



# *Outdoors*

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

JULY, 1951  
Vol, 5 No. 1

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# OUTDOORS

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## EDITORIAL

### PLANNING FOR EMERGENCIES

IT IS NO PART OF OUR DUTY as a Club to look for trouble in the hills. Rather, we may rejoice that for another season the Club has maintained its very satisfactory record of freedom from serious accident. But accidents have occurred not very far away. The Hopkins accident at Christmas had no serious result, thanks in some measure to the presence of a strong team of our Club members in the valley. Further south, the Emergency Organisation was called out for the first time to search for a missing deer-culler. The fact that none of our Club members have been involved should not blind us to the necessity for continued care and adequate, even excessive, precautions against accident when in the mountains. The fact is, however we may discount it by reference to accidents in other sports or in every-day life, that accidents are always possible in the best-organised party, and that in the mountains the very slightest mishap is potentially serious. A dozen or so of us participated in the S.A.R. trial last December, and those who had not tried it before were surprised how heavy a human body can become after being carried a few yards. Those who helped in the Hopkins rescue will appreciate still more the difficulties of negotiating a laden stretcher down steep country or over boulders, rivers, bush and scrub; still more will they appreciate the need for speed, especially before a change in the weather. The minor injuries suffered by two members at the Jubilee Hut opening helped to emphasise the difficulties of getting a person out from even moderately rough country. The human body is clumsy and awkward, and especially when incapacitated ever so slightly in one of its component parts. We are not looking for accidents—far from it. But we want our members to appreciate the ever-present risk of something untoward happening; to make them, in a word, “accident-conscious,” so that they will appreciate the possible difficulties of transporting even one injured person from rough or isolated areas. Other essentials are, willing support in advance to the F.M.C. Rescue Organisation; cheerful sacrifice of cherished plans in time of emergency; and the avoidance of any conduct which involves unjustifiable risk. There is plenty of room in our hill or mountain country for all the exercise and adventure we could look for without over-stepping the bounds of reason. We trust our tramping may be as trouble-free in the future as it has been in the past. But remember—it CAN happen to us—if we don't take care!

—W. S. GILKISON.



## PRESIDENT'S LETTER

To all Club Members,

By the time this reaches you winter will be upon us, bringing with it shorter tramps and longer hours by the fireside for quiet reflection. There will be pleasant and sometimes stirring memories of hours spent amongst our hills and mountains; also thoughts of those, your fellow-members, who have shared these delights with you.

Tramping throws people more together for longer than most activities, and because of this we must work positively for good relations between one and another, for friendliness and co-operation. Don't forget that much of the enjoyment in tramping is derived from the company you're with, so why not do your bit to ensure that everyone of your party is made welcome. Offer your friendship to the newcomer with both hands. Make him feel at home, and glad to be a member of our Club. Remember the days when you, too, were feeling your way, a comparative stranger, and grateful for the extended hand of friendship.

Looking back over the past twelve months there were the two major trips, Christmas and Easter, with Sunday and week-end tramping playing a prominent part in our programme. Christmas found 29 of our members exploring the Hopkins Valley and tributaries, while a total of 21 members and friends attended the Easter trip to Piano Flat, Waikaia. A substantial start has been made with our long-term tree-planting policy on Flagstaff, and it is proposed to plant a variety of seedlings this coming winter.

The outstanding achievement of the year was the completion of Jubilee Hut. All those who have helped in this project, and particularly the handful who did the lion's share of the work, have earned our sincerest thanks. Let us hope that this hut, built to the memory of the founders of our Club, will open up the area and encourage tramping in parts of the Silver Peaks which to date have been too infrequently visited. Remember that the hut is your property, and its care is in your keeping. Look well after it and make it your concern to see that others do also. Perhaps in these days of bustle we think too little, if at all, of those men and women, the founders of The Otago Tramping Club, who helped to make our own tramping here in Dunedin more possible and more enjoyable. Let me quote from a letter from one of our earliest Presidents, Mr. Lionel Lumb, who, in expressing his regret that he could not come to the official opening of Jubilee Hut, said, "Doubtless to quite a few that will be over there this week-end, thoughts will arise—and in some cases, memories—of those who once trod the road up but now have passed on. They were a great and happy band. They had, almost without exception, cultivated that 'feel'—the inward spiritual side—which is the essence of Tramping Club companionship. I have always felt that man reveals his true self and his outlook to life when he is on the wander through the hills. It attracts the very best in the very best. Others don't last." It expresses a sentiment I commend to you.

There is an important matter concerning our Club's growth to which careful thought should be directed. Immediately after the war years there was a natural resurgence of enthusiasm in Tramping activities which breathed new life into our organisation. That has now largely spent itself, and we are in the middle of a settling down period, so let us have a close look at our present situation.



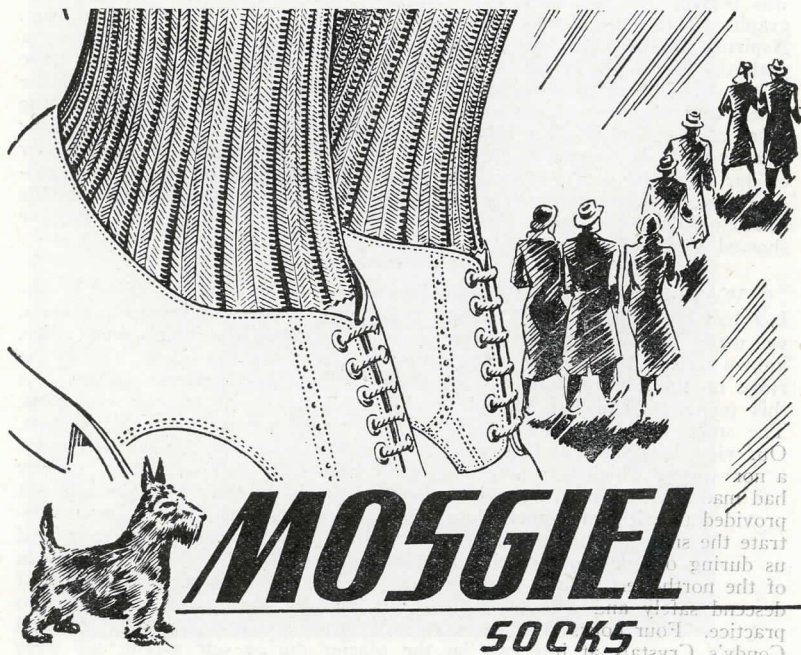
Numerically, our membership has been fairly stable since the war, but we have undergone considerable changes in personnel. Any member who finds that he has to drop his association with the Club for a while finds, when he returns, many strange faces and comparatively few familiar ones. How many of our older members have already had that experience! It is most important that we should hold our older members, even though, for domestic or other reasons, they can no longer devote to tramping the leisure they once did. It is most regrettable when they drop out altogether. Their continued association with the Club is essential if we are to be a mature and fully representative body. As one of our best known members said at the Open Forum recently, we have a head and a tail (a long one), with not enough body. Perhaps the next five years will show whether we are going to grow a sizeable middle.

However, on the positive side, let me say that we have a youthful spirit of freshness, enthusiasm and general comradeship in the Club which is very much alive today, and it is because we want to keep and foster these qualities that we must face up to our weaknesses, and overcome them. Let us, then, go forward, and further at every opportunity the interests and objects of the Otago Tramping Club, and to uphold, wherever we may be, the true spirit of tramping.

—WILF BROUGHTON.

A mountain has a capacity for revealing truth in human nature.

—F. S. SMYTHE.



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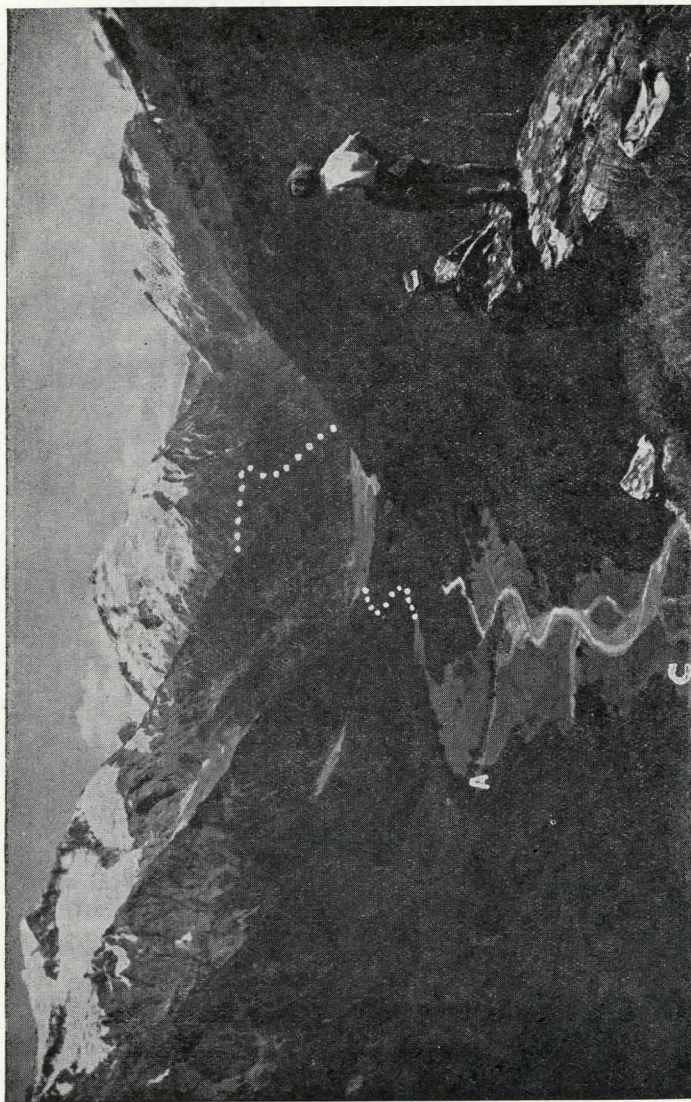
## TRAMPING HIGH

We left Dunedin on the 22nd December, 1950, and by train, bus, taxi to Aspinall's Garage and swagging up the West Matukituki we eventually arrived at the large and comfortable Aspiring Hut the following day. Having spent a pleasant night at this hut, we pushed on for the Head of the Matukituki through beech forest, pleasant flats, across a shingle slide and eventually crossing the Matukituki Stream on to the east side and up over gentle slopes to the waterfall at the head of this valley. Access to the basin above and Hectors Col is gained by ascending the rock slopes on the left side of the waterfall. Low-lying cloud and light drizzle greeted us above, and we spent the night a little to the east of Hectors Col. Christmas Day dawned rather miserable, but steadily improved, and as we made the ascent to Bevan Col over slab and snow slopes the peaks of the Waipara presented themselves as the curtain of cloud lifted, revealing Mt. Ionia, Eros and Tyler. Sleeping out under a multitude of stars on Bevan Col in perfect conditions with Aspiring towering across the Bonar Glacier is something we shall not forget, for here half an hour after our arrival Father Christmas in the form of Mr. Fred Lucas, of Southern Scenic Air Trips Ltd., had dropped our supplies from one of his aircraft.

We rose next morning and after a good breakfast set off for Mr. Joffre, which from the col is a climb minus any technical difficulties. The weather was perfect, and we spent a pleasant hour on the summit, taking photographs of the fine views obtained from this point. To the north-east, Aspiring, to the south, Mt. Tyndall, and a little to the west Mt. Edward, with the Earnslaw group in the background, further west and you have Tutoko and peaks of the Hollyford District. We returned to the col for lunch and spent the afternoon in preparing our living quarters in the eventuality of bad weather breaking. These quarters in the form of a snow cave were to be known as "Condy's Crystal Palace" during the remainder of our trip, and consisted of one room and a sleeping bench to accommodate five. After preparing everything for our attempt on Aspiring the following day, we again slept out under the stars, although the weather showed signs of definite deterioration.

We rose at 1 a.m. and were away within the hour after a good breakfast had been devoured. Crossing the Bonar and its numerous crevasses, we made our way towards the lower portion of the north-west ridge, known as the Rock Step. Having crossed the step our route lay up the ridge on the Therma side till the slope of the ridge becomes steeper. At this point we had our second breakfast and strapped on our crampons. The snow was hard and good time was made in ascending this section. Our view was short and brief, likewise our stay on top, for we had raced a nor-wester which was now upon us in all its fury. Fortunately, a party had made the ascent the previous day and the holes their ice axes had left provided us with good anchorage for our own axes, which could not penetrate the snow more than about two or three inches. Thick mist enveloped us during our descent, which was *via* the south face of the lower portion of the north-west ridge. Our descent required constant care, for we must descend safely and without mishap; all we had learnt was now put into practice. Four hours later we were safe on the Bonar and, having splashed Condy's Crystals at intervals on the glacier during our ascent, we were able to return to our Palace and to Keith, who had a hot cup of cocoa ready for us on our return at 2 p.m.





Head of West Matukituki Valley. A is Aspiring Hut. Hector Col is in right distance, to right of which appear Bevan, Joffre, and part of the N.W. ridge of Aspiring.



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We woke early next day to find the nor'-wester was still with us, snowing hard and the conditions outside extremely cold. During the day we enlarged our "Palace" with the excavation of an additional sleeping bench on the opposite side to our original, which we subsequently used to stow gear and use as a change room.

The following morning gave promise of improving weather conditions. During the afternoon we made the ascent of Bevan by our own routes and enjoyed the scramble, although the wind was very cold. With a few short but speedy glissades we returned to the warmth and comfort of our cave.

The next day was fine, and we decided to attempt Mt. Avalanche by the west ridge and the slabs. Moving across the Bonar and under French, we approached our objective, which at first appeared a most formidable little peak. Our first impressions, however, were reversed when we actually came in contact with the slab face. This climb provided us with good rock, although additional care was necessary at times, as our route up a series of cracks and ledges crossed loose slab and rocks in several places. Once again we enjoyed a fine panoramic view of the mountains and their surrounding snowfields. A pleasant hour on this summit was passed practising the fine arts of photography and food consumption. Our descent was more or less the same as our ascent, and a dislodged stone heralded our approach to Keith and George, who had decided to stay just below the slabs and take full advantage of the glorious sunshine.

We eventually returned to our "Palace" at approximately 8.30 p.m. after having had an excellent day on snow and rock.

The following day was not so perfect, and it was about mid-day before we rose. The next day we left "Condy's Crystal Palace" to the keas, and, moving under Joffre in thick mist and drizzle, we slowly approached the French Icefall where, with numbed fingers, we strapped on our crampons and made our way to the French Ridge Bivvy for lunch. We eventually arrived at the Aspiring Hut that day at about 4 p.m., drenched but with a feeling of complete satisfaction in achieving what we had set out to do.

Two days later we were in Wanaka to replenish our food supplies in preparation for a light and fast trip to the Earnslaw Group at the head of Lake Wakatipu. As George and Keith had to return home, this preparation was simplified, as they could return to Dunedin with such equipment as we thought unnecessary for this trip. Keith had unfortunately sprained his ankle during our exit from the Matukituki, but as his ankle had given him no trouble the previous day he eventually accompanied us on this additional adventure.

The 6th January dawned to find four bodies asleep just short of Chinaman's Bluff in the Dart Valley. We moved round the bluffs and up the valley for two or three miles before making our way through the bush to Spaniard Valley. This valley lies at approximately 4000ft., and access to it is obtained by ascending the slopes which appear from the Dart Valley to be right under Pluto Col. It was a hot and sultry day as we toiled up the steep beech-clad slopes and occasional bluff. By 3 p.m. we were in this valley as mere grease spots, and to our surprise found about three dozen deer grazing on the flats ahead. Pitching our small bivouac tent about halfway up the valley, we set to and prepared a big tea.

A perfect day was ending in a perfect evening as we lay in our sleeping bags drinking large mugs of cocoa. Once again we slept out under a starry sky.

Keith was up at 2 a.m. preparing our breakfast, and half an hour later was cautiously arousing three forms in sleeping bags. It was 4.15

a.m., however, before we left camp, as there was no moon and our vision could not penetrate the inky blackness. From Pluto Col an ice couloir runs down to the Spaniard Valley to form Spaniard Creek, and by cutting occasional steps in the ice we eventually arrived on the col at 6 a.m. Everything showed promise to a fine day, and as we consumed our scroggin Ian Bagley and Brian Wilkins appeared. They informed us of all the alpine activity that had taken place in the area and then pushed on in their attempt on Pluto. We in turn moved up the ridge on our attack on the west peak of Earnslaw. Having crossed on to the north face we came to a steep ice couloir to the right of the very prominent snow couloir on this face. As this appeared to be an obvious route, we lost no time in surmounting the rock sides of the couloir until at the final pitch we had to resort to the very hard ice. Having left our crampons at Queenstown, extra large steps had to be cut, and this 70 odd feet was almost perpendicular. Jack and I took belays on Arthur, who confidently attacked the ice with strong blows from his axe. Cautiously and slowly he surmounted this obstacle until he was in a safe position to belay our ascent. A short scramble on the remaining rock brought us to the snow ridge summit, and by 11.45 a.m. we were on the highest point.

The sun was warm and visibility was excellent, Tutoko and Madeline appeared to be standing shoulder to shoulder and looked very impressive. Photographs and panoramas taken and lunch finished, we decided to descend *via* the west face, which consists of a steep snow slope and then a series of rock bluffs. Six hours of careful descent, slow because of the necessity for belays most of the way brought us back to the valley and Keith, who was preparing the evening meal.

As in the past, whenever possible, we slept out a la bella etoile (French for under the stars).

The following day we packed up and pushed on to Pluto Col. A strong nor'-west wind was blowing and thick, low clouds were surging in from the West Coast, covering Hollyford, Tutoko, Dart, and Matukituki Peaks. An hour and fifteen minutes and we were in the newly-erected alpine bivvy on Wright Col, having negotiated the benches below the north face of Earnslaw without mishap. We reached the Earnslaw Hut about 5 p.m. after having had some exhilarating glissades during our descent of the Birley Glacier. During the following two days we made our way very quietly down the Rees in warm weather.

This Christmas excursion to two Otago valleys and their mountains would not have been successful but for perfect weather, a Prestige pressure cooker, a nylon rope, one pair of rubber-soled boots, and last but not least the good companionship which existed throughout the trip.

The party consisted of none other than Keith Pickersgill, George Rosie, Jack and Arthur O'Kane, and Alex Gourlay.

—A. G.

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The hill-lover does not ask to climb the hills so much as to be among hills.

—F. S. SMYTHE.

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There was a young man from the Bluff,  
Who thought tramping was ever so tuff,  
Till one day in the Dart  
He at last gave up hart,  
And cried—"Sandy Bluff—that's enuff!"



## JUBILEE HUT

### A Survey of the Scheme to locate and erect it

If I remember correctly, it was that well-known collector of gullet stones, Horace Tilly, who first made the suggestion that a hut should be built in one of the small tributary valleys of Christmas Creek. At that time no one really realised the implications of such a suggestion or did anyone perhaps take a great deal of interest in it. However, at the Annual General Meeting in 1947, Mr. Tilly, as President of the Club, recommended that a hut should be built somewhere in this district as a permanent memorial to the founders of the Club (the Silver Jubilee taking place the following year, 1948). As a result, a reconnaissance of the district was planned and one Saturday morning a party consisting of A. H. Barth, J. Scott, R. Markby, G. McLaren, C. Andersen, J. Bullock, M. Douglas, and K. Timlin left Hindon to explore Christmas Creek and its tributaries for a possible hut site. After going as far as the beech forest (near the Gap), it was decided that the only suitable area would be in the vicinity of Cave Creek (*i.e.*, the valley in which Jubilee Hut now stands), and two sites were tentatively suggested—one at the junction of Cave Creek and Christmas Creek and another a short distance up Cave Creek.

Nobody seemed to be particularly enthusiastic about these two sites, so that a further investigation was made by Messrs. Tilly and Lush, who suggested a spot on the opposite side of the creek to where the hut now stands. This, too, was abandoned and a later party consisting of Messrs. Hoskins, Lush and Markby suggested the present site. This appeared to be a reasonable compromise and met with fairly general approval with one or two notable exceptions.

The next steps were to arrange finance for the building of the hut and prepare a track from Christmas Creek to the site so that materials could be back-packed in without too much effort and to prepare the site. The Jubilee Dinner was held in September, 1948, but so far as the establishment of any permanent memorial was concerned we were still on the threshold of the whole undertaking. With the help and assistance of Bill McFarland, President of the Club for 1948/49, a grant was arranged through the Department of Internal Affairs, and this was added to by a donation from the Estate of the late Mr. O. Balk, one of the founders of the Club. At the same time, Mr. McFarland had arranged for the use of a workshop in Dunedin, and a great deal of prefabrication work on materials was carried out during February and March, 1949. This resulted in a great saving in time and labour later on. On the site itself, excavation had been completed and foundations laid. Heads were next put together in an effort to decide how materials could be transported to some point reasonably near the site. Several exploratory trips were made over Lamb Hill and Cave Creek junction. On 13th March, 1949, Mr. D. Robinson, of Lamb Hill Station, was contacted, and finally Messrs. Robinson and G. Graham, of Mt. John, agreed to undertake the job, saying at that time that they would do the job free of charge! All the materials were collected and railed to Christmas Creek siding a week or so prior to Easter, 1949, in the hope that they would reach their destination in time for an Easter working party. However, this did not transpire, and the timber, etc., eventually got as far as the top of Lamb Hill, where it remained for the whole of the winter—literally amid snow and ice. During the month of August the timber was shifted to a point half-way down Lamb Hill overlooking Christmas Creek. At this time Messrs. Robinson and Graham

sent the club an account for their services, and for some months this gave much food for thought to the Committee and planners of the venture.

Labour week-end, 1949, saw members at last in a position to get something substantial done and the timber was moved down to the junction of Cave Creek and Christmas Creek. Two years had elapsed since the project was adopted, much hard work had been carried out, and still we were not in a position to so much as hammer a nail. However, a further energetic working party in November shifted everything to the site in one week-end and got the floor joists laid and wall frames up—a very good performance. Christmas came along, and with it a great “Christmas trip famine.” The outcome was a party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. J. Hoskins, G. Mason, C. Andersen, R. Markby, J. Smith, and later Geo. Arras spent five days on the job between Christmas and New Year. This party managed to get all weather boarding up and the roof on. Near the end of April, 1950, another working party put the finishing touches to the outside of the building, making the hut weatherproof for the winter.

Wilf Broughton (President, 1949-50-51) now had the responsibility of seeing the job through to completion. It can be said that Mr. Broughton left his mark on the project per medium of the chimney—an odd statement, perhaps, but to those who are not familiar with the chimney, it is a structure of somewhat monumental size, built entirely of stone, requiring in its construction an amount of labour greatly out of proportion to the function it performs. Two more working parties in October and November, 1950, completed the chimney and got quite a lot of interior work under way.

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Working parties in February and March, 1951, added the finishing touches, and so the job was completed—the hut being officially opened by Cr. C. J. Hayward on March 17, 1951.

In building this hut, the Club had to face some major problems not normally associated with constructional work, and it can safely be said that the erection was the easiest part of the whole project. It is also worthy of note that some members who helped in the initial stages would probably be unknown to many who were "in at the finish." This saves a great deal for those members who had to assume responsibility for the undertaking where others left off. When a scheme is spread over three years it is not always easy to push ahead with the same determination and enthusiasm which may have been present at the beginning. Let us all hope, now that the task is completed, that future administrators of the Club will appreciate the worth of this splendid asset, the result of so much planning and toil, and keep it intact from the ravages of time and the general public.

—R. E. M.

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## JUBILEE HUT OPENING

Three years ago, when the Club's 25th Anniversary was being fittingly honoured, the Committee spent much time and effort in the preliminary work towards something more tangible. After consideration of various sites, that at Cave Creek was eventually chosen; and none of those who have visited the hut in its various stages of construction could be other than delighted with its setting. And a special occasion in the history of that pleasant little valley, as also in the life of the Club, was the formal and official opening in March.

From town we came by a variety of routes, using train, car, taxi, motor cycle, and even the humble Shanks' pony. Some even left on Friday night by glorious moonlight, others left at various times next day and travelled at varying speeds; but by dusk on Saturday there was a great air of gaiety and animation as a dozen camp fires blazed in among the beech trees, as tents were pitched and sleeping bags unrolled, as food was prepared and consumed, and as those in charge of the official programme in the hut made their preparations.

The official opening itself was a simple and impressive ceremony. The cutting of the ribbon and the unveiling of the memorial plaque were both performed by Cr. C. J. Hayward, the first Secretary of the Club in 1923; both were entirely fitting and set the standard for the rest of the evening. Brief speeches by Mr. E. W. Hunter and other Club members, interspersed with songs and choruses, not to mention snappy wisecracks by the President, Wilf Broughton, and a remarkably tasty supper brought the official part of the evening to a close. Sleep came easily to us as we lay in our bags down among the beech trees down beside the babbling stream.

Dawn came, and the restless ones were abroad early. Soon we had all moved on, by routes as varied as had brought us thither; and long before evening the pleasant little valley was again deserted.

—Contributed.

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The ice axe has a thousand uses,  
In the hands of some it does amuse us.





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## TRAVERSE OF MOUNT MACPHERSON AND MOUNT TALBOT

As weather conditions two days after our climb of Mount Christina continued to be perfect, Barney Butchers and I decided to do a traverse of Mount MacPherson and Mount Talbot, *via* Homer Saddle, Talbot's Ladder, Traverse Pass and Gertrude Saddle.

We were up at 4.15 a.m. to find conditions had not changed from the previous day, *i.e.*, they were still perfect. A short five minutes' walk from our hut at the Homer Camp brought us to the mouth of the tunnel, and from here at 5.30 a.m. we climbed up 1400 feet to the saddle, over snow grass slopes at first, these latter giving way to granite slabs, with a few small scree slides.

In the lowest part of the saddle we were amused to see a real ten-foot ladder which someone with more strength of muscle than of mind had taken up and erected in a vertical position.

The next five hundred feet of Talbot's Ladder took up three-quarters of an hour. This route was formerly the only way of reaching Milford Sound and took the traveller *via* the Grave Talbot Pass. Wire ropes have been fixed to the rock at various places, and even with these to pull one's self over parts which appear almost smooth, the awful drops on either side gave me a few unpleasant moments, but once these were passed we stopped to change into "longs" and snow goggles.

With Barney in the lead, we started some very pleasant snow work, which soon grew fairly steep. We reached the top of Mount MacPherson exactly three hours after starting the climb, and in that time we had climbed nearly 3300 feet. While having our second breakfast, we admired a most extraordinary view—from Mount Cook to the north we could see hundreds of peaks, ending in the Takitimu Range, well to the south. That ugly mass, Tutoko, dominated and almost spoilt the view, and with its neighbour, Mount Madeline, formed the focal point on the entire district.

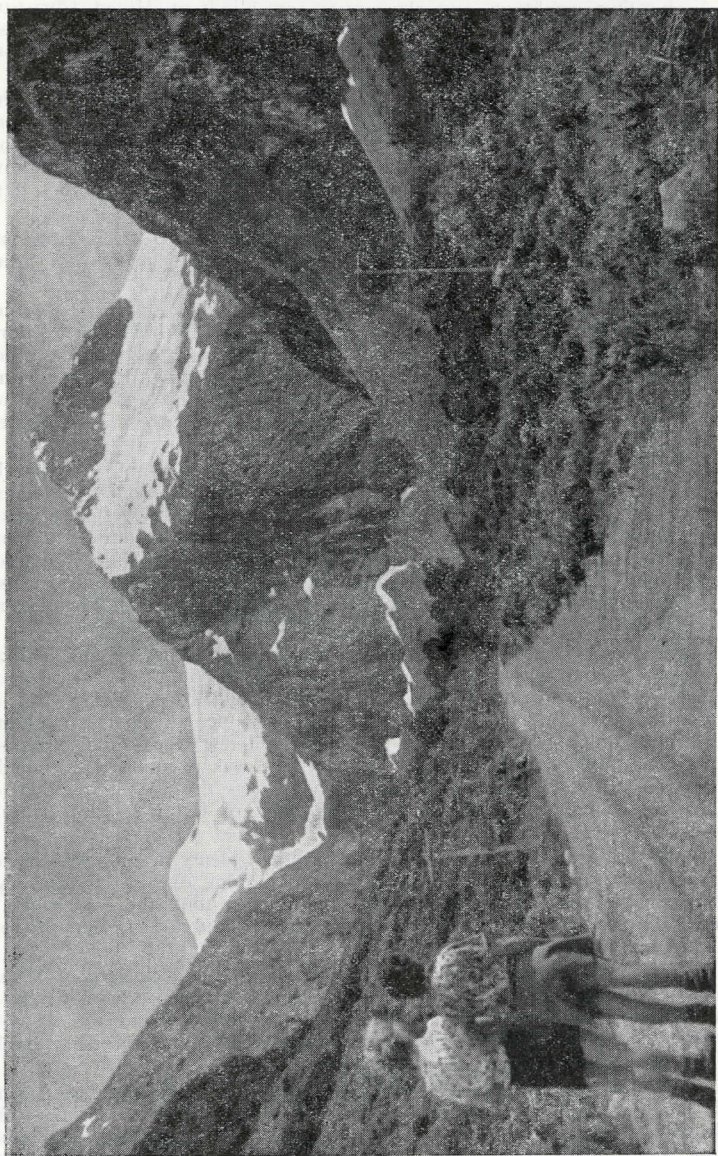
For the descent into the snow basin, between MacPherson and Talbot, we roped up, and with myself in the lead we set off. The slope soon levelled out into an almost undulating snow field. We struck out in the general direction of Traverse Pass, pausing once or twice to admire the Homer Camp, 3000 feet below. There were a few cracks in the snow—aptly called "body catchers" by Barney. There was a comforting thought in the event of a fall, that if these body catchers did not stop either of us, a much bigger crevasse, on the very edge of the ice fall, certainly would.

It was hot work kicking steps, and as we had plenty of time we did not hurry. It was necessary to negotiate a snow bridge over a big crevasse, just under the pass, and in a few minutes Barney took the lead while I belayed him, in order to cut about fifty steps behind a bergschrund, and we had reached the pass itself.

A short descent over some snow brought us to the rock wall of Mount Talbot, 7300 feet. Fifty feet above the snow we were slowed down by a small chimney with no hand holds, and as the chimney was too wide to use the "lay back" method, the only method was to use pressure holds, knees and toes, wherever they would cling.

The rock from then on improved so much that we made good time with the best rock climbing I've ever done. We reached the top of the rock wall, and found we now had to negotiate a long ridge, sometimes sidling along, with breath held, and sometimes dropping to one side to avoid boulders the size of a cottage.





*Mts. Macpherson (left) and Talbot from Upper Hollyford.*



While Barney busied himself with a huge crack in a smooth slab, about fifteen feet high, I found a smaller one, and by inserting both hands and feet, and using the "lay back" method, was on top in a few minutes.

The true summit of Mount Talbot is a snow ridge, so narrow that we roped up once again and in just a few minutes were on the very top. We descended a few feet to a big rock and had lunch.

We commenced the descent and encountered some very interesting rock, some of which we took very slowly, till we reached the end of the rock; we hoped to be able to follow down a small tongue of snow and on to the main snowfield, but we found it ended with a gap of about twelve feet. As I was leading this time, I threw first my pack into a small crack between the snow and the rock, and then threw my ice axe, which tore a neat hole in my pack. After some minutes of careful deliberation (or in other words trying to make up my mind), I jumped and made a perfect landing, burying my arms in very soft snow, most of which went either up my nose or down my shirt.

During the descent of the rock wall, we saw a chamois bounding up the snow towards us. It suddenly stopped, then, after finding out what we were, bounded off in graceful leaps, and in a few minutes was out of sight.

On the snow once more it was necessary to follow down the ridge of a huge bergschrund, an awful crevasse about one hundred feet down to our left, and a drop of about fifty feet to the base of the rock wall on our right.

The snow was in poor condition, rather like thick porridge, and kept sliding down, in the direction of the crevasse. Once this ridge was behind us, we continued down, the snow being too soft for glissading.

It levelled out, and so we unroped, and from sheer "joy-de-vivre" we broke into a run which we kept up till we reached the bluffs above Black Lake.

We had no difficulty in finding our way down these bluffs, the way being to find a small patch of snow and from the bottom of that bear slightly to the right, where an open shelf is picked up. This we followed in good time till we were no more than fifty feet above Black Lake. The rock here was fairly smooth, but there are several easy ways down to the Lake.

Gertrude Saddle presented no difficulties at all, and was in fact easier than I hoped. We kept to the true right of the stream for some distance, then crossed to the left bank, which we followed down till we came to the cascade-like falls mentioned in *Moir's Guide Book*, and from here we picked up a track which took us down the upper portion of the Hollyford Valley to the Forks Camp, and so on up the road to Homer Camp, completing in fourteen hours what proved to be the most pleasant and enjoyable climb I have yet done.

—I. G. P.

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Some seek the hills for rest and recreation; some regard them merely as offering scope for their physical energies; some know that to be among them is an essential condition of existence.

—F. S. SMYTHE.

## A STRANGE TALE

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

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

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

The events of the next day seared themselves indelibly into our memories. Every detail is vivid. We must have had some sort of premonition of the supernatural events to follow, as we both slept uneasily. The first shock came with the strengthening light of dawn. Not far below us was a broad motor highway, clearly leading up the valley. Four traffic lanes were plainly marked on it. This was, of course, impossible, so I woke my wife to tell her so. She agreed. Just then, to dispel all doubts, a car of rather futuristic design glided swiftly past.

"We must have taken the wrong turning."

"Can't have! Look at the valley; it's the Rees, without a doubt."

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

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

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

"Something," my wife observed with masterly understatement, "is vaguely different about the Rees." I agreed by pointing to Mt. Leary. The top was completely missing, and it wasn't because cloud was obscuring it. There was just a high table-land about 5000ft.



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

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

I will not dwell over-much on the strange sights and sounds of that journey. We passed cosy tea rooms by the dozen, quick-snack counters by the score, and milk bars by the gross. Electric signs everywhere flashed their stale advertising, and loud speakers, strategically and mercilessly placed every 100 yards, entertained us with Boo-hop daughters and Blurb Smith with his Hot-dog band. We were advised at every turn of the tourist attractions of "Reesland," of the Osonzac Speedway, the Cleft Frivolities, the Dude Ranchos for Beginners, the Saturday Night Grand Fireworks Display, etc. Almost every mile we came upon a big hoarding. On the top left of it was a painting of a splendid building. To the right it said "The Slip Hotel," and underneath "Luxuriously appointed, superbly set. Guided trips by day, ice skating, water polo, dodgems, nocturnal revelries, and sideshows by night, featuring the world-famous 'Hunter Aquacade' with 100 aquatic lovelies to entertain and thrill you. The best floor show in the valley. The Rees Cuties beckon you. Tariff only 100 dollars a day."

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

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

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

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

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

"Not for many years," he replied solemnly. "Legend has it that the last man to attempt it was an old crank, a relic of the last century. Gilkison



was his name. First of all he insisted on fording the Rees instead of using the bridge. Then he got up at 2 a.m. when respectable people were going to bed, produced a very large blackened object called a billy, concocted a white viscous substance he termed 'Podge,' and then consumed it with every show of enjoyment. This done, he declared he was going to have one last crack at Earnslaw or bust. Of course, he was obviously in his dotage. We had to forcibly restrain him.

"What finally became of him?"

"When last seen, he was heading off towards the Olivines. Can you imagine that—a place that hasn't been developed yet! He didn't even wait to see the scenic show-piece of Reesland—the floodlighting of the East Peak of Earnslaw in technicolor every Wednesday and Saturday nights. It's simply breathtaking in its Kaleidoscopic beauty. It's mainly because of that that we average 25,000 more tourists a year than our old rivals, the Dart Development Trust, or D.D.T., as we call it."

He was now warming to his subject. "What held back Rees Cultivation Limited for quite some time was a widely circulated rumour that the valley was haunted by a poltergeist, said to be the restless spirit of a trampler of the last century. According to reports, this unearthly apparition always heads up the valley about Christmas time, constantly emitting spectral grunts. On some occasions a ghostly train of trampers could be dimly seen in line behind him. However, we haven't been worried with such visitations for years. Not since a spiritualist advised us to lay a

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trail of sausages, tins of sweetened condensed milk, and packets of dried apples up twenty-five mile creek. A simple and relatively inexpensive device, and amazingly effective. Incredible, isn't it?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

—"N. SEINE."



## EASTER TRIP, 1951—PIANO FLAT AND GARVIE MOUNTAINS

The party, numbering twenty-one in all, which spent Easter in the Piano Flat district were all newcomers to that area, although an excellent briefing at the clubroom some weeks before by Gordon McLaren and Ferg. Baskett had given us some idea of what to expect. The bus left town shortly before 8 on the evening of Thursday, and after short stops at Milton and Gore for refreshments we reached Piano Flat at half-past one next morning. Apart from a few light showers, the weather had been kind all the way and still appeared dry but overcast. It was not long before we settled down near the road under the beech trees. Some were asleep and others still in that in-between stage when the rain began. Some mumbled something about drips from condensation on the beeches and covered their faces. A few who knew something erected tents and were able to encourage the others when their turn came to bow to the inevitable. Heavy rain continued for the rest of the night, and when morning came the cloud was so low on the tops that tramping for that day was out of the question. The party marquee was erected, packs put under cover, and a start made to dry out sleeping bags and clothing. Thanks to the generosity of a nearby crib-owner, some of the very wet bags were dried indoors. One party led by Jim Malcolm and including Geoff Mason, Beverley Walker, Doreen Harrison, Trevor Murie, and Steve Coffey set off with the intention of reaching the head of the Whakea Valley in spite of the rain, which was now easing, but were found later in the day installed in a fine bivvy under an overhanging rock only a mile from the base camp.

On Saturday morning the rain had ceased and the cloud had lifted somewhat, so everyone was away by mid-morning. Another party set off for the head of the valley and reached the stock bridge over the Upper Whakea about 4.30 p.m. They were Bruce Campbell, Keith Lambie, Alva Lane, Gill di Menna, Ann Morgan, John Hamel, and Annesley Evans. About an hour later they were joined by Jim Malcolm's party, and camp was made near the stream. The weather all the time continued to improve, although temperatures dropped with the change to the south. The



cold was specially severe at the Titan Rocks, where the third party (Bob Stables, Arthur Tyers, Jill Hodgson, Ruth Mess, Frances Parkhill, Mervyn Rodgers, Max McDowell, and Albert Green) camped for the night. Next morning the hard frost gave promise of clear skies and plenty of sun. Bruce Campbell and party set off for the Blue Lake, while Bob Stables' party, with the same idea in view, approached it from the different start-point. The first part of the climb from the stock bridge (commonly called Canton Bridge) was hard work, but later in the day the going levelled out and better speed was made. A sprinkling of fresh snow was on the shady faces of the main ridge of the Garvies and gave an impression of ruggedness out of proportion to their height. Towards dusk the hut at Blue Lake came into sight and camp was made nearby on a flat piece of ground about 100 yards from the outlet of the lake. The night promised cold and frosty, but, well fortified by curried stew, etc., a comfortable night was spent.

Bob Stables and Co. reached the "lake district" an hour or so earlier than the other party and had time to ascend one of the local highspots, which was christened Mt. Probar. From this viewpoint an excellent idea could be gathered of the surrounding country, but haze to the west and north prevented identification of the peaks of the Otago Alps. Camp was made about a mile and a-half away from the others, where the track from Blue Lake to Titan Rocks crosses Gow's Burn, but without either



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party being aware that the other was in the vicinity. On Monday the burn was followed for a short distance and then gave place to a route along the ridge leading first easterly and then south-easterly to the Bush Hut, where the night was spent. The weather continued fine for the trip down valley to base camp 'next morning.

During Saturday Jim Malcolm took his party on to the Old Man Range, which, overlooking as it does the Clutha Valley and Central Otago, recalls the routes used by the old-time miners on their way to the diggings at the Nevis and the Dunstan; and the fate which overtook those who were unfortunate enough to be caught by unexpected changes of weather while making the crossing. The rough clay road leading up from Piano Flat continues to Roxburgh, and it is claimed that it has been used by motor vehicles on rare occasions. Sunday was spent exploring the East Branch of the valley for most of its length. Near the head, signs of extensive gold workings were seen in the form of water races and the site of a water-driven powerhouse, which had probably been used for pumping water for sluicing. Setting out at 7 p.m. from their camp near Canton Bridge they moved down to Base Camp in bright moonlight and ideal tramping conditions, reaching camp at midnight.

On Monday morning, from a 9 o'clock start, the party which camped at Blue Lake moved along the northern shore of the lake, then up a few hundred feet to another lake, which had its head under the steep slopes of the point shown on the survey map as 5955 feet. The summit of this unnamed peak was reached after a pleasant scramble up snow grass and rocks. The view was excellent, especially in the direction of the head of Lake Wakatipu. Peaks identified for certain were Christina, Tutoko, Bonpland, Earnslaw, and Sir William. Nearer at hand were the Remarkables, Hector, and Old Man Ranges. The Eyre Mountains, visited by last year's Easter trip, seemed only across the valley, while away to the south-west were the Takitimos. After photographs, scroggin and map scanning, the return journey to camp was made in time for a late lunch and then away in the direction of Titan Rocks by 3 p.m. The weather clouded over somewhat and mist appeared with a rapidity for which the district is notorious, but once on the track little difficulty was experienced and good time was made to a point on the bush line below Titan Rocks and immediately above base camp. The night was clear, with a bright moon, and sleeping out without tents proved delightful. Next morning, after some early difficulty in finding a track down through the dense beech forest, it was decided to enter at the most likely spot and trust on picking up a track further down. Soon blazes were seen and eventually the tractor trail used by fence post contractors led easily to the road about a mile below base camp.

Our bus driver arrived sharp on time and found the party still enjoying a hearty lunch. It did not take long, however, to pack the marquee and stow packs and party gear on board. After stops at Waikaia, Gore and Milton for refreshments, a tired party reached Dunedin shortly before 9 p.m. It had been an enjoyable Easter for all, and before the bus reached Dunedin plans were already being made for an early return to the Garvies, a district which from its size and nature seems ideally suited for tramping during a long week-end.

—B. W. C.

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The Primus hails from Scandinavia,  
It's noted for its odd behavior.  
Sometimes it's good, sometimes it's bad,  
Most time it nearly drives you mad.



## WRIGHT'S COL CROSSING

I had promised to lend a hand with the building of the new Esquilant bivouac, 7000 feet up on the northern slopes of Earnslaw, but I could not leave town with the main party. On Friday, 29th December, however, I managed to get away from Queenstown per "Kelvin" with a large number of day trippers and a few trampers heading for the back country. A calm, pleasant journey to Glenorchy, then on by Smith's bus to the Rees bridge, a hot mile to the first beech trees, and I could feel that the trip had really begun. The tinkle of the stream, the distant roar of the river, the sunshine and blue sky above, the friendly greens all around, and everything was well. With two companions I carried on up the Rees, still under that hot sun, and in the cool of the evening I farewelled them on the flats near Lennox Falls—they to proceed to the Dart, while I (as I thought) was to spend the next few days carting timber from bushline to snowline and beyond. A weary drag up the hillside for an hour, a cheery yell from Earnslaw Hut, then a figure came bounding down with tidings of three days of terrific work—and the bivouac was finished! The next day was obviously going to be fine—it looked like a climb on Earnslaw. So on Saturday morning four of us moved off at daybreak; and by 8 o'clock were on Wrights Col looking for the hut. And there it was, just as we had been told, a little on the western side, a soundly-built home for weary mountaineers—of whom about a dozen were now waking to a new day. High on the skyline we saw two figures moving briskly down from the summit of Leary; the remainder fell on the four loaves of new bread I had brought up the valley for just such a purpose—also the latest newspaper with news of the strike and the cricket test—and discussed plans.

That day three parties from the hut climbed East Peak of Earnslaw, and the rest did Leary. More would have gone on to Earnslaw, but it was considered necessary to limit the number going on the rocks at one time, in the interests of safety. From the top of the peak we looked across at Leary and saw a group of figures, silhouetted against the mid-day fogs, just arriving on the summit. The next day the climbing proper began; some splendid climbs were done by the hut-builders, who included a number of O.T.C. members. For myself, I had come into the valley prepared to work, not to climb; my boots were in their third season (Waiaototo model; J.H., please note), and by now were hardly suited for sustained rock climbing. So my mind went to the alternative of the crossing from this locality out to the Dart Valley—a crossing not recorded since H. F. Wright's party went over in 1913.

On Sunday morning Gwen Mitchell and I moved off from the bivouac, down easy scree slopes, then across a line of bluffs, ending with a short, sweet glissade, and finally by a narrow deer trail above a waterfall, out on to the grassy flats of the Belford Valley. Overlooking the Dart, this stream disappears through a terrific gut to appear again as a waterfall half-way down the bluffs; we swung left with thoughts of a level traverse to the Spaniard Valley, but thought better of this after getting well entangled in some of the creek beds, bluffs and steep faces of this bit of hillside; so as an alternative we sought for, and eventually found, a feasible route down through the protecting bluffs. We followed a deer trail through the remaining scrub, then down two thousand feet or so of beech forest, and out into the open again at Survey Flat, alongside the Dart. Next morning, New Year's Day, we moved off down valley in light rain, passed through Paradise, and caught the bus at Rees bridge.

—W. S. G.

## ACCIDENT AND RESCUE IN THE HOPKINS VALLEY (Christmas, 1950)

Early on the morning of Sunday, December 31, a party of three climbers—Charlie McMurray, Frank Rawley, and Earl Gill—were returning to their bivvy at the head of the north branch of the Elcho after having climbed Mt. Ward the previous day and having spent a night out on this peak. When traversing a snow face on the western side of Mt. Baker, which is situated close to Elcho Col, Rawley slipped, collided with Gill, lost his ice axe, and careered off down the slope out of control and unable to stop himself. The slope was an easy one, offering no difficulty, and probably for this reason the party had unroped. Rawley slid about 200 feet before bringing up against some rocks. He was badly bruised and as subsequently transpired he also received a fractured spine.

By nightfall on the same day (Sunday) parties had been recalled from various parts of the valley, and a large number of trampers and climbers, including R. Williams, of the North Otago Section, N.Z.A.C., had either assembled at Elcho Hut or were on the way to the scene of the accident. On Monday morning G. McLaren, J. Hoskins, and the writer made an early start from Elcho Hut, already preceded by a party of seven other climbers. On nearing the col we perceived the rescue party descending very slowly from the summit of same, with Rawley stoutly belayed, coming down also under his own steam. This was a welcome sight indeed, as the weather was deteriorating, with mist and light rain gathering around the peaks. At this stage we met the party at the top of the long, steep couloir, and Rawley was here put on the stretcher. For the next hour or so we carefully belayed the stretcher and its occupant down the slope, taking no chances with the possibility of a slip. Leaving the snow, the stretcher had to be carried, a task requiring a six-man team. The stretcher was of the ordinary type to be seen on football fields, etc., and not altogether suited for the work on hand. Lifting handles along the side would have helped a good deal. Reaching the valley and Elcho stream meant the beginning of the worst section of the journey. Under the very able leadership of Rod Williams, we all took turns with the stretcher, proceeding very slowly downstream, sometimes beside the river, sometimes in it, and sometimes scrambling round the hillside above. Lunch was served by the girls after a short distance had been covered, and then we were at it again. Heavy rain was now falling, and the river was rising. However, by about 4.30 p.m., after a journey involving several fords of the river and much scrambling over and under huge boulders, we reached Elcho Forks. From here it was a relatively easy two hours to Elcho Hut, reached at 6 p.m. By this time Bruce Gillies and a doctor had arrived with a G.M.C. truck, having been notified by Beth Larkins and Una Warburton, who made a fast trip to Huxley Gorge Station for this purpose the previous evening. The matter now well in hand, we all relaxed a little, feeling satisfied that at any rate we had cheated the weather—it snowed on the tops the same evening. Sorry would have been the plight of the injured man had he spent a third night out under these conditions.

The success of such a speedy rescue was largely due to the co-operation of all people present in the valley and the very excellent leadership and control of operations by Mr. Williams. The success of any rescue must depend mainly on a capable person taking definite control. Failure of someone to really take charge must always mean efficiency lost and at times could be fatal. Bruce Gillies carried out good work by getting a



truck, radio and a doctor right to Elcho Hut in a short space of time and without the assistance of transport in getting the injured man down the valley the rescue would have been a good deal more severe.

Members of the Club all worked with a will, having only one thought in mind, and that to get the injured party down from a position of great danger. They carried out this task in an exemplary manner.

—R. E. M.

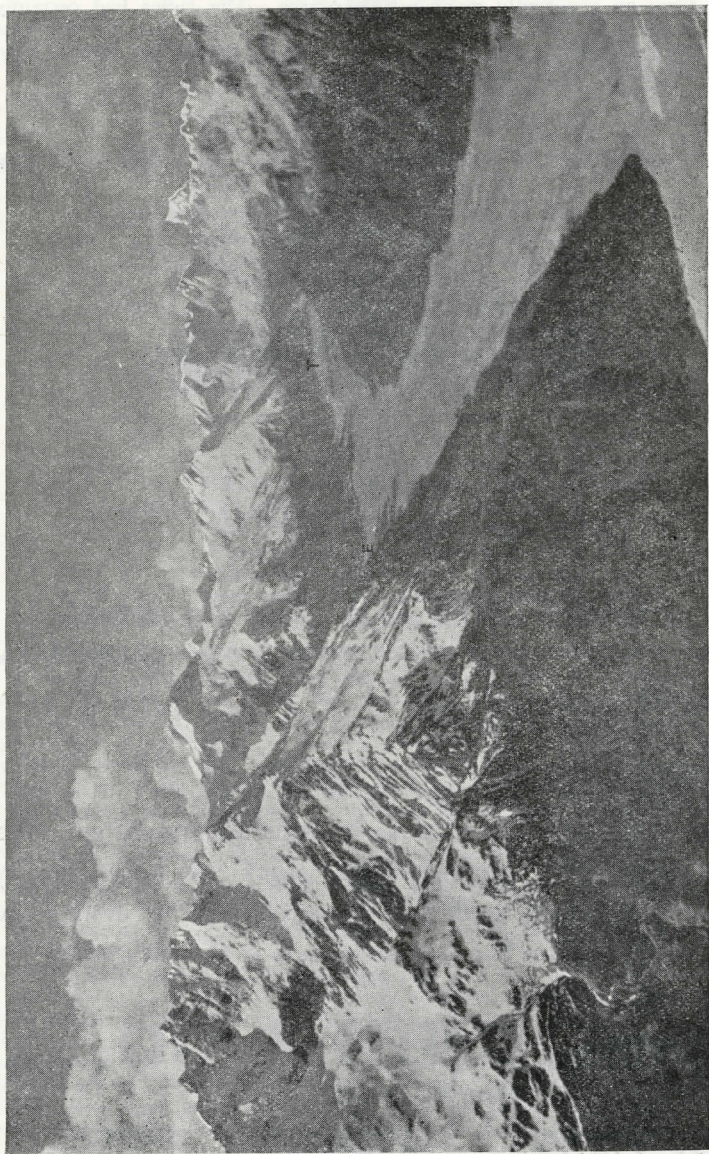


## HOPKINS VALLEY RESCUE

At our camp, far beyond the bushline and only a few minutes from the Richardson Glacier, the day had flown as we sat in the sun, watched the cloud racing over the tops, talked over yesterday's climb, and planned for the morrow. The cook was just about ready for us when we spotted a lone figure scrambling breathlessly on to our terrace. Hearts sank; somehow before he reached us we all knew there had been trouble. Soon he was with us and told us the little that was known about the mishap to the Ward party. In quick time we broke camp, reluctantly taking with us a full week's food that we had laboriously dragged up so far; three of us pushed on at once in hopes of reaching Elcho Col early next morning. The evening was very beautiful, with a colourful sunset, but looked far from encouraging for a climber caught out above the snowline. Three hours from the head we emerged from the Elcho Stream with stinging sunburnt legs, and a few minutes later were in the hut, where we met a rather confusing barrage of reports. They boiled down to the fact that Rod Williams had managed things very efficiently, that a tent and sleeping bags had been sent on, and there was nothing for us to do except get some sleep now.

Before daybreak we were away off on the boulder stream bed. Reaching the snow far below Elcho Col we put on crampons and plugged steadily upwards until close to the col, where we met the rescue party. The morning now was cold and cheerless, and after a short spell we were glad to be moving. On the steep slope the stretcher was anchored and slid down, a rope's length at a time, which proved a very efficient method, and we were at the foot of the snow in surprisingly quick time. Here there were more helpers waiting, and here also it started to rain (10 a.m.). Not far downstream the girls had a fire going and were handing out mugs of hot soup and coffee—much appreciated. Our numbers had swollen considerably, and we were able to take short shifts on the stretcher, six at a time, down the rough river bed. The usual route down the valley was of little use, as it traversed steep, moving shingle slides; as an alternative, we kept to the stream, fording and re-fording the river, which was rising every hour with the rain. The usual method at each ford was for two men to struggle across with a rope, thus forming a handrail for the bearers as waist-deep in the icy water they fought to retain balance. At times there was no alternative but to manhandle the stretcher over huge piles of rock, and elsewhere the bush was the only way. And a stretcher through thick beech forest is hard work.

The afternoon was well advanced when we reached Elcho Forks, and again the girls brought forth hot drinks from a great fire built under an overhanging rock. Cheered by the news of the arrival of a doctor and a heavy truck, we got under way again in torrential rain. Now the hands on the stretcher were changing much more rapidly; a few minutes and tired arms and shoulders would begin to ache, so next please. The short



Hopkins Valley from Peak 6932ft. E. is Elcho Hut, and Mt. Ward appears on skyline to left. T is junction of Thompson Stream, Mt. Cook in right distance.



jaunt to the hut over the easy gravel flats, so enjoyable under other conditions, became a never-ending grind. Just before 8 we splashed through the Elcho for the last time and trudged across the flats to the hut, where huge plates of stew were being pushed into our hands, one after the other, from an apparently inexhaustible source. The ladies had certainly been on the job. But those of us who carried a stretcher for the first time have no illusions concerning the problem of getting an injured man out of the hills. It is extremely hard work.

—G. McLAREN.

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LINES WRITTEN IN RETROSPECT AFTER CROSSING SANDY  
BULFF, DART VALLEY

To climb, or not to climb, that was the question:  
Whether 'twas easier on the legs to suffer  
The strains and stresses stern of the ascent;  
Or to make double crossing of the Dart,  
And by a fording dodge them? to climb—to swim—  
To rest—perchance to sun oneself awhile  
Instead of making such hard work of crossing  
A bluff so high, so steep, so full of perils  
That any way that gave relief from it  
Was doubly favoured, full of promise, and  
Devoutly to be wish'd . . .  
. . . who would rucsacs bear,  
To grunt and sweat under a heavy load,  
But that the hope of something round the bend—  
The unspoiled country, from whose toils  
The seasoned tramper never can escape,  
Until he crosses that last bluff o'er which  
We all must pass before we find our rest.

—B. W. C.

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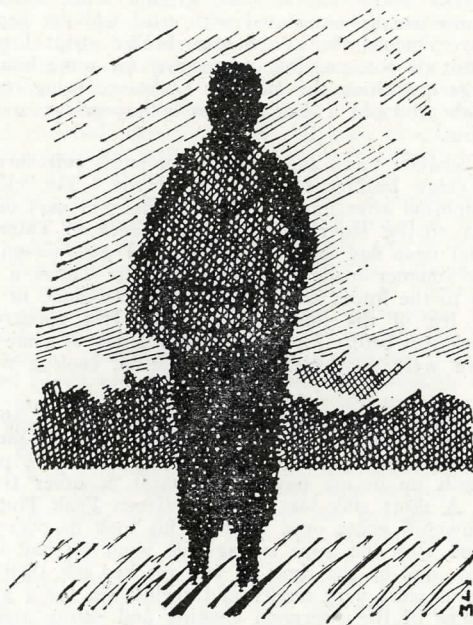
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## A WEEK-END TRIP—FROM SOUTH TO NORTH

The idea of a week-end of tramping from Berwick to Evansdale had been at the back of our minds for quite some time before the opportunity came to try it out. Some fifteen months before, two of the party had covered the stretch between Taioma and Berwick and found the going straightforward enough, although somewhat monotonous between the Outram-Hindon road and the Middlemarch road. With the Christmas trip drawing near, it seemed that an attempt to complete the course would provide good training for the party, and so three weeks before Christmas we were on our way to Berwick about 8 p.m. on Friday.

The weather was not encouraging, with light rain at times, but the forecast promised nothing worse, and about 10 p.m. saw us at the Three Kings Rocks on the south-west shoulder of Maungatua. Here we spent the short mid-summer night and were awakened by a wind from the north-west which threatened to lift any loose gear into the air. A fire was out of the question, and after a bite to eat we were on our way. Soon the wind turned to the south-west and gave us colder conditions and at times misty rain. A more substantial breakfast was enjoyed in the shelter of the big rock near the summit, and in brighter weather we started on the downhill going. The road to Middlemarch was crossed near the Traquair station, and what was to prove the most exhausting stretch of all lay before us. This was the tramp along the clay road joining Traquair to the Hindon road. It follows the watershed ridge between Lee Stream and the smaller streams draining directly to the Taieri, and seemed never-ending. By now the sun was out and the wind still strong from the west. The dry



weather for weeks before had left the ground much harder than usual and the symptoms usually associated with road walking began to appear. When at last we reached the Lee Stream bridge about 1 p.m. there was general agreement on the question of stopping for some hours. Food was prepared in large quantities, the *piece de resistance* being oatmeal fortified with eggs, which produced a dish akin to both porridge and a rather unorthodox pudding.

Sometime between three and four saw a much refreshed party slowly ascending the ridge leading towards Mt. Hyde. The climb was long, and only accomplished after much spelling. The next part of our route lay before us—down to the Taieri, up Mullocky Creek to Taioma, from there to Pyramid, and next day up Long Ridge and past Green Peak to Red Hut. The dry summer made the fording of the Taieri a matter merely of wet legs up to the knees and the crossing was made in a straight line with our next leg of the journey. Pyramid Hut appeared around the bend in the track just before 7 p.m., and after a day of some fourteen hours on the road we were very pleased to settle in, cook a meal and enjoy some sleep.

Next morning we were on our way up Long Ridge and on to Green Peak Hut. In contrast to previous journeys over this piece of country, the going seemed easier and at no time as trying as the picture which I for one had built up in my mind as a result of other tramps over the same stretch. A short stay was made at Green Peak Hut, and soon we were on the downhill going once more. This took us over the same hard earth tracks and with the same strong side wind we had experienced for most of the trip, and by the time we had reached the shelter of Red Hut most people's feet were very tender and crying out for a good rest. And so we spent most of the afternoon cooking and eating and sleeping until the time came to leave for the train at Evansdale. The idea had been a practicable one, and perhaps we will try it again some day when tracks are softer and the novelty of the first time has worn off.

—B. W. C.



## FROM EAST TO WEST—THE THREE PASS TRIP

Amid curious glances we took our seats on the Friday midnight for Christchurch—Keith Lambie, Mavis Adam, Dorothy Adam, and Pat Summers—each armed with a pillow and dressed in the traditional tramping style. Torrential rain met us at the Christchurch Station and accompanied us well into the foothills of the Alps when, I believe, it hurried back to Christchurch so as not to miss any of the Centennial celebrations. At 1.30 p.m. we were deposited at Arthur's Pass Station, and a taxi transported us to Bealey Corner. Then, as the clatter of the ancient car faded into the distance, we stood beside our packs and cast appraising eyes over the landscape, for this was new country to three of us. We eagerly embarked on a boil-up and late lunch, and at 4.20 we shouldered our packs and set off with noses low up the incredibly vast expanse of the bouldery Waimakariri Valley. Considering the fact that we had carried 10 days' food and tents, it is perhaps not surprising that it was nearly 2½ hours later when we finally staggered through the door of the Anti-Crow Hut. Once packs and boots were off, however, and tea well on the way, we were as giants refreshed, and by 9 o'clock four contented bodies were encased in sleeping bags and knew no more till the morrow's dawn. A one-eyed

survey of mist-covered heights at 5.30 a.m., however, easily convinced us that more sleep was necessary before we could tackle the three-hour trip to Carrington Hut! Eventually we swept and tidied the hut (C.M.C. huts are kept scrupulously clean and tidy!), crossed the little stream west of the hut, and set off up valley. We were quite convinced that our packs weighed *more* with two meals *less* in them! The sun was very hot and the expanse of riverbed seemed endless. It took practically all our concentration to negotiate the boulders, but we were nevertheless able to dart furtive glances at the various peaks and side-valleys as they were pointed out to us. After crossing and re-crossing the Waimakariri to cut off a couple of corners, we reached the C.M.C.'s Carrington Hut, which is a memorial to a foundation member of the Club who was drowned when trying to descend the flooded river on a raft. Incidentally, although the river was docile when we crossed it, we were later given an opportunity to see it after rain, in which state it was completely uncrossable and the rolling boulders could be heard 200 yards away. The hut was well built and contained 19 bunks, complete with kapoc mattresses, two rooms, and a C.M.C. patented range, and many blow flies. We were up at dawn (5.30) next morning, and with light, dry packs set off up the tributary White Valley for White Col. For about 10 minutes we followed a pretty bush track through flowering ribbonwood before we were once again on one of Canterbury's typical boulder-strewn riverbeds—and this time they really were boulders, and had to be climbed over, not stepped over. It was a misty morning and scuds of cool rain kept our engines from boiling over. We had plenty of close-up views of deer and chamois, as well as many new alpine plants. A final steep and rocky climb brought us, at 11.45, to the tiny Barker Hut. We enjoyed a brief glimpse of huge hanging glaciers surrounding us before the rain and mist descended and drove us inside for lunch. The hut has a strangely desolate air about it, encircled as it is by glaciers and snowy peaks and with a snow shovel tied to a pole on the roof and a small bleak tarn at the door. As the rain beat a tattoo on the iron roof and the mists swirled lower and shut us in, we began to feel like Scott's Last Expedition. Then quite suddenly the gloom lifted and the sky began to clear. At 1.25 we began to climb the steep shingle slopes towards the col. As we passed the Marmaduke-Dixon Glacier more rain and hailstones swept down on us, and when we reached the col the swirling, boiling "derision" came pouring in from the west, effectively shutting out all view of surrounding peaks and valleys. We read the inscription on the cairn, erected in memory of a mountaineer who was overwhelmed by an avalanche. It was too cold to linger, however, so we made fast time back to the hut, where we re-fuelled ourselves with biscuits, cheese, scroggin and lemon barley. Then away at 3.45, pausing *en route* only to admire the beautiful Kilmarnoch Falls, and arriving back at Carrington after almost 12 hours of boulder-hopping.

The following day three members of the party made a trip to the head of the Waimakariri Valley. The route follows the usual Canterbury pattern of bush-track, bouldery riverbed, and scrub and tussock slopes. In the upper valley the Waimakariri Falls make a striking picture and a good supply of cairns marks the final stretch up to the bivvy. Back to the hut, then, for a huge meal, after which we re-distributed our food in readiness for an early start in the morning through to Hokitika, *via* the Three Passes. Torrential rain and wild, blustering wind greeted us with the dawn, so we spent the day cleaning windows (which cover two of the hut's large walls), chopping wood, washing clothes, and filling in odd moments with reading and making scones and eating tasty meals. The following day thick mist poured over Harmans Pass from the west, and as the weather still looked uncertain we again postponed our crossing and decided to go



down to Bealey, send various telegrams regarding altered plans, re-direction of second week's food, etc., and try to get some extra oatmeal in case we were held up further. It was a big day, as we left at 7.45 a.m. and returned at 7.45 p.m. (more boulders, too!).

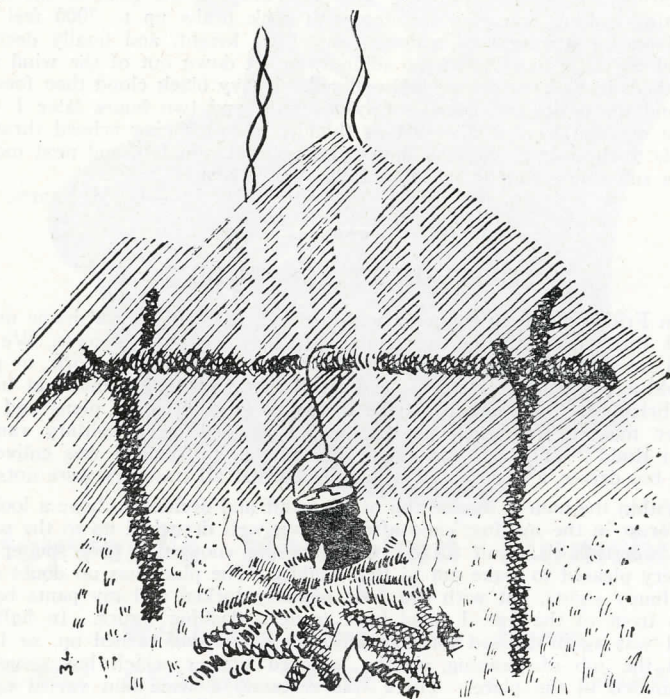
On Friday we awakened to a brilliant, sparkling morning, but were unable to make a start before 9 a.m. Two members of the party now suffered from strained heel tendons and one from strained knee and foot. However, the weather said, "now or never," and when we started on the fascinating climb right up the Taipo-iti streambed to Harmans Pass we almost forgot our aches and pains. High, forbidding bluffs narrowly enclose the gorge down which the turbulent stream leaps to the valley floor. At 12 noon we stepped over the pass into Westland. (This is a fairly difficult pass to find from the other direction, and failure to find it during a storm in 1931 cost two men their lives.) The whole of the surrounding slopes were covered with a dense carpet of gentians, and with Ariel's Tarn spread out at our feet made a very attractive picture. A quick lunch and we were off at 1 p.m., climbing towards Whitehorn Pass (5728ft.). An hour and a-half's plug up snow and ice brought us to the top, and before us lay the rugged Cronin Valley. But the most dominating spectacle was the splendid Cronin Icefall and mass of twisted blue-green ice which hangs from a snow basin between Mts. Marion and Rosamund, and tumbles motionlessly down into the valley. Cameras clicked and then we stepped off into Canterbury once more, and after another three hours of scree and boulders decided to call it a day, so we ate our tea, unrolled our bags on the tussock—and slept. Saturday was a hot, still day, and we took our time to the Park-Morpeth Hut, which stands at the junction of the Wilberforce and Cronin Valleys, and was built in memory of two men who were drowned while attempting to cross the flooded Burnett Stream. We enjoyed a lazy afternoon of bathing, sun-bathing, and washing clothes. Next morning we set off for our third pass (Brownings), and it was again a perfect morning. Our route led through groves of flowering ribbonwood (reminiscent of the Cherry Walk at the Gardens) and a species of dracophyllum new to us—12-foot trees covered with clumps of pineapple-like leaves. Two hours took us to the top of the pass and gave us an exhilarating view of Wilberforce and its side valleys. As we crossed once more into Westland an amazing sight met our eyes. The 38-acre Lake Browning was spread out before us, sparkling in a variety of blue and green shades. Alpine pastureland, covered with alpine flowers, encircled it, and the whole was enclosed by a ring of mountain peaks. The most surprising thing, of course, was to realise that the lake lay at an altitude of over 4000 feet. Chaomis and deer abound in this area, and we disturbed numbers of them. A series of rock cairns from the western shore of the lake marks the track down to the Arahura riverbed. After a rather prolonged lunch—the heat was intense—we continued down the Arahura, passing Pyramid Hut and shortly afterwards entering the bush. We found the scenery in this valley quite breathtaking after the more barren Canterbury valleys. Rata bloomed everywhere and the track took us over gushing mountain strams, avalanche debris, under and over bluffs, through dense jungle, and finally dropped us on top of tussocky Styx Saddle, where we ate and slept with a minimum of delay and stags roared from the nearby slopes. As the fourth member of our party was by now suffering from sore feet, we all felt more or less evenly incapacitated. But it's wonderful what a good night's sleep does for morale, and we were off for Kokatahi next morning. Over winding, stony or grassy tracks we went, through giant rimu and tree-fern (the trunk of one rimu measured 2½ ice axes), and all the dense undergrowth that goes to make up West Coast forest. Quite often the track was washed out, sometimes whole hillsides

had collapsed and carried it away, but always it re-appeared—well defined and well graded, a gem of a track from Styx Saddle to Kokatahi. We stopped at 5.40 p.m. (half an hour from the road end), put up our tents as the clouds had gathered, ate a large tea, and then slept. The next day, a glorious hot, still day, saw us making fast progress from Kokatahi to Hokitika, where we collected our next lot of food. As we had had to abandon our plans of returning to Canterbury *via* the Mathias Pass, we took the Perishable right through to Arthur's Pass that night, arriving there at 1 a.m. We staggered sleepily from the carriage, unrolled our bags, and slept beside the railway tracks.

The last three days of our holiday were spent in perfect weather up the Edwards Valley, which comes into the Bealey Valley from the east. This is a beautiful valley, and none of us had visited it before. The Falling Mountain lies right at the head of the Edwards and is a most impressive and remarkable sight. Where there would normally be a high pass or peak dividing one valley head from the next, there is nothing but a huge heap of rubble and stones, enabling one to walk with ease from one valley to the other, while the surrounding mountain slopes appear to have been sliced off with a bread-cutting machine. They present sheer, precipitous faces to the ant-like tramper who stands in the centre of it all.

A wonderful holiday in wonderful country!

—D. A.





## MT. ROBERT, NELSON

I broke camp in the Buller Gorge early on a fresh autumn morning and motor cycled slowly out between beech-covered hills to Lake Rototoi. The sun soon dispersed the morning mists, and across the lake I could see the steep tussock-covered shoulder of Mt. Robert, home of the Nelson Ski Club. Officially, I was giving a bad knee time to get better, but the temptation was too much, and at 10.30 I set off round the lakeside for the tops. The river, outlet of the lake, was crossed by a narrow foot-bridge, and for the first half-hour or so the track ran through bush and manuka. Then in a series of zig-zags it climbed up the steep hillside. Most of the country here is heavily covered with beech-forest, but this section has been burnt and instead of a pleasant stroll through the bush the climber must make his perspiring way through a wilderness of blackened stumps and trunks. Paying the penalty of unfitness, I found the going extremely hot, and was very thankful at last to reach the ski hut.

Considerable erosion had taken place on the hillside below, a great contrast to the view that lay before me from the hut. The southern side of the mountain was still green, the hut being built at the top of the bush, which gives way abruptly to a short, springy type of grass. From the windows the view is across the blue waters of the lake to the St. Arnaud Range, rock and scree summits, with bush right to the water's edge forming many secluded bays. I envy the people who see that view in winter.

After lunch at the hut I wandered on up the slope towards the summit, getting a good view into the Travers Valley at the head of the lake, interesting-looking tramping country with rock peaks up to 7000 feet. I carried on for a long way, gaining very little height, and finally decided I would see little more from the summit, so sat down out of the wind and sun-bathed, just as the doctor had ordered. Heavy black cloud then formed up round the peaks and urged me homewards, and two hours later I was back in my tent by the lake just as thunder and lightning echoed through the hills to the south. Several hours of torrential rain fell, and next morning the sun shone and by mid-day I was in Nelson.

—G. McLAREN.



## SOLITUDE AT BEN RUDD'S

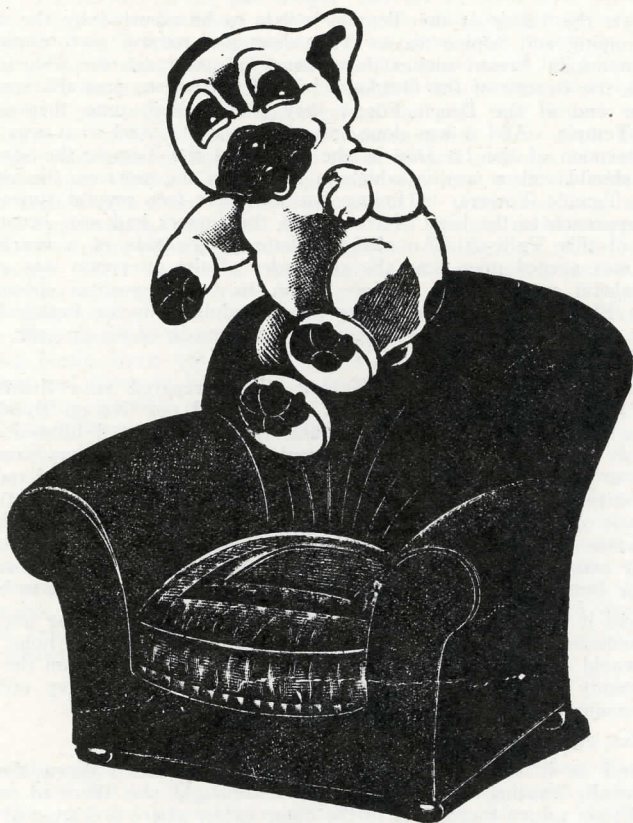
On Friday night, in company with a dozen or so of stay-at-home members, I had wished the official Club Christmas party all success. We all wished we were going with them, but family responsibilities, work, or perhaps old age and lack of condition decreed that we should remain at home this Christmas. The railway strike upsetting all alternative plans and the weather making the beach unattractive, I decided on a solitary ramble to Ben Rudd's. The bus journey from Octagon to Wakari was enlivened by the bus driver, a cheery soul who affirmed that all trampers were nuts.

Within the hour I was on top of Flagstaff and decided to have a look at our "forest in the making," and after getting well drenched up to the waist in the wet tussock (wait till the trees are big enough to give shelter), I was very pleased to make out to Ben Rudd's. The place has no doubt seen some funny sights, but with the door securely locked and my pants hanging in front of the fire, I must have made a dashing figure. In half an hour I was again dressed for company, but not a soul turned up, so I set myself the job of cleaning up the assorted library which has somehow accumulated in the place. There was certainly a wide and varied range to choose from, from *Life* to *Good Housekeeping*. The afternoon was spent

as many a good afternoon has been—first collecting a good billy of gooseberries, then a little folding of the hands in sleep to restore some strength, another brew of tea, and then homewards by the Whare Flat road. My homeward steps were cheered by thoughts of regret for our poor fellow-members up the Hopkins who would be denied the pleasure of their favourite radio programme that night.

—TALL TIMBER.

I've seen some shapes of tents at times,  
And some that beggar all description.  
Some low—some high (I hope this rhymes)  
And some that you just sits in.



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## A PILGRIMAGE TO THE TEMPLE

And it came to pass that seven sinners ventured into the land of Lake OHAU, to cleanse their feet of the local dust in the waters of the TEMPLE.

On the 25th day, in the month of little Rain (November, 1950), they arrived at the Golden Gates, which were flung wide open by the keeper, a good man of the land. And he spake unto them, saying that the Sun God had been good to him these last 42 days and nights. But it came to pass that within the next 15 hours the God of Rain should pay a visit, and it was good—for the land.

Now the valley of the Temple is one to be admired by the disciples of Tramping and Alpine ways. This short and narrow picturesque valley with mountain stream makes the journey pleasant for the Pilgrims who seeketh the Beauty of the Outdoors. Now it came to pass that on reaching the end of the Beech Forest they should pitch unto themselves an Inner Temple. And it was done and all was well. And so it was that on the afternoon of the 1st Day in the Valley of the Temple the seven Disciples should seek a way in which to ascend on the morrow, the very tops of the Temple Towers. (Having washed their feet several times during their approach to the head of the valley, the sinners had now become Disciples of this Valley.) An obvious route up the side of a nearby scree chute was agreed upon, and the remainder of the afternoon was spent on a delightful walk. One Disciple began to collect various specimens of Alpine Flora, whilst two or three others indulged in the fanatical Dance on the Rocks (Clinkers v. Rubbers) to the music of an Angelic Choir—**YODELLING!!!!**

Returning to their Inner Temple, they prepared unto themselves a large Meal, for it was written that they should not live on Bread alone. During this meal the God of Wit and Laughter showed himself to each of them and much was the amusement thereof. Having prepared themselves to sleep in the open, for the Inner Temple would hold only four, they retired at an early hour. But alas, during the late hours of the night the Gods of the Nor'-West ordained that the God of Rain should distribute his clouds over this area and the dropping of much water therefrom. And it was thus that they found themselves of necessity in the sanctuary of their Inner Temple. But continual sleep thenceforth was not to be.

And it came to pass with the dawn that they should rise one by one and commence the preparation of the morning meal, with the hope that the rain would cease to fall from the heavens, and the smoke from the Incense (commonly referred to as Mist and Fog) would lift its heavy veil, before the consumption of the feast was completed.

But, alas, it was not to be.

And so it was as they broke camp and returned down the valley, occasionally pausing to look back—but no—nought was there to see. And so did they return themselves to the outer gates, where a change of raiment awaited them.

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There was a young Maori named Hori,  
Who was partial at times to some curry,  
Till one day in the dark,  
For a bit of a lark,  
They went and put some in his porridge, py korry!

## BOOK REVIEWS

### "Beyond the Southern Lakes"

(By ANITA CROZIER)

This latest addition to books on New Zealand gives us a very readable story of the explorations of W. G. Grave in the difficult country between Te Anau and the North-Western Fiords. Grave's name is probably most widely known as that of the co-discoverer of the Grave-Talbot Pass. This book brings to life again the acts of courage, endurance and faith by which this epic journey was accomplished. All who travel to Milford in the comfort of a luxury service car should read the story of how these hardy pioneers accepted the challenge of the Unknown and forced their way across what, from the Cleddau, appears to be an impassable mountain barrier. Here is the fascinating story of how the upper reaches of the Cleddau and Esperance Rivers were thoroughly explored and their secrets made known.

But it is not only for the discovery of the pass that Grave's name is remembered so well by trampers and mountaineers. This book describes in a simple but exciting narrative the other famous journeys of Grave and his companions. Anita Crozier has done excellent work in editing her father's lecture notes and diaries, which tell in unadorned language this story of explorations and first ascents. The simple understatements of Grave are far more effective than the hyperbole which some of his journeys would merit. Here we have a true definition of that descriptive but rather obnoxious term "tough." Grave and his parties were tough! The description of their return from Sutherland Sound up Starvation Creek to the Hunter Pass into the Worsley is a classic. Then, too, the journey up the unknown Neale Burn (the north branch of the Clinton) and over into Joe River and down to Lake Ada is another story of splendid exploration involving grim physical endurance by two men who were expert bushmen and natural hillmen, imbued with Smythe's "Spirit of the Hills."

Climbing of virgin peaks was not the primary objective of Grave and his parties, but mountaineers will thoroughly enjoy his descriptions of the first ascents of Mts. Balloon and Pembroke and of their attempts on mighty Tutoko.

The authoress is to be congratulated on adding this valuable record to the literature on exploration in New Zealand. It will remain a book which should be read by all who visit Milford or the surrounding country. In addition, it is an easily read book of exciting adventures for those who do their exploring "by the fireside."

Publishers: A. H. & A. W. Reed. Price, 12/6.

—H. S. J. T.

### "Farthest West—Afoot and Afloat"

Having published accounts of his walking holidays, *Farthest North* and *Farthest East*, Mr. A. H. Reed decided to add another point of the compass to his recorded journeyings. With his nephew, Mr. A. W. Reed, of Wellington, as travelling companion, the journey from Manapouri to Dusky Sound was successfully completed in spite of typical West Coast weather, inadequate and at time conflicting maps, and going as difficult as any that we as trampers would expect to have to tackle.

The country between Manapouri and the coast is still little known outside a small group of deerstalkers and bushmen and no defined track exists between the west arm of the lake and Supper Cove at the head of Dusky Sound. Survey maps do show a track between the two places, but in Mr. Reed's words it is a "dream track." From Les Murrell, of



Manapouri, came the counsel to abandon the idea entirely, and of all people Mr. Murrell is the person best qualified to give advice where this part of New Zealand is concerned. He, no doubt, was thinking of difficulties as yet unsuspected by the two men, one aged 74 and the other in his forties.

However, with much good advice on how to tackle the country and its climate, some alterations to equipment and a supply of his concentrated food mixture consisting of equal parts of butter, oatmeal, and sugar, in additions to their ordinary rations, they set off with seven days to spare before the m.l. *Alert* was due to pick them up.

The obstacles surmounted and the day-to-day trials and adversities are described in a matter-of-fact way, but in one which should establish a sympathetic bond with anyone who has travelled in the far west of Otago.

That this enterprise succeeded is to the credit of the two men concerned, but there was such a degree of risk involved that one may venture to describe the idea of undertaking this journey as foolhardy and not one to meet with the full approval of those who wish to see tramping in the vast uninhabited areas of Fiordland kept on a sound, accident-free basis. The risk lay less in the nature of the country, but more in the degree of experience of those taking part; but strength of will and good common-sense were to the fore, and as usual stood their possessors in good stead.

The sub-title, *Afoot and Afloat*, covers the bush trek and five days spent cruising in the West Coast Sounds on board the m.l. *Alert*. During the latter period many spots of scenic and historic interest were visited and an interesting account is given in Part 2 of the book.

Included in this volume as Part 3 is the previously unpublished journal of Mr. E. H. Wilmot, the leader of what was undoubtedly the first party of Europeans to make the journey from Manapouri to Dusky Sound. Mr. Wilmot and a party of six men made a topographical survey of the whole area and no survey has since been undertaken.

As Appendices to the main narrative are *First on the Manapouri-Dusky Pass*, Mr. T. (later Sir Thomas) MacKenzie's Report to Parliament, 1894; *First up the Seaforth River*, by the same author in a Report dated 1896; *First from Manapouri to Dusky*, Mr. E. H. Wilmot's Report to Parliament dated 1897; a note on *The Wilmot Pass—Who Discovered It?* by A. H. Reed; and a note on the abandoned track-cutting expedition at Dusky Sound when 50 or 60 West Coast miners were employed on a tourist track from Dusky to Manapouri.

The book is well illustrated with photographs, sketches and maps, which should prove useful to those interested in the country for its historical associations or as a district for future expeditions.

—B. W. C.

## EXTRACT FROM "THE MOUNTAIN WAY"

By R. L. G. IRVING, PAGE 501.

### "The Hamel Accident"

"While our meal was being prepared I questioned the guide about the disaster that had occurred. He said that the night before it happened was one of violent storm. Most of the guides were in favour of turning back, but they had to give way before the stubborn insistence of Dr. Hamel, who accused the ten guides and two Englishmen of being afraid. This accusation precluded any sensible consideration of the question . . ."

So I read on, and devoured all the gory details. And the author? Yes, there it was, in black and white at the end of the article:

COMTE H. DE TILLY, 1820.

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