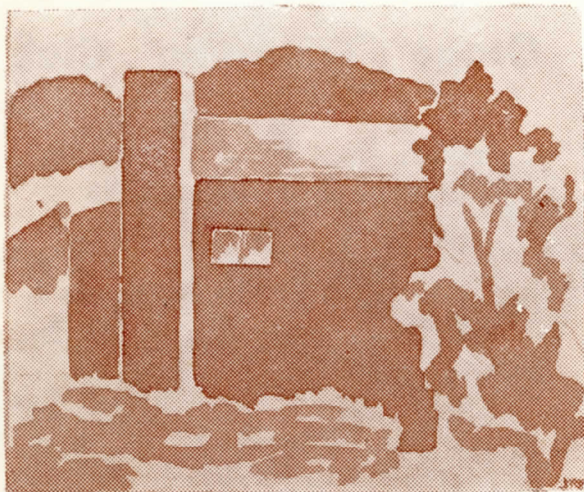


OUTDOORS



The Official Journal of the
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Otago Tramping Club

(Incorporated)



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FROM THE PRESIDENT.

New Zealanders in general, and trampers in particular, are not oppressed by the folk lore and superstitions associated with the outdoors in older lands. We travel through the forests of Westland and North-West Otago without a thought for "tiny-people" or "ogres" or "Demons". We only hear the sounds of nature - running water, an avalanche, the call of the birds. We sleep in the bush and sleep soundly. We are not held back from any valley, or as climbers, from scaling a peak by things supernatural. Perhaps the trampler of some centuries hence will have inherited an accumulation of legend, myth or folk-lore of such power that his thoughts in a rock bivvy in the Arawhata or a lonely hut in the Wilkin will be quite different from ours.

Nevertheless, we are not quite free from subtle influences and unseen powers. In recent years a spate of accidents in the hills has brought suggestions from various quarters - both public and private - that there is something about tramping and climbing that is contrary to the public interest. It should be "stopped", "controlled", "organised" or "licensed". Thus, over all our activity in the hills there broods this threat of over-organization. It lurks at every river-crossing on every high pass and in districts where sudden weather changes bring avalanches, floods and risk of exposure. It should act as a steadying influence and a deterrent to rash ventures that is as strong and compelling as were the ogres and taniwhas of the past. The Otago Tramping Club has an excellent record of safe tramping. Narrow escapes there have been; they are rarely recorded for the obvious reason that if a party has been careless there is nothing to be proud of. Only by continual attention to the rules of safe tramping can the high standard be maintained, and in this regard I would draw your attention to the new edition of "Safety in the Mountains". It contains much new material and more photographs, aimed at raising the standard of tramping, climbing, shooting and skiing in New Zealand.

B.W. Campbell.

DAY TRIP TO JUBILEE.

The official day trip having been changed to include Jubilee Hut seven members were at the meeting place at 7.30 on Saturday 5th December. By car and taxi the road to Rollinsons was successfully covered and a steady grind up the Swampy ridge began in weather which was already warm. Green Peak was the subject of a short visit only then up and over the Peaks. By this time it was only too clear that bad weather was brewing somewhere but conditions were still pleasant and the billyboil under the beech trees upstream from Jubilee went off according to schedule. A gentle pattering of rain on the trees served only to cool the air. After lunch we went for a walk down to the hut which was clean and tidy as ever. Then back to our packs (light though they were) and the climb back up to the Peaks. This part of the journey was broken by our meeting two parties en route for the night at Jubilee, and also by our thoughts of the brew promised us at Green Peak. In due season the latter eventuated, and a refreshed team set off on the last leg. The long pull up from Hightop to Swampy Spur tired out a few muscles that we had not known for a while, but in due season it was all behind us, eventually reaching Rollinsons at 8 p.m. Then the major problem - how to pack seven persons and packs into a four-seater car. The answer was simple - we didn't! and three of our team were thereby committed to a footsore journey up over the hill and well down towards Five Tree Hill before the car was able to get back for them. It had been a really pleasant day, with plenty of exercise and scenery and good fellowship and as such, adds yet another chapter to our store of mountain memories. We hope to go back next December.

W. S. G.

NICHOLL'S CREEK.

I seldom feel like going out on a trip immediately after the new year, having just returned from a Christmas trip (the scars from heavy packs haven't yet disappeared). Apparently everyone's enthusiasm was at low ebb, as Beth and I were the only arrivals at assembly point. It wasn't that we didn't give the others a chance - we sat for at least three quarters of an hour, which makes it apparent that it was very hot, too hot for tramping. However we bravely moved off up Leith Valley Road, but accepted gratefully a lift from a milk truck; this indeed a pleasurable mode of motion when the temperature is about ninety degrees - the breeze cool, and it was with reluctance we left the truck at Nicholl's Creek. While gazing doubtfully at an 8 ft. barbwire blockade effectively blocking further progress, a lad appeared, and said he'd show us the way round, some distance up, and this he proceeded to do at a positively alarming rate. No doubt he was showing us the pace of a non-tramper, and we, not wanting to let our side down, doggedly steamed uphill, brushing through gorse, blackberry and lawyer as though it didn't exist (knew all about it in the bath that night; oh! the scratches) trying not to audibly gasp and puff. By this round about route we eventually arrived at the track to the fall. To me it was a relief to leave the glare and heat, to penetrate the bush where the sunlight filtered through a filigree of overhead boughs. A fall of water is always a pleasure to me, and this was no exception; the volume was, because of the dry spell not as great, but its beauty was in softly descending water like a translucent lace curtain, with a background of moss and fern; shafts of sunlight, as spotlights on a stage played on the water - a picture of cool delight. Usually on this trip one visits the falls, then, leaving the creek, continues over the hill. Having followed the creek right up, I fail to understand why; there are several waterfalls, which in themselves - discounting the other attractions - make the trip worth while.

Considerable time was spent in watching lobsters at play. The pools abound in lobsters sized from 0.5 downwards. One pool in particular was fascinating - the water was about eighteen inches deep and had a hole in the rock wall about nine inches from the floor of the pool; this appeared to be the home of dozens of lobsters who with the continued rushing backwards and forwards made the Exchange on Friday night look slow in comparison. We were intrigued at the way they made a sideways dive out, floated down, and made an all point landing. Continuing on we came to the sand basins the formation of which is very interesting and unlike any other I have seen; they are formed from a whitish soft sandstone worn by time into oval basins each descending a step below the other. Beyond this the bush becomes more tangled, and the creek harder to follow. A steep climb at the end brought us out into the stifling atmosphere of the open hillside, where in places the grass was the height of our heads - indeed an ideal spot for the huntin' and shootin' of lions and tigers. We gravitated towards that favourite spot which ends many a trip - Ben Ridd's for a last boil up before home-wards.

D. J. J.

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ADVT.

CORSTORPHINE - Anytime, 1954.

A most interesting trip was held on this day, but it would be hard to decide just exactly what kind of a trip it should be classed as. It was nevertheless most enjoyable, being well attended by twentyfour persons in all.

I am sure you are becoming very curious as to the actual set up. I would say it would come under Section H. of the Club's Objects. To quote the section - "To encourage Social Intercourse between members."

The trip was to a certain house with the number "Double Four" on the gate, in a South South Westerly direction from the Exchange, and approximately three miles distant.

Now in case any of the twentyfour persons who attended are becoming worried, let me assure you that this article would earn a "Universal Exhibition Certificate" from any film censor.

The starting time was somewhat indefinite, but being one of those who always enjoys an early start, I arrived at 7.30 p.m. to be greeted by mine host. He proved to be an extremely kind fellow, as he immediately provided me with his best chair, and a milk shake glass; it was one of those old fashioned kind you would be able to acquire from the "Beau Monde" some years ago. The Boss, in other words the lady of the house, was engaged in setting out the supper so I was shown into the front room to await the others. It was suggested by a certain North Island resident that I might be thirsty; I wasn't really, but fearing that I might be classed as anti-social I decided to say "Yes". On reflection I think I must have said "Yes"! approximately thirty times during the remainder of the trip.

The evening got off to a quiet start, but at about 9.30 a man arrived with a tap, then things started to perk up. It may seem strange to some that a tap should make all the difference, but to use the language of the learned "The Baby was Tapped".

If anybody cared to make a social study of these

occasions, much valuable data would no doubt be obtained. In my relaxed position in the good chair, I observed some interesting reactions.

We have the quiet types who become fixed in the corner, and retain half an inch in the bottom, and say "No thank you, I'm doing fine;" then we have the others who find it easier to relax after removing artificial dentures; then again, others start to giggle so much, that they find it much easier to sit on the floor than on a chair; finally, and by no means least, the ones who tell you all the family secrets.

At about 11.30 the call was given for supper, and I must confess I was a little slow off the mark; I arrived at the table about two minutes after the initial call, and was just in time to see the last of my favourite sponge disappearing.

Singing and general hilarity prevailed until about 2.30 a.m., when the call was given by a certain bloke, "Haven't you got homes to go to?"

It's really amazing how effective this call can be, as the house was empty within five minutes.

Should you desire to break up a party, send for

"TALL TIMBER"

I would dedicate the following slightly original verse to those contemplating the Sunday trip - for skating in Central.

I must get on to the ice again,
To the ice and the snow that's dry,
And all I ask is not to slip
And fall and twist a thigh,
And the skate's kick
And the wind's rush
And my white knees shaking,
And the waving arms
- The sudden plunge
And the left leg breaking.

..... Otture - here I come.

"THE EARLY BIRD -----"

If you have been on the "Earnslaw" for a trip up Lake Wakatipu, you will have gained the impression that in the Queenstown district, time doesn't exist; what with this good ship's late departures, and much zig-zagging from shore to shore, to places where the dogs, sheep, horses and ducks come to look at the strange tourists, and hairy trampers. Well, if you didn't get this impression - we did, for we were just back from Otago's North West frontier, and had been jolted at the Tourist Bureau by the information that the Cromwell bus departed the next morning at 6.45 a.m. Came the next morning, and we were there at 6.48 a.m. and beheld an empty street. It took us all of five minutes to realise that we weren't there ahead of the bus, but that it had left on time, or even greater crime, had left ahead of time. Queenstown then rang with the clang of clinkers and tricounis (no rubber soles in this story) as there was a mad dash for the Post Office to ring for a taxi. He came; we left, keeping within the law, crawling along at 30 m.p.h., then getting beyond the law, sailing along at 65 m.p.h., and wishing we were back at 30 m.p.h. as personally I had visions of the last car I had seen crumpled in the Lower Shotover. However we short-cutted Arrowtown, by going round Lake Hayes in a great cloud of dust, and coming to the cross-roads, found the bus still conspicuous by its absence. With no hesitation our taxi driver plunged into the gorge road, and we sat there biting our nails, and trying to calculate the bill. Many £.s.d. later, we saw a bus going like the wind, and when we eventually came up behind it, found that it was the Christchurch bus and (just try to imagine our feelings) - we were racing ahead of the Cromwell bus! We stopped the taxi smartly and found that our little game of cops and robbers had cost us £3. 0. 0. We pooled our resources which would have been insufficient to get us home, but our kindly driver told us to keep enough to get to Dunedin, and send the balance to him later. He was no yokel - he knew where I worked. After that we were so close to Cromwell that the fare only came to about 2/-. The driver admitted that he was about ten

passengers short but wouldn't admit that he left early. However his conscience was softened to the extent of giving us a full refund on our original fare which left us about 11/- each on the debit side. We had ample time in Cromwell to study his moves and do you think he had an important connection to make or urgent business to transact? No he didn't. Off came his white coat and with his "Police and Fire-mens" braces exposed he strolled out into the street and had the odd hour yarning with the drivers of some cattle trucks. Any way any of you future travellers be at the bus depot fifteen minutes before departure time even if you have an hour to wait, for who knows even the "Earnslaw" could leave you on the wharf gazing at an empty lake and I'd rather swim than finance a water taxi.

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ADVT.

TAKITIMUS - EASTER TRIP, 1954

Thursday night, April 16th, saw twenty-three members of the O.T.C. assembled at the Queen's Gardens for the Easter trip to the Takitimus. One private car with four members left earlier; the remainder, including seven Course members travelled by bus.

By the time Lumsden was reached, heavy rain was falling and every indication of a wet night lay ahead, but on reaching The Key on the Te Anau road at about 4 a.m., the weather had cleared. Although damp underfoot, a comfortable three or four hour's rest was spent under some pine trees.

Friday morning eight o'clock saw most of the party headed up the main valley which is wide, grassy and very easy tramping. Breakfast was eaten under some beech trees below an old coal mine, giving time for most of the late starters, including the car party to catch up. From here on the route follows the main stream to the cirque at the head of the valley, but as the party became divided, several new (and not to be recommended) trails were followed. Late afternoon saw most of the stragglers at their various camps which were dotted at intervals on mossy patches above the river bank. On the way up the river had to be crossed numerous times as the valley narrows considerably in places, and everyone was feeling the cold by the time camp was made. Tea was consumed with trampers' zest, and sleeping bags were in use by 7.30 p.m.

Saturday morning dawned cold with misty tops, and most of the party headed towards Brown's Peak at the head of the valley. One lot decided to explore Clare Peak also in that vicinity. Scree slopes and mist were encountered on the way up and on reaching the top ridge a freezing wind was blowing; and as visibility was nil, it was decided to have a hurried meal and head back to the warmer slopes below. It was noted by those interested that *Celmisia* and *Ourisia* plants were still in bloom in some of the more sheltered spots.

That night rain set in but fortunately stopped in the early hours of the morning. One party, true to their love of water, had pitched camp on a dry stream bed, and next morning wet sleeping bags were obvious.

Sunday dawned fine and most of the parties set out with some object in view. One party for a trip to Brown's Peak, another back towards the main valley via a leading ridge off Brown's Peak, and two other parties had the idea of traversing the slopes of Clare Peak and following down a leading ridge to the main valley. Heavy packs and thick sub-alpine scrub made the going up to Clare Peak slower than anticipated, with the result that time was getting short. It was decided to drop down to one of the side valleys, and so down to the main stream. The way down proved fairly steep and overgrown in parts, and some of the party found it easier to sit and slide rather than use the slower and more sedate method. It was noted by the end of the day that most of the experienced hands had taken the easier way down, but whether by accident or design is not known.

The main river was reached about 4.30 p.m. and an easy tramp followed from here to the main valley, where most of the other parties had already camped. That night, Sunday, a late tea in the Bogburn, a chat around the camp fire, and so to bed with pleasant memories of another successful O.T.C. trip.

Monday morning dawned fine after a heavy frost, the first on the trip, and a pleasant walk back to the Te Anau road and the bus.

U.B.W.

C E L E R Y

Celery (raw),
Develops the jaw,
But celery (stewed),
Is more quietly chewed.

O. Nash, Esq.

STEWART ISLAND HOLIDAY.

I had always wondered what Stewart Island was like. Tales of sea-sick captains on the terrible boat-crossing, surly halfcast inhabitants, and so on, made the place sound mysterious. Last February three of us made a tramping trip there. We were not disappointed.

We decided that during the ten days on Stewart Island we would really do some tramping - not those easy half hour heavily signposted walks, but proper tramping. The place names on the map looked intriguing. We were surprised to see so many tracks marked. Our original plan was to get a launch to Port Pegasus in the South West and tramp back to Halfmoon Bay by the track marked on the map. However, Mr. Eric Leask was quick to tell us that nearly all the tracks marked on the map were surveyed fifty years ago, and had since been untouched (the Port Pegasus Track included).

The second idea, to go to Masons Bay, on the West of the island, proved feasible. A couple of days after our arrival, Mr. Leask (who conducts launch trips for tourists) arranged to divert his trip to a point on the Inlet called "Fred's Camp". The tourists seemed astounded at our plan and asked endless questions on food, pack weight, and so on, but eventually at one o'clock we started off trudging across a wide mud flat. The dense bush came right down to high water mark. After about an hour, we came to the mouth of the Freshwater River and were soon plodding up the left side which was swamp of the sinking stinking variety. We were obliged to climb up the bank, but even here the going was tough as there was very close-growing scrub and on the far side of this there was manuka. By keeping more or less at the borderline of scrub and manuka, it was easier going, but as we had been cautioned to keep in sight of the river, which meandered considerably, we were steering a course first away from and then towards the river. We lined up with the Ruggedy Range which was showing in the distance to get an approximate westerly direction.

Later, the manuka gave way to a beautiful stretch of punga and king ferns. We saw a native pigeon or

two here. We crossed the river where it had become no larger than a creek and were now on a tussock plain.

What a relief when at 7 o'clock we finally struck the "formed" track we had been told of. By this time it was drizzling and the prospects of camping out for the night were not pleasant. Twenty minutes later found us at Gorge Hut... a hut of contrasts.

There were not more than three or four floor boards left but all the joists were intact; the best wall was only three quarters there but a few tatters of wallpaper still flapped forlornly above a window-space. The bottom bunk had no slats but the top one and a small low one were alright. We soon had a tin shelter rigged up over the fireplace to keep the rain off. The wind from the opposite open wall fanned the fire rain poured down conveniently at a broken corner spouting and the billy was soon boiling merrily. It stormed and rained all night but the roof of the hut had no holes.

Next day was fine but the flood ditches on each side of the track had overflowed so that for a long time we waded knee-deep against the stream. We were surprised to see tyre marks and also hoof marks further on. We came to Martins Creek Hut after an hour's plod along the beach. Martins Creek is the next creek of notable size after Duck Creek. The Hut is in a small clearing near Granite Cone and is built of ship-wreck wood and has a cabin door for its entrance - very cosy. During the night we could hear kiwis squeaking.

Next day, Friday, was gloriously hot and sunny, so we walked along by the sea to the Kilbride Homestead, where we had lunch, and later, a swim. The water is almost tepid, unlike Dunedin bathing. There are lots of different coloured pebbles on the sand and boxes, planks and cork floats washed ashore too. It was there where so much ambergris was collected. We looked, but not being experienced did not find any.

Saturday was a dull, rainy day spent in washing clothes and ourselves in a camp oven (reminded me of 'boil him in a copper pot') and of course much eating and talking. We went to bed by daylight as there had

to be an early start the next day.

We were up at three forty a.m. and after a quick breakfast were away by 6.10. We arrived at the Run Buildings just after 7 o'clock, only to find that the Traills had left for the Freshwater on Saturday night, because of the flooded track. We beat it hot-foot, doing the twelve miles to the Freshwater Landing in three hours. The Traills were busy loading bales of wool into their launch the 'Moata' when we arrived, giving us time for a light snack.

Coming down the Freshwater on the launch gave us a different prospect of the country we had come through. The tide was full and the mud flats completely covered. It was fun to be travelling so quickly over the mud flats which had been such a laborious area to tramp across.

On Sunday evening we arrived back at the Settlement and pitched our tents at the Camping Ground, devoting the remaining few days to fishing and wandering about nearer at hand. "Any casualties" asked our elderly friend who had showed us the Butterfields Cave. "No, not one", we replied cheerfully. As the "Wairua" carried us away to the Mainland, we left Stewart Island with happy memories of a holiday not soon to be forgotten.

J. A.

The lesser mountaineer or tramper
Exists on goolash and on damper
And underneath his leather cap
It carries scroggin or a map.

You know the greater mountaineer
By his liking for the kea.
To keep himself from going crazy
He chews at stalks of mountain daisy.

Anon.

FOR A CENOTAPH.

Wrapt in some sudden whirl of change
They crossed, unfelt, the Pass of Death
To Wake, beyond Life's circling range,
On heights too rare for mortal breath.

D.W. Freshfield.

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Advt.

A DAY IN THE MOUNTAINS.

We are all familiar with those best-sellers with the paper cover - science fiction, Wild West fiction, and the balmy life of the Foreign Legion. Dear reader, we reproduce here for your pleasure, an extract from the first chapter of our new series - "Tramping Fiction."

That morning was bright and sunny, but not oppressively hot, as a well-balanced party of trampers made their leisurely way up the well-graded track. The open beech forest was lit with shafts of golden sunlight, and every hundred yards or so, a fallen log along the track provided a happy party with a resting place. Photographers found much to occupy them in the rest periods. The popular subject was snowy mountain tops framed in trees and backed by a deep blue sky flecked with fleecy clouds.

Actually, backs were so well adjusted for balance and the distribution of weight, that rest periods served more to allow a full enjoyment of the scenery than for recovery from any strenuous efforts. The stages between well-appointed huts in this back country valley were short, so that plenty of time would always be available for the enjoyment of the amenities - h. & c., radio, showers, good stocks of firewood for the autumn evenings. The larder, of course, was well stocked with those extras which add something to a meal - curry for stews, tomato sauce, spices for apple pies, and many other pleasant reminders of civilisation.

Leaving the forest, the route lay through clumps of scented sub-alpine scrub with open spaces of short green grass sprinkled with flowers. Deer, both red and fallow, grazed quietly here and there among the scrub. Gradually the scrub gave way to snowgrass, tussock, and great masses of flowers of every form and hue - always easy to grow at home, and of no great weight when dug up for replanting. By following the solid cairns of local stone and concrete, the track, though through masses of boulders and rock gave no real trouble, so that soon the little band of advent-

urers were on the easy snow leading to the Pass. Some thoughtful person had left a trail of steps to the top, and soon everyone was enjoying a view wide in its extent, and unsurpassed in its grandeur.

After lunch in the sunshine, a short afternoon's walk brought the next hut within reach, and everyone arrived ready and eager to have a hand in preparing the evening meal after a typical day in the back country of north-west Otago.

ANOTHER DAY IN THE MOUNTAINS.

This extract from a novel in progress, is in the style of the realist school of fiction writers, whose objective is always "the great New Zealand novel."

.....For more than five hours now they had been fighting through vicious subalpine scrub - always to the head of the valley. The deer trails they followed hopefully from time to time ran out at intervals leaving them to push on to opener places further ahead. The rain had slackened from the initial heavy downpour to a steady sleet-laden drizzle which was whipped into their faces by the bitter wind. The rock bivvy of the night before had been comfortable enough - until the river began to rise from some ten feet below and the drips found their way down the slanting overhang into necks, faces and gear. The smoky fire had taken the surplus water from wet clothes and warmed them for donning in the morning when it had seemed advisable to make a move before the river came up further.

There was a hut on the other side of the now turbulent river. It was some miles downstream, and out of their direct route. But the river was now quite impassable. It bounced down the valley floor in a yellow, frothy mass. The guide book made no mention of a way out from the head of the Bluestone, but the map suggested it as the quickest way to permanent shelter without danger from flooded rivers.

It was after three in the afternoon when they came to the top after an hour of steep scree and rubble.

The rocks round the Pass were plastered with wet snow, and the wind whined through rock towers. Through the murk little else could be seen but a narrow gut filled with old snow.

In the bitter wind there was no time for indecision. "She'll go!" they said as one man, and plunged down facing into the wind and sleet. The going was good for 500 feet or so - visibility nil. Then the snow flattened out into a narrow terrace bounded by cliffs above and below. Straight down was impossible - so was to the right and left. The narrowing ledges ran out after fifty feet or so.

There was nothing else for it but to go up again. What a slog! the snow was soft and greasy and perhaps a rope should have been used - but it wasn't. On the Pass again - 5.30 p.m. Down to a clump of rocks for some scroggin and away to the scrub as fast as cold wet legs could carry them. But there was no shelter there from the wind and sleet. No chance of crossing the river either down here - it had risen since midday. Up valley again to the bottom of the Pass, a tricky crossing in liquid ice and between boulders and the same slog down to the scrub. A half hour through it to the beech, and another stop for scroggin eaten from wet woolly mits. The hut was now, in guidebook terms, one hour away through the beech forest ("care must be taken when crossing open fern and ribbonwood glades") but in the gathering dark, with swift side streams to cross, it was nearer three. It wasn't much of a hut: some of the bunks had been used for fuel in days gone by, and the table had a short leg; but the iron roof was sound, and you could light the primus and brew some hot sweet cocoa.....

B.W.C.

FURTHER REFLECTION ON PARSLEY...

Parsley

Is gharsley.

O. Nash, Esq., again.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTES TO "MOIR'S GUIDE BOOK".

(Accurate as at January 1954).

Figures in brackets refer to page numbers of 2nd Edition.

(20) DART VALLEY:

Unless the Dart is in High flood, Sandy & Chinaman's Bluffs may be skirted at the base giving a saving of time of up to three hours on the quoted times. This would bring Dredge Hut within six hours of Paradise to a reasonably fast party.

(45) PIKE VALLEY TO BIG BAY.

Some confusion in the past has been caused to parties fording the Olivine River due to the tracks on both banks of the river. The best ford for trampers crossing the Olivine is about three hundred yards from the Pyke Junction from whence proceed down the right bank of the Pyke, and the slow moving stream which is bridged, will be crossed within a few minutes.

The best crossing of the Alabaster Stream is a few yards out in Lake Alabaster, where the depth of the lake is much less than that of the stream itself.

(65) TUTOKO VALLEY.

This valley is well worth visiting, for the magnificent scenery to be seen is unique even in this country. The Age Glacier makes a pleasant day trip from the AA Camp; good camp sites are not too plentiful and the Tutoko River must be treated with great care as it is swift at all times and may be impassable after even light rain.

A blazed trail leads up the valley seventy-five yards from the Milford Side of the Tutoko Bridge. The trail is hard to follow in places, and after about two hours the river is reached about opposite a hanging valley on Mount Underwood. The track follows up the riverbed which is now more extensive; the river having eroded most of the flats away.

ANOTHER PARTY IN THE OLIVINES.

Five members of the Knox Church Rover Scouts Crew decided to have a look at the Forgotten River Area last Christmas, an impulse we later regretted.

Some of the food was packed to the Pyke Hut by Davey Gunn, and from there we carried it ourselves; (something else we regretted).

After an uneventful trip by bus from Dunedin, we arrived at the Hollyford Huts in driving rain. Next morning it dawned fine and hot, and we made good time to Hidden Falls Hut; from there it was mud bashing to The Pyke Hut, where we collected an immense pile of food. Some of this we left (any offers?). Shouldering the load, we passed Lake Alabaster, a really beautiful sight, stopped at the Olivine, and then at the Diorite, where not knowing how close the Barrier Hut was, we slept by the stream. The following night we reached the Diorite Flat, gravity and the load being against speed.

Crossing the Four Brothers Pass we sidled Mt. Angle, passing a very pretty alpine lake. The black of the water, and the blue of the ice making it a fine subject for colour photography. From our camp on Angle, we descended to Forgotten River, took a look at the right route, decided it couldn't be right, and spent another night in getting to the Olivine Ice Plateau.

On the way up, one of the party slipped and took his rope mate for a fast tour of the slope; when he woke up again the rest of the party were hard at work digging a snow cave. The drawback was that the only member of the party with any experience at snow-caving was on the slope below getting soaked by the rain. Four of the party next day went onto the Plateau, the weather being fine and clear. The day after, it was misty, so we were confined to quarters, but that night we were forced to kick an unwilling member out to cover up the holes that were appearing in the roof of the cave; it was bad weather out, and he moaned quite pitifully. Luckily the weather cleared and we were able to go down to the valley where we made a comfortable camp.

We only made about a quarter of the way up the Olivine Gorge next day; on the day following we crossed Fiery Col (unnecessarily as we learned). After looking for Cow Saddle, we descended into the valley. Another two days of rain, and we crossed Park Pass and dropped into the Rockburn. Originally the plan was to cross the North Col, but there was a sleet storm on top, so we gave up.

After another two days, during which we found a fur sleeping bag with a packet of bullets inside it, and a campsite just recently vacated, one of the party collapsed with insuline shock, and two others had to go and get some food, emphasis being on sugar. They returned next day. The next day it was down the Dart, and over a bluff into the Routeburn onto Harry's bus, and "Home James don't spare the horses". This trip taught us all a lot the hard way but it was still a very enjoyable trip.

K.B.

(The party learnt the dangerous way. Firstly one member suffered from diabetes, and should not have gone into the back country at all. He apparently did not take sufficient sugar with him. and he should count himself lucky that members of his party were able to bring supplies up without being delayed by weather. Secondly, the author himself had a fall, dragging with him "his rope mate". If this party was in country that required a rope, then they should have been four on a rope. That he endangered his rope mate shows that neither of them knew its correct use. In short the party should not have gone into the Olivines with their lack of experience - through their carelessness they could have had two fatalities on their hands. Editor.)

'Hold, madman,
Stain not our pure vales with
Thy guilty blood.'
(The mountain dweller to Manfred)
(Byron - 'Manfred' - Act 1).

IF AN ACCIDENT HAPPENS.

DON'T PANIC!

Find out the extent of the injuries without delay.

Take steps to give appropriate first aid, and treat for shock.

If possible, move patient to safety or shelter, change his clothing if wet, and keep him warm.

If other parties are within sight or hearing, attract attention by giving distress signals.

If immediate help is not forthcoming and your party is unable to evacuate the injured person, detail two men to go for help.

See that they have a clear understanding of:-

- (a) Where to go for help, and how to get there.
- (b) The vital necessity of seeking such help,
DIRECTLY THROUGH THE POLICE.
- (c) The necessity of marking their route if they are not returning, or if the route is not obvious.
- (d) Whether to wait for assistance or to return immediately.
- (e) The type of assistance required - e.g. doctor and medical supplies, tentage, stretcher, food and fuel, etc., by air or otherwise.

Before they depart issue them with what stores and equipment they may require and retain all available food, dry clothing, tentage and first aid equipment.

Prepare in writing for them, a clear and concise message for Police and/or Search Officer giving:

- (a) Nature, cause, location and time of accident.
- (b) Names, addresses and telephone numbers of injured, and of party.
- (c) Immediate plans for care of injured eg. treatment proposed and whether moving him or remaining at scene of accident.
- (d) Full details of the injury, and first-aid treatment given.
- (e) Details of other parties known to be in the area.

- (f) Request for such assistance as is thought necessary, and degree of urgency.

Those remaining with patient should establish a camp and keep themselves fully occupied e.g. collecting fuel, building shelters or rock walls and a fireplace, preparing a dropping area and signal fires if air-dropping of supplies is expected.

Endeavour to keep up morale of party over what may extend to several anxious days of waiting.

Naturally all possible attention will be given to patient by way of medical aid, hot drinks and food if desired.

If necessary send out any members of party, under a competent leader, who are of no use in rescue operations.

If it is possible to move patient, a makeshift stretcher may be improvised by lashing sleeping bag covers onto poles.

If aircraft appear, attract attention by lighting signal fires. Messages may be communicated by laying out strips of clothing toilet paper or bandages on rock or grass and by using Condylite crystals, flat rocks or even stamping out letters on snow of a minimum of ten feet in length.

On arrival of rescue party prepare drinks and a meal for all. Have camp and gear packed in readiness to move. Jettison unnecessary stores and lighten packs in anticipation of hard work stretcher bearing.

It is assumed all parties carry first-aid equipment and have knowledge of its use and of distress and Ground-Air Emergency Signals.

It cannot be too strongly urged that, regardless of circumstances, all calls for assistance be made through the Police, who, except where negligence or misconduct is proved, will meet the expenses of the search.

A. R. Craigie.

ACCIDENT ON TASMAN SADDLE, JANUARY, 1954.

The 4th January was a perfect morning for climbing - after a hard frost the sky was a cold metallic blue. We were up at 2 a.m., and after a big meal, we strapped our crampons on at 3.15 a.m., almost at the hut door. Our plans were to cross the Murchison Glacier and proceed up the Aida Glacier in an easterly direction from the hut, and from the neve, attempt the first traverse of the ridge connecting the Anthill to Sydney King. For some reason we changed our minds just as we were leaving the Hut, and made it quite clear to the half awake people who were left in bed, just where we were going - to climb the Tasman Saddle, and attempt Mt. Aylmer, a perfect spire of snow, 8,600' in height.

The rain of the two previous days had washed the snow to a perfectly smooth surface, and then the frost had turned the top two inches into a surface like glass - so hard that the points of our crampons would bite in for only a quarter inch. The first half mile was a gentle side to the glacier floor. We twisted our way in and out of bottomless crevasses, and finally arrived at the foot of the saddle, at an altitude of 7,400' at 5.30 a.m. The sun had reached us, and so off came jerseys. We had been trailing along with Gwen Hookings, Call Bullivant and John Allison. They were carrying half their stores, intending to make a dump on some rocks on the saddle, and at the same time climb Mt. Aylmer.

This year the saddle had changed its shape so that it was steep - very steep at the bottom with presumably a more gentle slope on the upper half. This was the condition of the slope as it turned out later. My own party decided to rope up as the snow was still hard and desperately slippery. While we were uncoiling the rope and having a bite to eat, we noticed that the other party had started the climb without using the rope, and had in fact split up. The two men were on the correct route immediately above us, while Miss Hookings, who had never been on the Glacier before had decided to try her own route about 200' to our right - entirely in the wrong direction.

Our attention was naturally concentrated on our own rope, and suddenly we heard a scream - "Save me!"

To our horror we saw that Miss Hooking had slipped and was falling at ever increasing speed down the glassy slopes head first. She had lost her grip on her ice axe and could do nothing to help herself. We saw her bounce over a narrow crevasse about two feet wide, leaving in it her ice axe, and a trail of blood from its lower edge. She passed about fifteen feet from us - we could do nothing, and could only watch her go to her apparent death, as she disappeared into a huge crevasse just below us. It was about 50' wide at this its widest part, and over a hundred feet deep. The wickedly beautiful green ice seemed to swallow her up. Giving Ron a belay so that he could see over the edge, we were relieved when he said he could see her lying on a shelf of snow, about 15' down. By a miracle, Miss Hookings had struck a thin rib of snow jutting into the crevasse about eighteen inches from its free end - that much more to the left, and she would have disappeared into the icy depths of the main crevasse.

In a few minutes Bullivant and Allison had come back to us. The former being a fourth year medical student, double roped down to her. I immediately sent John back to the hut for help. He ran the entire way, taking the extraordinary time of twentyfive minutes. There was nothing we could do at the accident except give what medical assistance we could with our limited first aid kits. We did however make a written report of the injuries in this case "a suspected fracture of the L. ankle a suspected fracture of the L. forearm multiple abrasions and cuts to the face and upper left leg. We ascertained the patient's full name and address and next of kin and also the names of those present at the accident. Derek was sent post haste back to the hut with a list of thing to get - timber for splints, blankets, primus, food and shovels etc. The first party arrived from the hut about 9.30 a.m. and a hot drink was made by melting snow, blankets were passed down, and the patient was made as comfortable as possible. As I knew the way down the Tasman Glacier to Malte Brun Hut, it was decided that Allison

and I would go there and radio the Hermitage for help. We left the scene of the accident shortly before 10.30. and even then the snow was so hard, that three good kicks were necessary to form a step. Normally I quite enjoy steep snow or ice, but all the way up to the saddle, about 600' above, I couldn't help but think of the accident, and wondering, if I fell, if Allison would be able to hold me on the rope, or if not, if I would collect any of those at the bottom of the slope. As the steepness eased we cut our way through a small schrund, and were relieved to see the saddle a few feet away. A few minutes later, at 11.30, we saw the Tasman Glacier stretching away from us, and those wonderful peaks, Green, Walter, Elie de Beaumont and Tasman on our right. After a few minutes spell we were on our way again, alternately running and walking. There were hundreds of small open crevasses and many concealed ones we couldn't see. At 2.30 we were directly below Malte Brun Hut - about seven miles from the scene of the Accident. We removed our crampons for the first time in twelve hours, and made our way slowly up the five hundred feet of moraine wall to the hut. Here we found two people who were able to work the radio. By 3 p.m. things were astir at the Hermitage. At 5 p.m. a plane came over from the Murchison and dropped a message to the effect that there had been an accident and would we please go over! It later turned out that when the plane flew over the accident site, the parties there took it to be a normal tourist plane, and it wasn't until it dropped a stretcher and medical supplies that they realised we had actually made it so soon. Various people drifted in to the Malte Hut from climbs or from Ball Hut, and soon a sizable party was preparing for an early start. People seemed to be moving around the hut all night. Mick Bowie and a small party of guides arrived at 11.30 p.m. and Allison and I were hauled out to give an eye witness report. The cooks were up at 1 a.m., a party left at 2 a.m., we were called at 3 a.m., and so after a sleepless night, Allison and I were on the way at 4 a.m. We noticed mist coming over the Main Divide from the North East, and so a really cracking pace was put on

When "Darwin Corner" about 3 miles up from the hut was reached, the mist closed in properly, and I was sent to the head of the line by Mick Bowie to lead the way. Our tracks and those of the early party were fairly easy to follow, but soon they grew more indistinct as the mist got thicker. Snow goggles were a menace, in fact quite useless, so off they came. By bending over so that my face was only about two feet above the glacier, I managed to reach the Saddle without much trouble. The wind had increased to a howling gale and it had started to sleet and hail on the very saddle at a height of over 8,000 feet. We sheltered as best we could, roped up, and some government sponsored rations were dished out - two dried apricots each. I had the honour of leading Mick Bowie and one other on my rope down into the Murchison Glacier. We found that a double line of steps about five feet apart horizontally had been cut, with platforms about every 100 feet. It didn't take long to reach the accident, where we found that the patient had been hauled out of the crevasse, and had spent a comfortable night with Bullivant and Ron Rawlings in a snow cave. Ron was in the act of strapping her into a rough sledge made from a piece of roofing iron, dropped from the plane. In no time, ropes were attached, and we made the trip once more back up the saddle. It was easy work, with about six men on each rope, and two behind to act as anchors. Among the gear we had brought up was a stretcher on skis - we lifted the patient out of her iron framework on to the sledge - as we did so, the sheet of iron was whirled up and away. I gave forth a silent prayer with the hope that it wouldn't collect anyone left on the Murchison Glacier. At once the patient was on her way to shelter, safety and medical treatment.

Her rescue was materially hastened by the fact that we didn't panic, we wrote down on paper a full description of her injuries, and the necessary information so that the Police could contact her next of kin.

Ian Pollard.

GOOD DEER TRAILS WILL BE FOUND

At least that's what the guide book said of much of the country through which we had been tramping for the past ten days, and there were certainly good deer trails to be followed for the first few hours when we set off from the lower Olivine Flats for the upper valley. The night had been clear with a light frost, but now the sun was bright in the clear sky. Minerals in the soil had stunted the mountain beech to tall shrubbery and encouraged other plants to occupy the wide gaps between the trees. Manuka, a rarity in the country west of Wanaka and Wakatipu was common here, though dwarfed, and there were plenty of veronicas, and bog pines with lighter green foliage to contrast strongly with the dark green of the beeches. Gentians with pure white flowers grew freely. Now and again the track crossed open patches of yellow and orange rock and gravel where nothing grew between the stones.

Deer had obviously used this route to by-pass the gorge of the Olivine River, now 100-159 feet below. On the rocky sides of the gorge there were red splashes from late flowering ratas. By midday, considerable progress had been made, and lunch was enjoyed in the knowledge that about half the distance had been covered in under four hours. But the deer trails were not so wide, or so well worn, and now and then they disappeared altogether without warning. At the junction of the creek from Fiery Col and the main river, photographs were taken of some country traversed the year before in darkness. In daylight the difficulties were surely magnified, for what had proved hard work up rocks and through thick stunted beech now appeared to be a tricky river crossing not without danger, followed by a short sharp rock climb into impenetrable bush.

Another twenty minutes along good deer trails and we came to a rock and rubble filled creek-bed beyond which the deer trails failed completely. The only practicable route upstream from here would be to cross the main river and continue for the next mile up through stunted beech on the true right bank.

But we were either stubborn or determined, or both, and so we were soon plunging into a mass of moss-covered boulders, rotten logs and dense undergrowth. The deer, it seemed, had never penetrated this piece of bush and it was probably little changed from its state over many centuries. A change to the river bank seemed indicated, and this gave speedier travelling at the risk of a wetting or worse, in clambering over and jumping between huge, water-worn boulders. This stretch of under a mile provided the slowest travelling of the whole trip and it was only after numerous stops for scroggin and barley sugar that we were pleased to emerge onto the Upper Olivine Flats near the place where a very cold night had been spent the previous May.

Bruce Campbell.

TRAMPING CLUB MEMBERS

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KIRKHAM'S - THE GROCERS

THE TRAMPERS' GROCER

CNR. BROADWAY AND HIGH ST.

Advt.

AHURIRI. - 1953

There was some shaking of heads in the Club when the Ahuriri went on the programme for Coronation Weekend. "Almost midwinter - you won't be able to do much, and the cold.....!! "

But it was a full bus that set off late one fine Friday night after a week of broken weather. A halt of some hours at Omarama gave the driver a rest and at the same time some strange sights were seen as a few slept out in the frosty moonlight. We were travelling up the lower valley as dawn broke and soon the hills were lit with warm golden sunlight. Two days before, snow had fallen to below the bushline and it looked as though we were in for a fine, but very cold weekend.

A good breakfast at the first creek past the homestead put everyone in good spirits for the tramp up the valley. Most of the day was spent in reaching the vicinity of Canyon Creek where two camps were set up at the edge of the beech forest. One was near the junction of Little Canyon and Big Canyon creeks, and the other was on a terrace in the main valley at the entrance to Canyon Creek. Another party of four kept to the true left bank of the Ahuriri and tramped the Hodgkinson and Watson side valleys.

Members of the Club's Instruction Course who were present on this trip gained valuable experience in negotiating the rivers and bush of a typical back country valley, in setting up camp and preparing meals. One complaint however, came from the young ladies present, to the effect that the main river was lacking in depth and speed for really worthwhile river crossing practice.

On Sunday Big Canyon Creek was visited. The day was sunny and ideal for tramping. After viewing the scene from the edge of the canyon and rolling some boulders into the gulf below, most people enjoyed lunch on the pleasant flats before proceeding to the head where further easy progress was blocked by the cirque. Last Christmas a party did go beyond the cirque to the basin above and rewarded by some fine views, both

close at hand and beyond their valley into the main valley.

Monday was cloudy, but otherwise fine. The day was spent in a trip to the Watson valley, a subsidiary of the main Ahuriri and on the opposite side from Canyon Creek. Some parties went further in than others. Conditions were unpleasant underfoot in places due to patchy soft snow and surface water in the valley floor. More man-made erosion in the shape of boulder pitching took place above the Watson Gorge.

Cloudy nights proved warmer than frosty skies and there were no complaints of excessive cold. Tuesday morning brought some spectacular mist and fog patches low along the valley walls but the photographs taken failed to do justice to the beauty of the scene. The day soon turned to rain which made the return trip to the bus waiting at Birchwood Station an unpleasant one.

Before reaching Omarama we were in sunshine again. At Omarama the weekend's enjoyment was made complete by the news that Everest had been conquered by Hillary and Tensing, an event properly celebrated.

B.W.C.

C A M E R O N S L I M I T E D

O F

P R I N C E S S T R E E T

WILL MAKE UP A FIRST AID KIT.

THEIR EXPERIENCE AND KNOWLEDGE

WILL PAY DIVIDENDS.

Advt.

OLIVINE RAMBLES

Bruce, Keith and I left the bus at 1.50 p.m. at the site of the old Routeburn Lodge, crossed a precarious swing bridge and followed the left bank of the Routeburn for a hundred yards or so until we came to an old sawmill railway. Pausing at the first stream for lunch we had $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours level tramping through beech forest and along this track. The threatening weather had now turned to heavy rain, and this combined with sweat beneath our parkas soon had us quite wet. We left the railway near the Dart River, just past a new scheelite mine. It took us an hour to cross an extensive bluff, though luckily the forest was quite clear of obstacles. Due to the high level of the Dart we had to keep climbing round deep back-washes so it was another $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours before we were at the Rockburn which was also in flood and much too strong even for our combined weight. In fact we had quite a fright when we felt the gravel being washed from under our feet just before we backed out, and camped on the nearby flats. Next morning the level had dropped by one foot so we had no trouble until we reached the mouth of the Beansburn two hours later. After exploring upstream we found a place where the river was just fordable, and crossing to the beech forest on the left side to a barely perceptible track, we came to the second ford 45 minutes later. After one look at the roaring water we had lunch and carried on up the left side rather than wait for a drop in the river level. This course is not recommended as the valley wall comes down very steeply, and the beech forest is full of moss-covered boulders and fallen trees. It was clear and sunny and we found it very hot work. The key to ascending this side of the valley is to negotiate a very steep gut that cuts the valley wall. We climbed round this, and $1\frac{3}{4}$ hours after leaving the top ford we were in the lower flats. We missed the blazes in the forest, but $1\frac{3}{4}$ hours later we came to a huge leaning rock which provided a bivouac of unlimited dry space; not only that, but from under the centre of this rock ran a good stream. The morning after we followed the stream down approximately fifty yards to the poorly blazed track. A further

hour after lunch brought us to the upper flats.

When we looked out of the tent in the morning the valley was filled with mist, but as Bruce had been over Fohn Saddle before, we pressed on. The mist made it cool climbing and an hour later Bruce's accuracy was proved when we came out of the mist into brilliant sunshine to find ourselves on a large terrace directly below the last part of the climb to the saddle. We descended to the northern end of the Olivine ledge and had a look at a good rock bivie located there after which we dropped once more into the beech forest moving on a diagonal course down the gorge. It was two hours before we reached the bottom of the gorge at Sunset Creek where we crossed to the left side of the Olivine River. After lunch we were back in the hush again, but now had a blazed track to follow. During most of this part of the gorge we were well above the river, but after 90 minutes we had reached the lower Olivine Flats, crossed the Olivine and Forgotten rivers and set up the tent. In the morning there were definite signs of weather deterioration although there was still enough sun and heavy humidity to make us sweat on the climb out of the Olivine and the short drop into the valley of Forgotten River. - this took two hours. We had before us a truly beautiful alpine valley bounded by high snowclad peaks with high timbered sides and a floor of long open tussock flats. An hour later we were at the upper end of the flats at the rock bivie where we had a good time seeing what we could salvage from Ross Adamson's airdrop of two years previous. We were lucky enough to supplement our supply of milk powder cocoa barley sugar and toilet paper. We carried on in the direction of the icefall climbing high up the true left side of the valley under a huge towering rock cliff. We made camp at 6.30 p.m. between two huge boulders near the cliff. It took us an hour to build a level platform of rocks and turf on which to pitch the tent, after which Bruce produced his pressure cooker. That night there were strong gusts of wind but only one shower of rain, and the next morning we found the tops hidden and rain in the offing. Bruce and I went further up the slope crossing a steep smooth rocky mountain stream just below a water-

fall. It was here we found a very sheltered spot between the overhanging rockwall and a large boulder. We waited until Keith joined us, when we explored further up the creek. While he and I sheltered from the rain, Bruce went to the top, where although the view was obscured, he must have been on the edge of the Climax Creek Valley. On our way down we again called at the sheltered spot next to the waterfall and decided that in view of the increasing rain, that it would make a better base than the tent. Although the waterfall was at our backdoor, we became so used to the noise that we soon didn't notice it. To lie in our sleeping bags and look straight out at the peaks opposite or down into the valley below made it seem as though we were living in an eagle'serie. Torrents were pouring off all the nearby cliffs and what were before dry stream beds were now roaring waterfalls. Next morning after combined breakfast and lunch we became a bit impatient of the weather, and at 1 p.m. set off for a look at the plateau. We climbed toward the rock ledges above the icefall, and onto the snow slopes of the col leading to the plateau itself; this took us $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, and once there we couldn't see much as we were up in the mist. We did nowever head for a col to our right and in an hour were standing above a sheer drop into Climax Creek. We immediately headed back to the plateau, leaving it at 5 p.m. and reaching the bivie at 6.30 where we were glad of the shelter from the rain and mist that again filled the valley. There was a drop in temperature the next morning and it commenced to snow, so once more we had a day in our sleeping bags. At 5 p.m. we had 2 minutes of sunshine and an hour later the weather had cleared entirely to give us a wonderful view of the icefall and its mountains on either side.

The brilliant sun had us out of the sleeping bags early the next morning, and away to a good start at 7.30 a.m.; by 8.30 we were on the plateau and, roping up, crossed over to the lowest part of its rock wall on the east side. We had some tricky moments skirting crevasses and had some difficulty starting on the climb up the rock as it was very smooth. Halfway

up it became broken which was easy climbing and reaching the top, we had a magnificent view down the junction of three glaciers into the deep valley of the Joe river. beyond this were countless mountains and glaciers, but the greatest sight was Mt Aspiring cutting the blue sky in the far distance. Looking back, we could appreciate the vastness of the plateau itself and the beauty of the sunlit Northern Olivines. The climb back down the rock wasn't so bad, but the snow was now soft on top of hard ice, and had to be taken very slowly. The tramp across the plateau was done in torrid heat but we were back at the bivie by 4.25 p.m. for a meal, The weather looked as though it was deteriorating again, and we packed up and descended the valley wall until past the big cliff. We started sidling along the valley as Bruce thought we could get into Climax Creek without going below the bush line. Two hours later we were finally beaten by mist and darkness, and so found a very high bivie under a convenient sloping boulder and slept on the problem. During the night there was a heavy frost, but this gave us a clear sunny morning when we started sidling again through sub-alpine scrub this time, until we came within view of a handy looking saddle. We left our packs (tut, tut Ed.) and climbed to the saddle from where we had a clear view of the Climax Creek.

As it was now late in the afternoon of our second Monday and we had to get to the bus at Routeburn at noon Friday, we had to give up any plans of crossing Mt. Gates to the Dart Valley. We therefore headed out of Forgotten River and camped on the Lower Olivine Flats $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours later. The sun was blazing down again in the morning when we headed up the true left of the Olivine Gorge where we again had the advantage of the blazed track as far as the spot opposite Sunset Creek. From here we had periods of good going over deer tracks or fairly open patches of stunted bush and rock. However when we turned the corner of the gorge where a creek from Fiery Col enters, we struck the toughest going of the entire trip. I think that during these days we were at peak fitness and we found it enjoyable tramping up the flats in the coolness of the evening. There were some great piles of red boulders, stretching across the valley. It was on the far side of the last of

these that Keith slipped and broke the shaft of his iceaxe. By 7 p.m. we were at the comfortable and dry bivvie near Cow Saddle. We were fairly lazy in the morning and didn't make a start until 10 a.m. when we had a slight climb to Cow Saddle which, on the Olivine side is barely perceptible due to the height already gained coming up from the Flats. This was another scorching day and we were glad that from Cow Saddle we were going down Hidden Falls Stream. We plunged down this stream before we had lunch, sidled around the high snow grass covered side of the Rockburn in an endeavour to reach Lake Nerine, but by 8 p.m. we had to give up, due to darkness. In the morning, due to viewing and photographing the great views of Park Pass and beyond, and the large Park Pass Glacier and Valley, we again had a late start. We arrived at the empty Routeburn Huts at 8.10 p.m., and it was luxury to have such shelter after two weeks of rock bivvies and tenting. During the night it rained and the sky was still dark with clouds in the morning. At 10.15 masses of vicious sand flies made us glad to get on our way. We stopped down the valley long enough to climb into the gorge. This was worth looking at, as the river disappears altogether in a massive jumble of boulders that are tumbled across the entire gorge. Two hours easy tramping brought us to the road, in pouring rain, when we coincided with the arrival of Bryant's buses, and we had our first sight of people in two weeks. After that it was the familiar luxury of travelling on the bus and the lake steamer, and an orgy of fresh bread, fruit and milk to round off a very enjoyable and satisfying two weeks in beautiful North-West Otago.

A. G.

'I say continuing, that, long before
we reached the foot of the high tower,
our eyes went upwards to its summit!

... Dante's Inferno. VIII.

MT. DOMETT, 1953

Of course, there were fanciful times when the
path was lost in fog
and darkness.

You could not keep from stumbling
and slipping - falling
but no grumbling.

Hard and jolting were rocks
and tussocks gave suddenly beneath the feet.

Then also our socks
torn, ragged, stained
with blood and river sand.

Our eyes gleamed hollow, but
uncomplaining
of hunger - searching
for foot-hold in rocky creek-bed.

The mist was now quite far
below.
Crescent moon
and one star
intensifying the whiteness of snow.

Ice axe ringing and scraping on
immovable stone.
One looked ahead for the track while we
stood together on hard rocks -
dumb, light-headed, like animals :
hearing at last the call that
camp was in sight.

Tired, we welcomed the billy boiling,
mugs of hot cocoa - we were
soon bedded on the ground.
Quiet breathing... still..
peaceful darkness ..and no sound.

MURCHISON TRIP 1953-4

After a hectic afternoon packing our personal gear, Ian Pollard, John Hill and I arrived at the station in time to catch the "midnight" for Timaru. John and I were new at this sort of thing and arrived at the station about twenty minutes before the train left. Ian finally arrived wearing a white Panama nonchalantly on the back of his head, only four minutes before the train was due to leave. As he had our tickets, and was leading our party, we were not a little alarmed. (Why hang round the station? Ed.) We arrived at Timaru after five hours' unbroken discomfort. Here we were met by a friend of Ian's, Charlie Reid, who had agreed to take us right through to the head of Lake Tekapo. The original plan had been for us to have breakfast at his home, but unfortunately Mrs Reid had not been well, so at length we managed to buy 10/- worth of fish and chips, which we ate at 4 a.m. on a bench outside a church in the suburbs of Timaru.

From here to Tekapo I can remember very little, being asleep most of the way. We reached Lilybank (the station at the head of the lake) about 7.30 a.m. and boiled up. When I say the station I should say the garage, because they are separated for over a mile by the swirling waters of the MacAuley. When we reached the garage, Ian rang across to Mr. Dick, the homesteader, who came over and picked us up in a heavy ex Army four wheel drive Dodge. At the homestead we met Ron Rawlings who had driven up the previous night, and had slept in the woolshed. By 10.30 we were ready to leave, and set off up the Godley valley - a dusty riverbed the best part of twenty miles long. It was very hot and by the end of the day we were all pretty well done. Not the least of our trials was the Godley River, a muddy, fast flowing, and wide spread expanse. We bivvied under a big rock about 6 p.m. About 3 a.m. the next morning it started to rain, and as by 5.00 it had shown no sign of abating and the mist on the tops was very low, we headed about three miles down valley to the Rankin Hut. It is very well equipped with six comfortable bunks, mattresses, stools, a table, cooking utensils, and best of all a

small stove with good supplies of wood under the bunks. Here we spent two long days sleeping and eating - mainly eating, for, after all, one of them was Xmas Day.

On the morning of the twentyseventh we were up at five and away at a quarter to seven. The creeks were up a lot, and just before reaching our camping spot of two nights previously we crossed the last of them. We were drying our feet when we caught two glimpses of thar. We, especially John and myself, were quite excited, as on Boxing night we had seen three deer silhouetted against the sky behind the hut. I had never seen deer before. All that day we laboured upwards, reaching snow at 10.30 a.m., and the Armadillo Saddle (7,000') at 4.30, the last 500' being new steep snow. The plane carrying our food flew over us several times in the last 1,000' feet. We left the Armadillo at 5.30 p.m., climbed down to the Harper Glacier, glissaded, climbed across the "black ice" at the head of the terminal moraine, and onto the Murchison Glacier. We had then a long trudge up the ice until we came to the soft snow into which we sank twelve inches at every step.

It was a very weary quartet that crawled into sleeping bags after a meal of hot soup. The hut (I believe we were the first straight-out climbing party to use it) had not been used for about nine months and the stale air testified to the skill of the climbers who had constructed it. The next morning we rose late, and by nightfall had succeeded in carrying up from the glacier the forty-two parcels (1 ton) which had been scattered over an area of one square mile. As the majority of them were at least a half mile away, and the hut is 357' above the glacier, we were pretty tired that night too.

The next day it was raining about 3.00, so we all went back to sleep again. We next woke about nine to find not a cloud in the sky so we breakfasted quickly and climbed up to the Classen Saddle across the Glacier and lay in the sun while John did a sketch. Here we saw a huge ice wall collapse and fall in a roar of thunder, about 2,000 feet into the Joie de Vivre Glacier.

That night Brian Patterson, Bob Craigie, Jim O'Kane and Rowley Lopdell arrived, and the eight of us worked the next day putting in another window, making a snow melting trough, and putting up a sheltering wall for the hut. On the 31st. we were away at 4.25 a.m. and climbed Phyllis (8,100'); we had intended to go on and do Sydney King but one way was blocked by a schrund and the other consisted of a very steep rock face which was too tough for John and myself. From Phyllis we could see from Arthur Pass in the North to Mt. Tasman in the south.

The next day consisted of more rock shifting and a general rest for everyone. Three more people arrived that day - Carl Bullivant, Gwen Hookings, and John Allison - the hut was now full. The next two days we were cursing our decision to have an easy day on the 2nd. for it rained without ceasing; the wind, we thought, reached between 60 and 70 miles per hour.

We had planned a full day on the 4th, but about 6 a.m. an accident occurred on Tasman Saddle - suffice it to say that the patient is well on the road to recovery. The fifth and sixth day of January were wet again and early on the morning of the seventh we set out for Tekapo via the Harper Glacier. We reached the Armadillo in good time, raced up the Anthill (8,300') and then faced the descent. This took longer than expected, and we camped in the site of the first bivvie. The next day we wandered down the Godley to Lilybank, in time for afternoon tea. The Godley was in flood after the heavy rain earlier in the week and only by linking our arms and ice axes, were we able to forge slowly ahead across the turbulent waist deep river. That night we separated to go our various ways, Ron for Wanaka, John and Ian for Dunedin, and Myself for Fairlie.

(over)

Thus terminated my first holiday in the mountains,
and I personally could not wish for a happier way of
spending it.

D.G. Robertson.

FURTHER ASPECTS OF TRAMPING.

If you're thinking of joining the O.T.C
Just take a tip or two from me.

Leather boots may let in
But Commandos keep the sweat in.

The Bergan frame
has earned its name
But a trapper Pack
Will sometimes crack.

They say a pup tent will hold three
But under the stars I'd rather be.

Crossed sticks on top of the coffee billy
Is what I call downright silly.
Ross says "It doesn't boil over while it's cookin'"
But you should have seen it when he wasn't lookin'

Banana and cheese in a Tastie Pie
Will cause sickness by and by.

If you have plenty of money to fling
A pressure cooker is just the thing.
Your dinner's ready on the hob
Long before the billy-cooking mob.

And here's a most essential tip -
TAKE YOUR PARKA ON EVERY TRIP.

J.A.

FOUR DAYS IN THE DART.

With a guide book in my left hand, and an ice-axe in my right, I set off up the Dart from Paradise on 30th December, in hopes of seeing again some of my old haunts. The first port of call was scheduled for Survey Flat some four hours from Paradise by the book, and I'm bound to say I made it a very full and heavy four hours. As evening approached and I came near to Survey Flat, I was encouraged to a strong finish by the smell of beech smoke - and presently out of the bush I came, and right on to the camp fire of Mr. and Mrs. H., a Tararua pair, who had come round from the Rees. I pitched my tent fly alongside, and spent the night in their company, and next day they gave me some very welcome help in my next scheme - the clearing of a track from the Dart bush level on the terrace, close by the outlet of the Bedford Stream. The track cutting was not difficult, the deer had seem to that, and even the sub-alpine scrub yielded with little trouble. We ate our lunch beside the upper Bedford, just before it drops into a terrific gulch and waterfall; and then we came back to the Dart by the way we had come.

Next morning my companions set off down valley, while I came on up. At 6 a.m. I set off - the book told me it was six hours to Dredge Hut, and eight hours thence to Dart Hut. The river is still away from the Sandy Bluff, saving the very considerable climb over that, and I cut the book times by more than half, including a swim on the way! I was away from Dredge before 9 a.m., and half an hour later I stopped to brew a pot of porridge beside a lovely sparkling stream. The track beyond this climbs steadily for 1,000 feet or more, and I wanted to have plenty of steam in the boilers. After a meal I made light work of the climb and was out on Cattle Flats before midday. A few clouds obligingly hid the sun for some of the journey up the flats, but it was still very hot, and at the top end I stopped again to boil a billy. Then into the bush for the steady climb up to Dart Hut, which I reached at 6 o'clock just

twelve hours from Survey Flat, all time counted. The hut and terrace were crowded, and as I wanted an early start next day, I crossed over the swing bridge and camped in the trees a few hundred yards up the other side. Next day I was up at daybreak, and was just getting round the ridge of Mt. Headlong, 1,000 feet above the hut, when I saw the first smoke appear on the hut terrace. Being on my own I forded Snowy Creek rather than cross the Natural Bridge, and a little before 9 a.m. I was on the saddle looking down into the Rees. I took the descent in leisurely fashion and stopped at the old Hunter Flats camp site for a meal to avoid the heat of the day. What a scene of destruction that place is as a result of floods two years ago, compared with the lovely base camp site used by the Club in 1946! I called in at 25 Mile Hut and carried on to Arthur Creek where I spent the night with Doug Scott and two assistants. That night it came on to rain in earnest, but this could not affect me now. I set off early, was at the Rees Bridge by 9 a.m. and down to the Rees Valley Homestead for morning tea at 10.30. The day was now clearing and I decided to walk the remaining few miles to Glenorchy instead of waiting for the bus - and for a change I really enjoyed that walk. Then on to the good ship Earnslaw, and back to Queenstown after an eventful four nights' absence. The absence of companions for most of the time restricted my objectives, but at least allowed for pleasant travelling at my own pace. I was interested to meet another solitary tramper in Cattle Flat; he told me that very little climbing had been done in the Rees except for a meritorious ascent of Clarke by a party led by one Hamel! With that to inspire me, I just had to keep going.

W.S.G.

GLOSSINA MORSITANS or the TSETSE.

A Glossina Morsitans bit rich Aunt Betsy,
Tsk,tsk, tsetse.

O. Nash Esq. still again.

ANOTHER EASTER TRIP - 1954

Audrey, Doreen, Nola and myself, left town on Thursday around sixish and after a few minor adventures arrived at Alexandra, where we spent the night in a bach in Fox's Camp. In the morning a warm northerly was blowing which did not promise good weather at all. But at the time we were oblivious to such things and spent a considerable amount of time on deciding which delightful scene was the most worthy of our very amateur attempts at photography. Actually we managed to produce some reasonably good snaps. This is perhaps the best season of all to visit Central. There is so much colour in the tussock covered hills and the trees would send anybody into raptures with their subtle tonings of gold, right through to the dark greens.

Arriving at Glendhu Bay at about noon we then sampled the muddy winding road to Aspinals. We only had to push the car out twice so that wasn't so bad. After a hurried lunch and repacking of food at the old shed we set out for the Matukituki. This is a really lovely valley and I think one of the most beautiful I have been to. It was a fine afternoon but a cool wind was blowing down the valley and at the head, the tops were covered. While we admired the Wishbone Falls which are very lovely with the sun creating a rainbow effect, we were hailed by three deer stalkers. These boys informed us we would never reach Aspiring Hut that night at the rate we were going and proceeded to hurry us along. A rest was called for at the grand sight of Rob Roy Glacier, and later we were informed that two parties of Alpine Club members were attempting to climb it from some new route. As darkness was coming down it was now decided to spend the night at the Cascade Hut where we met Ruth and Derek Mess.

The next morning, Saturday, dawned with a slow sticky drizzle, which by afternoon developed into a steady downpour. After many promises of venison from the deer stalkers we then strolled round to the Aspiring Hut for lunch. We were very lucky in that there were only about ten training college students and three other people from Roxburgh, so that there

was plenty of room. The afternoon was spent wandering up valley, but it was by now a blinding rain which shut out all view, and it was a very wet foursome who returned to the hut to prepare another of the enormous meals that we always seem to eat when out tramping.

Sunday dawned perfectly clear and the rest of the days were the same, so that we saw the peaks all round, to their best advantage. Of course the binoculars were trained on Aspiring most of the time. Islington, Plunket and Liverpool were a wonderful sight with snow about two thirds of the way down the sides.

A trip was made to the Shotover Saddle and the rest of the time was spent on photography and general spine bashing.

We still hadn't received our venison and had given the idea up, when on the last night with many shrieks and yells the deer stalkers arrived with a hind quarter and the grand idea (their's of course) of us cooking their dinner. I must admit we turned on a really superb performance.

On Monday afternoon we started on our journey back to Wanaka.

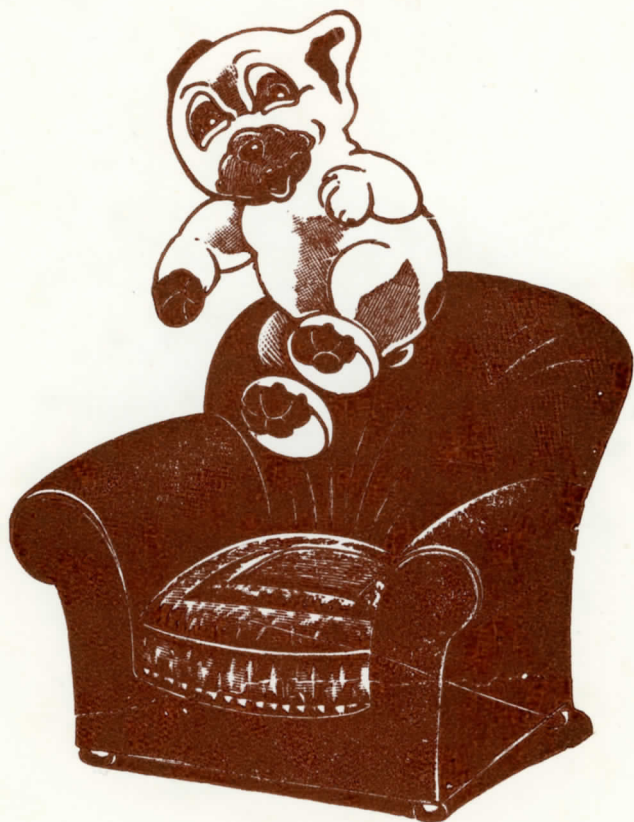
As we were coming round Glendhu Bay in the evening we witnessed another wonderful view. This whole trip seemed to be spent "Ohing" and "Ahing" all the time, and its very difficult to say which was the most wonderful scene we had. - I think my choice is Aspiring by moonlight which seemed to affect everyone with its beauty in the hut one night when the lights failed. After spending that night in Wanaka and a late start the following morning, we continued on our way home, after many stops for more photographs and occasionally to speak to people from town.

F. P.

To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like
A full-hot horse who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him.

Shakespeare, Henry VIII.

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