

OUTDOORS

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

40th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

November, 1963

Volume 9, No. 5

Whitcombe & Tombs Ltd

BOOKS to interest

CAMPERS TRAMPERS DEERSTALKERS

MOIR'S GUIDE BOOK (Southern Section)

Guide to the Great Southern Lakes and Fiords of Otago and Southland—
Queenstown, Routeburn, Hollyford Southwards - - - - - 12/6

MOIR'S GUIDE BOOK (Northern Section)

This includes Rees, Dart, Matukituki, Wanaka, Hawea Districts; Haast
Pass and Landsborough; Rockburn, Olivine, Pyke; Haast to Big Bay;
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168 PRINCES STREET

DUNEDIN

O U T D O O R S

Volume 9 No. 5
November, 1963

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

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40th Anniversary issue

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Thanks to the following people who made possible
the edition of "Outdoor":

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Illustrations: Mary Wilson.

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Photographs: Peter Johnson, Mary Wilson,
Laurence White, L. Mowat.

To the Club members who collated this magazine and
finally the advertisers who assisted this financially.

* *

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

By the time you receive this, you will probably be sorting out your gear and food for Christmas. It is always fun to prepare for another long trip. If you are going into a valley not previously visited, there is the atmosphere of the unknown. A valley you have been to before has always so many things one has not done or perhaps the weather will be better this year.

This year, we will again run an advanced instruction course. Let us hope that there will be an increase in climbing this Christmas - keeping in mind that the Club has never had a serious accident.

The fortieth anniversary has come and gone. It has accentuated the recent growth. If we consider two new branches, the advanced instruction course and a sudden interest in ski-ing by an enthusiastic section of our members. The first object of the Club is to encourage walking, climbing, ski-ing and mountaineering in New Zealand. Some of the larger tramping clubs in New Zealand have their own climbing and ski-ing sections and their own transport as well. Perhaps, the time has arrived for us to expand not only by setting up branches in different centres but also by taking an active interest in climbing and ski-ing. Now we have over two hundred members. At the fiftieth anniversary, we may have a strong climbing section, a hut at Coronet Peak and our own transport.

This year's Christmas trip will be in the Hopkins. There are also a good number who will visit other valleys which is a sign that the Club is very active. So long as we remain active, the Club will keep going ahead.

I wish you all the best the weather can offer over Christmas and hope you will return with renewed enthusiasm so that the Club can grow even more next year.

October, 1963.

G. Kampjes,
President.

OBITUARY.

Old George, we called him, we of my generation, old George, although to the younger members of the Club, he was almost always referred to as Mr. Arras. For very many years, George Arras was a well known figure in the local hills. His easily recognised walk, the long, slow, rolling stride of the old up country farmer, which even his years in the Army couldn't efface, was the envy of so many of us, a score and more years his junior, so easily did he appear to travel over difficult terrain. When I joined the Club in 1942 and first met him, George was one of the Club's most active trampers. Seldom did a weekend pass without one meeting him somewhere in the hills and it was a source of great amusement for me to walk home with him, sometimes in the company of R.B.H. and listen to his character analysis of some new young member he'd met. Almost invariably, he'd conclude his remarks "However, I s'pose he'll turn out all right when he's had more experience." Although he had many acquaintances and was highly regarded by his neighbours, George had few close friends and his loneliness was indicated by his tendency in many of his casual remarks, to date events either so long before or after the deaths of his parents. He was not given much to talking about himself, in fact, I learned first from someone else of his activities as a professional guide in the Mt. Cook area. His advice, when asked for was readily given and his answers to various questions on tramping and climbing carried the seal of authority. The latter period of George's life was marked by longer periods of resting between his trips to the property in Whare Flat which was a source of considerable pride for him and more and more frequently, he used taxis to take him the better part of the journey. His recent illnesses and subsequent death has removed from the Club another link with its early days and we should feel privileged to have known him.

As we accompanied George on his last trip to the Chapel at Anderson's Bay, I for one felt that Nature had excelled herself in providing such a fitting day to mark the passing of this grand old man of the hills. The brisk wind blowing from the south, tempered the days warmth and, far away, the tops of Maungatua, coated with unseasonable snow, glistened in the morning sun. Let us remember him with affection for his contribution to the traditions of our Club.

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BLACK GULLY EXPEDITION 1962

With many friends away for Christmas M.... and I decided to undertake a trip a little different from the usual wander up Burns to Green and out Double Hill.

Saturday, December 22nd, dawned clear and sunny with two girls slogging up Pineapple track. The Swampy Summit was finally reached and after refreshing ourselves with cool, clean (?) water from Leith Valley, we strode off again with lunch at Hightop our immediate aim.

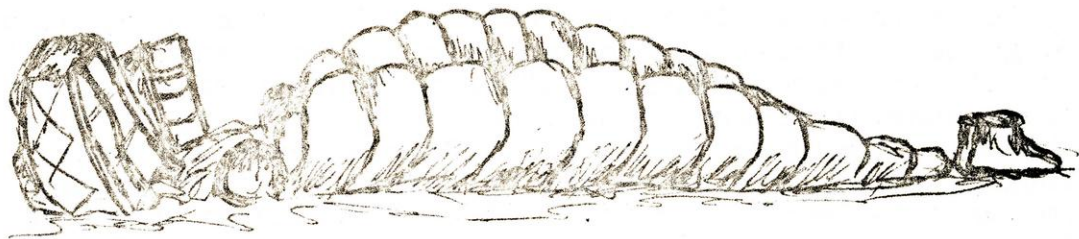
After dining sumptuously and spending some time coaxing enough water from the small trickle termed a stream, to wash the dishes, we donned our parkas once more and set off along the side of Hightop to the head of Black Gully.



We followed a steep track to the bottom of the first ridge, and from here a pig track through the dense manuka until it was lost in a maze of swampy areas similar to those found on Burns after a shower of rain. It was unanimously decided to take to the water. The stream, gained after sliding down a muddy bank, was surprisingly open and easy to follow.

One half-hour later, the stream widened out into a large pool, and the concrete structure of the dam was visible. In progressing through the thick bracken and fern, occasional glimpses of the dam and the murky water below us, were obtained.

At last, weary, scratched and sunburnt, we sat down to our evening meal, cooked over a not too willing fire and defunct primus.



That night, we slept in the middle of the grassy track below the hut and next morning, due to the slant and width of the track, we found ourselves in positions very far removed from where we bedded down the night before.

After eating a hearty breakfast and packing up, we left the dam at 10,30 a.m., the day promising to be as hot as the day before. The trip down to the bottom of Rongamai Ridge was rather uneventful, apart from the fact that one member of the party had the unfortunate experience of sitting down in the stream twice within an hour.

A cold lunch was consumed at the bottom of the ridge and after the inevitable mug of tea, we set off for Muries Falls guided by a well-blazed track. When within a few yards of our objective, it was remarked that "something's died around here....." and a quick, nosey inspection revealed a sheep's rather mutilated carcass a few yards from the track.

Once more at the bottom of the ridge, we embarked on a rather prickly journey to Evansdale and once there, a beeline was made for soft drinks and ice creams.

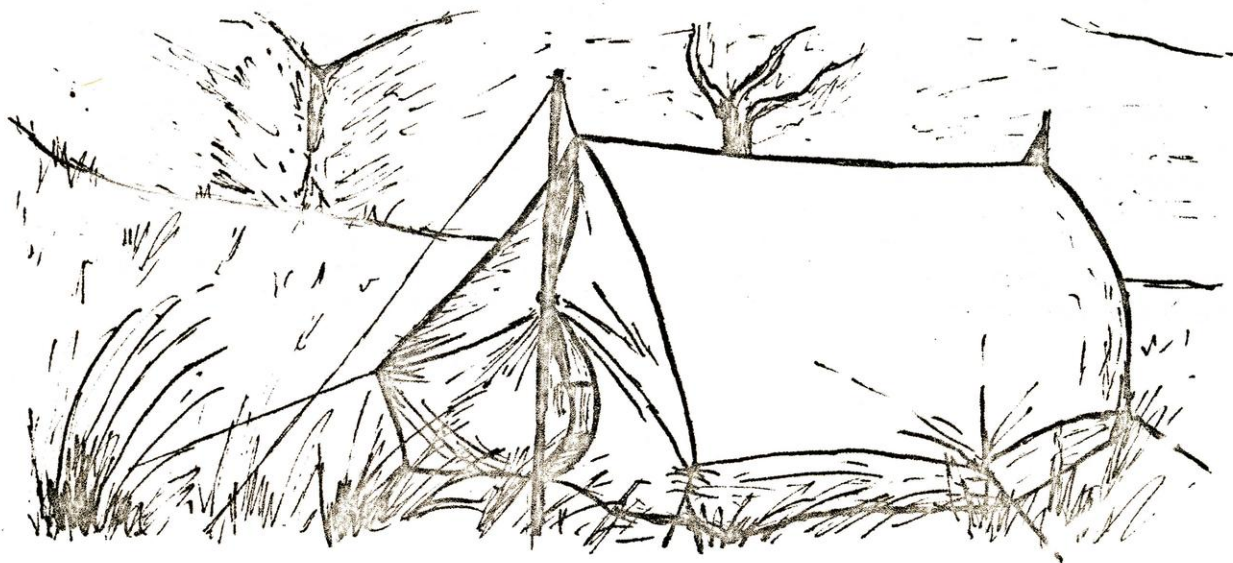
"K.M."



BLOWN OUT

We were up at 6.30 and ready to leave our camp site near the Kitchener River at about 9. It was an easy stroll through beech forest to the beginning of the track up to the pass into the Albert Burn. After an hour or so of pushing through moderately dense bush, we reached the top of the bushline. There we had lunch. Soon we were off again climbing up and up tussock and snowgrass. After an hour from lunch it began to rain. It took about six hours to get above the tussock line and then another half an hour to the Saddle. After one or two attempts to get down the other side over slippery snow grass and in the failing light we decided to camp the night up in the saddle.

Ross's party went over the hill a bit to get out of the wind (so they thought) and our two parties stayed right in the saddle. We pitched the two tents together and put at least five rocks on each guy rope. This proved useless because everytime the wind blew they fell over. After a skimpy tea, the ten of us crawled into our sleeping bags and tried to go to sleep but just about every time the wind blew, the guy ropes came undone and someone had to go out and do them up again.



At about 11.30 it happened - an extra big gust of wind and the five of us in our tent were out in the open. The tent had ripped up one side and down the other. After retrieving as much gear and food as possible three of us went into the other tent - making it eight in there. Ron and Garth braved the elements (it was now snowing) and wrapped

themselves in the remains of the tent. In the tent no one slept the whole night and the two outside had the bits of tent blown off them and had rivers running in one end of their sleeping bags and out the other.

By about 6.30 everyone was braced off with the cold so we got up. What a mess! Gear strewn all over the place! After we had retrieved some of it, we packed up and went to see how Ross & Co. had fared. There we saw two beautifully flattened tents. We left for the Matukituki as soon as we were ready. The tramp down was slippery and it was still raining. We reached the valley by about 11 o'clock. The river was a raging torrent and what had been little side streams were now almost impassable. When we entered the bush again, we came across one of the Army camps so we made ourselves at home round their fire and brewed billies of tea. Then off down valley again. When we reached the ford in the river there was a boat attached to a line. The only catch was that someone had to be on the other side to pull the boat across. So Bob, Garth and Ron crossed with arms linked. The Water was armpit deep but they made it. From then it was easy. All they had to do was to pull the rest of us over in the boat and then set off for Mt. Aspiring station to see if we could get accommodation for the night. After banging on the door and getting no reply, we came to the conclusion that there was no one at home so we set off back to the haybarn to the trucks. The river above the East Branch junction was quite low and we had no difficulty in crossing.

Once back at the truck, we left immediately for the Glendhu Bay camping ground, but as that was full, we pushed on to Wanaka where we were given a place to park the trucks.

Much to the curiosity of the rest of the campers, the fourteen soaking wet objects unpacked their gear in the wash house making it look like a Chinese laundry after a hurricane. We spent the next hour happily putting our sleeping bags through the wringer, scraping soggy food off the inside of our packs etc. After we had changed into dry clothes (for the lucky ones) or damp ones for the others, we set off for the Pembroke Tea Rooms for the first meal of the day - baked beans, eggs and bacon on toast thus ending a very eventful two days.

"THE DESERT"

TRAMPING - WHAT IT CAN MEAN

- and what it obviously means to most members.

Every time you end up slogging up the Staircase in the pouring rain, the same question is asked again and again "Why do we bother to go?". In Summer, when its blazing hot, and you are lost in a never-ending gorse bush, you never stop to consider the question. It occurs to you afterwards when you painstakingly remove the prickles with a blunt darning needle.

The question is most ably answered by A.P. Harper in his book "Memories of Mountains and Men", when he describes his feelings on what was his last big trip into the hills. All those who have been tramping for a few years will know how he felt when he realised that his tramping days were over, but what memories had been stored, and how he must have relived many a joyful moment!

There is only one genuine way to enjoy tramping and that is by taking an active part in the sport, meeting the rough and the smooth, and doing your share of "the dirty work". A "back to the armchair and cosy fire" attitude is all too common in members once they have obtained membership status. At least 50% of the members are quite unknown to the active trampers in the Club. This is a TRAMPING Club, not just a yarn session every Friday night or a gossip column produced monthly.



AN EYE FOR AN EYE

Four men sat at a table in a Scottish West Coast Hostel drinking tea, seemingly in a friendly manner - but this was not the case. The two younger men belonged to a Climbing Club which was a vigorous rival to that of the two older men. One of the young men was talking as he had been doing most of the evening, in a boastful manner.

That day they had all come down from the Coast from the same hostel; the younger men had made the pace which apparently was far from the liking of the older men, Harry and Jim. Jim could see Harry was bored with this youth but he let him have his say. If the youth had only known the man he was talking to was Harry _____!, and his climbs and fell walking feats were only rock scrambles and strolls compared with some of Harry's feats.

As these lads were going the same way tomorrow Jim thought something would have to be done. A faraway look came over Jim's face. "Yes" he thought "An eye for an eye" and wasn't Harry's and his Club's name at stake! He could almost hear the talkative youth telling all that would listen - "Yes, I remember when I walked Harry so-and-so and Jim so-and-so off their feet". Bed was suggested and the youths were off first.

Harry said to Jim as they rinsed out the Mugs "Make the pace tomorrow, right from the start. I had no liking for the way things went today. You know I'm a slow starter but by dinner time - look out!!" Jim nodded - "What you doing now, Jim?" as he watched him running the tap on some old newspaper. Jim replied sheepishly "Making sure of tomorrow - -" Harry left the kitchen with a puzzled look on his face; he had known Jim a long time and queer happenings didn't surprise him.

The following evening Harry was standing in front of the fire talking to the two youths. The talkative one had his feet in a basin of hot water, and every now and then would break in and curse himself for putting his boots too near the fire last night - seemed he had suffered tight boots today and was now easing the blisters.



At the sink, washing up, Jim smiled to himself.

Well, he had saved his Club's name hadn't he?

As Harry and the youths were going to bed Jim remembered he had to write up his diary and said he would be in shortly. Jim sat down and did write up the diary, then rising, went over to the back door and out to the porch. Picking up the "talkative youth's" boots, he thrust his hand well inside and from the toe of each boot in turn, pulled out a small tight wad of newspaper, - looked at them for a moment, and threw them out into the night.

A few years ago the rival Club had pulled a similar trick on Jim but not for the same reason. He had suffered for almost a week, 'til someone with a conscience put a note in his boot "There is good 'news' for you in the toes of your boots".



TRANQUILITY

The sun is bathing a scene of golden beauty from high up in the deep velvety blue of the limpid sky. The snow encrusted steeples of towering beauty rise up in a mountain, to be laced with a glitter of gilt-edged lining. Below we have myriads of colours. Gold embroidered leaves decorate limbs surrounded by the sweet smelling blooms taking on fanciful colours from the light of the sun. Beneath the trees, a riverlet of sparkling crystal clear liquid, bubbling and frothing, meanders its way down the stream. On the stream bank there bows a willow tree, looking for all the world like an overturned bowl of emeralds, and moving in the slight breeze bows to caress the water with light kisses. Under the tree the sun shines through in all manner of shapes like a great moving checkerboard of gold and satin. All around the birds are chirping and twittering, flitting back and forth very industriously - some low flying to find the numerous crickets which never seem to cease their musical chittering, others flying high with a glint of golden straw balancing from their bills.

All at once, dusk settled in. The birds ceased whistling. The crickets subsided, and looking up towards the mountains I found the great white pillars had turned a soft glowing orange which radiated out, bathing the sky and trees with a cloak of austere gentleness. Turning round, it was as though a curtain had been drawn across to disclose another world. Now there was a soft watery light from the moon, suspended like a golden orb set in a satin cushion, surrounded by a myriad of twinkling diamonds.

Following down the stream, I came upon a small pool of illuminated water, in which was reflected the beauty of the surrounding countryside which I had just seen, in a different light. This small change had transformed the whole countryside to one of limpid beauty. The trees now looked sombre and mournful. With the occasional chirrup of the late bird, the stream reflecting the moon bubbling tiny yellow tears. It all looked very forlorn. The towering pinacles and turrets of snow enveloped mountains looked pale and ominous. The clear cut shadows chiselled out to look like some great face peering down from the majestic height, challenging - to the puny hills and trees below.

"BOB"

RESCUE OPERATION IN THE WILKIN

New Year's Day had been mostly a day of frustrations. An early start under fine but rather uncertain conditions saw us by 8 o'clock on the main ridge leading up to Twilight Peak. To proceed to the peak now would involve three hours or so of high level work, with a magnificent view most of the time, if weather fine - but no ready escape route to the valley if it broke. And that was what it fairly certainly was going to do - certain enough any way to make it not worth the risk to commit ourselves to the high-level route until it had showed its hand. So for an hour or two we tarried on the main ridge, and watched the clouds get steadily heavier and lower. We did explore a route towards the Jumbo Saddle, but found ourselves completely cut off by an extensive bluff - and the detour route which seemed available was not certain enough under the prevailing conditions. For now it was raining, and our main idea was to get back to the valley with the minimum delay. We retraced to the point where we had reached the ridge earlier, and began the long descent. The snowgrass is pretty steep, and now that it was wet it called for a lot of care. We put our 200 feet or so.

We had just reached our camp in the valley when we had visitors - welcome themselves, but not in the news they brought. They were members of the Taranaki Alpine Club party, and one of their companions had had a slip earlier in the day on wet steep snowgrass, probably not unlike the slopes we had just come off. They had managed to get him down to a camp at the Pollux bivouac rock, but needed help to get him further. As we headed back to the hut to connect with the main party, my thoughts were "At first light tomorrow someone will have to be off down valley". But Gerry had other ideas. Not discouraged by having been up Oblong that day, he was all set to move off straight away - which he did, an hour or so later, with Bob Peters. Their night journey arriving at Mt Albert Homestead before breakfast, certainly speeded up the eventual rescue by at least one day; and in view of the break in the weather, probably a good deal more. I know I couldn't have done it - but I could at least appreciate their contributions.

Next morning after preliminary discussions with the rest of the Taranaki party, we set off with a large team. I travelled up with George, the Taranaki leader, and as bad luck would have it we missed the track above the Top Forks and had a fair bush scramble and a rather hazardous crossing of the Ragan stream. Soon after midday though we were at the top camp, and after a short spell we had strapped our patient on to a makeshift stretcher and the first carrying party moved off. Fortunately we had a full complement of helpers, so short stages "on duty" were the rule, while there was plenty of manpower for track-clearing, carrying swags and generally assisting. On the way we met up with further relief parties who had moved up later in the day; and the result of this constant infusion of fresh manpower was more than gratifying. In much less time than

we had thought possible, we were at the Top Fords, and camp was made for the night. Our parties headed back to Jumboland with the last of the daylight - meeting on the way the official police party and other helpers.

We were off from Jumboland well before sun-up the next day, but before we could reach the Top Forks we met the stretcher party, with the constabulary in the lead, heading steadily down valley. With surprising ease the stretcher was landed at the air-strip, the police party set off for home, and we settled down to brew numerous cups of tea and to await the arrival of the aircraft. Early in the afternoon it arrived with a rattle and a whirl, it was quickly loaded up and our patient was on his way to F nkton Hospital. We understand he is keenly looking forward to next climbing season.

In retrospect we can say this was a most successful operation, mainly because there was plenty of help and willing help at that - available. The thing worked out splendidly - and largely because of Gerry's great dash out to Mt Albert, there were no delays or hold-ups. If we had been a day later we could have been held up very seriously at the end.



"A DAY IN LAKELAND"

ENGLAND

Departing from the "Ambleside" Youth Hostel at 10 a.m. I took a path behind the grey stone houses, leading to the local park and waterfalls. The track led uphill through the bare oak trees until an iron rail led up to the bluff overlooking the falls. Owing to the snow and the water being frozen it was not as pretty a sight as the spring would present, and so I didn't linger, but carried on to the road higher up.

The road led to a farm but before this was reached a stile with a sign pointing uphill took my attention. Looking up I saw an impressive peak towering over the valley. This is the thing for me I thought, imagining a day spent climbing. Over the stile I went and started plodding over the snowy fields. Curly horned sheep with long scraggy and grubby looking wool looked on me with miserable eyes as I passed and they pushed their black faces into the snow in search of grass that was buried many inches down.

Having crossed a small gully and two or three fields I sat for a minute on a stone wall and listened to the distant barking of dogs and the crow of roosters up and down the valley. It was 10.45 a.m. when I was about to set off again and the Sunday peace was broken by a chainsaw roaring on the other side of the valley towards Rydal.

Upwards I climbed, often plunging knee deep in snow and once when about to cross a stone wall I suddenly found myself up to my waist and had to crawl on to the wall before jumping on to firm snow on the far side. At 10 past 11 I arrived on the wind swept summit and trod once more on dry, yellow looking grass.

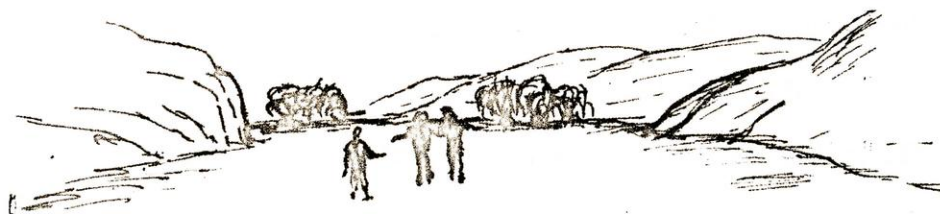
Here I donned my parka as the wind from the valley was chilly. Looking about me I found that most of the peaks were in mist and the valley was very hazy. Far on the other side the patchwork patterns of the stone walls covered the slopes.

While nibbling a biscuit I headed south slowly descending towards Lake Windemere (the largest lake in the district).

Alongside me ran a long wall which reminded me of the Great wall of China because it went for miles from peak to peak along the main ridge. I spoke briefly to two men who were climbing from the south, and then I continued following sheep trails through snow and over windswept grassy outcrops to a pen made of rocks, for holding sheep during the mustering. Shortly I joined a wide track that led through the woods, down past the gate to a house called "Skelgarth". Nearby a horse was pulling hay from a rope bag slung over the fence. It came to the gate when I stopped and just when I was going to photograph it, the poor thing decided that it would get no feed from me and so moved off.

At midday I passed through Ambleside once more and on the far side of the valley found a rather impressive peak and decided to have a go. All these peaks are like miniatures of New Zealand mountains and although they look high, do not take long to climb at all. This hill was climbed in 20 minutes and I later found out it was called 'Ivy Crag' 864 feet.

From the top I could see a row of peaks well covered in snow getting higher and higher as they went away in a great curve towards the north. One at a time they passed beneath my feet as I crossed stone walls and deep drifts of snow. At 1.30 I came across a man, his wife and daughter trying to climb the mountain. I soon passed them by and the bright red of their anoraks was lost from view. A few minutes later two lads came sliding down the slope in a flurry of snow. Also to prove the popularity of the hills were dozens of trails of footprints crissing and crossing the snowy hills like couples looking for a deserted spot in the St Clair sand hills! Just after 2 p.m. I arrived at a cairn on the summit. At last there were no higher hills for many miles. A minute later I was joined by a lad who had climbed from the other side. He told me the peak was called 'Laughriggs Fell' and was 1,581 feet high. Half an hour took me to Lake Grassmere which like the others was frozen over. Down the valley an obvious shortcut was across 'Rydel Lake' and I stopped for ten minutes in the centre to talk to a group of iceskaters who had come up from Lancaster for the day.



Three or four miles down valley to Ambleside once more. Now that I was in the valley the haze had lifted and the view of the mountains was fine. Unfortunately I could not take any photos. from the tops but still ahead lay Scotland so better luck next time.

"CHOOK" IN THE LAKE DISTRICT

Thirteen-Hours-
-on-the-
-Saddle-



The time is 5 p.m. rain is teaming down and everybodys had it.

"This looks like the best camp site" said somebody.

"At least we'll have running water if the rain keeps up and no need to go out for it either," quirps some bright bod.

So out come the tents.

"You girls get into dry clothes. How about if we pitch them door to door Ron?"

"Should be O.K. How's this for a pebble? Should hold her down." said Ron.

These pebbles were the size of packs and were used to hold the guy ropes down. Even these were insufficient in the winds to follow as they were just pulled along the ground.

"Hurry up you girls you're mucking around like typical women."

Clouds of steam hissed out the tent door but nothing was said.

"Grab the tucker and keep it dry".

"O.K. I've got it."

"Blimy we're going to do some eating tonight".

Evenutally everyone got inside.

"Pickle me, it's a lot warmer in here. I'll get some tea on. Soup first. Pass the hubbly will you, Bob. Hey you, get your feet out of the water I've got enough stuff for the soup."

Eventually the soup was made. The main ingredient seemed to be pepper.

"Strike a light, I'm on fire!"

"Put your head outside and you won't be".

"You should have seen the brews we made in the Landsborough. Remember when we used to light the fire by breathing on it after a brew Bob?"

"Sure. Them were the days 35 years ago. Remember when we burnt the back out the chimney with one breath."

"Hell, if it wasn't so cold outside I'd spend the night on the other side of the hill," says a creature looking through bars at the other end of the tent.

"O.K. teas ready. Who want's some?"

"Me I'm so hungry I could eat two Landsbourough type sandflies. You know the ones two feet between the eyes."

"How about you Ron. Sorry I forgot your bib and pusher for this trip."

"The usual thanks, and I'll change your nappies after tea," replies Ron.

"Right here you are. Bog in, don't wait for me. I can get into bed at last."

"Well now for an after dinner smoke to settle my stomach," and with that Ron commences to roll, but just as he finishes it

"Thanks Ron don't mind if I do." This went on until nearly everyone in the tent is puffing away except Ron. After this everybody started to settle down.

The time now is approximately 10.30, the wind is roaring outside and the tent is flapping around.

"Hang onto the tent!"

"She'll be right I'm lying on the door. Blinkin' wet here water's running under. First wash my sleeping bag's ever had."

Time is now 11 p.m. and most bods are snoozing when with a roar and a crack:

"Blimy what was that!"

"Jeepers its gone all light".

"Hey the tent's blown away. Grab it quickly. You O.K. Ron?"

"No something hit me on the hand. Think it might be broken. It was probably an ice-axe."

"What? Flying ice-axes. I'll get one when I get back to town."

"Not me I'm selling my gear. I've had tramping", says Ron.

"Coming to the Homestead next weekend Ron?"

"Sure, I'll finish the shouse".

"Hey this tent's ripped in two."

"So it is".

"You others get into the other tent. We'll be O.K. wrapped up in ~~that~~ remains of this tent. "

So with that 8 bods crammed into the 4 man tent and two stayed outside.

The time is now 12.30.

"This tent will make good hankies Ron."

"We won't want hankies they'll use it for flags above our graves."

"How about a smoke."

"Sure thing, flippin' cold out here. I'll have to walk out on my hands tomorrow, don't think I've got any feet left."

"Hey the ice-axe has gone through the back of this tent." said a voice from the other end of the tent which at this stage did not look like a tent.

The rest of the night was then spent in fitful sleeping. With the wind howling round, and hail and snow and rain coming down.

Time is now 5.00 a.m.

"Can't stand much more of this. There's not a dry patch on my sleeping bag or clothes and I'm freezing."

"Same here."

Time is now 6.00 a.m.

"This is it I've had enough. I'm getting up."

"So am I. Hey what's this creek flowing through our tent for."

"Where's my boot".

"Washed down into the Albertburn I suppose."

"There's somebody's pack up the hill."

"Leave those remains there. I'm not taking those home. They're too small for hankies."

And so ended 13 hours in the Saddle.

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CROSSING THE EAST MATUKITUKI IN FLOOD

EASTER 1963

We moved as one, Ron, Garth and myself. It was our only chance to cross the raging torrent. We slowly inched our way toward our objective, the opposite bank. The water was so cold! Swirling and boiling around our bodies, trying its utmost to buffet us under its green surface. It was getting deeper, chest high. 'Do you think we will make it' was heard above the roar of white foaming waves. The wind snatched away our voices. We had to concentrate on one goal. To get across.

Suddenly, without warning, Ron was afloat. His toes desperately trying to regain a hold but to no avail. He was swung round. Now facing the current of which he got the full force. Water foamed up around his armpits. With one desperate hope I tightened my grips, straining to force Ron back into time, hoping that Garth could take the weight slowly, so slowly it seemed a lifetime, Ron came once again to grips with the river bed. His toes barely touching the bottom. Steady boys, won't be long now was the comforting words flung into the wind. The rain was pelting down mercilessly onto our heads and shoulders which were above the swiftly moving water.

Meanwhile, on the bank we had just left, the parties were watching in strained silence, all hoping we'd make it. Ross was out ready with a rope in case any emergency cropped up. If the water was an inch higher we would have been floating around Lake Wanaka, but we refused to think of it at such a time. A few inches more and we could put our whole foot flat on the river bed. It seemed an eternity before we moved again. Just standing there holding our own, not gaining nor losing. We were all straining to move forwards against odds bigger than we'd come across before. (Even in the Landsborough). We can't go back now. Have to keep moving. Each step in itself was an effort. Slowly, gradually, our feet would move forward, the wall of water dragging relentlessly at our trousered legs, throwing feet anywhere but the place you want them. Keeping upright was a feat of agony, every muscle was brought into play. Undaunted, we actually moved, the rain streaming down our faces, into eyes, ears and mouth, unbearably cold was an added torture. The strain was telling, but we were beating nature by slowly progressing. 'It's getting shallower', an exaggeration of course, though the river was an inch or two further down our chests. At last we started making headway. Soon we were confident of victory over this roaring gulch. Then with a startled cry I went down feet frantically scrabbling for a hold. With an effort Garth and Ron hauled me up and tugged and pulled forward till with a gasp of relief I found the bottom once again. A dozen torturous dragging steps later we staggered onto the opposite bank thankful. How we did it, I've yet to find. Literally blue with cold we reached the rope connected to the little craft which we then started to operate. In half an hour after we had the remainder of the parties and gear on this side we then headed for Wanaka.

"BOB."

O.T.C. ADVANCED INSTRUCTION COURSE, 1962

Last November the club held its first advanced instruction course which was designed to give members further experience and so provide the club with more people who would be capable of leading trips.

The course took the form of two evenings of lectures followed by a weekend of practical work at the Ball Glacier.

The subjects covered in lectures were, S.A.R. (Bruce Moore) first aid (Jack Hoskins), leadership (Paul Powell), weather conditions, illustrated by slides (Jack Coker), route-finding (Bruce Campbell), and rope work and equipment (Jim Wilson - now in the Himalayas - with Peter Strang assisting in demonstrating). These talks were extremely informative and often highly thought-provoking.

Naturally the climax of the course was the weekend at the Ball Glacier where we could put into practice a lot of what we had learnt and also learn climbing techniques which no amount of theorizing can teach. The three cars and one rental vehicle left Queen's Gardens at irregular intervals after 6:30pm on Friday 10th November and arrived at Unwin Hut, the N.Z.A.C.'s base in the Cook district, at about midnight. No-one was slow to hit the sack that night ready for a quick get-away the next day.

To our satisfaction we awoke to fine weather and sunshine the next morning and we were soon away by bus to Ball Hut at the junction of the Ball and Tasman Glaciers. Packing day-packs and getting organised took quite a while, but we eventually got out onto the glacier itself later in the morning for training on snow and ice. With the satisfactory ratio of one instructor to two trainees (making 18 bods in all), we spent the day practising rope work, use of crampons, ice-pitons, prussite loops, step-cutting in ice, hauling bods out of slots, and generally increasing our competence as climbers.

After tea that night there was time for discussion organised by Pete Strang, on points of technique. Ian McKellar, a member of the Geological Survey party in residence at the hut, gave an impromptu talk on snow conditions which was greatly appreciated.

Early to bed and early to rise was the weekend's motto and at about 4am on Sunday morning we were awakened by the obstreperous Strang. Plans for the day were to make our way up the ridge behind the hut and along to Ball Pass (7,000ft). Conditions were good and this trip gave us plenty of practice in rope handling and dynamic belays, etc.

We reached the pass itself before midday and sat talking in to lunch and drinking in the absolutely terrific view. The weather was perfect. By this time the snow had really been softened up by the hot sun, and this made for a fairly tiring slog back.

The shambles in the hut was soon sorted out and the bus with its half dozen gaping (do you blame them?) tourists rattled us down to the Hermitage and then along to Unwin Hut. For some of us it was our first visit to the area and before we headed home again we nipped up to the Hermitage for a look-see and also for a closer look at Mt Cook through the binoculars there.

We eventually arrived in Dunedin in the early hours of Monday morning, most of us nursing varying degrees of sunburn and not feeling at all like work a few hours later.

As one of the trainees on the course, I benefitted immensely from it and I can certainly recommend it to other club members.

In conclusion I would like to thank all those connected with the course in any way - those responsible for its introduction and organisation, all who gave lectures and the O.S.O.N.Z.A.C. and O.T.C. members who acted as instructors for the practical training weekend.

PROBLEMS OF A SECRETARY

A cynic once wrote the following lines to emphasise the problems of a secretary:

If a secretary writes a letter it's too long.
If he sends a postcard, it's too short.
If he issues a bulletin, he's a spendthrift.
If he offers a suggestion he's a "know-all".
If he says nothing, he's useless.
If the attendance at a meeting is slack he should have telephoned the members.
If he telephones them he's a pest.
If he asks a member for his subscription he's insulting.
If he doesn't he's lazy.
If a function is a big success the committee gets the praise.
If it's a failure the secretary gets the blame.
If he asks for advice he's incompetent.
If he does not he's trying to run the show.
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
If the others won't do it the secretary must.

- Hutt News.

A DAY IN THE PEAK DISTRICT

ENGLAND

Having spent the night in a Youth Hostel called ILAM HALL I set off with three friends for a days walk.

We turned up the valley behind the hall and followed the Manifold River upstream through snow-clad hills and wooded slopes, crossing now and then, quaint little stiles as we passed from one snow covered field to another. As we left a field and emerged onto a farm track, we read a notice telling us that we owed tuppence each to the owner of the property we had just crossed. We never saw the owner around so we moved on along the track until it turned sharply uphill and we left it to continue up a small valley. We found a mob of cattle that were hard pressed for food and had chewed the bark off most of the trees. From here we climbed a hill, pushing through deep snow drifts and crossing stone walls of fields and at last came out onto a hill overlooking several small villages. Nearby we came to a small hut buried under the snow in a hollow beside an old mine entrance. As we walked towards the nearest village we found a road that had not seen traffice for many weeks owing to the snow drifted into the narrow track between high stone walls. At last we came to a freshly uncovered road and followed this to the village of Wetton.



We entered a cosy little pub called the "Royal Oak" and drank our orange and beer as our needs required. Here the barwoman told us of the "Headless Horseman" who rode around those parts at night. Nearby we were told was "Thor's Cave" where recently an ancient skeleton has been dug up among old coins and relics. As I sat and listened to these stories I studied the heads on the wall

of a badger, stag and a fox. Also from the ceiling hung many horse brasses and copper tankards from long ago. While surveying these relics we were told that although the pub was now privately owned, it was once like a lot of the local farms, the property of the Duke of Devon who came there twice each year to collect his rents. Now and then a local villager or neighbour would come in and immediately be asked if they knew whether the roads out of the cities were cleared and the bus come through. After a lengthy stay we once again set off, to the valley known as the "Dove Dale". This was a popular walk in this area and in summer the hills and valleys are filled with hundreds of day trippers and campers. The river is also the border between Stafford and Derby and a large stretch of water is kept clear of fishermen so that a fellow called Izaak Walton who wrote a book called "Compleat Angler" (Spelt like that is correct) can fish there at his leisure.

Here in the valley we saw the "Dipper" bird that is able to walk underwater along the stream beds. It is recognized by its white breast. Also to be seen in large numbers, were Jackdaws. (Members of the crow family).

As we walked along the well trodden pathway, we came to some large caves which although were large, did not go back very far. Further on another cave called ILAM cave was found under a tremendous pillar of rock that towered up for about 60 ft.

The hills towered high around us by this time and the valley was often narrow but the track was well made and very easy walking. Following up a steep slope we came out of some woods to the edge of "Lovers Leap" and we gazed down on the river below for a few minutes before descending down to a junction of a small stream where it joined the Dove Dale.



Ahead of us lay a very impressive mountain peak and on either side tracks led off to ILAM and THORPE. Having time to spare we set off to climb the peak known as "Thorpe Clow". We waded through deep drifts in the valley until we gained the steep-slopes. Then carefully zig-zagging up the icy ridges we came out on the main ridge and braved the chilly winds as we edged round the wind swept

cornices. Near the top the wind had cleared the short grass from snow and the frozen ground was treacherous walking without tricounis on boots or an ice-axe in the hand. At last we gained the summit (945 ft) after 25 minutes gruelling climb. Now we could look down on small villages and scattered farm houses that poked bravely from the snow. Next stop we decided would be the nearest shop. Down the slopes we slipped and slid and in a few minutes we were over the last field and crossing the stone wall to the road. We passed small cottages and farmhouses that looked black as their stone walls and slate roofs silhouetted the snowy hills.

At the store cum postoffice the old gent said "Naw we ain't go no pois, wouldn't sell one in t8month". And when I asked about sending a calender to New Zealand by post he said "New Zealand! That's overseas isn't it?" The fool. From here we walked back to Ilam Hall and soon tucked into a good meal an ideal finish to a pleasant day.

"CHOOK"

"MORE RAIN CREEK!"

Having waved goodbye to the other parties at the Queen's Gardens we waited patiently for our vehicle which arrived half an hour later. After travelling for about 6 hours we reached Murray Gunn's Camp, where 7 of us spent the night in the mini-bus.

Next morning after a hurried breakfast we collected some timber which the Alpine Club had left for us to carry up to Moraine Creek hut. We then crossed the Hollyford bridge and ploughed our way through approximately 1½ miles of thick mud till we reached the 5 wire bridge over Moraine Creek. After endless difficulties with the long lengths of 4" x 2" catching in the wire we all managed to reach the other side. From here we did nothing but climb through the bush till a stop was made for lunch. Two hours later after frequent stops and more climbing we passed a large tarn and shortly came to some boggy flats. Following the creek from here, we found that the previously frequent markers had become rather scarce. However an hour and a half of scrambling through undergrowth and over rocks brought us to the hut.

Leaving our packs outside all seven of us crowded into the five-man hut and attempted to cook some tea and arrange bedding. When we had had our meal six of us crawled into our sleeping bags while the last man tried to pull the packs in and still find a place to stand.

After nine hours sleep the two cooks prepared breakfast having first removed the packs to the frozen ground outside. Breakfast finished, two set off to climb a snow saddle behind the hut, another three moved off to Lake Adelaide leaving two to wash the dishes and clean up.

A few hours later, two frozen people arrived back from the saddle. Great difficulty was experienced in removing boots from two frost-bitten feet. After a struggle the boots were pulled off with the socks frozen into them. The rest of the afternoon was spent repairing the hut and collecting firewood while waiting for the other party to come back. When they returned, having been plagued by keas we cooked our tea and once more settled down for the night.

Early next morning we thawed out our boots, ate, packed up and started back to the van. Crossing the now frozen bog we stopped by the tarn to take some photographs. It was completely iced over and some time was spent in cautiously walking on it and skidding chunks of ice around.

From here we hurried down through the bush crossed the two bridges and arrived back at the van in time for lunch. We were plagued by sandflies so did not stop for long. After loading the van we drove off and did some sight-seeing. Further along the road we passed the other trucks and then headed back to Dunedin, having spent a very pleasant Queen's Birthday weekend in Fiordland's National Park.

"DEVIL AND ANGEL"

"DOMETT RESCUE"

"Hey!"

With that two people jumped round.

"What's wrong?"

"Maureen's sprained her ankle."

"Blimy."

"I'll go out and get the truck" said Ron.

"We'll go back and bring her out if we can."

Minutes later two puffing billys had reached Maureen and Gerry. Here Maureen had just finished bathing her ankle in the cold snow-fed creek.

"How bad is it?"

"Pretty sore but I'll be alright."

"We'll put this ice-axe between us and you can sit on it. You take the packs if you can Pete."

With that the party moved off down valley with one person getting the trampers dream (a ride). But this ride was not anybody's idea of a dream.



Shortly a steep bank came into view. Here the passenger alighted and conveyed herself downward not too gracefully on her hind-quarters to the fence at the bottom.

"I'll lift her over to you."

"All aboard we're away again."

And over rocks and water went the bearers until a patch of ice was met.

"I think I could walk across here," said the passenger.

"Like hell you will".

Shortly the start of a bulldozed track was met.

"Crickey it will be a pull up here. It might be better to piggy back".

"Probably would be as you are going too fast for me on the other end of the ice-axe".

After much heaving, grunting, puffing, snorting and cursing the patient was at the top of the hill. Over more grass and tussock they made their way until lights were seen flashing in the distance to the right. These being the parties coming back up from the truck.

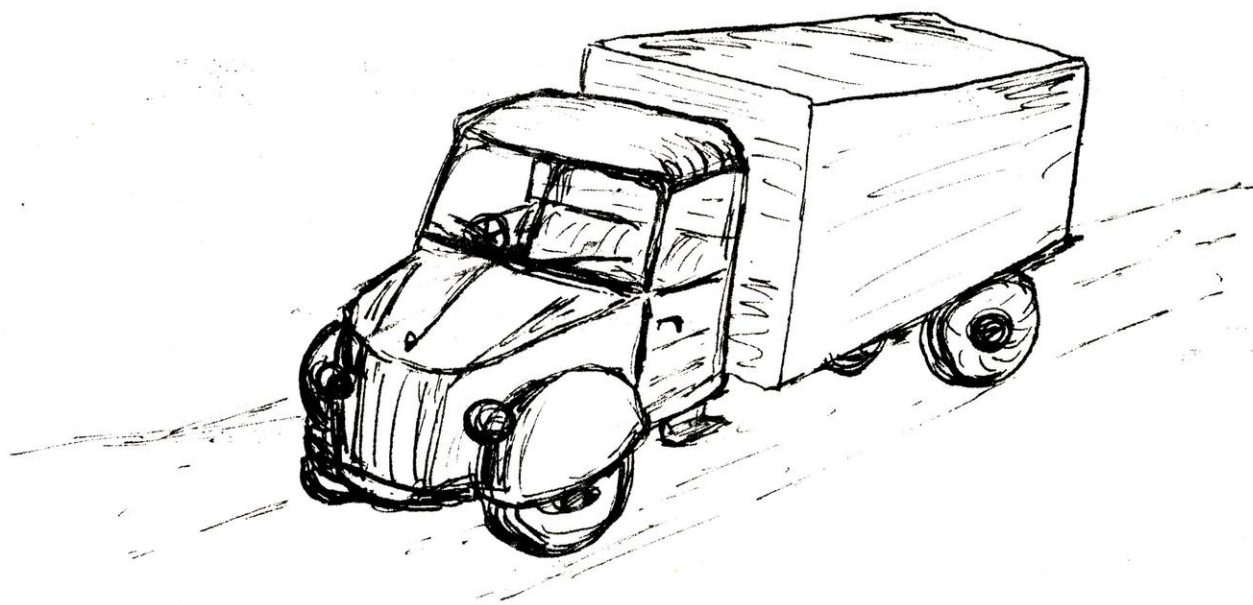
A patch of tussock was then set on fire to give them a bearing and a short time later they arrived at the carrying party.

Now with plenty of torches to light the way relatively fast progress though extremely uncomfortable for the patient was made to the truck. The truck having been brought as far up the road as possible by Ron.

Within seconds the truck was winding its way slowly over the rough paddocks towards the doctors residence at Kurow.

That night two tired bods ate an excellent tea though the girls burnt the custard while a third slept through tea. He then had the audacity to wake up 3 hours later and complain that he hadn't been awakened for tea. This is a typical Lands and Survey Dept. type. (If you see a bloke being chased at a great rate of knots through town by a chap with specs you'll know who wrote this).

"Arawata"



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"THE HOMESTEAD"

While wandering in the Silver Peaks,
We chanced upon a hut.
Its name ? was then called Xmas Creek,
But now that name 'Kaput'!

Graeme and Euan, two chaps you'll know,
Went down to see the owner.
They received permission to do as they like
So now the huts "the Homestead".

Bob and Garth whom of course you know,
Two hardy Landsborough types,
From 1st Division Sandfly Brigade,
Cleaned up the hut and site.

The next weekend. Out again,
Was Bob and Garth and Euan,
Tools, and windows, nails and screws,
Paint and wire and plenty of glue in.

The weekend after. In once more,
We painted the roof and cleaned the floor,
Pulled down the bunks and built some shelves
Then after that we fed ourselves.

It wasn't long before we were known,
To people far and wide,
Some came over to give us a hand,
While others watched from the side.

The loads. Oh! the weight we carried there,
Was far too much for a man to bear,
But Bob and Garth, they were tough,
They were made of Landsborough stuff.

Week after week we carried in gear,
Right to the 'Homestead' we went.
Two boxes of food, although very dear,
Were most essential to us, I fear.

The windows in, the log book written,
The hut was taking shape,
The notice was up and on it read,
This little fancy phrase.

'The Homestead' care Silver Peaks Station,
This hut is definitely not for matin',
So any women nearer 50 ft,
Will be hung by the neck till dead!

The Fireplace you possibly know,
Is the best in the Silver Peaks,
But we now have two bags of coke,
Therefore have no loss of heat.

It was so warm we have installed,
A water heating system,
So now we're never never cold,
Cept for when we go out visitin'.

In went the sink, new stool and the lights,
The library was slowly growing,
The deershead looks good hanging up on the wall,
With our rifles and maps all round the wall.

One weekend we proofed the hut of Possums and the like,
But how the hell were we to know there'd been one in there all night,
Just before tea we spotted this water trickling down the roof,
He died for the want of a 'p'.

A week or two later, received permission,
To shoot any pigs we see,
So now with the frig. we've also got,
Fresh meat to store and leave.

We drink to the hut with a mild drink,
In the form of tins of "Freshup",
One tin, two even three a day,
Would even make the devil think.

The meals they have every mealtime for tea,
Would be fit before a king,
But a king doesn't dine like we do you see,
We eat any and everything.

From plum puds with stew to custard and apples,
We cater for eveyone there,
But lo and behold the person who pickles,
Will be out the door on their ear.

"Pickle me"! says Garth from the floor,
This pipe is leaking again,
I'll fix the 'B' he said and swore,
He did it too. Just like he said.

Is this hut square or is it the shelves,
It's hard to figure out which,
Grab a hammer and give a belt,
That I bet will make it stick.

To Ron and Sam we gave our thanks,
For putting up the shouse,
I hope they try it when they'd finished,
To see if it was deloused.

So if you ever visit the Silver Pools,
The 'Homestead' but is amust,
They welcome any visitors,
And put them to work or bust.

Time I finished this little lyric,
My space is nearly finished,
I suppose anyway your nearly sick,
Of reading this load of rubbish.

We'll say goodbye to these lucky lads,
Whom now have their own mansion,
I have no doubt that on history pads,
We will be listed as madmen.



On the 24th July last a meeting was held in a coffee bar at Mosgiel for the purpose of considering forming a Tramping Club on the Taieri. The Mayor of Mosgiel, President and Executive of the O.T.C. and about thirty local people were present. The O.T.C. through its committee generously offered to assist a Taieri Branch financially and by supplying experienced trampers and speakers wherever necessary. On the recommendation of the Mayor, those present agreed to the setting up of a branch of the O.T.C. rather than the alternative of a separate Taieri club.

Since then monthly meetings have been held, an enthusiastic committee has been elected and a number of trips run. Sunday tramps in the Pyramid Hut, Flagstaff, Swampy and Maungatua areas have been attended by an average of about ten (take note Dunedin) and eleven were on the first weekend trip to Jubilee Hut. By the time this is printed an instruction course and tramps in the Matukituki and Silverpeak areas will have taken place. In early 1964 it is intended to climb the Old Man Range and Remarkables.

In the meantime the Mosgiel committee has decided against organising trips for the longer weekends and at Christmas, Mosgiel members will brighten up the Dunedin branch trips on these occasions.

In addition to the normal O.T.C. Bulletin, a monthly newsletter has been sent to the fifty Taieri people interested in the club.

Thanks should be expressed to the three who convinced the O.T.C. committee of the desirability of setting up a branch in Mosgiel - Eric Donaldson, Graeme Hasler and Neville Johnston and to Messrs G. Kampjes, G. Varcoe, and B. Campbell and others who have assisted in the formation of the branch.

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RETURN TO THE REES

At 6 a.m. on 28th December I left Lake Hawea by car heading for the Rees Valley. The main party I knew were close on a week ahead of me, so it remained to be seen how many of them I would be able to catch up with, how much fine weather there would be left, and how many climbs would be waiting for me. I arrived at Queenstown, then on the boat at 8.30 and so to Glenorchy at mid-day. Up to the cross-roads on the old truck that has given such good service in the past, and there was Dave Millar waiting for me with his tractor, and we set off straight up the valley. The lower flats were particularly hot which made me mightily glad that I was not carrying a pack over there. Without incident we arrived at the O.T.C. base camp on the flats above the Hunter Junction, just before 4 o'clock. By this time some of the Club parties had already left for the Dart, some had returned down the valley, a few were still in camp and a few more were at Earnslaw Hut and expected back shortly. After a short period of discussion, repacking and internal stoking, eight of us left at 6 o'clock for the ridge of Mount Clarke. The sun was off the valley floor and the first half hour was very delightful. The climb up the Slip with a pack can never be wholly pleasant, even at that time of the day, but taking it fairly easily we made good height. At the top we swung out on a deer trail on the south side, a route which I had not taken before and hope not to take again; certainly it was firmer going than the other route up the Northern side, it was fairly exposed for a party with packs and the route ended in some fairly thick scrub. The light was failing as we got into the top basin, but we kept going a little bit further till we came to a resting place under the lee of a large rock, with ample wood and water at hand. Within minutes our sleeping bags were in position and a lovely brew of coffee was produced on the Thermette. Then we settled into our bags and commenced an astronomical discussion on the identity of stars, planets and constellation.

Awake at daybreak, we were on the march shortly before 6 a.m. With most of the height behind us we could really enjoy the next hour or so scrambling through snow grass and a few outcrops of rock. Because the snow

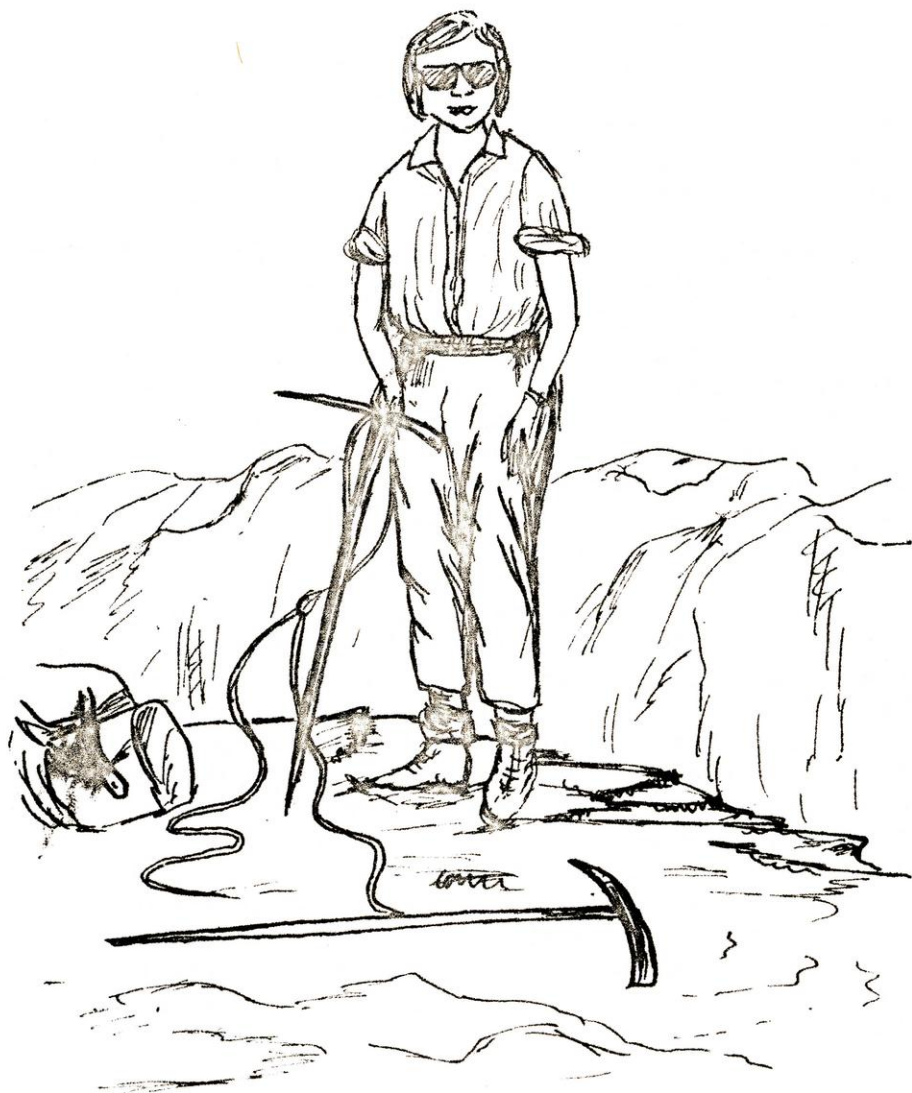
was still firm and steep in parts we put on a rope as soon as we got on the firm snow, with a good fit workhorse at each end, to take turns cutting and kicking steps as necessary. Fortunately we were able to make most of the height before the sun was properly on to the face, and a little before 10 a.m. were on top. The view was superb - I have been on many summits in the Southern Alps but on nothing that I can reckon a finer view than Clarke with its balanced combination of valleys, glaciers, snowy peaks and bush clad slopes. We had more than two hours on top, getting steadily more cooked, then started to make our way down through snow that was considerably softer. Observing figures advancing towards the summit we kept out of our upwards tracks so as to leave the steps intact. But when we came closer the other "party" turned out to be the side and then showed themselves as two deer who were apparently crossing from the Hunter to the Rees at a height of about 7,000 feet.

The snow was too soft for glissading, but a sitting slide proved effective both for covering the distance and for cooling the nether portions. Once back down to the camp, lassitude took control; it was an effort to get moving and to get down to the valley. At this stage our party broke into bits; some joining others on the way to the Dart, some heading further down, and some still staying at base camp.

Next day I certainly did not want any more sun on my face; the sandflies meant that I could not stay around the place; what better than to join Horace in a day's bush walk by the track leading towards the North Hunter? Altogether six of us went up there for the day; Horace working most enthusiastically as he cleared the track and blazed it most of the way, the rest of us trailing along, resting at intervals and helping whenever we thought we really ought to, and we had a terrific boil up at a little stream well up in the bush, made more delightful by the complete absence of sandflies, then we turned and followed the new well-blazed trail back down into the valley.

About 6 o'clock the same evening Derek and I left base camp and headed up the valley to Shelter Rock - the rock not the Hut. We were there in good time to get established and boil up for another brew before turning in. Up at 3.30 a.m. we were away at about 5 a.m. and carried on up the valley until we turned aside to tackle the slopes leading up the Mount Cunningham. This part was also in the sun, but after an hour we came to an area that was still shaded by a ridge to the north. This made for easier height, but we now found the snow still very hard, necessitating some having cutting and kicking of steps on Derek's part. As we approach the main ridge we could see more cloud on the Dart side but with nothing to worry us. The ridge up towards the peak was a delightful scramble containing quite a steep stretch for the last few feet. We were on top just before 9 a.m. and again we were able to spend a considerable time admiring the view which is very comparable to the magnificent one we had already had from Mount Clarke.

Down below us a plane was wheeling up and down the valley, obviously doing an airdrop at Dart Hut. In the distance we could see well marked tracks on the slopes leading up to Plunket Dome, where clearly some of our parties had been active for the past day or so. Then we pulled ourselves away and returned down to the valley which was getting progressively hotter. A leisurely cup of tea under the trees outside Shelter Rock Hut, and then back to the base camp, and next day after a most delightful and energetic three days, we moved off down the valley again.

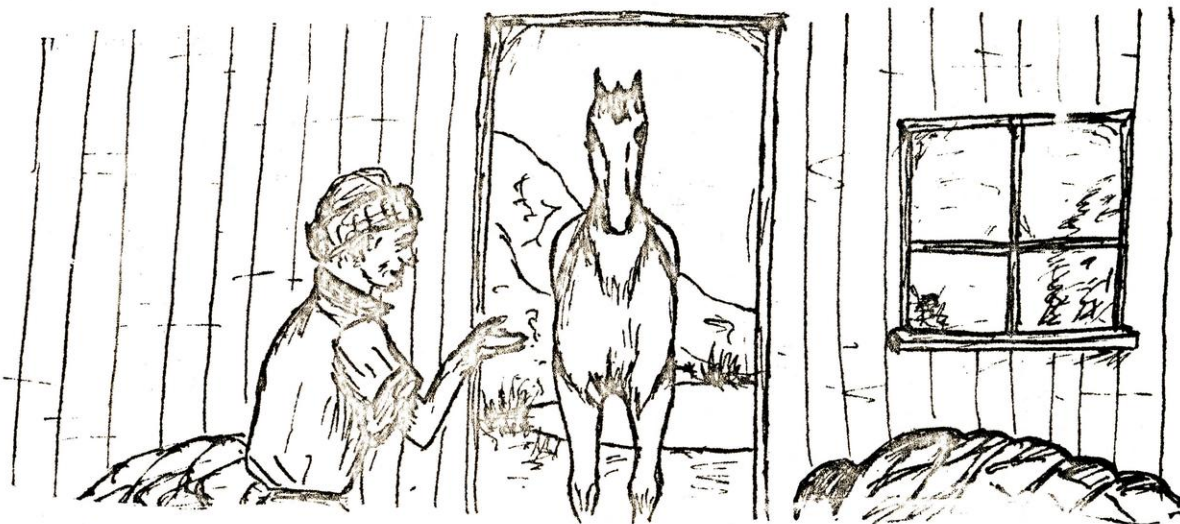


OLIVINE VENTURE

Last Christmas Laurie and I decided to pay a "flying visit" to the remote but beautiful country in the Olivines. We had both heard of the wonderful country in the region and our curiosity got the better of us so we planned an excursion.

An early preparation included dying sacks yellow for an air-drop to Forgotten River flats shared with a party better known as the "Landsborough Maniacs". A large Christmas cake was baked and included in our parachute drop.

The day arrived for departure and we boarded the bus with high spirits and heavy packs. We reached Murray Gunn's camp at night fall and the gentleman gave us a hut for the night for five bob each. During the night heavy rain developed and we knew that a wet day's tramping lay ahead.



The next morning we were both awakened by a horse poking its head through the doorless hut. I believe it might have come in if it could have managed to get its shoulders through. Laurie, having a leaning towards the equine nature, offered it some sugar - needless to say the animal wouldn't leave the precincts of the doorway.

Murray helped us on our way by taking us to Deadmans in his little Anglia. I shared the back seat with his big hairy cattle dog, a friendly animal - it continually slopped its chops in my face all the way down the road.

After bidding goodbye to Murray we picked our way along the track to Hidden Falls, squelching through the mud and soaked by the rain drenched trees. About lunchtime we dragged our soaked bodies into the hut and prepared our Christmas Dinner. The menu consisted of roast chicken, spuds and tinned vegetables, finished off with custard and fruit. Being generous fellows we threw the bonus to some wet visitors who arrived late in the afternoon.

The following day was fine with a cloudless sky as we puffed our way up to the top of Little Homer Saddle where a stop was made to enjoy a tin of "Raro". On the way down the other side, we met other bods from the Olivines and their stories spurred us on to greater efforts. These efforts took us past the Lower Pyke Hut and around Lake Alabaster where we stopped the night at the "Refuge".

The third day saw us at the Olivine River and here the trip really started in earnest. The rough track from the Pyke Valley skirted its way through ribbonwood and mossy boulders with huge slots making progress slow and difficult. We camped in the jungle for the night before proceeding upwards to the open celerypine and scrub. A fine view of Lake Wilmot and the Upper Pyke was had before we passed on to the Olivine Flats, the golden grass of which we could see shining in sunlight far below us.

We reached the flats before noon, and had a swim in the ice-cold water of the river. We even made contact with three bods, one had "desert boots" on. They told us they had walked up the Beansburn - some folks are game taking to the mountains in such footwear.

Pleasantries having been exchanged, we made our way around Forgotten River and reached the valley late in the afternoon. What a beautiful sight-it looked like the Caples but was even more impressive with a backdrop of snowcapped peaks and deer grazing on grassy flats in an unperturbed manner.

We found our supplies plus a venison steak or two and set up our camp under the trees near Mount Gates. We enjoyed a rest day before visiting the Ice Plateau. On the way up we espied an unruly mob descending from the ice. One had a battered white hat and was sprouting the beginnings of a red beard - a familiar sight around the club premises these days. The others were in various degrees of unkemptness and told us they were forced off by large Landsborough sandflies! Sorry, I meant to say the roof of their snow cave "caved in." They obviously found the snow a different proposition from the Rock and Pillar.

We spent the rest of the day taking pictures of the Plateau. The excellent view enabled us to see Aspiring, the West Coast and the head of the Arawata River. That night we sat around a huge fire sipping coffee and sampling the Christmas Cake although it was really New Year's Eve and the stories that were exchanged really entered into the spirit of the night.

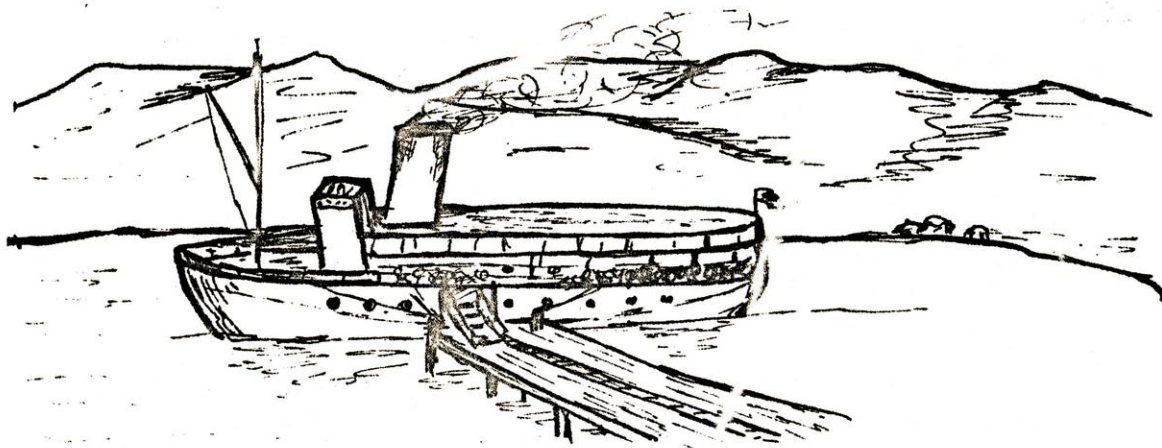
We pushed off next day saying goodbye to our friends who went the way we had come in. They could have it, we thought, but we in our innocence were not to realise what lay in store for us. Heading up the Olivine Gorge towards Alabaster Pass we tented on a leading spur, deciding to carry on over to Fohn Saddle next morning. Alas, to our sorrow it rained during the night and drenched our sleeping bags and everything else. We spent a very uncomfortable thirtysix hours in wet bags and lived on dehydr. stew and coffee.

The third day of our ordeal saw us pack our wet things and crawl up to the tops. The mist was still high, but as we approached a snowcapped saddle the weather cleared and we knew our night in Queenstown was set. We pulled over the saddle and down to a valley which was open and had a good track. Imagine our dismay when we met up with Dr. Stan Mueller and his friend who told us that we were in Hidden Falls Valley. We had come over the wrong saddle! - It must have been Cow instead of Fohn.

Well, we counted our losses and climbed to Park Pass and then down the Rockburn, a pleasant valley with the extensive Theatre Flats making a good camping site for our second last night out. We followed the Rockburn down and came out at the junction with the Dart.

It was Saturday and we were dreaming of the beer and girls we were missing at Queenstown. Anyway, we plugged down the Dart and followed the old tram line over to the swing bridge over the Routeburn. Our last meal consisted of dried apples and jelly.

We reached the Routeburn Lodge next morning and waited for the bus to pick us up which it did. I think we both could say that the trip down from the lodge was a record one. The driver averaged 50 miles per hour all the way over the road. He was doing a double trip.



We feasted on bread and jam from Mrs. Bryant and some kind Southland people gave us a feed and a bottle of beer.

The "Earnslaw" came and we said goodbye to the Mountains for a while. We must have looked pretty disreputable because all the pubs closed their doors to us. We stalked out of Queenstown and headed home shaking the dust from our feet. We finally persuaded a young driver to take us home. He had ideas of Lindis Pass to Timaru but we suggested he went to Dunedin. He did, and Laurie and I arrived home safe and sound after a very exciting trip.

"THE TAIERI TRAMPER"

ICEBERGS SEEN IN LAKE MACKENZIE

AND BLUE ONES AT THAT!

"We'd never have got up there - the snow's too thick and soft. There's three deerstalkers in the hut."

"Is there? Well there's enough bunks for them. How about a swim in Mackenzie?"

"Go on, pull my other leg" said Ron.

"Coming Bob".

"O.K. I'm a starter. There's not much ice on the Lake".

With that they walked through the snow and stripped down to shorts and socks. Then a would-be shirker from the Lands and Survey Dept. came out of the hut as they were about to plough in.

"You blokes are mad".

"Not us. Come in."

Then in they went.

Flip - "It was never like this in the Landsborough" said a blue face as it shot out of the water. After a short swim they came out and said to the shirker:

"Go on, get in"

"O.K. then, I will"

With that he stripped down to his long woollen underwear and dived in and the others followed for the second time.

"Pickle me! Let's get dry and get out of it" said three voices in unison as they jumped round in the snow. Two hours later they were still shivering in the hut. the secret, they said, was "Keep your socks on".

"ARAWATA"

A SEASON IN THE HILLS

For me, the season began as always with a series of training runs on Mt Ida, the highest point bordering the Maniototo plain. If climbed by the central spur the highest point, which is 5,600 feet high, can be gained in two to three hours from an access track. To the east of this a series of rock and snowgrass bluffs descend to a spectacular rocky gorge. This section of the mountain is an interesting playground, particularly under winter conditions when snow and frozen waterfalls make a variety of climbs possible.

One of these climbs was undertaken in August 1962 with Don Cameron and Milton Bardsley. We travelled directly up the rocky gorge until it gave way to a number of snow gullies. Fifteen hundred feet of step cutting and kicking, with the occasional icy bluff to negotiate, took us into the snow basin under the summit. A short snow plod and we were on top enjoying the panorama of mountain, hill and plain which extends from north of Cook to south of Earnslaw. A long glissade run on the west of the central spur took us back to lower levels.

Two weekends later Don Cameron and I motored up the Manuhorikia Valley as far as we could and climbed a peak of over 6,000 feet on the northern end of the Hawkaun Range. We made an interesting climb of this by climbing a short but steep and rotten rock rib, access to the final ridge being gained after 20 minutes excavations at an overhanging snow cornice. A broad snow plateau formed the highest point and commanded excellent views of the Main Divide peaks. Perfect weather and clear skies made this one of the most enjoyable day trips of the season.

The first weekend in September saw a party consisting of Bruce Lumb, Don Cameron, Jack Coker, Graeme Hasler, Dave Green and myself panting up the Hooker Valley, hesitating at intervals to wipe the sweat from our eyes and gazing up at the Footstool and the Sefton Bivvy site which was to have been our destination. At the foot of the spur leading to the bivvy, a heated discussion took place which resulted in the expedition being rerouted to Hooker Hut. It was considered that the large quantity of fresh snow about rendered both the Sefton Bivvy and Footstool unattractive. Two hours before daylight on Sunday we commenced the ascent to the Copland Pass. With so much fresh snow about the ascent was a tedious affair, it being necessary to forsake the usual route up the ridge at the halfway point and wade up long snowslopes to the north. A cold wind, plus the need to be at work the following morning ensured that our stay on top was short. An interesting descent was made down the ridge

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north of the usual route.

The Otago and Southland Sections of the N.Z. Alpine Club held a 'meet' at Homer during Labour weekend and an interesting assortment of climbing types and 'hangers on' (male and female) gathered here on the Friday night. Saturday was spent assessing the situation at the huts and 'up top'. A party ascended to Gertrude Saddle finding soft snow from the foot of the saddle on. Bruce Lumb, Graeme Hasler, Jack Coker, Nigel Pitts and I decided to attempt Mt Barrier the following day. In conversation with Ralph Miller that evening I learned that a Southland party had similar intentions. Not wishing to be last of a long caterpillar making the ascent, our party left the huts slightly before 6am, noting that only a few others were stirring. The snow was even softer than the day before so Bruce and Nigel who had been to the Saddle then and had therefore had some practice were persuaded to plug deeper steps onto it and further to Barrier Knob, 6,000 feet. At this point we roped up, the remaining three members of the party taking turns at breaking the trail along the long corniced summit ridge to the top. Mist marred much of the view for most of the climb. A leisurely descent was made in company with a Southland party which had arrived on top about half an hour after us. That night the music of the mountains - the roar of waterfalls, the rumble of avalanches, the moan of wind - was replaced by a new type. The sound of a guitar mingled with the clink of glasses and discordant voices served to create an atmosphere in which stories of climbs and other things lost nothing in the telling. The following day we rose late and left for home.

Early in November, Archie Simpson, Graeme Hasler, Don Cameron and I visited the Cone near Dansey's Pass. An interesting climb was made up a previously unclimbed gut directly below the summit. Also during this month Mt Dommet was paid a visit, via the Otekaieke Valley.

At 8pm one Saturday later in the month, I received a phone call from Milton Bardsley who was at his crib in Oturehua, enquiring if I would like to join Don Cameron and him for an ascent of the Remarkables the next day. I hurriedly changed into my climbing trousers, seized my ice-axe, boots and Anorak before motoring to Oturehua. We went to bed about midnight, rose an hour later and departed for our objective about 2:30am. By 5am we had commenced the ascent. Taking advantage of the early hour we made good time onto the crest of the range, which was just as well for perfect weather rendered the rest of the journey a hot tiring grind. The ascent was made of South Cone by the large gully at the head of Lake Alta, then completed by the left hand ridge. After dozing in the sun for an

hour we descended and arrived back at the car by 5:30pm. Oturehua was reached shortly after 8pm. Phew!

Sunday the 23rd December saw Ewen Warburton, Archie Simpson, Graeme Hasler and I assembled on the Grand Plateau in Cook District for the yearly 'slash'. We were collecting supplies which had been flown in that morning, prior to packing them back to Haast Hut, where we had arrived on foot the day before. With Cook as our main objective, we looked about for something on which to warm up. Unwisely we chose Silverhorn (10,757 feet) for this, for as we soon found out it is one thing to be fit for peaks of 9,000 feet in height and another to tackle technical problems at over this height. Fresh snow overlying the ice of this steep airy ridge gave us plenty of exercise, so much so that after ascending the first step on the ridge and reaching the foot of the final one, we took one long look at its dull green glitter and sat down to admire the view and doze in the sun. Following a cautious descent we wallowed in the Grand Plateau for an hour and returned to the hut. After several days of bad weather including a white Christmas, we attempted Dixon only to be rebuffed by the iced nature of the rock. The same day we returned to the Hermitage and Unwin Hut for a good night's sleep. Awakening after more than 12 hours sleep we observed the fine weather, happily realizing that this should clear much of the snow and ice off the high rocks. After a leisurely breakfast, a call at the Hermitage confirmed that the weather would be fine the next day, so we decided to try the Linda Glacier route on Cook. Fast time was made up the Ball Hut road and a race indulged in on the Haast ridge which resulted in Ewen arriving in ample time to prepare the evening meal before anyone else arrived. By 8pm everyone was in bed counting sheep. At last the alarm went off indicating that it was 11:30pm and time to prepare for the big effort. Until we started up Glacier Dome at 1am parties kept arriving back from an unsuccessful attempt on the Syme Ridge of Tasman. Soon the Dome was behind us. Crampons crunching on the hard snow of the Grand Plateau, the beautiful starry sky with spectacular shapes of the country's highest peaks silhouetted against it, brought a great sense of well being to me. We groped our way through avalanche debris and climbed over the lower end of the Silverhorn Ridge to move onto the Linda Glacier. At intervals cracks followed by high pitched swishing sounds and further growls which echoed about the mountain walls reminded us that we were entering the abode of the avalanche. Daylight slowly filtered in as we rounded Teichelmann's corner and once clear of the Vancouver ice-cap we paused to photograph the sunrise which from our position at over 9,000 feet was an incredibly beautiful sight. On up the Linda and round onto the Shelf we glanced anxiously up at the menacing tongues of ice below the ice-cap. This is perhaps the most dangerous point on the Linda Glacier route

from the point of view of avalanches. We reached the crest of the North East Ridge (where it is joined by Zurbriggen's Route) at 6am and after a half hours rest began to ascend the summit rocks. Despite a number of short snow ridges which resulted in several bouts of step cutting and some icing on the rocks, we found these to be quite straight forward and arrived at the start of the ice-cap at 9am. For some time we had been feeling the effects of altitude and regretting not having made at least one climb of over 10,000 feet beforehand. Another half hour rest and we began hacking a stairway up the ice-cap. At this point two Wellington climbers passed us cramponing up the ice without steps on twelve point crampons but belaying from ice-pitons, as we were. Though some parties climb the ice-cap without belays we decided to play safe as the surface ice was mushy and unreliable and only two of our party were wearing twelve point crampons. The day was fine without any wind which resulted in stifling heat on the ice-cap - heat like this I have not felt on a mountain before. This induced great fatigue to all members of the party, bringing the step cutters to frequent halts. Time passed madly and the ice-cap seemed endless. It was 4pm before we stepped onto the summit. In a clatter of focal-plane shutters the view was recorded a most spectacular one, despite the presence of cloud to the south and west. Half an hour was spent on the summit before commencing the descent. This went by quite quickly and by 9pm we were in the upper Linda Glacier adjusting our torches having photographed the sunset from the foot of the summit rocks. The less said of the return down the Linda, across the Grand Plateau and over the Dome, the better. Nowhere were we less than half way up to the knees in slush. When we finally reached Haast Hut at 1am, coherent speech, apart from oaths, together with two head-lamps (flat batteries) had become very limited.

Two days later we crossed to Malte Brun Hut. The following morning we awoke between 5 and 6am and enquired why the alarm clock had not rung at 1:30am. Its keeper apologised saying that he must have forgotten to set it, where upon everyone grunted agreement that it was too late to set out for a climb then and went back to sleep.

The following day things went according to plan and at 3am Graeme and I left for the Minarets (10,058 and 10,022 feet) and De La Beche (9,817 feet), Archie and Ewen leaving an hour and a half later for Malte Brun (10,420 feet). The weather to the South became threatening, so Graeme and I wasted no time. The ascents proved quite straight forward, apart from a nasty ice gully leading on to the middle section of the Ranfurly Glaciers above the lower rock buttresses. From here we weaved our way up the undulating crevassed snowfields

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First Page:

Top Left: Chief Guide, Garth Varcoe is projectionist at a Club Instruction Course early in the year. Watching the slides is Bob Clarkson.

Top Right: Also at the instruction course were Sara Robinson, Margaret McHugh and Kathleen Marshall.

Middle Left: President, Gerry Kampjes, watching twisting at the Club's 40th Anniversary celebrations.

Middle Centre: Taking time out for a drink at the 40th Anniversary was Bruce Moore.

Middle Right: Three Mosgiel boys looking over the trip programme at the opening of the Mosgiel Branch of the O.T.C.

Bottom Left: The first committee which was formed at Mosgiel with the O.T.C. president.

Bottom Right: Also enjoying himself at the 40th Anniversary was Ross Adamson.

Second Page:

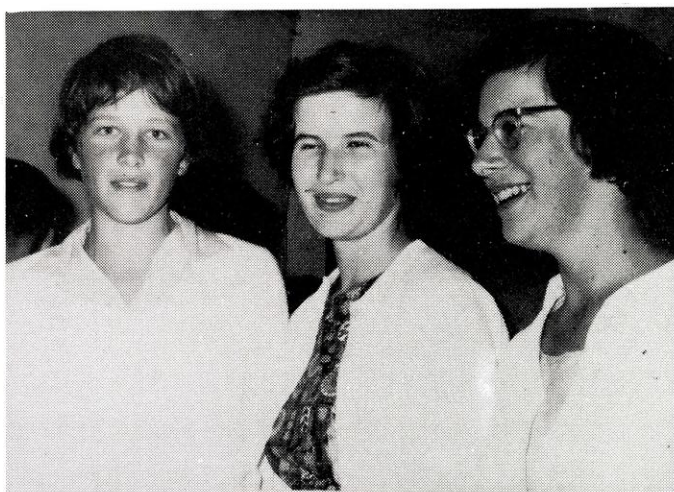
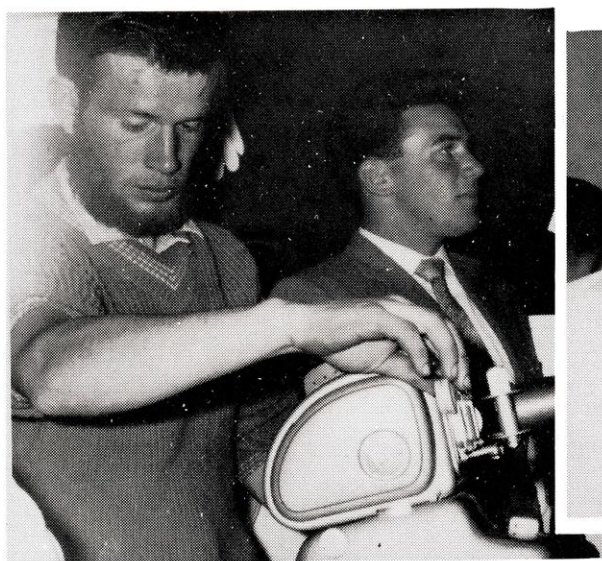
- Top: A view of the Ailsa Mountains from the Hollyford.
- Middle Left: Looking down to Doubtfull Sound.
- Centre: A party of trampers crossing Lake Wilmot on horse-back.
- Centre Right: Lake McKenzie with Enderly Pass in the background.
- Bottom Left: A view in the Hollyford.
- Bottom Centre: Mount Madeline from Hommer Saddle.
- Bottom Right: Above Hidden Falls in the Hollyford.

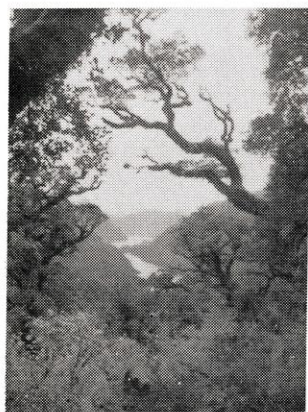
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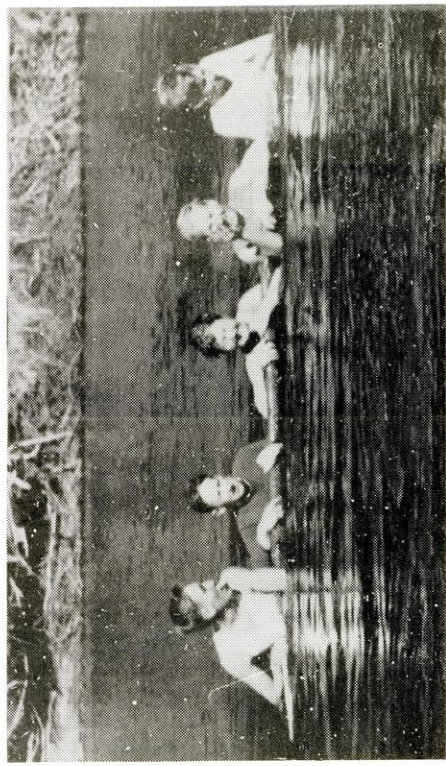
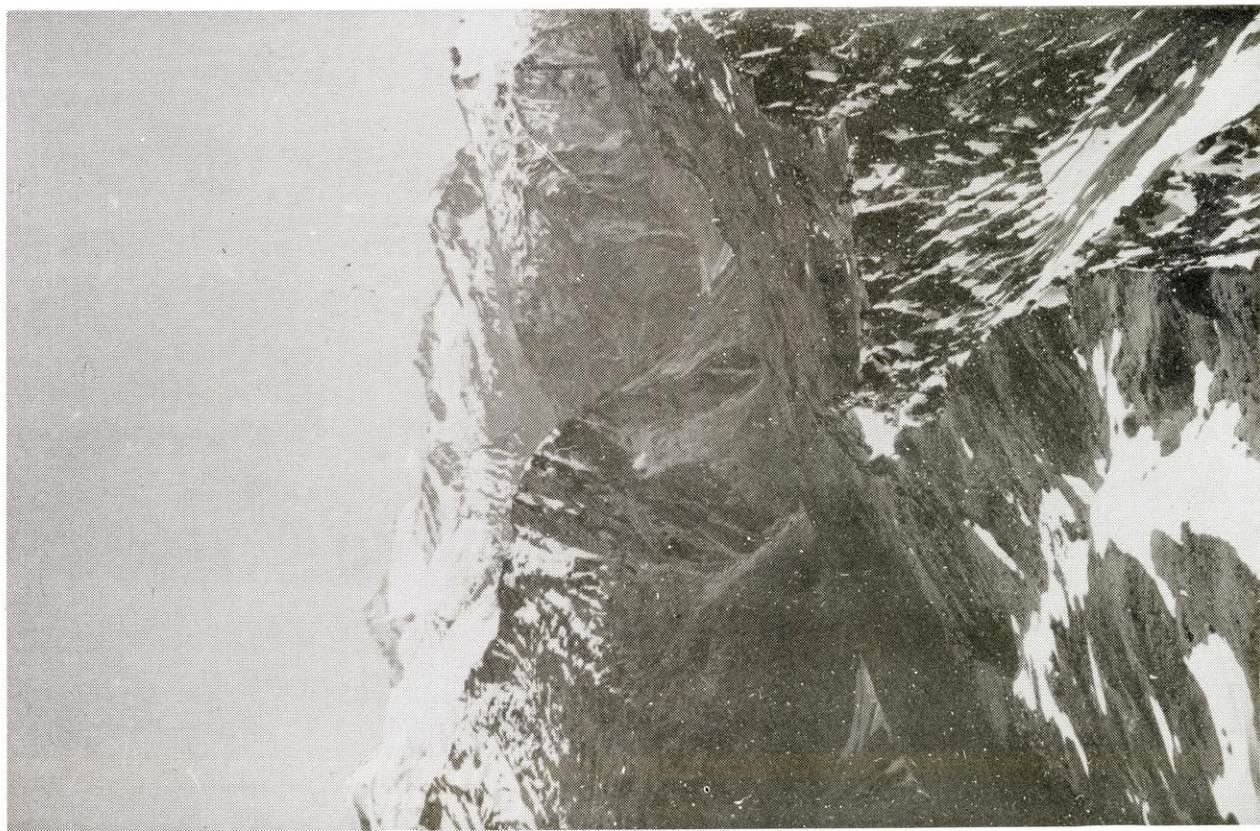
- Top: A view from the summit of Mt Clarke looking up the Dart Valley.
- Bottom Left: Graeme Hasler, John Armstrong and Ron Nillson, three members on the advanced instruction course which took place from Ball Hut, pose for a photo.
- Bottom Right: A group of river crossers using the log method on one of the club river crossing trips.

Fourth Page:

- Top: Looking across Lake Wanaka to Black Peak.
- Bottom Left: Setting off for the climb up Mt Domett. The photo shows Club members passing through a gate from the Kurow side with Domett in the background.
- Bottom Right: Latter in the day. Ron Keen, Garth Varcoe and Maureen Devitt on the summit of Domett.









to the prominent snow crete leading to the low peak of De La Beche. Having ascended to about half way we sidled round to the attractive snow plateau between the Minarets and De La Beche. This manoeuvre was necessary to avoid large crevasses cutting the more usual approach line. The Low Minaret was reached at 8am and after a short rest we visited the High Minaret, before crossing the plateau to De La Beche for lunch and a doze in the warm sun. After more than an hour the weather chased us off the summit and back to the hut by 4:30pm. Archie and Ewen returned about two hours later after an uneventful climb. Their ascent of Malte Brun was made by the West Ridge, the return being made by the normal route. Two days later at 3am were closed the Malte Brun Hut door and left for Elie de Beaumont (10,200 feet) via Walter (9,507 feet). Having slithered down the moraine wall we stumbled about in the moraine on the edge of the Tasman Glacier. At last we 'surfaced' on white ice and moved quickly up the glacier. Daylight seeped in over Tasman Saddle to find us strapping on crampons and roping up at the foot of the South East Ridge of Green. After a short steep snow climb we reached the crest of the ridge above the prominent rock buttress at the foot of the ridge. From here, steep crampon work up the ridge which is first broad then narrow and exposed took us onto the snow plateau between Green and Walter. Quickly we travelled over its beautifully rippled surface toward Walter. Steep cramponing took us onto the peak's delightfully airy summit ridge to pass over the highest point at 7:30am and begin the descent to the col between Walter and Elie. About 150 feet of steep acrobatic rock climbing took us down to this. From here much kicking and cutting of steps took us up to the final schrund below the summit of Elie. A convenient snow bridge led us over this and soon we were sprawled on the broad snow plateau which forms the summit. It was midday - we eyed the West peak of Elie which looked very tempting from here, but decided that insufficient time remained to make this climb and attempt the descent of the Anna Glacier route. We had heard that this was quite likely cut by a large schrund and impassable. Also we wished to avoid traversing back over Walter in the cold westerly gale which had made things unpleasant in the morning. After descending to the col we joined the two ropes together for added safety in the advent of a fall into a hidden crevasse, as the snow was very soft in the glacier. We weaved our way down the glacier until we could overlook the final slopes leading to the Tasman glacier. Here we were halted by a complex system of crevasses. Some time was spent ascertaining that there was no way through or round these. However, we were able to manoeuvre through all but one of these, it, in turn being overcome by double roping into it and climbing out the other side - a snow bollard being used for an anchor for the rope. It was late afternoon when we finally emerged onto the Tasman and one

could not fail to be impressed by the peacefulness and beauty of our surroundings and reflect sadly that this was to be the last climb of our trip. The next day we would travel down the Tasman Glacier and the following day back to the more hum drum existence of everyday life. It was 9pm when we finally topped the moraine wall and entered the hut, to conclude the best climb of the trip.

The fast weekend in February, Bruce Lumb, Graeme Hasler, Evelin Strougal and I climbed the South Cone of the Remarkables. The route for this climb began directly below the main group of peaks and lay up a long gully working out onto the shelf below the final peaks. Here because of deteriorating weather, together with icing high up on the peaks we decided to abandon the idea of climbing directly up the face and instead circled round the south side to Lake Alta. After spending an uncomfortable night in the rock bivvy here we climbed the South Cone and returned by the usual route.

Mt Christina was next in line for a visit. The party consisted of Don Cameron, Evelin Strougal and I. As three days were available for the climb, (March 23 to 25th) we carried bivvy gear (sleeping bags, primus, cooking gear and plenty of food). With this load our times were naturally slow, but as perfect weather prevailed, it would have been pointless to have rushed this climb. After arriving at the Homer Huts at 1am we rose about 6am, breakfasted, then motored down the valley to the Cirque between Crosscut and Christina. We left the road at 8am and travelled well up into the Cirque before striking up a prominent thickly vegetated ledge to the right. After crossing a deep water course we worked up onto a higher ledge, following this across a second stream bed, then dropping slightly to cross a third. Rock bluffs immediately beyond this were ascended, these giving access to scree slopes below the first of several snowfields. As these snowfields had retreated greatly we were able to keep to the rock much of the time. After climbing above two small snowfields (perhaps normally one) we worked out to the right then upwards to another snowfield. This was ascended a short distance until we reached steep rotten rock leading directly to the summit ridge. We then kicked and cut steps (no crampons carried) out to the left on steep snow to reach the summit ridge at 7,000 - 7,500 feet. Here we bivvied for the night after levelling a site and building a low break wind to protect us from the cold southerly breeze which was blowing. As we were approximately level with the summit of Talbot it can be imagined what a spectacular place this was to spend a night. The following morning we made a leisurely ascent to the summit. This proved to be straight-forward rock climbing climaxed by a pleasant series of snow ridges. We descended to our bivvy for an hour of relaxation in the sun before

continuing the descent. Darkness overtook us at the top of the bluffs above the crossing point of the third water course (gut), so we levelled another bivvy site, cooked the last of our steak and eggs and drank a mug of coffee before retiring for a good night's sleep. We returned to Homer Huts shortly after midday. Technically, this climb proved straight-forward though the route finding would have proved much more tricky had we not been briefed by Gordon McDonald as to the best line to take through the lower bluffs.

On Easter Friday, Gerry Kampjes, Maureen Devitt, Bob Peters, Noel Reid, Graeme Hasler, Evelin Strougal and I flew into Malte Brun Hut. After studying the heavily crevassed snowfields of the Main Divide peaks, it was decided to attempt one of the Malte Brun range peaks. Most of the party favoured Malte Brun (10,420 feet) itself and though Graeme and I had climbed this peak before we were quite happy to repeat the ascent. It was decided to do the climb by the rock of the West Ridge rather than by the normal route - up the Malte Brun Glacier then up the face to join the West Ridge at about 9,000 feet. This would avoid any trouble with crevasses in the glacier which at this time of the year could be a problem. As we could expect to be on rock all day apart from snow near the summit it was decided to leave crampons behind. When departure time came in the morning Graeme decided to stay behind as he was feeling unwell. This left three ropes of two - Noel and Bob, Gerry and Maureen, Evelin and I. It was a clear moonlit night when we left shortly after 4am and scrambled up the scree and boulder filled gut immediately behind the hut, then climbed the boulder slopes up to the Gap in the West Ridge below the first step. Apart from an iced and plastered pitch, this step proved straight-forward. Once above the step, the cold wind and exposure brought the old thrill back, and soon we were moving quickly along the ridge towards the second step. At the foot of this we scrambled down the side of a shattered pillar. A climb up a section of loose snow plastered rock took us out onto the face of the West Ridge. We climbed and sidled across the face to gain the crest of the ridge at the same point as the normal route. This manoeuvre was for the most part on steep but firm rock offering plenty of choice of route. One section in a gut where the rock was slaty required care however. Once on the crest of the ridge, straight-forward rock climbing led us to the Cheval. We paused while crossing it to take photographs and playfully flick the rope up for the wind to catch and billow out over space. We climbed the steep rock beyond this to come out on the slaty rotten rock of the Summit ridge. We quickly ascended this to reach the summit. The ropes had become considerably spread out on the ridge, Maureen and Gerry deciding to call it a day at the Cheval because of insufficient time. With memories of past

descents of the normal route down the Malte Brun glacier when we had plugged steps and glissaded down in soft snow, I decided to follow this route to avoid the more difficult rock sections on the ascent route and theoretically to save time. The descent proved straight-forward. We left the ridge at the same point as we had gained it, dropping down to a patch of snow on the prominent ledge which runs parallel to the crest of the ridge. From here a deep gut led us down to the shelf above the glacier. This gut proved slow going for three ropes on account of the loose rock in it. Sometimes it was only safe for one rope to move at a time. Imagine our disgust when we reached the glacier to find it composed of hard snow in which steps would have to be cut. From above, it had appeared that a way could be found through the crevasses, but after half an hour's step-cutting had taken us only a short distance it was decided to abandon this idea and try instead to force a way down the rock on the true right of the glacier. The thought of cutting stairways from one side of the glacier to the other was singularly unappealing to the already tired step cutters. A night out was by now obvious so Bob and Noel climbed back up the rock a distance in search of a sheltered ledge, while Gerry and I carried on cutting into the glacier to a large crevasse in increasing darkness. A strong cold wind blew up the glacier making conditions miserable for the girls. We reached the crevasse to find it shallow and easy of access so we climbed into it finding it less draughty than above. Some pieces of rock lying about were collected and a shelf formed to sit on. Ropes and packs were used for insulation and having put on all our clothing we huddled together for warmth. Sleep occasionally gave relief to our cold discomfort. The wind increased in force to blow powdered snow over us. The moon rose, but it was 1am before the shadow cast by Malte Brun had receded enough for the area around us to be flooded with its light. We then packed our gear, roped up and continued the descent, cutting a line of steps across the glacier then continuing straight down towards a rock out-crop. Cloud was building up on the Main Divide, indicating that bad weather was on the way. The wind, which was quite strong by now and blowing snow about sometimes forced the step-cutter to brace himself against the slope with one hand while cutting with the other. Cloud scudded across the face of the moon, occasionally plunging us into darkness, when we cut steps by feel in preference to the light of a torch. Loose rocks began to blow off the mountain side above. With a sound like a naval salvo, a rock avalanche descended into the head of the glacier lighting up its surroundings with flashes and making a thrilling though awesome spectacle. After five hours cutting we took to the rock beside the glacier. We scrambled down easy rock to emerge on the final series of bluffs above the rubble filled basin below. Here we halted for a rest and to wait for daylight to come in fully.

I went to sleep immediately to be awakened half an hour later by snow driving into my face - the weather had reached us. Choosing a line well away from the glacier we commenced the descent. This section was perhaps 1,000 feet high and provided some of the most continuously difficult rock climbing in my experience. We tackled each pitch with enthusiasm, knowing that if we could not climb down, we would have to climb back up and tackle the glacier. The wind drove snow straight up the mountainside, making it difficult to look down and see where to go. This resulted in sore eyes for Evelin and me (the ones without spectacles) for several days to come. A pitch near the bottom could not be climbed down, so a piton was driven in and a running belay used to make the descent possible. At the bottom of the glacier we were met by Graeme and a member of another party which had arrived at the Malte Brun hut. It was nearly midday. We "bumbled" across the boulders back to the hut casting many anxious glances back towards the mountain as Bob and Noel were nowhere in sight. We reached the hut at 12:30pm after 32½ hours absence. It snowed heavily and blew strongly throughout the afternoon and our anxiety for the other two increased. Shortly before 6:30pm a yell from outside from Gerry telling us that Bob and Noel were approaching brought thankful relief. They had left their "night out spot" at 7am, followed our steps down the glacier, but taken a line down the rocks nearer the glacier and been unable to descend. After several attempts they returned to the glacier. After five hours step cutting, some in ice, they had forced their way down to the bottom.

So an eventful climb ended, providing food for thought and bringing to a close for me an interesting season in the hills.

C A M E R O N ' S

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A TYPICAL WEEKEND AT THE HOMESTEAD.



Most club members are fully aware that some of our less reputable colleagues have recently taken over the old Christmas Creek hut. No longer is it the welcome refuge we once knew. Instead, it has become a Tararua-type of dwelling where one is required to remove one's boots before entering. And it now possesses the rather innocuous title of "The Homestead", sporting a motto that says "Not Wine, Women or Song within fifty feet."

Let me take you on a typical weekend's trip to the "Homestead" with no punches pulled.

Early on Saturday morning, we pile into whatever transport is available and head for the winding, twisting road that leads to Hindon. At the start of the long drop into Hindon, everyone crosses his fingers and hopes that one of the runholders will be waiting with his land rover, ready to whisk us to Silverpeak station. However, following the usual pattern, we uncross afore mentioned fingers and hit the road.

Some two hours later, finds us well on the track to the hut. Normally a party would find itself moving at a steady rhythm by this stage, but bear in mind that this is no normal party. It contains a bearded gentleman (no names please) who takes delight in placing his foot in front of your ankle, or giving you a gentle shove into a handy clump of bracken (generously laced with lawyer vines) and if this isn't enough, there are plenty of rocks around - and the uses to which this gentleman? can put rocks is too numerous

to mention.

Let's assume now that we have reached the hut, with its flashing red light and whirling floggle-toggle. The first thing one must do to avoid rubbing the owners up the wrong way, is to remove one's boots and packs. Then facing East and bowing three times, you are allowed to enter and partake of a light liquid refreshment. Now to work, and believe me, if you wish to stay at the "Homestead" you have either to be prepared to work your fingers to the bone or to leave a pound note for services rendered. The author (and here I lose my anonamity) was required to dig a large hole and construct above it a typical country shack. This was done with much heavy pack-up of manuka from the creek, goaded on by the scathing comments of the demanding landlords. (In England they are bringing in a law to protect tenants from such people - perhaps the O.T.C. could follow suit.)

Anyway, as invariably happens every twenty-four hours, night falls, and with it comes a small respite in which you are allowed to take tea. This is generally cooked by a specially imported chef, direct from the Landsborough. This lad bears the name of "Clob" Barkson, and what he can do with 10 dozen oysters, two weeks old stew, plum pudding and tinned tucker is anyone's guess. (I'm still guessing what happened to a pair of my well-used socks. The soup.....)



After a cup of something or other with lumps on top, the usual evening's entertainment consists of diverse discussions on various tramping topics such as Christine Keeler, Dr. Profumo etc.

And so to bed and pleasant dreams.

But this is not to be, for invariably around 10.30 various young whippersnappers decide to pay social visits from Jubilee Hut. This wouldn't be so bad if they just had

a cup pf tea and then took off. But no.....it seems they are always keen to see the morning in, perhaps hoping for a free breakfast.

It's daylight at last! And with it comes a mysterious ritual that consists of pointing out of the window and shouting "Look!" This invariably brings all the other residents running to see who's coming. Of course, nobody IS coming - it's merely part of the mysterious ritual. (This is actually a small white lie.) The Slavedrivers, "Clob" and "Whiskers" alias Arawata Bill, are waiting for their better halves to arrive, but since they have already advertised, as I mentioned at the beginning of this story, that no women are allowed, they are endeavouring to keep the whole caboodle a secret.

Let us now assume we are going out via the Staircase and Green Hut. These two gentlemen have a nasty habit of dashing ahead for a hundred yards or so, waiting for us "oldies" to catch up, then dashing ahead again. This wouldn't be quite so bad if they hadn't filled your pack up with rocks, in an effort, as they later tell you, to "keep you from setting too hot a pace." We have now reached Green Hut via a number of devious routes, such as down the Silverstream or through the Gap. There are several naive schoolboys in residence, and these are quickly deprived of all things edible, in order to satisfy the hearty appetites of "Clob" and "Whiskers" and their companions. Given a few years, these schoolboys will have sufficient cunning to deal with such persistent cadging, but till then they are fair game.

The route out to Double Hill is unvariably tame compared with the rest of the trip, the monotony being broken only by an occasional push into a swampy patch or being hit over the head by a metal fence standard.

This then, is a completely unexpurgated and unexaggerated account of a typical weekend at the "Homestead" under the guidance of mine hosts, Bob and Garth. You are warned!



A letter to the Editor.

HANS FRUBER WILHEMSTRAUSSE HAMBURG GERMANY

IMPORTER & EXPORTER

Wilhemstrausse,
Hamburg,
Germany, 1961.

The Manager,
Genral Food Corporation,
Green Rice Purchasing Dep.,
281 Murray Street,
Perth,
AUSTRALIA.

Dear Sir,

Der last two schipments uf rice ve get from you on der schip was mitt mice schidt mixt. Der rice was good enuff but der mice schpoils der grade. Ve do not see mice schidts in der samples you send us.

It takes too much time to pick der durds from der rice. Ver order kleen rice, and you schitt mitt der rice.

Ve like you to schip us der rice in vun sack, and der mice schidt in anoder sack, und den ve can mix to soot der customer.

Please rite if ve schould schip back der schidt and keep der rice, or keep der schidt and schip back der rice, or schip back der hole schitten verks!

Ve vant to do rite in dis matter but ve do not like diss mice schidt business.

Vit much resbectds,

HANS GRUBER,
Manager.

THE NEW ROAD TO DOUBTFUL SOUND

A TRIP OVER IT IN 1939

• WEDNESDAY, 20th DECEMBER.

A nice day and we left by launch at 9.30 a.m. for Lake Manapouri (West Arm) with Les Murrell and Kurt Suter. The run took 2 hours 10 minutes and we boiled up in a hut on the lake side. We had felt a few sandflies all the time in the Eglinton but they were even more numerous here. Left hut at 1 p.m. The track follows along the Spey River for some miles. The track is fairly wet in places and some of it is done with corduroy logs about 2 feet apart. A number of creeks are bridged by split logs and only a few have hand rails. There is a very long crossing over a large creek not far from the start - with no handrail. Not far from this is a wire and plank suspension bridge over a river (Mica Burn) where mother's feet slid from under her leaving her sitting flat on the planks but fortunately firmly clasping the wires.

The track leaves the Spey and starts to climb and there are no zigzags like the Mackinnon Pass but it is a straight up climb where one is glad to stop periodically to regain one's breath. The trees are magnificent.

The creeks do not recognise clearly what is creekbed and what is track with the result that one is climbing up creek bed as often as not. Here and there one goes into black mud half-way to the knees. 3 hours climb took us to a rather dirty hut at the top (Wilmott Pass) where we had a welcome cup of tea and a snack from 4 p.m. to 5 p.m. Les Murrell had had rheumatic fever and had not been over the track for 18 months but he led the way up - supported by two walking sticks. Considering his condition, he made marvellous time but he found it easier to go up than to come down. Along the top was very boggy and down the other side for a good way, very rocky and very wet. A good deal of it was creek bed and very steep. I reckoned that if it were not in the bush, I could not have done it because the sheer drops would have made me giddy. We reached the hut on Doubtful Sound (Deep Cove) at 8 p.m. and what a meal we had. Packet soup - as thick as porridge (two helpings, new potatoes (about 5 each), St George tinned carrots, bully beef, pineapple, tea and cake. The hut is on the bank of a river (Lydia R.) running into the Sound but one cannot move a yard from the hut without getting into the marsh or into the muddy bush. The bunks are very good and there were plenty of mattresses, blankets, stores and even sheets. There was a dinghy with an outboard motor and a good launch which was about one quarter full of water.

THURSDAY, 21st DECEMBER.

A beautiful day. Kurt Suter cooked breakfast - porridge and bacon and eggs. We walked a little around the swamp and found a redbill's nest with 2 eggs in it. Double crepe fern is common in this bush and kidney fern and orchids not hard to find. Then Mother and I decided to bail out the launch. Les Murrell and I had done some of it earlier and it took Mother and I about an hour (she pumping while I bailed) to finish it. Then Mother and I got benzine tins ready and preserved Murrell's case of eggs in the hut while Les Murrell and Kurt Suter cleaned up the launch engine.

After lunch, we ran the launch up Halls Arm and admired the scenery. Back about 8 p.m. for another large meal. Came onto rain late afternoon.

FRIDAY, 22nd DECEMBER.

A wet morning. We played cards. Weather was mostly wet in afternoon but we went for a launch run to Crooked Arm into which we went a little way. We put down fishing lines but got nothing. Les Murrell took the outboard and had it running on the dinghy towing behind, on the way back. Back again to a late meal at which we again had some of what Kurt called Irma's Christian Science Cake. (Hope Science). Kurt made a loaf of bread after tea in a kerosene stove - to the accompaniment of a good deal of barrack. It rained in torrents all night.

SATURDAY, 23rd DECEMBER.

Still coming down in bucket-fulls in the morning. At first Les Murrell said the walk could not be done. However, we started off at 9 a.m. and our boots were wet through in 5 minutes. In about an hour or less despite my oilskin coat I could have wrung out my singlet. We reached the hut in the pass at 12 where I did wring out my singlet and shirt which disgorged water by the cupful. I wore a dry jersey from my pack while we lunched from 12 - 1. Kurt had brought one slice of bread each and some butter so that we would have been fairly hungry were it not for the Smith's cake and cheese which Irma carried. We plodded on at 1 p.m. after I had re-donned my wet singlet and shirt. The rain was perhaps not so heavy in the afternoon but we were all wet thro' anyway. One did not need to bother about dodging the ankle or knee deep pools on the track and this made easier walking except when there was 18 inches of mud below. We arrived at the hut at Lakeside at 4.15 p.m. where we changed into dry clothes and had a welcome meal. During the launch trip back, we sang nearly everything we knew and someone told us of the time when, down and out in Sydney, he had rushed the job at 5/- of carrying the red flag in a procession and was knocked senseless by a police truncheon. He did not know till later that that was why the job carried the emolument. He also

told us of how he had got a week's free board in Western Australia thro' being saved by the Salv. Army. Les Murrell talked all the time - he could even talk solidly while climbing the 1 in 1 track with two sticks. He told us how Ferguson's aide-de-camp steered the boat from the wheel - while the Governor pushed the tiller one way and the other from the back - nearly giving the aide heart disease.

There was a good deal of trouble in getting the launch re-started after it had waited on Lake Manapouri in the damp during our trip. Kurt started the engine about 50 times when it always back-fired and he thought it might be advisable to run the launch back-ways going home.

We arrived at Manapouri House about 8 p.m. and had a bath and a meal. I carried a fairly heavy swag on this trip being so fit that I did not require to consider an odd pound or so.

No doubt the necessary road for supplying the working party in Doubtful Sound will include many zigzags, but even so, one wonders how they will fare in such seas of mud.

NO NEED FOR A TORCH

The morning was hot with only a little wind from the Arctic Ocean, as I packed my rucksack once more. Again, my tracks would show in the dusty road.

I had camped for the night near "Lakselv" in the far north of Norway. I thought with a smile that if I dug through the earth I'd come out in McMurdo Sound and would not be far from home. Nearby the river ran cold and clear, unlike the rivers in Finland only 60 miles south. There the land was nearly all marsh and swamp, covered with miles of Pine, Spruce and Birch Trees.

The rivers like many of the 60,000 lakes were a dull reddish brown owing to the peat-like earth.

I set off along the road that followed along the coast towards the north. On my left the cliffs climbed high above the bay. Looking out over the waters were old forts and gun emplacements, from the second world war. Barbwire and ruined vehicles were also plentiful. In the shallow waters of the "Porsangen" lay the wreck of a German landing barge. Ice flows and frozen snow drifted near the shore. That morning the Swiss boy who had been sharing my tent for a few days had set off early, in the hope of getting a lift to "Alta" (the nearest big town, 166 km. away). I soon passed him as he hobbled along the road. The day before

he had walked over 40 km., and now was feeling the effects.

I passed a roving herd of reindeer as they wandered along the mud flats near the shore. Their bells rang merrily as they searched for grass that was beginning to grow after the long winter. An hour later a friendly truck driver had us both in his cab as we wound in and out of the small bays and inlets. On the truck was a load of wallboard, a product of Sweden. We passed two or three small fishing villages before coming to "Russenes" where we started on foot once more. Having exhausted almost all my food, I looked in vain for a store to replenish supplies.

For the second and last time that day I left my friend behind. Now the road led high into the mountains down which ran rawing torrents of melting snow water. The river roared down the narrow valley and disappeared around one of the many bends. Upwards wound the road, into the snow. It was very hot, but soon there was nowhere to sit as the roadside was either under snow or soggy with water. After $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours I came at last to an open piece of ground free of snow. Here had been an old military base during the war. All that remained was an old wooden hut beside a stream. I collected some wood for a fire and as I sat stirring the soup I was surprised to see an old snowy bearded man appear from the hut and head down the valley, rucksack on his back.

As I reached I gazed at an impressive mountain peak, not far away across the valley. I decided that it could be easily climbed from the saddle where the road disappeared, a few hundred yards away. As it was only 7 pm and the sun was high in the sky, I decided to scale this peak before going down to the next town on the other side of the saddle. Alas to my dismay, on reaching the saddle, I found it was only the beginning of a very long valley, climbing slowly for miles and miles into the distance. It was no time for playing on mountains as campsites were few and far between and it appeared to be further than I thought to the town of "Skiadi". I trudged on, singing all my favourite songs, plain songs and stupid songs. There was nothing to break the monotony. Only hills, mountains, snow, telegraph poles and more snow. Alongside the road in places were high fences of wood built to make the snow drift into hills and not lay so deep where the road was cut. At times the snow towered three feet over my head where the snow-plough had forced its way through the drifts. At 10.30 I took a photo of the sunset and turned on my transistor radio. Revived by the gay tunes, I lengthened by stride and forced myself on higher and higher.

At long last a notice read that I was 240 meters above sea level, and I began the slow journey down to the west. Once I found a small hill free of snow and decided to camp for the night or should I say the period of time when most people sleep. Nighttime, I am used to connecting with darkness. On approaching the hill I discovered it was surrounded by a deep bog and I could not cross.

At 11.30 p.m. I was pleased to see a figure dressed in red cross the road and disappear behind a snowy hillock. Hoping to find a farm with a shed where I could sleep I strode on.

On rounding the bend I saw a wonderful sight. Gaily dressed Lapps, reindeer, sledges, huskies, two huts and best of all grass, where the reindeer had cleared the snow. I dropped my 50lb pack with relief and went across to the nearest Lapp. She gazed at me with inquisitive blue eyes from a suntanned face. I asked if I may camp nearby but she backed away from the scruffy bearded traveller and said nothing. Then I approached the plump mother standing in the doorway of a little unpainted hut. I repeated my question. She nodded in reply and said nothing. A little man about 4' 6" darted like a gnome across to a sledge laden with reindeer skins. He took not the slightest notice of me as I walked to my pack and began to put up the tent. Here I finished the jam and the emergency chocolate that Jean Armfield gave me in England.



At 3 a.m. I woke to the sound of many hooves and the swish of sledges. I looked out to see another man arrive from out of the snowy wastes. Both men took the sledges and reindeer to the nearby road and loaded on some heavy bundles wrapped in canvas. They then drove back to the huts and turned free the deer.

Being wide awake by this time and having taken one or two photos from the tent, I approached the men just as the teenage girl joined them. They agreed to having their photo taken 125 at f4 before going into the hut. I rose at 8 a.m. to find them all working around the hut. The sun which was shining at 3 a.m. was now high in the sky. When the Lapps have their sleep I don't know. Before moving off I searched my pack for food. The total being salt, 1 packet soup and two packets of instant mashed potato (that I bought in England four months before). After only one hour I reached "Skiadi" but found that here also there was no store or shop. Hopeful for a lift to Alta I began the long climb over the next pass. This only represented 3 days walk and so with my meager supply of food I set off. In this valley there were many small summer homes half buried in snow. One I found was occupied and the man sat by the roadside to look at traffic. (one kiwi and 9 cars all day). After a few words in pigeon English I moved on. The Norwegian flag that showed the house was occupied fluttered in the breeze.

Once more high in the snow covered mountains, I used my favourite excuse to rest and often photographed the rugged beauty of Norway. At a wide place in the road I cooked a packet of instant spud, but using too much salt didn't help as it made me drink the icy waters more and more often. Again on the move I passed a great waterfall but the condition of the snow did not permit me to get close for a good photo. At 10 p.m. I was still climbing and feeling very hungry and depressed. Another photo of the sunset provided a brief halt, but now the wind was cold and biting. In the wide plain like stretches of the upper valley I found a large settlement of Lapps surrounding a little church that sat in the snowy flats. At last I came to the top of a hill and gazed unhappily at the road stretching into the distance. I spoke with a young Lapp who stood near the roadway. He agreed that Alta was a long way off. A few minutes later a car pulled up beside me under the directions of this boy who rode inside with another of his gaily coloured friends. The driver who wore European clothes helped to load my rucksack in and then we set off.

My! how that road twisted and turned, here it was also covered with snow and the car slid everywhere. After a short stop at a roadworkers camp we set off once more.

I became more and more thankful for my ride as I saw the long stretches of monotony along the way.

Just on midnight we reached the town. Here all three of us left the car and the driver who would accept no money drove off. The two young Lapps strode off ahead of me. I was interested to see where they were going and laughed to see them go, like all teenagers into the coffee bar.

Later as I still walked through the town towards a camping place, they drove past in a taxi. At last I put up my tent on the hill above the valley. The sky was still red as the sunset changed to sunrise. I took a last look over the town and climbed into bed, thankful for the nearby shops loaded with food.

"FROZEN CHOOK"

"MT DOMETT 63"

At 7.00 p.m. Gerry's truck and Alan Thomson's car pulled away from the clubrooms to start yet another trip to Mt Domett..

The night was spent in the football pavilion at Kurow and a reasonable easy start was made the next morning.

After breakfast the party back tracked down the road and then inland towards the objective until progress could be made by the truck no longer. In a matter of minutes most parties were trudging up hill and down dale.

Within three quarters of an hour the climb was in progress first through tussock and snow-grass and then snow. Looking down the hill many people could be seen in a straggly line.

For a short while the party rested and a blood speckled Gerry came over the hill having fallen in a creek further down.

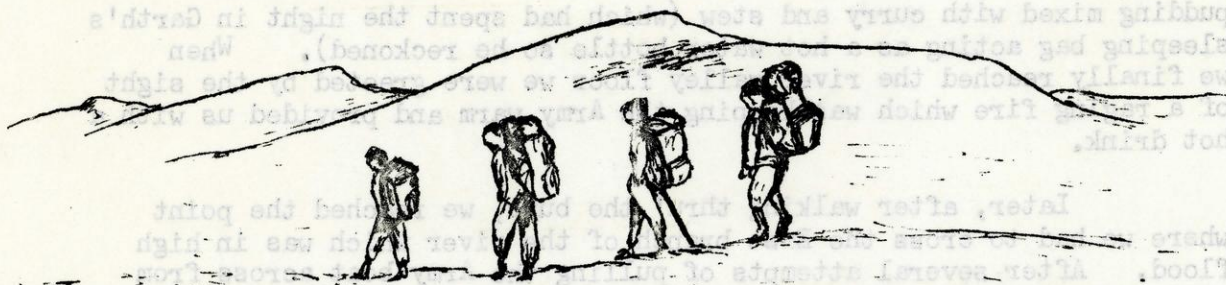
In a short time the party moved off again. Steps had to be kicked and chopped in the snow from the snow-line to the top of little Domett which was climbed by all but one.

Minutes later a party of five equipped with crampons were moving down the steep face towards the saddle between little Domett and Domett itself. After cramponing to the top of the nearest peak they were annoyed to find there was another peak ahead. But on they went. Meanwhile the party at the little Domett was making its way down the iced up slopes.

Halfway down there was a yell and a rushing noise and an ice-axe shot down the slopes followed by a very startled person.

By this time the party on Domett was making its way back towards the intervening saddle and back up the steep 300 ft. slope to little Domett and over the top to the valley floor and out to the trucks. For the rest of the story refer to "Domett Rescue".

"ARAWATA"



FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF TRAMPING

(East Mutikituki-Easter 1963)

It was about six o'clock on Friday evening, in the Queens Gardens, when the truck drew up that we were to ride in. Out jumped a very 'angry young man with a ginger beard. We stood beside our packs, which already felt as though they had lead in them, quaking with fear as the above 'gentleman' stormed over to us and demanded to know why we had not been at the Club Rooms at the appointed time. He calmed down a trifle when we told him that he had never told us to meet him there. After this set-back we decided that we would go home, but we were talked out of this by some other members of the Club. We were soon sitting in the back of the truck which was roaring away at a great speed. The rest of the way to Cattle Flat was uneventful except for the people sitting at the tail-end of the truck who were provided with entertainment by a certain driver who did not believe in changing gears when going thru' fords. The rest of that night was spent in comparative comfort by us girls in the back of the truck.

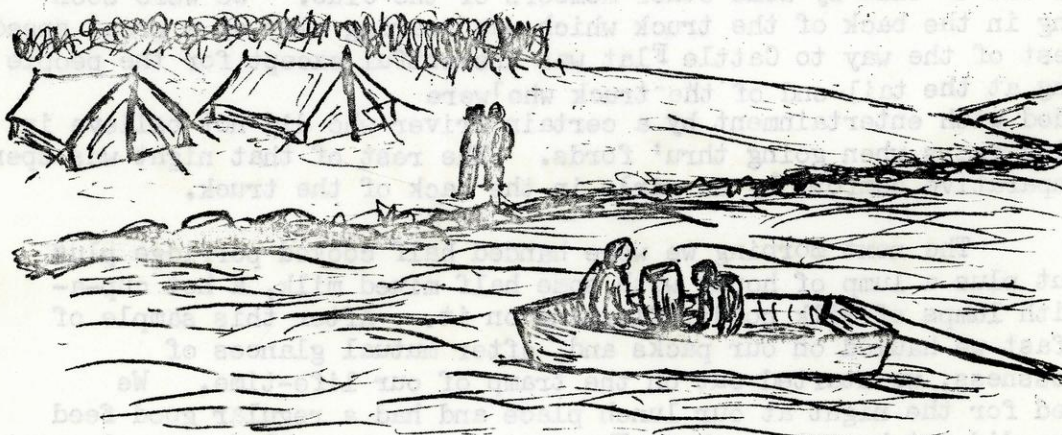
The next morning we were handed half cooked porridge plus coconut plus a lump of honey with some half mixed milk, a hot cup-a-tea with lumps of milk powder floating on it. After this sample of breakfast we hauled on our packs and, after mutual glances of hopelessness, we started out on the tramp of our life-time. We stopped for the night at our lunch place and had a regular good feed that we did not have to cook. The next day we travelled at a pleasant pace to the top of the saddle where fate had us to spend the next 12 hours in rain and gale force winds. During this time the tent pitched

beside ours ripped in two and we found that the number of occupants in our tent, now reached eight, with two (Garth and Ron) sleeping outside in the sleet and hail. That night was a time for grabbing the sides of the tent whenever it threatened to blow away completely and the feeling of water forming many large puddles inside our sleeping bags. By 6 o'clock on Sunday morning we were all out of our 'backs' and trying to pack sopping wet sleeping bags, broken bags of food, and wet 'dry' clothing into saturated packs with the feeling that never again would we put on tramping boots. We hurried to the bush-line for some shelter and we then ate our 'breakfast' which consisted of steam-pudding mixed with curry and stew (which had spent the night in Garth's sleeping bag acting as a hot water bottle so he reckoned). When we finally reached the river valley floor we were greeted by the sight of a raging fire which was keeping the Army warm and provided us with a hot drink.

Later, after walking thru' the bush, we reached the point where we had to cross the East branch of the river which was in high flood. After several attempts of pulling the Army boat across from the side we were on, we had to abandon the idea and Garth, Robert and Ron had to wade across. This was a very tough job as the water was above their waists and was fair raging over it's bed, they could only move a few inches at a time.

Once they were across it was only a matter of time before we were all across. When we had completed this feat we only had to walk to the trucks and this was completed without undue difficulty. After that, we (i.e. those in the back of the truck) promptly fell asleep and let the drivers take full responsibility for us reaching Wanaka.

Kathleen McPherson
Rosemary Mount.



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