

OUTDOORS

A MATTER OF MAMMOTHS

by Paul Powell

THE ROUTEBURN TRACK

**A Guide For Independents
& The Guided**

NOTES ON THE JOE

A Supplement To Moir

VERSE AND PROSE

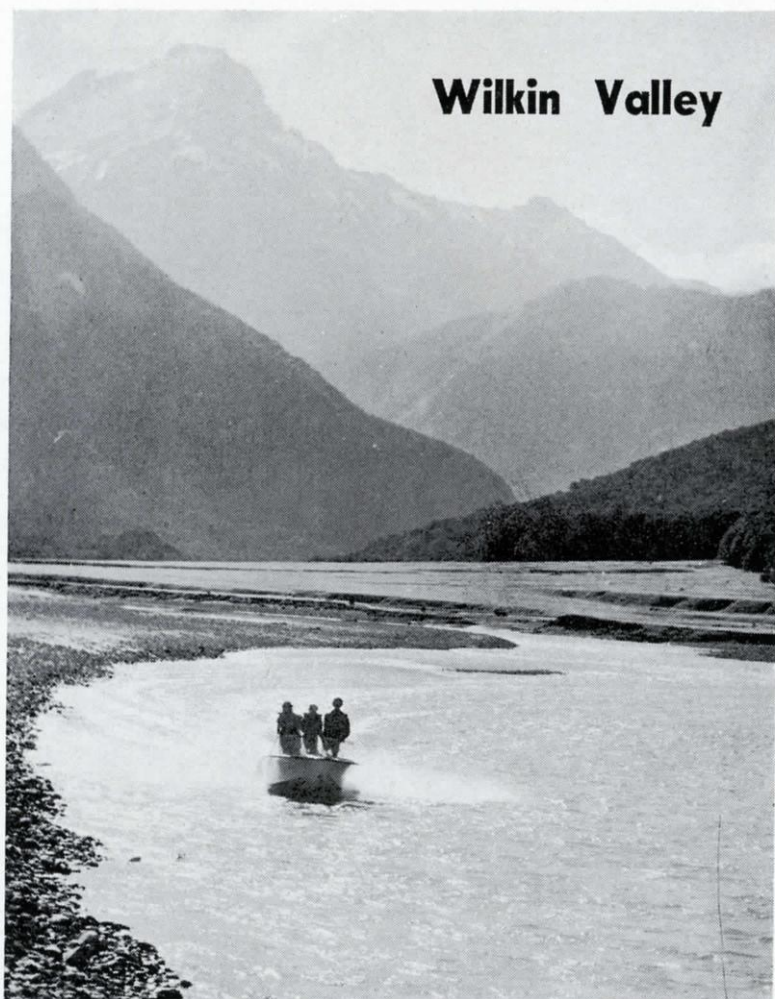
**Concerning The Mountains
And Valleys Of Mainly
New Zealand**

1970-71



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Brian Chalmers.

OUTDOORS

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OTAGO TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)

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(opp. DNTV2), Dunedin. Open 7 p.m. to 10.30 p.m.
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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

With the end of this year comes the end of my second term of office as your President, and it will be with regret as well as relief that I hand over the reins to someone new.

Management of a club like the O.T.C. is not an easy task, and I offer my personal thanks to all those who have served on committee and given me their support in the past two years.

I am confident that in the future the Club will continue to thrive and expand. It is evident that it has an increasingly important role to play in the community. Members have always taken an active interest in many side issues of tramping, from questions of access to those of conservation, but all must be prepared to accept further responsibilities if we are to continue to enjoy the privileges available in the past.

The problem of access is fast becoming a major one. Many run-holders recognise the needs of trampers and climbers and make provision accordingly. For this, we must show our appreciation by maintaining a high standard of "mountain manners." However, others tend to impose unreasonable restrictions, and these we must strenuously oppose.

A task of some magnitude already being tackled is the establishing of the existence of all legal access ways to mountain lands. The production of a route guide to our local area would be a valuable contribution here.

As your horizons widen, don't forget that the "spirit of the hills" is something one does not have to travel hundreds of miles to find. It exists in the local hills too, and these we should not neglect. There, as elsewhere, one can get wet, cold, thirsty, tired; but one can also enjoy the pleasure of fitness and the companionship of others.

My thanks to all those who have provided the latter in the past, and my good wishes to all for many more years of activity and interest in the mountains and in the Club.

Judy Knewstubb.

A MATTER OF MAMMOTHS

A member of a mountain club was yarning to me about a recent accident: "We're rather concerned about some younger members. At 18 they want to rush off and climb the high peaks in the Mt Cook district. Would you write something on the subject for us?"

A simple problem, answered with a stock sermon? Far from it. But the question put to me was, in essence, the same that must have been asked when pre-history's first young hunter rushed off to kill his first mammoth. It's a question about why, and how, of hunting-cunning and experience; within reason, the age of the hunter isn't of first importance. But the size and ferocity of the mammoth is. And so, I think, the problem is with mountains and mountaineers.

Now, I know nothing of hunting mammoths, and but a little more of hunting mountains. So when I thought over this matter of "too young at 18," I remembered my own mountain Spring; the exuberance, the lapses and the escapes. That my first hills were lower and gentler than the mammoths of the Cook district, that instruction courses were rare, cannot be more than excuses of degree. And then I recalled that Jack Clarke was only 19 when he made the first ascent of Mt Cook on Christmas Day, 1894. George Graham, that day, wasn't much older, and Tom Fyfe, who a few months before had "played a lone (first) hand with Malte Brun and won," was an ancient 24. These facts seem to make an irrefutable case for the under-20's of today, and though my bias is on their side, I think there are valid reasons that some of them may be too early for the hard and high stuff. Why? Mainly a matter of attitudes and experience.

Jack Clarke, the Graham brothers, and the other great Hermitage guides who followed, lived *continuously* among mountains before they went high, and they had, over the years, adapted themselves mentally and physically to the sustained testing of the hills. They had that empathy with mountains which comes to men who respect them. From constant observation they knew the time to climb, and the time to leave the peaks alone; when they were friendly, and when they were unapproachable. But what is even more important, the guides knew their strength, and their limitations; and consequently they lived in harmony with their mountains. Their unchallenged record of accident-free climbs proved this. But there's more to it than good climbing. They pioneered new routes and first ascents with equipment which seems, today, quite primitive. But they killed a lot of mammoths.

What was the reason for the distinction of these men? I think we can put it down to the marrow of one phrase: a matter of attitudes.

Now, the Grahams, and the guides who came after them, didn't trumpet their mountain philosophy; they were too modest for that. But their attitudes must have influenced their actions, and it's well-

known that they had a respect for mountains begotten by more than the laws of storm, gravity and acceleration. They were daring. They knew freedom, and the fee that must always be paid for it. And this is one law that's still fundamental between mountains and men.

Mountain thought and action often seems to reflect the general social attitudes of the time. After the First World War, and the unrest that followed, the direct influence of the guides gave way increasingly to the alpine "self-determination" of the early 1930's. Young New Zealanders swarmed to the hills. They traversed new country and made new ascents. They were tremendously eager and, because they were also rather hard-up, nearly all of them climbed without guides. The result was in two respects unfortunate: they suffered casualties, and they were deprived of the mental, and the technical, influence of the guides at the very beginning of their young climbing days. After World War II the pattern recurred, and the distinctive attitudes that had made the guided era in New Zealand so magnificent were blurred, and sometimes forgotten. But the existentialistic egotism of the Nazi climbers, though remote, showed New Zealand climbers that there was a new way of thinking about mountains, and men who climbed them. I'm sure very few of our people actively followed the new doctrine, but the distant example was there; and the possibilities of taint.

And then a new, and different influence came. The 1950's saw many of the Himalayan giants climbed. Techniques and equipment seemed to overshadow the importance of attitudes, and to many young climbers it might have appeared that a fierce determination to get to the top was the only driving force in mountaineering. Men appeared to be too busy doing things to mountains to wonder deeply about the reasons for their actions. There weren't enough Wilfred Noyces. There were other factors too. From letters, and conversations with young members in club rooms, round camp-fires and in huts, I've a strong impression that the present generation is being got at. And the worst pressures are those which colour its attitudes to mountaineering. Here are some questions based on what I've observed, but I leave you to work out your own answers.

Have we made mountains into status symbols, mirrors in which we see little but a distorted image of ourselves? Are mountain clubs mass producing climbers, rather than raising mountaineers? Is there subtle pressure on young people to believe that they are superior if they climb the toughies, but inferior if they don't? Is the man who potters about in valleys or climbs easy passes a second class alpine animal?

If these things have any bearing on current New Zealand trends in mountaineering, where have they come from, and what's the reason? If young people are *rushing the hard, high stuff*

too soon, one reason may be that they are only doing what we have conditioned them to do. And for this, the older generation must accept part of the blame. For years we've concentrated inordinately on one part of the mountain spectrum: the summit. And we've been over-concerned with the matter of how, rather than why, we've struggled for it. Now, even in a physical sense, the summit is but a small part of the mountain whole; those last pinnacles rest on the broader base of the middle height, and the valley floor. But if mountains have substance, mountaineers have minds; the fourth dimension of their indefinable relation should bond them both. But seeing mountains only in part, we have taught others only in part; the richness of the valley and the middle height have been forgotten. Can we wonder, then, that many young mountaineers see only high summits? Mountain art, literature, science and history have, until very recently, been passed over as sissy stuff. And it's a significant corollary that the strictly alpine clubs have been for years the most timid on conservation, and the integrity of National Parks.

I've already sketched the possible effect of too literal a translation of the Himalayan saga on New Zealand mountaineering attitudes. But what about the other influences which may have given young mountaineers, and the public, a narrowed view: the hoo-ha in press, radio and television accounts of mountain "conquest"? And the persuasive brochures from the equipment-hawkers who are doing-very-nicely-thank-you?

And now we come to a confusion of attitudes; on one hand we exhort young people to climb hard and high, and on the other we sermonise about "*safety* in the mountains." Since when were mountains safe? Youth needs challenge, but safety is for old men with fireside and slippers. All living is a challenge, and mountain living the greatest; it needs a nice balance between the hazard, and the mental and physical ability to assess, and then pass wisely. This I've always called commonsense. But to talk empirically of safety as an end in itself, is negative, restrictive and misleading. Of course we want to keep accidents to a minimum, but we must be positive and realistic. There will always be accidents despite every care for, and obedience to, the rules. But it's illusory to suggest that an ideal of standardised safety can be doled out like one size of boots from a quartermaster's store. Some people will keep the boots on, and get corns; and others, aggravated by restriction, will throw the boots away. This conflict has resulted because we've transposed cause and effect. Safety may be one of the many individual benefits of hill sense, but it's an end product; not an original material. And there's no safety-level general to all mountaineers. Survival is only part of the business of living in the mountains, and safety, which is another name for it, is relative to the philosophy and the experience of the individual. And as with mammoths, mountains have individual wiles. If Cook was "safe"

for Jack Clarke at 19, it's not necessary so for Harry Haveago at the same age.

Earlier I said something about guides. Club instruction courses have done much to fill the gap left by the decline in guided climbing, but for all their general effectiveness, these group courses have one disadvantage: they sometimes leave the pupils with the fallacious impression that there's nothing more to be learned, that now-they-know-it-all. Ideally, the follow up to a group instruction course should be a season or two with a guide, for there's no substitute for individual teaching. Perhaps it might be practicable for mountain clubs to contribute to the establishment of a corps of professional guides? Then some young amateurs would learn hill sense as well as the latest techniques, and pass them on.

There's another possibility. Some years ago experienced amateurs used to include a promising stripling in their foursome. The younger man learned the cunning of survival, and the greater art of living with mountains; and his seniors *sometimes* got an early cup of tea while they were still in the morning sack. Certainly there was then that interchange of ideas which brought argument, humour and perspective into our mountaineering. It's an idea worth reviving.

And what are my own attitudes to mountaineering? I've already said I believe we should live with mountains, not just climb them. I'm entirely for new techniques and equipment, new faces and new routes and old valleys. But in all these material advances we will also need to be surer of our attitudes, of the why, as well as the how. If we lose the correct proportion between mountains and ourselves, the time may come when we will no longer need mountains. I hope not, for mountains are thinking, as much as doing, places; for if they inspire us, they can, if we see them truly, abrade our conqueror's ego to a little "i."

To sum up. There is with all of us, the need for a mature attitude to mountains, to their wholeness, and to *all* who go to them. We should influence young mountaineers to interweave mature philosophy and a fuller sense of mountain living with advances in equipment and technique. But attitudes are the driving force, and should come first. Few hard and fast rules can be laid down to keep the balance between mountains and men; both are individuals. We can't regulate either by an inflexible code of rules. And this is the fundamental difference between mountain adventure and other sports. The mountaineer, like the lone seafarer, may choose almost unlimited mental and physical freedom. He travels within a wide and natural scheme where the unwritten laws are capable of rapid and bewildering changes of shape and form. Mountains have more than three dimensions, and the mountaineer needs self-discipline, and an intuitive feeling and respect for the mystery he explores. Written rules, machinery, or age, cannot wholly tell him how far, or how deep, he can profitably adventure. He must weigh all

factors, and make his decision, alone. Then, if his choice is right, whether he wanders valleys, crosses easy passes, or climbs the great face, there'll be harmony between him and the hills; he'll be content to live, rather than war with mountains.

There's no pragmatic answer to the question, "What's the safe age to climb hard peaks?" And if I were dogmatic enough to insist that there was, some wit would retort, "Alright, if you say that I'm too young at 18, then *you're* too old at 50!"

Now I wouldn't like that at all, for then I might have to stop climbing, and thinking, in the mountains. Of course I'd be safe, but I'd also be very dead.

Paul Powell.

TIME

I have only just a minute
Only sixty seconds in it.
Forced upon me, can't refuse it,
Didn't seek it, didn't choose it.
But it's up to me to use it,
I must suffer if I lose it,
Give account if I abuse it,
Just a tiny little minute,
But eternity is in it.

Bob Maunsell.

ROUTEURN TRACK

This crosses the Harris Saddle (4,000ft approx.) through beautiful alpine and sub-alpine scenery. As it is so high, good footwear and clothing are essential. Two people have died and someone inadequately clad could be the next. A wind and waterproof jacket or coat is necessary, plus a good sleeping bag. Everything you need, food, cooking gear and toilet gear you will have to carry. There are four Park Board huts giving shelter, but between late December and early February you have got to be there early in the day to sleep in them. One tip—on matting beds, put something windproof below you to stop the draught. Routeburn Flats has an open fire, Routeburn Falls a kerosene burner (the instructions are on the wall), McKenzie and Howden have coal ranges. It can be worth while carrying a stove. Follow the instructions for the cooking gear when they are given, e.g. Routeburn Falls.

You reach the Routeburn Track either from Queenstown by catching the boat to Kinloch, or drive to Glenorchy and then connect with the Queenstown boat, or getting Harry Bryant (ring Kinloch) to ferry you across. The Queenstown boat runs (in summer) Monday, Wednesday and Friday. The other way is by leaving from the road between Te Anau and Milford at the Divide. Either way is good.

The distance covered is about 22 miles, but you measure in hours in the bush. From the Kinloch end, you catch Harry Bryant's bus (Monday, Wednesday, Friday), or get him to drive you to the road end. His comments on the road and the scenery are well worthwhile. From Harry's Lodge at the road end, come back to the sign post and cross the swing bridge. Ten minutes up the track on the right, marked by a red marker and some blazes, a track turns off to the Sugarloaf.

The first creek (Sugarloaf) crossed by a log bridge has been mined for greenstone, but it is very difficult to find. A little further and you are on the original track. Turn left past the barrier and you have to ford the Sugarloaf and the Routeburn streams going back to Harry's Lodge. Turn right up the track through tall red beech and bush robins, riflemen, yellowheads, fantails, bellbirds, parakeets, brown creepers, with perhaps a kaka are possibly visible on this section. To see bush robins at close quarters, try behind Harry's Lodge. Look for *Pterostylus Banksia* (or *Oliveri*), a green orchid, on the damp shady corners. The Bridal Veil Stream drains the falls that you will have seen from the Lodge. Shortly after you'll see the Lodge again, and realise how far you have travelled. Just after this viewpoint, where a rock step crosses the track, with ferns around, a rotten log on the downhill side and a rock wall on the upper side, you can descend to the river. Head for the lower side of a large green pool, and as you work downstream from there, you will find the Routeburn plunging underground. Takes about half an hour to get down and back.

Through the gorge to what Harry calls Mirror Pool and rest. The old odd iron structure is a forge from when the track was built. Back into the bush—the lighter coloured large leaved trees on the right are lace bark. Cross the dry creek bed and you are halfway (roughly) to the Falls Hut. Into the bush again and cross the Routeburn on another swing bridge. The old track is barracaded off. Thread your way through the bush and the Flats. You may see a trout during this and there are plenty of small trout-like fish to be seen. You will get your first view of the Falls Huts and the Flats Huts from the first small flat. There is a beautiful swimming hole on the upstream side of this flat.

You may see, on these flats, deer, paradise duck, shags, hares, stilts and all the birds already mentioned. Emily Saddle is high to the left—the route up a stream bed cum slip. Harris Saddle is the notch directly behind the huts and Ocean Peak between the two.

Finally leave the flats and choose between the Falls and the Flats huts. It is another hour or so to climb for the Falls, but well worth it. From the Flats Hut a good trip is up to the North Col. Four hours of bush and flats. You'll find the track (a little rough) on the left of the Right Branch in the bush. Momnus is on the corner and Somnus, with its tent ridge shaped summit, further up the Right Branch, with Nereus next is North Col. There is a large patch of raspberries at the Flats Huts.

A small green orchid, *Chiloglottis Cornuta*, is found on the track just inside the bush, and further up are more *Pterostylus*. There is a large bank of glow-worms by Emily Stream (the one with the swing bridge halfway up the hill), and smaller patches all the way up to the hut. Kakas and keas may be heard and seen near the top of the bush-line. 'Possums make weird noises occasionally. The climb is a grind, but only needs intestinal fortitude. When you reach a solid rock hill near the top of the bush you are nearly there. The Park Board Hut is the silver one, the red one is for Jim Gilkison's guided parties. Earlier in the season don't leave anything outside, as the keas visit early in the morning, and can ruin boots, etc.

There are many flowers in the gorge beyond the hut, also some fine water-falls, and if you are brave enough there are some fine pools for a swim five minutes up the track.

The track continues up a zig-zag and into a little valley. At the end of this valley there is a little bridge where you may turn up off the track and without a track follow the stream on the left bank until you are on the top of the bluff. Up here is a large tarn (300ft by 600ft) which is warmer than the Routeburn. The idle often spend the day here.

To continue, cross the bridge and up the zig-zag to the upper basin. The track is visible climbing round to the right. Observe the display of flowers. Salmond's book on Alpines will help identify

most of these flowers. The best season is January, but unfortunately that is when most people are there. Be helpful and collect any paper or other rubbish you may find on the track; it can be disposed of at night in the next hut.

When you have traversed across the hillside and can see the track going left, then crossing above you over the bluffs and out of sight, you are at the level of Lake Harris. There is a little track out to the right which will take you to the outlet of the lake, which is the beginning of all the waterfalls. To climb 6274 (a peak with no name), you cross the stream here and follow the ridge up to the skyline. The last bit is climbed on the side more or less above the Routeburn Flats. A little climbing experience is required for safety. You can descend down the western ridge and visit Lake Wilson, or climb Erebus; the N.E. ridge will descend too, but I have not done it.

Back at the lake outlet (where a swim may be very refreshing), return to the track and follow it round the corner and you are on the Saddle. Edelweiss can be found on this corner. The small A-frame is an emergency shelter, and very useful. To climb Ocean peak, leave the track at its highest point (a little before the Saddle) and work your way on to the skyline ridge. Keep edging right and you will do it easily. Along the ridge to a great gully that interrupts progress. Turn down on the Hollyford side just before this gut, there should be some cairns. Cross straight over the floor of the gut, then traverse straight across the hillside. Bypass all the rock lumps to the wee col before the summit. Up the ridge and go onto the Routeburn side on to a very large sloping ledge that takes you to the McKenzie side then up the few feet to the top. A good view is your reward.

For those with less time or energy, a walk up Conical Hill is rewarding. This is on the northern side of the Saddle. You go past the A-frame towards the Hollyford, heading for the deer track beyond the bluffs. Up this, then round the corner to the little valley on the other side. There is no track, but a few cairns have been built. Follow up this little valley to its top, then turn left to the summit. Less than an hour for a view including Martins Bay to the Eglinton.

Another easy walk is to Lake Wilson. This lake is above the waterfall into Lake Harris. You skirt Lake Harris on the western side, go past the foot of the waterfall and up the little valley towards Erebus. When possible, turn left, and you'll view Lake Wilson. To descend to the lake you may have to cross a snow field or two, but even just to look and return is satisfying. Watch for chamois (a type of goat), *Ranunculus Buchananii* (a white buttercup with grey-green serrated leaves) and *R. Sericophilus* (a yellow buttercup with serrated green leaves). These are all alpine.

Carry on through the Saddle and the Darrans are spread before you. The road you are going to cuts across the hill in the distance.

This section is the exposed area. Bad weather here can be dangerous to the ill-prepared. Fine weather gives good views and a pleasant walk.

Deadman's Track turns down the hill about 45 minutes from the Saddle. Often by dropping down to the bushline here one can get excellent views of kakas (bush parrots). This track goes down to the road visible far below. It is so named because some bones were found in the past.

Further on you can have a lovely shower under the waterfall by a little bridge. Here you may also turn down the hill to visit the Bivvy Rock. This is a rough shelter under a rock. Yet further, and at the next stream a dip is possible below the track. About another 15 minutes and you can see Lake Mackenzie and the huts. It takes about an hour to get down. Watch for the plaque which marks where two people died. They were improperly clad.

From McKenzie Hut (the Park Board's is nearest the lake) you can walk round the lake or up to the Emily Saddle (which is above the head of the lake and is furthest to the left), or up to the Saddle further to the right of Emily Peak. This gives you a view down into the Caples River. If you have a little experience and a steady head you can even climb Emily—the route is up to the last Saddle mentioned, then up the southern face where it looks sheer. There are ledges winding their way up. Ocean Peak is climbed by trotting back up the zig-zag and round the corner back to the first stream. More or less just follow this up onto the ridge, then round to the Routeburn side. You can also go up the western ridge to the top. The Routeburn Walk guides are always willing to give advice, as are the Trackmen. Finally, a popular pastime is swimming in the clear, cool lake.

Leaving McKenzie it's into the bush and climb steadily for half an hour to its top. You wander along at its upper ridge till you reach a clearing surrounded by lace barks. Here there is a pool much patronised by deer. The remains of an old hut are beside the track. A rough blazed track is reputed to descend to the road from here.

Earland Falls is the next spectacle. The Falls drain Lake Roberts which can be reached by climbing above the lake wall about a mile to the north or south of the falls. Just after Earland Falls there is a small patch of another orchid, *Lyperanthus Antarticus*. The brown stripes on the hood are a distinguishing feature. You'll find more *Pterostylus* and *Lyalls* orchid (a white one) near where you can see Lake Howden.

Howden Hut is more or less downhill from the Falls, but always seems a long way. You'll not see the Hut until almost there. From here you turn left down the Greenstone or right down to the Hollyford or up the hill past the water tank to Key Summit and the Divide; 10 minutes and you are at a log signpost marking the turn-off of Key Summit, so called because rivers flow west, east and south from it.

There is no single real track to the top—just pick your way up. The diversion is worth it for the view (there is a plane table) and the flowers.

Back to the track and after about 45 minutes downhill you are at the road, and the end. Watch for kakas and bellbirds, and if you kiss the back of your hand loudly for 10 minutes or so you will call many birds down to see you. Begin when there is at least one bird nearby.

There is a nice wee waterfall on the top bend of the zig-zag—two minutes into the bush.

The track is being well maintained by the two Park Boards so is fairly easy to follow, but during or after heavy rain all the small creeks between Lake Howden and the Harris Saddle can become roaring torrents and quite impassable. Fords can be found off the track but it is better to wait a day as the streams drop as fast as they rise.

That, then, is the Routeburn; six hours from Routeburn Falls to Mackenzie, three hours from Mackenzie to Howden, one hour from Howden to the Divide (road). These are leisurely times, the whole trip can be charged through in some seven hours of hard work.

Ken Blackwood.



BUSHCRAFT COURSE 1971

The Bushcraft Course was run, this year for the Mountain Safety Council, in a similar manner to those of earlier years. The people showing the most interest were the 15 to 17-year-olds. With lectures during the week and three weekends spent tramping in various places, a large number of Club members put their time into introducing 49 people to the joys (and pains) of tramping.

On the first lecture night the course members were introduced to the Club, when a large party returned from an extended weekend spent fire-fighting in the Greenstone Valley, at Lake Wakatipu. Their arrival, just in the nick of time, in full tramping gear, set the mood for the rest of the course.

Paul Powell opened the Course with a bit of mountain philosophy, which was extended by Jim Cowie. Trevor Pullar gave a talk on equipment.

The following weekend, on Saturday, February 20th, an opening day trip to the Silver Peaks introduced people to the "foot-slogging" of tramping. The weather was fine and everybody spread themselves over various parts of the peaks. There were the usual blisters and aching legs, but in spite of this and upset bus arrangements, it was all taken with Eastern Philosophical fortitude.

The second lecture night, on the following Tuesday, got down to a bit more theory. Brian Chalmers gave an introduction to trip preparation for extended trips, while Henry Stoddart expanded the wonders of food. It helps to keep you alive, you know. Bruce Mason explained how to cross the raging torrent that flows across the Club-room floor. The evening was completed with a showing of the Bushcraft film.

The next weekend (Feb. 27-28th) was spent tramping up and down the Taieri Gorge. The members of the Course were split into two groups, one of which went up the gorge, while the other came down it. Both parties spent the night at Taioma, with a blazing fire and a general singsong. The weather was fine and the river so low that the river crossing practice in the gorge was perhaps largely imaginary, but the basic principles were explained by "the" Mason.

The last lecture night was on Tuesday, March 9th. Peter Foster gave a very finely condensed lecture on mountain weather, followed by basic survival first aid from Nelson Redshaw, of the St John Ambulance. Sergeant Cleland explained S.A.R. from the searchers' point of view and Peter Foster finished off with his lecture on exposure.

The last weekend was a trip to the East Matukituki Valley. Once again Huey was kind, and the fine weather made a most enjoyable weekend. The energetic people climbed Sysyphus while the lazier admired the view. Apart from the anti-social Course Director, who slept in on Saturday morning, everybody got themselves well organised and explored different parts of the Kitchener Cirque. The buses were returning to Dunedin by 4.30 on Sunday, and the Course was over for another year.

Rod McKenzie.

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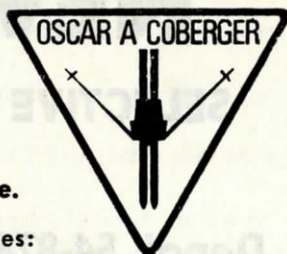
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LENNOX PASS TRIP

'Twas early one Saturday morning last November and 19 members of the Club were gathered in the Glenorchy wharf shed under a cloudless sky. Around 7.30 a.m. a couple of Landrovers arrived and we departed up the Rees. The last of the cars were left at McDougals Creek (or thereabouts) and our packs and all but nine of us were taken by 'Rover to 25 Mile Hut. The walk only took about an hour and a-half and was very pleasant in the fine weather.

About half past ten we shouldered our packs and headed across the Rees. Our objective was the Lennox Pass, about 6,700ft and on the opposite side of the Rees from the hut. The track took us up the right hand side of Lennox Falls until we came to a line of bluffs. Here we jumped the creek (quite an experience since there were a couple of hundred feet of waterfall below) and headed up through the bush. Lunch was had above the bush admiring the views of the upper parts of the Rees and the surrounding peaks.

From there, we continued up a couple of steep ridges which eventually led to the snow, which was very soft and gave way very frequently. Just before one group started up the last gully, a small avalanche went by a couple of dozen yards to their left, adding to the fun. By now we were fairly spread out, the first arriving on the pass at 4.30, the last an hour later. From the pass we had a really mighty view, Earnslaw above, the Earnslaw Burn and the Rees below and Mt Aspiring to the north.

A quick trip down the snow (a chuff glissade for some), and in a few minutes we were in the Earnslaw Burn where we set up camp around a large rock. Most slept out, listening to the avalanches thundering down the Earnslaw Glacier..

Watching the sunrise at half past five the next morning on Earnslaw was an experience to be remembered. We were away early and followed the valley down, keeping above the bush until we were well up on the ridge separating the Earnslaw Burn from the Rees. The day was even hotter than the last and lunch was a welcome rest in the shade by a small stream. After lunch we were entertained by Mike and Colin doing their impersonations of heavy rain. Regretfully we had to leave the shade and continue down the ridge which we finally topped for a birdseye view of the Rees. We finally reached the road about half past four. From here the drivers were taken back to the cars while we cooled off in the Earnslaw Burn.

The trip back to Dunedin was made almost without incident (something about a ditch near Roxburgh), and we managed to sing without a break as far as Milton without singing the same song twice. Most reached town before midnight after a very enjoyable weekend, made easier by the help of Roy Thomson and Merve Burke and a couple of Landrovers. Thanks also to Huey for some mighty weather.

Ross Davies

ROAMING ROUND COOK

After spending two weeks at home I headed to Mt Cook to spend the rest of the holidays there.

Rain was falling gently when I arrived there around 3.00 p.m., on the 24th December. I trotted off down the road to the picnic shelter, the "poor-man's hermitage". I had planned to meet Gregg Morrison there that night.

At about 10.00 p.m. that night I was woken by the deafening roar of Gregg's Triumph "Tiger Cub". Just after he had climbed into the sack two more noisy merry-makers from the Hermitage arrived. As it was raining very heavily and so dark they decided to stay the night because they couldn't find their way back to Wyn Irwin (the C.M.C. hut). Christmas Day dawned misty with light rain so we weren't too enthused about getting up. It cleared up a bit during the afternoon and Gregg and I went for a ride up the Ball Hut road until it got too rough for the bike. On the way approaching Glencoe we nearly got blown off by gale-force winds. That night we were woken up by Doug Warren with Dick Price at the chirpy hour of 3.00 a.m.

Next morning was beautiful, with not a cloud in the sky, so we left at 7.00 a.m. for Mueller Hut. Gregg who had been feeling a bit sick since breakfast chundered on the bridge. He decided to carry on, but after reaching the top of the steep section of the track turned back. I thought I might as well go on alone and reached the hut in two hours 20 minutes from the shelter. I met a Canadian girl whose husband and friend were away climbing Annette. After a brew and a yarn we wandered along the snow under Oliver to wait for them. The day was absolutely magnificent and the view was tremendous. They eventually arrived at about 3.00 p.m. After a few brews they all went down below the hut to climb this big knob of rock. After the two men had climbed it (which had included numerous ceremonial photographs) they led me onto the rope. It was the first time I had used a proper chest harness and I was very impressed with it. Back at the hut we met a family party who had come up to spend a few days. It was quite funny to watch them because they were all very young and as soon as they arrived the oldest boy grabbed Dad's ice axe and was out on the snow chopping steps—even the young girl was out having a turn. I left at about 4.10 p.m. and after a quick trip down arrived back at the shelter at 5.00 p.m. after a really enjoyable day to find that Gregg had gone home. There was a note from Ian MacGregor whom I had written to previously, asking me to get on the radio and try and arrange something with him as he had just left for Malte Brun. I missed the schedule that night and after another beautiful day I arranged to go to Malte Brun to meet him on the following day.

The 28th was another scorcher. After the slow, painful trip by bus to Ball Hut I began the dreaded walk. The walk got off to a bad start as far as I was concerned. Nearing the bottom of the moraine wall I tripped over a boulder and with a 75lb pack I couldn't regain balance and rolled over and over until I rolled to a stop at the bottom. I wasn't hurt thanks to the pack but my pride was as a whole group of peasants had watched the episode. I had the company of an Auckland man who was going up as far as the Hochstetter icefall. Well, the temperature got hotter and it got hotter, and the funny thing was, so did I.

I arrived at the hut having to almost crawl over the last bit, after seven hours' hot, hard work. Ian MacGregor arrived about an hour later from a climb with an Aussie bird.

We settled on Malte Brun (10,421) for the next day. There were two young Aussie boys in the hut who were also going to climb Malte so we teamed up with them.

We were up at 3.00 a.m. and away at 4.00 a.m. up the snow gut, across some rock and onto the Malte Brun Glacier. Up the steepening slope until an icy patch forced us to wear our crampons. We were thankful for Ian MacGregor's knowledge of the route because none of us could have found the route which turned sharp right just short of the head of the glacier. Up this steep gut and then onto the rock. Up a very loose gut and onto the red slabs below the west ridge. Ross and I climbed ahead and eventually headed towards a gut on the left of the slabs.

However, a shout from Ian and Chris, the other Aussie, saying that they would feel happier if they had the rope on. So Ross climbed down a bit and chucked a rope over and brought them over. Ian unroped and we soloed up the gut, which was quite loose in places but after a short icy section which proved a little tricky we kept on the left hand slabs of the gut right up to the top.

By this time the sun was up and it began to get very hot and Ian began to feel the effects of three 12-hour days in a row.

We kept going unroped until the cheval part of the ridge, which is a very exposed, sharp piece of the ridge and, although not as sharp as the one on Bevan, the exposure was great on both sides. Two rope lengths and then back onto easier ground. Ross and Chris were well ahead by this time and after a longish wait in order to bring Ian across the summit ridge we were on top. The day was simply superb and one could see all the major peaks in the park from Sefton in the south up to Elie de Beaumont in the north. After about quarter of an hour on top it was time to move. Down the ridge Ian found that his exhausted state required the rope all the way down. This was slow but after a couple of hours we were at the top of the gut.

To reduce the danger of stonefall we decided to abseil. With two ropes, it was quicker but the 400 feet of abseil took us almost

an hour and time was precious as dusk was drawing in. Once off the slabs the going was easier and we missed out the rotten gut which we had come up.

By this time, thirst had become really terrible as we hadn't had anything to drink for almost four hours. Coming down the soft, steep gut I heard trickling water on the nearby slabs. It was almost mass hysteria as we charged across the soft snow towards the rock. After many gallons of the welcomed liquid we ran off down the slope and into the slot area of the glacier. Once past the slots the rope came off and it became a mad rush for the hut which we reached at 9.00 p.m., 17 hours after our departure.

The next day was again very fine—I had had plans to climb the Minarets but conditions were atrocious with no frosts at night to harden the snow.

Kevin Carrol, John Andrews, Ian and myself decided to climb the south ridge of Green, traverse Walter and then onto Elie de Beaumont and West Peak plus a night out. We had a gas stove and two bivvy sacks to ease the night out.

We were up at 2 o'clock but with the problem of making a day bag for Ian we didn't leave until 4.00 a.m. The weather looked dubious with a great ring around the sun. We reached the bottom of the slope which led up to Climbers' Col but found that it was entirely cut off by a huge 'schrund. We then looked at the South-east Rib which had been climbed only once by Mike Gill's party many years ago. However, Ian didn't like the nature of the rock so while John and Kevin began we decided to do it by the normal route. After I had fallen up to my chest in a slot, coupled with the texture of the snow which was very soft, we headed back home. The other two arrived back very late after taking nine hours on the rib, which was very rotten in places.

John and Ian left Malte for Plateau Hut to help George Harris with his filming and Kevin and I stayed to wait for Gavin King and their two friends who were also coming.

Gavin arrived with the extra food and the following day Fraser Ford and Dave Waghorn arrived. My food supply was running low and I had to start rationing, limiting myself to breakfast of porridge and the main meal at night plus about seven or eight peppermints during the day. This meagre diet was supplemented by a good deal of scrounging.

The next day, the 5th of January, we all headed off for Tasman Saddle Hut. We arrived after three hours' easy slog to see all but two people were leaving. This hut is precariously perched on a rock bluff with a mighty drop on three sides.

The next morning we got up at 2.00 a.m. to try Elie de Beaumont but it was raining so it was back to the pit. In the morning the rain stopped so we practised ice work and belaying with three on a rope down a steep gully beside the hut. In the

afternoon we wandered off in the direction of Aylmer and Hochstetter Dome. On the way off Hochstetter Dome, Dave was in front, Fraser in the middle and I brought up the rear. At one point we had to jump into a small slot and traverse left to get out. However Fraser forgot the drop on the other side and promptly jumped onto the lip on the far side which immediately gave way under his weight but I was ready and with a quick shaft belay had him held tight. With a lot of cursing Fraser hauled himself up covered in snow; a comical sight.

The next morning was a repeat of the previous. We eventually left for Elie de Beaumont in thick mist. We made extremely rapid progress due to the physical condition of Gavin who plugged steps most of the way. Kevin was frightened he might get frostbite as his climbing boots had worn through a couple of layers of leather in the toe thus forcing him to wear plastic bags in order to keep his feet dry. We reached the top in a snowstorm after winding our way through the maze of slots and 'schrunds. Just near the top we met Kevin and Gavin coming down. They told us that they had marked the top because it is not obvious (in a white-out), being the size of a football field or thereabouts. It had taken us four hours and after a rapid descent we were back at the hut after six hours' travelling. We spent about four hours resting and drying out before leaving for Malte. This proved to be a very fast trip reaching the hut after the final slog up the moraine wall after only one and a-half hours' going. Fraser then proceeded to do, for a bet, 50 press-ups!

The next day dawned beautiful and as we were moving down to Ball Hut we were slightly hacked off as we learnt later that there had been a good frost.

The next few days were spent hanging around Wyn Irwin before Fraser and I left for home on the 11th January.

After about 10 days at home I returned to the area on the 20th, meeting Fraser on the bus at Timaru. We were both enrolled on the Intermediate A.G.L. course.

Judy Knewstubb was also on the course along with Trevor Pullor plus numerous Kiwis, Aussies, a Pom and a Canadian.

The course began that night after dinner with an hilarious talk about general hut usage by the Warden, Pete Eggleston. Our instructors were Lance Jennings, John Glasgow and Murray Cullen. Judy Knewstubb has described the course elsewhere.

In the afternoon of the last day of the course we all piled into Mike Mahoney's truck and headed off for the Hermitage before the peasant bus came because they were accusing Mike of taking away valuable trade. Anyway we got a few miles down the road when the truck broke down. Various people stopped to help but it wouldn't go. Look-outs were posted to warn when the bus was coming thus giving time to get into hiding. When it had gone, two Aussies, one of whom had to be in Aussie that night, got a

lift and then Fraser and myself jumped into the next, which took us down to the shop from where we carted our gear along to the C.M.C. hut.

Fraser and I had planned to climb Cook; so after a few days' rest while it rained, we left for Ball Hut, I wasn't feeling too good and wasn't looking forward to climbing up Haast ridge. We met Judy and Mike Mahoney and they told us that Cook should "go" in the right weather. The first part of the ridge is the worst. For 300 or 400 feet off the glacier one slides and curses but once above this the going is quite good although loose in parts.

With a steady pace we reached Haast hut in just under four hours from Ball Hut. We had 45-50lb packs and we were both quite fit but the sight of the Haast Hut was very welcome. Here we cranked the old primus into life and made a brew; after this it was a hot snow-plod up the steepish slope to the rock, over the Dome and down to Plateau Hut arriving there at 5.10, exactly one hour from Haast. Surprisingly, there wasn't anyone in the hut, but a quarter of an hour later, an aircraft brought Kevin Payne (a Park Ranger) and Barry Durrant (a photographer) who was to get shots of Hillary's Grand Traverse which was scheduled for the following day.

We hit the sack early to start early. The alarm went at exactly 12.00 a.m. and after a decent breakfast we were away just before 1.30 a.m. Kevin Payne and Barry Durrant were leaving at 3.00 a.m. Two other blokes who arrived rather late that night around 7.30 p.m. were leaving at that time also. They were off for a look at the East Face of Cook.

Fraser and I trundled off towards the bottom of the Linda. Here we encountered great difficulty in finding a way through the huge maze of slots. However, Barry and Kevin found a route through and after this the pace quickened. Time was about 4.00 a.m. when we got through the first slots. Taking time off only for photos for Barry, we continued the quick pace. Access to the Linda shelf was barred by a 'schrund but it didn't pose any problems. A short bout of step-cutting over an icy section and then we were at the top of Zurbriggens ridge. Here, Fraser and I traversed left at the rock out on the east face side. After this bit we took our crampons off and Barry and Kevin led through over the icy bits. Fraser cut over these onto the main piece of the summit rocks. Just sitting there one could go to sleep in the matter of seconds because of the heat. We started off up the rock and round a corner. The climbing was easy and one didn't have to think about where to put one's hands or feet.

Just after a small step I looked up in utter astonishment to see Fraser coming back from the rock with a huge rock on his chest. Everything happened too quickly. One moment he was there, the next moment he had disappeared. Immediately I had to move

quickly to my left to escape the path of the rocks. I stood up and called Fraser's name but there was no answer. I climbed back down and Kevin and Barry put me on their rope and we started down. On the shelf we looked in the slot under the ice chute but found nothing. Gear was strewn all over the shelf. We followed obvious marks down and into the upper Linda where the body was found. I couldn't believe that he was dead and found it very hard to accept. We sat down and waited for the two who were coming off the East Face. It was while I was sitting there that I realised just what a wild and beautiful place this was. Everything was so utterly peaceful.

Three hours later Kevin pressed the emergency button on the radio and so the chopper was on its way thus ending a Christmas which had been so successful and yet had ended so tragically.

John Broad.

PROGRESS

The webbing all a-tangle
The pegs and crabs a-dangle
The crash and the jangle
Of the modern rock man.

The strange and wondrous places
O horrid beetling faces
Where nasty routes one traces
Of the modern rock man.

The standards seen much higher
But gathered round the fire
One feels a common sire
With the modern rock man.

K. Blackwood.

I HORI

Near setting sun be big rock. One daytime, I, Hori, feel I want to climb big rock. I try find friend. I go tribe gathering. I say: "I go climb big rock. Who come?"

Chief say: "Why climb big rock? No food there! Hori crazy!"

Tribe laugh. I swing club. Tribe not laugh. I say: "I not climb big rock for food—plenty food in cave. Hori best hunter in tribe! I want to see from top." Chief laugh, make crazy-in-head sign. I not hit chief—he big, strong as moa.

I tell wives: "I go climb big rock. Put food in goatskin." Wives not laugh—wives smart.

When new sun come, I leave cave. While sun in sky I walk, when sun die I sleep.

Daytime come. Eat food from goatskin, drink from big water. Tracks by water—goat, pig. I not hunt; I climb.

Ground steep. Big rock tall—many trees tall. When sun high in sky I see tribe fire . . . far. I look down—feel sick. Not look down, climb. Chief smart—no food on big rock. Some lizards—taste bad.

Top of big rock never seem come. I climb all daytime. Hori hot, tired: I see top not far. When sun is low in sky, I on top. Look down, feel good. I big as rock. Hori smart—tribe crazy. I laugh at tribe, laugh at old sun, laugh at big rock. I laugh at Hori.

The story above was in a collection of very old literature found by the Editors of the Townsville Newsletter and its origin is unknown. Other material with it suggested that it had been translated from cave paintings, but this does not seem feasible. There is something familiar about it that we cannot quite grasp . . . !

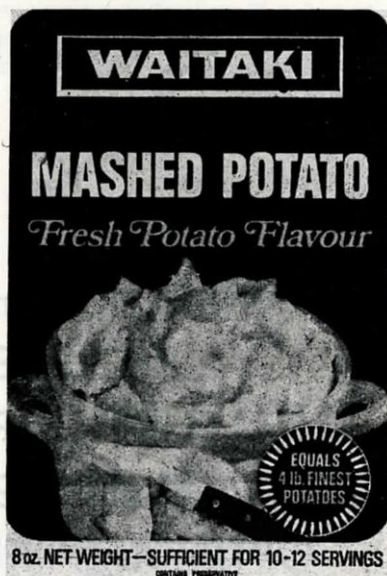
Ken Gonsmet.



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The South Pole

A most significant place geographically, historically and now scientifically. Historically because of man's determination to reach the geographical South Pole. The first attempt to reach the Pole was made by Scott in 1902; one of his party was Shackleton. They only got to within 460 miles of their objective, but it was all new ground. Shackleton formed his own expedition and tried again in 1909. He and three others wisely turned back only 97 miles from the Pole. All returned safely. Next to try was Amundsen, a Norwegian with extensive Arctic experience. He chose a new route and made fast progress, relying entirely on huskies. With four others he reached the Pole in December, 1911. Thus Scott was narrowly beaten, for he arrived at the Pole in January, 1912, only 33 days after Amundsen. He followed Shackleton's route and relied mainly on man-hauling. His entire party of five died on the return journey.

Shackleton organised a trans-Antarctic Expedition in 1914, but his ship was trapped in sea ice before he could land. His expedition's ordeal and their eventual safe return to civilisation is one of Antarctica's epic journeys. The first party to make an Antarctic crossing was a Commonwealth Expedition, led by Fuchs in 1957. This expedition was supported by a New Zealand party under Hillary.

What of the South Pole today? It is a 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ -hour, 850-mile flight from McMurdo by a ski-equipped C130 Hercules. The plane taxis almost to the entrance of the United States base, officially known as the Amundsen-Scott Station. On the surface are radio antennae, many scientific instruments and huts, the station's generators and garages. In a prominent position are the flags of the 12 nations participating in Antarctica, clustered around the "tourist" South Pole. The true pole is about 800 yards away and is slowly moving. Most of the station is 30 feet beneath the surface. There are nine large huts connected by unheated passageways, which also serve as food stores. Two are for sleeping and one each for the mess, hospital, communications, carpenter's shop, science laboratory, ablutions and the Club 90. There are also two ramp entrances for vehicles and two fuel storage areas.

Twenty-one persons winter over here. They are isolated from mid-February to early November. As they are isolated, the base is totally self sufficient. There are ten scientists and 11 support staff, comprising: leader, doctor, cook, mechanics, carpenter, electricians and communication technicians. These 11 are U.S. Navy personnel. An additional 15 provide the summer support. They are mainly concerned with maintenance work on the station and runway. Up to 120 flights come in during the brief summer, most carrying fuel.

All entertainment centres round the Club 90, where there is a well-stocked bar and movies are shown every night. Historic letters, plaques and photos cover the walls, alongside of framed "Playboy" pinups.

Other amenities include library, post office, steam bath, showers and flushing toilets. The latter is rare in Antarctica as all water comes from snow, and fuel to do this must be flown in. Diesel fuel costs about \$5 per gallon to get to the Pole. Showers are restricted to one per week. The steam bath is the result of intelligent use of the excess steam from the snow melters.

The obvious question now is, "What is the reason for these people being at the South Pole?" The answer is science. There are 20 programmes being run by 10 scientists. Some of the programmes are part of an international network, such as seismology, meteorology, radio-activity, cosmic ray and ionospheric studies. Others are made because of the significant position of the base, e.g., gravity, air chemistry and geomagnetism. In addition to these there are a number of short summer programmes, ours is one.

Although part of the N.Z. Antarctic Research Programme, we are here because of the unique locality of the base. Our party consists of Dr Claude Taylor of the Institute of Nuclear Sciences, D.S.I.R. and myself as Field Assistant. Claude expects to be able to accurately determine accumulation by measuring the stable isotope Deuterium. This is deposited with the snow and varies in concentration from year to year, as a result of atmospheric bomb testing. It also varies seasonally here at the Pole, due to a unique annual change in the Troposphere. The work involved digging a 6ft by 3ft pit, 17ft deep and coring a further 24ft. Samples were taken from the core and the pit face. Snow from the greatest depth reached was laid down in the 1880's.

Our side is half a mile from the station and sampling is cold work. It is -60°F . in the pit and the cold slowly eats into you. We have to ascend to the surface frequently to warm up. We have completed similar work on the Ross Ice Shelf, near Scott Base. There we excavated down to 33ft. Altogether this work has taken six weeks.

At present the sun is at a maximum elevation of about 20° , which remains constant throughout each day. This is a world of six-month-long days and nights. There is little noticeable heat from the sun, but it does produce a dazzling glare. The Pole is at an altitude of 9,200ft, all of which is snow and ice, for the land beneath is at sea level. The horizon is unbroken, for we are on one side of an almost flat plateau the size of Australia. The nearest mountains are 300 miles away.

Today is Christmas Day, 1970. A fine, clear day, temperature is -12°F ., wind 10 knots, the chill factor is equivalent to -60°F . In winter the temperature will fall as low as -115°F . We were late in rising this morning for we joined the base personnel in welcoming

in Christmas Day. It's a quiet day, most are either reading or writing letters. The Club 90 opened at 1.00 p.m. and there will be a matinee movie shortly. The festivities will gather momentum towards 5.00 p.m. when dinner is to be served. According to the menu there is to be turkey, lobster, oysters, various salads, shrimp, lamb and ham, followed by pumpkin pie (an American favourite) and various ice cream sundaes. A Chicago radio station has arranged for a "live" interview with the men of the Pole Station which will be at 1.30 a.m. Chicago time. After this the celebrations will continue for many hours. But it's back to work tomorrow.

After a long, hard struggle, Scott wrote in his diary on arrival at the Pole, "Great God, what an awful place." One often wonders what the early explorers would think of the Pole today. Perhaps they would throw their hands up in horror, but more likely they would gladly accept the comforts, warmth and hospitality of the station.

Ken Gousmett.



STYX WEEKEND

Twenty-two bods piled down to the clubrooms at the early hour of 9.00 a.m. on a lovely, fine morning. The rental truck came shortly afterwards, with Dave Levick putting his foot through the floor boards.

We were off . . . crawling up the motorway, we slowly came to a stop as the truck gave up the ghost. Back to town to get replacement vehicles. That was managed alright.

We finally reached Ranfurly at 1.00 p.m. with people buying the shop out of ice cream, while others were filling up the juice tanks. An hour later, we stopped for lunch at a river near an old gaol. After everyone had filled themselves with food, most people went for a swim to work some of their lunch off, while the rest sat back at the cars gossiping. Then some went for a short tramp over the hills while others were watching Ken, Bruce and Russell having a water fight.

Finally, at 5.00 p.m. we met up with the Land-Rover Club, and found the farm house we were staying at.

Tea was eventually over and we were practising our little sing-song to entertain the locals and the Maniototo Tramping Club.

About 8.15 p.m. we went three miles to our destiny, the Paerau Woolshed (30 miles out of Ranfurly) next to the school. Halfway through the evening we sang our songs, "They're Moving Father's Grave" and "Grandmaw's in the Cellar, Lordy Can't You Smell'er," accompanied by Judy and the music box and Wendy and I with the very musical gazoo's. A big supper laid on at the end filled up all the empty gaps. Off to bed very much later. . . .

An early start the next morning . . . had breakfast and back to the woolshed to clean up the previous night's mess.

At 11.00 a.m. the Land-Rover Club departed up to the Serpentine while O.T.C. crowd went back to the river, enjoyed a game of non-stop cricket while Mike and others took off in Dick's Land-Rover up the hill. Had lunch in the pouring rain, and then straight back to town at 4.00 p.m.

Quote Judy . . . "For a social weekend, this was voted A1, thoroughly enjoyed by all, and well worth repeating next year . . ."

A. J. BOAG.

ON CLIMBING A ROCK GULLY

If when climbing and past you begin to whistle stones and muck
DUCK!

K. Blackwood with thanks to Ogden Nash.

OLIVINES-JOE-WHITBOURNE

Christmas 1970/71

There was no time to take photographs as we flew up the Beansburn Valley on the 26th December, 1970. We traced previous seasons trips and watched four days' hard packing glide past in a matter of 15 minutes.

A crashed deer-shooter's plane prevented us from landing on the Forgotten River Flat, so Kevin Rogan and I were dumped unceremoniously on the Olivine Flats and left amongst a pile of gear and food to await the arrival of Chris Jackson and Ken Mason.

The thoughtful pilot returned later in the morning with parachutes and offered to deposit our loosely-packed cartons of food onto the Forgotten Flats. It was with some trepidation that we approached the flats a couple of hours later, expecting to find food strewn over a large area, and the keas having a ball with the rolls of pink and blue toilet paper.

However, a few dented tins and mixing of the dried peas with rice, scroggin and jam were the only damage sustained. Our legs felt like shaky pile-drivers as we staggered to the lower rock bivvy below Forgotten River Col.

Chris and I were away early next morning with lightened loads and made good time up onto the col to select a snow cave site.

Ken and Kevin arrived later in the afternoon, having double-packed all the remaining food and gear onto the upper ledges below the col. Hard, granular snow and only one light aluminium shovel meant that the cave was only just big enough for the four of us by dark.

A belated start next morning meant that we lunched on Little Ark (c.7,000ft) and viewed the jumbled mass of the Andy Icefall tumbling into the Williamson Valley. We then returned to the cave to avoid the heat. Ken and Kevin then enlarged our abode to comfortable proportions while Chris and I packed the remaining food up onto the col.

A cache of five shovels was located on top of the sun-bathing rocks at the end of the ridge off Blockade, and overlooking the Olivine Ice Plateau.

Hard snow next morning gave good crampon conditions for Chris, Ken and me as we raced across the Plateau and up to the left of the Memorial Ice Fall. Bad sunburn prevented Kevin from joining us. We roped up at the base of Destiny (8,100ft) and gained height quickly on perfect snow to take in the panorama from the top, with Aspiring dominating the scene. However, this was no time to linger, while there was hard snow.

From Solution Col, Climax (8,300ft) was just a slog in knee-deep snow with short rock scrambles. Several hours were spent on

top dozing in any available shade and admiring the view which extended from the Southern Darrans to Cook and Tasman. The progress of two "Tongue and Meats" was watched with interest as they climbed towards us from Climax Col. By now a small city of brightly coloured tents had established on Forgotten Col.

On our return to the cave that evening a census was taken of the multitudes. Twenty-two must be a record for the plateau.

From Little Ark next morning, Chris and I paused to see Ken and Kevin climbing off the plateau onto the lower slopes of Gable (7,600ft). We then turned our attention to Ark (8,000ft). On with the rope, and we set off along the ridge. Breakable crust on deep, soft snow required care on the first narrow section of ridge but soon we were overlooking the Barrier River. Good crampon snow on the Silver Stream side saw us climbing a steeper crevassed section to reach the spacious rock summit.

We were sure that we could hear as well as see the surf breaking at Big Bay.

A coo-ee attracted our attention as we descended. Two figures were silhouetted against a cloudless sky on the rock summit of Gable.

While sunning ourselves on the nearby rocks we noticed keas flying in and out of the snow cave. A sprint to the entrance tunnel was required to trap one of the culprits, who was preparing his favourite dish—shredded space blanket. In the ensuing kerfuffle Ken nearly lost a finger.

As we considered that the fine weather could not possibly last any longer, we decided to head for the Joe Valley via Solution Col the next day, the 31st December. But first an attempt was made to lighten our packs for this crossing. A nearby crevasse provided a burial for several loaves of unleavened bread.

From Solution Col (c.7,800ft) next morning, we resisted the temptation to reascend Climax, as we knew that it would be a lengthy descent to the Joe Valley. Attaching prusik slings to the ropes, we set off and wound our way through the slots immediately above the impressive Twin Ice Falls. A lengthy traverse across the face of Destiny at the same height as the col, and we lunched on a ridge overlooking the Passchendaele Glacier. Williamson Flat appeared as a mirage at the end of the long and heavily-bushed Joe Valley. From this side we could appreciate why the Barrier Range was such an obstacle to the determined efforts of Holloway in the 1940's.

The ridge referred to in Moir's Guide Book which descends to the terminal of the Joe Glacier, more closely resembles a glacier, and some time was spent wandering around the slots. From well down the ridge, we paused to view the Twin Ice Falls—a mass of fractured and contorted ice which descends fully 5,000ft from the summit of Climax to the rubble-strewn Joe Glacier in the valley floor. Lower down the ridge some snow-covered boulders tested our

navigation as well as our nerves. Shortly afterwards we were romping down snowgrass slopes to reach the emerald Green Lake set behind the stranded lateral moraine of the Joe Glacier. A rock bivvy 100 yards up valley from the lake provided un-needed shelter for the night.

The morning of New Year's Day was devoted to general touring and botanising. The upper Joe Valley is now in a relatively healthy condition with a mat of alpine flowers extending right up to snow line where a couple of years previously the deer would have left little cover. It is interesting to note that all early photographs of this area show two lakes set behind the lateral moraine. It appears that collapse of the moraine has removed one of the lakes. Also, glacial recession has made the descent onto the Joe Glacier from Desperation Pass impracticable as a packing route.

In the afternoon we scrambled down the moraine wall and past the source of the Joe River. Our chosen route down this valley was on the other bank, the true right, but the size of the river dictated otherwise, and by the time we had scrub and bush-bashed our way to opposite Victor Creek, we had resigned ourselves to the true left bank. Discontinuous deer trails led us into a bluffed section high above the river. The sight of grassy flats on the other bank led Kevin down to river level where he found three large boulders which provided a natural bridge 100 yards upstream of the flats.

We had an audience of about 30 inquisitive keas as we cooked tea that night, requiring constant policing of the tent and gear.

The New Year's festivities got under way when Ken produced party hats, streamers and balloons. The keas seemed eager to join us in the celebrations, so we gave them one fully inflated balloon for their amusement, and education. The unfortunate bird hid itself in the bushes for some time, while its cronies let the world know all about it from the safety of the nearby tree tops.

The sound of guy ropes being severed brought me outside for most of the night, with a good supply of rocks nearby. My dozing was stopped abruptly by a sharp peck on one ear and by first light I'd had enough.

The trip down the Joe Valley just leaves memories of several hours of following deer trails through scrub, creek beds and bush. The description of the route in Moir's is accurate but it needs to be followed literally word for word, otherwise very rough going will be experienced off route.

Quite suddenly, we emerged from the jungle on to a pleasant flat upstream of the final gorge in the valley, to find Bryan Sissons and party well established. Little persuasion was needed to spend the night there, rather than down at Williamson's Flat, once the discomforts caused by the flies were graphically described to us.

Bryan was away early next morning heading up-valley to the Olivine Ice Plateau, but it was sometime later before we staggered for a couple of hours down to Williamson's Flat.

Doubtful N-E cloud and the prospect of miserable conditions higher up, returned us to the depths of our pits, where we stayed for most of the 4th January.

However, conditions early next morning were considerably improved so we headed off in to the bush, bound for Mystery Col. Despite pessimistic remarks as to our route, we emerged on easy snowgrass slopes, after much swearing and grunting in the undergrowth. Kevin then "volunteered" to carry for the rest of the day, two sturdy tent poles cut from the bush. The previous sackday wasn't entirely wasted, as it enabled Mystery Col to be reached in good time.

Once suitably veiled and snow-creamed, we descended on to the Snow White Glacier. Roping up at the base of the first ice fall, I led off up its centre, having dismissed as "uninteresting" the obviously easier route to the right. Later we emerged above the mass of slots and seracs, and this time being a little wiser, headed for the snow slopes to the right of second icefall. A long, tiring slog in soft snow and the crest of Whitbourne Saddle (7,300ft) was reached in the late afternoon.

The sun had set behind Climax by the time a platform was dug out and the tent erected.

The prevailing N-E weather prevented any view from the top of Edward (8,680ft) next morning, so we descended through the mist to spend the rest of the day drying gear and sunning ourselves on warm, dry slabs beside the tent. A pleasant evening stroll was made up Snow Dome (c.7,700ft) to view spectacular sunset colours on Aspiring through the mist. We romped back down to the tent, feeling completely contented in such majestic surroundings.

On a trip over Whitbourne Saddle two years earlier, it was possible to easily descend the steep slope from the saddle to the Whitbourne Glacier, but this year breaks in the slope and avalanching ice cliffs on the Snow Dome made this route unattractive.

Next morning we traversed level from the saddle and then climbed a couple of hundred feet to a wide shelf above some menacing ice cliffs on Maoriri. Dumping packs, quick time was made up hard snow to the summit of Maoriri (8,490ft) where we gazed down the spectacular drop on to the Dart Glacier, and across Cascade Saddle to grassy flats in the West Matukituki.

Back at the packs, the ropes were re-arranged with prusik slings, and we headed off on a long descending traverse to a point below Edward, where a glissading descent on to the Whitbourne Glacier avoided the more broken areas.

Ice avalanches off Amundsen onto the glacier provided a backdrop as we lunched near the terminal of the Whitbourne.

After a struggle with some moraine, we reached the land of living things—tussock, scrub and then a short section of beech forest overlooking Junction Flat in the Dart. A boulder bridge upstream of the junction being a convenient dry-foot crossing to reach the main "bicycle track" on the other side of the Dart River.

Our food supplies were nearly depleted, and the thought of meeting other parties with food to give away provided enough stimulant to drive us down valley next morning. Cattle Flat proved to be the main obstacle for the day as we staggered down it, seeking any available shade on the way. Dredge Hut was deficient in both people and food. The base of Sandy Bluff appeared to be a suitable night spot, but the airborne hordes ensured a late night as well as an early start next morning. Good time was made down the greatly-improved track in the lower valley to Dan's Paddock, where Mervyn Burke in Land-Rover provided unexpected transport to Paradise.

This trip through the Olivines was blessed by the best Huey could offer; parkas were unneeded during the entire 15 days, and dry boots were an added blessing during the trip.

BRUCE MASON.



ADDITIONAL MATERIAL TO THAT IN MOIR'S GUIDE BOOK — NORTHERN SECTION (Fourth Edition 1968)

Page 39: Dart-Desperation Pass-Joe River

(By observation from Joe Glacier, 1970.)

. . . Once on the Dilemma Snowfields, traverse to the right at same height on to scree slopes which can be descended (rather tricky, with a thin layer of loose detritus over smooth rock) direct to the Joe River Glacier, but continuing to work down-river (east) . . .

Now impracticable through glacial recession. May be possible to descend on to Joe Glacier by working down up-valley (west) from the Dilemma Snowfields.

. . . Cross Joe River Glacier and climb up moraine wall on true left bank, where excellent camp sites may be found in a small valley behind the stranded lateral moraine. There is a rock bivvy 100 yards up-valley of a green lakelet, half an hour up-valley of the glacier terminal.

Page 63: Joe River Glacier to Arawata River

(By observation, the best route is NOT down the true left bank above bush-line.)

From the green lakelet, continue down the small valley behind the lateral moraine until there is a break in the moraine wall allowing a descent to river level. If fording of the river is impracticable, continue down-valley through scrubby bush until opposite the junction with Victor Creek. Bluffs are visible through the bush further down-valley, and below these and 100 yards up-river of flats which are visible on the other bank (the true right), is a natural boulder bridge.

Time: 3 hours.

Page 45: Joe River Gorge

(The existing description of the route is fairly accurate, but minor corrections are necessary. The corrected wording is important, as the route guide needs to be followed literally word for word. Very rough going was experienced by my party when off route.

Below is the corrected route guide.)

The deer track down the Joe River—which follows the true right bank all the way—is now much easier to follow than it was

a few years ago. Entry is made at the lower end of the swampy, ribbonwood clearings, down-river from the bivvy rock. After skirting three more swamp clearings in the bush, and then around below bluffs in the bush, the route crosses a wide, scrubby creek bed, about halfway between the river and scrub line, and then continues through another section of bush to come out on another creek-bed. This creek is ascended to where it runs out into the larger bed of Victoria Creek. By crossing Victoria Creek diagonally down-stream, the deer track will be found entering the bush again opposite a large boulder. From this point a wide, well-graded track leads down to and along a terrace, and finally to ribbonwood clearings at river level. Travel is generally along the river bed to another small, grassed clearing. A good track leaves the lower end of this clearing and if followed will lead out to the open tops. However, about 5 minutes after leaving the river, keep a lookout for a deer trail leading out to the left. If this is not located, do not climb too high and then head left. The correct trail sidles, rises and falls through small guts and slips near the river, and finally joins another wide deer trail coming down from the tops, to lead down to a flat upstream of a gorge. Continuing down-stream from this flat, the trail zig-zags up through bluffs in the bush (old blazes), on to and along the lip of a terrace (which can be seen before leaving the last flat), descends steeply into a chasm, climbs straight out on the other side, and then gradually losing height descends to the mouth of the South Snowball Creek. Cross this creek at the mouth (a natural bridge exists a short distance up-stream) and follow down the river bank to Williamson's Flat.

Time: This distance could be covered in eight hours, but a careful watch must be kept for deer trails.

Page 50: Williamson's Flat—Joe River Gorge—O'Leary Pass

Correction:

. . . From here a short stretch of bush leads to the unnamed creek between Victoria and Victor. Follow this creek down to about 100 feet above the Joe. . . .

Page 62: Joe River to Solution Col and Olivine Ice Plateau

. . . From here a long, level traverse around the face of Mt Destiny leads to Solution Col, between Climax and Destiny. An alternative route is to climb directly up the ridge and over the top of Destiny. . . .

B. J. Mason.

OWED TO BOOTS

How oft do we complain
Of the pain
And the rain
And the heat;
And yet we never think
Of the boots on our feet.

We moan
And groan
About mud and water,
Without a thought for
Our poor
Boots.
We oughter!

Now you may think
That life as a boot
Is all sweat
And stink
Let
Me tell you;
From their point of view
You're right!

Boots don't need to drink
Or think,
Or talk.
They don't need to eat
But they do like the heat
Of a warm pair of feet. . . .

R. Davies.

HOPING

When bouncing on the rope
One feels a fervent hope
That both it and your mate can hold you.


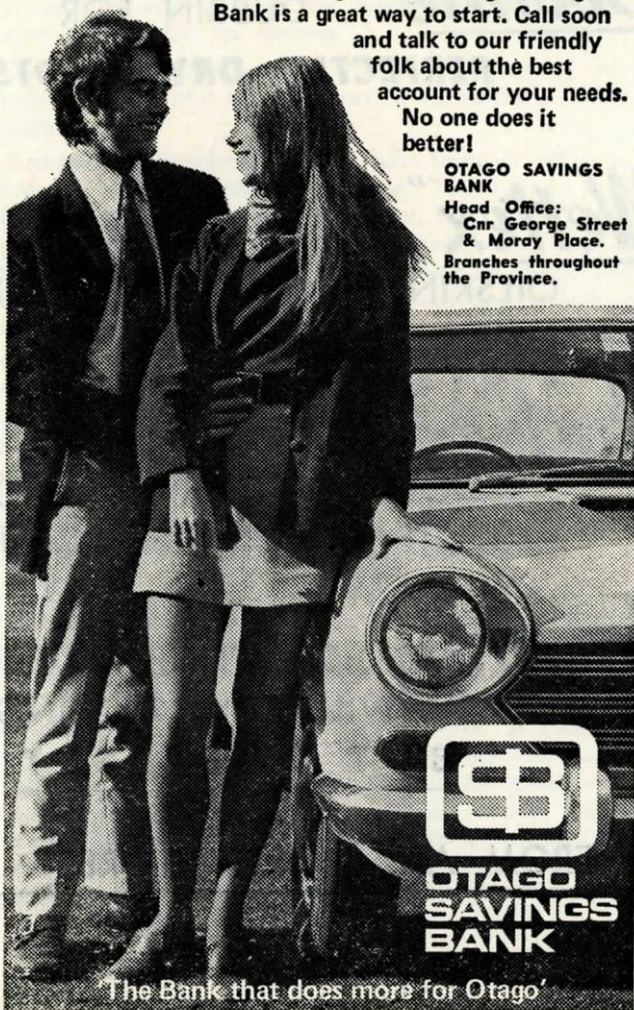
K. Blackwood.

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FROM ALL SPORTS STORES

STEWART ISLAND

On the 2nd of December, 1969, at about 6.00 a.m., the reflection of a tiny rata-covered islet at the southern end of Stewart Island was shattered by the apparently aimless passage of a scruffy little dinghy. Its equally scruffy crew and dog were on their way to try and scale the Deceit Peaks. According to the leader of the expedition, one Dave Galloway, this particular granite outcrop was as yet unclimbed. The other members of the party, Stewart Island Ranger, Pete Tait and "fairly inactive" trampler, Les Tubman, knew of no reason to dispute this allegation.

A couple of days before we and dog had climbed a neighbouring range, the Tin Range, and gazed across to the massive, glistening granite faces that make up the Deceit Peaks. The only other remarkable peaks in the area, Gog and Magog, stood, insignificant by comparison, far to the south-west. We surveyed the various routes leading to our goal. There were a few bald-looking patches on a couple of the ridges so we decided to stick to high ground all the way.

The first quarter-mile through tall, standing rimu was easy, from then on the going got tougher and tougher. Believe it or not there are no deer on this part of the island and kiwis (the feathered variety) don't leave very remarkable tracks. Being the first large beasts through this bush, track making was therefore up to us and dog. The strong winds in this area tend to dry out dead timber, giving it no time to rot. This was the sort of undergrowth we were faced with, variety being provided by patches of lawyer and dracophyllum. Our progress through this tangle was understandably far from silent both physically and verbally. I must admit that my "pioneering spirit" was sorely taxed when our clearings turned out to be waist-high patches of dead wood.

A couple of hours before dark and we found ourselves on a knoll overlooking the peaks gashed by the shadows of a dying sun. We angled down on to the valley floor (which incidentally brought us back almost to sea level again) and found what appeared to be the only flat area big enough to pitch a tent on.

Only now as we rested did we realise just how hungry we were, but as no one seemed in any hurry to start cooking we worked our way outside a loaf of bread and a couple of cans of cold beans. This was followed eventually by cups of coffee. Then serenaded by half a dozen raucous kiwis (the feathered variety again) and sundry anonymous goon imitations, we hit the sack.

Dawn, and yesterday's tired muscles and partly-healed cuts formed the basis of conversation for the first hour or so. By 10.00 we were at the base of the first weather-worn scab of granite that covered the lower part of the face. Wind and water must erode these great

sheets of stone in such a way that there is an inch or two gap under them making them sound quite hollow and eerie when crossed. However, progress was steady; the rock, although steep, afforded plenty of grip. Rests were unabashedly disguised as camera stops. It could be called a 36-exposure face. There is a clear running stream almost to the crest and I'm afraid our route varied little from this until we were within spitting distance of the top.

The weather throughout had been perfect; we and dog had a marvellous vista from Anglem and Rakiahua in the north, to the tops in the south. Dave, a lichenologist, gathered specimens. Pete and myself amused ourselves by rolling great goulies down the almost sheer faces, watched by a bemused dog.

Well, we had made it up, and no one was looking forward to the trip back. The appearance of a front out to sea prompted us to try and return to the boat instead of making a three-day trip of it as had been originally planned. The trip back was no better than the trip up, only faster: The last 400 yards or so being down a river—heaven for aching limbs—also helps to make sweaty bods easier on the olfactories. Below the waterfall at the mouth of the river nestled our little tin boat and three priceless cans of Raro.

That's about the lot . . . I don't by any stretch of the imagination call myself a climber; any nitwit could scurry up the actual face of the peaks themselves. It's the "getting there" that's the problem.

1. The only quick access is by sea, the best part of a day's steaming from Halfmoon Bay.

2. The density of the scrub precludes any one day climbs—will a boat wait any longer?

3. It's a long way to go to climb one lot of hills. The only other bumps of note in the area are Gog, Magog and Heilenmann and they would probably necessitate another boat trip.

Finally, if you've got a week or two on your hands and care to disregard the preceding ramblings, Stewart Island welcomes you and the best of British luck. Incidentally the dog's name is Kim.

Les Tubman.

MT COOK NATIONAL PARK WANDERINGS

I must have looked pretty silly standing there with about 100 pounds of food in the main street of Timaru, but I was waiting for my imported English rope-mate from Australia.

As the bus sped towards Mt Cook I caught up on all the climbing news from the Sydney Rockies and we then decided to go up to Mueller Hut.

The weather became slightly nasty as high winds lashed the alps and hut-bound almost everyone. One poor soul who ventured outside was blown to his death at Plateau Hut.

After several days the wind dropped and we avoided the walk up the glacier by catching the plane to Tasman Saddle. On landing we all rushed over to the hut expecting it to be full, but luckily all but three Japanese climbers had moved down valley. A quick lunch was followed by a jaunt up Hochstetter Dome and Mt Almer just behind the hut, giving Ralph his first taste of snow and ice work.

Four-thirty the next morning saw five of us shivering across the glacier heading towards Mt Green. The weather looked rather gloomy so at six we turned back. Ah ha, fooled again! Huey was only playing with us because at eight the sun came out and it turned into a beautiful day. Now it was too late to do any other climb so the day was spent sunbathing.

The next day, despite hogsbacks over Mt Cook, "We don't fool easily twice, you know, Huey," we cramponned up the crisp lower slopes of Mt Green and waded up the upper slopes to reach the summit at 9.00 a.m. One of our number innocently buttered his bread on the edge of a 12-foot cornice overhanging from the summit. On the way home we wandered over to the little bump of Mt Walter. The heat forced us to shelter under the shadow of an ice-block for a couple of hours before continuing back to the hut.

The next morning saw two of our number declare the day a rest day and as they pulled their heads back into their sleeping bags, the more dedicated of us left the hut at 6.00 a.m. in the direction of Mt Annan. To lighten my load I had discarded my crampons and had to make a lengthy detour to avoid a handy couloir the others had cramponned. A shattered rock ridge led to the summit of Annan and since it was so cold we returned after taking a few summit photos to reach the hut at noon.

Having read all the available literature in the hut, we left to sample the reading at Malte Brun Hut after two days of poor weather.

The next day dawned fine and clear with a crisp frost freezing the snow and making our return to our sleeping bags most appealing. Four-thirty saw us cramponning quickly up the Malte Brun Glacier to the foot of the rock leading up to the West Ridge. At this point we passed two others who had left the hut just before us. Moving

separately we worked our way up the firm red slabs leading to the West Ridge. A breath of air for our heaving lungs and a look at the ever-expanding view before we turned to the ridge leading to the summit of Malte Brun.

We scrambled upwards for about one and a-half hours to reach the famous Cheval Ridge. Here we roped up for two rope lengths before putting the rope away but moved more slowly due to the ever increasing drop and a thin layer of fine powder snow that covered most of the holds. At 10.15 we stepped onto the summit, had a quick look around and a nervous glance at the crud rolling over Mt Cook before we scrambled down the ridge like a couple of boys caught raiding the cookie jar. We arrived back at the hut, after a long glissade down the Malte Brun Glacier, at 2.00 p.m.

No rest for the wicked, however, as we grudgingly left the warmth of the hut the next morning at 4.30 a.m. bound for the twin peaks of the Minarets. An uninteresting slog up the glacier and through the maze of crevasses on the eastern slopes yielded us the summits of the Minarets at 9.30 a.m. The cold south wind forced a hasty retreat to a warm basin beneath the peaks for a bite to eat before the quick descent to the hut, which was reached shortly after noon.

Luckily the next morning was not so good, so we had no pangs of conscience as we returned to the pit to snore off until a reasonable hour. The day turned out beautiful, but the boring trudge down the glacier to Ball Hut did not and I was quite glad to reach the civilised oasis of the Hermitage that afternoon where we greedily stuffed ourselves with milk, bread, eggs, icecream and fresh meat.

Party—*Bryan Laws, Ralph Harvey.*



TINY TINKER'S TRAVELS BEGIN

"The characters in this following piece, although true in real life, are to be considered by the ladies and gentleman of the jury as fictitious for the duration of the story."

The plot opens when Tiny Tinker and a couple of his mates, balanced by a couple or more enemies and accompanied by Snottart O'Henry's four-man battalion with rations for 12 days (or was it a 12-man battalion with rations for four days), plus a few neutral U.N. observers, decided to say Hell with civilisation and go for a merry little jog through fantasy land.

They all rendezvoused a common rendezvous because it was easier.

Immediately an argument developed about who was going to lead off, which became so heated that a passer-by called the fire brigade.

However, to cut a long story short, Tiny Tinker eventually was caught trying to push a head (in) of a struggling mass of swirling crushing humanity.

The crushing weight of his dozen bottles of imported Mountain Dew from Ireland (for adding to coffee or alternately adding coffee to: see Tiny Tinker for recipe), his Mt Flaggstaff sleeping bag, one pair of snoe shoes, pair of holy socks, one heavy fruit cake, two cans of assorted imported and exported spuds, his first aide and a partridge in a pair tree, all O.S., which had been crammed without formal ceremony into a tied handkerchief was slung suspended by a shoe string (which doubled for a climbing rope) from his neck.

Fighting against a repulsive urge he and his mates formed a classical girl chasers scrum and charged forward pushing the screaming, cringing, weak scardy-cats out of the way. It was every man for himself in a situation like this, but with three together the trio gained momentum, brushing aside all opposition. (Afterwards nausea set in at the sight of the crushed, mangled, maimed, bloody bodies of those who had stood in the way.) Meantime, with shouts of glee, the beautiful three gained the much coveted goal and proceeded to sit down on "THE BACK SEAT OF THE BUS!!!!"

MORE ADVENTURES OF TINY TINKER NEXT YEAR.

Tiny Tinker.

[Mr Printer, don't worry about mistakes—you can only improve on this and as for more, well! Editor.]

EARNSLAW

"Good God, Chalmers, you're mad! It's only three-thirty!"

"Well, we always take a couple of hours to get away."

Grunt. Turn over. Try to forget the pog and bacon coming up soon. It palls after three weeks, and this was almost the end of three weeks of mountain living, two in the Young and one up here, under the shadow of Earnslaw.

4.30. Breakfast over. Outside, darkness and murk, creeping with clammy fingers across Wright Col to enshroud the bivvy, where we remain, snug and secure, all day.

Next morning Brian relents, and the alarm doesn't disturb us till 4.00 a.m.

5.30 a.m. Outside, we find a new world, air crisp, sky clear, Pluto and Earnslaw silhouetted in a glorious sunrise. A cold breath across Wright Col hurries us on our way and we cross slightly-frosted rocks and scree to a short scramble through the lower bluffs of East Peak. Slightly to the right up scree slopes, and ledges sloping steeply to the left give us access through the main bluffs to the final easy slopes and the summit at 7.00 a.m.

The views are magnificent, encompassing Wakatipu and surrounding peaks; Routeburn country; the Darrans; the Olivines, and Aspiring. However, West Peak beckons. Crampons are donned for the descent to the ridge. One of Rod's straps breaks and I hide my impatience as he effects running repairs, and the other two forge steadily ahead. The bite of steel points in the frozen surface is a joy as we descend to follow them.

A scramble across steepening scree follows as we endeavour to turn the gendarme on the north side according to the route guide directions. The scramble up a couloir and return to the ridge is greeted with sighs of relief—none of us appreciated the loose rubbish we had been traversing.

We find ourselves at the base of a steep slab poised thousands of dizzy feet above the hungry Earnslaw Glacier, and delicately tip-toe up, thinking perhaps we *should* have roped up at this stage. Much fluffing around follows, and eventually we take to the snow steep but firm: leading through, we finally gain the summit ridge at 1.00 p.m. The weather is still perfect and we drink in every aspect of the view with lunch.

An uneventful return to East Peak follows; we avoid the rotten scree by completely traversing all gendarmes, which provide interesting scrambling, with no necessity for fixed belays.

Back in the bivvy we consume our customary, gigantic dehy stew, and once again marvel at the tremendous run of good weather experienced on climbs over the past three weeks.

Judy Knewstubb.

LIFE AS A GUIDE ON THE ROUTEBURN TRACK or SIX HUNDRED MILES IN ONE PAIR OF BOOTS

At 8.30 on Friday morning when all good Queenstown people are in bed, two hardy characters, who shall remain nameless, are walking down Ballarat Street carrying empty packs. Their footsteps ring up and down the empty main street until they stop outside the booking office; there is a creak as the packs are removed. One person lights a smoke while the other ducks over the street to pick up an apple pie which is a standing order every Friday morning, and with a deep breath each they enter the office to meet the next bunch of 10 victims.

During the next 10 minutes of introductions and questions we size up the party we have to look after for the next four days. We then go out the back to pick up tickets, etc., and discuss the party.

"That old bloke looks as though he will be a bit slow."

"Not if he has those two nurses in front of him."

"That Yank has got *all* the gear."

"Yeah, he can carry it too."

Having decided that they will probably make it, we round them up and march down to the Earnslaw, which will take us up the lake.

This is how we start our week. Already the other two guides are on their way to the Divide on the Milford Road, having left at 7.30 in the morning. All four probably have hangovers from one night on the town. They will travel from the Divide to McKenzie Hut in the afternoon, while we are travelling to Routeburn Falls Hut.

On the boat we settle the party down and get them all acquainted while we talk to the two nurses. Later we will sneak around the other side of the boat and demolish that pie. There is a discussion about last night, the weather and the nurses, in that order, and then we go to sleep. At Kinlock we again round the tourists up and get them settled on Harry Bryant's bus and get the tucker off the boat.

"Cor, feels like bricks."

"You can't eat bricks."

"They won't eat anything after you've cooked it."

"Yeah, but by the second day they are too hungry to worry about it."

We then move out while Harry tells the same jokes he has been telling "since June 15th, 1929," shouting over the roaring and rattling of the bus. At Routeburn Valley Lodge, which is now somewhat dilapidated, a fire is started in the big fireplace and a brew is made. Four sandwiches and two scones and as many cups of tea as you can handle. "There's only one thing better than a cup of tea—that's two cups of tea." (Bryant.)

Two guides empty the tucker boxes (about 80 pounds of food all told) onto the table and make the pile look as large as possible.

The tourists come over to watch the activity, take pity on us and offer to carry some of our load.

"Right, you take this and this and this, you take the meat, we'll eat this, and that leaves the guides with a loaf of bread each."

Two grinning guides then stagger out the door with very heavy packs, followed by 10 tourists who stagger even more. After a stop at the bridge to tell them about National Parks and flowers and things, never to leave the party unless accompanied by the guide (wink at the nurses), and various other cautions about stoats, what to do in the event of snake bite, etc., we are eventually on our way.

The rest of the afternoon consists of walking, talking, thinking up names for plants and pointing out good spots for photography. We stop at pre-selected spots for a bite to eat and a bite for the sandflies, and sooner or later (usually later) we arrive at our destination—Routeburn Falls Hut. With a few words of warning about nasty strangers in Park Board huts, we let them wander round at will while we patch some of their blisters and get tea ready.

"Hey, where's the mince?"

"Wrapped up in one of my socks."

"Which one?"

"The green ones I had on yesterday."

After a couple of hours during which the two guides have cursed and cried, and after several burnt offerings, something resembling a meal is presented, and after lighting the lamps and putting on some water for dishes, at last the day's work is done, for it was always a point of honour to get the tourists to wash the dishes. After tea is the time to read a book, answer questions or chat up the nurses.

"Anyone like to come and see the glow worms? It's a pretty rough track, but you two nurses should make it" . . . and so endeth another day on the Routeburn.

Up at six o'clock, porridge, bacon and eggs and toast for breakfast and away by eight in the morning. This is to get over the saddle as early as possible to dodge the mist which comes up later. One guide follows the party to the saddle, while the other cleans up the hut and fills the cookers and lamps and then catches up. If it is a good day we take some of them up to the top of Conical Hill, 800ft above the saddle. An hour and a-half's walk from here and we reach the lunch spot where we meet up with the other party.

The guides compare notes about nurses and school teachers while the parties enthuse about the guides, and after lunch and a sleep in the sun (if any), we move towards McKenzie Hut while the other party goes to Routburn Falls Hut, from where we have just come.

At McKenzie Hut we stay for two nights and so have one whole day there. We take them round the lake, or up to Emily Saddle, or to the top of Ocean Peak if it is a fine day, or sit in the hut and read if it is wet. The other party does similar things at Routeburn Falls.

On the fourth day we are up early and away by 7.30 to reach the Divide in time to meet the bus at 12 o'clock. Our party then says its goodbyes and promises to write to us, and gets on the bus to take the seats of another party of 10 who have just got off. After lunch, which is brought on the bus, another lot of food is sorted, and away back to McKenzie, the guides following 30 yards behind discussing the merits of Aussie girls. And so on to Routeburn Falls, Kinlock and back to Queenstown for Thursday night.

"Not a bad couple of parties, those."

"Yeah, we only lost two this week—that one who suffered from vertigo who we lost in Lake Harris off the bluffs, and the old dear who wandered off the track in the dark while looking for glow worms."

And so to the pub to celebrate another two successful crossings of the Harris Saddle.

T.K.R.B.



CHRISTMAS DAY 1970

Kerin Forks at last. After so many months of planning our Christmas trip we were at the start. Dave Osmer's roared off in his jet boat leaving us with our thoughts and possessions under a grey sky which obscured the view we had hoped to be greeted with. The mountains looked ominous and unfriendly as we trudged up to Kerin Forks Hut. After eating lunch we left Kerin Forks bound for Jumbo Hut, thinking it wouldn't take long; the whole trouble was, it did! At about six o'clock we had all managed to stagger into Jumboland but the hut was full so we had to pitch camp. After Christmas dinner, consisting of chicken, Christmas pudding and wine, four tired bods and a stray, hungry dog retired to bed that night.

Up at 5.30 next morning. While Bruce Clark and Ken Calder left to climb Oblong, Mac (Colin MacKenzie) and I left to go back down to Kerin Forks to meet some of his A.T.C. friends who were due off the jet boat. On the way down we passed the old camps of the Queen's Birthday Wilkin trip and I was very disappointed to find somewhat of a mess. We arrived back to wait for Bruce and Ken and the dog to come off Oblong. Eventually they arrived, successful but very tired. Burnt, Buggered and Bitchy was a saying that evolved on this trip.

The next day was spent swagging up to the North Wilkin where there is a bivvy. It is here that a splendid alpine scene confronts you. From Wilkin Forks the two major peaks, Pollux and Castor, stand high above the valley, dwarfing the peaks around them with their majestic icefalls and beautiful ice ridges shining in the sun. Standing there one is awed by the beauty of the surroundings. After bathing ourselves in the little tarn south of Lake Diana we proceeded to the bivvy in the late afternoon sun. The early morning, low-flying blow-fly squadron got in some practice on buzzing moving objects. However, they were withdrawn from service after their numbers were cut by the dog who ate any that got near him. We left the dog to guard our gear from the ever-present keas while we went up the north branch to Lake Costella. This lake is a must to see for anybody who finds themselves wandering up the Wilkin. Surrounded on all sides by steep walls, especially to the west, it is a gem of beauty with its waters sparkling in the sun and the waterfalls dropping delicately to its surface. We sat there, enjoying what was probably the most beautiful scene of the trip.

In the afternoon we went back to Wilkin Forks where a Tongue and Meat (W.T.M.C.) party was camped. Apparently their leader had a dislocated shoulder and at about 6 p.m. the "chopper" came in to haul him out from further up the south branch.

The next day we left for the waterfall at the head of the South Branch, leaving our faithful hound with the T and Ms. After having

some trouble following the track and ending up in the stream, we finally reached top flats and constructed a bivvy on the west side of the stream about 100 yards south of the waterfall. All that day fog kept coming over the Pearson Saddle from the Waiatoto and we thought the good weather spell might soon draw to a close, but lucky for us it didn't.

The next day dawned bright and clear and we were soon scrambling up the ledges that lead to the top of the waterfall. Once there we could see down the South Branch and part of the North Branch. Behind us was a large snow basin. To the left Rabbit Saddle, to the right the Pearson Saddle, in the middle Picklehaube. We wandered around the south side of Taurus with the intention of climbing it but a large bluff blocked our way so we returned to Rabbit Saddle and wandered around and above the bluffs that dropped into the top flats of the East Matukituki. It is a most impressive view and a pleasant side to view it from. In the hazy distance we could see Cameron Flat. Mac and myself wandered up Lois, a great big slab heap, while Ken and Bruce played on some ice above the bluffs. We stayed there for quite a while looking down on familiar country, before we dawdled homeward in the late afternoon.

The next day we made a rest day of it, and a wash day, and an air your b——y, stinking cesspool of a sleeping bag day, and a sunbathe day and . . . well, that was it.

We were packed and away by 8.30 and soon we found ourselves at the top of the waterfall again, this time after having to haul much heavier packs up. We made good time around to the terrace above the bluffs of the East Matukituki and were soon, once again, admiring the view. Moving again, and while Ken and Bruce toddled up Lois, Mac and myself came down the rock slabs that started the descent into the Matukituki. We had a little trouble for they were overlaid with shingle which tended to slip under your feet. A few stray keas came to look at Mac's bright orange hat and drop stones on top of me.

Once on to top flats and with Ken and Bruce caught up we had a nice lunch while sitting in the long grass beside the East Matukituki River and enjoying the sun and the peace. We then trotted off down to Ruth Flat Hut where we found the owner and three of his mates in residence. Being good sorts they asked us into the hut and gave us a brew and some biscuits. They had plenty of tucker because it had been flown in by plane. We set up camp and had tea. The sandflies in this place were probably the worst encountered. Mac and myself tried to get inside my sandfly net but it made conditions rather cramped.

The alarm went at 4 a.m. next morning and two bods scrambled madly to turn it off while two bods slept through it. We had intended going up Ruth Ridge to look out over the Volta but very low cloudy conditions made us decide against this and what with the

likelihood of a storm and these clouds of sandflies and our own feelings and moods we decided there and then that it would be better if we left the valley altogether. Ruth Flat is the one place we could have got stuck if the river had risen, making the Bledisloe Gorge impossible to get through. Fortunately this wasn't the case and after getting instructions on how to get through the Bledisloe Gorge from the chaps in the hut we left. After a tiring boulder-hop and up-hill bush-bash we arrived at Junction Flat. We just managed to get a glimpse of Aspiring through the cloud before it was engulfed into the mist. We considered wandering up to the Aspiring Flats but decided against it. We plodded into Cameron Flat at about 5.30, just in time to see a whole line of cars leave. Jerry Aspinall was cutting grass in the paddock next to the road. We had a chat to him and he offered to ring us a taxi, but we declined on economy grounds.

The next day we were woken to find a whole herd of cows plus one bull heading for our tent. Most of them, including the bull, moved on but one pesky cow stayed on for a while. What a sight she must have been presented with. Four sleepy bods peering out from under the tent and then appearing from the gloom in the most outlandish garb.

We had to hitch hike from Cameron Flat to Wanaka. Bruce and Mac managed to get a ride from the first bridge (that is going towards Wanaka) while Ken and I had to walk to the stream near where the Wanaka stone is obtained before we managed to stop a passing motorist (the only one for miles going the right way) in a mini. After two packs and two bods were stashed into the mighty machine we headed for Wanaka.

And so ended our Christmas trip. The last entry in my diary reads: "Six days early . . . Hell!"

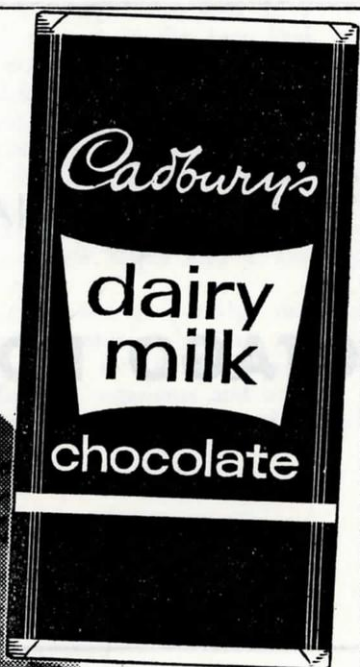
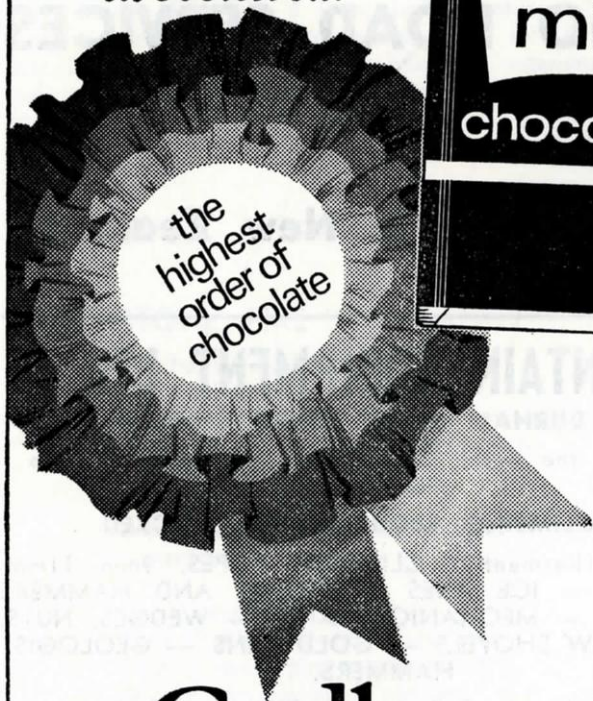
Russell George.

TACT

Scrambling on rock
Don't shout come on old . . .
As it may offend!

K. Blackwood.

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yourself the
highest
order of
chocolate...*



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PHONE 73-185 — TELEGRAMS: "MOUNTEQUIP"

ASPIRING BY A DEVIOUS ROUTE or ODE TO MY ACHING FEET

Suffering slightly from an enthusiastic night before, we were deposited outside the Ranger's house at Glenorchy on New Year's Day. Our goal being a traverse of Earnslaw—the participants, Ralph Harvey, a travelling Englishman on an inspection tour of the colonies, and myself.

Several hours of chanting "This is my holiday—I am enjoying myself." (Who the hell thought climbing was recreation) and we collapsed in a heap a short distance from 25-mile Hut. After a meal, to remind our stomachs what food was all about, we staggered on up to the hut. This was the venue of a sandfly jamboree of momentous proportions. It took about 20 minutes of fast walking across to the start of the Kea Basin Track before the sandflies eased their kamikaze attacks.

I will not dwell on the grind up to Esquilant Bivvy but it is not recommended for people whose stomachs have not recovered from New Year's Eve.

The rain Gods did blow upon that house and the great maker of fog did mix a mighty brew which lasted for a full three days and three nights. On the last day, after a lightning traverse of Leary the afternoon before, we left at 9.30 for East Peak, not really thinking we would have time to squeeze in a traverse before returning to Glenorchy. Fifty-five minutes later we arrived at the summit of East Peak and despite cloud beginning to drift around us we descended to the Col between East and West Peaks passing the Gendarmes on the north side. Upon reaching the Col the fog thickened up and visibility dwindled to about 100 feet. We slowly made our way up a rock section and up several pitches of 40° soft snow. We reached the summit at 1 p.m. and since we could not see any of the superb view you would expect from this vantage point we descended immediately. Forlorn, we trudged back on to the summit of East Peak and arrived back at the hut at 4.15. We considered this a pleasant mixed climb unfortunately marred by the lack of views from West Peak.

We packed immediately and descended to Kea Basin where we arrived at 7 p.m. for a quick tea and a well-earned sleep. The next day we trudged out to Glenorchy to meet Pauline off the boat after she walked the Greenstone and Routeburn Tracks.

After picking up another member, the four of us, Ralph, Shirley, Pauline and myself, trudged up the Rees to 25-mile Hut where we were served as the main meal for the sandflies of the area.

Next day, heavily laden, we tramped up valley in an incinerating heat to a pleasant camp-site just below the Rees Saddle. The next day as the skies deteriorated we picked our way over the Saddle to

Dart Hut. A rest day due to poor weather gave us the opportunity to talk to an elderly couple making the round trip to Glenorchy.

We left at six o'clock the next day for the long bash up the Dart Glacier and down the Cullers route to reach Aspiring Hut in the late afternoon. The following day we re-organised our gear and wandered up to Scott's Bivvy for the night. Although the day was overcast and cold we left the next morning shortly after dawn for Bevan Col. At the waterfall we met two climbers returning from Colin Todd Hut. They informed us that above the rock ledges the sun was shining. We lunched on Bevan Col and continued on to Colin Todd Hut about mid-afternoon.

Clear skies and a good frost greeted us the next morning as we left the hut for Aspiring at 6 a.m. Noon saw us struggling high up on the broad shaley ridge with the worst part behind us. About 600 feet below the summit Pauline felt a little done so I continued on alone to meet Ralph and Shirley descending. After a sweaty 30 minutes, made more exciting by the lack of crampons (broken on the rocks further down), I reached the summit at 2.30 to find four Australians having lunch on the top—they seem to be everywhere this season. Our descent to the hut was uneventful and we arrived about 6.30 p.m.

The next day we decided to attempt Aspiring again so Pauline could share the summit spoils, but it was not to be because the weather clamped down and we spent the next four days slowly eating our food and exhausting the supply of books in the hut.

Eventually we were forced to try and get out so we crossed the Bonar Glacier by compass bearing and groped our way down from Bevan Col. Despite our late start nothing could stop us from sampling the mattresses at Aspiring Hut and we surprised the occupants by arriving at 10.15 p.m. A day's recuperation and we tramped down valley to clean clothes, fresh food and civilisation.

Bryan Laws.



ODE TO LAKE ROE

T'was the mind of us all to go for this walk;
To the land of unknown, of which there is much talk,
So late in the Autumn we loaded our packs,
Four of us strong with not so strong backs.

For two days we slogged up that wet, sodden track.
Each step with less interest under sixty pound of pack.
We climbed and we climbed, the sky was our limit,
To a most welcome hut with nobody in it.

The fire was soon going and the billy a-boil
A most welcome meal after such hard toil
But we were keen as keen as could be
Lake Roe was our aim, boys, our foremost destiny.

Said the keenest of the team, we need some meat for the bag,
Upon soon after he left, in search for a noble stag
His first shot was poor, but his second one was true
He had really lowered a stag, of which there were few.

The elder of our party started to weaken that day
Not knowing what was wrong, much to our dismay.
He soon found the trouble, it will soon take ease,
For what he encountered was foot and mouth disease.

After bathing that great hoof and making it sterile
We then applied a patch to keep him quiet for a while
Now that same gentleman tried to start a smoker's pageant
For the tobacco in his pack, would start a Park Drive Agent.

The rain cleared for a time so away we did go
To try and determine as to which was Lake Roe
To the click of the camera and the whirr of the cine
It just had to be Lake Roe, it must be this vicinity.

Said one of the party, to hell with the map,
If I ever get that surveyor I'll shoot him poor chap.
But it seems we were wrong our apologies for that
We don't always make mistakes, this was one out of the hat.

One evening one of us, a great believer of "trekka"
Bought to our notice, of a visit from a weka.
There was something very strange of this bird of way back.
And after much discussion, we discovered this bird was black.

But many strange things happen in this place of long ago
Things that you will find only around Lake Roe
Just a while ago many deer could be seen
But they have gone thanks to man and his machine.

We will leave it to you folks, to decide which is yours
We'll just sit here in comfort while the rain gently pours.
So whoever you may be or wherever you may go
Treat this hut as your home and look after "Lake Roe".

Anon.

SOLO ACROSS COOK

I step from the Plateau Hut door at midnight and switch my headlamp on. It is a week since my last climb with Chris Fraser and I feel keen. Several steps now divorce me from the hut and its stirring mass of frustrated climbers who have sat out a week's unsettled weather.

Four climbers are close behind me, crunching across the Grand Plateau towards Cook; cramponned boots breaking through the snow crust, the result of a mild frost. As I wend my way through the crevasses to the foot of Zurbriggen's Ridge I glance back at the sporadic flashing of torches as the hut's contents disperse in the direction of Silberhorne, the Linda and the East Ridge of Cook. Robert Rainsbury shouts a cheery farewell and heads with three companions for the East Ridge. I am now alone at the foot of Zurbriggen's.

Stopping at an icewall split by a 'schrund I replace my failing torch batteries and extract a second ice axe from my pack straps. Grasping the axe shafts just below the heads I punch them at chest-height into the ice. Stepping up on the front points of my crampons I gain height, slowly at first, then as the slope eases to a fairly uniform 50 degrees I gain a faster rhythm. Debris chutes slow me down as I cautiously cross them.

The foot of Zurbriggen's is soon 2,000 feet below me and this fact is forcibly brought home to me as the compact snow is replaced by ice. In places my front points penetrate no more than half an inch and my axe blows result merely in pretty patterns of fractured ice. Feeling somewhat foolish at the complete absence of protection I move delicately up the slope for several hundred feet, cutting nicks in the harder patches of ice to ensure better purchase for my spikes. I move onto the rock of the actual ridge but am soon discouraged by its rottenness and return to the snow slopes of the face.

Soon, with daylight, I arrive on the ridge by the Linda shelf and at the foot of the summit rocks. There is little need to remove crampons for this easy rock step and one is soon on the summit icecap above. Now the early morning sunshine enhances the ridges with delicate shades of pink, and in contrast, the glacier névés below are a brilliant blue.

At 6.20 a.m. I reach the High Peak and appreciate the sensation of standing on the highest mountain for several thousand miles. Here the Southern Alps are at one's feet, extending into the distance to be lost in the haze. After a half-hour siesta and a second breakfast of my only remaining food—cold porridge—I climb into my tattered wind-proofs in preparation for the mile-long traverse to the Low Peak.

On the Middle Peak I meet once again the four boys who have climbed via the East Ridge. I adjourn to the Low Peak and they soon rejoin me, having been slowed by being roped up.

At 8.30 a.m., after another snack, the boys leave for the High Peak and Plateau Hut whilst I leave for the 6,000-foot descent to Gardiner Hut. By dropping 1,500 feet down the West Ridge, access is gained to a steep couloir which in turn provides a route to the Empress Shelf a further 2,500 feet below. This I reach despite screaming leg muscles and some 'schrundy complications near the bottom. From the Empress Shelf easy snow slopes lead to Gardiner Hut, into which I stagger at 10.30 a.m.

With two hours' rest and another meal of porridge flavoured with mouse droppings I leave for the moraine-bashing grind to Hooker Hut, and thence to that mecca of all climbers, the Tavern Bar. Here, under the increasing effects of weariness and alcohol, I talk among the stimulating fraternity of climbers of the climbs yet to be done in the Mt Cook area.

Bill Denz.

GREENSTONE FIRE

The bush is tinder dry.
The spark kindles . . . creeps . . .
A careless moment—campfire not extinguished?
Excited flames ignite the undergrowth;
The glowing furnace fans
Devours.
A sea of flames engulfs the heat-torn earth
Consuming all.

The conflagration spreads;
Crest of ridge boils over with flame,
Tossing and leaping in wild waves.
Whole trees explode in torches;
Crash down the slope—
A wild shower of sparks.

Gradually,
The fever subsides
To smoke and blackness,
Stench,
Desolation and emptiness.

Judy Knewstubb.

THE ROYALS OF TAIAROA

With the approach of National Conservation Week, our thoughts are turning to Conservation Projects. The following story, which is reproduced by permission of the Wildlife Division of the Internal Affairs Department, is opportune as it shows the results of a project supported by community effort.

This sort of thing can, and has, been done.

The Royals

Albatrosses on remote stormbound islands have little to fear from man, but a few of these large, conspicuous birds nesting near a city present a very different proposition. Between 1914 and 1919 royal albatrosses were known to land at Taiaroa Head, Otago Peninsula, and in 1919 the first egg was found there.

The Otago Branch of the Royal Society of New Zealand and Dr L. E. Richdale, an orthinologist of Dunedin, strove to protect the colony from interference and their efforts were rewarded in 1938 when the first Taiaroa-reared chick flew.

The Otago Harbour Board and its officers and the Department of Internal Affairs added their support to this work.

Later the citizens of Dunedin, led by members of the Dunedin Rotary Club, raised \$2,500 which helped to provide for the appointment, in 1951, of a full-time officer to act as a caretaker of the albatross colony and as wildlife ranger for Otago Peninsula.

From 1938 Dr Richdale studied these and other birds, especially yellow-eyed penguins, and published his findings in several books and pamphlets—the information set out here was obtained mainly from that source. His studies included the banding of all nesting royals and chicks.

The numbered metal band, clipped loosely about the leg, allows the life story of each bird to be followed. Since all Taiaroa pairs and chicks are banded, they can be distinguished from other royals that are sometimes attracted to Taiaroa about September.

These timid strangers, if not frightened, may stay and breed. The size of the colony has slowly increased and there are now 11 or 12 pairs in residence each year. As the royal albatross breeds only in alternate years this means that over 20 pairs have adopted Taiaroa Head as a traditional breeding site. Since 1938, 80 chicks have been reared.

The problems have been to protect the birds from interference arising from mere misunderstanding on the one hand to outright vandalism and vindictiveness (including the theft of eggs, stonings of nest, birds and eggs) on the other.

Serious disturbance of the nesting birds has also arisen from the natural curiosity of well intentioned visitors.

Man's camp followers: cats, dogs and ferrets, account for many chicks, and rabbits threaten both soil and vegetation and attract predators.

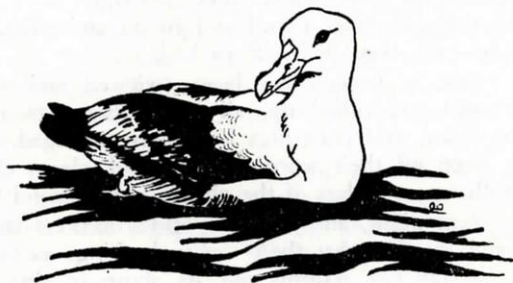
Fire is an ever-present danger.

Lastly, vagaries of climate have their indirect effect too. These problems have been largely overcome by erecting and maintaining fences to prevent unauthorised public access, by destroying rabbits and predators and by the vigilance of the resident field officer.

It is regretted that, at the moment, public access must be denied. The Wildlife Service is aware, however, that many people would derive much pleasure and interest from seeing these magnificent birds and is considering ways of permitting some public viewing, probably from an observation building that would be so sited that it would not disturb the colony.

Freedom from disturbance has enabled the colony to become established but it is still small and vulnerable. It will continue to grow, or indeed exist, only if given adequate protection.

Allan Wright.



AROUND THE CAMP FIRE

Every long tramp has its camp-fires and camps where we relax and talk about the world in general.

Around a good, cheerful fire at the end of a good day's climb, or slog, on a warm summer's night, with fine weather forecast for tomorrow, and a warm night promised for tonight, and tomorrow a well-earned rest-day, and a big feed of hearty stew and crud and fruit inside your guts . . . Gad—all these pleasantries at once! It can never happen, surely. But, with just some of these at once, wouldn't it be great! You must find this atmosphere very satisfying, and before long you will notice it has become some sort of a discussion time.

Camp-fire discussions I have heard have been varied and interesting, even though they all seem to revolve around the three traditional points: Sex, Religion and Politics.

Here is my idea of a typical discourse on a typical tramp night. Most healthy young people would naturally start with the first of the three; until very soon the arguments and trains of thought seem suddenly to land on the Pope, a sore point with some; then all of a sudden somehow, arguments on religion come thick and fast. The O.T.C. must be a good cross-section of religious society, it seems. These arguments innocently become entangled with politics and here people sometimes tend to get hot under the collar, especially those hardened leftists and dedicated right-wingers. Soon everybody quietyens down, probably through sheer exhaustion, and the quieter ones start up on Sex again—for some light relief, perhaps.

And thus the cycle goes round and round and round until one by one, two by two, they drift off to bed.

So, the world in general has been reviewed and all its little grievances exposed and tidied up, all its trouble-spots are, for us, temporarily at peace, and cease-fires have been arranged everywhere. The trampers sleep off their worries in a world, clean, closed in by lofty peaks, with no reminders of the ghastly mess beyond these walls.

Until the next night, and all the world's disasters and wars are remembered and the fact that there are such things as Governments and Politics. A far kea screams out its abuse to these miserable wretches who would dare bring such base memories into his realm.

But suddenly the reflections are shattered; somebody breaks the spell with some sudden noise and the atmosphere becomes easy once more; people smile. A chuckle is tossed into the silent air and bounces off the hearts of the friends. Somebody begins a joke and then everybody moves, adjusting their seats (probably some half-sodden log) that they are sitting on, settling down as if expecting a long interesting night. Then it is finished: a loud roar of belly-laughter spins through the expectant beech trees. A long line of jokes—all

that can be remembered are relived, plus the odd few old ones: "That's a third form one!" The supply has run out, but good grief! it's not time for bed yet! So: "This club does one heck of a lot of slinging off at the Government . . ." somebody says. "B—— Oath." "It's a good sign." The idea is in lots of minds. Manapouri is mentioned, and naturally the song, much sung by Conservationists in the club: "In the Mighty Cromwell Gorge, tons of concrete they will forge . . ." We sing this, stressing bits like: "Vandals of the public works" and "Climbers of the Alps unite . . ." Then we laugh at the Government again, in more subtle ways. For instance, what do *you* think of these vital questions?

1. Should trampers be eligible to the draft? Shouldn't we be allowed to plead insanity and thus avoid military training? Yes! Indeed! Yessir, trampers are a peaceful, brotherly lot; no sir! You can stick your draft cards in the sea. This tent's got enough draughts without yours. Who pitched it here, anyway? It's *almost* as bad as Green Hut. It's been said that there are only enough walls on Green Hut to create a draught . . .

2. Should we oppose living in cities? And campaign to try to get everyone to come and live with us in the hills, permanently, where the real life is? What? And bring with them all their city-life worries? No, mate, forget it. We'll be right.

3. Should Scroggin be the staple food in the diet of most Kiwis? Scroggin is nutritious, has vitamins, minerals and the lot, and the muck tastes nice. If this was so, what beverage would be our national drink? Our Labour drink? The mind boggles.

4. And what do you think of the Government's plan to cultivate rhubarb trees all over our Routeburn Flats? Why, Rhubarb! of course, it stinks. Flooding Manapouri is bad enough. Don't let this kind of thing happen again! The Government might begin to think they run this little show.

Someone yawns. "Gawd, it's gettin' cold!" "Looks like rain." "Be puttin' on my oilskins soon." "Skins? If it rains like it did at Brodrick that Easter, you'll need four of them." Somebody walks off into the trees, humming "The Ballad of Fred." Someone else yawns, the far kea screeches, more yawning, we all agree—it's time to hit the hay.

Dick Pettinger.

MOUNT ASPIRING NATIONAL PARK

It is over six years now since Mount Aspiring National Park was gazetted as New Zealand's 10th national park. The first meeting of the newly-appointed Park Board was held on May 7th, 1965. The park was there, as it had been from the beginning of time, but there was no ranging staff, no money in hand (and little to spend it on at the time), but there was a keen sense of purpose on the part of the board, some of whom had been sponsors of a public meeting held to request that such a park be set up.

The Chief Ranger, Ray Cleland, who commenced duties on February 2nd, 1966, was the first appointment. His headquarters at Wanaka were situated near the geographical centre of the park, the focal point for administration. By the end of its first year (March 31st, 1966), the board had a site for a headquarters at Wanaka and some site preparation had been done for a ranger's residence on the property. Urgent track and bridge maintenance had been done in the Routeburn. Consideration was already being given to the need for a ranger at Glenorchy.

At the Board's second Annual Meeting in 1967, it was reported that the Chief Ranger's house at Wanaka had been completed, the re-instatement of facilities in the Routeburn Valley was well in hand, including the erection of a new hut, improved facilities for tourists on the Haast Highway had been developed, and better access to the West Matukituki Valley completed. On January 3rd, 1967, a second ranger, Senior Ranger Mervyn Burke, was added to the park staff with his headquarters at Glenorchy. This gave the Board a total staff of two, both men of wide experience in national park work. Finance at this early stage curtailed activity on a number of sectors and some projects had to be postponed. This pattern has been repeated with monotonous regularity.

During the third working year the Board inaugurated an ecological survey of the park under the direction of Dr Alan Mark of the Botany Department, University of Otago. This work, an ecological reconnaissance, is almost completed. It includes the publication of reports, maps showing vegetation patterns, animal damage and areas of special interest. Many fixed photographic points have been set up by Dr Mark and from these, photographs will be taken at regular intervals to compare changes in vegetation cover, animal damage and erosion. The Ranger Station at Glenorchy was completed during the year, an emergency shelter was erected at Harris Saddle in conjunction with the Fiordland Park Board, and tracks were up-graded in the more popular valleys.

By March 31st, 1969, there had been a steady improvement to tracks, picnic areas and urgently needed bridges had been erected. Twelve interpretative plaques had been erected on the Haast Highway

and a brochure printed to give further information on botany, geology and fauna of the area to the many users of the highway. Considerable progress had been made in preparing for a Ranger Station at Makarora, a Park Headquarters and Visitors' Centre Building at Wanaka, and a Master Plan for park administration.

The past year or two has seen the completion of an Information Centre and casual staff quarters at Makarora, a start has been made in building the Visitors' Centre at Wanaka, road access to Chinaman's Bluff in the Lower Dart will soon be possible, and work was continued on tracks and other facilities. With two rangers, a permanent park assistant and some casual staff over the busy holiday period, it is not possible to do large scale improvements for park access, bridging or shelter for visitors. A park handbook will be published this year. Substantial additions to the park lands will be gazetted shortly.

Keeping a park as near as possible in its primeval state is the duty of each park board. This must be consistent with visitor use and enjoyment and it is inevitable that in some sectors development must take place which detracts from the unspoiled scenery. Park boards and staff give considerable thought to the placing of such man-made structures as roads, buildings and bridges.

Mount Aspiring Park has two categories of visitors. The Haast Highway attracts motorists and bus tourists in large numbers and their appreciation of the bush, river and mountain scenery of the district must be enhanced by information and interpretation, the careful siting of picnic and camping grounds and their attendant facilities. The Board has, on several occasions, made strong representations to have the Otago side of the Haast road sealed to eliminate the dust because of its tendency to cause accidents, its unpleasantness for visitors, and the effect on the roadside vegetation.

The second group of visitors is trampers, climbers, hunters and smaller numbers of fishermen, naturalists and photographers. These people are the main users of the less accessible mountain and valley areas. They derive a more positive enjoyment from being in the park and accept terrain and climate as they find them. The Board is always ready to consider their needs and welcomes any approach, formal or informal. The voluntary help given by work parties is greatly appreciated. There are large areas of the park where, for years at a time, no money will be spent; there are others where bridges, better tracks and shelter are needed for the increasing number of visitors. For instance, the road bridge over the Lower Dart River will eventually give easy access to the Rouburn and this most attractive area will feel the impact of day and weekend visitors as never before. The remote western boundary of the park is the least visited but it must be protected from unauthorised development in the form of private hut building and aerial delivery of unauthorised machinery and other activities.

What of the future? Projects in the planning stage very much dependent on finance are the provision of an all-weather road to the West Matukituki Valley by a route through the bluffs at the junction; completion of the Visitors' Centre and its furnishing with displays which will make visitors aware of what the park has to offer in the widest sense.

There is plenty of scope for the scientific study of vegetation, bird life, geology and glaciation in this predominantly mountain park and over the years the Visitors' Centre library will become an important research centre. It will house copies of all reports on scientific work in the park as well as published material of an historical and technical nature.

Bruce Campbell.



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TRAMPING IMPRESSIONS OF AN AUSSIE

I am an Aussie come over wanting to see this wonderful country you have. Never tramped (bushwalked as it's known over there) before. Always been anxious to try it, but was involved with other interests. Came over determined to go bush in the different environments.

Conditions are different in Aussie; it's much warmer so you obviously desire to wear shorts in the bush, but this is risky because of the vicious snakes, some deadly. Extreme caution is necessary with fires, in fact there is a total ban for six months of the year in many areas, little summer rain in the south and temperatures can soar to the century for days. There's not the mountain grandeur to admire (highest mountain Mt Kosciuszko, 7,316ft, looks similar to Rock and Pillar, road to the top, snow three to four months), nor tracks and huts so well set up.

One really appreciates coming over here and tramping through the many scenic areas, following clear mountain streams with towering snow-capped peaks both sides and many magnificent waterfalls.

The worst part is the heavy pack of long trips but the feeling of independence is great. Miles from civilisation you can stop off where you like, when you like, sometimes well before nightfall when the old shoulders start to feel the load. The part probably most enjoyed is the billy by the stream or on a mountain after a hard walk to get there; just set back and admire the view, often one which the Sunday picnicker doesn't see from the car window.

As much as the Milford Track is commercialised, thanks to O.T.C. in fighting to allow freedom walkers on this wonderful walk. It has first class huts, scenery superb, spoilt only by that telephone wire all the way, but gives great satisfaction to a beginner to achieve the 32-mile track with no fear of getting lost and to meet many people of all ages and experience. The climax, to see Mitre Peak and the fiords, is outstanding. There's certainly nothing like it in Australia or many other parts of the world.

During Christmas was again privileged with the hospitality of fellow O.T.C. members on a long round trip up the Greenstone Valley to Lake McKellar, Lake Howden then on over the Routeburn Track, spending most of a day resting at the delightful Lake McKenzie. Next day we went over the Harris Saddle against a cold wind using the shelter hut for comfort before heading down the Routeburn Valley. Lunch stop at the falls hut with a magnificent view of the flats down the valley. We camped a few days, a much earned rest, on the Routeburn flats with a day trip in North Col on the snow, unknown in Australia, this time of year. Then down a very impressive track to Bryant's Lodge for the night.

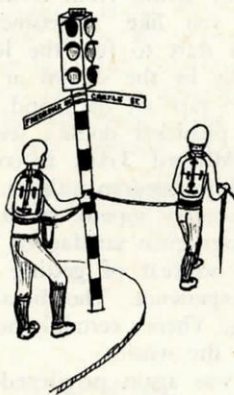
This ended what was the hardest tramp I've ever done. The pack was very heavy with seven days' supplies, but seven days' living

away from civilisation, home comforts, and cars screaming around driving one mad, was a great feeling which makes one sorry to return to.

A lone visitor really appreciates club companionship on these trips and it gives confidence on new areas being with ones of experience. Tramping alone should not be done anyway.

Have become quite rapt in this new interest, seeing this wonderful country with many experiences to look back on. Maybe not as keen as some, but sufficient to satisfy my recreational needs, essential to everyone.

Bob Smith.



"The rope should be put on before traversing any place where a fall or slip would be dangerous.
—Page 53 Safety in the Mountains.

SOIL CONSERVATION AND THE TUSSOCK GRASSLANDS

Soil conservation can be simply stated as "the use of every acre of land according to its capability and the treatment of every acre according to its needs," or even more simply, "use without abuse."

The soil and the mantle of vegetation on it have developed gradually over many years as a result of the interacting forces of nature. Before man's arrival in this country a delicate balance existed between soil-forming processes and soil-removing processes. In many areas this balance has been upset and the soil is being eroded away faster than new soil can be formed. This is accelerated soil erosion. It should not be confused with geologic or natural erosion which is the wearing away of the land surface through detachment and transport of soil and rock materials by water, wind, gravity, glaciers and earthquakes acting throughout the geological past. Geological erosion also includes soil forming as well as eroding processes, creating a balance which provides a medium favourable for plant growth, and it has contributed to soils and their distribution on the earth's surface. Where the tempo of geological erosion is accelerated by the activities of man, accelerated erosion or simply soil erosion results.

Up to the time before man's arrival in New Zealand, nature had succeeded under the existing conditions of soil, climate and slope, in the absence of grazing animals, in forming a protective vegetative cover over the country up to about 6,000ft, above which the climate became too severe for vegetation to establish and survive. The warmer high rainfall, the colder low rainfall areas; etc., all had their particular vegetative cover which was well adapted to protect the soil against erosion.

As a result of man's activities, the protective and absorbent blanket of soil has, in many areas, been modified or destroyed. Clearing and burning of vegetation, grazing and trampling by animals and consolidating and cultivating, have all been agents in destroying the soil's natural properties. The water-holding capacity of the soil has declined; the compacted surface no longer encourages rapid absorption; and the rate of rain-water infiltration into the soil is reduced. This leads to water running off the surface instead of seeping into the ground. An incomplete protective cover of vegetation results in exposure of the soil to disintegration by frost, dessication by sun, blowing away by wind and washing away by rain-water. This is soil erosion.

Burning has been one of the major factors in causing accelerated soil erosion in the tussock grasslands. Burning has been carried out to improve stock access into areas of rank vegetation. The early run-

holders were often not worried about how much they burnt and when they burnt. Once burnt initially, many areas were repeatedly burnt so that stock could graze on the palatable young tussock shoots that came away after each burn. This led to vegetation depletion and much bare soil as the tussocks were just not able to stand this continual pressure. Once soil was exposed, the processes of soil erosion started and today many of the high altitude areas are just rock and shingle screes. Much of the lower country has been left in a severely depleted and eroded state, especially on sunny faces.

Today, due to legislation and a changed outlook by most runholders, the situation is vastly different and the area burnt per year has reduced considerably. The runholder now has to have a permit from the Catchment Board before he can burn. What he burns and when he burns is under the jurisdiction of the Board. Burning is usually carried out in the spring when the tussock base is wet and while snow levels are still low to prevent the fire escaping to higher altitudes where the effects of indiscriminate burning are much more severe.

Over-grazing has proven to be almost as destructive and conducive to soil erosion as excessive burning. Due to economic and land tenure conditions, the early runholders tended to overstock their runs. With continued burning and overstocking, the ability of many high country properties to carry high sheep numbers decreased and sheep numbers dropped. This coincided with the rise in numbers of grazing and browsing pests—rabbits, deer and goats. With the continued overgrazing of the tussock grasslands, the condition of the vegetation deteriorated. New growth was quickly eaten out and the plants did not have a chance to seed. Their root reserves were soon depleted and the end result was vegetation depletion and bare soil as the vegetation just could not compete. And as with burning, once soil was exposed, the processes of soil erosion started. In the low rainfall areas of Otago, the end result has been the severely depleted and eroded scabweed country. Before man's arrival, this country had a dense cover of tussock and mature grasses. In the higher rainfall areas the results are the same as those from indiscriminate burning. In fact burning and overgrazing have been complementary in these areas.

Over the last 20 years, the following soil conservation practices have been tried and found successful in mitigating and controlling soil erosion. They have not only resulted in better vegetation cover, which has helped check rainfall runoff and soil loss, but have also led to increasing production to the maximum capability of the soil.

- (1) Fencing for land retirement:— Severely eroded land above 3,000ft may be permanently retired from sheep grazing if this is considered to be the most practical method of controlling erosion and providing conservation by natural regeneration of the vegetation. Vegetation recovery on these high altitude areas

is very slow but there is certainly no hope of recovery if sheep and noxious animals are allowed to graze them.

- (2) Recuperative spelling of the land for vegetation improvement:— Fencing off areas where seasonal spelling for vegetation reseeding or short term retirement from grazing or restricted types of grazing will help control soil erosion.
- (3) Conservation fencing:— Fencing off eroded land from non-eroded land or sunny depleted slopes from dark lying well covered slopes so that the different classes of country can be grazed according to their capabilities; i.e., so that the eroded and depleted sunny slopes can be lightly grazed and the non-eroded shady slopes hard grazed by comparison.
- (4) Aerial oversowing and topdressing of depleted and eroded country to improve and increase the vegetation cover, thus reducing water run-off and soil erosion.
- (5) Conservation tree-planting:— Tree planting may be necessary to stabilise extensively eroded slopes or to control actively eroding gullies.
- (6) Firebreak/access tracks:— These now form an extensive pattern over much of the tussock grasslands. They can act as firebreaks for burning off operations. However, their main purpose is to provide quick access for fighting unauthorised and accidental fires and to prevent them from spreading on to the steeper and higher slopes where vegetation is sparse and erosion active or imminent.
- (7) Cattleproofing of existing fences:— The use of cattle in the tussock grasslands is being encouraged as cattle can control and improve access into rank vegetation for sheep, thus reducing the need to burn. Cattle also tend to go where the feed is and do not "band" on depleted, sunny faces as sheep do, eating every blade of grass that appears. They do not climb up into the high altitude-eroded areas as Merino sheep do, but stay on or near the valley where there is more feed anyway.

Usually these practices are embodied in what is called a Conservation Farm Plan. In the Farm Plan, the farmer's own development programme is integrated with the soil conservation programme. The two together are designed not only for the purpose of conserving the soil and preventing or repairing erosion, but also to maintain or increase production in safe and permanent ways. A Land Capability Survey and the drawing up of a Land Capability Map are the basis of a Farm Plan. The Land Capability Map of the property shows the limitations imposed by present and potential erosion and the productive potential of each area for safe maximum sustained use. Thus areas with different Land Capabilities may be fenced off and managed accordingly.

The visible results of soil conservation practices are being increasingly seen in the increasing production from high country and hill country properties due to the use of land according to its capabilities. The increasing population of N.Z., with its greater demands on the land and the implementation of the Water and Soil Conservation Act, will mean even more emphasis on using the different areas of the tussock grasslands according to their capabilities and the application of Soil Conservation measures.

Chris Jackson,
Soil Conservator, Otago Catchment Board.

GREEN HUT

Standing near Green Peak which is near Pulpit Rock,
Is a tumble-down building which bears resemblance to a grot
But don't be mistaken by its old decrepit ways
For good old Green Peak Hut has seen far better days.

But Green Peak Hut has stood the years through weather and abuse
It's seen the times both good and bad and stands to serve a use
So treat it with a little respect, to its frail walls be kind
For in these barren local hills, shelter is hard to find.

Russell George

A.I.L. INTERMEDIATE COURSE MOUNT COOK, JANUARY 1971

Comments varying from, "You're mad. It's a waste of money," to, "Good on you, they're terrific value," were received when I announced my intention of doing an Alpine Instruction Ltd. Intermediate Course last season. So it was with mixed feelings that I headed for Ball Hut on Thursday, 21st January.

Moral support in the form of Trevor Pullar was picked up at the Hermitage and together with an Aussie bod met at Unwin we proceeded in pelting rain to Ball Hut. Leaving the car to the mercies of the keas (they made a great job of the windscreen rubber) we went up to the hut to a rather casual reception—everyone else seemed to have arrived, and all were obviously brassed off with the rain.

After a late (but very substantial) dinner, things began to sort themselves out. We found that our instructors were Lance Jennings, Murray Cullen and John Glasgow, and that there were 16 people on the course. (I was the only female.) A very sunburnt and peeling face became recognisable as John Broad's, so the O.T.C. was well-represented. Others came from England, Australia, Canada, Auckland, Rotorua, Wellington and Christchurch. Peter Eggleston, hut warden/caretaker, gave us a colourful rundown on general organisation, before we retired to bed.

We trailed out across the Tasman ice next morning, for instruction and revision of ice techniques. Step cutting, belays, use of ice screws and prusiking occupied us till lunch time. Then we trekked up the Ball for an afternoon of rock work. This was all classed as "revision" as people accepted for the course are supposed to have some experience behind them. However, I gathered that we were quietly being assessed and our capabilities judged as a guide to what might be achieved during the coming week. There was certainly a wide range of experience, ability and fitness already evident. Some had plenty to say, and seemed full of confidence, while others were still quietly taking stock.

An early start on Saturday took us out across the Ball, up the ridge on the far side, with the forbidding Caroline Face on our left, and on to Cinerama Col. The murk receded and we found ourselves in a new world, the valleys filled with mist but the peaks and sky above clear, and the Grand Plateau criss-crossed with slots, spread out before us. Cook loomed large above, and as we paused for breath the members of the fast pack could be seen wending their way across the snow below like so many flies.

Plateau Hut, perched on the rocks below Glacier Dome, away across the plateau, took a long time to grow bigger, and the end of the long plod was more than welcome. After lunch came the

descent of Haast Ridge, the drag down the Tasman, up the moraine wall, and collapse at Ball Hut. The day had been a long one, and quite a test of fitness.

After lunch on Sunday we departed for the Reay—a side valley of the Tasman about five miles from Ball. Glacier travel in hot weather is exhausting, and the grunt up the moraine and into the valley slowed the fittest down. It was a marvellous evening—calm and cloudless, and perfect for bivvying out.

First light saw us away into the head of the valley, onto the slopes of Chudleigh and its summit by 1.00 p.m. The day was perfect and sunburn began to take its toll. So did the long grind up the Tasman afterwards to Malte Brun Hut—the last straw being the crawl up the moraine to the hut.

Doubtful weather on Tuesday was welcomed secretly by some and openly by others.

At 1.30 a.m. on Wednesday breakfast was underway, and by three so were we, heading down the moraine by torchlight and across the Tasman, our goal the Minarets. The lack of fresh water at Malte Brun Hut was blamed for a wog which had most of us heading for the nearest rocks at a fast trot at intervals; and this, added to a doubtful sky at daybreak, convinced our worthy leaders that we should retreat.

We were back at Ball Hut by 11.30 for a big eat and sleep. Thursday morning was spent on face rescue demonstration and practice, and the course officially wound-up at noon.

Was it worthwhile? Most definitely yes. Apart from the consolidation of techniques in snow, ice and rock work, there was the simple fact of being in such a tremendous area. The course provides an ideal introduction to the Cook district, and one which I would highly recommend. Finally, the people—everyone was friendly; everyone was different; everyone had something worthwhile to contribute, and of course, everyone had a common interest.

The most sobering news of the death of one of the course members on the summit rocks of Cook less than a week later brought home some important facts to me. Courses are all very well, but they don't make you an expert in a week. The Cook district is not to be trifled with. Gain a couple of seasons' experience in country a little less massive, and then think about this course, and ultimately, the "big fellows".

Judy Knewstubb.

BEATING ABOUT THE BUSH

A Slash on the Track

The weather's no good for climbing. The ski season hasn't started. So it looks like track cutting at Tautuku this weekend. This has been the state of affairs for 19 weekends over three years.

For the last three years I have been in charge of tracking operations in the country's largest private scenic reserve, the Lenz Reserve. The land is owned by the Royal Forest and Bird Protection Society and is administered mainly by the Otago Branch. The reserve is half-way along Highway 92 that runs down the coast from Balclutha to Invercargill. Scenic Reserves and Forest Service land nearly surround the 1,360-acre property. The Fleming River flows through the reserve and out into Tautuku Bay.

Quite a number of different people helped us on the tramline section. The regrowth was that thick in places that the cut debris would be three feet deep behind you. The end result being a broad track through a tunnel of dense green growth. There are a series of wooden viaducts along the tramline. These are all in an unsafe condition and have had by-pass tracks cut. About 700 metres up the tramline and past a small viaduct, we found a well-preserved bevelled driving cog in the bush near the track. If it was not for my healthy regularity it would still be undiscovered. The cog was brought down onto the track, but as its 300lb weight was off-centre, it was not taken further.

Several trips later Dick Brasier came with us. He was keen to help get the bevelled cog out to the road end. We took a light wheel barrow and tools up to the cog. On the way we grubbed out bumps and pulled out any wooden sleepers or rails that would have hindered us. In one place a new section of track had to be cut. Eventually the big moment came. Dick and I heaved the cog into the wheelbarrow. In the muddy conditions we could scarcely move the barrow but when we finally did the whole thing just fell over. So it was a case of manhandling the brute. With one of us either end and with legs either side of the wheel we were able to roll it slowly down the track. I helped balance it while Dick took most of the weight. We had several anxious moments as the cog slipped on greasy sleepers or nearly got out of control on steeper sections; 300lb could make a mess of a leg. All the way down the track Dick made the appropriate diesel engine noises. We returned for the wheelbarrow and tools. Dick told me to sit in the barrow for the ride down. I thought he must be kidding, especially after the effort of getting the cog out. He wasn't. Dick grabbed the handles and started running. It was a fast and exciting trip. I spent half the time bouncing into the air with two sharp slashers held well in front of me. The worst

moment was at the end of the tramline when I thought for one dreadful moment that Dick's brakes had failed.

The bevelled cog has been sandblasted and painted and now stands at the entrance to the tramline. On it there is a bronze plaque in memory of the late William King, who took a great interest in the area and negotiated the buying of the property. The memorial is a very attractive and unusual one. It is particularly appropriate as Bill once worked in the area as a timber miller. Bill's great interest in the Lenz Reserve really showed itself the day he walked up the tramline to see us at work. This was shortly before his death.

We were working about a mile up the tramline one weekend. Angela Hunt was sitting enjoying the surroundings a little distance away from where three of us were working. She had given up using a slasher as a bad job. It was probably just as well. The plants had rebuffed many of her left-handed attacks and we were now feeling a little safer with the absence of wild back-swings. We knew that Percy Lemm, a local, was working possum lines nearby. He, however, was not expecting company. The sound of slashers must have caught his ear. Percy pushed through the screen of foliage and, lo and behold, there was Angela. This was too much of a shock. He was stunned; or so he told us later. The last thing he had expected to find out there in the bush was an attractive girl. He uttered a brief greeting and retreated to his possums. He was probably muttering something about his being out in the bush for too long.

More than a mile of the tramline's three or four miles was cleared before we decided to leave it and take the track across to the upper reaches of the property on the Fleming River. Before doing any cutting, Angela, Peter and I set out to check the route. We dropped down through a stand of virgin timber on a ridge known to a few locals as Miro Ridge. From the foot of this we worked our way across several much lesser rises and out onto the bushed river flats. We would have been three-quarters of a mile, as the crow flies, from the tramline when we finally hit the river. Strangely enough we had come out at the best point for a quarter of a mile either way. Even more strangely, I was able to backtrack the same route to exactly where we had left the tramline. In this rolling bush country any sort of helpful view is a great rarity so I was feeling very pleased with myself. Several trips later we had cut a six to eight foot wide track down Miro Ridge and across to near the end of a low rise. On this occasion Brian Clark, Bruce and I had been cutting most of the day. Marian Clark and Angela had returned to the lodge. They were expecting us back in about two hours. The river must have been only a short distance away and we thought a quick visit to the river and back would just finish the day beautifully. Brian and Bruce had never been down to the Fleming and by now hero

had been down several times. Tools were just dropped and all the gear was left. After all, it should be dead easy to find the cutting head again.

Hero leaped to the front and after walking in many embarrassing semi-circles brought the party to the correct part of the river. Murk had by now crept down the valley and a cool drizzle was starting to fall. Every rule in the book had been broken. Here we were clad only in singlet and shorts and without compass, food or equipment. The warmth of track-cutting activity had turned to a shiver. With great confidence I set off for our food and gear. Funny, there's another river in front of me. As you might have guessed I had walked in a circle. Another attempt. The same result. Brian tried. Bruce tried. We just couldn't get away from that river. Then we got smart. By the three of us spacing ourselves out, the rear person could correct any deviation from the straight by the leader. All this resulted in was that it took us longer to find the same bit of river bank. This time all pride had been crushed. Now down to some serious work. We would find a side creek and follow it back to a ridge. From the centre of a dismal bog we found a much meandering and back-looping trickle of sludge. By patiently following this excuse for a creek we eventually came to the end of a ridge. It was now a relatively straightforward plod up the hill, but the bush lawyer and supplejack gave our bare shoulders a rough time. Three cold and bedraggled bods stepped onto the tramline. Our gear was still 45 minutes away at the cutting head. The girls were more than a little anxious by the time we were back at the lodge. I think we all learned something from that little effort.

By now a lower return track had been routed through the tangled swamps and river terraces of the lower section of the Fleming River. Very old logging operations had left choked and clogged water courses. These had turned into formidable swamps. However, by some difficult route finding we were able to connect a series of low rises across to the well-drained river levees. A ridge in this mess is something up to three feet high. The regeneration of rimu, miro, totara and some matai and kahikatea on these drained areas is to be seen to be believed.

Like many rivers in these parts, the sluggish Fleming River flowed between steep clay banks. We were fortunate in finding a large branch that had split off a giant matai to form a very solid bridge.

The day before, Kevin and I had met up with Percy Lemm near the track head. Percy works for the local pest destruction board and is in charge of such activities on the Lenz Reserve. We knew he was in the area as we had heard two dogs barking and the last squeals of a pig as the knife went home. When we met up, he told us that his son would be working the same block the next day.

On that particular day Kevin and I were marking the next section to be cut. The river was meandering in great loops and we were trying to cut off as many of these as possible. However, in order

to make the track interesting, I would follow across the ends of the outermost bends. The idea was that I would back mark across the bushed flats in as straight a line as possible to the cutting head. Here Kevin was blowing a whistle so that I could home in on it. Unfortunately he was blowing in three blasts. Suddenly Percy's son and two dogs burst out of the undergrowth beside him. Three blasts is a distress call. Poor innocent Kevin received an abrupt dressing down.

On other occasions when we were based in the luxurious lodge, we would not hesitate to work in bad weather. On one occasion we worked a full day of near continuous rain and spectacular thunder storms. The thought of hot showers, dry clothes and warm sleeping bags saw us through.

Not all the track cutting was that miserable. Much of it had a lighter side. For example, the gentle art of dropping the fronds of a 25 foot tree fern around your buddie's ears. This takes two whacks with a heavy slasher, a little directional push and plenty of good sneaky judgement.

There again, not everything can be felled readily. Medium sized trees often did not fall as the surrounding canopy would support them. Instead they would slide off their stumps only to replant themselves in the ground. Some trees had to be felled several times before they bit the dust.

We didn't work all the time. Usually we worked one day then spent the next exploring the surrounding area. Many weird and wonderful things were done. Ever seen a VW chugging down a railway line and into a station? However, that is another story.

Ken Mason.

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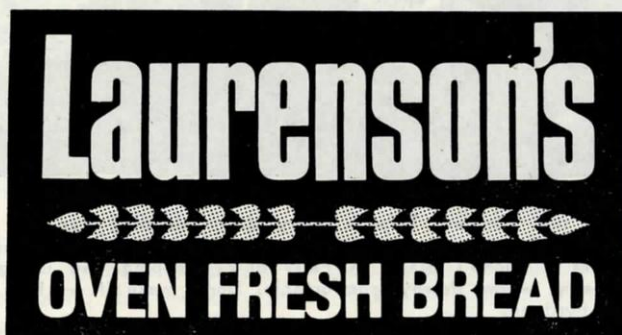
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THOUGHTS ON ABSEILING

From a Primary School Camp

"The best part of camp was abseiling." This is to go down a cliff on a rope and it's fun. There are different ways of abseiling and I am going to describe one. First you need a person or two then a cliff. Somehow you tie your abseiling rope onto something and then you take your sling and put it on. Step into it and pull it from the back to the front. Then put on your karabiner. This is a small metal or aluminium thing which the rope goes through and goes over the left shoulder into the right hand. Your left is just to keep balance and your right is to control the speed of your descent.

"When I stood at the top I felt sick and when I was down a little way I thought I was going to fall so I brought my right hand round with the rope still in it and held onto the rope where I had my left hand. This is one thing you should not do when you are abseiling. After that I was still a wee bit frightened but I carried on"

—::—

"Looking at the first one to go down made me feel sick thinking that I was to go down too. When I was going down I wished that I never did but when I got to the bottom I couldn't wait for another go."

—::—

"There was a practice rope on which nobody was scared. But when the time came for going over the cliff everyone's heart went, 'Thud, thud!' I wasn't scared on my first go. It was the second time my heart started beating fast."

—::—

"It isn't really hard but you think you may fall at first. After a couple of turns you realise the odds are greatly in your favour. I was scared when I first went down. Once you have been down, you feel great. You feel you have really achieved something."

—::—

"Although it took me a while to get my confidence I must admit I enjoyed it. Going over the edge was the bit I hated most. You could skite as much as you wanted when you were on the ground, but it's a different story if you're on the other end of a rope halfway down a cliff."

—::—

"Going down, you felt as though you were floating on air. The best part was taking small jumps down to the bottom . . ."

Judy Knewstubb.

ASPIRING

On November 29th Allan Smith and I left Dunedin and, collecting Terry Richardson on the way, stayed at Wanaka one night then endured our packs to Aspiring Hut.

That night there was a spectacular electrical storm.

The next day dawned misty with a light drizzle, so we mucked around for a few hours packing most of the food into our climbing bags with the idea of taking them as far as French Ridge Bivouac.

We crossed the stream, or river as it was by this time, by the swing bridge but when we approached the second creek, Rough Creek, we missed the track and subsequently spent nearly three-quarters of an hour trying to cross and find the track again. In the end we were forced to use the rope which we left under a boulder for use on return.

When we reached Shovel Flat the rain really began to fall heavily and so about half an hour up French Ridge we pitched the tent and stowed all the gear under this and headed off back to Aspiring Hut picking up the rope on the way back.

On Wednesday we left Aspiring Hut at 8.45 a.m. in reasonably clear weather and two hours later we were at the spot where we had dumped our packs and after a mighty grind up the steep track, which took us a little under two hours, we reached the hut. The last half hour we were climbing in falling snow. About quarter of an hour after our arrival, Paul Scaife and Marty Hawes, two boys from Waitaki B.H.S., arrived.

The next day, December 3rd, we found that the weather hadn't improved and that there was a small dusting of snow around the hut; thus we spent the day in the sack. Poor old Terry! This was to have been a Christmas trip where he gave up smoking and he had left with only one pack of smokes. When we entered the hut the previous day, one of the first things we saw was a candle holder stuffed with cigarette butts—he nearly cried. He and the other two boys spent most of the day polluting, and I mean polluting, the hut. In the afternoon the weather began to clear so the alarm was set for 3 a.m.

At that ungodly hour we found a strong N.W. wind blowing, so it was back to the sack until 7.30. We had breakfast and with quite fine weather Paul and Marty left for Pope's Nose and Terry, Allan and myself left to go down the hill to pick up the rest of the gear. We took only two and a-half hours to pack up the gear to the hut. After a quick lunch we set off up the snow with Allan doing his best to try and pull Terry and me off balance, testing our reactions. We got on to the large flat area below the Quarter-deck and watched Paul and Marty descend from the Quarter-deck in thickening mist. They caught us up and we had fantastic fun "arsading."

On Sunday with the weather still N.W., we began to get ever-so-slightly hosed off.

Well, anyway, it stopped raining and in fact after a few hours' glissading and chopping our way over ice walls, we got a bit of blue sky. How lucky we were! We had an early lunch and set off to climb French. We reached the top of the Quarter-deck in two hours and after another 45 minutes we were on top of French. There was a mighty view of Aspiring and the surrounding peaks.

On Tuesday the 8th, the weather looked promising so we left for Colin Todd. With very heavy packs we made reasonable time on fairly hard snow. While heading for the Breakaway we experienced a bit of excitement when we had to go down some very heavily ver-glassed rock, picking our way through seracs always with the ever-present danger of falling ice. I felt happy wearing my dear old skid-lid as some largish chunks of ice began falling near.

The weather that night was magnificent with just a little bit of cloud over the Bonar.

The alarm woke us at 2 a.m., but there was a very high wind so we hit the sack again until seven. After breakfast the wind died down so we left at nine to climb Rolling Pin. However, on reaching the top of the Shipowner Ridge we thought that, as the wind had died away, we might as well climb Aspiring.

We set off along the rocky ridge to the bottom of the buttress. The going was easy and only now and then did we have to think about a move. At the buttress we went right, but after cutting steps up a short steep section of ice, we crossed to the Therma side. Our gross ignorance showed up like never before. Instead of gaining a prominent ledge which ran all the way round the buttress, we kept about 30 feet below it all the way. Subsequently the going got rather exposed so we decided to put on the rope, not because it was difficult, but because of the consequence of a fall. Moving one at a time we progressed along some tricky ice bands until we gained a short steep section which led to the top of the buttress. On the way up the wide N.W. ridge we met a party of C.T.C. people who were descending. The climbing was very easy until we reached the ice-cap where we found that it was entirely covered with sastrugi; we used a couple of ice-screws but Terry said that as there were three on the rope it would be quicker to move together. So we "up-anchored" and after about 15 minutes we were on top in magnificent conditions. It had taken us six hours from the hut. It could have been quicker if we had got onto the prominent ledge on the buttress instead of mucking around with belays below. We stayed on top for about 20 minutes and then carefully climbed down the sastrugi and then half-ran, half-glissaded down to the top of the buttress with a large mass of ice crystals following. Here we argued as to which would be the best way down. Allan wanted to go over the buttress, but Terry and I opted for the Bonar side

of the buttress which, although being quite steep, would be quicker. Majority ruled so we trundled off down the steep softening snow without belays. Terry slipped and the next thing I knew I was on my back and skating towards the bluffs. Terry managed to slide to a stop but I pulled him off. We were both moving quite rapidly despite the fact that I managed to roll over and execute a self-arrest that did not self-arrest. Meanwhile back with Allan who, on seeing Terry and me go flying past in a great cloud of beautiful sparkling snow crystals, had slammed his axe in. For a split second after the strain hit him he thought we were "goners" because the strain pulled the axe nearly a foot downwards. After this, needless to say, we proceeded one at a time and arrived back at the hut after a very enjoyable climb.

We left at 4.30 for Rolling Pin and Main Royal. We trundled up the now-familiar Shipowner Ridge and over Rolling Pin to the base of a very steep slope leading on to the summit ridge of Main Royal. I led off chopping steps along a sharp arete and started up the main steep part, but to my disgust found that conditions were too soft. We called it off and piled off back to the hut. After a brew we trundled off towards the north ridge of Bevan. Half an hour saw us at the base of the rock and after sidling for some time we climbed up steepish slopes-cum-terraces to join the ridge. At this point the mist and crud started rolling in from the N.W. so we called it in and started for home, arriving at 2 p.m.

On Friday the 11th we were up at 3 a.m. and away at 4 a.m. for a repeat of the previous day. This time I chopped steps in a softish part and then traversed left under a band of rock where the ice was very thin in parts in order to gain the summit ridge. I slammed in a couple of screws and then Terry and Allan came up. We were using two 20-ft ropes to ease lead problems. We spent a little time on the top before descending to the hut. A quick brew and we set off towards Bevan. On gaining the North Ridge by the same method as the previous day, we came to a short section of rock which required the rope. We tensioned along a steep smooth slab and then climbed a cheval on our hands because it was too sharp to sit on. After this it was a series of mixed snow and rock before we gained the summit at 1 p.m. We spent one and a-half hours sunbathing before descending the S.W. Ridge. Down on the col we climbed the ridge leading onto Joffre, reaching its summit at 3.30; the weather was really magnificent. We spent about 20 minutes on top before moving down the steepish but easy rock before returning, via the glacier, to the hut after a really enjoyable day.

Next morning we were up at 4 a.m. with the intent of moving down to Aspiring Hut. Away at 6 a.m. we made good time across the Bonar to Bevan Col. We missed the track which would have led us down the slabs but we moved carefully down the very slippery slabs until we met the track again at the top of the waterfall. We

travelled quickly down to Pearl Flat where Allan and I stayed to have a wash while Terry kept going to the hut.

When Allan and I eventually arrived at Aspiring, our plans for the next few days were dashed when the Ranger told Allan that he was wanted in Wellington on the following Tuesday for an interview. The Ranger very kindly offered us a lift down valley in his 'Rover' where Terry's car was, thus ending a truly memorable trip.

John Broad.



SKI TOURING AND SKIING

The Club has been so infected with the bug of ski-ing that there has even been a proposal (defeated) to change our name.

Club trips went to Coronet, Ohau, Fox Peak, Awakino, Tekapo and Mt Cook; information is available about all these fields.

I was offered a place with Bob Entwistle, Don McIvor and John Harris to tour for a week during August, 1970, in the Mt Cook area. We flew in to the head of the Murchison Glacier (\$14). The flight was quite exciting. The pilot hadn't landed there that season, the wind was getting up, the snow was lacking and I had a front seat.

We trudged up to the hut, as we had landed a mile short, and with many curses, climbed the steep slope to the hut. The hut is a little damp and the floor slopes. I would recommend a very light sleeping bag or a duvet at this hut, though with only four of us we could pick and choose blankets.

At 9.45 a.m. we were off to try for Mt Sidney King, but the slots were too big between the Aida Glacier and that leading to Sidney King. We went on to Acland, but decided that we might run out of sunlight for the run back and gave it away 500ft short of the top. The run down was great, but we were back at the hut before the sun left the glacier.

A leisurely start again and we were off up the Classen Saddle. We twisted and turned through the slots to near the top where we left the skis. On to the summit ridge and the top of Phyllis looked miles away and hundreds of feet up. Thirty minutes and we were there. Perspective had fooled us; with nothing to judge the distance by, something small/close appeared something big/far. Another marvellous run back. It had been a glorious day. We ground up to the hut, though I had a run down from half way so I ground up one and a-half times.

White-out next day, but it cleared as we crossed the Tasman Saddle. The hut is, as John Broad has remarked elsewhere, perched on high. To find it, cross the saddle then keep going, traversing to the right. A ridge comes down from Aylmer and Hochstetter Dome. Climb on to this ridge (200-300ft) then follow it down, and you will find the hut on the ridge below a rock tower. You'll see a tin tower, and from that, head left towards the edge. We were there early in the afternoon after the usual crack of 10 start.

Wednesday, and at our usual time we departed for Aylmer and Hochstetter. This is one of the things I liked about our touring—late starts and early stops. We could justify it by claiming winter rules. Aylmer was easy. We skinned up to the col and walked to the top. Back to the skis and we agreed to walk up and back on Hochstetter rather than take skis and traverse. Cloud was hanging around and we almost retired. A party flew in as we were climbing.

With no evidence I decided they were Japanese—the rest scoffed. Four bods side-stepped up to the col, then skied straight back down. Such skill, I was jealous. They all skied off down the Tasman; about 19 in total.

The walk up Hochstetter was beautiful, the cloud only threatened and the sun shone. Back to the hut and we still had it to ourselves. Next day was mucky, so we all turned over in the nice warm hut. It is oil heated, with sleeping bags, stoves, a fancy radio which we kept forgetting and lots to read.

Friday, and we were off down the Tasman. We were unsure of the route, so went back towards the saddle and down from there. The trip was delightful and uneventful. Peaceful ski-ing on easy slopes that lasted for miles. Thursday had given an inch of fresh snow, so life was grand. We crossed from the left side too soon, and had to muck about in moraine from the Hochstetter. It is recommended that one should keep on the left for as long as possible. Ball Hut was reached after a long, long time, and off we all went home.

Bob dropped me in Omarama where Dallas Knox collected me, and I joined a Club ski trip to Ohau.

Bruce and Ken Mason and Chris Jackson did some weekend ski touring in the Ben Ohau Range which sounded very good. Bruce also had a week in the Cook area with Alpine instruction. He was unlucky with the weather, and also the keas and the wind worked over his car.

Two parties tried for the Three Johns' Hut at Labour Day. Weather was bad and Three Johns' was not possible. Two planes smashed tailwheels landing at the Tasman Saddle. Ours was the second, and thus the other Club Party did not manage to ski. Our party—Lindsay Gordon, Rod McKenzie, Ella Scott and I stayed the night at Tasman Hut after an attempt at Aylmer, but it was too icy for success.

We skied down the glacier next day. The day was fine, but the snow a little slow; still it was a good ending to the season. Cost \$9 to the saddle.

Ken Blackwood, Ski Rep., O.T.C.



MYSTERY TRIP 1971 UNLIMITED

With transport provided by members of the Otago Landrover Club, O.T.C. headed for the hills. After stopping for a case of apples and a few refreshments at Ettrick, the four landrovers headed up onto Mount Teviot.

A stop was made to yarn with Mr Walters, who owned the property that the Club was to cross before driving on to one of his huts for lunch. After hamburgers and apples, three 'Rovers headed down the hill towards the Pomahaka River to unload the passengers while one 'Rover, laden with packs, headed back up the hill as it was low on diesel fuel. By this time light rain was falling and, as the going was getting slippery and steep, the passengers were thrown out into the rain and told to head down the valley until they came to a hut with landrovers parked outside.

Of course the landrovers were *supposed* to be there first.

After the departure of the happy crew, the three go-anywhere machines found that they couldn't. In steady rain chains were put on and various routes tried up the hill. Snowwhite had no trouble but Donmobile fell over while backing down the hill. To get four wheels underneath it again it was decided to get the help of the boys in the Diesel from up the hill. Snowwhite, being up the slope, took off with the cook and eventually found the Diesel sitting in the track suffering from the complaint of NO diesel. The girls were left there to freeze while the diesel boys returned in Snowwhite to help turn Donmobile up on its wheels. Meanwhile, Blueboy, the long wheel base, had manoeuvred into a position to use its winch and soon everything was shipshape. The only damage being a broken mirror and a small dint or two.

At Ettrick Donmobile left for Queenstown while the Diesel, now refueled after being towed for many miles, found that the back diff was shot. All gear and passengers were transported by Snowwhite and Blueboy and they took off for the huts. For some strange reason that the O.T.C. bods found hard to believe, the 'Rovers were certainly not first at the huts.

After a good feed, which the hard working cooks produced, a fire was lit on the river bank and a sing song was soon under way.

On Sunday, after a large breakfast (mostly mushrooms), the grind up the hill began. A stop near the top was welcomed by the walkers where an apple each was well received. From the top of the hill radio contact was made with such places as Fort Rose on the Coast and with the husband of an O.T.C. member living near Clinton, Haddon Taylor.

Once at the road lunch was partaken of while Blueboy shot off to Ettrick with some of the gear and returned accompanied by Donmobile. It was decided to go home via the Lake Onslow and the

Dunstan Track. This was not easy. First the back axles were removed from the Diesel which had been sitting at Ettrick and then he was able to drive on his front wheels. The next problem arose when Blueboy ran out of steering almost half-way to Styx and ended up in the tussocks. This took some hours to fix, but all four Landrovers moved off once more half an hour before dark. Ten minutes later the front diff packed up owing to the unusual load and had to be towed along. We were then joined by Mr John Aitken, who had been the host to the Club for the dance prior to Christmas at Styx. He suggested leaving the Diesel at his place until repairs could be made. This was done and three well laden 'Rovers then continued over the Dunstan Track in the dark and had most members home by 11.00 p.m. So ended a trip that combined tramping with Landrovers, showing that more country can be seen in a short time by this arrangement. It was a pity that the vehicles, excluding Snowwhite, had breakdowns of various kinds but you can rest assured that this is not common.

Dave Still.

ON ICE AXES

When you've an ice axe
Be on guard for shaft cracks
For its one of lifes hard facts
That a plain wooden shaft
May cause a horrid laugh
When the damn thing cracks in half.

K. Blackwood.

GREENSTONE-ROUTE BURN, JANUARY 1971

It all started on New Year's day, 1971, when a whole whack of bodies and packs drove to a camp-ground in Queenstown. The next morning found us all (together in one place—what a sight) by the jetty to which was moored the old ex-tug Waiomana, which was to take us to Elfin Bay. While waiting (and waiting), a work party, led by Ross Davies, busied themselves picking up the many fragments of broken beer bottles.

The tug eventually got under way and chugged merrily and slowly up the lake. Bob Smith proved he was quite a gun helmsman on the way, giving the Skipper a break from steering.

When we got to Elfin Bay, the boat stopped suddenly and we all went overboard. On to the wharf we clambered with our rather weighty packs; some of us with ice-axes, some with swimming togs and suntan lotion; some with high hopes for higher places, some with hopes for lots of sun in other places. The party I was with wanted to climb. The fools! Nereus—did someone say? Too far from our route. Ocean Peak? Too easy—have a look anyway, maybe. Emily? Some were interested. 6274? Yes, a nice easy one so they say. Erebus? Climb it with 6274? Gad no! That sounds too strenuous. "Erebus would be our highest—6,555ft," Ralph tells us. That does it! For us four anyway—Erebus it is then! The rest aren't worth bothering about. Have a look at David's Peak in the Upper Greenstone do you think? O.K.

We all tore off, Lake Rere for lunch (that was a mouthful), and eventually stumbled onto the flats into which Pass Creek flows. We camped in this vicinity. Blowflies in the valley proved a nuisance, and we found our mincemeat full of wriggly little rice grains the next night. The next day was fine, like the majority of days on the trip (the third of January it was) and we set off early and went up valley towards Howden. The Greenstone seemed to me to be unnecessarily long and rather tediously boring. Pete Marr's party tramped with ours for this part of the trip. Arriving at Howden at a semi-late hour, the two parties pushed on ahead to McKenzie, not having seen much sign of the following mob of bods all day. Two people however who deserve to have their names recorded (to aid police in their search), Graeme Bruch and "Ol' Steve-baby" Wilson, dropped their packs and bombed off down to Gunn's camp to buy ice-creams. They eventually got to McKenzie between nine and 10 that night, and must have slept well. That night some of our mob amazed the people through in the dormitories of the hut by having sinful midnight card parties in the main "room." So much for hut etiquette.

We had forgotten completely about David's Peak that day, so we thought thoughts of Emily for something to do next morning. That evening we had ceremoniously named the previously un-named peak

west of Emily. It was named after a new friend of ours from Conical Hills Saw-mills, where Ralph had first met him (on a saw-bench of all places); called Mr F. Fred. Now old Fred was a real "bastard from the bush" and was particularly wicked for the things he said. We named the peak after him, since that day's tramp had been punctuated by curses from tired people, or people falling over. "'Me dead!' said Fred from the bush" became a catch-phrase which soon caught on.

Next morning dawned murky and we left Emily to the keas, and went back to sleep. At noon the rest of the crowd arrived from Howden and three of us decided by then to go up at least to Emily Pass. Bobby McIntyre, a new chum, came with us as a fourth member. The murk was blowing cold, and so we had to go round the back of Emily to get out of the wind. Once around there we saw a route up and so, two of us on a rope, we all made the ascent of the North Wall of Emily (not the usual route which is on the South side, up ledges). There was very little snow anywhere except on the pass itself and below on the West side in the shadow of our "Foreskin Knob." For all four, Emily was our first "real" peak. After a brief visit to the pass itself we hurried down to McKenzie to make tea.

The next day we headed for Routeburn Falls hut and some went on to the flats. Our original party of four, Alan, Ralph, Geoff Reeves and myself, climbed Ocean Peak on the way. A very easy scramble with a fantastic view all round. We could see 6274, Erebus and Nereus and both Lakes Harris and Wilson and we vowed to climb Erebus, at least, next day from the Falls hut.

We "R-saded" down to the Harris-McKenzie track and sped around to the saddle hut. Here we had a quick look at Erebus and decided on a suitable route for the following day. We arrived at Routeburn Falls fairly late, to find only a few O.T.C. people remaining there. Those who had gone on to the Flats were going to have a rest day or a trip up the Right Branch of the Routeburn. Bobby McIntyre was at the Falls Hut and ready to come the next day with Alan Lockhart, Ralph Loughrey and myself.

After cards at night and porridge patties in the morning, we left for the Harris Saddle armed only with daypacks (food!) and ice-axes. We scurried up the valley above Lake Harris to the waterfall and there we were passed by two others from the Falls Hut who were also taking advantage of the good conditions to climb Erebus. We went up onto the ridge directly above Lake Wilson and from there decided on a route up the West side. This meant quite a bit of scree (hell for boots!) and lots of nice steepish snow. After filling our water-bottles with Tang from a tarn, we went up this hill, which was a P.I.T.H., but very enjoyable in spite of the ominous clouds screaming up the Hollyford and over the Darrans. A nor'-wester! Better give 6274 a big miss for today. We had great fun

going down by a route between Erebus and 6274 as there we found some good glissading runs. We were reluctant to go back to the hut while the weather was holding but it was fine for the rest of the trip except for a low-lying layer of crud next morning which brought a light drizzle for about three minutes.

We headed for the hut and there we packed and ran down to the flats. The crowd there had all settled in and we were quick to do the same. Some of them had been up the Right Branch to have a look to find the track in preparation for North Col the next morning. We four felt rather tired after our day's effort and intended to rest the following day. We had seen Nereus from Erebus and it looked like an easy climb with a further view towards the Olivines. That night we went to bed rather late and thought of the rest we would have tomorrow.

Dawn was filled with valley mist. The sky above was clear and so a small crowd of trampers moved away through the sodden long grass fairly early in the hope of a fine day. With them were Alan Lockhart and myself, who were no match for the great temptation. We knew we wouldn't have much time to spend at North Col since the journey there and back was reasonably long. However, the first group of us arrived on the Col in double quick time (it was the lure of the snow at the head of the valley, I'm sure); Alan and I took one look at Nereus from the Col, one look at our watches, and were soon away. Graeme Bruce decided at the last minute to come along too. The rock here was also very shattered but it wasn't as bad as the rock on Emily or Erebus, so we had lots of fun climbing it and had many rests to enjoy the views enhanced by the fine weather. We had a long rest on the summit watching some chamois come up real close. Alan and I mucked about on the snow for a while taking photos and glissading like mad everywhere. Then we went down to where Graeme was steadily descending and all three eventually found ourselves on the deserted Col. We quickly glissaded and "R-saded" down most of the way into the valley but did not catch up with any other O.T.C. groups.

By the time we got back to the Flats we were getting tired, but we had tea and Alan and I went down to Bryant's Lodge for the night, since the majority of the mob had gone down there earlier.

We heard that some had gone up to Emily Pass that day, as well as the crowd who went to North Col, but no one had climbed any hills—not even Ralph, who should have climbed "Foreskin Knob." Instead, he and a lot of others braved the cold waters of the Routeburn and washed some of the good old "Maori perfume" off. Notice how the Routeburn dried up suddenly at about four o'clock on January 7th?

"Stephen" Wilson and Ross Davies were rumoured to have made the trip from the Flats to Bryant's Lodge about 48 times that evening carrying packs for ice-cream. The things those boys will do

for ice-cream! I wonder how they felt after 48 ice-creams the next day? However, we had no casualties on the trip home.

The night was spent for most on a hard wooden floor listening to, or hearing anyway, a group of foreigners at the end of the room.

Next morning we formed a bucket-brigade to fill the tank of the hut with river water. Soon we were joined by the remainder of the crowd who had stayed at the Flats, and the whole party congregated at the road end to wait for the bus—well, almost the whole party. One poor young person had fled from his party half-way on the trip and wasn't seen for a long time afterwards. Was it the smell?

The bus took us to the tug at Kinloch, which in turn took us to a bus in Glenorchy; and from there it was a quick trip to Queenstown where we surprised the natives and the American tourists.

One mighty mini-van, a mini-bus and some cars took us home to bed from Queenstown.

A gun trip; most went home with suntans, happy memories or new height records for the beginner hill climbers.

If the weather had not been so good we would not have climbed anything, so there would have been less for me to write about, so blame Huey for the length of this article.

Dick Pettinger.



TRAMPING ON A OFF-SHORE ISLAND

December 1969 I acquainted with honourable Auckyland Tramping Club, thou embarked on an expedition to the Kaimanawas Ranges. The range is situated off Lake Taupo, in Tongariro National Park. The Kaimanawas are certainly a beautiful change to tramp in; beautiful, healthy, lush and pleasant streams. But the tops are most interesting. There is an abrupt ending of the bush at about 3,500ft, giving a very distinct bush-line. This is caused by the proximity to Ruapehu, Tongariro and Ngauruhoe. When these three babies spout, spurt and sporth fifth, the tops of the surrounding ranges become covered in dense pumice and lava-like muck. Thus the bush exists only to that level.

Another range frequently visited by the gun and crew was the Coromandel ranges. The A.T.C. is certainly very lucky to have such a beautiful playground as these bush-clad ranges. Old Kauri log dams give historical interest and the deep pools in many streams are an attraction to all, especially the water babies' section of the club, i.e. Scriv and his mad mates!! Associated with most trips was a certain Ford Pop. This car was regarded as "one of us" and as much fun was had in "her" as on the tramps.

Tongariro, Ruapehu and Ngauruhoe were visited by the familiar gun A.T.C. team during Easter, 1970.

Quoth Tony: "Ready?"

Quoth Scriv: "Oath!"

Quoth Taffy: "Och aye!"

Quoth Mac: "We're not here!"

Quoth Porthole: "Onward P.Y.M.!"

Thus Tongariro was tramped upon, Ngauruhoe was scrambled upon and Ruapehu rumbled.

One weekend, in the deep, dark depths of winter, we motored southwards, not on a coal mine migration, but on a snowfari towards Egmont the Great (locally known as Eggie). After reminding Scriv that as he had a broken leg he wasn't to make the ascent, we departed, but also noting the interest shown by Scriv towards one of the local Kiwi-type birds, we did an immediate amputation of the neck to thus immobilise him and to save his leg from further harm. The ascent was made but we were unable to sight honourable mainland because of Wellington's smoke screen. The descent was indecent because the slopes had iced up. To top it all our Japanese-made defrosters were not working. Breathing too hard was considered the cause of our failure.

I was recalled home to keep an eye on all the goings on at 54a. Thus ended a most fantastic time with the Auckland Tramping Club.

Colin W. McKenzie.

ESQUILANT BIVVY

There is a hut on Wright's Col, they call it Esquilant Bivvy,
With two little windows and one jammed door, it has the
appearance of a privy.

While the cold wind blows and the goodies go, we lie in the
scratcher and fester

With quantities of scrog and New Year's grog, and the wind
outside is a Nor'-wester.

We hope to climb West Peak, or chunder around on Leary,
We've wasted a week, haven't climbed a peak, and are feeling
very weary.

We've brought all sorts of climbing gear, like hard hats and
tiger's webbing,

We've been watching other face attempts, from the comfort
of our bedding.

We've spent all our weeks around Earnslaw's Peaks, and are
getting sick of the crud,

With packs on our backs, and flat to the tacks, we're off
down the Rees to the pub.

Anon.



Well it's better than building
huts for vandals !

TRACK CUTTING

Harold Jacobs explained he wanted the track five feet wide and level. This was so that he could treat the operation as Auckland Harbour Bridge, i.e., start painting at one end and when the other end is reached in 10 years' time go back to the beginning. One attempted to avoid expressing the thought that the painters will now use machine spraying where possible and thus reduce the job to one year's duration. Can you imagine trotting along the wide, level Routeburn Track and meeting a sweating trackman heaving a rotary hoe (or something similar) at the over-hanging tussock and the water-eroded gullies? Before you explode with rage think of how much more the poor oppressed man could do as opposed to the grubber swinging that is the present method.

Life was very comfortable in Routeburn Falls Hut. I was able to stay there for the whole period that I worked for the Fiordland Park Board. Once a week I galloped down to Routeburn Falls Station. My visits there were as short as possible as Russell Hamilton (the boss) was, like most farmers, very short staffed and if for any reason I had to wait I'd find how hard farmers work. Farmers don't keep decent hours! Being a good neighbour or, as some said, a mug for work, paid off as I got my meat free or at least without spending money.

From Routeburn Station I'd phone Glenorchy Store and they'd put my grocery order on the boat to Kinloch. I'd leap on my trusty motorbike and, with luck, tear down, collect the grub and tear back to the road end at Harry Bryant's Lodge. Merv Burke had made me promise not to take the bike past there. From the road end it was a minimum of one hour 40 minutes to stagger up to the Falls Hut, sweat steaming and legs flying as one tried to better the previous time. It was painful folly and it was funny to watch how a newcomer would pour scorn on the racing and then in a week or so would be in there, feet flying and sweat steaming with the rest.

Once I'd got my week's grub I'd grind up to the Saddle and reluctantly grasp a shaft and commence swinging. Once a lovely noble chap, Bob White, a Third Mate, volunteered to lend a hand. The only trouble was that sheer pride forced me to work too. We did a lot that day. Brian Freeman, a man worth his weight in grubbers, was going to assist in digging a new hole and in shifting the privy at McKenzie. The old hole was in the biblical cup "that runneth over" state and a stinking abomination. This ended with me giving Brian a hand and finally trying to stop him before he drained the lake. He was so far down!

When the gully at the Saddle had been suitably scarred with a marvellously muddy improvement I was able to change my working view to include Madeline and Tutoko. Entertaining little diversions

went a bit sour occasionally. You shifted one medium sized rock and then found you had to shift literally yards of stuff to get a track again. Another time I suggested a little bridge. The answer was two 15-foot beams marked 85lbs lying at the Saddle. It took three and a-half hours of carrying, staggering, wrestling and swearing to get those two beams to the site. It took 55 minutes of easy walking to get back to the Saddle. When I'd finished this bridge (15ft by 18in) some dame, Prudence from Boston decreed: "This is an offence to the human race; get rid of it!" She further offended by writing this comment on the bridge. I looked in all the hut books but Prudence was true to her name.

The sun shone most of the time and one got rather sick of so much fine weather. I was working officially a six-day week (for \$38.00 and feed yourself), but in practice I worked seven days. I was counting on wet weather giving days off, but there were damn all days off.

I would recommend being trackman to anyone who would like a summer job in the bush. If you are paid on the Mt Aspiring Park Board scale and system of \$8.00 per day, and avoid rich living, you'll save as much as \$500. The people passing through are in a holiday mood and thus make it very easy for excellent relations, even though you have to collect money and enforce one or two rules.

No matter where you are stationed I would advise having some form of transport—preferably a light motorbike. You can't take it to your hut but it means that you don't have to time things to catch buses or mooch lifts. This gives a bonus of being able to wander late or early up or down a track when you'll often be rewarded with unexpected views and interesting encounters. It also means you can stop for a swim or a bit of fishing.

To sum up, as the song says, you don't get much money but you sure have fun.

K. Blackwood.

A deadman, an ice screw, a rurp
One feels such a weighed down twerp
To cart all this junk
As well as your lunch
You need a nice little two-wheeled curt.

K. Blackwood.

THE MILFORD TRACK BACKWARDS IN WINTER

This trip started as an expedition to force an overland route to Poison Bay. Only two of us were in the party, no one else was mad enough to come.

After a good deal of mucking about and a large number of changes of buses and trains (all by courtesy of N.Z.R.), we arrived at Te Anau in the second week of May (a ridiculous time of the year for tramping). Next day we set out for Milford Sound in the back of a Park Board Nissan. A bout of food-poisoning (Rhy's cooking) and the many consequent stops later, we arrived at the Sound. A short time was spent watching the Park Board working on a bridge at Johnsons, and then we headed for the Sound proper to scrounge a ride to "Sandfly." This was done thanks to one of Rhy's T.H.C. friends who took us across that afternoon. We left "Sandfly" soon after 4.00 p.m. to arrive at the Boatshed before 7.00 p.m.

Rain early next morning meant a pit day. After very heavy rain that day, the next dawned comparatively fine, so we set out up the McKay Creek, on the other side of the valley, hoping to find a pass at the head into the Transit River. The only known visitor to this valley, a deerstalker, was turned back by heavy bush and a lack of deer.

We headed up the Mackay Falls in the beech on the true right of the creek. This was rough, bluffed and thick, but the lacebark which followed was worse. The river was too high to follow for any distance. We crossed with difficulty to what appeared to be an almost dry water course leading down from the top cirque. On following it we found it was only from a waterfall further up the valley. More bush-whacking was inevitable to another water course from another waterfall. Across this was a nearly impenetrable mixture of beech, lacebark and fuchsia, where we spent about an hour on the first 100 yards before we turned back to the water course.

The main river was impassable and it was beginning to rain again, so we found a bivvy rock beside the water course and made camp. The following day dawned very wet, and therefore another pit day as the river was still too high to cross. The afternoon was better and after improving the bivvy we crossed the river and headed up a stream on the other side to reasonable going in beech by the main river, on a reconnaissance, up as far as possible. We soon came to a large lake which, although impassable due to vertical cliffs on the other side, appeared all right on our side, so we returned to the bivvy and prepared to take our packs up to the head next day.

With the weather still holding, the next day we reached the lake without difficulty, and bush-whacked around most of the shore-line with some wading, to the end of the bush. After considerable scrub-bashing and much expended energy, we reached a point where we

could see the pass at the head, which appeared crossable; but the lake was impassable. About 200 yards of vertical wall barred the way. After a short retreat and dumping of packs, we tried to find a route over the bluff without success. There were several bad bivvy rocks around, but we decided to return to our previous camp that night. When we arrived at the watercourse, the river had dropped considerably, leaving a relatively easy route down the river bed. Afraid that it would rain and the river would rise by morning, we boulder-hopped down the river to the beech forest and camped under the tent fly there, and next morning returned through the bush to "Boatshed," then on the luxury of the "Milford Track" to Dumpling Hut (F.N.P.B.) in the late afternoon.

A good night's rest was had and away again in the morning to Quinton Huts (T.H.C.) where we left some food, and then on up to the Sutherland Falls and up Staircase Creek. This creek gives very good going, except up the Staircase Rapids where boulder-hopping up slippery boulders was necessary. Above this there is an extremely good deer track on the true right bank to the open flats half-way up the creek at the end of which, past the second lake, it crosses to the true left bank and carries on, crossing and re-crossing, up to the head of the valley. We found an excellent bivvy at the top of the terminal moraine just before the lake, where we set up a base camp and headed up to the Anderson Saddle into the Light River, about half an hour away.

As the weather was still excellent next morning, we improved the bivvy, then climbed Mt Pillans, traversed around under Mt David to the ridge above the Anderson Saddle to see that the traverse of the ridge at the head of the Light to the Poison River is impossible with packs, then returned to camp. After a late start the following morning, we headed up via Anderson Saddle and a traverse of the peak (?) to the left of the saddle, to climb the peak behind, and about 200 feet lower than Mt McKenzie, from which a good view of the east branch of the Light and the Light-Dark Saddle was had, and then we returned the same way after views in the Sutherland Sound direction were obscured by mist.

Another late start next morning. We headed down the valley, picking up our food at Quinton and returning to Dumpling for a well-deserved rest day, a day in which we had 20 minutes of sunshine between sunrise and sunset.

Off again over the McKinnon Pass to Mintaro Hut (F.N.P.B.). Both Mt Balloon and Mt Hart were unclimbable due to verglas. Mintaro was getting no sun at all, and the temperature was constantly about or below zero, much to the dismay of the keas, which were moaning from early morning until we left. On again in the morning to Clinton Forks Hut (F.N.P.B.), where we met two deerstalkers, the only people we met on the whole trip. Thick fog next morning was a good excuse not to go over Dore Pass, but it cleared about

mid-day. We stayed another night for a stew of venison kidneys—the 'stalkers' had bagged two stags.

We set off next morning early, to arrive at Glade House (T.H.C.) at first light, with fog right down to the valley. However, by the time we reached the bush-line we were in clear skies, looking down on the fog in the valley. There was much frost on the tussock, and rock was covered with verglas higher up, but no snow.

The Eglinton side was in perpetual shade, and very icy; waterfalls iced up completely and rock and tussock very slippery. We reached the road without incident in the early afternoon to hitch-hike back to Te Anau.

Note: Any person wishing to go up the Mackay should be warned of the extreme evil of the valley. A full day should be allowed for the trip to the last bluff on the lake. About five hours is sufficient for Staircase Creek, from Quinton to the lake at the head. The deer track gives very easy going.

There are no deer in the Mackay, many in Staircase Creek and possibly some have now penetrated to the Light. We saw eight hinds and a stag close to the bush-line in this valley.

David Craw and Rhys Buckingham.



CLIMBING—AUSTRALIAN STYLE

"No wonder it's so cold, there's five inches of snow on the ground."

Five inches of snow—impossible in Australia—but true.

There were two of us camped a mile from a satellite-tracking station just outside Canberra.

The reason for being there—two miles of granite cliffline between 100 and 700 feet high yielding over 60 climbs of varying difficulty on superb grey-black flecked granite with symmetrical crack systems and long tilted seas of granite slabs.

The Australians grade their climbs numerically from four to 21. While we were there we climbed a grade five by moonlight and the highest I led was 14, although I did manage to flap up a couple of Grade 17 climbs with a couple of good climbers. Grade 17 would probably be about H.V.S. New Zealand grading. The grade 21 climb has only had two ascents in four years; both times the second was unable to follow.

This was typical of the many weekends I spent in Australia.

After a very cold night fully warranting the use of an Everest sleeping bag, we would have a big breakfast, enough to last the whole day, and on into the cliffs by about 10 o'clock.

Usually we managed to do about two to four climbs a day, mainly due to the height of the climbs (usually two to three pitches) and the distance apart of any two climbs of similar grades.

We usually knocked off just before dark and staggered back to the plentiful cave camping sites for an evening meal. After that everyone adjourns to the nearest country pub where one meets all the other climbers.

With a drink, an armchair, a bright open fire and a muted jukebox tinkling in the background, the rigours of the day disappear as your feet return to their natural size after being released from the tight climbing shoes.

The Australian climbers are a very friendly bunch of blokes, quite willing to help anyone to learn, with many organised instruction course weekends. They are also very safety-conscious, with everyone wearing safety helmets and being sticklers for good protection and belays.

So, if you find yourself in Australia and in want of a little companionship and fun, ring up the local rock climbing club and, I assure you, you will enjoy yourself.

Bryan Laws.

THE 1971 SILVER PEAKS EXPEDITION or I'VE BEEN TO FIDDLERS GULLY

It was rumoured that the Silver Peaks continued beyond Lamb Hill—that monster mound on which Homestead Hut is found—so one May of a Sunday saw three people—Julia Davies, Dick Pettinger and Ross Davies (me)—struggling up the aforementioned hill with huge packs and in a strong southerly wind. Once on top we found a ridge which took us down to Three O'clock Creek where we found what we think was Orbell's Cave. The cave is big, the floor slopes and it stinks. We slept in a tent.

The next day the wind still blew but we made a trip to Fiddlers Gully which is a side gully off Three O'clock Creek. On our way to the derelict stone hut in Fiddlers Gully we passed a tree. You may think "Big Deal!"; however, it was the only tree we saw in three days. Besides the acute shortage of trees, another feature of the area is the open tussock flats in the valleys, some 100 yards across.

The following morning was misty and windy so it was declared a sack morning and it wasn't until nearly two o'clock that we left for Bendoran. That night was spent in the woolshed there with a 'possum and two kittens for company. By 11 o'clock next day we were on our way—a strong southerly we did brave. Lunch was had at A.B.C. Cave. A pause at the Gap for bowling rocks then on to Yellow Hut where we took off our socks. You know, after five days in the same pair of socks . . .

Breakfast was early next morning and then, to aid digestion, we went back to the sack for five hours. Finally we dragged ourselves into the wind bound for Possum Hut which we reached via Rongamai Ridge just as darkness fell.

The weather cleared that night but by next morning it had clouded over and was—surprise, surprise—blowing from the south. All day from the Waikouaiti Valley, from Swampy, from Flagstaff we could hear a roar in the direction of town. Sure enough, it finally turned out to be little old Dunedin. We had, during the week, grown unaccustomed to the constant noise from the city and it seemed strangely loud.

That night we camped at the top of Flagstaff and had a mighty view of Dunedin, the lights and all that. It wasn't until next evening that we finally left the top for home. It had been an enjoyable and interesting week.

So we turned our backs on the sun setting over the Rock and Pillars and headed down to the city, the bright lights, the noise, the concrete jungle and the Wakari Fish and Chip Shop.

Ross Davies.

Let go my leg Ken or I'll wallop
you with my ice-axe.



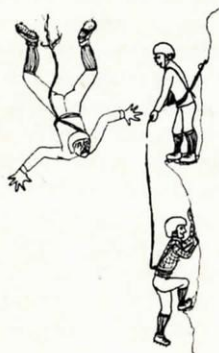
PROVERBS

He pukepuke maunga, e pikitea e te tangata
A man can climb a steep mountain

He kai paowe
A wandering eater (a scrounger)

E mua ata haere, e muri whatiwhati waewae
The early risers are first, the late risers have to bend their legs quickly
to catch up

He toa piki pari, he kai na te pakiaka
A brave man who climbs cliffs is food for their roots



I don't mind falling rocks, but
the falling bodies do clutch so.

OBITUARY

Ralph Lucas

On Thursday, November 12th, 1970, Ralph Lucas was killed in a fall from the Breakaway on the Bonar Glacier, in Mt Aspiring National Park.

Ralph had just completed a science degree at Otago University and had a promising career before him. He had a great love of the hills and, although the Club saw little of him during his time at University, he was very active with the O.U.T.C., and was regarded as a competent and promising young climber. He joined the O.T.C. in 1966, following in his father's footsteps, and always maintained an interest in the Club.

His death, together with that of Ruth Trotter, came as a great shock to us, and we extend our sincere sympathy to both families.



ASCENTS LIST, 1970-71

The ascents listed below are those made by Club members and which, in general, require a fair measure of climbing competence. The route of ascent is included in some cases. Major Tramping Trips are listed at the end of the list. Ski-ing is described elsewhere.

OVERSEAS

TONGARIRO (6,517ft).—C. McKenzie; April, 1970.

NGAURUHOE (7,515ft).—C. McKenzie; April, 1970.

RUAPEHU (9,175ft).—C. McKenzie; April, 1970. B. Denz, G. Cristianson; November, 1970.

EGMONT (8,260ft).—C. McKenzie; April, 1970.

N.Z. MAINLAND

TEMPLE (6,550ft)—B'LIMIT (6,650ft).—D. Murray, Miss J. West, Miss A. Malcolm, Miss J. Knewstubb; August, 1970.

HOCHSTETTER DOME (9,257ft).—B. Laws, R. Harvey; 9/12/70. J. Broad, I. MacGregor and others; 6/1/71.

AYLMER (8,819ft).—B. Laws, R. Harvey; 9/12/70. J. Broad, I. MacGregor and others; 6/1/71.

ANNAN (9,667ft).—B. Laws, R. Harvey; 12/12/70.

ELIE DE BEAUMONT (10,200ft).—J. Broad, F. Ford and others; 7/1/71.

WALTER (9,507ft).—B. Laws, R. Harvey; 11/12/70.

GREEN (9,305ft).—B. Laws, R. Harvey; 11/12/70.

MINARETS (10,022ft).—B. Laws, R. Harvey; 17/12/70.

MALTE BRUN (10,421ft).—B. Laws, R. Harvey; 16/12/70. J. Broad, I. MacGregor and others; 29/12/70. D. Knox, P. Foster, W. Buckland, P. Johnstone; January, 1971.

GLACIER PEAK (9,865ft).—R. McKerrow, J. Cowie, C. Fraser, B. Denz; 26/12/70.

ALACK (9,300ft).—B. Denz, C. Fraser; 21/12/70.

DOUGLAS (10,107ft).—R. McKerrow, J. Cowie, C. Fraser, B. Denz; 26/12/70.

HAIDINGER (10,059ft) West Face.—B. Denz, C. Fraser; 19/12/70.

TORRES (10,376ft) North Face.—B. Denz, C. Fraser; 23/12/70.

LENDENFELD (10,503ft) Traverse.—B. Denz, C. Fraser; 27/12/70.

TASMAN (11,475ft) East Face.—K. McIvor, Franz Rhudorfer (Austrian A.C.); 10/11/70. Traverse: North Ridge-Silberhorn.—B. Denz, C. Fraser;

SILBERHORN (10,757ft).—K. McIvor, F. Rhudorfer; 10/11/70. B. Denz, C. Fraser; 27/12/70.

COOK (12,349ft) Zurbriggens.—K. McIvor, F. Rhudorfer; 7/11/70. Linda.—T. Richardson, R. Bruce; 28/12/70. Linda.—T. Richardson, R. Brasier; 29/12/70. Grand Traverse (First Solo).—B. Denz; 9/1/71. Grand Traverse.—K. McIvor, H. Bevan, B. Sandilands; 13/1/71.

HICKS (10,443ft).—K. McIvor, H. Bevan; 11/1/71.

LA PEROUSE (10,101ft) South ridge.—B. Denz, C. Fraser; 1/1/71. 27/12/70.

LOW (9,653ft).—B. Denz, C. Fraser; 1/1/71.

JELlicoe (c. 9,500ft).—B. Denz, C. Fraser; 1/1/71.

TURNER (7,679ft).—C. McKenzie and others; June, 1970.

OLLIVIER (6,269ft).—Miss P. Robilliard, P. Herron, C. Hudson, J. Pledger, I. Beckingham, J. Silvester, Miss J. Knewstubb; October, 1970. B. Clark, K. Calder, A. Smith, C. McKenzie, J. Broad, D. Craw, A. Bagley, J. Cocks; October, 1970.

- SEALEY (8,651ft)-ANNETTE (7,351ft)-SEBASTOPOL.—Miss E. Ombler, D. Ombler, J. Ombler.
- McKENZIE (7,563ft).—V. Boyd, M. McAlevey; November, 1970. K. Mason, C. Heinz, J. Harris; 11/4/71.
- STRAUCHON (c. 8,300ft).—Miss E. Ombler, D. Ombler, F. Hollows, T. Barcham; 7/1/71. A. Bagley, D. Craw, L. Nightingale.
- HUXLEY (8,229ft) from South Huxley.—C. Jackson, B. Mason; 11/4/71.
- SAINT MARY (7,657ft).—K. Mason; 17/1/71.
- YOUNG PEAK (6,300ft) (Second Ascent, First Traverse).—R. McKenzie, B. Chalmers, Miss M. Reidy, Miss J. Knewstubb; 28/12/70.
- MISTY PEAK (6,200ft).—R. McKenzie, B. Chalmers, Miss M. Reidy, Miss J. Knewstubb; 30/12/70.
- FOGGY PEAK (5,700ft).—R. McKenzie, B. Chalmers, Miss M. Reidy, Miss J. Knewstubb; 30/12/70.
- DORIS (6,700ft).—R. McKenzie, B. Chalmers, Miss M. Reidy, Miss J. Knewstubb; 1/1/71.
- UNNAMED (c. 6,700ft) Outrider of Mt Awful.—R. McKenzie, B. Chalmers, Miss M. Reidy, Miss J. Knewstubb; 5/1/71.
- UNNAMED PEAK (c. 7,000ft) west of Kuri.—B. Clark, R. George; June, 1970.
- LOIS (7,000ft).—B. Clark, K. Calder, R. George, C. McKenzie; 1/1/71.
- OBLONG (7,706ft).—B. Clark, K. Calder, R. George, C. McKenzie; 26/12/70.
- ROLLING PIN (c. 7,500ft) - MAINROYAL (c. 7,500ft).—T. Richardson, A. Smith, J. Broad; December, 1970.
- ASPIRING (9,957ft) N.-W. Ridge.—T. Richardson, A. Smith, J. Broad; December, 1970. B. Laws, R. Harvey, S. Muir, 16/1/71.
- BEVAN (7,470ft).—T. Richardson, A. Smith, J. Broad; December, 1970. A. Smith, B. Clark, K. Calder; 11/4/71.
- JOFA (c. 7,000ft).—T. Richardson, A. Smith, J. Broad; December, 1970.
- FRENCH (c. 7,800ft).—T. Richardson, A. Smith, J. Broad; December, 1970.
- TYNDALL Low Peak (c. 8,000ft). N.E. Face.—A. Smith, B. Clark, K. Calder, C. McKenzie; 23/5/71.
- SHARKS TOOTH (c. 7,000ft).—B. Clark, C. McKenzie, R. George, K. Calder; 5/12/70. R. Thomson, B. Chalmers; 22/5/71. K. Mason, C. Moore, Miss K. Gustafson; 23/5/71.
- BLACK PEAK (7,566ft).—C. Jackson; March, 1971. C. Jackson, K. Mason, B. Mason; 18/4/71.
- EDWARD (8,680ft).—K. Mason, C. Jackson, K. Rogan, B. Mason; 6/1/71. A. Bagley, D. Craw, J. Gilkison; 12/2/71.
- MAORIRI (8,490ft).—K. Mason, C. Jackson, K. Rogan, B. Mason; 7/1/71. A. Bagley, D. Craw, J. Gilkison; 12/2/71.
- SNOW DOME (c. 7,600ft).—K. Mason, C. Jackson, K. Rogan, B. Mason; 6/1/71.
- ALPHA (c. 7,500ft).—A. Bagley, D. Craw, J. Gilkison Jnr.; 10/2/71.
- LITTLE ARK (7,000ft).—K. Mason, C. Jackson, K. Rogan, B. Mason; 28/12/70. C. Jackson, B. Mason; 30/12/70.
- ARK (8,000ft).—C. Jackson, B. Mason; 30/12/70.
- GABLE (7,600ft).—K. Rogan, K. Mason; 30/12/70.
- DESTINY (8,100ft).—C. Jackson, K. Mason, B. Mason; 29/12/70.
- CLIMAX (8,300ft).—C. Jackson, K. Mason, B. Mason; 29/12/70.
- PEAK (5,500ft) Sth. Skippers Range (First Ascent?).—K. Mason, C. Nauman; 18/2/71.
- HIGH PEAK (5,200ft) Sth. Skippers Range (Second Ascent).—K. Mason, C. Nauman; 20/2/71.
- HEAD (8,366ft) from W. Hunter.—A. Bagley, D. Craw, J. Gilkison Jnr.; February, 1971.
- SIR WILLIAM (8,400ft).—D. Knox, D. Galloway; January, 1971.

LEARY (8,350ft).—P. Coxhead and party; 11/11/70. C. Jackson, B. Mason; 13/11/70. B. Laws, R. Harvey; 5/1/71. V. Boyd, M. McAlevy; 8/1/71. R. McKenzie, B. Chalmers, Miss M. Reidy, Miss J. Knewstubb; 12/1/71.

PLUTO (8,157ft).—R. McKenzie, B. Chalmers, Miss M. Reidy, Miss J. Knewstubb; 15/1/71. A. Bagley, D. Craw, J. Gilkison Jnr.; 16/2/71.

EARNSLAW: East Peak (9,308ft)—West Peak (9,261ft)—return.—B. Laws, R. Harvey; 6/1/71. R. McKenzie, B. Chalmers, Miss M. Reidy, Miss J. Knewstubb; 14/1/71. East Peak (9,308).—V. Boyd, M. McAlevy; 8/1/71. A. Bagley, D. Craw; J. Gilkison Jnr.; 15/2/71. R. Brasier, L. McGhie; 1/3/71. A. Smith, K. Mason, C. Jackson, B. Mason; 7/3/71.

CRICHTON (6,185ft).—B. Clark, J. Silvester, R. Davies, K. Calder; 9/5/71.

SINGLE CONE (7,688ft).—C. Jackson and others; March, 1971.

EREBUS (6,555ft).—A. Lockhart, R. Pettinger, R. Loughrey, R. McIntyre; 6/1/71.

NEREUS (6,200ft).—A. Lockhart, R. Pettinger, G. Bruce; 7/1/71.

PEAK (6,274ft).—C. Connell, K. Baxter; 12/1/71.

OCEAN PEAK (6,062ft).—A. Lockhart, R. Pettinger, R. Loughrey, G. Reeves; 5/1/71.

EMILY (c. 6,000ft).—Miss M. Reidy, M. Doig, J. Silvester, J. Pledger, K. Calder, Miss J. Knewstubb; 22/11/70. A. Lockhart, R. Pettinger, R. Loughrey, R. McIntyre; 4/1/71.

GULLIVER (5,500ft).—M. Connell, K. Rogan, G. Morrison, J. Broad, 28/3/71.

MacPHERSON (6,200ft).—B. Laws, K. Rogan, R. McKenzie, B. Clark, C. McKenzie, K. Calder, K. Mason, B. Mason; 30/1/71. Miss D. Jones, Miss P. Robilliard; Easter, 1971.

TALBOT (7,300ft)—MacPHERSON (6,200ft).—M. Connell, K. Baxter; 6/1/71.

BARRIER (6,900ft).—B. Clark, C. McKenzie, K. Calder, K. Mason; 31/1/71. South Ridge.—B. Laws, K. Rogan, R. McKenzie; 31/1/71. Gertrude Face.—D. Knox, P. Johnstone; 6/3/71.

BARRIER KNOB (6,000ft).—K. Baxter, M. Connell and others; 6/2/71.

BARRIER KNOB—SENTINEL (6,000ft).—K. Baxter, M. Connell; 8/1/71.

STUDENTS PEAK (6,400ft).—K. Baxter, M. Connell; January, 1971.

PILLANS (c. 6,000ft).—D. Craw, R. Buckingham; 18/5/71.

Unnamed Peak near Mt Mackenzie (c. 6,000ft).—D. Craw, R. Buckingham; 19/5/71.

Listed above are some 264 man or woman/ascents by O.T.C. members, involving 85 different peaks. This gives a 64 per cent. increase in man/ascents, and a 27 per cent. increase in the number of peaks, on last year's figures.

MAJOR TRAMPING TRIPS

Olivine Flats-Forgotten River-Olivine Ice Plateau-Solution Col-Joe River-Williamsons Flat-Mystery Col-Snow White Glacier-Whitbourne Saddle-Whitbourne Glacier-Dart River.—C. Jackson, K. Mason, K. Rogan, B. Mason; Christmas, 70/71.

Pyke-Alabaster Pass-Olivine River-Pyke.—C. Donaldson, R. Lodge, D. Wood, J. Stewart; Christmas, 70/71.

Southern Skippers Range: Martins Bay (Geological).—K. Mason, C. Nauman; February, 1971.

Hopkins-North Huxley-Broderick Pass-Landsborough-Haast.—K. Mason, C. Heinz, J. Harris; Easter, 1971.

SKIING AND SKI-TOURING

See article elsewhere in this issue.

Compiled by Bruce Mason. (Apologies to the North Island, and also for any mistakes or omissions.)

CLUB ROLL

Adam Miss D C/- Toko HS Milton
 Adam Miss M 20 Christie St G I 32-146
 Adamson R 8 Heriot Row 76-644
 Aitken R B Riccarton Rd. ET
 Almond Miss C 4 Nairn St MSI 7904
 Andersen C N 41 Mayfield Av 74-830
 Armstrong J & Mrs 3 Upland St 62-564
 Attewell A G 47 Prospect Bank
 Austin F C/- Virus Dept Med School
 Bagley A 11 Ascog St Rav 87-330
 Bagley R E 7 Dunrobin St Wav 44-301
 Baguley Miss L Millers Rd No 1 RD
 Outram HY 610
 Bartlett G S 127 Hargest Cres 49-468
 Baxter K J 32 Nottingham Cres 47-294
 Beecroft A 15 Blundell St 39-342
 Begg G & Mrs 41 Roy Cres Con 32-236
 Bell B & Mrs 89 Centennial Av 62-810
 Bell Miss V 90 Queen St 78-882
 Bellamy J S 108 Rolla St 37-956
 Blackwood K 14 Eden St 80-655
 Blomfield I 2 Kevin St 35-162
 Boag Miss A 21 Isadore Rd 48-050
 Bond D 47 Signal Hill Rd 37-695
 Bond Miss L 109 Balmaceven Rd 63-711
 Boyd R V 7 Braemar St MSI 6408
 Brasier R 14 Farley St 66-487
 Broad J 43 Maryhill Ter 36-674
 Broad Miss L 6 Shandon St Wav 44-067
 Broughton W 35 Murray Av 49-408
 Bruce G H, 176 Hillhead Rd 46-351
 Buchanan G 8 Hart St 60-326
 Buchanan G R 10 Braeburn St Va
 44-690
 Cadzow W J 34 Ayr St MSI 6770
 Calder K J 83 Greenock St 65-470
 Campbell B & Mrs 20a Monowai Rd Rav
 87-245
 Carey Miss C 17 Blackman Ave S B
 PC 8272
 Chalmers B J 17 Monowai Rd Rav
 87-154
 Chalmers S 71 Poole St Motueka
 Chirside Miss D 145 Glenpark Ave
 35-356
 Clark B R & Mrs Kingfisher Pl Talhape
 Clark B W 52 Rockside Rd 77-821
 Clarkson R & Mrs 22 Dryden Rd Hamilt-
 on
 Cleland G G 18 Trafalgar St 49-266
 Cleugh B & Mrs Gimmerburn No 1 RD
 Ranfurly 52 K
 Connell M W J 71 Glen Rd 54-374
 Conroy Miss B H 18 Drivers Rd 65-228
 Cooper G L 3 Spey St MSI 7704
 Cotton L L 11 Tennyson Crt 4 Tennyson
 St 77-168
 Cotton P L 11 Tennyson Crt 4 Tennyson
 St 77-168
 Cowie J W 54 Evans St 39-165
 Coxhead P 57 Howe St
 Craigie A R C/- Arthur Ellis Ltd Kai-
 korai Valley Rd
 Craigie A W No 1 RD Mosgiel
 Craw D 13 Centennial Ave 63-955
 Cunningham Dr R G C/- Chemistry
 Dept Dn Univ
 Cuthbertson L & Mrs 18 Duncan St
 77-160
 Davies Miss J 18 Como St 65-970
 Davies L 2 Flower St Fdd 32-649
 Davies R O 18 Como St 65-970
 Davies Miss W 18 Como St 65-970

Denz Miss A 271 Broadway Palmerston
 North
 Denz W C/- 5 Ptn A Coy 1 Btn Depot
 Burnham
 Devitt Miss S 45 Totara St Rav 87-475
 Dick Miss E 484 North Rd 37-370
 Dolg Miss E 70 Elgin Rd 35-211
 Dolg M 70 Elgin Rd 35-211
 Donaldson C W 7 Tweed St MSI 6613
 Douglas C J 90 Hargest Cres 49-781
 Douglas P & Mrs C/- Hardy & Ander-
 son Box 13-045 Chch
 Fitzgerald J 22 Gillespie St
 Fluit M Sandymount No 2 RD 87-573
 Fraser A J 24 Bedford St 48-423
 Freeman B & Mrs House 27 Campbell
 Pk Sch Private Bag Oamaru
 Freeman J 39 Greenhill Ave 66-479
 Galloway D J Plant Chem Div DSIR
 Private Bag Palmerston North
 George R D 1 Miller St Ab 33-494
 Gilchrist Miss M 324 Hillingdon St
 39-099
 Gilkison J H 10 Queen St 70-150
 Gilkison S 16 Lawson St 65-133
 Gillam C S 58 Moana Cres 83-913
 Gordon L 117 Forfar St 34-498
 Gousmett K 8 Inga Rd Milford Auck 9
 Grass A 38 Montague St 38-166
 Gray F T 18 Christie St G I 33-767
 Grigg Miss A R 657 George St
 Guzzwell Miss K 25 Carr St
 Hamel J & Mrs 42 Ann St 65-203
 Hanson A J 22 Michie St
 Hardie Miss P 86 Kalkorai Val Rd
 Harding N J 15 Appold St 36-773
 Hardy G F 9 Leven St 69-118
 Hasell B, 17 Marion St Mac Bay
 Hasler G C/- Box 372 Auckland
 Hedges B T 24 Clifford St 39-827
 Herron P 23 Merchiston St 43-291
 Highton Miss C 2 Field St 66-096
 Hinds Miss C J 174 Evans St 37-113
 Holdsworth D K 35 Greenacres St Mac
 Bay 75-315
 Hoskins J & Mrs 62 Chapman St 66-320
 Houston Miss B 27 Isadore Rd 47-355
 Howes J C 9 Cohen Pl 69-407
 Hudson C M 305 Pine Hill Rd 39-641
 Hunt Miss A 59 High St MSI 6041
 Hunter E W 21 Ravelston St 52-441
 Jackson B W 38 Warden St 39-352
 Jackson C S C/- Catchment Bd Alex
 Johnston Miss J 16 Hinau St Rav 87-781
 Johnston B M 27 Marion St Mac Bay
 75-403
 Johnston N A Lee Creek 1 RD Outram
 Johnstone Miss I 115 Jeffery St
 Jones Miss D 26 Ellesmere St Rav
 75-636
 Jones Miss J 107 Forfar St 35-394
 Keen R J & Mrs 1 Hilton Rd St Andrews
 Hamilton
 Kennedy L C/- Dept Biochem & Bio-
 physics, Univ Calif Davis Davis Cali-
 fornia 95616 USA
 Kershaw A G 93 Elm Row 88-381
 Kershaw Miss G (now Mrs Kivell)
 Kinnamond J G 128 Stamford St East
 Balclutha 986 R
 Kirk Miss M C/- Nurses' Home, Wakari
 Hosp

Kirby K J 5 Lesney St 36-526
 Kivell Mrs G 12 Kidson Ter Chch
 Knewstubb Miss J A 18 Cole St 47-454
 Knox D 70 Oxford St 54-383
 Kovich M 107 North Rd 39-799
 Krygsman P 24 Marion St Collinswood 87-828
 La Hood M S 80 Manor Pl 70-771
 Laing G G 73 Shaw St MSI
 Larkins Miss B 10a City Rd 65-928
 Lawrenson Miss N 29 Arthur St 76-110
 Laws B C & Mrs Flat 1 39 Lees St 80-004
 Leith R A 1 Larnark St MSI 7958
 Levick D R 80 Koremata St G I 31-758
 Lockhart A J 8 Stirling St 43-085
 Lodge R & Mrs 433a High St 78-024
 Lord Miss D M 9 Archibald St Wav 34-140
 Loughrey R 42 Spencer St 44-456
 Lumb B W C/- NZ Shipping Co Ltd Box 22 Auck
 Mackay Miss H M 523 Gt King St 78-078
 Malcolm J 50 Eastdale Rd Avondale Auck 7
 Mann J G 11 Craighall Cres 66-120
 Markby R & Mrs C/- Metalon Products 97 Harrow St
 Markham Miss C V 73 Signal Hill Rd 39-720
 Marr P A 101 Doon St Wav 43-703
 Mason B J 181 Surrey St 48-048
 Mason K D 181 Surrey St 48-048
 Mason P 181 Surrey St 48-048
 Maunsell R 150 York Pl 70-608
 Mercier Miss R 12 Strathmore Cres 69-458
 Mess D & Mrs 2 Kipling St Wav 44-208
 Meyer I I 34 Dortstrausse Tsalwil 8800 Switzerland
 Miles Miss S 7 Royal Ter 88-993
 Millar J 161 Highcliff Rd 44-373
 Millar R G 16 Ascot St 53-788
 Millar S I C/- Scott Base
 Miller A D C/- Box 826 Ingl
 Miller E 144 Dundas St 79-917
 Moore Miss A M 27 Aotea St 45-204
 Moore Miss E J 27 Aotea St 45-204
 Moore F B 33 Derwent St 64-144
 Moore P L & Mrs 136 Cannington Rd 69-600
 Mooyman P J 25 Calder Ave
 Morrell W D 9 Prestwick St 66-598
 Morrison G W 9 Chapel St 60-025
 Munro Miss N 29 Arthur St 76-110
 Murray Miss A 38 Pennant St 69-243
 Murray Mrs D Flat 3 16a McLean St Wallaceville
 McAlevey M J 19 Leckhampton Crt 54-707
 McCay Miss N 57 Lees St 88-388
 McDonald G & Mrs 5 Etrick St 63-101
 McDonald M J 181 Shetland St 62-311
 McFarlane K J 30 Green St MSI 7245
 McGhie L R C/- Hostel Waipori
 McGregor I Box 12-023 Wgton Nth
 Melver D J L 18 London St 80-920
 Melvor K 124 Rolla St 39-241
 Melvor R 124 Rolla St 39-241
 McKellar P 34 Claremont St 60-619
 McKenzie C W 61 Mechanic St 38-039
 McKenzie Miss J 5 Granville Ter
 McKenzie R 6a Queen St 80-257
 McKerrow R C/- Keith Melvor
 McLaren G F 10 Glengyle St Wav 43-475
 MacMillan Miss J C/- Grey Hosp Box 387 Greymouth
 Needs B 10 Seven St Ab 32-094
 Nelson Miss J 58 Victoria Rd 52-458
 Nilsson R J Wildlife Dept Internal Affairs Box 1135
 O'Callaghan B & Mrs Te Houka No 3 RD Balclutha 1545 M
 Olsen L S 57 Mayfield Ave 66-341
 Ombler Miss E Junction Rd S B 8791
 Paterson W D 93d Musselburgh Rise 45-286
 Pearson G A 146 Ham Rd Chch 4
 Pettinger R W 22 Agnes St 35-352
 Pledger J H 265 Riccarton Rd Chch
 Pleiger F J J 21 Evans St 38-578
 Prentice G W 68 Dunrobin St 45-109
 Pullar T W & Mrs 19 Shandon St Wav 44-966
 Rawlings R & Mrs 74 Albert St 47-322
 Read Miss S 25 Aotea St 44-777
 Reeves G W 205 Tomahawk Rd 44-392
 Reid L 76 Dovecote Ave
 Reidy Miss M 202 Brockville Rd 64-084
 Richardson T G 10 Moss St Pbllo 29-513
 Robilliard Miss P (now Laws)
 Rodgers M C/- Physics & Engin Lab DSIR Private Bag Lower Hutt
 Roe C R & Mrs 70 Slaney St Bluff
 Rogan K P 35 Quarry Rd G I 32-508
 Rylie D C/- X-ray Dept Pub Hosp. Palmerston North
 Scott G T 42 Evans St 37-537
 Scott G 220 Pine Hill Rd 39-678
 Short Mrs E 7 Leveson St Strathmore Wgton
 Silvester J 79 Ascot St 42-293
 Silvester J Flat 4 3 Russell St
 Small B 6 Tweed St
 Smeaton Miss P 103 Factory Rd MSI 7209
 Smith A 86 Glenpark Ave 35-143
 Smith I J 64 Belford St Wav 44-882
 Smith R K C/- Gen Del P O Dun
 Steedman N Dukes Rd MSI 5082
 Stevenson W 45 Claremont St 60-936
 Still D 7 Gilmore St 65-291
 Still P K
 Stoddart H J 14 Clyde St MSI 6356
 Stubbings D 175 Tanner St Grasmere Ingl
 Tate G 272 Clyde St Balclutha
 Taylor Mrs M I Strathearn Wairuna RD Clinton
 Telford Miss S 362 Pine Hill Rd 38-481
 Thomson A 101 Main Rd Ffd 31-524
 Thompson P J 19 Picardy St
 Thomson R 36 Embo St
 Thorne S & Mrs Unwin Hut C/- P O Mt Cook
 Tilly H & Mrs 64 Balmacewen Rd 60-096
 Tomkins S 32 Skibo St 48-152
 Townsend R 75 Oroua Rd Eastb Wgton
 Troon R W 18 Aberdeen Rd 49-393
 Tubman L 154 Balmacewen Rd 63-521
 Turner Miss C C/- Nurses' Home Karitane Hosp Ingl
 Tweedie Miss L 6 Tennyson Crt Tennyson St
 Varcoe G & Mrs 61 Totara St Wainuiomata
 Varcoe I Pilot Officer Officers' Mess RNZAF Base Whenuapai Auck
 Walker Miss A O 54a Mechanic St 37-935

Warburton E & Mrs 39 North Rd 54-437
 Waters G, 105 Levin St Balclutha
 Welham L C/- NZED Box 16 Winton
 West J (now Mrs Murray)
 Williams F P 30 Aotea St 44-319
 Wilson S E 25 Garfield Ave 66-488
 Wren Miss J 43 Parks St 78-385
 Wright A 726 Portobello Rd B B 29-575
 Wright Miss P 726 Portobello Rd B B
 29-575
 Wright E J 48 Bavoonia Rd Wilton
 Queensland

LIFE MEMBERS

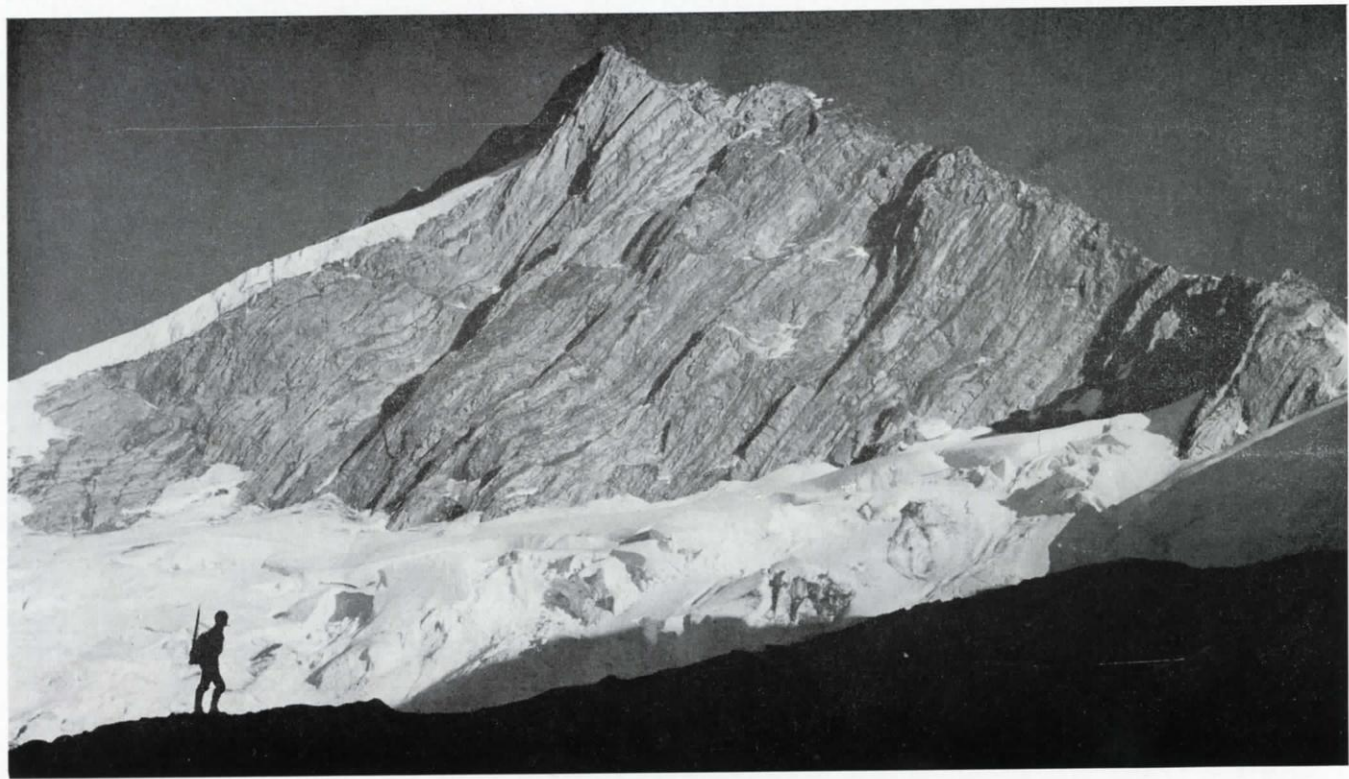
Messrs B. Campbell, J. Freeman,
 S. Gilkison, E. W. Hunter, F. B.
 Moore, Mr & Mrs P. L. Moore, Messrs
 G. A. Pearson, W. Stevenson and
 Miss L. Tweedie.

NOTE

Unless stated otherwise, all the
 above addresses are in the Dunedin
 City area.

Abbreviations used are as follows:—

Abbotsford (Ab)
 Alexandra (Alex)
 Broad Bay (B B)
 Concord (Con)
 East Taieri (E T)
 Fairfield (Ffid)
 Green Island (G I)
 Henley (HY) dial 21
 Macandrew Bay (Mac Bay)
 Mosgiel (MSI) dial 2
 Portobello (Pbllo)
 Ravensbourne (Rav)
 Sawyers Bay (S B)
 Vauxhall (Va)
 Waverley (Wav)



Summit pyramid of Mt Ward; east ridge prominent as right-hand skyline.

Photo: L. S. Olsen.

BEN RUDD
DIED
MARCH 1930
AGED 76.

The original
inhabitant
of the site
where the
new shelter is
being constructed
by the Club.

Photo by courtesy
J. D. Paterson.

