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OUTDOORS



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

Athinini Pages
26
x 40 → 42

November, 1959

Volume 9, No. 1

Otago Tramping Club

(Incorporated)



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F. Graveson, B. Lumb

Chief Guide: S. Tomkins

Hon. Editor: B. W. Campbell

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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

By the time this reaches you summer will be upon us, bringing with it all the thrills of planning Christmas trips and food lists. Reading through "Outdoors" you will find stories of various trips to the hills which will whet your appetite and make you long to roam far and wide across them.

We in Otago are extremely fortunate in having such a splendid choice of valleys to visit. This is shown in the within publication. Parties have visited many areas and it is hoped that many more areas will be visited by Club members during the coming season. Fiordland is one place that has not seen many parties from the Club and one which would bear thinking about. Latest news about the Fiordland National Park is that Mr. Peter Chandler has been appointed Assistant Ranger.

At this time of the year we should look back on our efforts and see if we have worked hard enough for the Club, because only those who work hard will receive the full benefits that the Club can offer. This does not necessarily mean that you have to slave on a Committee but rather to take an active part in Club trips. Members who find time only for the social side are not fulfilling their purpose in joining - a love of the open life that the hills provide.

It is worth noting that the President made his first snowcaving trip and now can talk with true authority when he urges new members to take part in this wonderful trip (he thinks that the older members do not need any urging).

Tree planting is still going ahead in leaps and bounds, 4,000 trees being planted in this last year. It would now appear that approximately 20,000 trees have been planted on our property which is extremely gratifying to us.

I trust that this issue will provide you with enjoyable reading and that you all have a happy tramping holiday this Christmas. On behalf of the Committee I take this opportunity of wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

F.B. Moore.

CELEBRATION - NOVEMBER, 1958.

"Hey, Chuff - what are we doing on Friday night when the exams are over?"

"Well, we could go out with the boys, but that would mean that we'd most probably feel crook for the rest of the week-end. Why don't we go over to the Peaks for a couple of days instead?"

"That's a better idea. I'll go around to visit Pete tonight to ask if he'll come too."

"Sure," said Pete on being asked. "I'll bring my rope and we may be able to do a bit of rock-scrambling if the weather is anything like decent."

Early on Saturday morning we were climbing out of the car at Leith Saddle and after a mild argument as to who would have the honour of carrying the pressure cooker, we set off. A reasonable pace was maintained to Green Hut where we leisurely cooked and ate a light lunch. This accomplished, Chuff and I began to feel the effects of several weeks of late nights (spent swotting) and the bunks at Green seemed most inviting and comfortable. We were all for installing ourselves for the night, but Pete, who is usually fit for anything, (even stealing chickens) had no time for such lazy plans.

"Come on, you jokers," he ordered. "Get your feet into gear. If we want to do any rock climbing before we get to Jubilee, we'll have to get a wriggle on."

"Who wants to climb rocks?" came the reply. "For that matter, who wants to go to Jubilee!"

Pete argued and complained in his usual sweet manner for another hour or so until we finally gave in and packed up ready to accompany him. Half an hour later saw us leaving the hut, and in two or three minutes we were on the ridge behind the hut. Half an hour later still found us on the ridge behind the hut - we were tired, you see, and needed the rest. However, we were soon on our

way again, and passed Green Hill at good speed. By this time we were tired again, and so stopped for a short rest of thirty minutes or so. On our way again until we had conquered Silver Peak where we paused until we felt fit enough to make the journey down the Vertical Staircase. This stop couldn't have been long enough, however, as we needed a twenty minute spell half way down. Rock climbing was forgotten as we made our way down to Cave Creek, where the afternoon sun proved so pleasant that we spent an hour there before regaining sufficient energy to wend our weary way to the hut. This was not completed without interruption as we stopped to collect a huge load of firewood.

A record time of five hours was recorded, and so it was no wonder we were exhausted on arrival.

Celebration dinner consisted of the usual mountains of pressure-cooked stew, followed by rice, fruit and custard - you know the sort of thing - topped off by a couple of bottles of tonic water to aid the digestive system. The bunks were extremely comfortable - so comfortable that it was nearly mid-day before we finally awoke next morning.

An easy jaunt out in mild weather through the Gap soon worked off any stiffness that was a reminder of the previous day's activities. For some reason we clipped up to the Kilmog instead of going down the North Evansdale. This proved to have been a wise move as we had hardly walked a hundred yards along the Main Road when a friendly bloke stopped to give us a lift almost to our doorsteps.

Thus ended a most enjoyable post-examination celebration, and we dispersed in good order to earn some filthy lucre so that we would be able to continue tramping in the year that followed.

"SOW NEN"

4.

REPORT ON CHRISTMAS TRIP (Friday 26 December -
Sunday 4 January, 1959.

Trip Members: Len Davies (leader), Selwyn Tomkins (deputy leader), Ross Adamson (guide), Miss Gladys Richards, Miss Dorothy Adam, Lindsay Gordon, Bob Watt, Evan Dagg, all Club Members, and Tony Fricker.

Trip: Routeburn, Rockburn, Hidden Falls Valley, Olivine, Pyke, Hollyford and Greenstone Valley.

Thursday 25th, Christmas Day - A warm, sunny day.

The party assembled at Queenstown, Tony, Selwyn, Ross and Evan travelling up by bus and staying at the Municipal Camp with Len who had come up by car. The other party, Dorothy, Gladys, Bob and Lindsay came up in Dorothy's car and stayed at the Mountain View Lodge Camp. The evening was spent getting ready and everyone was soon in bed.

Friday 26th - A dull day, sunny at times.

The Municipal Camp party were up early and down to the wharf in plenty of time to catch the "Earnslaw". There was no sign of the others and the boat was about to pull out when the car pulled in and the party, billies in hand rushed up the gang plank and were soon on board. The tourists were very delighted to see them sitting down on deck, finishing off their breakfast. Their watches had been slow and that was the reason for their lateness. Len's parents who were also camping at Queenstown and were on the boat later, had Dorothy's car taken up to the Municipal Camping Ground.

The boat trip was uneventful and when we got off at Kinloch it was windy so we travelled up to Bryant's Lodge in the open bus. We had lunch with the tourists, posed for photos, then got on our way and followed the blazed track up to Sugar-loaf Saddle where we camped just above bush-line. Some hunters who had gone up before us had shot some deer, so that night we feasted on fresh venison. Misty rain was falling as we went to bed.

Saturday 27th - Misty rain, clearing later.

An early start soon saw us on Sugarloaf Saddle and on the other side we got a wonderful view of Mt. Earnslaw. Saw our first live deer. From here we headed down into the beech forest again and made our way along and down till we found the blazed trail that comes along the Rockburn Gorge. From our camp, the way over the Saddle was open tussock country and when we got in the beech forest the deer trails were not bad to follow. When we got on the blazed trail we followed it along for a mile or so still in the forest, before we stopped for lunch. In the afternoon we spotted our first herd of deer on First Flats, and Len and Gladys tried stalking them to get photos but did not get very close. They ended up chasing paradise ducks (photos turned out O.K.!). We stopped at Amphitheatre Flats for afternoon tea and a look at the bivvie. Plenty of deer on the flats. Later we tramped across the flats then up through the forest over the bluff to Top Flats where we camped near the top end of the clearing. Len's food party suffered a loss when a container full of butter floated off down the Rockburn, during dinner and disappeared.

Sunday 28th - A fine day with mist on the tops.

Another early start soon saw us up above bush level and heading up through open country and onto Park Pass with an occasional view of the tops. From here we dropped down through the beech forest and climbed up the scree, then dropped into the flats on Hidden Falls River, where we had dinner. From here we climbed up through bush and scree to the tussock country below Cow Saddle. The scree looked great with green and red strata and in it we found a Mount Cook lily which brought out the cameras again. The tramp from here to where we made camp in the Olivines was fairly easy and we had a fine view of Fiery Peak, etc. Plenty of deer were seen again during the day. After we had made camp it started to rain.

6.

Monday 29th - Nor'westerly conditions.

We awoke in the morning to the rain and wind which soon brought our tent down. Undaunted we put it up again, but it was not long before we were forced to think seriously about looking for the bivvie and Ross dressed and got on his way. The rest of us packed and moved off in blizzard conditions. The other party were content to stay in their tent. The bivvie was easily found after about a half hour tramp and while Ross returned for the tent, etc., the others made themselves comfortable. There was plenty of water around but once we were in our bags and covers we soon warmed up and had a meal. During the afternoon Bob and Lindsay came to see us during a break in the weather. Spirits were high as darkness came and we all slept well.

Tuesday 30th - Rain, clearing to fine later.

We awoke to a terrific clap of thunder but we soon settled down again and about 10 o'clock when the rain had cleared we climbed out and started to dry out our things. After dinner when the other party came along we all moved down the valley to the Flats under Alabaster Pass and set up camp. During a stroll during a pleasant evening a natural rock bridge was discovered across the Olivine at the top of the gorge. Arawata Bill's bivvie was also explored.

Wednesday 31st - Fine.

An early start saw us up on Alabaster Pass in about half an hour. From here the route down through the forest was rough going and owing to time lost looking for blazes it took us a long time (5 hours approximately) to reach the Pyke River valley. We soon tramped to the lake where we stopped for dinner.

The route down to the Pyke Hut(lower) along Lake Alabaster was flooded in parts but we did not make bad time. On the way we passed a couple of fishermen coming from the hut. Spent night in hut. Views were had of Madeline and Tutuko, etc.

7.

Thursday 1st (New Year's Day) - Fine, breaking later.

After a disturbing night of fleas, etc., we were on our way and set a good pace up the Hollyford, over Little Homer Saddle and down to Hidden Falls Hut which we made just as the weather broke. There were two bods in residence. After an early dinner we set off for Hollyford Camp. Some of the party got lost and we had to wait for them; they got on the wrong trail. Hollyford Camp was reached in the rain and a hut taken for the night. Afternoon tea was bought at the canteen and it was a good change. A jet boat was seen on the Hollyford River around the High Falls confluence and a camp seen at Mid Hut Flats.

Friday 2nd - A dull day.

After a late start we moved in two groups up the Hollyford road to Marian Camp junction then along the Milford - Te Anau Road, and along the track to Howden in cold, wet conditions. The road tramp was a change but it was hard going. The Howden Hut was full. Fishermen, tourists, etc., talked two tender oots out of the Harris Saddle route.

Saturday 3rd - Heavy morning mist, but a real fine day later.

An 8.30 a.m. start saw us soon on our way past Howden and McKellar and down the Greenstone stopping about the stock yards for dinner. From here we went right down to the gorge before we stopped and made camp. An Aussie and a Swiss bloke, the two we met at Hidden Falls, camped with us. It was a really hot day and Selwyn, Evan and Lindsay had a swim at dinner time. Had a good natter and sing song after tea. Had a good view back to Mt. Christina in the Upper Hollyford. After the forest tramp around the lakes, we found the Greenstone a very open valley.

8.

Sunday 4th - Another sunny day.

Ross, Bob and Lindsay left early to get the boat up the lake. Ross was heading for the Routeburn to spend the rest of his holidays there. He gave our party breakfast in bed before he left. After a late start the rest of the party moved down to Rere Lake for dinner, a combined meal which was enjoyed by all. A gang of tourists sat near and watched us. The trout were jumping in the lake and some of them came a good way out of the water. From here we tramped slowly down to Elfin Bay. A good view of Mt. Earnslaw was seen on the way. When the "Earnslaw" arrived, Bob and Lindsay were on board. Also on board was Dr. Moir with Peter Chandler and the Southland Tramping Club. A good trip back to Queenstown was enjoyed by all, swapping yarns and singing songs. At Queenstown the party said good-byes at the Municipal Camping Ground, Dorothy and Gladys leaving for Mountain View Lodge. They left early next morning. Tony, Selwyn and Even left by bus and Len stayed on camping with his parents. Lindsay, Bob, Selwyn, Evan and Tony slept the night in the Municipal Camping Ground after seeing a Billy Graham film at the Picutre Theatre and looking in at a Midnight Dance. Len went with them.

Cost of food, etc. was £2.15.6. each; tents 4/- ea.

LEN DAVIES.

A TRIP TO GREEN PEAK HUT.

Tramp, Tramp, TRAMP, T R A M P! Oh, won't they ever stop? Look at them talking and laughing! This track may seem to be only going very slightly uphill, but my legs do ache so much. Oh! Help! We are going up an even steeper part now. Ouch! I just tripped over a stick and lost my balance, and I skinned my knees. One is bleeding.

"How are you getting on?" comes a question from behind me. "Alright," I yell back, struggling for breath. I don't think it would be quite the thing to tell that I feel like collapsing, and that I have a hammer hitting the back of my head. After

9.

all, I am still alive - just. Ah, thank heavens, they have a rest. I fall on the wet ground. How wonderful wet grass is!

A few minutes have gone by since I sat down, and I look around me. I look at my friends. Help! I hope I don't look as tired as they do. "What's the time?" I venture to ask.

"Ten-thirty" someone answers. I almost groan aloud, because we had only been walking for an hour and a half; but I stop myself quickly. I don't want people to know I am tired.

Ah! I am gradually reviving. I hope they let us stay for a bit longer. Nb. They couldn't go yet!

"Tell me when we can see the hut, won't you?"

I ask someone.

"You won't see it till lunch-time, and it will still be a long way away." Time goes on, and somehow I keep up fairly well. "Lunch-time" says our leader and I sink to the ground thankfully - time passes - I am reviving again after a cup of tea and some food.

"Look, there's the hut." said someone. I looked.

"But it is a long way away."

"It won't take us long. We will be there by three."

"What's the time now?" "One fifteen."

Well, we finally got to Green Peak Hut. I lay down on the bunk and listened to the talk eddying round me. As we were not used to staying in huts, we had to have lectures on hutkeeping and we bustled around, fire-making, bagging bunks, dinner making and cutting up steak which takes hours.

In case anyone who reads this has decided not to tramp with me, I must say that it has never taken me six hours to get to Green Peak since.

"POLLY"

HASTEN SLOWLY!!

"... So, to a steep and difficult descent
Trusting ourselves, we wound from crag to crag,
Where passage could be won; and, as the last
of the mute train, behind the heathy top
of that off-sloping outlet, disappeared,
I, more impatient in my downward course,
Had landed upon easy ground...." (Wordsworth)

SOCIAL EVENTS

In the last "Outdoors" the Editor was complaining that neither of the two best attended functions were recorded.

I have always felt that way myself. The two functions, in case you are in doubt, are the Christmas party and the Picnic. I wonder why people like to record the unusual, rather than the normal Club activity. I presume it's got something to do with "egotism" and so I, with no pretensions of being other than a Social Trumper, and no desire to run from point A to point B faster than the other fellow, can record this kind of thing.

Firstly, the Christmas Party - it was a beaut: a rip-roaring show - the best yet. Some of you don't agree - well at least 90% of the bodies thought so. What helped a lot was the fact that it was held at Ben Rudd's, and I must give the Committee full marks for a very wise decision as to the venue. It's not everybody who can give up a week-end to go as far afield as Jubilee or Silver Peak. For the record, the weather was kind to us and some forty persons in all who were present. The evening went very quickly with singing and general hilarity. Midnight saw the crowd thinning out, with only what are classed as the "stayers" still in action. These self same "stayers" had the urge to let down the odd tent at around 3 a.m. but having thoroughly enjoyed myself, I was pleasantly relaxed and it just didn't matter. This is the kind of article where names don't appear, but it is right and proper that I record my thanks to "Knuckle Man" who acted as 2 I.C.

Secondly, the Picnic - this was held as usual at Pipikaretu and we were fortunate enough to strike a day really out of the box. On arrival at Queen's Gardens at 10 a.m. I was slightly worried as we were only eight in number. This however, was only an indication of the wealth of Club members as the other thirty-two who attended arrived by private car.

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As in past years, older members made it an occasion to meet and compare children. Kids everywhere, mothers enjoying a chat, new girl friends being introduced to these queer people who tramp for fun, and the chaps and the ladies displaying the body beautiful - that's our Picnic.

The Social Committee had gone to a lot of trouble to organize games, etc., - not those in the sandhills - but wisely decided that everybody was enjoying themselves so much that they didn't require to be organized.

The water was fairly warm and most enjoyed a dip at some stage of the day. I can vouch that one member had her first feel of the water since Bondi, a year previously. Mind you, she had to be gently carried to the water by two of Nature's gentlemen.

Some drifted away to catch the 4.20 bus and others the 6.20. Others again, like myself, were befriended by the wealthy, and conveyed to my door per car. This enabled me to enjoy a really lovely sunset, and with a complete absence of wind it was perhaps the most enjoyable time of the day.

A final thought on the Christmas Party and the Picnic. Why not hold them at the same places this coming season!!

"TALL TIMBER"

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HIGH HUNTER

The afternoon of December 23 found Peter Barker, Frank Graveson and the author packing with 16 days' supplies up the easy Hunter Flats aided by the last puffs of a rainy southerly. After a comfortable night in a Forestry Department hut 13 miles up valley, we moved on in delightful weather to "Fergy's" another cullers' hut at Long Flat Creek - a large tributary which drains the north east face of Mt. Brewster.

Having deemed a "White Christmas" to be appropriate, we left about 6 a.m. next morning for Mt. Wray. After a long slog through and over thick beech, snow grass and snow we reached the summit in deteriorating north-west conditions and after an hour's most enjoyable rock bowling pushed on down to an inspiring Christmas dinner of dehyds. and steam pud.

In threatening nor'west weather we moved on up valley on Boxing Day to the top hut in the Hunter- "Forbe's." - a well worn 8' x 10' shack with no windows, canvas walls and plenty of natural ventilation. En route we reminded some goslings of the open season on Canada Geese with some well-directed rocks (no fatalities on either side).

Next morning after an enjoyable "lie in" we spent the afternoon on a useful recce above bush-line to obtain some idea of the relative positions of the peaks in the area. With a clearance of the weather overnight we got away at dawn on the 28th for a climb on Mt. Enderby. During the afternoon familiar clouds began to pur in over the Divide and by midnight it was raining heavily and continued unabated for the next fourteen hours, by which time the river flats were partially inundated and the river had risen about 15 ft. in a gorge below the hut. Needless to say we spent the day eating, reading and sleeping in the relative dryness of our shelter. I considerably raised my popularity rating by tossing two thirds of our evening stew on the floor ... comments hidden by blue haze.

Feeling a trifle hungry we packed up a tributary behind the hut the following afternoon to put in a high camp in the vicinity of Mt. Huxley. At 2 a.m.

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the alarm sang its merry song and after a quick breakfast we moved off in the bright moonlight for a high-saddle into the South Huxley. After a steady climb we reached the saddle just before sunrise. Having disposed of a second breakfast we roped up and started up the steep and rotten ridge of what we hoped was Mt. Huxley. It was quite cool - our boots and putties were frozen without being on the snow. After some hours of cautious climbing we reached the top of the ridge only to find Mt. Huxley about a mile and several hours away to the south-east. Another hour put us on top of a nearby peak where we built a cairn and consumed the usual lunch. As we were in the vicinity of 8,000 ft. we obtained a marvellous view from Cook in the north to Aspiring in the south. Six more hours and we were back at camp after a very long day. As it was customary to expect, it was raining next morning and we beat a quick retreat to the hut for another day's sleeping, eating, etc.

By 3rd January it had cleared again, and with all our remaining food we packed to the top of the bush in the West Branch of the Hunter. That afternoon, during a climb to Wilson's Pass, Frank slipped on some wet snow grass and was immobilized with a severely injured ankle. By belaying and sliding Frank on his posterior we all reached camp safely that night. By morning the weather had turned to the south and was perfect, but all hopes of climbing were out, and after a long and tiring day, we reached Forbe's before dark.

In fine weather, which continued for the rest of the trip, Peter and I returned for our gear early in the morning, while Frank wandered slowly down to "Fergy's". We re-united about 3 p.m. and that night fed on pressure-cooked Canada Goose - a welcome change in the menu. A day's rest at "Fergy's", another day to the bottom hut, where fresh bread, etc. were supplied by a fishing party, and then an easy stroll on the last morning back to the car, aided by a ride in the run-holder's Land Rover over the last mile or so.

It was now unpleasantly hot (94° in Wanaka) and at 2.15 p.m. we said good-bye to the Hunter and

proceeded not without incident to that civilized haven of Wanaka.

J.R.C.

TRIP REPORT - APRIL 12, 1959

Proposed Route: Williamson's - Swampy - Flagstaff.

Members Present: Frank Graveson (leader)
David Still (Deputy Leader)

Comments: The leader and his deputy conferred, and decided that owing to the poor attendance and the prevailing weather conditions of wind, rain, drizzle, mist fog and general dampness, the trip should be cancelled. This decision met with the approval of the assembled multitude and was endorsed by an unbiased bystander. However, the day was not wasted as an ascent of Maori Hill was made by the entire party as they quickly made their ways back to their beds.

On behalf of the Sunday Trippers,
J. F. Graveson, Leader.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS ON HUT BUILDING AT
GREEN PEAK.

Previous to the existence of the Green Pk. Hut when trampers were tough ??? the usual way to spend a week-end in the Silver Peak area, was to camp out in the open. The boiling up spot in this vicinity being the Spring, on the right hand side of the track between Pulpit Rock and the turn off to Mt. Allan. At that time a metal box containing a visitors' book, was located on the top of Pulpit Rock and members of the O.T.C. vied with each other in trying to have their names more often in the book than anyone else; probably that is the reason that that particular area was visited so frequently.

When motor cars were nearly as scarce as hen's teeth, and every member of the family did not possess one, it was necessary for members to walk all the way from their respective homes, but on few occasions one could be conveyed on a milk truck, leaving the T. & P. Dairy Factory in King St. at 6 A.M., the destination being Mr. Bill Harris's farm, just past the Leith Valley Saddle, the cost being 1/- per head; In this case, the route being either the Pipe Line and Ferguson's Ck., the Sawmill track, or Burns' Saddle Track. We may mention here, that the Sawmill track was introduced to the O.T.C. by the writers of this article, who do not claim to have discovered the finding of the track, but received the information, previously to becoming members of the O.T.C., from Mr. Harris. The alternative routes to the Silver Peaks area, where Pineapple, via Morrisons Saddle, past the lagoons and meeting the main track further on, or from Kaikorai and Buntings, foot slogging to Rollinson's via the Bridle track, then along the Swampy track. For those who have never traversed Ferguson's track which was very popular in the early days, the route was to follow the pipe line to the end, from the Black gate (which was never locked in those days) just beyond the Leith Valley Saddle. This track was almost level all the way to the end, where a fence was followed on the left hand side of the track, the track here being very muddy;

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till one came to a patch of manuka scrub and trachyphyllum. The fence was now left, and the track at that time was marked with pieces of red rag tied to the scrub till Ferguson's Creek was reached, and with the aid of a strand of fencing wire, one was able to pull oneself up the almost vertically steep incline. The track was then followed in manuka scrub etc., till a signpost, i.e., a boot nailed to a tree by the late Mr. Clayton, an ex-member of the O.T.C. was reached. Leaving the bush and through a fence one carried on over the snow grass, meeting the Swampy track at the two posts. Although some of the older members still regard this landmark as the two posts, one post has been missing for a considerable time.

It was on a very wet Sunday, 19th Feb., 1933, with Mr. Bob Watt Snr., as leader, that about a dozen members of the O.T.C. staggering under heavy packs, wended their way to the Silver Peaks area, on an official trip. On nearing Green Peak, three bedraggled looking apparitions detached themselves from the fog and bore down on the up-going party. On closer examination they proved to be three lady members of the Club who had weathered the night out just below Pulpit Rock. As it was futile to go on to the Spring to have lunch, where there was a scarcity of wood and very little shelter from the blustery weather, we, the writers, led the party to a spot where we had boiled the billy a couple of years previously to joining the O.T.C. This particular spot is practically on the site where the hut now stands. While the party were collecting wood, P.L.M. went to fill the billies from the creek at the edge of the bush, and while there, endeavoured to locate a hut which he had heard was in that vicinity and supposed to be difficult to find. Whether by good luck or good judgement he discovered the hut a chain or two below where the water hole now is. The party were soon having their lunch in this hut in front of a blazing fire. This hut referred to was the private property of the late Mr. Jack Aitken, Mr. Vic. Bowden and another chap whose name we have forgotten, and was constructed of manuka poles, scrub and roofing iron (a photo of same probably in an

O.T.C. album). While drying out in front of the fire, someone hatched a brainy idea, by stating that the tramping club should have a hut of their own, somewhere in the hills (this idea had been strongly mooted some time before by one member but no further progress made). Some weird suggestions were brought forward. One member suggested Whare Flat, another one the Beech Forest on the Mt. Allan track, and again another one suggested on the highest point of Pulpit Rock. It was due to these fantastic brainwaves in the little log hut, that the decision to build a hut was brought up at a committee meeting later, with the result that a General Meeting was held in the Red Lecture Room of the Medical School with a good muster of members. The late Mr. Robert Wilkinson in the chair, was strongly of the opinion that it was high time that the O.T.C. had some kind of shelter in the vicinity of the Silver Peaks. After a lengthy discussion the proposal that a hut should be built was put to the meeting and carried unanimously, providing permission could be obtained from the D.C.C. Water Department and material transported and a builder to build the hut could be obtained.

Permission was granted from the D.C.C. providing that the hut was left unlocked, as a refuge for any benighted traveller or the like. The next move was to find a suitable site and Mr. Bob Watt Snr. and P.L.M. were instructed to survey the area round about the Silver Peaks. Several sites were inspected, but in most cases the positions were either too exposed or else no wood or water were handy. After a day's exploration the present site was selected and pegged off. On the return journey home, the 2 above mentioned explorers called on Mr. Bill Harriss, a friend of P.L.M. to enquire if he would undertake the transporting of building material and to build the hut. This he agreed to do and as the opening day was set down for King's Birthday Week-end, no time was lost in purchasing the timber which was handed over to Bill who carted it to the sawmill by lorry from town, where it was loaded on to a flat truck, drawn by horses and conveyed to the end of the bush tramline and dumped at the old steam winch. From this point it was carted by bullock team. The carting of this material was no easy matter.

18.

In the first place, Bill had to cut a track in the bush from the steam winch to the fence line, where he made his camp. He then proceeded on till he struck the track to the Silver Peaks. The track was used as much as possible, but several times the sledge was drawn along the ridges, as the track was not wide enough to take the sledge runners. At the Chucky Stones where the track bears to the left of a steep ridge an anchor, a cedar post, was put in at the top of the ridge, and can still be seen there, and the sledge was drawn up the very steep incline, with the aid of the bullocks, ropes and pulleys. Quite a number of stretches of the track Bill set to work and widened to allow his team to proceed. After a few upsets of the sledge and plenty of good bullocky language the material eventually arrived at the dip in the ridge above the hut site. This was the first load, and was manhandled down to the site by Bill and his friend Mr. Edmonds. They then returned to the fence line at the top end of the sawmill track with the bullocks and made camp. All the above transportation was done in one day. Bill used his horse as transport to and fro till the framework was up. One very dirty night when snow, hail and wind swept the area, Bill spent the night under a couple of sheets of roofing iron. Such were some of the hazards he had to contend with. By the following week-end the framework was completed, the writers and Mr. Watt assisting Bill each week-end and for several Sunday mornings at day break these three dim figures could be seen on the skyline, moving slowly and encumbered by all kinds and shapes of burdens. The sheet metal fireplaces which had been manufactured in town by Mr. Watt were the worst loads to manhandle from the Leith Valley road to the hut and the human transport was hard put to it by trying to steer a straight course along the ridges in howling gales. After reaching the site which was usually round about 4.30 a.m. breakfast was partaken of and a solid day of work put in.

19.

The 2nd load was sledged over on 25th April (ANZAC Day) and dumped at Cross Over, but the weather being atrocious the carting of the material from here by the working party had to be cancelled. On 7th May a working bee in full force soon had the material at the hut, some carting window frames, doors, etc. from Hightop, where it had been dumped. May 21st saw another working bee busying themselves doing whatever was to be done. P.L.M. marked and cut a track to the water hole, but this was obliterated during the week by pigs, thinking it had been put there for their benefit. By the end of the day the hut was completed or at least made habitable. There only remained the smaller details to be completed before it could be passed for human habitation. The official opening ceremony was performed by Miss A.F. Edmond, Vice-President, on 3rd June and the hut was thereby open for members. We can assure you it got a great hearing, often the overflow having to sleep under the stars in the snowgrass. A few minor faults were: smoky fires, lack of sanitary arrangements and scrub too close to the hut, which was a fire manace. Members soon overcame these difficulties. The scrub was soon used for the fires, a hole dug for kitchen refuse and a couple of scrim wigwams?? erected.

As the big depression was on at that time, the club allowed two friends of one of the members to live in the hut during the week as they were prospecting in that vicinity. When they finished up, they left behind a good hearth, which they had made out of snowgrass and clay, an easy chair (manuka) and a verandah minus a roof made of the same material.

The hut was kept open at that time, but owing to pig shooters etc. taking possession of it and causing no end of trouble with the members, on some occasions almost ending in a brawl, which would have happened on one occasion if the rear guard of one member had not put in appearance in the wee small hours and ordered them out, by saying there were about a dozen more members on the way. The committee decided that the hut must be locked and notices informing members that the hut was locked and the key could be obtained from the Secretary, were erected, one at the foot of Pineapple, one on a log at the entrance to Burns Creek, one at

the sawmill gate and one at the foot of the Bridle track, but the hut doors would be pushed in, blankets would be used for hearth rugs, etc., and P.L.M.'s umbrella (minus the top which was blown away on his trip over) was stolen. It was decided to fit chains and padlocks to the doors and despite this precaution, vandals took over and used a hack saw to cut through the chains and thus open the doors. The armchair was used for firewood, the verandah gradually disappeared. Mr. Watt manufactured and fitted up in the hut a heavy steel metal box for anyone to put in the odd coin or so that they found too heavy to carry round in their pockets. On one occasion this box was smashed open with the axe and the sum of one halfpenny stolen. It was then decided it was useless to lock the hut so once more it was left open and apart from some trouble with the pig shooters, etc., there was not a great deal of damage done, excepting for a few odd bullet holes in the walls and roof and the stack of firewood used up.

Week-end trips to the hut were the order of the day and it was the usual thing to see the sun-rise from Pulpit Rock; also a trip to the Gap and back at midnight. Day trips were made to Red Hut, The Gap, Powder Ridge, the Beech Forest, etc., and all members unanimously agreed that the hut was an essential. How we survived the open air treatment before the days of the hut and home comforts well, ask yourself. (MR. & MRS. P. L. M.)

.....
"I roved o'er many a hill and many a dale,
With my accustomed load; in heat and cold,
Through many a wood and many an open ground,
In sunshine and in shade, in wet and fair,
Drooping of blithe of heart, as might befall"
(Wm. Wordsworth)

TWENTY YEARS HENCE ...

Historical Note: The City area extends south to Taieri Mouth, North to Waikouaiti and west to the Chalkies. Ben Rudd's has been declared a slum area and will be replaced by a ten storey Polytechnic Tramping College. Organization-mania is in control of the City-dwellers' leisure pursuits and the Tramping Club is keeping abreast of the times.

Scene: Green Peak Chair Port. It is a cloudy, cool morning. A small group of trampers awaits the chair lift to Pulpit Rock.

Warning Buzzer

Loudspeaker: "All passengers to proceed to chair lift by Gangway B."

Pulpit Rock Barrier: An O.T.C. Official relays each tramper's identity disk number back to City Office for checking and asks reasons for the excursion. Barrier fees are paid and after green light "O.K." signal, trampers board railway for the Gap. Here cut lunches with vitamin additives are purchased. Waxed paper cups of tea are served and the party lunches in the stone shelter as a sharp, cold wind has sprung up. Conversation is limited, food and weather topics being banned by Officials as harmful to mental health. After lunch, trampers take turns viewing the City through a half-crown in the slot telescope. The party just has time to write their names in the visitors' book before the Dunedin-bound helicopter touches down. So back to town after a pleasant outing.

"MAX"

MIDLL MARCH - WEEK-END TRIP

The Middlemarch streets were nearly deserted as we climbed down from the railcar. It was 6.30 p.m. as we heaved on our packs and crossed to the store to buy some food for the evening meal. A few minutes later my companion Lawrence and myself were on our way. Our plan was to walk to Dunedin from Middlemarch in one week-end. By 7.30 p.m. we had reached the fork where the road branches to Sutton. Here we took the Mt. Stoker Road and left the small farms and headed for the wide open spaces. The only vegetation apart from tussock were three or four pine trees about 8 ft. high which have no shelter, and the usual matagourie, which is even worse. By now the wind was rising and as we had no poles for the tent we pressed on hoping to find some shelter.

At 8.30 we crossed a fence and searched for a rock or boulder which would give us shelter from the wind, which was now very strong. Finding the best shelter we could, we bedded down with the tent draped over us to keep out any rain which might fall during the night.

Although there had been a shower during the night, the ground was fairly dry when we woke. A pheasant was scratching around a few yards away and its cry had woken us in time to see it run behind a rock. We were packed up and on our way at 6.20 a.m. and we moved on rapidly in search of water so that we could have breakfast. Nenthorne Stream proved to be our breakfast site. There we had a quick meal under the bridge. Away at 9.20, we continued along the road until we reached the end at 11.20 a.m. We lunched until 12 noon and then followed a fence up to the top of the hill. Here we could see Mt. Misery, Lamb Hill, Saddle Hill and Maungatua.

At 1.50 p.m. we were on top of a rock face, looking down on Three O'Clock Creek. Opposite, Lamb Hill sat bathed in sunshine and the creek shone and glittered. The track we intended to take wound its way up and it did not look very far to the top of Lamb Hill. After a rest at the creek, we were reluctant to leave as it is a very beautiful

23.

place. Climbing until 3 p.m. we looked down, but the creek was nearly out of sight and we continued climbing in the blazing sun. About 4 o'clock we could see the Christmas Creek homestead around the hill further.

Quarter to five saw us on the road and we only had to pass the homestead to gain the track which follows the creek and thence to Jubilee Hut. At 7.25 we arrived at the hut after a hard day's tramp. Here we met two more Club members who were very kind to us and gave us some already cooked food which was good and hot. This sacrifice was greatly appreciated as we did not feel like doing any cooking ourselves.

From Jubilee Hut we left on Sunday for Green Peak Hut. This was done in 55 minutes. After lunch we continued on with the two others to Red Hut and thence out to Evansdale via Rongamai.

"CHOOK"

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SNOW CAVING - 1959

This year's effort was notable for the plentiful supply of raw materials, the desire for seclusion on the part of each party and the large number of visitors. Those taking part were: Selwyn Tomkins (leader), Gerry Kamjes, Bruce Moore, Elizabeth Moore, Lyndon Cumming, Tony Croxford, Bruce Campbell, Tony Slaughter, Lindsay Gordon, Bruce Lumb, Jean Armfield, David Still, Lawrence White, Peter Cook and Bill Salter.

Friday night was fine and frosty and sleeping out at the head of the Shag Valley was a test for sleeping bags in the ten degree frost. After breakfast, parties moved off to the objective - the area near the summit of Mt. Kakanui. Some went up the tussock-filled valley to the head and then up the steeper slopes which were well covered with firm snow. Others tried the leading ridge with its fine views of the Paniototo. The wind on top was fierce and cold but on the sheltered north-east slopes the bright sunshine was warming. The heavy snowfall of the past winter made access to suitable sites rather difficult, and involved some step cutting in some instances. This access problem resulted in parties finding digging sites at distances from each other that contact was made infrequently, or not at all.

One interesting feature of this year's digging was the band of ice, more than an inch thick, under the top-foot of snow. For the first time on record no party ran out of snow, but the inner snow was harder than usual and digging took longer and some caves were not completed till after dark.

In the evening the cloud came down over the mountain and was still blowing over us next morning. Later it turned to snow and the journey out was unpleasant for the short time we were exposed to the full force of the wind and snow. Early morning visitors who had left town before daybreak that day were Ross Lake, Ross Adamson, Derek Mess, Gordon McDonald, Frank Graveson, Peter Barker and Chuff Chivers. Brian Clough also met us in the lower valley as we neared the road.

"KOONAN"

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Sir,

When this letter was written the A.G.M. had not been held, so to some it may be out of place. It has been rumoured that a motion for an all male tramping club would be introduced. Here are some suggestions for a different kind of tramping club:

1. All women in the club be reduced to the status of porter to carry the food and tonic water for the men;
2. On Christmas trips when climbing is to be done, women should get up to cook the breakfast, pack the packs, and get everything ready for the climb (by men only).
3. On their return they should have a cup of tea ready, the tea on and a good fire going. In this way the men could have a wash, get into the bag and then have a good hot meal.

These few suggestions can be improved on by the Committee (all male) and perhaps a recruiting campaign can be held to get good strong women as porters to ensure that all parties have a full complement of porters.

A parting thought is that they could put on a singing-dancing entertainment at night.

I am, etc., "EASY LIFE"

(When questioned on the suggestions made above, one woman club member offered the suggestion that "Easy Life" should make applications to the Health Department for an annual quota of Red Indian Squaws to be brought into the country.)

- - - - -

"Only a Hill: but all of life to me
Up there, between the sunset and the sea."
(Geoffrey Winthrop Young)

AHURIRI - EASTER, 1959.

The weather was fair, and the valley was "well done over" when 29 members and friends went by bus, rental and car to one of the most popular of valleys. Canyon Creek, and the Watson and Hodgkinson Valleys were tramped, and the less well known upper main valley visited by one party. Again Mt. Barth was not climbed but on the Monday in perfect weather Mt. Peterson in the Hodgkinson fell to a vigorous assault from a main valley camp at the mouth of Canyon Creek. A good number made the round trip up Canyon Creek and over into the main valley from a point above the bivvy rock. The Rock was well patronized on the Saturday night when deteriorating nor'west conditions brought some rain and then light snow round the tops.

Two separate parties reached the divide between Canyon Creek and the Hunter. One party went up from a point near the clique between the lower and upper valleys, past an ice-berg filled lake showing signs of recent glaciation, to look down on wide river flats and patches of beech. The others climbed onto snowfields near Mt. Barth to gain a break in the ridge. On the Monday another approach to the Hunter was made by the party at the head of the Ahuriri, who climbed to the divide at a point up valley from Barth. A fuller report of their 'explorations' appears elsewhere in this issue.

The Ahuriri, lacking serious river crossing problems, offering all grades of tramping, and recently equipped with several huts, should prove popular for many years to come.

B.W.C.

MOUNT MURCHISON

The morning of November 20 dawned fine, which meant that Bob, Geoff and myself were to attempt to climb Mt. Murchison, the highest peak in the Arthur's Pass National Park. After breakfast we left the Barker Hut and set out for the White Col. High cloud from the nor'west did not encourage us any but a wind from the south kept us on. We reached the White Col about 6 a.m., took some photographs and then roped up. Freezing was about nil that morning and our snow plug up the White Glacier was hot and laborious work. At 8 a.m. we gained the high col just under the final 200 ft. buttress of Murchison. This buttress was steep, causing us to belay each other as we moved up. Half-way up we had to negotiate an extremely rotten piece of rock which necessitated great care. We then pigeon-holed up the last steep snow slope which brought us to the crest of the summit ridge. Being able to move together again, we followed the slightly corniced ridge to the summit (7,873 ft.).

From the top Mt. Cook was visible through haze and so were the Rakai Peaks. Our view-gazing was limited as an icy cold wind kept us sheltered behind a rock. After a bite to eat and some panorama photography we left the summit for the hut. Crampons made it easier to move down the steep slopes to the head of the glacier. Once off the steep part we plodded down the glacier in the heat of the day. On reaching the hut our faces were sunburnt and in a sorry state and the unanimous decision was to rest the next day.

B.W.L.

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BALLAD O' THE WAEFU' STRANGER

Yestreen I spied a waeфу' stranger
 a-tramping on his ane.
 Fane wad I warn hur o' the danger
 But he gaed on alane.

He scorned the farmer's outstretched hand
 As he gaed o'er the Sawmill Brig,
 Wi' heid held hie he quit the land
 But I care nether a fig.

The stranger's ghastie haunts the track
 Whene'er the moon liles high.
 In frosty weather his banes dae crack
 And he utters a long drawn sigh.

Sae a' of ye baith young and old
 This lesson does but show
 Tae heed advice that he ere told
 By them that ocht tae know.

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THIRTY FEET DOWN A SLOT

Easter 1959 found me in the Upper Waimak. on a C.M.C. Climbing Course most of which took place on the White Glacier above the Barker Memorial Hut; and here the skills of snow and ice climbing were demonstrated and practised, including crevasse rescue technique.

The instructors selected a not so innocent looking schrund 60 - 70 ft. deep and throughout the day 'instructees' were lowered to a small ice ledge about 15 ft. down and, with much effort from those on top, hauled out again.

After lunch it was decided to set up another rescue group to enable all course members to have their chance. As luck would have it, I was to be the first down from the second position. Two good shaft belays were put in near the lip while I harnessed up and then I was ready to go.

"Over you go" called Jack, and I jumped, or rather slithered over the brink into the unknown. After falling about 10 ft. the rope jammed in the snow and I pulled up with a jerk thus relieving my anxieties as to whether or not the knots would hold. Having endured a shower of ice and snow as John Hayward freed the rope, I carried on down at some speed and I suspect things were a little out of control on top. Somebody had evidently left the plumb-bob at home and I shot quickly past the ledge on which I was intended to land and continued on until I became temporarily wedged in a vertical hole in an overhanging bulge of ice. A couple of twists and I slid through the hole, and was finally pulled up a few feet below. The rope had somehow not followed me through the hole but was jammed around the outside of the bulge in such a position as to make any attempt to haul me out quite futile as I could only be pulled up under the overhanging ice. So there I was, gyrating gently in mid-air with another thirty or forty feet to the bottom and no prospect of an easy exit. A foot loop came snaking down, and having got this on (not without difficulty) I felt a little more comfortable!

Time passed and I was aware that those above were a little perturbed about my predicament. While the numerous instructors voiced their opinions I found that the rope harness pulling up under my armpits had cut off the circulation to my arms which were becoming correspondingly weaker. After twisting and turning for a while I eventually wedged myself into a sitting position with my posterior on a convenient bulge of ice and my feet up against the opposing rock. This was much better as it enabled the ropes to be slackened and relieve the pressure on my arms. I now felt relatively comfortable, and awaited developments.

Firstly, Jack was lowered onto the afore-mentioned bulge above me but we agreed this would be futile as I would certainly be struck by the odd hundred weight of ice concerned. Next two more ropes were sent down, one with a carabiner and sling and the other with a foot loop. The belaying point for these ropes was about six feet to the left of the original point, so that when I was freed I would pendulum out past the offending bulge and be hauled straight out. The only remaining problem was to manoeuvre the ropes, which were partially jammed, around the ice bulge so I could carry out the pendulum act. By slackening off the ropes from above I managed to slowly work them round to the required position. The slack was taken in on the second pair of ropes and I swung out into the open again. With several able bodies pulling from the top I rose steadily up using the standard two rope method, although progress at first was almost negligible, due to the elasticity of nylon rope. Had I been much lower this rescue method might not have worked. With plenty of assistance from the others, a grunt and a heave got me over the lip and I was out.

Although I had been down for about three quarters of an hour I was not cold and of course was quite sheltered from the wind. Despite this, I found I had weakened somewhat and had some difficulty raising and standing up on my leg while using the two ropes on the way out.

Once out of all the ropes, slings, etc., and after

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a warm drink I was back to normal and we all romped down the glacier to Barker with a healthy respect for crevasses and their potential danger to the unwary.

"CREVASSE KING"

SONG OF THE DESPONDENT TRAMPERS

(Tune: "Can I sleep in your barn to-night Mister?)

It is twenty-one miles to the bivvie
and one score and one home again.
Why the heck did I head for the mountains
when the weather forecast was for rain?

A Spaniard has punctured my instep
and my parka was torn on the rocks.
My jersey was pinched by a tourist
and the blowflies got hold of my socks.

The weather's been nor'west for a fortnight.
We can't cross the river to the hut.
We have only a handful of oatmeal
and the other food rations are cut.

We've no friends down the Lake who will miss us.
We can't find a pack horse to borrow,
but somehow we'll stagger over the mountains
for a ride on the "Earnslaw" tomorrow.

"MAX"

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CHRISTMAS TRIP, 1958-59.DART - WHITBURN - ARAWATA - MATUKITUKI

Party: Tony Croxford, Gerard Kampjes, Tony Bowden, and Brian Cleugh.

On the morning of 19th December as the Earnslaw headed towards Glenorchy, it was with keen anticipation that we studied the peaks and valleys at the head of Lake Wakatipu. Our way lay up the Dart and Whitburn valleys to the Whitburn Saddle, where we were expecting an air drop in five days' time. Several hours later the bush closed in around us to sever the last direct connection with civilization we would have for the next 15 days. We were in no great hurry, and the perfect weather and heavy packs (despite the air drop) encouraged us to enjoy several lengthy sessions of "Maori P.T." Nevertheless we were glad to arrive at Survey Flat by 8 p.m. where we camped, the journey through the bush from Chinaman's Bluff to the Flat seeming interminable.

After a good night's sleep we rose at the civilized hour of 9 a.m. leaving three hours later. This late departure was attributed to, among other things, the splendid view of Mts. Earnslaw and Plut, their rocky summits blue with haze seeming to hang in the sky above us. The weather was perfect, so that many halts were made to enjoy the beautiful scenery which this valley affords. It was after 6.30 p.m. when we arrived at the Dredge Hut to be greeted by a ravenous horde of sandflies. As we travelled up the Dredge Flats we were impressed by the number of deer which we saw. The Flats were literally moving with them.

We were glad to be under way the following morning at 9.30 as the sandflies were making life thoroughly miserable. They apparently had the same love for "Dimp" and other insect repellents as an ancoholic has for liquor. The view of the upper Dart from the lower end of Cattle Flat whetted

33.

our appetites for a quick trip up to the Whitburn Junction and after a meal we set off at a fast pace. However, the hot sun quickly evaporated our enthusiasm and we stopped half way up this extensive flat for a bigger and better meal. After this, a slow but steady pace was set to the top of the flat where once in the shade of the bush enthusiasm returned. Despite being misled by a large deer trail (not the first time) we lowered guide book times to arrive at the Whitburn Junction at about 7 p.m. After a short spell the rope was uncoiled and we turned our attention to the crossing of the Dart, the swift, impressive waters of which were grey with silt. Gerard was given a belay, slowly and carefully crossing to the opposite side. The remainder of us tied on to the rope, linked arms and belayed by Gerard, tackled the river to emerge after some exciting moments, on the other side, dripping wet and clothes filled with silt. We camped near the head of the Junction Flats, where there are fine camping sites and plenty of easily gathered firewood. An enjoyable evening was spent round the campfire, contributed to by a hard day's work in the open in pleasant surroundings, good companions and with the crossing of the Dart behind us (a major obstacle on a journey up the Whitburn) complete peace of mind.

9.15 Monday morning saw some frenzied activity as a search was made for the start of the track leading to the Upper Whitburn Flats. This track which is both blazed and cairned is a little indistinct, but becomes easier to follow as height is gained. The journey to the Upper Flats which we reached at 10.30 a.m. served to intensify a dislike for sub-alpine scrub. After boiling up and admiring Mt. Lydia the top of which was obscured by cloud, we set to collecting green scrub with which to make a smoke fire on the Whitburn Saddle to signal wind direction and velocity to the pilot of the plane making the air drop. When loaded with this we resembled Christmas trees. As the weather was slowly deteriorating no time was lost from then on as we hoped to reach the Whitburn neve before nightfall. From the flats a short rock scramble on the right (true left) of the valley took us on to scree slopes above the glacier. As

34.

the glacier was too broken up to travel on at this point, we sidled round the scree for a short distance before descending to the glacier where a narrow snow "highway" led up between glacier and mountain side. By following this we turned the lower icefall before returning to the mountain side. Once above this icefall the going was easy, right into the neve, except for a few breaks which had to be turned. After choosing a camping site near water, we pitched the tents shortly before 6 p.m., feeling not a little awed by the icy splendour of our surroundings. By 9 p.m. the weather had descended upon us, so that we slept only intermittently because of the violent flapping of the tent, the rasping of rain and sleet on it, and the hollow roar of avalanches brought down by the nor'wester.

Morning brought an improvement in the weather. The cloud ceiling had risen about 700 ft. above the neve, so we hurriedly packed and set out for the saddle about mid-day. We had travelled only a short distance when the mist descended again. On reaching the head of the neve we were unable to ascertain in which direction the saddle lay, so we pitched the tent once more to the accompaniment of more rain. An active avalanche area above us, plus the knowledge that our air drop was due on the saddle in the morning ensured that no-one slept much that night. Gerard rose at 12.30 a.m. to inspect the weather, but lost sight of the tent after only twenty paces from it, so returned to bed. I rose three hours later to find the clouds had cleared a little. The moon's rays shone through the gaps striking lofty crags and snowfields, making a spectacular and mystical scene. However, a bitterly cold wind which was whipping fresh snow about soon drove me back inside the tent.

By 8 a.m. the weather was definitely clearing so we rose hurriedly to prepare breakfast and pack. At 9.45 a.m. Tony Bowden and I left for the saddle carrying the scrub and half our gear. Soft snow combined with a few false leads on the broken snow slopes leading up to the saddle slowed us considerably, so that we were still several hundred feet from the saddle when the air drop came. On reach-

35.

ing the saddle at 12.45 p.m. we were not impressed when we found only one of the seven sacks of food and fuel in sight. The wind was dragging this by its parachute towards a huge crevasse on the Whitburn side of the saddle. Having secured it we began searching for the other sacks, recovering the 2nd from the slopes on the Snow White Glacier side of the saddle. The 3rd we found embedded in the snow where it had been free-dropped. Tracks led us towards a large crevasse on the Whitburn side, where we saw 3 more sacks on a snow shelf only 20 ft. down. I belayed Tony down to these and before long we had them safely on the saddle. On the 7th sack we saw no trace. A short spell was enjoyed studying the splendid scenery by which time Gerard and Tony Croxford with full loads, ploughed through the by now very soft snow onto the saddle. Tony Bowden and I then left for the rest of our gear and with that "beginning of season awkwardness" gone, raced down in half an hour to return in only $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. By this time Gerard and Tony were hard at work digging a snow cave above the saddle near a rock outcrop on the Maoriri side. By 11 p.m. the cave was habitable and we moved in together with a great deal of food. Having been on hard rations for the last few days we had ideas of making a midnight feast now that we had all the food we wanted. We were sadly disillusioned, for our white spirit primuses would not burn properly and eventually went out. To add to our consternation the candles burned lower and lower eventually going out also. As lack of oxygen was obviously the cause of the trouble a ventilating hole was hastily driven through the roof but this only improved matters slightly. Eventually however we managed to heat some mince which had been cooked before being packed in the air drop. Having eaten this we slept on the problem.

The following morning which was Christmas Day was spent drying things which had got wet on the Whitburn neve and enlarging the snow cave. An estimated 20 cubic yards of snow was dug from it. A nor'wester with accompanying conditions arrived during the afternoon, and for the next two days we were confined to the cave by the weather.

36. Sunday 28th saw an improvement in the weather so we rose at 4 a.m. and by 5.45 a.m. we were enjoying the sound of crampons crunching into hard snow, as we ascended Mt. Maoriri. On gaining the summit ridge between the snow and rock summits, we ascended the rock summit to break into sunshine. We enjoyed climbing our first peak for the season 50 minutes after leaving the snow cave. After a short spell we turned our attention to Mt. Edward, and descending from the summit of Maoriri by the same route as the ascent had been made, quickly ascended the easy snow slopes to Edward's summit which was gained 35 mins. after leaving the top of Maoriri. Some time was spent on Edward studying the extensive panorama, which, although marred by mist in the Joe and Arawata valleys and the Northern Olivines was truly splend. Interesting views were obtained of the Wilkin and Matukituki areas, while the Forbes, Barrier and Central Olivine Ranges held our attention for some time. Mt. Aspiring towered above everything else as it always does when viewed from a height. To the south Mt. Tutoko monarch of the Darrans, towered above its lesser satellites. Attention now focussed on the Marion Tower and no time was wasted in getting to grips with it as the weather was once again deteriorating. After an interesting and enjoyable rock climb, its summit was reached at 10.30 a.m. A high level route under Edward and Maoriri took us back to our cave by about 1 p.m., the last half hour being made in the mist. The weather then became really dirty, remaining so all Monday and most of Tuesday.

On Tuesday evening some time was spent admiring the sunset which was made all the more beautiful by the mists which rolled up and down and around the peaks giving fleeting glimpses of rocky ridge and pink-tinged glacier. Should the weather be fine, the plan for the following day was to attempt a traverse of Mt. Lydia. Should the weather appear uncertain, we would climb Snow Dome, then head for the Matukituki via the "high level route" to the Arawata Saddle.

The following morning we rose at 1 a.m. and left at 2.15 a.m. for Snow Dome, arriving on top in about half an hour where we considered the situation. A strong nor'west wind roared and whistled over the rock ridges of nearby Mt. Pivot, while the dim shapes of mountain peaks loomed out of the darkness around us. In the east a yellowish glow was already spreading into the starry sky, where the sun was to rise in several hours' time. In the west cloud and mist could be seen swirling up the valleys and round the peaks. Regretfully we turned our backs on Lydia and headed back to the cave. As dawn was breaking we swung our packs onto our backs and after a last look at the snow cave which had proved so comfortable, we headed down the Snow White Glacier. As we travelled down the glacier our attention focussed on the impressive Mt. Ionia and later Mt. Aspiring whose icy spire was a splendid subject for photography. The upper icefall of the Snow White Glacier was turned on the snow slopes to the true left of the glacier; the second icefall is practically non-existent on the left hand side. By 7.30 a.m. we were at the end of the glacier and through the murk which prevailed, we caught our first glimpse of grassy river flat and bush after eight days in a world of ice and snow. Sidling more or less horizontally round steep snow grass slopes for a few hours, we reached a deep gut which necessitated the use of the rope to climb into. The climb up the other side was easy. More sidling snow grass brought us onto the brink of a spectacular precipice with a view of the Arawata Saddle a short distance away. We climbed onto a ledge above us which led towards the saddle and ascended this for about 1,000 ft. before coming to a steep gut partly filled with snow which led down to the easy slopes leading up to the saddle. The descent into this gut required care, the packs having to be lowered down on a rope. The top of the saddle was reached at 5 p.m. The Matukituki side of the Arawata Saddle is quite steep and as our packs were fairly heavy - about 70 lb. - and we were already tired, great care was required during the descent. Our route began from the Mt. Barff side of the saddle. It led down and across snow slopes towards Mt. Liverpool onto

3. a narrow ledge which was rendered treacherous by a layer of fresh powdered snow over old snow, now soft and unstable with the warmth of the sun. After following this ledge for its full length, we roped the packs down to a lower ledge which gave access to a steep snow slope against Liverpool itself. This in turn gave access to the easier slopes below. Fast time was made down the central moraine below the saddle and it was not until we began climbing up through the bluffs at the bottom end of the Liverpool basin that we appreciated how tired the complete crossing had made us. It was after 11 p.m. before everyone was at the Liverpool bivouac and after midnight before we were in bed after the hardest day any of us had ever spent. We awoke in the morning to hear heavy rain beating down. We left the bivvie at mid-day and travelled down to the Aspiring Hut to be greeted by the hut custodians, Mr. and Mrs. Kershaw, with their well-known hospitality.

The following day we travelled out to the Mt. Aspiring Station Homestead, where we enjoyed the hospitality of the Aspinalls before leaving the next day for our various destinations.

So ended the most enjoyable trip any of us had spent in the mountains.

B. M. C.

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JIM FREEMAN - PROPRIETOR

My 1st is in Bunk and also in Bed;

My 2nd is in Slasher and also in Axe;

My 3rd is in Burn's but not in Sawmill;

My 4th is in River and also in Creek;

My 5th is in Bun but not in Bread;

My 6th is in Dubbin, but not in Wax;

My 7th is in Double, but not in Hill;

My 8th is in Silver, but not in Peak;

The answer's a place where we all like to meet-
Sometimes it's known as the "Sunday Retreat."

"GWEN II" (Ben Rudd's)

EASTER - AHURIRI

Night clothed the Ahuriri and quietude reigned. The Watson valley, one of its northern branches was not so peaceful, however, as it resounded to the noise of laughter and a radio blaring into the starry void. It was just the usual revelry of two of the many O.T.C. parties in the Ahuriri for Easter. The members of the first party were: Frank Graveson and his two 'boys' Geoffrey Williamson and Bruce Scott; and the second, Bob Cunninghame, Peter Strang, John MacLean and Laurie White.

Seven-thirty the next morning (Saturday) saw a rather shay-lo king line of human beings threading their way through the last vestige of scrub and still keeping to the true left bank as they had been on entering the valley from the Ahuriri. Their destination - a possible saddle at the head of the North Branch of the Watson, on the Barrier Range and giving access to Temple Stream. The main Watson soon divided and the more northerly branch was followed. Easy going over tussock, snowgrass and boulders took the two parties to the head of the valley in just over two hours. By 10.45 all were climbing steadily upward towards a likely saddle just S.S.E. of peak 7,181 ft. on the Barrier Range. After a long plug up good consolidated scree slopes the niche was gained at one in the afternoon - at over 6,000 ft.

A short respite during which Mt. Huxley to the north, Mt. Barth (to the west), and the approaching nor'wester were subjects for discussion, left us fresh for the descent which looked easy and was begun in high spirits. At three in the afternoon, however, the position was obviously hopeless as bluffs and steep snow grass blocked the way. Definitely not to be attempted by the party as it was. With strong expressions which are best not repeated here, the weary seven turned about and returned over the pass to make camp in the Watson at 7.30 that night.

41.

Sunday dawned to reveal a gray and wintry world. Snow lay on the tops and veils of rain moved slowly down the valley. Some trampers also moved slowly down valley and by 11 a.m. they were gazing into the Ahuriri again, and bowling huge boulders into the Watson Gorge for lack of something useful to do. 11.30 saw them all standing outside the "President's Hut" in the main valley telling some weird stories about their experiences to the other parties in residence. Frank and Bob had their sewing matters attended to - just in time! In the afternoon a game of cricket took place (O.T.C. versus O.T.C.) and what a game! With a beech rod as a bat, and countless empty tins as balls the game was fast and furious. The women members of the teams starred brilliantly and the selectors' job was all but impossible in the flying barrage. At 2.45 Bob's victorious cricket team retired - up valley to the top hut which they reached at 4.30 in the evening in a light drizzle.

Monday dawned fine and at 11 a.m. Bob, Peter, Laurie and John were belting their way up through the bush behind the hut making for the basin on the north side of Barth. From a slope above the basin a likely saddle to the Hunter between Barth and Calvin presented itself, and by 2.30 after a long scree grind and a bit of steep scrambling, the foursome were gazing onto new vistas. Now nothing could restrain them. Up the ridge to the south of the saddle they clambered and by 3 p.m. they were all standing on a snowy summit at about 7,500 ft. between Calvin and Barth. The north face of Barth still towered above them and it looked - hairy!

The view was terrific and the next hour was spent identifying peaks, taking photos, and of all things, some speleology as Bob's precious home-made chocolate clattered 10 ft. down a hole in the mountain's interior (it was cold down there!) At 4.20 the saddle was regained, followed by a most exhilarating descent on a steep scree slope which led into the basin. By 6 the hut was reached in the gathering dusk and four tired but happy O.T.C. types prepared to enjoy their last evening together in the mountains before returning to the outside world. P.J.H.S.

SPRING TRAMPING

On Thursday 18th Sept. 1958, I left the office at 5.15 and headed home with a light heart, for that night was to see Kath and me sleeping under the stars beside the road at Frankton.

We woke in the morning to a hard frost and bemoaned the fact that we had not made enough preparations to have breakfast in bed. After an hour's wait for a bulldozer driver, the Earnslaw finally moved off at 9 a.m. and at last we felt that we were really on our way to our Whitebaiter friends at Big Bay.

As we neared Kinloch it became obvious that a Nor'wester was building. Bryant's bus, and the trip to the Routeburn brought back memories, but, never had we travelled through a raging Dart dust storm on that journey.

Before setting out for the Routeburn Huts we were informed, over a cup of tea, that it would be impossible to cross the Harris Saddle. I, novice, argued that the snow was light, and anyway, I had crossed the saddle under snow before, to which I received the shattering reply: "Oh well, the earliest the saddle has been crossed was at the beginning of December and that was last year, a year of no snow. I'll see you back here in a couple of days."

To return and proceed via the Greenstone would have involved extra time and effort, and besides we thought we would not be very popular if we approached the 1080 trials. So on and up to the Huts in a steadily increasing drizzle.

Next morning broke grey and misty, but almost dry, so we were soon on our way. Before bushline was reached it was raining. Another half-hour and we were in a blizzard; wind, hail and rain; a short spell of just wind; then wind, snow and rain, in seemingly endless succession. This, and soft snow rapidly getting deeper as we climbed.

Soon we only saw the sub-alpine scrub when we fell through the snow to it. "Lovely stuff" was this soft, wet snow; up to the chest, clamber up on to the top of it, then, clamber up on the top again.

By now serious doubts were entering our minds as to whether we could cross the saddle. Numerous hares were able to run lightly across the snow but we found it most unpleasant as we floundered about in the wet goo. (Once I landed 6 ft. below the surface). Finally, during a brief lull in the blizzard, we saw the bluff through which the track runs to the saddle. The bluff was OUT; and with a sigh, we realized that we had a long walk back.

Before retracing our steps I told Kath that she must be able at least to say she had seen Lake Harris and then despite protests from a frozen wife I descended a little to try and see through the flying snow. A white sheet appeared and a wild idea was born. We roped up, then walked around and across Lake Harris. There was three inches of snow on top of ice - thick enough to hold us. Once across the Lake, twenty minutes' very hard work up deep, steep, soft snow saw us on the saddle, and without a backward glance, down, down to the Hollyford.

R.M.L.

FOUND - ONE CLEUGH (?)

There was a poor farmer called Clough
Who a thorough good furrow did plough,
Though one day in the rough
He developed a cough
And soon was so ill he lost all his dough.

Anon.

MT. ENDERBY - HUNTER VALLEY.

Rising at 3 a.m. is not one of the most pleasant things on one's Christmas holidays, but to climb it must be so. After a good breakfast, the sandflies found us trying to find a crossing place on the Hunter River. At about 4.30 Chuff was getting on fine when the rope got in a very good mess, so while he got real cool, Frank and self untangled it. On the other side we stopped and wrung out our sox. The sandflies really appreciated this short stop in their midst!

We moved off through the bush on a good deer trail up a ridge and just as we reached the top of the bush we saw two deer. Then on for about an hour till we reached the first snow where we roped up, had a look at the ice where it had dropped away and estimated it was from 50 - 70 ft. thick, and had a light snack. Moving off across the snow, which here was soft and wet, we climbed on until we reached a large rock buttress. Moving round the base of this we re-gained the ridge and had a magnificent view of the ranges to the north. Turning round we moved round the rock to see if it was climbable at all and after 3 attempts it was agreed we could not get up it so we moved off round the snow till stopped by a large crevasse. Here lunch was taken and also some photos, but Frank did not like the idea that he should go down the crevasse and have his photo taken. Admittedly he most probably would not get quite out again, but "Oh well, more food for us!" We then moved off down following our upward tracks, and also starting a few avalanches. Once off the snow we sat down to take the rope off, but it was good and warm in the sun so we had a short sleep. We were wakened by a sudden gust of wind which took both of Frank's waterproof gloves straight up into the air for quite a distance. One arrived back but the other disappeared. So we moved off down the snow grass, through the bush, across the river, through the sandflies and back to the hut. A bit disappointed, but satisfied with the day's effort. P.B.

MIDWINTER WORKING PARTY

Jubilee Hut was the site, the week-end of the shortest day the time, and grubbing out the fire-break round the hut was the task. Saturday morning dawned fine and sunny. A party of eight set out from Leith Saddle via Burn's Track. A collision at the Red Hut Forks was narrowly averted when four fit types came bolting onto the main track, two of them straining for the front of the line. A pleasant lunch spell was had in and around Green Peak Hut and then we were away on the grind to Silver Peak.

Soon Jubilee was reached and the 'public Works' began. There was a ready demand for the two grubbers carried over and the fire break was cleared quite quickly, while the three girls on the trip began preparing the evening meal.

The largest party cooked dinner down by the creek, leaving the hut for primus cooking. The creek party baked a camp oven loaf which turned out to be edible after being 'decarbonised' (The red hot stones and ashes surrounding the camp oven in the hole in the ground had produced a fiercer heat than was expected.)

Three further trampers arrived in the course of the evening, having tramped over quite easily by moonlight. A camp-fire sing-song and several suppers later saw the party ready for the sack. It was a beautiful night - clear, fine and frosty; and the full moon showed up the jagged ridges with dramatic shadow patterns.

The twelve who triple-bunked in the hut spent a warm but crowded night. They seemed disappointed to learn that the three who slept under the beech trees were not frost-bitten at all. A longish lunch-spell back at Green on Sunday afternoon produced a lively conversation about .. maggots! Beer vat maggots, as big as horses .. others only as large as bull frogs! Seven people tramped out to Evansdale in rain and the remainder to Double Hill. In all, a thoroughly enjoyable week-end and a good effort on the part of the fire-break clearers.

"MAX"

46.

HUNTER VALLEY - DEC. 23, 1958 to
8 or 9 Jan, 1959.

PARTY: J.R.Chivers, P. Barker, J.F.Graveson.
LEADER: J.R.Chivers.

PROPOSED PLANS:

Dec.23: By car to head of Lake Hawea and then
a few miles up valley.

" 24: Up Hunter Valley } To deer cullers' hut
" 25: " " " } at Long Flat Ck.

" 26-27: Attempts on Mts.Wray and Ferguson if
fine; otherwise up to top deer cullers'
hut just below forks.

" 28-Jan.6: Choice of valleys dependent on
weather.

1. Reconnaissance of approaches to Mt.Huxley.
Will possibly attempt to reach saddle with
South Huxley Valley and attempt Huxley or
peaks to north.
2. West Branch of Hunter:
 - (a) Ascent of Studholme Passes and attempt
on adjacent peaks;
 - (b) Ascent of Wilson's Pass and attempt on
Mts. Greenfield, Tylee and Holdsworth.
3. East Branch of Hunter (doubtful). May
attempt peaks or investigate Hunter Glacier.

Jan.7-8: Return from top hut down Hunter Valley.
May return to car on night of 8th or morning
of 9th.

Equipment and Food: Food for three men for 16
days ($1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. per man per day). Equipment: climbing
rope, river crossing rope (1,000 lb.), crampons
(two members), tent, two Prussik slings each,
primus and fuel, etc.

THE 18th JANUARY, 1959.

I seem to have reached the stage in my tramping career where I rank two trips a year. This one, the first of the year, and the other on the shortest day of the year.

The 18th January 1959, besides being the first trip of the year, could also be classed as the hottest. The Official trip was described as - 'St. Clair - Blackhead - Brighton. Exchange 9.45.'

On the Tuesday before I thought I had better ring Cargill's Castle to obtain permission to pass through the grounds. After near enough to half a dozen attempts, I gave up and decided a walk up to the Castle on the Saturday morning was the only solution. Saturday morning was rather an unfortunate time because the cricket started at Carisbrook at 10.30. On arrival at the castle, I found nobody was in occupation, but the gentleman living at the Castle Cottage was happy that we should pass through on the morrow.

I like fine weather for my trips, but when I awoke on the Sunday morning, it was definitely not a tramping day - if you get what I mean; more a day for some Maori P.T. at the beach. Being the leader and having old-fashioned ideas about leaders turning up, I duly arrived at the Exchange at 9.40. Most people must have thought it was the beach for them, as only three others arrived.

The run out in the bus didn't take long and we were soon up to the Castle, pausing on our way from time to time to drink in the view. The morning was perfect with absolutely no breeze, and as we looked south from the Castle we took in one of the finest of local coastal views.

I was already down to a shirt, shorts and shoes; and in comparison, as we were to find out, the temperature was cool to what it was to be later on in the day.

Shortly after leaving the castle nowadays, you have to get through the Golf Club property as they have now extended to the Cliff edge. A little further on we ran into another notice which said "Keep Off". As I have always understood that a

Public Track exists to Tunnel Beach, I took exactly no notice. We probably had proceeded for about five minutes, when a bull-voiced individual inquired from above if we "couldn't read the b..... notice."

I took this as my cue to stroll up the hill to meet the "Loud One." When I reached him he turned out to be O.K. once he found out that we were an official O.T.C. party. New members at this stage please note - don't do anything to have the public change its mind. With our friend's blessing we ambled along to Tunnel Beach where the party had its first of many swims. The water was so enjoyable that we didn't feel like moving, but the thought of lunch at Blackhead eventually got us on our way.

Before getting out to the road we had a short yarn with an old chap who lived in a bach behind a farmhouse. We were getting really clued up on the rabbit situation until he remembered his immersion heater was probably boiling away his potatoes which he was preparing for lunch.

I think everybody was glad to reach the Blackhead beach and endeavour to cool down. Over lunch I made the suggestion that perhaps on account of the heat some of the others would like to spend the rest of the day at Blackhead rather than go on to Brighton. The temperature really made our decision for us as nobody was against the idea.

In all we spent four hours jumping in and out of the sea every half hour or so. We met up with one other Club member who was spending the day at the beach and really spent a very enjoyable time.

The walk up the hill to the top of Corstorphine followed with our only female being given a ride in a car by none other than our old friend with the loud voice.

This was a day notable for the fact I have really seen a tramper frothing at the mouth.

"TALL TIMBER"

FRANKIE & JOHNNIE

Frankie and Johnnie went climbing
Up above Arthur's Pass way.
Poor old Johnnie slipped
And over he tripped
And fell in a creek below
I'm sure you bet
That he was wet.

Frankie called in at the Hostel.
Tired of the ice and the snow.
"Join the Y.H.A.
If you want to stay,
Or it's out in the snow you go!"
She held her breath
But she froze to death.

Johnnie came over the mountain
Yelling out Frankie by name.
He marched right up to the Warden,
Said "You're the one to blame.
See what I do
When I pick on you!"

Johnnie went up to the Warden
Gave him a heck of a fright.
He punched him on the side of the chin
And he done the fella in.
"If she'd been here,
I'd have had my beer!"

"MAX"

50. OTAGO TRAMPING CLUB MEMBERS, 1959.

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 ADAM, Miss M., 22 Boomer St., Green Island.
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51.

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