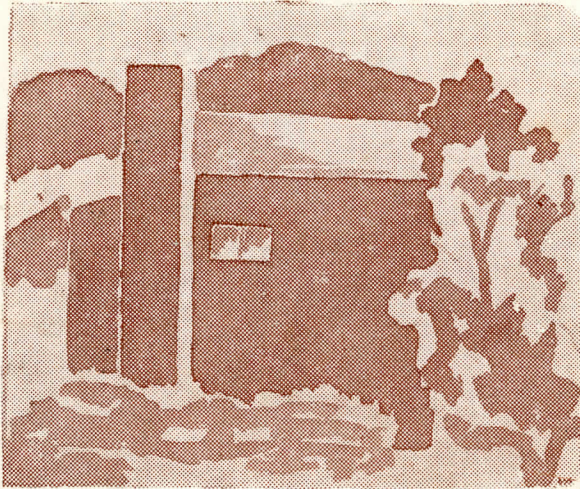


OUTDOORS



BEN RUDD'S

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Dunedin N.Z.

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Otago Tramping Club

(Incorporated)



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EDITORIAL

We have much pleasure in presenting another issue of the Club Magazine and hope that all will find plenty of interest in reading of other peoples' experiences and reliving their own in the accounts of trips they took part in.

The bulk of contributions to this issue provides a record of major Club activities during the past twelve months. It would appear, however, that nothing ever happens on the shorter trips - local weekends, day trips and bus trips. At any rate, no one has been moved to write of them, although we are sure that through the eyes of the newly fledged trampers they must have their moments of pleasure, honour or diversion. "On First Reaching Green Peak Hut " suggests itself as a serious article or a subject for light verse.

The Editor takes this opportunity of thanking all those whose contributions to this issue, in the form of articles, and assistance of a practical nature have lightened the burden, and made for its success.

B.W.C.

River Crossing can be a pleasure or just as easily a frightening experience - that is, if you survive.

Many times, on hot days, when the imagination has conjured up visions of the tricouni and triple hobs glowing with heat and burning through the soles of the boots, that opportunity to plunge tired feet into a green, cold river ford has been a relief beyond description. There was one trip of about a fortnight that I can remember when there was only one day that the party had dry feet, but because I had a leather fault in one boot that put pressure on a big toe, I think that it was only due to the involuntary river crossings that the toe was saved from becoming swollen and inflamed.

Then there is the other recollection of river crossing, such as when after tramping in driving cold rain, you behold before you the sullen, grey racing waters of a swollen river and think that should you get back home again this time you really will resign from the Tramping Club.

On such a day we arrived at the Rockburn, but joining with our ice axes across in front, the three of us started across. Until half-way it was no trouble, but after that the further we went the deeper and swifter it became until it seemed as if the whole world was filled with the roar of water and the river's grey racing surface almost had a mesmerising effect on the mind. A little further downstream was the even mightier Dart river. We stopped going forward but although the depth was only a little over knee deep, the pressure was almost overpowering and the gravel was being whipped from under our boots. Slowly, and very carefully keeping as a complete unit we backed out step by step the way we had come and were very thoughtful when once more safely on the bank. Next morning the sun shone and with the river level down by a foot we each blithely crossed where we pleased. Later, during the same trip, and after many river crossings, we forded a small stream under Park Pass, and although it was only small by comparison with what we had so far experienced, its force was amazing, mainly due to its rapid descent and confined waters.

Going into this river crossing in a more technical manner a group of us had a day's practice in the Taieri Gorge. The instructors found a place that was just barely fordable, and roping up in threes we tried out our skill.

when my turn came I was number one on the rope and found that getting a little off-course in midstream made it difficult to keep my feet on the bottom of the river. The sight of the others waiting for me to get a ducking soon put me wise, and moving a little downstream I just managed the crossing, although when leaning on the ice axe the water was well above my elbows and swirling round my chest. This, of course, is far too deep to attempt in normal circumstances, and personally, in the back country I would not go into a river above knee deep. Number two on the rope was a well-known girl member of the club, and after reaching halfway across she started to float downstream. However, being in the middle of the rope she didn't go far and practically bounced her way over. The force of the water was such that every time the ice axe was raised to get a fresh hold, the river nearly swept it out of my hands, and many mountaineers maintain that this is the one time when a sling should be used on the axe. Well - we all got over, and then we had to go back again and it certainly was cold waiting in a very wet state while the order was reversed and my two mates went across before me.

At Easter we had to cross the Huxley while it was flowing high and mighty. For this we sent over one experienced man on a rope, and reaching the far bank he securely anchored his end of the rope; and on our side we secured our end: and then to each member of the party, as his turn came he attached himself to the rope by a carabiner link that was connected to a rope belt round his waist. This left both arms free for use on the ice axe as the carabiner slid along the rope and prevented any risk of being swept downstream. For quickness in getting a large party across a river, this method is ideal and has the advantage of using only one rope.

Getting back to pleasant crossings, I think that the Easter we were in the Garvies gave the best crossing. In Piano Flat we forded the Whakea River a little over knee deep in crystal clear, cool water with practically no current and a fine gravel bed. As this was the only part of the trip necessitating wet feet we regretted getting the boots wet at all as the ford could almost have been done in bare feet. However, always stick to the rules and cross with boots on, using discretion and patience. If in doubt, and the use of the rope is understood, use it; or if not understood, wait until the level has receded, as you don't always get a second chance after a mistake.

'Blue Duck.'

Slowly we pushed our way through the tangled undergrowth of the Upper Olivine Gorge to the accompaniment of typical West Coast rain. Now and again, however, the rain clouds parted and we had a magnificent view of Mt. Sunset. This is a beautiful peak, and although not having the height of the peaks to the north, it is one that would make any lover of the hills eager to scale.

The next night found us camped alongside Fohn Lake. The charm this mountain lake cast over us was great. Here were we three trampers camped beside this beautiful lake which lay nestled in the base of the Sunset Peaks and it was little wonder that we went to sleep with tranquil minds, for our last look outside the tent showed Mt. Sunset lit by the last coloured rays of sunshine, while overhead stars began to twinkle, thus promising a perfect day for our climb.

The cold hour before dawn arrived, the stillness of the night being broken by the muffled roar of our primus together with the sizzling of bacon. Then as we left our tent, the stars began to fade as dawn arrived and a new day was upon us.

An hour later found us enjoying ourselves, truly at grips with our peak. While my companions kept to the rock I moved out on to a large piece of snow and enjoyed myself swinging the old ice axe to make my steps, but wishing my crampons were on my feet rather than back at camp. It was little wonder that Bruce and Brian had finished taking photos and were relaxing by the time I arrived at the top. The morning was still young so we decided to traverse from Mt. Sunset along the ridge connecting the neighbouring peaks - Mounts Corinna and Brenda.

We moved off in brilliant sunshine, giving the occasional reply to the wild call of the deer that abounded in this area. On our way along the ridge we took time off to look at the bright clumps of buttercups and edelweiss which grew in sheltered hooks among the rocks. The first bit of rock climbing began when we tackled an extra large bump in the ridge, in fact we had more anxious moments then than we had in climbing Mt. Sunset. Soon we were at the foot of a perfect rock tower that led to the summit of Mt. Corinna, 600 feet above Mt. Sunset. From where we were it looked

just too difficult for us so we decided to tackle it from the far side. On reaching the other side we roped up and started to climb to the top. Unfortunately we were halted about three-quarters of the way up by a band of rotten rock that gave us no way of access to the top. An hour or more was spent playing round here, belaying each other or passing lumps of rotten rock to the last man to drop beneath him as the leader forced a way without knocking his fellow companions on the head. At last we had to give up and try another way, so a good belay was given to Bruce as he moved out on to an almost handhold-less face of rock to try and bypass this rotten section. We were lucky and with the aid of an artificial hand-hold in the form of Bruce's foot, Brian and myself managed to heave ourselves up and so to the top.

The view from the top was superb - to our right we looked down the Upper Olivine Gorge, then to the lower flats and the peaks in the Forgotten River area, with Mounts Ark and Intervention standing out well. Then further on we saw the Pyke Valley and Lake Wilmot, while in the distant haze lay the Tasman Sea. Ahead we looked out across the valleys and on to the distant Darran Peaks with Mounts Madeline and Tutoko standing out prominently. To our left we saw beyond the Fohn Lake, to the Beansburn Valley and the great peak of Mt. Earnslaw and the other peaks in the Wakatipu area. Then turning right round we overlooked the great expanse of the Merkl Glacier where the Beansburn has its source. Overlooking the head of the glacier there stood as sentinels Mounts Irvine and Mallory.

After our cameras had recorded these wonderful scenes we started on our downward climb, finding that the way we had first thought was hard for us easier than our route up. A short spell was enjoyed and then we moved off to complete our traverse by climbing Mt. Brenda.

The shortest and quickest route was taken back to camp where we had a light meal, packed up and moved off over Fohn Saddle to the Upper Beansburn Bivvie. On looking back from Fohn Saddle we could see the familiar hogsbacks coming in from the Tasman Sea, so we lost no time in descending to the valley floor. We arrived at the bivvie at about 6.30 p.m., and after a first-class dinner, followed by 'flap-jacks' and honey, retired contented to our bags. We had just beaten the bad weather.

Bruce Moore.

Christmas Trip

REES - DART VALLEYS 1954-55

Party: Doreen James (leader), Beth Larkins, Marie Jensen, Alan Palmer, Laurie Anderson and Keith Lambie.

1946 was the last time I had been in the Rees-Dart area and when the opportunity came to join Doreen's party I immediately accepted. Laurie Anderson was spending the Christmas at his home in Invercargill and so we made Queens-town our rendezvous. The other five came from Dunedin by the usual N.Z.R. bus. We had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Dick Hamel during the evening while we waited in Queens-town to go to Glenorchy by next day's boat. His hospitality and advice were much appreciated by Alan Palmer and myself: " Thanks, Dick ! " A large tree of the macrocarpa variety on the shore of Lake Wakatipu just a little way from the town provided good shelter for the whole party for that night. By virtue of the very reliable 'bush tele-graph' we have ascertained that this tree was also used by other O.T.C. members for the same purpose during the holiday period.

An enjoyable trip next day brought us to Glenorchy where we enjoyed the lovely warm sunshine and some lunch while we waited to be transported to the Rees Bridge. That afternoon we tramped as far as the Twenty Five Mile Hut (opposite Lennox Falls) after having called in and had a cup of tea at the Shepherd's Hut en route. It was nearing dusk by the time 25 Mile Hut was reached and here we were welcomed by a party of N.Z. Alpine Club (Otago Section) members. Among them were the Brough brothers and none other than our own 'Blackfoot' (Ken Blackwood). The weather was nor'west and at times misty and the same conditions prevailed next morning when we set off to go to Shelter Rock Hut. The Rees was up a little and care had to be exercised when we made an occasional crossing. We enjoyed a short spell at the junction of the Rees and the Hunter and had the mountain solitude broken by the visit of a kea. At the foot of The Big Slip below Mt. Clark we passed through the camp of the Auckland Tramping Club who were then preparing to proceed further up the Rees. The previous day a large section of this Auckland party made a successful ascent of Mt. Clark. A little further up where the valley becomes narrower we decided to stop for a boil-up and lunch on a

nice grassy bank which was sheltered and bathed in sunshine. Here to our surprise, we met the 'Babe in the Woods' who was much surprised to see us and also very relieved. She had come up the Rees Valley on her own to join the Auckland Tramping Club party but had missed them and proceeded to Shelter Rock Hut on her own. As she found no sign of them there she decided to return down the Rees. Upon the arrival of the Auckland Tramping Club party she joined them and once again proceeded up the Rees. That night our camp was at Shelter Rock Hut and we were thankful for the shelter provided by this old hut during the storm that raged.

The weather had cleared, and by nine o'clock next morning we set off for Snowy Saddle and the Dart Hut. About an hour from below the bottom of the saddle a stop was made for lunch and here quite a large party of Christchurch trappers passed us en route for Glenorchy Hotel which they hoped to reach by New Year's Eve. We enquired from them about the state of the natural bridge over the Snowy Creek just below the saddle but our enquiry brought no result - they said they could not find it, just as others had said. A short, sharp grind from the foot of Snowy Saddle brought us to the top where we enjoyed the view down Snowy Creek. The usual spell, with scroggin, was also enjoyed here. A little reconnaissance was necessary here to locate the natural rock bridge which I had used with another party in my earlier trip to this area. A little trouble taken rewarded us and we passed to the other side of Snowy Creek dry footed. From here we proceeded down the creek by way of the tussock covered shelf. In order to avoid the smooth rock slabs which exist further down the Snowy we had to climb high and proceed round from there. Further round we encountered a big gulch which provided the means of access to the lower part of Snowy Valley. Further sidling on a well-defined deer trail brought us lower and further down the valley and we subsequently arrived at the Dart Hut at dusk. A large party was already in residence and so a fly was pitched to provide shelter, and a meal cooked on open fires. The next day dawned fine and so a trip was made to Cascade Saddle. The effort expended to get to the saddle was well worth it as we were rewarded by excellent views of all the surrounding country. The Matukituki Valley lay directly below us while straight opposite Mt. Aspiring, the Bonar Glacier and the other peaks of the area provided a wonderful picture. The return trip to the Dart Hut was made in quicker time than our outward journey had been and several small shingle slides were enjoyed en route down the Dart Glacier.

next day Alan Palmer and myself had to leave and return down the Dart to Queenstown. Dart Hut was left at 7.30 a.m. and after encountering a little drizzle earlier in the day we enjoyed fine weather for the rest of our trip to Paradise. We lunched at the Dredge Hut and after a rest proceeded down the Dart and got as far as the bluff just before Chinaman's Flat when darkness caught us and we were compelled to camp for the night. This was several hundred feet above the river valley, and with water handy and sufficient space to lie down, a comfortable night was spent. An early start and we were on our way across Chinaman's Flat and so down the Dart Valley to Dan's Paddock which we reached at approximately 10.15 a.m. The day was very hot and further down a boil-up was made and we then continued on our way to Paradise. We proceeded as far as the Paradise Guest House to wait for transport. At the Rees Bridge Ralph Markby's party joined us. They had been staying in the Esquilant Bivvy and had made an ascent of the East Peak of Mt. Earnslaw during their stay.

The other four members of the party remained at Dart Hut and spent an enjoyable day in the Whitburn Valley. They also decided to go to the Cascade Saddle once again but bad weather prevented them from getting there. They came down the Dart and spent a night at Dredge Hut and another night at a hut at the end of Dan's Paddock.

Alan Palmer and I welcomed them at the N.Z.R. Bus Depot at Dunedin upon their return. "Thanks, Doreen, and other members of the party for an enjoyable trip. "

K. Lambie.

BASIC ENGLISH ?

Him go to Himalaya and climb
Kat'sin Jungle Peak,
Maybe had very good time
But I think it freak.

J.M.A.

Mountaineering

AN ASCENT OF BREWSTER

Last Christmas Kath and I went camping with our year-old son. We selected the shores of Lake Hawea where we could watch the nor'westers hide the mountains and yet, at the same time, enjoy the Central Otago sunshine.

One day, after about a week of basking, I strolled in late for lunch to find Kath chatting with Ruth, Julian and Derek Mess. I had just rolled a smoke to enjoy with my second cup of tea when I was shocked with the suggestion that the Mess and Lake families pay a visit to the Burke Hut and that then Derek and I have a go at Brewster.

After some half-hearted argument and frenzied packing, we were on our way to Makarora by about 5.30 p.m. We camped the night between the road and the Haast River and discovered several thousand blow flies and about a million sandflies. The sandflies and the children ensured a reasonably early start the following morning.

The walk from the road end to the Burke Hut is, in sunlight, really beautiful. The river provides some of the best material for colour transparencies I have seen. By 2.30 p.m. Derek and I had left our families and were returning as far as the Wills River. From there we started to climb and climb...and climb... through four and a half thousand feet of steep bush. Did I know I wasn't fit! That bush seemed to never end. We were a tired pair when we emerged from the subalpine, and although west of the divide, it was after dark before we found water.

Having finished breakfast we reluctantly climbed out of the bags about 4. a.m. to find we were just on the mist line. For a while the mist rose as we climbed till only the peaks showed. The view was that of an island-studded sea. Higher we discovered the snow in perfect condition for the crampons we were not carrying, so steps had to be cut. Till we reached the ridge the excuse for a short breather was an argument as to what peak was what, above and below the fog blanket.

After reaching the ridge the climb was over with only large loose boulders and easy going. So easy that we began to ask: "What the complaints from previous parties?" However, shortly the ridge became very narrow and very rotten. One side dropped to a glacier and the other reminded me of a cheese grater. Finally we came to a vertical drop of 50 feet in the ridge. At first it appeared impossible - like

those pictures of the Swiss Alps - but there was a step here and there. The steps led to a saddle where we met Dr. Rodda and Russel Williams returning from the summit. They could not have enjoyed breakfast as we did. The final bump was easy.

The morning was now, except for the valleys, clear and sunny. We spent an hour admiring the truly magnificent view, Brewster being in a direct line between Cook and Aspiring. For this view alone our efforts were well repaid.

Ross Lake.

LOOKING DOWN

Whiteness of purity, the peak in its virginity
Untouched by spiky boot or tempered axe,
Swept by timeless winds and guarded by the blizzard;
It challenges, inspires this little man.

Up and ever upwards, step by painful step
The creature crawls, and sleeps his weary night
In restless fear of weather; and shivers in the wintry -
The cold disdain of morning's windy breath.

Up again and upward, and down and ever down;
Triumph shows in his thin triple trail.
Howling snow whirls round, serene amidst the tumult
White, pure pure white the virgin peak remains.

E.L.S.

IN THE WORDS OF SHAKESPEARE :

An old-timer to a teen-ager -

' Hail, Heaven ! Now for our mountain sport:
Up to yon hill. Your legs are young; I'll
tread these flats....."

Cymbeline. Act 3.Sc 3.

THE FLAMING HILLS

Trampers are cautioned about putting out fires before leaving a bivvy or boil-up spot, but even the most conscientious types are sometimes caught unawares and then there can be some hectic minutes or even hours.

A short sharp encounter was experienced by quite a few members near the summit of Mt. Pisgah in the Kakanui a year or two ago. Alf. started up his primus and away it went like a small A-bomb, and just as quickly the tussock was blazing and the flames racing in the general direction of the coast. The only weapons to beat it with were a motley collection of tent poles and these were used to good advantage, luckily putting out the fire in a few minutes. Personally I soon lost interest when the end of someone's pole broke off and swiped me across the cheek.

Leaving out mention of Charlie's famous fire on Flagstaff when the site was being cleared for the first tree planting, I can recall a later fire in a well-known locality which was of awe-inspiring magnitude. It so happened we were pushing a new track through some tedious tussock and decided that a match would make greater progress than a couple of blunt grubbers. We burnt off a modest area, and although the danger signs were there, successfully controlled the blaze and then put it out; or so we thought; and went to lunch in a nearby gully. Some time after lunch, while quietly enjoying siesta, Ben, a Dutch companion climbed out of the gully for a look around. He was soon shouting and pointing, with the word 'Fire !' often being heard amongst a flow of hazy English. Most of us thought he was joking, but on climbing out of the gully ourselves beheld a staggering sight. The view to the west was entirely filled by huge billowing clouds of smoke liberally lit with leaping flames. It took two hours frantic work to beat out that fire, and by that time we were ready to drop. However, we found out that a good system of fighting this type of fire was to start at the back, putting out the blaze as we moved forward. This is better than attacking the blaze near the front as the wind only drives the flames from the rear over the area that has just been controlled, and with only a few helpers this cannot be prevented. Luckily this fire only cleared out a big area of gorse and tussock, but for a while it had more serious possibilities.

While the person who burnt out a big piece of Evansdale Glen can only be condemned, it is much more easy to thank the fiery person who cleared Burns Saddle. However, burning-off is too risky for the temporary results gained. There is no need to burn tussock, and gorse grows twice as thick after being burnt, and I can remember all the charcoal marks on my clothing after going through dead manuka and how those dead branches scratch ! The nicotine addicts are also quite a menace as one cigarette butt or a wax match could easily start a conflagration long after the trumper had passed by. Remember the club owns many acres planted with some thousands of trees so - DON'T GET RUSTY ON YOUR FIRE PRECAUTIONS.

" Gloworm "

A word on the subject of 'Firelighting' from Shakespeare's 'Julius Caesar' Act 1, Scene 3:

"Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws"

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THREE POEMS

Moving In Fog

The two worlds: one outside we cannot see,
The other pressed against us, moving
As we move, making a totality
Of a sequence of things seen separately -
A cine film made up of many frames.

How like this is to you and I, moving
Life-long in our close world, and only
Taking account of outer things when
Mists roll sudden back to show tired eyes
Some vision new, stark clear in midday light.

Back Country Campsite

A stone-girt circle where the tent once stood,
The rain-soaked fireplace in the crumbling bank,
Those rusted tins, half sunk in mossy ground-
All these should bring back memories fond
Of happy evenings round the camp fire's glow.....

One should not hope to find such joys again
Returning late in nor'west rain.

On The Ice Plateau

Here the sounds of nature are most harsh -
The gale shrieks through the rocky towers;
The cracking ice-fall, and the roar
Of avalanches break the long-drawn silence.
They have a regularity, a rhythm
Drawn from season's change and weather's whim.
I have heard them, have felt the winds, the sun's
Heat, the languor of a nor'west day.
Man is newly come to walk these heights,
To hear these sounds. Too long they have sounded
To an empty world and now they care not
If they're heard. I sense a hostile note :
Sinks the sun, snow hardens in the shade
As we in haste descend to camp below.

Alpine Course

EASTER IN THE HOPKINS

During the Easter weekend, while the main body of the Club were making their sojourn in the Temple, a small party of O.T.C. members - Jean Armfield, Kath McFarlane, Frank Austin, Barrie Davidson, Albie Green, Alan Palmer and Ted Sadd; under the guidance of Russ Gregory, Paul Powell, Bruce Fea, Les Brough and other members of the N.Z. Alpine Club attended their third practical outing of the Alpine Club's Instruction Course. Other outings had taken place at the Taieri Gorge (for river crossing) and at Moponui Cone (for rock climbing).

Leaving Queen's Gardens at 9 p.m. the party were lucky enough to reach the 'Cafe de Nuit' (Pie Cart) at Oamaru before the Tramping Club - if you call that sort of meal lucky. From there they proceeded via Kurow and Lake Ohau to within a mile or so of the junction of the Hopkins and Dobson Valleys where one hour's sleep was appreciated before breakfast.

Dawn brought the discovery that we were camped near the O.T.C. where the cries of 'Wakey ! Wakey !' and the blasting of whistles must have inspired despair with the more tired among them. The weather was no good either!

Breaking camp at 9 a.m. a very slow pace was established and the first half hour's rest was taken at 10. a.m. This pattern was more or less maintained throughout the day - a not very enjoyable one. The happiest features were the catching of a four and a half pound trout by Paul Powell (whether by skill or may is still being discussed) and the reaching of the Elco Hut at 4.30 p.m. The position of this hut can be pin-pointed by consulting the Alpine Club map printed by the Lands and Survey Department (price one shilling) - if you are still sufficiently interested at this stage.

Cooking, it had been decided, would be carried out by each party, a party consisting of three students and an instructor. This system worked very well but was dropped next morning for the sake of an early start. Volunteer cooks not being forthcoming, it was decided to draw for it. The winners included Barrie Davidson, Ted Sadd, Paul Powell and our own Club Pres. The menu was just as intriguing and included porridge, fish and bacon, and the early start was assured.

After an early river crossing a good pace was set taking us through the bush in little over an hour; a fair pace was kept going throughout the morning with the usual stops for scroggin and photos, and by twelve we were in a basin below the three Dazzlers, Glencairn and another tremendously impressive peak which was thought to be Glenmary, the objective.

After not a little discussion, opinions were still undecided as to which was the highest peak of the known Glencairn and the unknown colossus on the right. It was decided that R. Gregory, B. Fea, A. Green and T. Sadd would attempt Glencairn while the main 'tour de force' would attempt the other peak.

From the outset it was realised that technically the right hand peak presented the problems, and although Glencairn turned out to be slightly higher (and indeed, had already been climbed once before) the climb consisted mainly of a slog up a scree slope, followed by a short journey along the ridge to the peak. (This is mentioned merely to kill the exaggerated stories that spread around the Club on subsequent Friday nights and in should in no way be interpreted as a slight on the ability of the above-mentioned gentlemen).

Needless to say, both parties climbed their chosen peaks, enjoying good weather and a fine view of the surrounding country which included Glenmary some miles away.

On Sunday a few of the younger members frolicked on the snow on the Mount Ward side of the valley (true right) leaving the others practising 'yogi', or absorbing the mountain atmosphere - according to their various philosophies.

Monday was taken up with the journey down the valley and back to town, both sections having their interesting moments with most people a little tired, but all well satisfied with what was an enjoyable and entertaining Easter.

A.K.P.

SHAKESPEARE alludes to that early start in winter :

"Wherefore rise you now ?

It is not for your health thus to commit

Your weak condition to the raw cold morning."

Julius Caesar Act2, Sc 1.

SHOTOVER - MOONLIGHT - WAKATIPU

Arthur's Point above the Upper Shotover Bridge was disturbed only by the roar of the wind through a belt of tall pine trees when at 3.30 a.m. there came the clatter of nailed boots and the chatter of many voices as packs were unloaded from a large bus. This disturbance soon decreased to the rustling of sleeping bags and covers on the dry pine needles until at dawn three hours later the clatter was re-doubled and there was the harsh roar of primuses rivalling the roar of the wind in the trees.

After breakfast, groups left at unpremeditated intervals, following a broad clay track that rose steeply up the side of the Shotover River Gorge. After half an hour's easy climb a view was obtained of the flats beyond Arrowtown stretching to the Kawerau, of the Remarkables, Queenstown Hill and well below, the span of the Upper Bridge over the Shotover River.

Then, quite soon, looking ahead there could be seen the Moonlight, and Wattie Gardner's Flat beyond the Moke Creek where from old sluicing beds the wind was raising huge clouds of dust that gave to this piece of country a volcanic appearance. Keeping to the high track, and avoiding a branch that temptingly descended in the general direction of travel, we left the Shotover River and followed the combined Moke Creek and Moonlight. After first looking into an old and abandoned stone hut there came a steep descent into Moke Creek. We crossed the Moke near its confluence with the Moonlight and here found many of the party who had stopped for lunch. As the weather was turning to a threatening condition after a morning of sun and cloud, we decided to push on to a hut on the flats above. A sharp climb round the edges of some deep sluicing beds brought us up onto the flats bordered by dry, steep hills. After a quick crossing of the flats we found that the hut was locked and there was no apparent supply of water. The surroundings were like a smelly bone yard, as evidently many dogs had been quartered there, so following a track through some dry willows, we were soon brought to a halt by a steep bank sluiced away to a deep drop into the Dead Horse Creek. Retracing our steps to near the hut we swung out onto the flats once more where a track took us down to Dead Horse Creek. Here we shared another party's fire for a boil up and lunch which was interrupted by a heavy shower of rain.

In the afternoon travel was across flats broken by the deep gullies of streams and these brought some stiff climbs both in and out again. The last of these was Butcher's Creel where there was a group of huts and sheds near a clump of beech trees. We had a brief look into these (they were open) then after half an hour's tramp across tussock flats came to a sharp corner of the Moonlight where it emerged from a steep beech covered gorge with high mountains in the background. As it was now raining steadily we were glad to come into sight of what appeared to be a substantial hut. It was a disappointment, however, as it was all length and no width and had bunk space for only three persons. Forseeing crowded conditions in the hut our group pitched a tent between two large beech trees at the far end of the grassy terrace and made dinner over a fire that was sheltered by large sheets of iron and old tar drums from abandoned gold mining equipment scattered over the terrace. An enterprising junior party had already made use of the best of this equipment for a galvanised iron tent fly and a good shelter next to their cooking fire. These two parties had a more comfortable night than the fourteen people squeezed into the hut, and its porch. Luckily some of the later parties stayed back at the Butcher's Creek huts and came on early in the morning. Before dinner was finished, the rain turned to snow and all were soon in their sleeping bags that night.

The storm was over by morning with the cloud gradually breaking up, although there was a plastering of snow well below the bush line. Great progress was made all morning round the side of the steep gorge. This was mainly due to the fact that we were able to tramp along an old water fluming that consisted of huge curved sheets of iron, very twisted in places where its rock bed had fallen into the gorge. In other places it was held to the gorge wall by wooden trestles and in others it passed through tunnels in rock outcrops. One or two of these were bone dry and would have made excellent shelter the previous night. As the fluming was very nearly level it was at first very high above the Moonlight, but as the river gained height so was the distance reduced, until by noon the river was not very far below, and in places where the fluming was missing altogether we climbed down to the river for a while. In one place where the fluming became a complete pipe to cross a side gully by the siphon principle we

had quite a time letting stones hurtle down inside striking sparks the whole way.

One Ton Hut was where the river had been diverted into the fluming for the projected sluicing venture, and it was here that we had lunch in the now warm sunshine. From this point to the junction of the two branches of the Moonlight we were in typical mountain country with a clear river, thick beech forest and the snow covered Mt. Gilbert on one side and Mt. Larkins ahead. At the junction we kept to the left and were in tussock country again, sidling above the river and finding it hot work where there were no proper tracks and the valley very uneven. However, this eventually came to an end when we reached some gently sloping river flats, and reaching the top of a rise we looked onto the blue, gem-like Lake Luna. The lake was surrounded on one side by tussock covered slopes rising further round to a high saddle, then up to the high and snow covered Mt. Larkins. A short walk brought us to the lake and here we pitched camp under a clump of beech trees close to the water. There was a musterer's hut here which one party used. A more beautiful and peaceful camping spot would be hard to find. The peace was however shattered by a certain junior group who were conducting an inter-school haka competition.

A slight frost that night was followed by a clear morning and cameras were used to good advantage especially by those with colour film. A track starting in the trees took us up a tussock covered terrace and from here it was a slow steady climb to the saddle on the sky-line ridge. Away up on the shoulder of the saddle, to the right, we could see a group resting and wondered why they were giving themselves so much extra work. We soon knew for on reaching the saddle we looked over to find a sheer drop into a forest choked gorge that wended its way down to Lake Wakatipu. The view was magnificent, but our immediate problem was to find a way down to the lake. There was nothing for it but to follow the others up and over. Steep though it was, it was soon accomplished and on reaching the beginning of some rock and snow we found a good ridge leading in the direction of the lake. We had a good rest at the end of this ridge nearest the lake and had time to take in the view. Below us were the paddocks around Mt. Creighton Station and across the lake were the snow-covered ranges and valleys - the Von, the Greenstone, the Caples; and beyond the head of the lake with its islands were the

Routeburn, Dart and Rees Valleys and the picturesque mountains still covered with pure white snow. Looking back to the saddle we could see a track that sidled round the shoulder we had climbed. The track was cut by steep ice and snow chutes, and although two members of the party managed to negotiate it, so much care was needed that they gained no time on those who went over the top. Another sharp ridge bordering on the gorge we had seen from the saddle above brought us down to an extensive terrace of thick bracken and this area, sheltered from the breeze of the higher levels made us hot and tired by the time we arrived at the lake edge on the Glenorchy - Queenstown track. This track was easy going and it was not long before we arrived at Creighton Station where the beach just beyond the wharf provided the setting for a welcome rest and a leisurely lunch. By mid-afternoon we were aboard a launch on our way to Queenstown, and from our comfortable deck positions we could look away back to the saddle and think of a very enjoyable and satisfying trip that had just been accomplished.

A.G.

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IN THE MATUKITUKI VALLEY

With two of the packs tied rather jauntily on the back of the car "showing our colours" to every passing motorist we set off for the Matukituki Valley on Thursday night about 7.30. Full of enthusiasm we were keen to make the most of our long weekend. After spending the night quite comfortably under the stars at the Wanaka Camping Ground we made a reasonably early start next morning. The day was perfect, and the drive past Glendhu Bay, then on over the flats past Niger Hut and ending at Aspinall's Garage was a very pleasant prelude to our tramp.

It was not a difficult course, as it was practically flat going, but we certainly had a real taste of Central heat, and believe me - it WAS hot ! However, it did not take very long to reach Wishbone Falls, a lovely spot and an ideal place to have lunch.

After lingering for perhaps an hour, we trudged on more keenly. The Rob Roy Glacier then came into view, was passed, and eventually we reached Cascade Hut. From here it was barely half an hour to Aspiring Hut - our target for the night.

We were certainly pleased to see the hut, but the view round the corner which could be seen only as one came in line with the hut excited us even more. This aspect of the valley is truly magnificent. It seems to be completely enclosed by snow-capped peaks with the 'razor-edged' Aspiring dominating the scene. This, with the bush-clad slopes and the green fertile valley made an impression on me that I feel I will never forget. Somehow, one just has to speak in superlatives - it is the sort of country that demands them.

Then, when we entered the luxurious hut to find the stove already lit it was Paradise ! Even now it seems incongruous as I remember that that night we had our after dinner coffee sitting in comfortable armchairs gazing through a telescope at Aspiring in the moonlight; then all went to sleep on real mattresses. To say we appreciated all the comforts provided is a gross understatement - I am sure the hut has never had such appreciative tenants. Next morning we awakened full of enthusiasm for climbing French Ridge, once again in perfect weather. Though I don't think it would be any joke tackling this under a 70 lb. pack, tramping as we were it certainly was a pleasant

climb; through bush for the main part, till we emerged on to the subalpine tussock nearer the snowline. After boiling the billy we went on to the French Ridge Bivouac where I spent a very interesting half-hour reading the record book before going on to the top of the ridge. As a matter of fact from here Mount French looked rather inviting and we did rather wonder if maybe some day some of the Tramping Club may be interested here - and not before I am too old, I hope !

This was almost the end of the weekend, for from here we returned to the Hut, and next day, which was Sunday, we had to walk out to the car.

Looking back, the only disappointing feature of the whole trip was the shortness of our stay.

E.J.M.

GROWING OLD

The day may come when I'll no longer care
To face the winter wind,
The sleet, the rain, the heat that glares
From river-bed, or snowy face;
But it is not yet.

They say the valleys deepen and grow long
The tops loom higher still,
And daily journeys shrink by miles
As our years pass into middle age;
But they have not yet.

The muscles and the sinews may refuse
To take the loads of yesteryear;
And then - farewell to gorge and forest,
To rocky peak and snowfield's gleam.
But not just yet !

B.W.C.

A CLIMB ON THE ICE PLATEAU.

After three wet days the morning was still doubtful as we got ready for a day without packs on the Olivine Ice Plateau. We had arrived in heavy rain from the Pyke by way of the Olivine Gorge and spent a day in the sleeping bags in the top Forgotten River bivvy waiting for a break in the weather. At about 8.30 a.m. we were away and within an hour were at the edge of the snow above the big icefall which drops over the cirque at the head of the valley. On previous occasions it was possible to walk off the rock onto firm, unbroken snow but a warm spring and summer had brought vast changes. The snow had gone and in its place was hard ice heavily crevassed, with a difficult gap between rock and ice.

We roped up and one by one were belayed onto the ice. The easier going was on the far side of the gap in the ridge called Forgotten River Col, so we made our way across by means of a bridge through the crevasses and proceeded to the Ice Plateau proper. In the bright sunshine the snow gleamed and the ice-falls on the slopes surrounding the broad expanse of the Plateau shed unwanted material from time to time with a crack and a rumble of falling ice. Cameras were at work recording the scene on black and white and colour film and before long it was midday.

Moving easily along the almost level surface of the Plateau we made our way south with the object of looking over the southern edge into Climax Creek. But the snow at this point seemed too much broken up and as we were now immediately below Mount Blockade we thought we would try for the top. A quick lunch of nuts, raisins, dates, barley sugar and chocolate was calculated to provide the energy needed for the afternoon's work and it stood us in good stead in the hours that followed. Soon we were away up good rock slabs intersected by narrow tongues of snow, later followed by rubble covered rock wet with snow-melt. One or two places provided difficulties and used up our available time, but in the main good progress was made until the rock steepened suddenly under the summit and were forced to the left out onto the snow, which was at this level somewhat steep and hard, but fortunately unbroken by crevasses.

About two hundred feet of snow work brought us to the much weathered rock of the summit and soon we were on top enjoying a view that took in Martin's Bay, Mt. Tutoko and Mt. Madeline, a wide sweep of the closer ranges, round to Earnslaw and Aspiring. To the north the wide Arawata Valley ran to the sea, and closer at hand, were the peaks of Ark and Intervention with the whole sweep of the Ice Plateau running north to its icefall and the Andy Glacier. The heavily glaciated peaks of the Northern Olivines were blue in the afternoon haze for it was now 4 p.m. Immediately below us to the west was Forgotten River Valley, deceptively close but separated by some of the roughest country in North West Otago - bluffs, slabby rock, rubble-filled gullies and tangled scrub covering masses of rock-fall.

After an hour on the top we were away down, and after looking briefly at an alternative route down the rock on the Forgotten River side, we decided to return by the known way rather than risk benightment in country which consisted mainly of steep debris filled gullies running out onto smooth slabs.

The top snow-patch had hardened in the meantime, and the descent called for 'one-at-a-time' movement. Once off the rock below it and on to the neve of the Ice Plateau itself we were able to break into a run for short distances and thus make full use of the remaining daylight. The sun was setting behind Mt. McClimont as we made our way through the gap between Intervention and the ridge running up to Blockade and eventually crossed our crevasse bridge. The indigo blue of the crevasses contrasted sharply with the apricot of the late sunlight which outlined their edges and shone right through the rougher crusty snow.

It was half dark by the time we reached the rock again and no more time than necessary was used up in removing the rope, collecting gear left there and finding the route on the ledges above the icefall. We sped back to the bivvy over country which next morning seemed quite unsuited to the kind of cross-country travel we indulged in under cover of darkness. Shortly before 8.30 p.m. the stew was on and another enjoyable day almost complete.

Party : Bruce Campbell, Bruce Moore and Brian Clough.

B.W.C.

O.T.C. AT FIRST GLANCE

Having discovered that there is actually a club in Dunedin for the purpose of bringing together those people interested in tramping - at best known as 'anti-social' - the stranger enquires about joining this Club. His informer is careful not to give much detailed information of the place, time and night of the Clubroom activities. After all, if it were too simple a task for the curious wanderer to enter the ranks of the O.T.C., it might threaten the organisation with picnic-mania, or perhaps worse.

One Friday night, the newcomer wanders up Dowling Street, and recalling vaguely the instructions previously given looks nervously about as he approaches a narrow, dimly-lit alley way. However, his fears are abated by the sight of a bar of friendly golden light issuing from an open door, and the loud chatter of jolly voices. The lone stranger approaches timidly, blinking in the dazzling light. All eyes are turned on him in a blank stare and silence follows for at least three seconds. The mouths of the chatters are still agape, words half formed. The poor newcomer is extremely embarrassed. Shall he run away? Sink into the ground? Or die of fright?

Fortunately there is no need for panic. He is only a curiosity for the three seconds of silence. Now the voices are again babbling, trying to catch up with what they missed by the unexpected halt. The visitor is so relieved not to be stared at that he is only too thankful to be left to himself for half an hour or so. Then comes the rattle of tea cups and as a cheerful young girl doles out cups of tea and biscuits, she says: "You're new here? Are you interested in tramping? Here, I'll give you a programme."

The humble wanderer is almost overcome. What kindness! What generosity! Now that one member has spoken others follow her example and soon the age, name, address, birth-place, boot size, religion, favourite dishes, business phone and many more facts of statistical value are squeezed from the panting wanderer.

A cordial invitation to go tramping is given by a friendly lad and soon tentative friendships are formed. In no time at all, someone shouts out that it is time to lock up and the accepted newcomer strolls down the street with his new-found friends, exhausted by his ordeal, but triumphant and happy.

Easter Trip 55

TEMPLE - HUXLEY ROUND TRIP

In 1939, from the summit of Mount Huxley, our party looked down into the Ahuriri and across to some saddles which we presumed must lead down into the Temple. In January 1948 again, a party from the Club camped in the Hopkins and climbed up onto the Saddle from the South Huxley and saw at least two saddles which looked as if they should lead to the Temple, and each reasonably easy of access. Accordingly, when I found that the Club was going to the Temple this Easter, I was very interested to see if this trip could be extended to link up the other valleys and make a complete round trip. In this scheme I was joined by Bruce Weatherall and Bob Cunningham, but in the end we were finally joined by more than 20 Club members who were also glad of the opportunity to make such a round trip.

We disembarked from the bus at the Temple Stream shortly before daylight on Good Friday. The day was spent wandering up the Temple, sometimes high above the stream and following traces of a sheep trail which we thought might give easier going, and then for a period through delightful beech forest. The strong wind on the tops occasionally reached down to us, and made us think of another party who we knew were at the same moment toiling up the main Hopkins in the face of real dust storms. That night we made camp in the top end of the bush at the end of the South Temple and hoped for less wind and more sunshine. And our hopes were realised.

Next morning dawned beautifully fine, and before sun-up we were on the way up the valley. There were good deer trails through the scrub, although some parties persisted in getting off these and going far too high, with consequent loss of time and perspiration. The early afternoon saw us toiling up a long steep scree slope at the head of the stream, and with an obvious saddle at the head. Unfortunately the 'Terrier' party who had been sent on in advance to see if this was really the right saddle had got side-tracked in the lower areas and were not much ahead of the main party. At various times between 3 and 4.30 the groups arrived at the saddle, to find that it was indeed the correct saddle, with long easy slopes leading down to the Ahuriri, down which stags were heard roaring vigorously;

and that an easy traverse of a mile or so would lead to another saddle which should give access to the Huxley. At about 5 o'clock the main party were assembled overlooking the Huxley, and the first part of the access was found to be very steep indeed. After a preliminary reconnaissance we fixed two lengths of rope at strategic spots, and with these as a safeguard, the party rattled down the steeper bits, onto easier going, and proceeded to make camp after dark on some of the elevated terraces in amongst the snow grass.

Everyone slept well that night, but no so well as not to be able to appreciate the magnificent sight of the sun rising on Mt. Cook and Mt. Sefton on the Sunday morning. After a heavy day, parties were rather reluctant to get early under way; and in any case they preferred to make the most of their elevated position and enjoy the scenery as long as they could. Then the journey down the Huxley started, first down scrubby slopes, then through pleasant and easy little valley flats, and then by a deer trail through the pleasant beech forest in the lower valley while the river roared in a gorge hundreds of feet below. The parties emerged from the bush at various times in the later afternoon, but even the last had sufficient daylight in hand to get down to the Huxley forks, then on down the valley for a mile or so to where camp was made for the night exactly at the same place that was used by the Club party for two or three nights in 1947-48. The camp that night was a merry place with many cheery songs round a number of equally cheery fires.

Another early start next morning saw us spanking down the easy flats of the main Huxley. The rising sun found us just near the Huxley Mouth, where the three fords of the river were accomplished without too much trouble. The next stage of three miles over the Hopkins river-bed was also accomplished in fast time, then we set off over the last few miles of easy going, to arrive back at the Temple Bridge shortly before 1 o'clock. Our bus was due here at 2, and in prompt time arrived, and we all clambered aboard and were back in Dunedin before 10 o'clock that night.

It had been a most satisfying trip, with delightful weather and magnificent scenery, with the added enjoyment of a most satisfactory round trip. I have not seen any record of this round trip having been done before

by trampers, although I am sure that deer cullers will have covered all the ground at various times, but it is a journey that is not too difficult, but yet is full of interest and opens up new scenery all the way.

W.S.G.

COMING DOWN THE HUXLEY

The third day of the Easter trip brought us to South Huxley valley. Although it was not particularly hot, the invitation from a nice little pool in the river proved too good to miss. While the rest of the members of two all-male parties felt that modesty demanded a pair of shorts, one person saw no good reason why his birthday suit should not suffice. After all, what point is there in getting a perfectly dry pair of shorts wet when there is nobody else for miles around? So in he went in his birthday suit. Five or ten minutes later the voice of 'Miss Huxley' came from behind a bush, wanting to know if she could continue, on round the corner. A definite "No !" was screamed back, but someone else at the same time and on the other side of the bush called out "Yes." Round she comes : much embarrassment and a call of "Throw me my trousers." Unfortunately, whoever threw them could throw them only into the middle of the pool. Truly bad luck all round - embarrassed and with wet pants - the air was 'blue' for quite some time.

C.J.

THE ORGAN PIPES

16th July 1938 : This day was pleasant, but snow was lying on the higher levels. Two met at the rendezvous and proceeded up the valley road to the North Road. Near the track up to the peak they met a club party of six or seven who had started in the morning and taken a trip up Pine Hill and along Mt. Cargill to the Organ Pipes. The swampy part was frozen dry. The two went up the hill in the snow and sitting on the top in the sun and in shelter from the wind had refreshments and watched the sun setting. On the return home in the twilight, they were kindly offered a lift by a lady motorist - they accepted.

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THROUGH THE SUB-ALPINE

Call them Thompson, Simpson, Jackson and Brown, or for that matter, call them A. B. C. & D., or W.X.Y. & Z., but the story runs whatever we call them. It happened one bright Easter morning that Thompson, Simpson and Co. were serenely wandering up the South Temple, profoundly thankful for the glories of a calm, clear morning in the high hills.

A good deer trail seemed to lead safely up the small flats alongside the stream, but this was not for Thompson. He felt sure there must be a better trail further up, and to this end he set off up a dry creek bed. Simpson, Jackson and Co. followed, surprised but trusting. Further up the scrub got thicker. "It'll be better further up, against the bluffs," says Thompson. Simpson was not so sure, so set off along a subsidiary trail which looked to be a solution, and the whole team followed. Fifty yards of good going, and the trail was gone ! Another twenty yards, and they were fighting through tall, tough scrub, and seeming to get nowhere. Soon it was a case of 'every man for himself,' and everyone was now heading down again, back to the easy valley trail, which now seemed so attractive and so difficult of access. Silence, broken by the crashing of timber, by grunts and sundry exclamations : "Well, it could be raining," says Thompson, to show there was still a bright side. Another party sped by on the bottom track, and soon were almost out of sight, far up the valley. Another party passed up valley, glanced up and saw Jackson's (or was it Brown's) bright tartan shirt high up on the hillside surrounded by scrub, and was restrained with difficulty from setting off straight up. Then reason reasserted itself, and they continued their quiet journey up valley. Then Wilson, Jones and Johnston arrived and saw Brown's (or was it Jackson's?) bright shirt. The valley trail seemed so good that they decided it must be a trap; and really did start off up. Wilson struck a good line and made good height towards the top party, while Jones and Johnston got caught in the lower scrub. Wilson reached about the height of Jackson, Brown and Co., and found no one in sight - the first party plus Jones and Johnston must have gone on ! A few minutes delay made that a certainty, so poor old Wilson decided to return to the valley and follow the original line. A glimpse of heads on the skyline ahead proved ample incentive to push on at top speed.

And what about Jones and Johnston? After some delays they were half way up the scrub, and were well enmeshed. Up above must be the way, and there must be the others. So up to the bluffs, where the scrub was heavier than ever. No one in sight. After an hour and a half of sustained effort this led out nicely to the stream-bed again.

And there we leave them. The lead parties moving steadily up towards the head of the valley. Thompson, Simpson and Co. hurrying on trying to make up for lost time. Wilson at breakneck speed behind them, trying to catch up on Jones and Johnston; and Jones and Johnston going for their lives trying to catch Wilson.

But what worries me is - whose fault? Thompsons? or Simpson's? or Wilson, Jones and Johnston who got so sadly separated, and paid such a penalty? Or Jackson and Brown, whose bright tartan shirts were really the cause of all the trouble?

'Brown.'

NOTHING BETTER

There's no meal like oatmeal -
In the hamper of the camper
Or the damper of the tramper
Oatmeal's the food with the family appeal.

There's no meat like dried meat -
On a platter, in a batter
And the latter is the fatter,
To cook it, to stew it is no mean feat.

There's no hut like Red Hut -
With a door and a floor
That are poor, poor, poor
And a bunk that's everything but !

Queen's Birthday '55

TIMARU CREEK

With alterations to the lake level at Hawea now only a matter of months away, the Club took advantage of the Queen's Birthday Weekend to visit Timaru Creek and adjacent country. When the new lake level is stabilised sidling on steep hillsides or a launch trip will be necessary for visitors to these parts.

Heavy rain late in the week brought the possibility of roads blocked by flood waters and a hasty change of destinations; and during Friday it was 'touch and go.' But the rain eased and although the water was flowing across the highway at Milton and at Waitahuna there was no impediment to our progress, and after a brief inspection of the Roxburgh Hydro scheme we arrived at our destination some time before 5.30 a.m. Soon we were settling down for a few hours of sleep on the lake shore about half a mile from where Timaru Creek enters the lake. The weather was dry overhead, but overcast and rain had obviously fallen in quantity the previous day.

After breakfast parties were away at leisurely intervals heading up Timaru Creek. Reports of 26 crossings in the lower gorge seemed exaggerated and eventually the count was agreed on at either 17 or 19. Icy water with some fast deep crossings tested river crossing techniques, but there were no casualties. After two hours or so the lightly forested walls of the gorge opened out onto flats, and at the junction of the main stream and a considerable tributary a good idea of the general nature of the country could be obtained. Beech in the valley bottoms; much scrub on warm dry slopes and above this tussock land, was the impression gained at this point.

A hut near the junction seemed inviting as the weather was still doubtful with the cloud hanging well below the tops. Other parties as they came pitched tents nearby, or sought cosy campsites in the beech trees. The afternoon was spent setting up camp or exploring the main valley of Timaru Creek to a point where a heavily forested gorge ran up to snow-clad peaks glimpsed vaguely through the low cloud. Scattered rain fell at times during the afternoon but not in sufficient quantity to spoil the pleasure of wandering up the river bed where every bend gave promise of a change of scene. Some deer were seen on the grassy slopes above the beech trees.

On Sunday parties were out in different directions. One group made a reconnaissance of Dingle Peak (6,000 ft.) the snowy top of which occasionally showed through the cloud. The day was sunny for the most part and those who climbed high enough were rewarded with some fine views; the Hunter Valley, the Head of Lake Hawea, and the outlet of the Dingle were seen by those who went up the easy slopes of the saddle at the head of the left branch of the first tributary of Timaru Creek. There seemed to be no reason why a party could not make their way down to the lake at this point.

During the night the weather cleared completely, and the frost which came with it encouraged a party consisting of Warwick Stewart, Bruce Moore and Selwyn Tonkins to attempt the ascent of Dingle Peak, the snow having been too soft for safe climbing the previous day. Their early start was justified and they were successful in their attempt.

By early afternoon people were moving down valley again to meet the bus which was due at 5 p.m. The lake and its shores were most attractive in the early evening light and in the far distance the snowy tops of the Mt. Pisa Range glistened in the setting sun. After an uneventful trip we arrived home some time after 10.30 p.m.

B.W.C.

MADELINE AND TUTOKO

A trumper though he'd have a go
At Madeline and Tutoko;
Ill-equipped for every need,
To good advice he took no heed.

The awful tales of climbing solo
Impressed him not at all.

On Madeline and Tutoko
He'd set his mind - to win or fall.

So, bravely did he enter in
That soon he conquered Madeline.

Three worn soles upon each boot,
Until he tripped upon a root,
One sole split beneath his toe -
Then he had only Tutoko !

J.M.A.

Christmas Trip

TRAMPS AT THE HEAD OF LAKE WAKATIPU

Routeburn and Earnslaw Burn

We arrived at Kinloch by the "Earnslaw" at about midday on Sunday January 2. The bus left Kinloch to go to the Routeburn at 4. p.m. and we arrived at the swing bridge at twenty minutes to five. We set off straight away and, tramping steadily, reached the Routeburn Huts at a quarter to six. This part of the valley is extremely attractive, especially after rain. We met quite a few other people at the huts, from all parts of New Zealand.

The next day we were to have climbed to the Harris Saddle, but this had to be abandoned because of the weather. The river rose considerably in the morning and during the afternoon 'little rivers' were flowing around the huts. Two Austrian men who attempted to cross had to give up the attempt. We occupied the time talking and eating.

Leaving the huts next morning at 8.30 we walked back to the Routeburn bus terminus arriving at 10 o'clock. A bus arrived to take us back to Kinloch and we caught the launch across to Glenorchy. At twenty past one we piled our packs and ourselves on to a truck which took us to the Earnslaw Burn. We had some lunch there before climbing the very steep hill. It took us about three hours to reach the higher and flatter country. We had some good views of Lakes Diamond and Wakatipu. It was 10.30 p.m. before we finally reached the Earnslaw Burn Hut. The next morning the views of Mt. Earnslaw in the sunrise were superb. We returned by the same route to the road on Wednesday January 5.

N.G.

2. Rees Valley

After a 'bang-on' feed we struggled on to the Rees Bridge. From there we pushed on up the Rees and after some hours' plodding the moon saw us looking for what might have been 25 Mile Hut, somewhere opposite Lennox Falls. In the vicinity of 10.30 p.m. we found it and was it welcome ! (What : 10.30 p.m. again ! Ed.)

Next day we arranged supplies for our Mt. Clarke trip and in the afternoon we 'pressed on regardless' to The Big Slip. After an Andrews all round we attacked it. Man ! What a mountain ! Near tea time (very late) we were looking for a camp site and soon found one in a little subalpine

valley. While waiting for the tea to cook we were provided with some light entertainment by two keas which picked at one member of the party's pack and when chased away they sat on a rock and laughed at us. There were two tents pitched, but I slept out. In the morning I awoke to a call of Kee-ee-e-a, Kee-ee-e-a, Kee-ee-e-a. It was 5 a.m. and I poked my head out of my cover into the cold light of the dawn to find the tent I was supposed to be in was lying on the ground a few feet away from the people who bedded down in it the night before.

Soon we were on our way up Mount Clarke. From the top we saw a wonderful view of the Rees - Dart area. Mt. Cunningham was prominent, and many other interesting views were obtained, including one of my ski cap floating gracefully through space towards the Rees. It wasn't so much the hat as the badge on it that I missed. Dirty weather was on its way down from the nor'west so we were on our way down without delay. Soon we had glissaded down to camp - packed up - and were down on The Slip bound for the valley floor. We arrived at the 25 Mile at teatime and found that some poetical types had been there in our absence and made a big food dump in the hut. Next day we went for a stroll across the valley to Lennox Falls, Earnslaw Hut, and Kea Basin. It is further than it looks at first glance. In the Earnslaw Hut I was very pleased to find the middle of a book, the cover of which I found at the 25 Mile. The book ('Nine Uncanny Stories Told in the Dark.') along with 'Moir's Guide Book' amused me in rest hours.

Next day we went for a stroll up to the Chasm over the Big Devil Creek and by combined efforts attempted to depth the crevice in the earth, which is about 75 feet deep.

Next day we pushed off down to the Bridge where a bus was to take us back to the Lake. After refreshments at Glenorchy we boarded the "Earnslaw" bound for Queenstown. Our party had got on very well together because there was plenty of team spirit, cheerfulness and also we were certainly well cared for by the ladies of the party. C.J.

Routeburn Party : R.B. Hamel, J. Lang, R. Orr, T. Murie,
C. Jack, E. Mackley, N. Gamble.
Earnslaw Burn and Rees : R.B. Hamel, J. Lang, E. Mackley,
N. Gamble, C. Jack.

Book Review

'WALKS ABOUT DUNEDIN'

Mr. A.H. Reed's booklet, 'Walks About Dunedin' may at a glance seem to cover areas too familiar to people of the tramping fraternity to warrant buying a copy. However, as we follow Mr. Reed on his walks about Dunedin his wealth of description opens our eyes to the beauties of our city that we have perhaps taken for granted, and through familiarity, completely ignored. Then again, there is a pleasure in reading of places where one has been and one can feel oneself actually walking with the author while he is traversing Flagstaff or the inlets down the Peninsula. The booklet has over two dozen photographs most of which are clear and easily recognisable. However, the biggest asset of this publication is Mr. Reed's interesting historical facts on places covered by his walks. Even a person with the curiosity of a trapper will learn much from these interesting pieces of information. Altogether, the booklet is worth buying and to a newcomer to the city it would be invaluable. It is hoped that some day the information may be extended to cover the country further back, such as the Taieri to Waikouaiti via the Silver Peaks.

A.G.

DODD'S GULLY AND CHALKIES

4th September 1938 - The first of the kowhai and the first spring lambs were on Bell Hill to welcome those out for this trip. After lunch the leader accurately gauged the desires of the party and all but one member had a sleep in the sun - one representative on the Chalkies fulfils the day's objective anyway and the rest much preferred to follow their engagement of the sun by a short exploration of Dodd's Gully and for a stroll back to the "Old Sney" for tea. Two-thirds of those that went out came home together - another Club record? J.C.L.

from 'Outdoors' Vol. 5. No. 1 - 1938.

(With apologies to George Orwell - an extract from some work in progress)

Scene is a Trampcontrolpost in Norwestotago - Xmas 1984.

(The large room is divided into two sections by a plate glass partition. At the Public Counter persons in tramp-ing rig are queueing up to have permits checked for entry to the Matukituki Valley. The staff are, for the most part, civil servants on holiday leave.)

Civserv to Trampster : "I see by your trampstermit you are from the Norisland, three years' experience in the Tararua Ranges and an Easter trip to the Kaikouras. Your application to tramp here seems to have gone astray at Centcontrol. You'll have to make an emergency application, and then we'll see what we can do for you. I don't like the look of this endorsement for overloading, all the same ! "

(Trampster spends twenty minutes or more laboriously filling in details of party, party gear, equipment, food, reason why he chose this valley, day by day programme to be sketched in on map pf valley provided, was grandmother a trampster ? etc. All this with a scratchy pen on paper little better than blotting paper.)

Much later in the same day.

Civserv: " Centcontrol say you may proceed; the Ernie Smith's out - as you should know by now it's only for people with clean permits. "

Trampster : "But they said back home....." (Glass slide quickly and loudly closed on his face.)

Three days later.

On the other side of the glass partition more civsers (are some perhaps old trampster ?) keep a close watch through the telescreens, plotting each party's progress from fixed camp to fixed camp as it is picked up by the cameras set at half-mile intervals on all tracks. From time to time short notes are jotted down regarding behaviour, river crossing techniques, pace etc. These reports will be sent to Cent control for passing on to Clubs, Police, Coroners, M.I.5 etc.

Outside the building the helicopter pilots laze in the sunshine. So far this season has been a quiet one -there have been days recently when they have not been called out at all. Obviously the permit system is working well, and better than in the first few years when clubs were given

the right to issue permits on an honour basis. Only 15 fatalities in the valley so far this season, and four of these were on one rope that went off the Souwest Ridge. Not bad at all, considering that applications to tramp and climb had totalled 783, of which 135 were declined and 43 restricted to the valley floor. And what was more - not one tourist had been lost in the past three years, although some still objected to the high cost involved in having to hire one guide for each tourist. But lunch in a real snow cave was still an attraction, even with stews often half cooked and the rice and rasins positively gluey.....

'Cassandra'

SOME OF OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Pages 2 and 3: 'Blue Ducks' experience in back country rivers seems to have been sufficient to develop a healthy respect for water in all its forms.

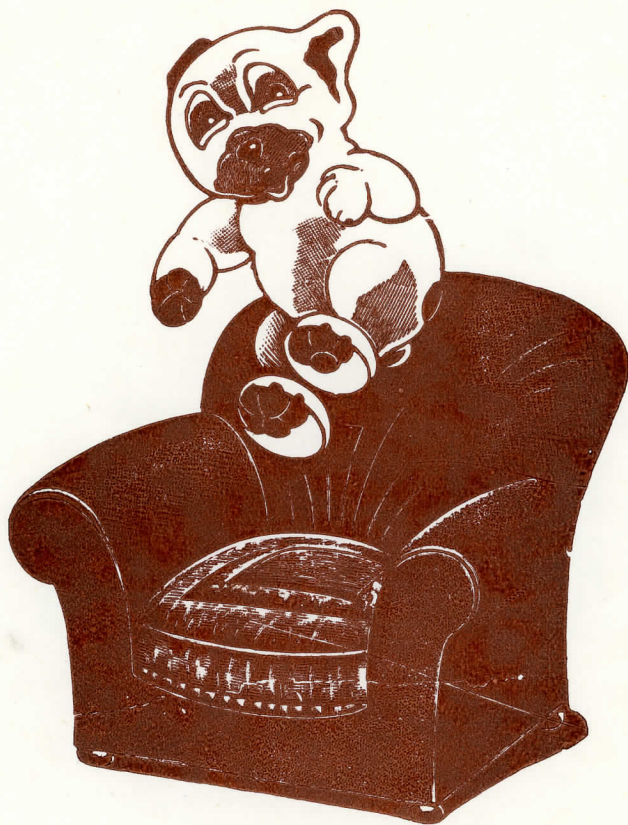
Pages 11,12 : 'Gloworm' hides the identity of a well-known Club member who seems to have the reputation of the club always in mind.

Pages 28,29 : 'Brown' knows good sub-alpine scrub when he sees it, for he has sampled it in most of our back-country valleys.

Pages 32,33 : 'N.G.' and 'C.J.' -two of our younger members obviously enjoying the back country as members of a well-balanced party.

Page 35 : 'Cassandra's' dip into the future is, we hope, more fantastic than prophetic; for his glimpse of tramping in 1984 is a depressing one.

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