PHONE 4

ST. BATHANS WEEK-END

The St. Bathans trip started for me at about 10.20 on the Friday night. For some members of the Committee it had no doubt got under way some days or weeks before, as even for an outing like that there was quite a bit to arrange in advance. At one stage it was to be a one-day venture, leaving Dunedin early on Sunday morning and returning late (very!) that night. Eventually it became for various parties anything from a 30-hour to a 48-hour trip, and I don't mind admitting that for myself I prefer the latter. Anyway, we moved off—four of us—from the Club Room on Friday night, and with tent, skis, rope, ice-axes and crampons, we were prepared for any sort of conditions. We travelled for an hour or so that night, dosed down for some hours by a stream near Dunback, and resumed the journey early on Saturday. We had plenty of time, and enjoyed a boil-up in the sun at one stage, and had another good spell on the Wedderburn Saddle while working out the geography of our objective, and its position on the maps we carried. Into St. Bathans township shortly before midday, and we spent some time interviewing local experts as to the best means of approach, deciding finally that the offer of Mr. Waldron's hut on the Manuherikia side was easily the best. We had a leisurely lunch alongside the "Blue Lake", and while waiting for the others we represented the Club at the official opening of the new St. Bathans tennis court. Eventually, about 4 o'clock, the next three cars showed up—having been delayed first by a blow-out on the "Barth-tub" and then by a wedding in Naseby, which meant that they had to wait half-an-hour for the local service station attendant. After much to-ing and fro-ing three cars went through to Mr. Waldron's hut, by way of what was described as a "secondary road," and which was really pretty good except for the odd creek or mud patch which had been left unbridged; the other three cars decided eventually, on alternative local advice, to stay the night at St. Bathans.

With these delays we were all later in getting established than we had planned, and hence later on the march next morning. However, at five to five the main party had closed the tent flap and shut the front door of the hut and were under way. The going was easy up tussock slopes which gave quick height—a bit too quick in my opinion, for the lead man set a pretty fast pace. Soon after sun-up—a fairly murky sunrise it was, too—we were on to the snow, which at this stage was good and firm. Later the sun started to shine more strongly, and the snow softened a bit, but we made quite good progress towards the main ridge. At this stage it was fairly evident that a strong wind was blowing on top, but we pushed ahead and hoped for the best. Once on the ridge (shortly before 10 o'clock), we found that conditions were not so bad, and most of the party pushed on to the next peak. This point, which may or may not be the true Mt. St. Bathans—personally I doubt if it is, but it is known locally as such—was reached without much difficulty, and proved to be a wonderful viewpoint. Cook appeared obligingly from behind the clouds, and those familiar were also able to identify the Hopkins peaks of Ward, Browning, Baker and Glenmary without difficulty. Aspiring was hidden in cloud and Earnslaw appeared for a moment only; but the expanse of snow-covered ranges close at hand was so impressive that we hardly noticed the lack of the more distant peaks. Linds Pass was not far away from us, and to the north we saw both Ohau and Pukaki Lakes; the waters of Hawea and Wanaka, though not far off, could not be seen, but the great basin containing them was very clear. A feature, however, was the mass of snow on

the Kakanui, Hawkdun, Dunstan and Pisa ranges, all of which were most impressive. In due course we returned the way we had come—most on foot, but two enthusiasts on ski. As we were getting off the snow we met various members of the other party who had followed in our steps a good way, but would not have time to get to the summit; then looking back we were interested to see on the sky line the five energetic souls who had climbed on foot and on ski, up the long southern ridge straight from St. Bathans, and were now approaching the lower peak. They eventually completed a noteworthy crossing by descending the side we had climbed.

Eventually all parties were safely accounted for back at the base, and in due course the cars moved off for home. We who had left home first were also last home—travelling both ways in comfort and, more or less, at our leisure and without incident. The whole week-end a most memorable one.

—SCOTT GILKISON.

FLAGSTAFF PHANTASY

The pale radiance of the moon as it cast its checkered pattern on the road below the macrocarpa trees, faded and died with the approach of a truck's headlights. The truck itself came to a standstill just as the last of the tall shadows had leaped back into place; and at the same time eight human forms emerged one by one from the truck's interior, followed by the same number of packs that clinked ominously as they were slung on to the wearers' backs. At first there was a certain amount of banter passing between this small group of men, but this very soon died down, as well it might considering the steepness of the climb up the hillside from the old Sanny. And then again, a certain note of eager anticipation that infused the expedition would have quelled many a tongue, for was not this night to be the Grand Opening?

And so the little cavalcade progressed upward accompanied by the sound of heavy, even stertorous breathing and a tiny rill that tinkled below the surface of the ground.

Then among the bushes a sheet of white reflected ghostlike the cold radiance of the moon—the iron roof of the new hut. At the sight of it the party stopped as one man as if to survey once more the result of their handiwork. But there must have been some deeper emotion at work, almost it seemed as if some nameless fear was urging each one to hurry back to the road. Needless to say, nobody did, but each footstep was lagging as the now thoroughly subdued party covered the last few yards to the hut door.

The Oldest Member was about to open the latch, when the door was flung violently open, and a ghostly figure appeared in the doorway, and menacing in spite of his small stature.

Whirling round in panic, the little group ran wildly down the track to the road, and the hills around Ben Rudd's echoed the words of shrill defiance: "This is my hut, and it's private property."



LOOKING UP THE REES VALLEY FROM EARNSLAW HUT TRACK [Photo: Arthur Barth]

REES RENDEZVOUS

It was on the evening of 22nd of December that a motley collection of weary figures wandered in twos, fours and sixes into the Base Camp, to commence the task of shifting the mountainous pile of gear to the glade where our tents were ultimately pitched.

As the wind was blowing down the valley in the morning it seemed advisable to get thoroughly established in case of bad weather arising, so that after a morning of pitching tents, collecting dry wood and building fire-places, we could, by midday, look on our camp with a fair degree of satisfaction. Just at that stage the wind changed, and a gentle southerly began to puff up the valley with a promise of good weather coming, so we drifted off to spend the afternoon in enjoyment of small trips, but returning early so as to lay plans for the morrow.

The obvious climb was Mt. Clarke, and the size of the party whittled down to a mere dozen in spite of the whole party expressing its wish to go. With that settled, we prepared for a few hours' sleep which was bruised at 1 a.m. by the sound of Ray's alarm clock. I say "bruised" because we never really woke up, but set the alarm for an hour later in the event of the wind changing from down the valley. At 2 a.m. conditions were rather better, but not worth-while the whole party starting off, so we compromised with a party of seven.

Packing swags for two days, we were away at four. Up the first glade, then across the cold river, and up the bush track ahead we moved along at a merry clip to warm up. At the foot of the slip we waited to deposit most of our packs, then went straight up the steep climb, which, at that hour of the morning, was not bad going. In about an hour we were climbing off the steep upper part on to the scrubby slopes at the head, and paused to enjoy the morning sun. We stopped for a snack beside a lovely tumbling stream in the upper basin, then onto the saddle overlooking the North Hunter, but alas, everything was buried in fog, except for an occasional glimpse at the stream and the glacier from which it rose. Our own objective was also hidden, but we carried on for a little longer towards it until, finding a sheltered, grassy hollow, we settled down to allow the weather to make up its mind. We waited more than an hour there, by which time the clouds seemed a little higher and lighter, so we resumed the attack. We were on to the snow now, and found it hard and crusted, calling for a well-kicked step and an occasional whack with the axe. At the first steep pinch we put on the rope. For part of the way we had been taking turns at step-kicking, but once we were roped, the end man had, of course, to do the greater part of this. We plugged on, in fog and out of it, and steered cunningly between the crevasses, until finally Wilfred, who had led most of the last part, put his head over the crest and announced that there was nothing above him. We crowded together on the final pyramid, which gave barely enough room for seven of us, and which in the fog seemed a fearsome and dramatic sort of grandstand. We could see nothing, but the roar of the Dart River five thousand feet below, and the occasional rumble of falling ice across the valley told us something of our surroundings. Then suddenly a break, across the valley a gleam of sunshine on a snow-covered peak, unknown and unidentified, and the clouds closed over again. Another minute, another break, and we saw some of the Whitburn peaks with Lydia standing out bravely. At once it seemed there came another break, right at our feet this time, and Shona squealed with delight as the great expanse of Cattle Flat opened out before us, with the river glinting in the sunshine. As it too

disappeared another vista opened out—then another, and another, so that soon we were trying to look three ways at once and make use of all the breaks in the clouds, and drink in the lovely panorama from this spot. Then it all thickened up again, and we decided we would see no more, and that in any case it was time we were moving. We took the top bit very easily, and avoided the crevassed area by a slight deviation, then were off at a run over the easy snow slopes. As we went we saw the clouds breaking again over Earnslaw, from whose crest a mighty plume of cloud floated gracefully. Down off the snow, after several good glissades, and so back to our grassy basin, where we stopped for a boil-up and another meal.

Later in the afternoon we reached the foot of the slip again, once more picked up our swags, and headed upstream. Boot marks on the trail told us that someone was ahead, which meant that Shelter Rock Hut would be full without us. So when we reached the Rock itself and saw what good shelter it provided, we decided that that was far enough for us. (We later found that the earlier party had gone on beyond the hut and camped out, just to make room for us.) Anyway, we had by now had plenty for one day and turned in after a quick meal.

Christmas Day we all slept in, the morning was overcast, and Murray was the only one who looked like stirring early. However, when he had fed us in our bags, we condescended to rouse ourselves and pack up—away by 9 o'clock. The idea was to climb Cleft Peak, but it was soon obvious that the tops were well in the clouds for the rest of the day. As an interesting variation, we climbed diagonally up the slopes above Shelter Rock Hut, and after a couple of hours reached a saddle between the Rees and Twenty-five Mile Creek. Then we turned our noses south along the ridge; a good deer-track petered out, so we scrambled over broken, rocky country, deviating from a line of bluffs into a maze of Spaniard which kept us busy for an hour or more, and so when we judged ourselves above the camp, straight down the hillside to the flesh-pots.

Most of the camp was away again next morning to Lennox Pass, the rugged gap between the Turret Head and Earnslaw's East Peak, where we viewed the nearby magnificence of the Earnslaw Glacier, while Aspiring lifted its head for the first time out of the mists of obscurity. At the same time the second party were coming up the Rees to swell our numbers. The weather was now more definitely settled, so after re-ascending Clarke with some of the new arrivals, I pushed on in the evening to Shelter Rock once more to join another party, this time en route for the Dart.

Owing to the abundance of snow, many changes were evident; the alpine meadow below Shelter Rock had been ploughed up by an avalanche that still lingered to superimpose its beauty over the beauty of the flower-strewn track of last year, while the narrow snowbridge had grown into a boulevard a hundred yards wide. Another party, crossing Snowy Saddle at eight o'clock of a brilliant morning, were enthralled to see the limitless mantle of snow. On its course from the snowfields of Tyndal, the Snowy twinkled in its bouldered bed, curving round the side of Headlong. Downstream, the footprints of numerous predecessors frozen (the footprints only) in the drifts of snow told their simple story as they led onwards and downwards towards the Dart and the glistening snows of Edward and its satellite peaks.

As the party at the Hut was a large one, we built our own fire-places outside, and after repacking, took a short spell until it was time to be moving again. The inevitable "last cup of tea" took longer than intended, so it was nearly six o'clock before the climbing party of eleven moved off quietly, crossed the Snowy Creek bridge, scrambled

over the scrubby slopes opposite the Hut, then turned the corner and were out of sight. The sun had now left the floor of the valley, the air was cool and invigorating, and we felt ourselves refreshed and fit for anything. The going was suited to our mood, and we covered the ground at a merry clip. We were past the lower black ice at the terminal of the Dart Glacier in quick time, and almost immediately above this we took on to the ice itself—hard, black and dirty at first, but fairly smooth and neither steep nor broken, and then improving as we moved further up into the real white ice. We kept well out to the centre of the glacier until fairly opposite Cascade Saddle and above the "Island"—a permanent morainic outcrop in the middle of the ice—then we turned at right-angles to get on to dry land again. We were still travelling fast—it was after eight o'clock, so we had to—and we took all the minor crevasses in our stride. Once off the ice, the climb up the old moraine is not pleasant. "A quarter of an hour" I told them, but it took us nearly double that. Then I had promised the party a nice flat camping place on the tussocks at the head of the moraine; but when we got there it was to find the whole place deep in snow. Our old fireplace was just visible under a rock, six feet below the snow level, and the flat site I had promised was covered by almost a young glacier. We cast about, however, and found one reasonable spot, enough room for several to sleep together on snowgrass, with a place alongside for a few more bodies half under a rock, also room for the packs and a fire. It was exposed, but we could not help that and the night was fine. The evening preparations were rushed on in the fading daylight, our plans for the morning completed, and we turned in.

Almost at once the alarm went off—one o'clock. I was up into the night, and was at once perturbed by the comparative mildness of the air. The snow alongside was certainly not properly frozen. Still, the sky was clear and starry, and the omens otherwise favourable. Breakfast was prepared on a serviceable little wood fire—wood brought up from Dart Hut the night before—and an "Emergency Heater." Then the regulation snooze to digest, and we were ready to move off. The first party of seven, equipped with crampons, left a little before four, the remainder about an hour later. The first party took straight on to the snow which led in quick time to the prominent shoulder immediately north of Cascade Saddle. From here we noticed the sun rising on Aspiring, still three thousand feet above, while the Matukituki Valley slumbered in shadow nearly five thousand feet below us. As the sun tipped also the white ridge winding ahead of us, we moved on again at a good pace, and by six a.m. were on top of Plunket Dome (7,720ft.). Ahead were our further objectives—Islington (7,900ft.) and Liverpool (8,040ft.). Up here the snow was firm and cristo and our crampons a great boon. We had a good spell on top of Plunket, then walked down the northern slope for half a mile until the ridge levelled and then began to climb towards Islington.

Up here was still straightforward going, not too steep and only a few isolated crevasses, so we continued to move along briskly—but not so fast that we didn't have time to drink in the grand scenery all around us. The slope evened off as we approached the crest of Islington, but we just touched the summit—keeping well away from the cornice that overhung the eastern face—and moved on towards Liverpool. The going continued good, and before 8 a.m. we were on top. Still a glorious morning—bright and sunny, and practically no wind and a sheltered hollow right on top quickly became very hot. Right below us was Arawata Saddle with the Arawata and Waipara Valleys, Jacksons Bay and the Tasman Sea out beyond. Just across the way and still two

thousand feet above Aspiring reared its shapely form, and beyond for many miles were ice-clad mountain ranges and deep rugged gorges and valleys. Over an hour passed in mastication and peaceful contemplation, enlivened with an occasional burst of photography, and then the silence was rudely interrupted by the arrival of the other party who had made good time in spite of the lack of crampons. A few minutes more on top then we turned for home again. We cut straight across under Islington, and were quickly at the saddle leading back to Plunket. The uphill work was hot, but was soon over, and we started down towards Cascade Saddle again over snow which, even at this time of the day, was still surprisingly firm. The descent on the Dart face was terribly hot. Approaching our bivouac we cast around for a little bit of shade, and there and then decided that our faces, already sunburnt and blistered, could not take any more sunshine for a day or so, and so we abandoned without further discussion the intended crossing to the Matukituki to join in with the hut-builders for a day or so. By eleven we were back at the bivouac. For several hours we rested in sun or shade, depending on how the spirit moved us, and towards evening—having been joined in the meantime by a motley horde of tourists—we set sail once more down the glacier and so to the Dart hut. The hut was full, and more than, with our own parties, plus further arrivals from the base camp, and a few more from up the Dart—so once again we lay and slumbered on the soft warm turf. A patter of rain in the night was not enough to disturb us, and early next morning we were off again up Snowy Creek. An hour later the sun was shining again.

—SCOTT GILKISON.

FAMOUS LAST WORDS:

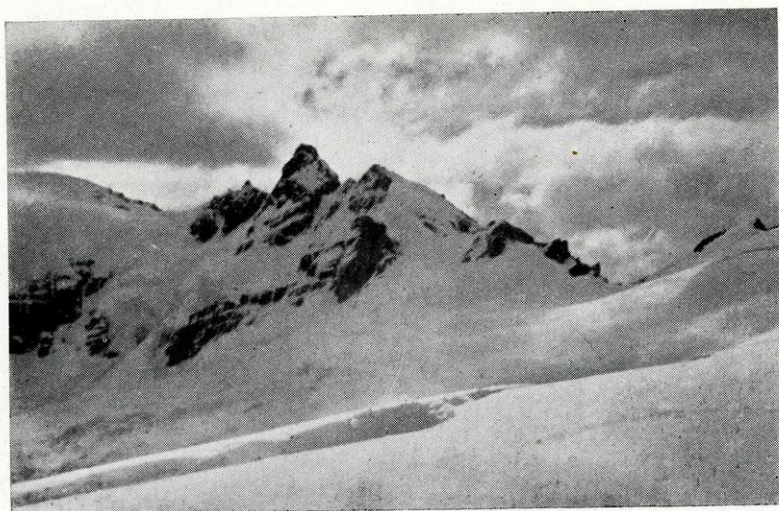
"Oh well, we'll all meet on top of Mount St. Bathans anyway."

THE BEDFORD EXPEDITION

After the luxury of a lazy day at our base in the Rees, Rod. and I were eager to get under way with our long-awaited trip into the Bedford Valley. For months, right from the time the Rees had been decided on as the Club base, this trip had become to us the star attraction of the holiday. Of the rock peaks, Pluto (8,157ft) and Sir William (8,300ft.) which rose majestically on either side, we'd read everything available and studied photos till we felt they were old friends and longed for the chance to attempt them. The Bedford itself interested us immensely, too, as it was said to be a hanging alpine valley, with the glacial waters from the Frances and the seepage off Earnslaw's West Peak and Leary combining to run easily through the snow, scree, rock, before plunging wildly down to the Dart far below.

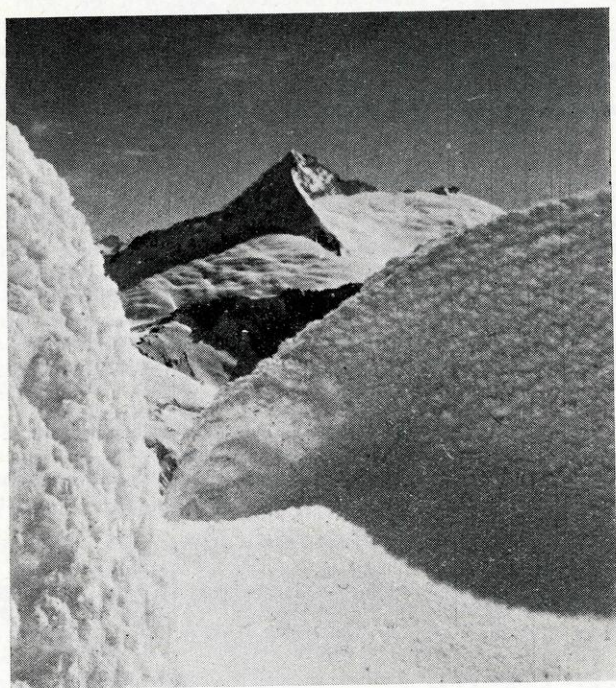
And so, later in the afternoon of December 28, we started to turn dreams into realities by starting off across the river flats and up the easy winding track to Earnslaw Hut. We had intended staying the night at the hut, but after tea, the evening was so perfect we decided to carry on for an hour or so and bivvy out at the snowline. Very beautiful sunset lighting on the snows of Ellie and Moira, immediately to the north of us, held our attention as we climbed, so that it came as a pleasant surprise to find, after the last glow had faded that the bivouac was close at hand. This bivvy was a damp, rock cave on the south of the ridge, giving a very extensive view of the lower Rees, but in the frosty twilight it did not inspire us greatly. We drew sleeping bags up round our ears and slept.

(Continued on page 12)



OZONZAC TWINS FROM MT. CLARKE

[Photo: Gordon McLaren]



ASPIRING FROM LIVERPOOL DOME

—C. N. Andersen

Hurrying through the chilly business of cooking and packing, we left the cave at four and stepped out on to the hard frozen snow. Soon the sun rose in a cloudless sky, bringing life and beauty to the sleeping snows. Also to us, an excuse to rest while we watched this transformation. As the sun gained strength we plodded slowly upwards, until at seven-thirty, Luncheon Col was reached. Close at hand we found a pleasant sheltered spot to sit and rest, while the primus did its work and brewed a cup of tea.

After eating, we left the packs and climbed Leary, a very easy snow peak, which gave a very fine view right round the compass. As it was still early the East Peak of Earnslaw would be the obvious thing, but even our boundless optimism could not justify an attempt under the existing conditions. What normally was regarded as easy rock, had a heavy coating of glistening ice which presented a very forbidding appearance. Soon the cold southerly drove us off the exposed summit back down to the packs and shelter.

Eager now to reach the valley, we loaded up and glissaded merrily down snow and scree to the level of Shepherd's Pass. The only incident of this descent worthy of note being when Rod's mug unhitched itself from his pack and went for an independent glissade before bounding over a cliff into the Hunter. Thereafter he drank from a milk powder container. The snow beneath the Pass did not appeal at all, so we kicked up to the left and struck the rock about a hundred feet above the actual Pass. A short scramble, and then we were in the Bedford.

Down a steep snow coloir we glissaded, and in a few short minutes reached the moraine of the Frances Glacier. At the junction of the two streams, mentioned earlier, we found the recognized bivouac rock. There were signs of previous visitors in tent poles, climbing rope and a rusty tin opener. We used the poles to erect the fly with, then made ourselves as much at home as possible. The day was still perfect and shut in as we were on three sides by mountains from any breeze, we fairly sizzled.

Mainly to escape the heat, at 1.30 we started up Pluto. Half an hour or so in steep scree gully brought us on to a ridge leading up the west face of the mountain where, though there was little breeze, the air was much fresher. We roped up, mainly for practice as there was really no necessity, and moved steadily up the rock. It was intensely interesting, so much so, that we forgot time until we reached the final tower, when we found that more than four hours had elapsed since we'd left camp. Longingly we looked at that tower, but discretion won at last, and we reluctantly turned downwards. To go on meant that part of the descent would be in darkness and possibly rain, as during the afternoon the weather had rapidly deteriorated.

Fortunately the descent proved easier than anticipated, so by eight-thirty we were back at the rock, just as a heavy North-West drizzle started. It had been a very strenuous day, but not until we stopped did we realize how tired we were. To stay awake long enough to eat required quite an effort.

During the night rain fell heavily, but ceased early in the morning, although the peaks all remained under fog. We rose late, and at ten-thirty decided to go on a reconnaissance of Sir William. The snow was in terrible condition after the rain, we took two hours of solid plugging to cross the glacier and gain the arete leading to the summit. Half-way up the snow we'd climbed into the fog, so this, combined with the howling Nor'-wester that greeted us on the arete made camp appear a much pleasanter prospect.

In the sheltered valley it was still calm and mild as when we had left, giving no hint of the gale raging aloft.

Later in the afternoon we wandered down-stream for about an hour reaching a point where the waters disappeared into a deep, gloomy gorge. Fog was now down to the valley floor, so unfortunately we saw nothing but our immediate surroundings. Still, we were very satisfied to gather a load of scrub each as petrol was running low. The damp, muggy atmosphere had sapped all our energy, making the return to camp quite a laborious trip.

Fog still drifted round the top at five-thirty next morning when we left for a more determined attempt on Sir William. Snow conditions were still poor, but in yesterday's steps we made good time up to the arete, only to be met by the same whistling wind. Occasionally, through the murk, we caught glimpses of blue sky, so, willing to catch at any straw, we carried on hoping the sun might win.

The snow and ice on the Hunter side proved rather treacherous, but by staying on the ridge we made quite good progress. After passing a large tooth of rock which we took to be the Gendarme, so prominent from the valley we began to get more optimistic of our chances, thinking the worst was over. A few minutes later, however, we received a very rude awakening. As we returned to the ridge after an unsuccessful attempt to keep out of the wind, we found ourselves at the foot of a steep, smooth slab that towered high into the fog, unmistakably the Gendarme. We were beaten. The normal route, underneath to the left was well plastered with sodden snow which, to say the least, did not appeal. A general thaw had been started by the damp wind, melted snow streamed off the rocks, and fragments of ice were continually bounding off down the slabs to disappear into the swirling mist. To us, with saturated clothing, it was anything but a warm breeze, in fact we were very pleased to be down in the valley to thaw out.

By midday we had decided to pack up and return to the Rees as the weather appeared to be breaking up altogether. Up to the Pass was a long, hot grind in the sheltered snow couloir, but on crossing to the Hunter the wind became very strong and bitterly cold. Once more the mist engulfed us and, missing the easy exit, we were forced to kick steps up a dreary snow-slope that eventually led on to the Leary ridge. By the amount of bare scree about we imagined that Luncheon Col must be higher, so confidently started upwards. Some time later, after practically reascending Leary, we realized where we were. During the past few days an almost unbelievable amount of snow had vanished from the ridge, altering its appearance completely. Retracing our steps we found the Col and, knee-deep in wet soft snow, commenced the descent to the Rees. About halfway down a number of large crevasses forced us to rope up and proceed more carefully.

Just above the snow line we left the fog behind and saw that far below in the valley the sun was shining brilliantly. A wonderful sight after days of snow and rocks. On rather weary legs we made our way down the snowgrass to the valley, crossed the flats, and shortly after six o'clock entered base camp, tired but very contented. Some day we shall return, and on two cloudless days climb our peaks, Pluto and Sir William.

—GORDON McLAREN.

To those who, on the Easter Trip, were concerned for the safety of those two members who were to have left for Piano Flat by motor-cycle, it is pleasing to report that they did not Potter over the edge of a Cliff as was first rumoured.

IN TRAMPING EQUIPMENT—

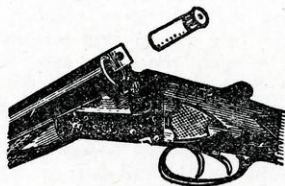
WE CAN OFFER

FRAME PACKS

IN TWO SIZES, AND AT A REASONABLE PRICE.
THESE PACKS ARE STURDILY MADE OF BEST
MATERIALS, AND ARE WELL BALANCED FOR
HEAVY LOADS.

ALSO—

**Sleeping Bag Covers and
Waterproof Clothing**



T. L. BEGG & SONS Ltd.

SPORTS DEALERS, GUNSMITHS,
LOCKSMITHS, ETC.

PRINCES STREET

::

DUNEDIN



*When purchasing Equipment, we will be pleased
to advise you.*

INTRODUCTION TO MOUNTAINEERING

Tramping, Mountaineering, Ski-Touring: I don't know if they should all be considered as separate sports, or as closely allied branches of the same great sport. But certain it is, that all have much in common, and the convert to one is in most cases ripe for conversion to the others. It is logical, for instance, that those who find recreation during the year in tramping the Silver Peaks and Chalkies should seek at Christmas time to go further afield; and having done so, not to be content to roam the valleys, but to climb out here and there to the tops, above the snow-line, and to add to the thrill and grandeur of mountain scenery the further dimensions of height and perspective. And he who enjoys the tramping trails in summer would find much to appeal in the completion of long cross-country ski tours in winter. Conversely, those who find their delight in traversing the snow slopes with ice axe or on ski can also find some pleasure and satisfaction in tramping the bush and tussock closer at hand.

Each of these forms of activity can be overdone, each is liable sometimes to develop from the stage of pure enjoyment for its own sake, and to appeal rather to a man's competitive instincts. There are those, for instance, who look on tramping as some kind of marathon contest; those whose delight in ski-ing is in the breathless descent of the longest and steepest slope in sight; and those who, in their approach to the mountains, must perpetually tempt Providence by the cult of danger and without a reasonable margin of safety. Each of these in his own way is no doubt a lover of mountains; each has his own approach to the hills; but that approach is not mine. When I go to the hills I am seeking rest and relaxation, and that satisfaction which cannot be explained or defined; it must be with due humility, with deference to the laws of Nature and a proper appreciation of what those laws mean.

I believe that, before we seek the summits, we should serve a form of apprenticeship, and should tramp for one or two seasons at least—the trails of the back country. The man who has planned his own trips to the valleys, and has learned to make camp, and cross rivers, and light a fire with wet beech wood, is prepared both physically and spiritually to climb the mountains as well. If he goes straight to the tops without such preparation, he may succeed or he may fail; he may find himself suited to be a mountaineer or he may not; but however completely he succeeds, he will always miss something very vital if he has not got that back-ground.

There is no better introduction to the mountains than active membership of a club such as the Otago Tramping Club. To members of the Club I would simply say: Go quietly, take it easy and don't rush things. Don't be talked into tackling the mountain tops if you really don't feel the inclination; but if you have tramped the valleys and feel you would like to go higher and see further, I am sure you have the fitness, the basic experience and the ability to give you a splendid back-ground. You will need a little bit of equipment, of course, boots, sleeping bag, rucksac, tent and waterproof you already have; ice-axe, goggles and rope will complete all the gear you will need for many a day. The use of the ice-axe is not difficult, and is the key to all snow work; for the ice-axe properly used is the greatest safety device you could imagine on snow or steep grass slopes. So it is worth spending a little time in practising the use of the axe and rope, and also, if you like, of doing some simple rock scrambles in the hills around Dunedin. All this is good general training and helps to give confidence and speed later. But the main hint must be. Study your weather and don't be ashamed to turn

back; better far to abandon the climb and try again, than to persevere under unhealthy conditions and invite accident or difficulties. On the other hand, an early start will unlock many a door, and will almost always ease your path to the summit. Try a 3 a.m. start and see how easy and how effective it is.

Your success in the mountains depends on your enthusiasm, energy and determination of which Club members have plenty I am sure.

Good luck to you and good climbing.

—SCOTT GILKISON.

EARNSLAW—A SOLO ASCENT

As most of you know, it is but a gentle walk up to Earnslaw Hut, and to anyone who has not previously ventured above the river flats, but contented themselves merely with the changing views of bush, open flat and snow-peak towering high above, the gradual climb to Earnslaw Hut is a revelation. At first it seems that the track will finish up somewhere near Lennox Falls, so far does it wander into the bush, but eventually zig becomes zag, and at the next emergence, the view is somewhat wider and finer. It is a triumphant moment to clamber on to the terrace and saunter above the bluffs, drinking in the views of leaping crags on the Richardson Range, until the spur is regained and one's attention is drawn to the proximity of the steep-sided gully from whose precarious slabs Mount Cook Lilies contrive to grow.

It was a hot day and a thirsty one, as, seated in the hut, my companions and I watched the flames licking round the sides of the billy. As it was a rather large billy I decided that I would take a solitary peep over the skyline. A short scramble out of the beech pocket brought me within view of the Kea Basin. Thin wisps of cloud trailed idly across the sky, and above the buttresses across the basin the snows of Earnslaw, the colour of crushed rose petals, heralded the coming of a new day. As I climbed swiftly up to the ridge top an army of tiny feet, treading gently the tops of the snowgrass rippled past me.

Nearing the crest of the ridge a tiny cone of white appeared and then another, until the whole array of peaks from Leary to Clark became visible, and below, the abysmal depths of the Hunter Valley. The snowgrass was rapidly left behind giving place to an expanse of snow whose gentle hand concealed all but the most prominent of rocks that stretched upwards like gigantic steps in the ridge. These were easily surmounted and with my foot on the last of these rocky steps I beheld the upper snowfield, a vast arena skirting the base of surrounding peaks, and from which a ridge of gleaming ice tapered towards the East Peak.

Alone as I was, I felt myself to be in touch with a mighty Presence, the urns of silent snow awoke the echoes of a forgotten past, I seemed on the verge of having revealed to me secrets of a bygone Halcyon Age. But the wise mountaineer or tramp is not content merely to see where he is going, he also likes to see where he has been, so I sat down on the last of the rocks, ostensibly to strap on crampons, but actually to gaze down over the rocky staircase I had traversed, over the hidden depths of the Hunter to the writhing scar of the Great Slip, and so my eye travelled over a sea of peaks to the lofty spire of Aspiring soaring scornfully aloof from the clouds that drifted about its shoulders.

Then on again with the satisfying bite of crampons in the ice I hurried up the ridge which, with each upward step, became sharper, giving me dizzy views on one hand to the Rees so remote below me and on

the other the vast reservoir of snow on the west branch of the Hunter. One by one the forms of the myriad peaks on the Barrier Range took shape, until at last, I set foot on the East Peak itself. Ghostly caravans of cloud drifted up the Westland valleys, the coast itself hidden by a line of fine vapour. It would be impossible to attempt to describe the panorama that lay all around me, only Aspiring and the nearby West Peak could rival my own elevation, so my eye, finding no lodgment, drifted aimlessly towards the hidden depths of the Dart Valley.

Suddenly the Westland cloud caravans seemed to have leaped over the dividing range and, in doing so, had changed their character from pearly white to sulphurous grey, their easy drift transformed to a hideous writhing movement that whirled upwards out of the Dart Valley until the peaceful serenity of my lofty eyrie was banished by the wreaths of smoke. The whole of the Dart Valley must be on fire! I leapt to my feet in alarm, and in doing so kicked the billy over. The smoke that a rising wind had caused to blow into the hut was as nothing to the choking fumes that now gyrated from the erstwhile fire. The comments of my companions I will not repeat, it seems that the billy was nearly boiling.

A MONTH IN THE OLIVINE COUNTRY

We all forgathered at Marian on the 1st of February, and set off through the dense bush of the Lower Hollyford Valley to our proposed base at the Barrier Hut. The journey occupied three days, part of the way was lying along the shores of Lake Alabaster, one of the least known and most beautiful lakes in New Zealand. The great peak of Madeline in the Darran Range is often seen reflected in its quiet surface.

Penetration of the hanging valleys to the east of the great Hollyford-Pyke Glacial trough is no easy task. The tributary streams for the most part cascade down waterfalls in steep gorges, but the traveller who finds his way up these rivers enters a wonderland of peaceful river flats surrounded by peaks and passes which beckon him on into the deserted country of great bush-filled valleys and unexplored ranges drained by mighty Arawata River.

After two days with axe and slasher, we opened up the old track through the Barrier Gorge, partly following a blaze first put in by Arawata Bill. In the next four days Brian, Colin and I explored the route over to Trinity Pass at the head of the Williamson River, a big tributary of the Arawata River, near the border of Otago and Westland. The Pass itself provides an all-weather route over the Olivine Range with quite easy approaches from east and west to an almost level snowfield which can be crossed in an hour's walking.

Perhaps some day this may form part of a really fine cross-country trip from the West Matukituki to the Tasman Sea. The route would lie over the Arawata Saddle at the head of the Matukituki River to the Williamson Flat via the Snow-white Glacier, and up the Williamson Branch to the Pass and the Red Pyke River. From here the coast could be reached either by the route we followed over Stag Pass and down the Barrier Gorge, or perhaps following down the Red Pyke itself. A party must be skilled in alpine travelling to reach the Arawata from the Matukituki, but with care, a strong tramping party could reach the Arawata from the west by Trinity Pass with mainly bush and rivers to contend with.

Jim, Pop, and Bill climbed Ark from a high camp above the bush line on the ridge between the south branch of the Barrier and Silver Creek. We joined forces again at our camp on the flats at the head of the Barrier Gorge, and they told us of the view they had obtained far into the Northern Olivines, and how the Coast at Big Bay seemed almost at their feet. From their vantage point they looked down on the great snowfields of the Olivine Ice Plateau, with the slopes to the west drained by Forgotten River, meandering through sunny flats away below them. We compared notes on what we had seen to the east where the skyline was dominated by Aspiring and Ionia, with the less familiar peaks of the Haast Range further to the north. A later study of photo panoramas and sketches made by the two parties has since revealed more of the wonders of that scene.

Jim and Colin stayed in the Barrier Valley a few days longer to climb Elespie, while the rest of us travelled over to Big Bay and Martin's Bay, and up the side of Lake McKerrow to the Lower Pyke Hut. Fishing, Geologising, and track hunting occupied our time fully, with spasms of fast tramping in between. This popular round trip circumnavigates the Skippers Range, a block of country which has hardly been explored at all, and only very imperfectly mapped.

While we were away Colin and Jim had visited our food depot at the Lower Pyke Hut, and had met Geoff. Dunckley there. Fortified by packs bulging with renewed food supplies, the three of them had extended a blaze we had started earlier up towards Alabaster Pass in the Bryniera Range. By this Pass we intended to reach Cow Saddle at the head of the Olivine River, and from there we planned to follow a route over Park Pass to Wakatipu which Jim, Pop and I had used three years before.

At the Pyke Hut our party of four met John Money and Jim Warburton by appointment on the 20th February. The next evening we met Jim McCahon once more at the north end of Lake Alabaster, while Colin and Geoff, far up on the hills to the east, were cairning the route for our guidance over the north end of Alabaster Pass. The next day we reached the top of the Pass in seven hours of easy travelling. Such a trip would have been a difficult undertaking without fresh blazes and a clear track to follow.

From the lowest point of the Pass there is a good deer trail which leads out on to the flats beside the Olivine River in twenty minutes' scramble down through bush. Here in the Olivine Valley the whole party joined forces once more, now eight strong, Bill having left us that day to join friends going home up the Hollyford Valley. With no climbs possible from this camp, due to low cloud, we made the best use of bad weather by establishing a high camp on Park Pass on the main divide at the head of the Rockburn Valley. Here we were forced to sit out a severe storm lasting twenty-four hours, and this demanded a full morning drying out on the following day. The rest of a beautifully fine afternoon was spent very profitably exploring the easily reached Park Pass Glacier.

We all climbed a snow peak surmounted by a peculiar square rock top at the head of the glacier, which gave us a fine view down precipitous slopes into the Beansburn Valley. The full length of the Beansburn is only shown on the most recent maps, and travelling would be easy in its upper reaches, though the going is reported to be much more difficult in the bush further down the valley. Jim, Colin and Geoff. turned their attention to the virgin rock peak of Amphion which towers like a miniature Matterhorn out over the Rockburn Valley. An evening's

reconnoitre turned into a full-scale assault, and the three rock-climbers' efforts were rewarded by a view from the top, of the sun rapidly setting behind the Darran Range, and evening mists welling up from the valleys below.

Another hot, sunny day followed, and we were off early on a long trek across the snowfields along the Beansburn-Rockburn Divide towards Mt. Chaos. The final climb of the summit rocks was denied us due to lack of time, and we returned to camp as early as possible to prepare for the trip over to the Routeburn Huts the following day.

We were soon well up on the slopes above the southern end of Park Pass next morning, and the approach to the ridge above the the cirque-like depression containing Lake Nerine was easier than we expected. We ate the last of our army biscuits on top of Mt. Nereus, and as we gazed back over the country we had traversed in the last month, we realised what endless delights these hills hold in store for the trumper and climber, and we realised also how much we had grown to love these peaks and valleys in the far north-western corner of Otago.

—IAN C. McKELLAR.

NEXT CHRISTMAS?

Although it is rather soon to be definite about our rendezvous for next Christmas, great thoughts have been expressed on the subject. One of these thoughts is to have two camps, one in the Hopkins Valley and another near the headwaters of the Ahuriri, almost beneath the shadow of Mt. Huxley, beyond the site of our 1938 Christmas Camp. The success, or even the very existence of such a scheme depends upon the availability of transport, since two conveyances would be necessary, diverging at Omarama; but granted two such conveyances, it needs little imagination to picture the possibilities of mountain traverses (as distinguished from peak-bagging if I may say so) of great range and variety. The peaks of the Barrier Range, over which all this toing and froing is to be done average about 7,300 feet, so the passes between might easily be within the scope of tramping parties.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRIES

(R. B. H., Maori Hill)—The Trip Committee regrets that it will be impossible to arrange for an excursion to the Shacklock Range this year.

(Mrs. R. W., Kew)—By all means bring your mug out on Sunday, even if he doesn't like tramping.

(E. H., Roslyn)—In answer to your enquiry, we have discovered that members of the Gun Dog Club have not the exclusive right to carry pup tents.

(J. F., Wakari)—Yes, w'y indeed.

(R. E. M., Kaikorai)—Although enquiries are really outside the scope of our advisory department, it is believed that the movement known as the Tilly-mark differs from the Stem Christiania, in that the skier usually finishes the former movement in a horace-ontal position.

TRAMPERS, MOUNTAINEERS, AND SKIERS,
YOUR FOOD LIST IS IMPORTANT!

**When Planning Christmas, Easter and Week-end
Trips, we are always glad to assist you with
YOUR PROBLEMS.**

*Our experience as Provisioners to Mountain Clubs
throughout New Zealand is at your disposal.*

W. SMITH & CO.

(Next Mt. Cook Tourist Co.)

368 PRINCES STREET :: DUNEDIN

CAMERON'S
Central Pharmacy Ltd.

102 Princes Street, Dunedin

***Social Security and Dispensing Chemists
and Photographic Dealers***

**BRING US YOUR PRESCRIPTIONS AS WELL AS YOUR
FILMS. OUR BEST ATTENTION GUARANTEED.**

A CYCLING HOLIDAY

When we reached our decision to cycle from Christchurch to Picton and down the West Coast to Greymouth, naturally it was understood that we would not offend the tender sensibilities of kindly motorists by refusing the proffered lift.

Having arrived at Christchurch, the first problem was to arrange our packs. Trampers have little trouble in comparison, since the load, if not out of mind, is at least out of sight. But to arrange camping gear on a bike so as not to interfere with spokes, legs and handlebars is a vastly more technical operation. Consequently we did not get beyond the Waimakariri Bridge the first night. The erection of our tent was the signal for a social gathering of the entire culecine population of the neighbourhood, which being translated means that there were a lot of mosquitoes in our tent.

There was a strong northerly blowing next day, but then I mentioned that we were travelling north before, little wonder that the probable activities of trampers in the Rees figured largely in my thoughts. It was a relief when the surface of the Plains became rippled into undulating country, not yet high enough to be called hills, while the road, in losing its splendid macadamised surface, began to hide coyly behind the folds of the earth. We camped beside a small stream at Greta (no relationship to O.T.C. members of the same name).

We were a mile past Cheviot next day when I sustained my first puncture. Having boiled up and mended my puncture, a truck stopped to ease our journey by a distance of six miles. (Read carefully this laconic statement, between the lines is revealed one of the principle charms of cycling and a brand new excuse for a boil up.—Ed.).

Within view of the Kaikouras, majestic in their mantle of snow we actually rode the next ten hilly miles, before reverting once more to the back of a truck. In this way we appreciated the drive into Kaikoura, especially where, at Oaro, the road converges between the bush-clad spurs on to the coast.

It was fortunate that our first view of the pleasant seaside town of Kaikoura, with its fringe of Norfolk Pines lining the shore, should occur on a fine day, for the next two days were wet, and still it drizzled as we left on this third day.

From here until we reached Blenheim, the scenery conformed to a regular cycle. As we wound round the terminal spurs of the hills, the scene was intimate in character of the nearby dwellings and trees that lined the road, but presently the spurs would recede, as the lower valleys were approached, until we saw far inland to the rugged outline of the High Kaikouras, beyond the bold lines of macrocarpas surrounding the valley homesteads, until the next spur confined our view once more.

From Blenheim, our distant view towards the beckoning mountains remained as we climbed towards the gap in the hills whence, suddenly we had our first view of Picton settled snugly at the head of the Sound. Doubtless in honour of our arrival, the town was in carnival mood and decked in bunting. When we left Picton, it was by launch, which nosed its way round the headland where the Grove Track climbs high above. It was a pity, to miss the Grove Track, but we couldn't have it and the launch trip to the head of Queen Charlotte Sound. From the Grove Wharf we climbed over a low saddle, then free-wheeled down to the head of Pelorous Sound. After cycling beside it for some miles we camped at Pelorous Bridge where the river running through the beech-clad valley and tumbling over gigantic rocks as it rushes towards the Sound makes one of the most attractive places I have ever seen.

A lift into Nelson spared us one of the biggest climbs of the trip. With the reflection of this gruelling ascent in mind we felt justified in spending a lazy week in Nelson. But at last the time came to push off through the hop fields towards Westland, which proclaimed its hospitality by providing deserted huts for our use. After noticing with interest the rift in the hillside and the Old Man Mountain caused by the Murchison 'quake, we passed on to the magnificent bush scenery of the Upper Buller Gorge. Fortunately, where the magnificence of the Gorge begins to dwindle in its approach to Westport, we had another lift.

South of Westport, where the road reaches the sea once more, was, I think, the best part of the trip. Tree ferns grew beside the waters edge. The pancake rocks at Punakaiki lost something in interest since the tide was out and in consequence the blow-holes not functioning.

Our trip concluded at Greymouth, brilliant sunshine seeming a good omen. We had achieved our ambition, had covered 1,150 miles and mended five punctures.

—STUART NEEDS.

ONE DAY ALONE

Our holiday was nearly over. Time was moving rapidly along, and in a few days we were all due to move off down the valley again: and still I had not looked up the Hunter Gorge or tried out the route blazed by J. A. Sim in 1944. So when I found myself with a free day, there was no question as to where it should be spent. The fact that no one else was free to join in the outing was no serious disadvantage. Having taken adequate precautions under the circumstances, I considered myself free to enjoy the special delights of a solitary ramble through bush which, if not entirely virgin, was at least natural and unspoilt.

So at 7 a.m. I moved off from base camp, walked a hundred yards downstream, and cross the chilly waters. On the other side I quickly found a deer trail, one of many which lead into the bush and eventually converge on one main track. After a few minutes I picked up the official blazed trail, which led up on to a spur and then across the hillside. When I sat down on the thick, dry moss I was able to marvel at the stately trunks of beech trees all round me. The track continued well marked at my feet, and every here and there was a two-year-old blaze, and sometimes a newer scraping as well to show me that men had passed this way before. Presently the track was winding up and under a line of soaring bluffs; no sign could be seen of a break in the line, but the blazed trail led unerring to the single chink in the defences — "a wide bush-covered fracture" says the guide book, "fairly steep, but easily negotiated." Above this the line led merrily on, across one or two tumbling streams and then upwards again. Here and there the line of blazes peters out, but the general direction was obvious and I had no trouble. As I neared the top of the bush the sun finally sought me out, things became very hot and I was glad to have been till now on the shady face. Up a dry creek bed, across the last tongue of bush, and I was out at the grassy nick, visible from the valley, at the end of the Clarke spur. Two hundred yards more over snow grass, spaniards and veronica, and I could look straight down the Upper Hunter. Straight ahead was the dramatic gorge and waterfall by which the waters of the South and West branches escape from their hanging valley to mingle with the less boisterous Northern branch, rising from the glaciers under Mt. Clarke to the right. Here I tarried for long enough, revelling once

more in my solitary possession of so much beauty and grandeur, then I moved off for the base camp again. The descent was a continual reminder of the need for planning for our retreat as we advance. The trail blazing has mostly been done with an eye to climbing rather than a descending party, and several times I found myself off the line. What to do then? My remedy was to sit down for a moment, nibble a bite of chocolate, have a look at the view, call myself a chump for losing the track, and then go back to the last blaze and try again. It did go through my mind though, that it would be just too bad for anyone who lost his nerve under such circumstances. Finding a lost track calls for both confidence and concentration, and when alone it is very easy to get rattled. As it was, I had quite a job locating the turn off leading to the break in the bluffs. The point is fully marked and a false line of blazes leads innocently past, round the top of the cliff, and then disappears. Eventually I landed on the correct line again, having had a good laugh at the whole thing, but had the day been less fine I could easily imagine that I could have been seriously annoyed with myself, with the track cutters, and everybody. This obstacle surmounted, it was an easy ramble back through the bush, across several hurrying streams, and out on to the flats again. Then into the river for a swim—interrupted by the unannounced arrival of the ladies of the Auckland Tramping Club party—and back to the base camp ready for anything.

—SCOTT GILKISON.

GOING SKI-ING?

Nowadays, with ski-ing gaining in popularity, the demand for information and advice about equipment increases also. The finance involved in getting oneself ready for the snow is for most people very considerable and mistakes prove costly. I do not profess to be an expert in the matter, but all skiers recognise certain broad principles when thinking of equipment. So for any members of the Club who are contemplating a ski-ing career this season I make the following suggestions:—

DON'T waste money on New Zealand-made skis and accessories. The material is poor and the workmanship poorer. Price, as you may guess, is not commensurate with quality and it is often possible to buy imported skis for less than is asked for New Zealand ones. Beware of N.Z. made skis under foreign trade marks. This practice is quite common at present.

Skis.—Hickory is the best wood, being hard and durable. Maple does not wear quite as well as hickory, but is much cheaper and quite satisfactory. Ash also lacks the qualities of hickory, but for its light weight, is very strong.

Length.—Your ski should reach from the ground to the palm of your hand when arm is raised as high as possible.

Bindings.—These are the things that you put your boots into, and comprise two steel plates, one on each side of the boot with some form of binding encircling the heel forcing the boot forward into the toe-irons.

Spring Bindings are the best. These have a semi-circular spring around the heel and by virtue of strength, reduce "side-play" to a minimum. This is a very important factor and is quickly recognised when on ski. The best form of spring binding is the Kandahar type which is available in various forms and at various prices ranging from £3 to £7.

Toe plates should be adjustable in order that a good fit may be made on the boot. Make sure of this when purchasing.

Sticks.—Like an ice-axe, sticks have a great number of uses. Mainly, they help the weary skier on his uphill climb, and also provide a useful means of propulsion on level ground.

Cane sticks are very satisfactory. **In length** they should reach from the ground to the tips of the fingers when the arm is extended horizontally.

Boots.—Ski Boots are, of course, preferable giving a better fit in the binding and being more able to stand up to snow conditions than ordinary boots. A few light nails in the toe and heel are very useful when climbing on bare terrain.

Ordinary tramping boots are quite satisfactory providing that there is plenty of rigidity in the instep and no clinkers, etc., round the side of the sole. Interference with the toe irons will minimise their effectiveness.

NOTE that it is essential that the boot should rest straight and not at an angle on the ski. The foot should be absolutely parallel to the line of the ski. N.Z. made Ski Boots are quite satisfactory, and cost about £3 per pair.

Edges.—These consist of thin strips of metal (steel or brass) about 10 inches to 12 inches long and about $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch wide which, when screwed in continuous sections to the bottom edge of the ski form an unbroken metal edge from front to rear. Their purpose is to prevent rounding of the edge of the ski through wear, and give a good "snow grip" when turning.

If you intend to venture on to the icy slopes of Rock and Pillar or other higher ski-ing regions, then edges will assuredly be well worthwhile.

Snow Clothing.—Looks very snappy and impressive, but is not really necessary. Gabardine and poplin materials are best, having a smooth surface which snow does not adhere to very readily.

Mitts are very important. Not only do they keep your hands warm, but they protect the back of the hand from grazes when falling.

Plenty of woollen scarves, sweaters, balaclava, etc., is the answer to the clothing problem. When ski-ing at Rock and Pillar and elsewhere it is probably impossible to carry too many articles of clothing with you. (Actually it is impossible to carry too much up Rock and Pillar, but you probably get my meaning nevertheless.)

Having thus purchased your ski, sticks, bindings, etc., you are faced with the task of getting them ready for the snow.

Bindings should be screwed to the ski with the toe-plates coinciding (roughly) with the point of balance. Then, before tightening up the screws, fit your boots into the bindings. When properly adjusted you will have a "left" and a "right" ski.

Edges, if desired, require fairly expert fitting, and I understand McGrath's undertake this work.

All that is now left to be done is to wax your ski, and on this subject I don't want to say very much. Waxing is the most controversial topic in the ski-world.

Black Base Wax (there are various brands) is satisfactory under most conditions, and can be rubbed on cold and smoothed out by hand (friction heat) or piece of cork. There are dozens of different ideas about waxing, and it is probably best for the beginner to experiment by himself and form his own opinions.

A final word concerning sources of supply.

Oscar Coberger at Arthur's Pass has a very complete stock of ski-ing gear and accessories. Prices are high, but discreet buying can help quite a lot. Alex. Thompson & Son have a very fine range of sample equipment which is well worth inspection. Stocks are not due to arrive unfortunately for some months yet. Coberger's Price List is available from the Secretary.

Several members of the Club are also members of the Otago Ski Club, and I feel sure that they will gladly help and advise anyone interested in obtaining more detailed information than I have been able to give here.

—R.E.M.

EXODUS FROM WESTLAND

After the tramp over the Haast Pass on Christmas Day, 1942, we were slaking our thirst at the Jackson's Bay Hotel to the comforting accompaniment of Christmas Carols, when the glow of well-being was suddenly shattered by an announcement.

The strains of "When Shepherds Watched" had barely died away before a hoarse voice proclaimed that Japanese paratroops had landed near the junction of the Haast and Landsborough converging on the West Coast with the intention of paralysing the Naval establishment whose locality was not disclosed, for obvious reasons. It is to be feared that we, a small party of eight, and unarmed withal, were concerned only with headlong flight. Hastily we rejected our plans of proceeding to Weheka and the Hermitage, the back-door exit via Big Bay and Martin's Bay seemed the more prudent. Fortunately we had already collected the stores intended to carry us through to Weheka, when those were done, we could only hope to find more at huts by the way.

Our big problem we very soon learned was the river crossing and in particular Cascade River which was reputedly impossible after rain, even with horses. We made quick time past the Arawata Bridge, and followed the river for a mile upstream to its junction with the Jackson, and then followed the latter, and after recrossing this several times to avoid slips, washouts and bush, we finally climbed out of its valley and over the intervening spur to the Martyr River and across it on to a manuka covered ridge. Darkness was now coming on, but from clearings in the manuka we could just pick out, miles away, a high plateau and some buildings set in a clump of trees, which later proved to be Nolan's old homestead hard by the Cascade River. Our course now took us down an endless slope, terminated by miles of knee-deep bogs. The effect of this with 70lb. packs can well be imagined, as can be our surprise at finding a three-roomed house with hot water service and radio. Tinkering feverishly with this we listened with awful eagerness, but of the minor invasion we heard not one word. No news is supposed to be good news, but we could hardly agree with the old saying, the laconic nature of the broadcast only increased the suspense.

As we surveyed the Cascade River next morning it resembled a sort of Rubicon, and this reflection helped to buoy our spirits as we waded arm-pit deep over the bouldered bed. The crossing incidentally was accomplished in 1½ hours. We had been previously advised by Mr. Nolan of the way to Dooland's Hut—four miles distant, but by the simple expedient of going the way he told us not to go, we soon found ourselves in the Hermitage Swamps, where we wandered till dark. Not till then did we decide to pitch camp on top of a series of nigger heads—we called them by other names.

Next morning, in heavy rain, we explored the swamp some more, but tiring of this we decided to go back to try the route Mr. Nolan had recommended, arriving thus at the hut within the hour. An eel caught in the swamps made a toothsome meal.

A good but muddy track made our progress easy to the Hope River which was easily crossed at low tide. After six miles of boulder hopping we pitched tents in a dry river bed at Cascade Bay. This, of course, was a mistake, only serving to make rain a certainty. As the camp fires were extinguished one by one by the rising creek, four of us elected to shift camp, selecting the uneasy lodgment of a knoll of shingle between the river and the sea's angry waves. At 4 a.m. we were joined by the others as their tents were in danger of being carried out to sea.

As we set out for Gorge River we hoped that our arrival would coincide with low tide. Two miles later we reached Sandrock Bluff where it was evident that we would be having a spell from boulder hopping. After spending four hours amongst the supplejack, kie-kie and lawyer in climbing the steep face we were only too glad to continue boulder hopping.

The waters of Gorge Creek looked both dark and deep, and despite the urgency to press ever onward, only two of our party felt inclined to cross, stripped off, with packs on heads and leaving most of their gear behind. Possibly they intended to retrieve this on their second trip, but the second trip never eventuated, so they spent the night there with a tent, billy and a towel each, their only solace to watch us addressing a bowl of stew. Their return at 5 a.m. was unobserved. After crossing Longridge Point we lunched off one packet of soup, a quarter slice of bread and a small piece of cheese each. The next meal that followed the crossing of the Hackett River was reduced to tea minus sugar and milk. Percy found the nectar of flax very appetizing.

But if our meals became progressively smaller, the boulders became progressively larger as we approached Awarua Point, until even boulder hopping became impossible.

At one of our camps past the Hackett River, which for reasons I will not disclose, we baptised Cow Camp, the sight of the moon rising over the numerous islands that dotted the coast helped to allay the grimness of our circumstances. Later as we rounded the twelfth of the headlands that are collectively termed Awarua Point, we felt we had passed a milestone of our journey when Pembroke Peak and Tutuko appeared, filling the skyline with glacial majesty. We crawled through swamps to avoid the tide now lapping the boulders, until we reached the last of them.

Ahead of us now lay a track which our imaginations pictured as a boulevard lined with huts crammed with food supplies. Actual fact proved that the boulevard was paved with mud and the food supplies merely bits of bacon which were eaten raw, oatmeal and similar features of a spartan diet. And so, fourteen days after leaving Jackson's Bay we arrived at Deadman's to discover that the Air Force had promptly disposed of the Japanese paratroopers, and that the police had been concerned for our safety, a plane with medical supplies and food was, in fact, at their disposal in Hokitika, and more important still, there was plenty of food at Deadman's.

Finally, I wish to state that I do not think our journey was wasted, we had proved it possible to get from Jackson's Bay to Big Bay and, after all, what would you have done in similar circumstances?

—E. MOORE.

HAWEA TO OHAU

The idea of going up the Dingle Burn from Lake Hawea had been nagging ever since studying the map while at the head of the stream on a previous O.T.C. trip.

So having some holidays and settled weather thrust upon me, I made for the Wanaka bus and lapped up Central Otago's peaches, scenery, apricots and dust en route, duly being deposited at Hawea from where I had intended to wander along the lakeside towards Timaru Creek Station and park the night in some likely spot. However, the gods smile on the just and the unjust, and the next thing I was blowing along in the Riley car gleaming all the information I had hitherto failed to acquire regarding a bridge over Timaru River and a track from there to the Dingle. When I found there was both, things augured well, and I used the rest of the evening viewing the environs of Timaru River and then spent a pleasant night in the bunkhouse.

Away early next morning and wandered along the pansy track on the Lake side—the water was a sheet of glass shimmering in the morning sun, and the tranquility of the scene was most impressive. About three hours' travelling brought me to the Dingle Outpost from where Mr. Riley took me to the river. This is not actually where the Dingle Burn empties itself into Lake Hawea, but a little further up.

From here I left the last remnants of civilization, and my companion from now on was the Dingle Burn which is swift flowing and, at this stage confined to a gorge, with no track, and has to be crossed backwards and forwards repeatedly. No one had been up even with horses for two years, and I was to see the result of a storm in the uprooted trees lying into the river. This didn't exactly speed up the going, and with eighty-four crossings to be made, time simply flew. Had I not been so frightfully busy I would have enjoyed the sight of suddenly coming on deer feeding on the small patches of ground interspersed here and there at the river's edge. I was struck by how red their colour seemed. Also interesting were the fat trout I would disturb when I descended into deep pools along the rock edges—they were the size of those which usually "got away."

At last I came to a spot where the Burn was rushing through a narrow ravine, so decided to pull out of the river, and I came out into flat, open tussock country which was welcome and more familiar.

I spent next day at the Dingle Hut admiring my scars and bruises and sun bathing under the mistletoe laden trees.

Then I set off to the head of the Valley absorbing the scenery and later pulled out over the Saddle to view below me the Ahuriri Valley.

Luck was with me when I struck a deer track (and two deer thrown in for luck), and this lead pleasantly down to the floor of the Valley. After a hot day a dip in the river refreshed body and mind, and that night I spent at Birchwood Station. The early morning brought threatening clouds, and these decided me to take the road out to the Lindis instead of going over the Maitland Saddle to Lake Ohau as I had hoped. I fully appreciated the signboard out on the road which read—"18 miles to Birchwood." However, a car picked me up and whisked me into Omarama for the night, where I enjoyed some of the local trout.

Next morning saw me off on the road to Lake Ohau, but not walking as a truck pulled up and I heard the welcome news that the driver's destination was the head of Lake Ohau, so it was not long before we were going along the lakeside, and I was viewing from there, the tops from which we had previously had our first glimpse of Lake Ohau on the last O.T.C. trip in that district.

The weather was simply perfect as was the accommodation in a nice two-roomed hut. A browse of two days up the Hopkins where I was impressed by the memorial, in its fitting peaceful glade, erected to the memory of the Alpine boys who lost their lives on Mt. Trent, and a further stay back at the lake brought a most pleasant sojourn in the back country to a close. So thanking the station owners for their cordial hospitality I left for Dunedin via Kurow and Oamaru. It was gratifying to realise that not once during the trip had I any occasion to use my rain-coat.

—"MONA LISA."

THE ROCKBURN VALLEY

It has been suggested that a short account of the Rockburn Valley would be of some interest to members of the Otago Tramping Club. Most members of the Club are well acquainted with the Routeburn, but the Rockburn hitherto remained shrouded in the mists of obscurity. In many respects, however, the Rockburn is a more interesting valley to visit, scenically, botanically and geologically, and it retains, moreover, much of the appeal of untrodden ground.

In the early days it was the scene of an abortive attempt at settlement. Sheep were taken in to pasture on the extensive valley flats, but there is no record of sheep having ever been brought out. Later, both Professor Park and Professor Marshall travelled up the valley to Hidden Falls and Cow Saddle, and in the middle thirties our party traversed the valley on several occasions on the way to the Olivine Range. More recently deer stalkers have been active in the district.

Firstly, as to access: there are two ways into the Lower Valley. The Rockburn can be reached over the hill known as the Sugar Loaf. An old sledge track winds up through the bush from a point a few chains above the suspension bridge in the Routeburn. From the Sugar Loaf, extensive views of the Dart and Rockburn Valleys can be had, and this point is well worth visiting. To continue into the Rockburn, very steep bush-clad slopes must be descended on a long sidle to the west, that is under the slopes of Mt. Momus. Near the bottom of the valley good deer trails can be picked up, one recently blazed. The same point can be reached by travelling up the Rockburn from the Dart. The blaze starts on the river side of the Rockburn, crossing over at a fair ford between the upper and lower gorges. The same point can be reached from the Routeburn Lodge by the Dart River side of Sylvan Lake, and by crossing over the flats at the head of the lake to the low spur overlooking the Rockburn.

From the ford, the blaze climbs on to the spur and follows a high level route above the upper gorges. The blaze is easy to find, and for the most part follows the old sheep trail. A reasonably fit tramping party could reach the Rockburn Flats by any one of these three routes in a day of nine to ten hours, starting from Routeburn Lodge. Once past the Upper Gorges there is a succession of river flats separated by open bush with many deer trails. The third of these flats, Theatre Flat, is very extensive, a great clearing of many hundreds of acres, hemmed in on all sides by steep mountain slopes, Somnus, Nereus, Nox, Minos and Amphion. There are scattered groups of beech trees growing here and there across the short turf pasture, giving the whole a parkland aspect. At either end, the flats are shut in by rock spurs around which the river sweeps in miniature canyons.

The up river spur summit is well worth a visit. The best route to the upper valley lies across the neck of this spur, and from here the top can be reached in a couple of minutes. On the top we have a veritable rock garden with dwarf beech, manuka, dracophyllum and mountain totara growing around pools with masses of gentians, celmisias and other mountain flowers. Above these towers the peak of Somnus and the sharp spine of Ilion. Great cataracts pour down from Somnus and from Lake Nerine, high on the slopes of Mt. Nereus. Up valley there is but one more tongue of bush to pass through before the grassy slopes leading to Park Pass are reached. This tongue of bush lies on a rock bar over which the river plunges. Good deer trails lead through it to the valley head on the true left bank.

Park Pass can be reached in a couple of hours from Theatre Flat. The Pass overlooks the valley of the Hidden Falls River, looking across to the Byrniara Range, with Mts. Frenchman, Barrington and Prospector. From a little above the Pass to the west, Cow Saddle and Fiery Peak can be seen, while down Hidden Falls the Hollyford and Mts. Madeleine and Tutoko show to advantage. Above the Pass to the east and basin-like Park Pass Glacier can be reached by a short scramble up grassy slopes. The glacier is a relatively safe one for parties inexperienced in ice work. Slopes are easy and crevasses few and far apart. Around the glacier are the peaks of Poseidon and Amphion, while Chaos, Nox and Minos could be reached safely by non-climbing trampers. Lake Unknown between Chaos, Minos, and Nox, is worth visiting from the glacier, or alternatively it might be reached without any crossing of snowfields, direct from Theatre Flat.

Cow Saddle, that most peculiar place between the Hidden Falls and Olivine Rivers, is four hours from the Pass—four easy hours.

(Continued on page 30)

WINTER SPORTS

We hope to have in stock by July a full range of imported **SKI EQUIPMENT**, which will cover the latest styles in Skis, Bindings, Sticks, Waxes and Accessories. We are at present holding samples of this equipment, as follows:—

"ANDREFF BLUE AUTOGRAPH" Laminated Skis, representing the latest trend in ski design and perfectly constructed and finished.

CANADIAN KANDAHAR TYPE SKI BINDINGS

CANADIAN TAPERED METAL STICKS—extremely light and well balanced.

SKI ACCESSORIES.

WE ALSO OFFER—**Ice Skates, Hickory Ski (N.Z. made), Rucsacs, Caps, Mittens, Gaiters, Sleeping Bags, Etc.**

For prices and information write for our Free Catalogue.

Alex. Thompson & Son

LIMITED

453 Princes St., Dunedin.

P.O. Box 710

Non-climbing parties could easily scramble up the low peaks of the Brynieras to look over into the Lower Hollyford and Pyke Valleys. Tutoko, towering above Lake McKerrow is a magnificent sight from here.

From Park Pass the North Branch of the Routeburn can be reached in one day. First we must keep to the slopes above the Rockburn until Lake Nerine is reached. This lake is a mountain jewel, lying under the slopes of Somnus and Nereus. In most seasons it has miniature icebergs. Visit it even if you don't intend crossing to the Routeburn. At the head of the Lake cross the ridge to the Hidden Falls side and keeping high up, traverse around to the North Col above the Routeburn. But here a word of warning. Do not attempt to make the crossing or to visit Lake Nerine except on a fine day with no prospect of the weather deteriorating. Do not attempt it when snow is encountered on the Rockburn slopes before Lake Nerine is reached. Do not attempt it unless the party has plenty of time in hand. A complete crossing from Park Pass to North Col may take only five hours, but double this time must be allowed for. Under good conditions the trip is a perfect tramping day, under bad conditions, dangerous even for experienced mountaineers.

Among the attractions of the Valley I have mentioned the Park Pass Glacier, Garden Spur, Theatre Flat and Lake Nerine. The whole valley is beautiful from the intricate lower gorges, with deep pools of opal blue water ponded in narrow chasms to the view from Park Pass. There are many features of geological and botanical interest which I have not yet had the opportunity to examine in detail. For example, there is a peculiar isolated pocket of *Kamahi* in the upper gorge, the only such occurrence in the district so far as I am aware. In the canyon around Garden Spur, the underscrub beneath the silver and mountain beech is almost wholly *Archeria Traversii*, when in flower beautiful as a red haze along the blue river pools. On the slopes above Sylvan Lake is a large drumlin swarm, an unusual moraine deposit formed underneath the old Rockburn Glacier as it swept over the spur towards Sylvan Lake. The Rockburn Valley shows many other interesting glacial features, notably a marked tendency to asymmetrical form as against normal U-shaped glacial valleys. Theatre Flat is a filled-in glacial lake ponded between the two over-ridden spurs. The last remnants of the Rockburn Glacier, the present Park Pass Glacier is notable for the fact that it drains two ways, one stream going to the Tasman Sea and the other to the Pacific via Lake Wakatipu. There are many deer in the valley so a rifle should be taken in. There is no lack of good camp sites, but the best is under a huge boulder in the centre of Theatre Flat, plenty of space to pitch a couple of tents under its overhanging sides. There is also a good site, though a trifle exposed, on the top of Park Pass beside a mountain tarn.

The Rockburn Valley is well worth a week's visit, more if it can be managed, it is more strenuous than the Routeburn, and offers a return trip by a different route.

I, myself, have been to Park Pass carrying a heavy pack, from Routeburn Lodge via the Routeburn Valley and North Col, in eleven hours, and from Park Pass back to the Routeburn Lodge via Rockburn in nine hours, but this is rush travelling. An ideal trip would be to tramp up the mouth of the Rockburn the same day as the party arrives at Kinloch; second day to Theatre Flat; third day visit Lake Unknown; fourth day to Park Pass and Glacier; fifth day to Lake Nerine and North Col; sixth day to Routeburn Huts and seventh day back to Kinloch.

For anyone fortunate enough to be able to spare more than a week, there is the Hidden Falls Valley and Cow Saddle to be visited and many other spots well worth lingering in for a day or more.

I would certainly recommend to any members of the Tramping Club who might be re-visiting the Routeburn Valley to try the charms of the Rockburn. Reasonable fitness and a week in hand are all that is required. If any are tempted, I will be very pleased to provide as much information as I can.

—J. T. HOLLOWAY.

AN INTRODUCTION TO SKI-ING

In order to save members unnecessary reading, may I first point out that this is a serious article upon a serious sport, namely, ski-ing, and bears no relationship to the pursuing of elusive females around the Botanical Gardens—a more frivolous and certainly more dangerous sport known as she-ing. (Shave, sir?) In view of the well-known attitude of mind of the author, I should also point out that this article has been declared "black" by the President of the Under Thirty Club, and is therefore "recommended for adult audiences only."

The preliminaries cause a certain amount of bother, but are eventually overcome by the assistance of one's friends. Having borrowed skis, sticks, etc., improved one's sartorial appearance by more borrowing, improvised ski boots from tramping boots (a more rugged species of the same animal) and used influence to get a seat on the bus, I was ready to go. A stop for water—all liquids are over 90 per cent. water—at Clarke's Junction put everyone in a better frame of mind, and I was prepared to grant that this ski-ing business had its points. We debussed at the bottom hut about 11.30 p.m., took on extra weight in the form of kerosene to prevent excessive speed up hill, and then tackled

NOTICE TO TRAMPERS AND BIBLIOPHILES !

Reader's Book Club

148 RATTRAY STREET (next White's, Florists). PHONE 13-111

and known to discerning O.T.C. Members as

DOROTHY'S LIBRARY

MONDAYS TO THURSDAYS .. 10 a.m. to 8 p.m.

FRIDAYS 10 a.m. to 9 p.m.

SATURDAYS 6.30 p.m. to 8 p.m.

Inspection is welcomed of a wide range of Novels, Travel Books, Westerns, Thrillers.

the 3,000 foot climb with a lilting swing to our steps. Though steep, the going was reasonably easy. Had it been daylight the view would have been well worth enjoying, and would have compensated somewhat for the hard work. But, of course, we were ski-ers so we tramped up in the dark. A low tramper would have gone up in the morning with the same heavy pack, the same steep climb, but with an ever expanding view to spur him on. Ski-ers prefer the darkness.

Then we met snow. There was snow to the right of us, snow to the left of us, snow in front and behind, above and below, snow all around us. It was not even gentle flakes, but frozen pellets as hard as lead shot with a howling, biting gale blasting it into our faces. In the tussock I had been tramping. Presumably now I was enjoying the first thrills of a member of the Ski Club. How they love snow! How they thrill to see it! Girlish shrieks of joy welcome the first few flakes. Pah! From one snow pole to the next we fought our way, rested a moment, and then on again. Hard, slogging up-hill work. At long last a light from the hut window came into view, and provided the spur for the final effort which landed us in the comparative quiet and comfort of the porch. Later I was to inspect carefully that palace erected on the top of the Rock and Pillar Range, but nothing appealed to more than that light in the window dimly visible through the madly whirling snow.

Next day was Saturday, and the snow storm continued to rage outside while we lazed in bed inside. I reckon this ski-ing game would make me put on weight in no time. It can't be too popular with the ladies. Thank goodness Sunday wasn't so bad, and exactly 38 hours after leaving Dunedin I put on a pair of skis for the first time. I have a suspicion that word "introduction" would be better altered to the "First Act" (of a two act farce). Before I close I must give my impressions of the joys of ski-ing. The first time down a hillside is thoroughly enjoyable (even after allowing for the slog to get up in the first place), but to continually go up and down a hillside of about three or four hundred yards for hours on end strikes me as being a first qualification for a certification of insanity. I am not a prospective member of the Ski Club.

—"SWEET ADELAINE."

THE LURE OF THE GARVIES

THIS EASTER.

If it is possible to visualise sardines in holiday mood, it is no great step to picture the first truck leaving Queens Gardens on Thursday night. The remainder, that had elected to travel first class, left in the Barth Tub at 11.30.

We all arrived at Piano Flat in the small hours, and while the majority were glad to pluck a few hours sleep from the receding curtain of night, a few anonymous old campaigners had to boil the nocturnal billy—somehow it seemed the right thing to do.

Pleasant as was the prospect of water glinting through the beech trees' shade, the lure of the ridges was greater, and long before midday we were all away with our separate parties—some to follow the bush road eight miles up to Christie's Hut before taking to the Range's attenuated ridges, others to climb straight up the bush-clad spur to Titan Rocks. Of the two courses, I will describe first the latter, since that way seems to me the more dramatic approach to the hills. A second reason will also appear to the discerning reader.

For almost three thousand feet, the bush rises above the plain, the extent of our vision bounded by the well-spaced beech trees, with an occasional glimpse of the rocks far above, until at last the trees thinned out and the remainder of the spur was exposed to view. Seeking the vantage point of a prominent rock, we relaxed in contemplation of the Waimea Plains below, the sweep of the Umbrella Range merging with the Old Man and the masses of white gentians spangling with brilliance the waving tussocks—of all the pauses for rest we'd had that day, this was undoubtedly the most triumphant.

Ahead of us the spur rose through an isolated belt of trees on to a tiny plateau a few hundred feet below Titan Rocks, which now dominated the skyline. As this seemed to be limit of firewood, we camped here, Wilf and Murray going on to the Rocks to collaborate with Molly, June, Barbara, Ralph, Gordon and Cliff, whom we had seen on the ridge ahead of us.

We reached Titan Rocks next morning just in time to survey our new surroundings before the mists swept on from the Waimea Plains. The ridge before us advanced as a line of waves, culminating in the serried ridge of the Garvie Range. Across the wide basin of peat bogs and meandering streams that collect into an invisible gorge, an open spur climbs leisurely from the region of Christie's Hut towards the same confused huddle of peaks. As the mists closed down for the day, we pictured other parties on that same ridge, as it transpired they were.

The futility of continuing was immediately apparent, but to give the fog a chance to lift, we whiled away an hour, listening to the music of a primus. Informal meals like that help to draw members of a party close together; with six of us in a two-man tent, we were drawn very close together.

The drenching mist continued, so we retraced our steps, past the invisible camp site and down to the haven of Titan Huts of whose existence we'd not known until we saw them earlier in the morning. After chopping large quantities of wood we spent the rest of the day sympathising with our companions, nobody else, we thought, could be enjoying such luxury as this.

At the same time, after navigating the foggy ridge from Christie's by compass, Dick, Ron, Lesley, Russell and Gordon Sim were sitting down to a three-course meal at Blue Lake Hut.

Fortunately the sky was gleaming with even greater brilliance when early next morning for the third time we set off uphill. Beyond the Rocks the ridge, in sending down a network of spurs forms a mosaic of golden tussock amongst the deep green depth of the bush-clad gullies that drain towards the Waikaia. There was only one more hill to climb and then we crossed the head of the basin, climbed a fold of the ground and beheld Blue Lake cradled between the ring of hills, with a musterer's hut at its lower end. It would be interesting, though probably impracticable, to see this cascade of rocky buttresses when mantled with snow.

As we had to be back in Piano Flat next day, if we were to traverse this ring of hills—so obviously the culminating point of the whole trip, we must do it now, though the four remaining hours of daylight was pitifully little to devote to a part where days of exploration could not reveal all its alories.

The ridge rises rapidly and rockily until Blue Lake is far below and Lake Luna appears beyond it, while ahead of us a spire of rock loomed large on our field of vision. As we approached it, momentarily we had forgotten the two sister peaks, separated by a fantastic gulch that from Titan Rocks until now had formed the most conspicuous feature of the skyline, almost it seemed like a figment of an artist's imagination.

(Continued on page 35)

ALPINE EQUIPMENT

We take pleasure in announcing that we are now able to supply our RUCKSACKS in the Original Brown Canvas. In design and quality our frame packs are the best in New Zealand, and can be relied upon to give many years of good service. Parkas, Coats, sleeping bag covers, etc., can be supplied at odd times as material is available.

Like you, we hope it won't be long before the shelves are full again and we can meet all your needs from stock. In the meantime we are doing what we can, and can assure you of our best service and attention always.

J. McGrath & Co. Ltd.
385 PRINCES STREET - DUNEDIN

St. George Beef Steak Pudding

1-LB. TINS



A TASTY MEAL, TO BE EATEN HOT!
Irvine & Stevenson's St. George
Co. Ltd., Dunedin

We continued to forget the remarkable cleft until we stood on the rocky spire and looked across to a similar peak beyond the abyss. Although the traverse to the second peak resembled a sort of Mountaineer's Maginot Line, the rocks were arranged with surprising convenience, we merely sauntered down to the bottom of the cleft, passed above Lake Scott and scrambled up an easy couloir to our peak which for a hundred yards continues as a gradually ascending plateau before merging with the main ridge of the Garvie Range, here slightly less than 6,000 feet.

Having arrived, we allowed the majestic pageant of mountains to drift before our eyes. Far below, the Dome Burn meandered between a host of tarns, while beyond it the Slater, Hector and Remarkable Ranges could not conceal the sea of peaks that swam in the rays of the westering sun. Earnslaw we could recognise, but the shapely peaks to the left of it were too many to enumerate, such peaks as Tutuko, Madeleine and other Christmas Holiday scenery. Beyond the rocks that cascade to Blue Lake the Hawkedun and Rock and Pillar provided the contrast by reminding us of the hills at home.

The others, whom for convenience I will call Dick's party, had not long passed this way, and had had all day to gloat over a view that seems, however erroneously, to comprise the biggest part of Otago and Southland, while we had to see it while traversing a mere half-mile of the main ridge. But perhaps we were the most fortunate after all by being here at the magic hour when the sun crosses the golden bridge between afternoon and evening (J. B. Priestley).

And so we followed the spur above Cow's Lake and down to the hut, where we were made welcome by the musterers of Glenary Station, even if they did cheerfully admit that we must all be crazy. A special tribute is due to the cook who deified himself by waking us next morning with the announcement: "If you want breakfast, you'd better get it now."

With four mutton chops stowed away I felt equal to accompanying Ray in his wild project of going back via Christie's Hut, discovering in the process that Titan Rocks IS the most dramatic approach to Blue Lake, since on the longer ridge to Christie's the ruggedness of the main ridge is very soon concealed by nearby spurs. After two hours we saw the Bush Hut below peeping from the trailing mists that ambled up the valley, and later wistfully vetoed the idea of a swim in the pool below the bridge. Situated as it is at the bush line, the track from Christie's down to the Elysian pastures bordering the Whitecomb, offers the best scenery the valley has to offer. Here it is a veritable parkland, with graceful beech trees dotted here and there, revealing the denser bush of the lower reaches.

Those returning by Titan Rocks were impressed by the sight of an army of sheep passing through a rocky defile beneath. Mr. Pinckney was still more impressed by the sight of eleven trampers. One wonders what he would have thought to see all twenty-eight of us.

And so we boarded trucks, and even as far as Waipahi the Remarkable Gap in the receding Hills stood out supreme on the skyline, as if to remind us that another Easter the Garvie Range will still be there.

—NORMAN BONSELL.

LOST.—One Grand Re-union Dinner. Last heard of just before V.J. Day.

LAST EASTER

At 3 p.m. on Good Friday Rodger and I left the bus at Fruitlands and, in boisterous nor'-westerly weather, started up the Old Man Range. Our route lay up a long ridge leading to the top about two miles to the left of the highest point—the Obelisk—which was directly in front of us. We climbed steadily with few stops, gradually leaving the big tussock behind until by the time the sun had left us we were over the first patches of snow.

About 6 o'clock we passed through the gigantic rocks on top, and, in gathering dusk, started stumbling down the steep ridge to the headwaters of the Earnsclough Creek. Over the Garvies an ominously black bank of cloud was approaching fast with the cold southerly change. Shortly, as we neared the valley bottom, we began peering through the gloom for the hut indicated on our map, luckily discovering it on a small terrace about fifty feet up from the opposite side of the river. Arrived simultaneously with darkness and rain.

Owing to the fact that the chimney had been blown over we had some difficulty in keeping the fire alight, as, instead of an up-draught, a very definite opposite persisted. Rodger solved the problem by holding a sheet of iron over the remnant of the chimney. The effect of this on the atmosphere inside was very marked, therefore it was not long before we retired to the bunks weeping copiously.

Next morning we were up at 5.30 to find that the weather had changed for the better, an extremely hard frost promising a fine day. In contrast to last night the fire absolutely refused to draw either way so we had another gruelling fight to get a cooked breakfast.

With the first rays of the sun peeping through the rocks back on the Old Man, we started up through the frozen snowgrass on to the Garvies. We found the view south through Piano Flat obscured by the early morning mist, but far to the west the jagged snow-covered peaks of the Remarkables glistened in the bright sunlight. For the next three hours we tramped steadily along the wide flat ridge finding very good conditions over the frozen swamp which covered the greater part of the ridge, and which normally would provide rather heavy going. The tussocks and fence wires were a wonderful sight with the sun sparkling through the coat of hoar frost, often about an inch wide. We lunched beside a roaring little stream, but did not stop long as a chill breeze springing up urged us on.

Shortly after three we were back on the main ridge again to find the Remarkables just across the way, and a number of high peaks on the Alps towering above the blue haze of the foot-hills. On a jumble of lichen-covered rock we basked in the sun for a few minutes before starting up the hardest climb of the day. We climbed steadily for an hour leaving the tussock behind and reaching the barren, rocky ground typical of the high Central country. At this height, 6,000 feet, the character of the country changed completely, the ridge falling to the left in a continuous chain of broken precipices, snow and ice covered for the greater part. Dotted below were numerous little tarns, intensely blue in the late afternoon sun.

Six o'clock passed while we were still on top, so, deciding the only practical way out if we wished to remain high was to camp at the foot of the cliff, we scrambled down at the first opportunity and pitched the tent in the lee of a rock. The evening air was extremely cold, and with every available stitch of clothing on, we ate an unenjoyable cold meal.

After an uncomfortable night we arose at daybreak to find our boots, etc., frozen hard. We packed and climbed up to the warmth of the sunlit ridge to behold a truly glorious mountain scene, crystal clear and sparkling in the frosty air. After five hard hours along the rock and scree slopes we climbed up to a trig station, 5,955 feet, to get our first view of the four lakes far below us, a beautiful shimmering blue against the fantastic rock buttresses overhanging the waters. A little further on we discovered an easy route down the cliff, so wandered on until we found a lovely green alpine meadow surrounded by snow and ice. Here, on a flat rock, we stretched out in the sun and enjoyed a meal. Later, we amused ourselves for an hour or so exploring the endless array of snow caves, icicles and icefalls about us. Lower down we found Lake Laura lying back under the icy rocks, every detail of the heights above mirrored on its placid surface. We walked around the emerald banks, and at the lower end of the lake found, much to our surprise, another cliff well over one hundred feet high separating us from Gow Lake below. The outlet of Lake Laura cascaded in beautiful fall down to the larger lake, and beside this we climbed, rather apprehensively, to the lakeside.

At the southern end we left our packs and followed a swampy depression round a high conical rock peak for a mile or so to have a peep at Lakes Fred and Blue. We reached our packs again as the sun set in a cloudless, frosty sky. The prospect of another fireless night did not appeal to us, but we had resigned ourselves to our fate when Rodger noticed the shell of an old stone hut a short distance above the lake. Up we went to investigate and, to our joy, found a number of rafters lying around. We pitched the tent inside the walls, and soon had a cheerful blaze in the ancient fireplace.

Next morning we were awakened by our hastily erected tent billowing in and out a few inches from our faces. Outside we found a fresh nor'-wester sweeping the hills. After a hearty breakfast we wandered round for an hour or two, admiring the great cliffs, waterfalls, and gorges about us, before packing up. About midday we started back up on to the Garvies, en route to Garston.

Soon we were over the top and plunging down the steep tussock slopes to the swamp that separated us from Mt. Tennyson's ridges. We crossed amongst the dozens of little tarns in the saddle, and stopped for lunch on the drier ground beyond, even managing to boil on dead veronica twigs. On again over pleasant tussock-covered hills for a while, when, deciding we had plenty of daylight left, we edged down into the bed of the Dome Burn and followed the turbulent waters practically to the source. After leaving it we climbed steeply over the shoulder of Mt. Tennyson, reaching the ridge-top about 3.30. From here we had a very fine view of the Eyre mountains, their rugged peaks just tipping the clouds. Far below lay the sources of the Nokomai and Nevis Rivers, separated by the Nevis Saddle, over which ran the clay road leading from Cromwell to Garston.

We jolted down through the warm tussock, golden in the afternoon sunlight, to the saddle finding much to interest us in the relics of past gold-mining days. Quickly on the road we gained height and were soon over the rise, wandering down to the Southland Ski Club Hut. A glorious wild sunset through the stormy clouds hanging on the distant peaks. About 7 o'clock we reached the hut to find a small party of S.S.C. members in occupation. They gave us a very hospitable welcome and a wonderful tea, whitebait fritters, too! after which we played cards till midnight.

Up later next morning to find ourselves enveloped in dense mist, so after breakfast we packed and hurried off down the steep, winding road on the last five or six miles to the Garston Railway Station. Out on the main road we found that we'd cut our time limit rather fine, but a good burst brought us on to the station precisely at 11.15, only to find, as we'd half expected, that the train would be half-an-hour late.

As we boarded the crowded train we had a last glimpse of the now familiar hills, of the last wisps of fog floating lazily up into the clear blue sky, before we were carried downwards into the narrow valley, homeward bound.

—GORDON McLAREN.

The Squatter's Reaction Upon Being Confronted by Eleven Trampers.—"Hey Bill, did you ever see anything like this before?"

RECIPE.—RICE A LA NE-VILE.

Ingredients:

1-lb. of ground rice.

Water—gallons of it, preferable to cook near a stream.

Place all the rice in a 2-pint billy and fill up with water. Slowly bring to the boil. As the rice starts to flow over the sides of the billy, serve quickly three platesful. Add water to rice still in billy. Eat fast—serve again—add water—eat faster—serve again—add water, and so on ad infinitum or at least until full (gastronomically speaking). If desired, continue as an experiment until right consistency is obtained. By engaging a trained Accountant to keep accurate tally records, and a mathematician to work out the results, it is then possible to determine more reasonable quantities for the future.

—"N. T."

OTAGO TRAMPING CLUB

Hon. Editor:

N. H. BONSELL, 67a Kaikorai Valley Road

Hon. Secretary and Treasurer:

R. E. MARKBY, 29 Jackson Street, Kaikorai. Phone 21-768

**LIST OF MEMBERS OF THE OTAGO TRAMPING CLUB (INC.),
as at 16th May, 1947.**



- Arras, G. C., 39 Brighton St., Kaikorai.
 Armstrong, A., 16 Baker St., Caversham.
 Boyd, Miss D., 20 Ross St., Roslyn.
 Butterfield, L. R., 49 Nairn St., Kaikorai.
 Bamford, Miss M., UNRRA, Regent E.C.,
 Salonika.
 Broughton, W., c/o. McLeod Bros. Ltd.,
 Dunedin.
 Bullock, J., c/o. National Insurance Co.
 Brooks, W., 58 Peter St., Caversham.
 Cook, Miss E. M., 19 Fifield St., Roslyn.
 Campbell, J., c/o. Social Security Dept.
 Drysdale, C., 42 Cavell St., Tainui.
 Freeman, S. J., 39 Greenhill Av., Wakari.
 Garrett, Miss E., 61 George St., Dunedin.
 Hunter, E. W., 38 Pine Hill Terrace.
 Hardie, Miss P., 317 High St., Dunedin.
 Hoskins, Mr. and Mrs., 96 District Rd.,
 Ravensbourne.
 Hogan, Miss S., "Strowan," Musselburgh
 Rise.
 Hunter, H. H., 100 Leckhampton Court,
 Dunedin.
 Hunt, Miss D., c/o. G. S. Kirby, N.Z.
 Express Co. Buildings.
 Ingram, Miss E., 10 Elgin Rd.
 Jarvis, J., 31 Loyalty St.
 Kilgour, Miss N., 46 Patrick St.
 Lymburn, J., c/o. 6 Douglas St., St. Kilda.
 Larkins, Miss B., Challis' Pt., N.E. Har.
 Mann, G., 27 Taieri Rd., Roslyn.
 *McQuilkan, D., Whare Flat.
 Munro, Miss N., c/o. A. & T. Inglis, Dn.
 McFarland, Mr. and Mrs., 34 Tweed St.,
 Roslyn.
 McPherson, J., 18 Brighton St., Kaikorai.
 Meggett, Miss J., 23 Littlebourne Rd.
 McGavin, Miss V., 15 Parkhill Av., Morn.
 McLaren, G., 5 Earl St., Green Island.
 Marshall, W., c/o. Housing Const. Dept.,
 Dunedin.
 Marquet, N., 9 Traquair St., Dunedin.
 McLean, Miss S., 1 Hamel St., Dunedin.
 Newton, A., 78 Easter Cres., Kew.
 Napier, Mrs. H., 9 Bangor Terrace, Kew.
 Nelson, K., 58 Victoria Rd., Dunedin.
 Pearson, G., c/o. Wright, Stephenson, Wel-
 lington.
 Potter, A., 26 Portobello Road.
 Roberts, Miss M., 28 Millar St.
 Savidge, N. R., c/o. Dawson's Ltd., Princes
 St.
 Sutherland, I., 26 Begg St., St. Kilda.
 Smith, Mr. and Mrs. I., Shand St., Green
 Island.
 Spellar, R., 32 Blacks Rd., Opoho.
 Steele, R., c/o. Duncan, McGregor, Dn.
 Tweedie, Miss L., c/o. A. & T. Inglis, Dn.
 Tresize, C., c/o. Y.M.C.A., Dunedin.
 Tilly, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. J., "Glascoed,"
 Heriot Row.
 Tait, Miss D., 5 Westland St., Green Is.
 Vann, R. J., Corstorphine Rd., Dunedin.
 Williamson, Miss L., 20 Jones St., Dn.
 Wing, Mr. and Mrs. K., c/o. The School,
 Chaslands.
 Wilson, Miss E., 23 Galloway St., Morn.
 Watson, Mrs. F. R., 41 Marewa St., Kew.
 Adams, Misses M. and D., Princes St.,
 Green Island.
 Anderson, C. N., 41 Mayfield Av., Wakari.
 Bonsell, Mr. and Mrs. N. H., 67a Kaikorai
 Valley Rd.
 Beveridge, J., 27 Peel St., Morningson.
 Brown, Miss K. C., 7 Freyberg St., St.
 Kilda.
 Brooks, Miss W., 58 Peter St.
 Barth, A. H., P.O. Box 876, Dunedin.
 Bradley, Miss D., c/o. Trustees Executors
 Co., Dunedin.
 Craigie, A. R., c/o. Arthur Ellis & Co. Ltd.
 Clark, G., 27 Minto St., St. Clair.
 Crooks, Miss C., c/o. Cadbury, Fry, Hud-
 son Ltd.
 Dunn, F., 11 Sylvan St., Opoho.
 Douglas, M. L., 18 Fea St., Dalmore, Dn.
 Gilkison, W. S., 33 Barr St., Morningson.
 Gregory, R., 1 Albany St., Dunedin.
 Hamel, R. B., 86 Newington Avenue.
 Hughes, E. J., 12 Sheen St., Roslyn.
 Hermiston, J., c/o. H. E. Shacklock Ltd.
 Harvey, R. J., 140 Balmacewen Road.
 Hubbard, A., Sheen St., Roslyn.
 *Jopp, A. A., Private Bag, Mt. Allan.
 Kennedy, Miss M., 37 Fingall St.
 Lawrenson, Miss N., c/o. J. J. Niven Ltd.
 Lymburn, Miss J., 50 Glen Rd., Dunedin.
 *Mackie, I., c/o. Bank N.S.W., Ashburton.
 *Malloch, D., Waikouaiti.
 Mann, J. G., 35 Mount St., Wakari.
 McPherson, P., School St., Kaikorai.
 Marriott, Mrs. R., 14 Grandview Cres.,
 Opoho.
 Markby, R. E., 29 Jackson St., Kaikorai.
 McKellar, I., 34 Claremont St., Dunottar.
 Mulgrew, R., 161 King St., Dunedin.
 McMillan, D., 25 London St.
 Niven, J., 34 Begg St., St. Kilda.
 Needs, S., c/o. Williamson Jeffery Ltd.
 Napier, Misses J. and B., 9 Bangor Ter.,
 Kew.
 Orr, R., Main Rd., Green Island.
 Patrick, Miss J., 3 Vire St., Dunedin.
 Parkhill, Miss M., Riselaw Rd., Lookout
 Point.
 Rait, Miss J., 19 Fifield St., Roslyn.
 Stevenson, Mr. and Mrs. W., 2 Manuka
 St., Dunottar.
 Smith, Mrs., 27 Leven St., Roslyn.
 Sanders, Miss J., 138 Surrey St.
 Scott, J., c/o. D.I.C. Ltd.
 Stanley, Miss L., 3 Fernhill Flats, Manor
 Place.
 Sim, G., 4 Helena St., Dunedin.
 Timlin, K. W., 335 Rattray St.
 Tucker, Miss V., 102 Dundas St.
 *Thomson, A. J., 53 Manor Place.
 Tarlton, Miss M., Mayfield Av., Wakari.
 *Wright, G. D., c/o. R. Wilson & Co. Ltd.
 Wing, Mrs. E., 65 Preston Crescent.
 Wilson, Miss M., 10 Macbeth St., Dunedin.
 Wilkinson, Misses M. and E., 25 Falkland
 St., Maori Hill.
 * Signifies Life Member.

CROWN PRINT LTD.

Printers and Publishers

294 Moray Place

DUNEDIN

1947

•