



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

AUGUST, 1952

# Otago Tramping Club

(Incorporated)



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## EDITORIAL

### WE CHANGE OUR DRESS.

IN OUR TIME like most trampers, we have worn many and various styles of dress. That we have changed again this year does not mean dissatisfaction with the dress of 'Outdoors, 1951' rather it is mostly a matter of simple hard cash. But at the same time we think the altered 'face' has a good deal to commend it for a Club of our size and style. In submitting it for your perusal, and enjoyment, we apologise to those whose contributions have been trimmed or cut short to fit in with our new shape and size. For, as every tramper knows, the dress must fit the shape, and vice versa.

We do not attempt in these pages to review the year's activity. That has already been done in formal style in the Club's Annual Report, and some part of it may be guessed at from a perusal of the pages that follow. Much of our activity must also, of necessity, pass by unmentioned. Our contributors are perhaps too shy to tell of the assault on Ward, of the Olivine re-visited, of tree-planting on Flagstaff, of the weekly Club Rooms, the activities of the instruction Course, or the Barn Dance. Yet these have all gone on, these and many other forms of activity without which the life of the Club would be incomplete. One of these forms of activity is the annual production of 'Outdoors' - essentially a co-operative enterprise, depending on the interest and support of club members as contributors.

To one and all we say, Good Tramping to you in 1952-53 and perhaps a better share of Christmas weather than was your lot last year.

W.S.GILKISON.



FRANZ - GRAHAM SADDLE - HERMITAGE.

During March Gwen Leonard and I arranged with Guides H. Ayres and P. Boswell (Franz Josef) to spend a fortnight's guided climbing and pass-hopping in the Franz - Cook area.

We were to leave for Almer Hut at the head of the Franz Glacier on March 15th, but owing to bad weather we were delayed until the following afternoon. As we had made a late start, the night was spent at Defiance Hut, half way up the Glacier. That night it rained heavily, and the morning was spent pottering about the hut waiting for the weather to clear.

That afternoon saw us on our way up the Glacier. What an afternoon!

The Franz Josef is like a Jig-Saw puzzle with crevasses and seracs everywhere, and it was amazing how the guides were able to find leads out of the maze. This should be an interesting place for anyone wanting to practice ice-work and step-cutting although I was more than pleased when we struck out on to the scree slope, which stretches for 1000 feet to the Almer Hut.

Owing to heavy mist two days were spent here, so we filled in part of the time carrying rocks for the new hut which is in the course of construction 200 feet above the old site.

We were joined here on the second day by Murray Cassidy and Helen Williams of the Hermitage, who were returning via Graham Saddle.

As the third morning dawned fine we were away at 6 a.m. for Grahams. First rope - Harry leading, Gwen, myself, and "Bos". Murray and Helen following on a second rope. The snow on the neve was



splendid so we wore Crampons and carried on at a steady pace towards Grahams.

The crevasses were all fairly well bridged, although I broke through one up to the armpits, but with the help of Harry, ice-axe and legs, I was able to extricate myself without much delay. A breather, smoke and scroggin was welcome.

The Saddle was reached without further hitches and it was a grand sight to look across at Cook and surrounding peaks which stood out beautifully against a clear sky. A few minutes were spent here for scroggin and photography.

On the way down the Rudolph Glacier, care had to be taken as fresh snow had fallen on this side and at every few steps we had to knock our crampons to dislodge the snow. The top part of Rudolph is fairly easy going, but we were stopped about half way down as the usual route was thought to be blocked. Murray went out to reconnoitre and reported a way through which proved on closer inspection to be very shaky. This was a nasty spot as the ice bridges were very rotten and Harry was rather dubious about trying it, but at the time it seemed to be the only way down. Everyone heaved a sigh of relief when this was safely negotiated. We found later that we could have got down by the original route. From here on it was easy going although we still had Crampon trouble on the snow slopes. Later when crossing a snow slope on to ice-scrée I slipped, and in trying to save my leg managed to cut my hand rather deeply. First aid was necessary so more scroggin, oranges etc. were eaten.

From here down to the lower stretches of the Glacier we proceeded very slowly, with yours truly doing some unorthodox rock scrambling with one hand. It was a relief when we were able to unrope and make for De la Beche where we spent the night.

Next morning Helen and Murray left for Ball hut and later in the day we set out for Malte Brun which was reached early in the afternoon. The Tasman Glacier was like a roadway in comparison to the Franz and the Rudolph. That night at Malte was spent in a howling gale with heavy rain, and we were surprised to find sunshine and clear tops next morning. During breakfast a discussion and inspection was held regarding my hand and it was agreed that I should go down to the Hermitage for medical treatment. We set off in the afternoon for Ball Hut where I left, with much envy, the others on the following day. Harry, Bos. and Gwen intended going back over Graham hoping to do some climbing on the way, but were held up for five days at De la Beche with very bad weather. After hearing this I felt my misfortunes weren't so bad after all but I'm hoping for better luck next year.

U.B.W.

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It is time to stress that Membership of our Club involves responsibilities and requires discipline. That doesn't mean there can't be high spirits, relaxation and good fellowship. It does mean, however that every member should ask why he or she joins the Club, whether it is to get fit by climbing and tramping, to behave properly when representing the club, and to regard the mountains as the means of healthy exercise and not as places for the kind of parties that make mountaineering out of the question the morning after.

From a Contemporary.

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TARARUA TRAVERSE.

During a short visit to the Capital city last October I was invited on a week-end trip to the Southern Tararuas. My hosts were three members of the Wellington Tramping and Mountaineering Club, a comparatively young body in a city where tramping is more popular and taken more seriously than any where else in the Dominion.

We left Wellington at 6 p.m. on the Friday night for Otaki on the West Coast. This involved a rail journey of about two hours followed by a taxi ride to the end of the road which runs up the valley of the Otaki River. Our destination that night was Field Hut and this was reached about half an hour after midnight after a steady climb; first through partly cleared country and then through heavy bush, with tall tawa trees, a muddy track and a dense undergrowth full of filmy and kidney ferns.

Field Hut is situated in a hollow on a ridge which rises steadily to the main range and is about 500 feet below bush level. The bigger trees here were mainly silver beech and in general appearance the bush differed but little from parts of the Hollyford and Eglinton Valleys.

Next morning we were away early on what was likely to be a full day's tramping. Once above the scrub and on the tussock the track was still easy to pick up but the going became progressively slower as we began to run into deep, soft snow. The snow had filled the well-worn track to some depth and off it the snowgrass offered little better travelling. Climbing steadily we eventually reached the tops and enjoyed a good view of the West Coast and Kapiti Island, the coastal plain towards Levin and the sprawling, heavily forested foothills



of the west coast ranges. Away to the north were the tops of the Northern Tararuas, partly cloud-covered; while of Mt. Egmont and the Volcanoes (sometimes visible) there was no sign.

We lunched at Kime Hut, where snow lay 6 inches deep on the flat and more in the hollows. The sun shone through at times, followed by waves of clammy mist. After about an hour packs were on again and crossing Field Peak, we dropped into the saddle and began the ascent of Mt. Hector, 5916 ft., the highest point in the Southern Tararuas. The ridge was sharper than any we had met, the final 100 feet being steep with soft snow making step plugging hard work. Our quarter of an hour on the summit was blessed with sunshine and an excellent view of the Wairarapa Valley, Upper Hutt and in the distance Wellington Harbour.

The next stage of the journey began about 2 p.m. and took us along a sharp ridge in a SE direction. Well above bushline yet, the ridge was well plastered with snow and the steep climbs, and descents involved in negotiating the features known as "The Beehives" took considerable time as snow-grass beneath the snow made for a slippery foothold. The 'Beehives' are a number of bumps on the ridge which from some angles have the appearance of the old-fashioned type of roundtopped beehive.

All views to the West during the afternoon were blotted out by a mass of low cloud which developed during the afternoon but the valleys leading down to the Wairarapa remained clear. Eventually we reached Mt. Alpha, crossed the summit in light cloud and dropped down to Alpha Hut just below the bushline. The bush here was mostly stunted silver beech with a sparse undergrowth of leatherleaf and coprosma which at this time was mostly snowcovered. Collecting

sufficient fuel for the evening meal took quite some time and it was quite dark before we were ready to settle down indoors. The hardy Tararua trumper scorns the use of the alpine primus, as tradition demands that a fire be built for cooking under all conditions.

Sunday morning found us on our way through the stunted beech forest which reaches to the summit of all but the highest ridges. For the first few hours snow lay on the track but gradually we began the long descent to the valley of the Tauherenikau River. The bush began to change to taller trees and less undergrowth, while the variety of plants became wider. The river is larger than any to be found in our local tramping and presents a formidable obstacle when swollen by rain. The valley is well supplied with huts, at one of which we stopped for a belated lunch before starting on the final stage of our journey. This involved a climb over the dividing ridge between the Hutt Valley watershed and that of the Wairarapa where we now were. The track ran up the side of a small tributary, Smith's Creek, and then away from it up a steep zig-zag stretch to open country, where the bush had been either milled or burnt. Soon we were down the other side into the Kaitoki district, from which we travelled by taxi to Upper Hutt and back into Wellington by bus.

Thus was ended a week-end of tramping in country very different from our local hills. It offers a greater variety of terrain, of weather and of scenery and demands in return a much higher standard of route-finding, bushcraft and safe tramping than we are accustomed to. It is little wonder that parties from the Wellington district are able to carry through trips in the difficult country of South Westland and N.W. Otago with success under the difficult weather and bush conditions to be found in those parts.

B.W.C.



ROUTE BURN - HARRIS - HOWDEN.

Our party consisted of five girls, Ruth Mess, Una Warburton, Doreen James, Frances Parkhill and myself. There being such wintry conditions in the city at Christmas, we were rather apprehensive about the weather, however, on Boxing Day, four of us left Dunedin in brilliant sunshine. We had a very hot trip up, met Ruth at Queenstown, and spent that night in the camping grounds. Thursday, we had perfect conditions for the trip to the head of the Lake. The steamer was well crowded with tourists and trampers, among whom were Winifred and Wilf. Broughton and Daphne and Gavin Clark, so felt the Club to be well represented. We all had a cup of tea together at the end of the bus journey, then we five proceeded on towards the Routeburn Huts. The Routeburn is a little gem of a Valley, with lovely beech forest and smooth grassy flats. We would have liked to spend a day up the North Branch, but with our time limited we felt we should push on over the Harris Saddle while the weather held.

The next morning we were later starting than we intended. A small climbing party not having returned the previous evening as expected, we felt we should stay for a time, however, as they turned up, after a night out on Somnus, we got away about 9 a.m. It was a scorching day and after we left the bush line we found it hot work. As we climbed higher, the country gradually unfolded, and from the Harris Saddle we had a magnificent view of the Darran Range and all snow-capped peaks stretching away in the distance. Here we had some scroggin and took photographs. Time was getting on and we still had some way to go. As we wound round the track, we gradually got a more extensive view of the Lower Hollyford and Martins Bay areas. When we came into view of Lake McKenzie, it seemed to us in that light, slightly sinister, with such a poison green colour, we almost expected to hear witches and goblins chanting their spells. Nothing stirred the air but the Keas who screeched overhead.



The last part of the track was in very bad shape, many landfalls making the going difficult at times, especially with heavy packs. Darkness settled down before we reached the lake and on this last part we were forced to use torches, so when we reached a grassy patch we decided to camp for the night. Next morning we were awakened by rain pattering on our sleeping-covers, so a hurried departure was made. Una and Ruth made a reconnaissance and informed us that we were only about 100 yards from Lake McKenzie and the rock bivvy.

We had breakfast here, then on to the last part of our trip to the Howden Hut. Rain was falling heavily, and we found it rather slippery scrambling through washouts. Earland Falls were a grand sight, but we were all so wet we did not stop long to fully appreciate their beauty. We reached the Hut about 11.30a.m. What a welcome sight and what a relief to get out of sodden clothes. There were three other occupants at the Hut - John, a M.C.M. member whom we had met at the Routeburn, and two lads from Auckland. We spent three days at the hut and fortunately one was fine which enabled us to dry out. A trip was made to the Key Summit where one gets a fine all-round view. People were coming and going from the hut all the time, and Ruth linked up with some friends and went down the Greenstone which left our four in possession on New Years Eve, and Nature celebrated this event by giving an exhibition of a violent electrical storm.

New Years Day we packed up and made for civilization. We were tramping down the Eglinton Valley in heavy rain when a tourist bus gave us a lift to Cascade and the first person we saw there was Mona Cowie who took us under her wing. Instead of having to establish a wet camp as we thought we would, we spent the night (thanks to her) in luxury in the Hostel Drying Room. The following day of course, was Dunedin and home.

This was not an ambitious trip. It is one which hundreds of people have done, and one which those who are trampers, should do. The scenery is magnificent, and with the congenial party we had, it has been one of the most enjoyable trips I have been on.

Beth Larkins.

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### "CASCADE" OF INCIDENTS.

The main part of our trip has already been written, and I am merely trying to recall our return journey from Cascade Creek, to Dunedin.

We did not bother booking in for breakfast at the Hostel, but ate a few Ry-vita biscuits (very appetising without butter) in the bus, thinking we could get plenty to eat at various stops enroute. The bus unfortunately, was exceedingly stubborn about starting - all pleadings, curses, changes of batteries and various gadgets unknown to me, were of no avail. All the guests at the Camp gave their different opinions as to what was wrong, and what to do. After about an hour and a half so spent, someone had the brain wave of towing the bus a little way, and a truck was produced for this purpose; this, after further effort did the trick, and away we went, absolutely pelting along to make up for lost time. We made Te Anau without mishap, but thereafter it was obvious that something was wrong with the engine. The Driver stopped several times to touch this, touch that - finding nothing, so starting again; this continued until a few miles before Mossburn when it broke down completely, and no amount of fussing on the Driver's part could persuade it to start again, so away he went in a passing car to get help at Mossburn. With the "Help" the bus became mobile again after another three quarters of an hour, and by this time our hopes of catching our trains were becoming steadily dimmer and dimmer. We were supposed to



catch the train from Lumsden, connecting with the Express at Gore, on which our seats were booked. Francis, Beth and I had a few days to spare, but Una had to be back at work the next day.

On arriving at Lumsden we found that the train had departed, and the Driver, after making inquiries, said they would endeavour to obtain other transport to take the four of us to Gore. Hunger pangs were making themselves felt, and this seemed a good opportunity to do something about it, so hastened to the Tea Rooms which were very crowded. Before we could even get near the counter, a man came in (easy to pick out trampers) saying he had a car, and we would have to start immediately were we to catch the Express, as they would only hold it back a few minutes for us - even so we would have to do a mile a minute to get there. All was well (except for our hunger) until near Riversdale - we came round a corner, hit an outsize in pot-holes, the car tried a few circus tricks, but straightened up again and stopped - result, a broken front spring. After getting my heart into its normal position again, I, with the others, found the situation very humorous and laughable. The car owner, who was Manager of the Road Services didn't laugh at all. At Riversdale he went into conference with a bus driver, but there was no way of getting us to the Express, so he rang Gore not to hold the Express, also asking them to ring Dunedin Railway, getting them to ring the Post Office saying Miss Warburton would not get back to work the next day. By now we were ravenous, and food our main thought; here our bus driver friend proved helpful, and put in a good word at the Hotel, who supplied a tremendous afternoon tea, which was speedily demolished with the usual prodigious appetite of trampers.



The bus driver then took us to the Gynkana, where watching Highland Dancing, Irish Jigs, Cycling Wrestling, Springs etc., pleasantly passed a couple of hours. At five o'clock the bus started back for Gore, and this time to our surprise, we arrived there without further mishap. The bus driver explained the position to the Railway, who said the best that night was a slow train to Clinton, but suggested they ring Clinton to watch for anyone going through to Dunedin. That train was very slow, but since we had a carriage to ourselves we were able to sing the time away. On arriving at Clinton we found the Stationmaster was devoid of help and brainwaves, and even said we couldn't sleep in the station itself, because of a new constable in the township who would not stand for that there here!

We therefore decided move on we must, but were only a few yards away from the station when we saw a truck about one hundred yards away, with people getting in, and thought it looked hopeful, so gave Beth a push in the right direction, saying that her manners were more charming than ours. They must have been, for presently she came back saying that the Chinese Gentlemen were going through to Dunedin, and would be pleased to take us there.

There were no sides on the back of that truck - four people only just fitted across it, and by firmly linking arms, the two outside members managed not to fall overboard. By the time we reached Balclutha it started raining, and believe me, it did rain, nor was it very warm; however despite the wind and rain, and the fact that we couldn't hear one another without shouting, we sang the miles away again. Arriving at Caversham we very stiffly jumped off the truck, and thanked the Chinese, who would not hear of any payment, and by means of the last trams and

buses, made our various ways home. Speaking for myself, it took half an hour for my feet to thaw out on a hotty, but needless to say we all enjoyed it, and will for years have many a laugh over our "Cascade of Incidents".

D.J.James.

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### From an Overseas "Summer Outing Schedule".

Participants are expected to possess good health-to have their teeth examined and blood pressure and heart checked before the outing. All registered members must have an effective tetanus shot before leaving.....

Parties leaving camp must be cleared by the leader and if composed of unmarried couples by a chaperon. Single men and women are not to fraternise beyond normal outing fellowship.....

Personal gear should not exceed 45 pounds each en route, excluding musical instruments, primus stove, pitons and carabiners, ice axe, crampons and tent.

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MEMORIES OF THE EASTER TRIP 1952.  
TEMPLE CREEK.

Carrying with us the good wishes of our worthy Mr. and Mrs. President, and several members of the C.T.C., we departed from the small Triangle Queens Gardens at 9.45, Thursday evening, bound for a happy Easter in the region of Temple Creek.

Bods and packs cluttered up a highly respectable conveyance, and before very long various sleeping bags were carelessly thrown over seats to ensure comfort during the trip. All went smoothly until reaching Evansdale where a slight wait was inevitable owing to a little forgetfulness by our driver. Various members partook of light refreshments. Our next stop was the Pie Cart at Oamaru, but owing to our late arrival, we found very little food offering. However most of us managed to nibble a little, and we then proceeded happily into the vehicle of vehicles.

The final stage of the bus journey was slightly bumpy and after much coaxing to the bus driver, our leader Ian Pollard, managed to deliver us safely to our ultimate destination. Alighting at dawn from the vehicle of torture, Ian Pollard's "Let us doss into our sleeping bags for several hours" was heartily endorsed by all.

Within a few hours the party was awakened with a commotion created by Canadian Geese. After breakfast Bruce Campbell provided entertainment by staging a wrestling match with one of the feathered friends.

Later the party pushed on up the valley for five hours, thereupon reaching a spot chosen for base camp. The going had been pleasant as the route taken was through tussock, beech forest, and rocky river beds. In spite of several tricky crossings over slips and



through fairly swift waters, every member of the party came through with honours.

On Saturday's programme was a light pack and a delightful trek further up the valley, led by Dick Hamel and Trevor Murie. About mid-day we received a clear view of the mountain tops, which were decorated by a little snow. In the evening, songs were sung around the camp fire, and congratulations were extended to Ian Pollard and party who had successfully tackled one of the fine mountains at the head of the valley.

Breakfast on Sunday consisted of rations, plus venison collected from our deer-stalker friends whom we encountered from time to time. This day called for part of the return trip down the valley, which was made during the morning.

In the afternoon most of the party scrambled up the hillside 5,000 ft. above sea level to gaze upon Lake Ohau, and the surrounding countryside. Our descent was done in a flash as this entailed travelling down 2,000 ft. of scree, the fastest time being eight minutes. This experience proved exciting to myself and all amateurs.

At dusk songs, rhymes and stories were enjoyed by the Company. Early rising next morning in preparation for our departure at 9.30 a.m. At 10.45 we found the bus driver smiling happily as we deposited our packs in the bus. Official departure took place at approximately mid-day.

A fine view of the Neuman Range, Mt. Cook and the Dobson, with the shore of Lake Ohau in the foreground, was obtained from the bus windows as we travelled back to the noise of the city.

D.Harrison.

EASTER IN THE TEMPLE - ANOTHER VERSION.

We got away from Queen's Gardens at about 9.45 in a Luxury bus provided by Arthur Henry of Purakanu Camaru soon after midnight, and Omarama I suppose a few hours later - I was asleep on the floor. The driver did not seem over-keen on the last few miles to the head of Lake Ohau, but with able assistance from R.B.H. we talked him into carrying on, even at the cost of some of his paint. Before 6 a.m. we were across the Temple bridge and deposited on the roadside, so back into our bags for a while till daylight. Then came breakfast, disturbed by an invasion of geese from the station, and preparations for our departure.

Soon a long line of trampers was on the move, the junction being reached in about half an hour. Through alternating patches of beech and open grassy flats, we wandered on, and almost before we knew it we had reached the big slip, considerably consolidated since my last visit. After another half-hour we stopped for a dainty lunch of cold chicken, washed down with large draughts of tea. On with our packs again and across the main stream of the Temple, which however was quite low. And a little further on we made a base at the junction of the two larger branches. A very comfortable camp, with thirteen tents on the soft moss, each with its private fireplace and a goodly aroma of cooking food.

An early start next morning - not as early as hoped, but we had promised first turn to the deer-stalkers up the valley - saw us on the way to the head of the main branch. We were soon out of the bush, into sub-alpine scrub. We saw several deer at close range, so some had eluded the stalkers! By midday we were at the foot of a long scree slope, and some way up this we boiled up after melting some snow. I was particularly reminded of the similarity between the peaks all round and the Dolomites of



Italy which I saw so many years ago. At 2.15 we were on the col and looking over into the South Huxley, with Mt. Huxley directly ahead. (Editor's note - this adjoins the col reached by our party from the Huxley side in Jan. 1948, from the Club Hopkins Camp). Two of us then climbed on to a small peak nearby, and built a cairn on the summit of what we now call 'Mt. Temple'.

The scree was too coarse for the usual glissade, and it was a slow plod. We reached camp at dusk, to be greeted with a large venison steak. Next morning we shifted camp about two hours down stream. Most of us proceeded to climb Shingle Hill at the back of the camp, arriving variously at the top about 4 p.m. We had a magnificent view of the Lower Hopkins and Lake Chau, but the Neuman Range was hidden in cloud. The scree was perfect for descent, and 1500 ft. took less than 20 minutes. Next morning we aimed at an early start; the driver wanted to be on the road by 11 or so, but it was an hour later before we were all aboard. A perfect morning gave us a glorious view of Cook, a happy farewell to the valley. A stop at Omarama for refreshments, and 20 miles on with a puncture, saw us making up lost time for the rest of the way. Soon after 7 we pulled into Dunedin. Easter 1952 was over!

Ian Pollard.

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MANAPOURI TO DEEP COVE.

At 8 a.m. on Sunday the 25th November, Mac and I left the jetty on the Waiau in the old "Pilgrim" with Les Murrell and a number of others, bound for Deep Cove on Doubtful Sound. Being the first party over the track since last winter, Les. decided to come along to see what the track was like. A couple of hours up to the Spey Hut, then a "cuppa", then away we went. The others in the party were two employees of Murrell's; one taking supplies through another going shooting, one gent from U.S.A. a lassie from Scotland and an English girl.

We were really lucky with the weather, three fine days, the last being the best of the lot, with blue skies and no wind. Up the Spey, then the start of the climb up the Dashwood, "steaming gently" in tramping parlance. The Mid hut, which is not far from the top of Wilmot Pass on the lake side, was a welcome sight and more tea was consumed. The Cleve Garth falls which are across the valley from the hut, had very little water coming over them. The overseas visitors were very interested in the wekas about the huts - the first they had seen.

Then on up to the cairn at the summit of the pass, which is a climb of about 1600 feet, all through bush, on this side. Deep Cove cannot be seen from the track at the summit, but a few minutes down the track, the whole sound can be seen through a gap in the trees. We stopped there for more photos, then eventually down to the hut on the banks of the Lyvia at the head of Deep Cove. We saw no deer on this trip, but there were numerous wood pigeons, bell birds, some tuis, and the odd kea were seen when passing through.

The hut at Deep Cove is a good one. A very disagreeable aroma greeted us. It was found someone had left some venison in the safe from about



the preceding May! It could have walked out under it's own power easily. That went into the river very quickly. We all gave a hand in getting the place organised after being closed for some months, then a good meal was turned on by Les.

About dawn next morning a couple of wekas started up outside the hut. As we had no early start to go anywhere, we wished them far enough. In the morning we used a flattie and rowed down as far as the entrance to Hall arm, about a mile and a half. The morning was perfect with the sound like glass. I found I had soft hands and acquired sizeable blisters. Les has a launch at the sound this season but was waiting on two men to bring it around from Bluff. They were due there before we arrived but did not turn up. A bit disappointing but could not be helped. That afternoon we walked over the foot of the Helena Falls, over the valley from the hut. These are 600 feet high but were not carrying much water at that time. Like the Sutherlands you get wet if you go too close. On the Tuesday morning we were away about 8.30 a.m. and were up at the top of the pass again at 11 a.m.

As when coming over, there were numerous stops for photos and we were at the Mid Hut just after mid-day -- more large quantities of tea were consumed, then down the Spey to the hut at 4 p.m. We took about  $6\frac{1}{2}$  hours each way, although Les reckons he did it once in  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours, running all the way. If that's right, he must have been mighty fit and then some.

The track was in quite good order and the trip was very much enjoyed by all, particularly considering how kind the weather man was to us.

On looking through the visitors book at

Deep Cove I saw quite a few O.T.C. names there.

Back to Manapouri that night at 7 p.m. with slight sunburn and dry feet. Plenty of sandflies around though, at all of the huts.

Ted Clark.

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To the Editor. Sir. - I should be obliged if you could give me the hospitality of "Outdoors" to thank reviewer "B.W.C." for a very generous notice of "Farthest West" in the 1951 issue, and to point out a small error of fact. Your reviewer would have been quite justified in characterising the expedition of my nephew and myself as "foolhardy" had the circumstances been as he supposed. The review states that "from Les Murrell, of Manapouri came the counsel to abandon the idea entirely". That was Mr. Murrell's first reaction to our proposal, but after a lengthy discussion and further consideration he not only dissuaded us, but said, to use his own words, "Give it a go, boys; I think you can do it." As, to quote your reviewer again, "of all people Mr. Murrell is the person best qualified to give advice where this part of New Zealand is concerned," I feel sure it will be agreed that we had all the justification required. Thanking you.

A.H.Reed.

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## BIVOUAC ROCKS IN THE OLIVINE.

During recent trips through part of N.W. Otago it was found possible to make use of several rock shelters, a knowledge of the location of which might be of interest and value to other parties tramping in the district.

Hidden Falls Valley: In the lower part of the valley about half a mile above where the river turns sharp right towards the Hollyford there are some excellent bivvies up in the bush on the true left bank. The route to one has been blazed.

Cow Saddle: In the group of large rocks at the northern end (where the Upper Olivine Valley commences) there is a bivvy to sleep three in comfort. This rock is cairned and is on the right hand side (nearest the hill) on the true right bank of the river.

Olivine Ledge: A bivvy (sleep three in comfort) exists in the pile of rocks at the northern end of the ledge. By keeping to the inside of the ledge the cairns should be picked up without difficulty.

Beansburn: About half to a quarter of a mile beyond the upper limit of the bush there is a dry cave on the true right bank where deer-cullers have had their camp. This shelter is mentioned in the supplementary notes included in the second edition (revised) of Moir's Guide Book.

Forgotten River bivvy is on the true right bank of the river about 100 yards downstream from the end of the bush, just where the flats begin on the right bank. The rock is about 25 feet up in the bush.

There is a large dry shelter rock at the top

of the flat above the bushline below Park Pass, in the Rockburn. This shelter is used by deer and may be a little dirty, but is an excellent dry shelter in a westerly.

Bruce Campbell and  
Ross Lake.

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A TRAMPER'S FAREWELL TO HIS BOOTS.

Are these the feet that crossed a thousand dips  
And stormed the topmost towers of Olivine!  
Soft oxhides - thou hast served me well  
Since first I donned thee on a winter's day,  
And ploughed upstream to break thee in.  
Two summers' journeys in the hills we've been  
Unnumbered ice-cold floods stood poised beside,  
Surveyed the crossing and the further bank,  
And then leapt lively in.  
Along odd tracks beyond the Peaks, towards  
The Blucher Road; and on again an hour or so  
To Garden Bush - or down to Evansdale.  
On midnight journeys by the torches' light  
To lonely huts amidst the lonely hills;  
These boots of mine have proved their worth.

And now  
With soles worn thin, and uppers gaping at  
The seams, the time has come to cast them off  
And throw them in the garden shed.

B.W.C.

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HAMPDEN TO DUNBACK.  
via Waianakarua River.

This was a 're-do' of a trip made by the Club in 1946, and it was made last Easter by a few older members who walked from Hampden to Dunback on Sunday, returning to Hampden on Monday. When the Club went, a bus took members to Hampden and then went round to Dunback to take them home the same day.

There is another route for this trip, over the Humptucker and coming down to Hampden, via either North or South Peaks. It is steeper and shorter.

On our trip, we drove through Hampden about half a mile, crossed a small bridge and took the first turning to the left from the main road. A car may drive in two miles, through two gates to Murcott's hut, and here we left the car. The track here is a young road and no chance of missing it. After an hour it flattens out for a bit; in  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours from the car we were at the top and the track is not well-defined about here, but in another few minutes it swings to the left, avoiding the top of a hill in front, and once again becomes a young road winding down, at first through scrub and later through mixed bush. Two hours from the start took us to a post-and-rail gate, where the track swings right, still descending. Half an hour later we reached the Waianakarua crossing, which is a good place to boil up and also cache food for the return.

From here the track keeps in the Waianakarua River Valley, winding up and down and proceeding upstream. An hour from the crossing a hut is reached, and from it a private road has now replaced the track over the low saddle. Mt. Fortune is behind this hut. We reached the gate at top

of the pass in one hour from the hut, and we were down to the main road (forty minutes from Dunback) in another hour.

W.S.

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SANDY BLUFF.

(See B.W.C., Outdoors 1951, p.26)

In 1948 a local enthusiast got the idea of a hanging gallery round the base of Sandy Bluff, Dart Valley, to eliminate the 1200 foot climb to the top of it and down again.

In 1949 he interested the Queenstown Tourist Dept

In 1950 the Tourist Dept. wrote to the F.M.C. The latter thought it a job for the N.Z.A.C.

In 1951 the N.Z.A.C., being mildly interested, referred it back to the Tourist Dept. and so on to the F.M.C.

In 1952 the F.M.C. decided to take no action.

But in the meantime old Man River had got tired of waiting. The January 1952 flood, which did so much damage in other districts, built up a solid bank of shingle against the bluff. So now you walk round the 100 yards at the base, and away in the distance you can see the river!

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FASHION PREVIEW.

My Dear Clarabelle,

Four years ago I was most divinely privileged to pen my impressions of the latest Continental fashion techniques for trampers. Today it has fallen to my happy happy lot to describe to you, what was without doubt, the sartorial climax of the Mihiwaka Grand Winter Fashion-Parade. It was evident that the fashion Kings of Mihiwaka have not been idle. Over the last four years, art has daringly co-habited with science to bring to the tramping fraternity an invention which will revolutionise tramping, not only in your sweet little country, but through-out the civilised world. This marriage of science to art has produced an offspring of perfection, an instrument which will be to tramping what the compass is to navigation, style is to utility, or radar to archery. Behold! We proudly present for your wonder and acclaim, that product of inventive genius and classic design - The Trampler's Umbrella!

Unbelievably beautiful, incredibly complete, it is withal, artistically simple. It will meet all the urgent needs of the world federation of trampers.

The central motif is that of protection from inclement weather. The frame, delicately edged in white, is covered in proofed nylon of exceptional toughness and elasticity. Here we find contrasting club colours a la mode, adding a touch of gaiety to a sombre day. The two front panels possess cunning draughtproof perspex windows equipped with combined windscreen-wipers and snow-scrapers. The side panels have capacious pockets for maps, tobacco, magazines, etc. and a 10 watt

anti-glare lamp in the head of the brolly provides soft interior illumination. This innovation will undoubtedly popularise night tramping, or activity in dense fog. At such times, an occasional glance at the compass neatly set between the front windows will keep one on the proper course. Should there be any lurking doubts, a small switch located in the handle activates a powerful headlamp, which throws a penetrating beam fully three feet into the murk. This headlight will also illuminate the red tail reflector of the umbrella directly ahead and collisions can thus be avoided.

Automatic trafficators and a splendid rear-vision mirror on an extendable arm complete the anti-collision devices, points which the veteran tramper will not fail to appreciate.

This parasol has another outstanding feature. An ultra small walky-talky set is built neatly above the ribs. With an operating range of half a mile (under favourable conditions) it serves to keep the girls in delightful conversational touch with each other, and adds piquant feminine charm to tramping.

The extra weight did not prove popular in the Gentlemen's model and was replaced by a fog-horn.

Perhaps one might whisper that our cousins in America now have their models equipped with television poles. Complete television sets are too heavy, but the masts look so distinctive.

And now, my dear, a word or two on the cunning of the handle and stick. Set in the handle is a meteorological kit consisting of a tiny jewelled thermometer and barometer, complete with interpretation charts. The handle shapes have burst



all conventional bounds. Stark simplicity is the keynote, although a non-slip rubber grip is permitted. The central cane has also witnessed many changes. A most practical approach is the hickory model. A special patented pick and adze can be clipped on the apex, the frame removed, and in an instant, we have an ice-axe. Another novelty model features a cane, in reality a stainless steel tube, which can accommodate concentrated emergency rations or liquid stimulants. This has met with unexpected demand. Encouraging reports are that the inverted umbrella has superseded other river-crossing techniques.

Well, my dearest Clarabelle, just a final word on cost. These brollies are now available at popular prices ranging from 120 guineas to more ambitious figures. The outlay is so modest that a very heavy demand is assured, and my final advice, Clarry, is to urge all club members to place their orders without delay. Order forms may be obtained from any of Mihiwaka's big department stores.

Ever thine,

Anastasia.

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WORKING PARTY.

IT WAS A FINE STARRY NIGHT when T, U and I left town. By Duke St. there were a few drops of rain falling; by Leith Saddle we were wet through in thick mist. We left our bikes in a clearing off the road, and with torches ablaze we soon finished up in the centre of the bog between bridge and track. At the fence, we flung our packs over and followed as best we could, and soon were on the Burns track proper. It was in its usually muddy state and soon so were we. We were soon out of the bush and found it not so clear. Rain coming down, no moon or stars, the tops in mist. The track was quite well defined till it disappeared under the tussock and gorse, the next one we found led nowhere, and soon we had to re-trace our steps which meant forcing our way through some very tall gorse. Soon we were scrambling up a steep bank, this must surely be the track, then we knew we were lost. We decided that if we could find the entrance to the bush we would go home, but of course we couldn't find that either.

After wandering over a small hill we suddenly heard the trickling of water, and then knew that of course we weren't lost after all; but still none of us were just quite sure where we were. We decided to follow down stream by the easy method of wading, but this didn't work out as the stream divided into about three branches. About 12.30 someone said "It's clearing up now; let's bed down for the night". So we stopped and got out our gear, and found that amongst the three of us we had only one sleeping-bag cover. However with a combination of packs, parkas and so on we settled down. We all slept fitfully, and towards dawn I got up, pulled on my trousers and sat down to await the day - which dawned clear and cold. When we



had stopped I had assured the others that the track would be within 200 yards of us, and guess what happened 200 yards later!

We were at Green Park hut before 10, and as all my clothes were wet I did the best I could with a spare singlet from U - the sort with a pretty little silk bow in front! During the afternoon other members of the working party arrived, attracted by the sound of hammering no doubt, to find that the south chimney had fallen out and was being re-erected in a different shape and position.

We learned a lot of lessons this week-end. Remind me to pass some of them on to you some time. For the present, however, I remain,

Anonymous.

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"Words of wisdom from a tramper on the decline" -

"I am happiest when I am idle. I could live for months without performing any kind of labour, and at the expiration of that time, I should feel fresh and vigorous enough to go right on in the same way for numerous more months."

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Advt.

WEST MATUKITUKI RESCUE - CHRISTMAS 1951.

I arrived at the luxurious Aspiring Hut on Sunday, 23rd. December. After a spell admiring the scenery of the upper valley I went out in the early evening and managed to get a deer to supplement the larder. Next morning I was off to French ridge bivouac to help four C.M.C. types with their gear; the track up from Pearl Flat is appropriately described as '4000 feet of bush, 2000 feet of sub-alpine scrub and 3000 feet of snowgrass'. By the time I was back at Aspiring Hut the weather had turned dirty, but a venison stew did a lot to ease my worries. The next day I had to go back down the valley to pick up the balance of my gear, and the next three days were spent respectively in the Liverpool basin under Mt. Barff, chasing deer on the other side of the river, and up in the upper Cascade basin. On Friday evening a Dunedin party - Bob Craigie, Jim and Scott Gilkison, and Jim Dawson - arrived at Aspiring Hut on the way to Mt. Barff, and they asked me to join them for a few days.

So on Sunday morning - after a false start on Saturday, foiled by bad weather - we pushed off, struggled up the steep ridge of Barff, and soon after mid-day were enjoying the sun in the Liverpool basin. The afternoon was very pleasantly spent pitching the tents, collecting scrub for firewood, looking over the approach to Barff for the next morning, and again unsuccessfully trying to get close up to a herd of deer. At sundown we climbed into our bags for a few hours of undisturbed sleep - only to be rudely awakened shortly before dark by the arrival of Rusty Rawlings with news of an accident on the Bonar Glacier.

So that was that! We discussed setting out for the valley there and then, but considered it poor economy to risk an accident on the steep bush



ridge after dark, and planned to start instead at daybreak. That night was a disturbed and sleepless one. With the first light Jim Dawson (who, being a doctor was a most important person now) and I set off, travelling light, followed shortly by the others with the heavier camp gear. A council of war at Pearl Flat, and we all carried on to French Ridge. By the time we were out of the bush a full storm had broken - driving hail which stung our hands and faces, and made further progress extremely trying. We had a further discussion at the bivouac, and leaving an advance party of five there the rest of us retreated to Pearl Flat. Bonk Scotney and party had meanwhile shifted their camp to along-side the Powell Rock, near the foot of the French track and here the main advanced base, henceforth known as 'Duck Inn' was set up. I spent a good deal of time excavating more sleeping space under this rock and diverting the streams which were becoming more frequent as the rain grew heavier. By nightfall the river across the flat was a roaring, flooded torrent.

Next morning the rain was nearly as heavy as ever, but the river was down a bit. The first of the relief party from Dunedin - including Horace Tilly, Bruce Campbell and Ferg. Baskett of the Club - arrived this morning and immediately set about further clearing of the French Ridge track. Ken Fitzgerald and I were appointed chief runners, to keep this camp in touch with Aspiring Hut, and today I had a trip down there and back with messages to be relayed out to civilisation. Next day the glass was down, the weather worse and the river up again so that a party from the hut could not get across to us. Next morning was a shade better, and the snow down below the bush level lowered the river. Arnold Hubbard and Russell Gregory arrived up,

and I went with them to the head of the valley, where they were going to try to get up to Bevan Col direct. They abandoned it because of dangerous snow conditions, but during the day three men managed to get down to the valley this way - the first contact with the top party for four long days. In the evening, with a rising glass, five more of the party went back to French ridge to be ready for the 'big push' the following day. And on Friday the weather relented; the climbing parties joined up successfully and got the injured man off the Glacier just before the clouds came down again. They reached the French ridge hut by mid-afternoon, and shortly afterwards the main relief party from the valley arrived to help. The rest of the afternoon is a confused memory of bodies rushing up and down the bush track, relaying swags down, passing the stretcher from hand to hand down the steep stretches. I missed some of this as I was told to stay behind at French and clean up after thirty men had had a hasty meal, but I have vivid memories of the magnificent meal turned on that night by Bonk and Rita at our old 'Duck Inn'. That night it rained again and the river was up in flood again for several hours. Early in the afternoon we got the stretcher across, and that night everyone was back at Aspiring Hut.

Three days later I left Wanaka, beginning to realise that I had just finished one of my most enjoyable holidays and certainly a phase of tramping that I would not have liked to have missed.

M. Rodgers.

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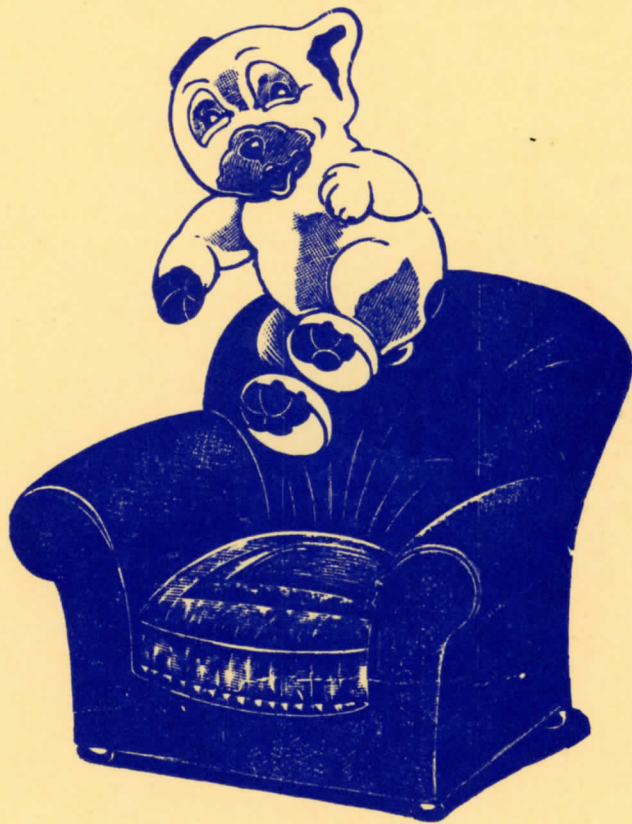
Security is valuable only to those who know the meaning of adventure. We should not get our children used in their teens, to the pleasures of middle age - cars, smoking, cocktail parties, and watching other people being strenuous instead of being strenuous ourselves.

Dr. R. W. Moore, Headmaster of Harrow School.



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