

# Outdoors <sup>75c</sup> <sup>o/s</sup> 1970



*The Official Journal of the*

*Otago Tramping Club  
Dunedin = N.Z.*

# **OUTDOORS**

## **1970 —**

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE  
OTAGO TRAMPING CLUB (INC.)  
DUNEDIN, N.Z.

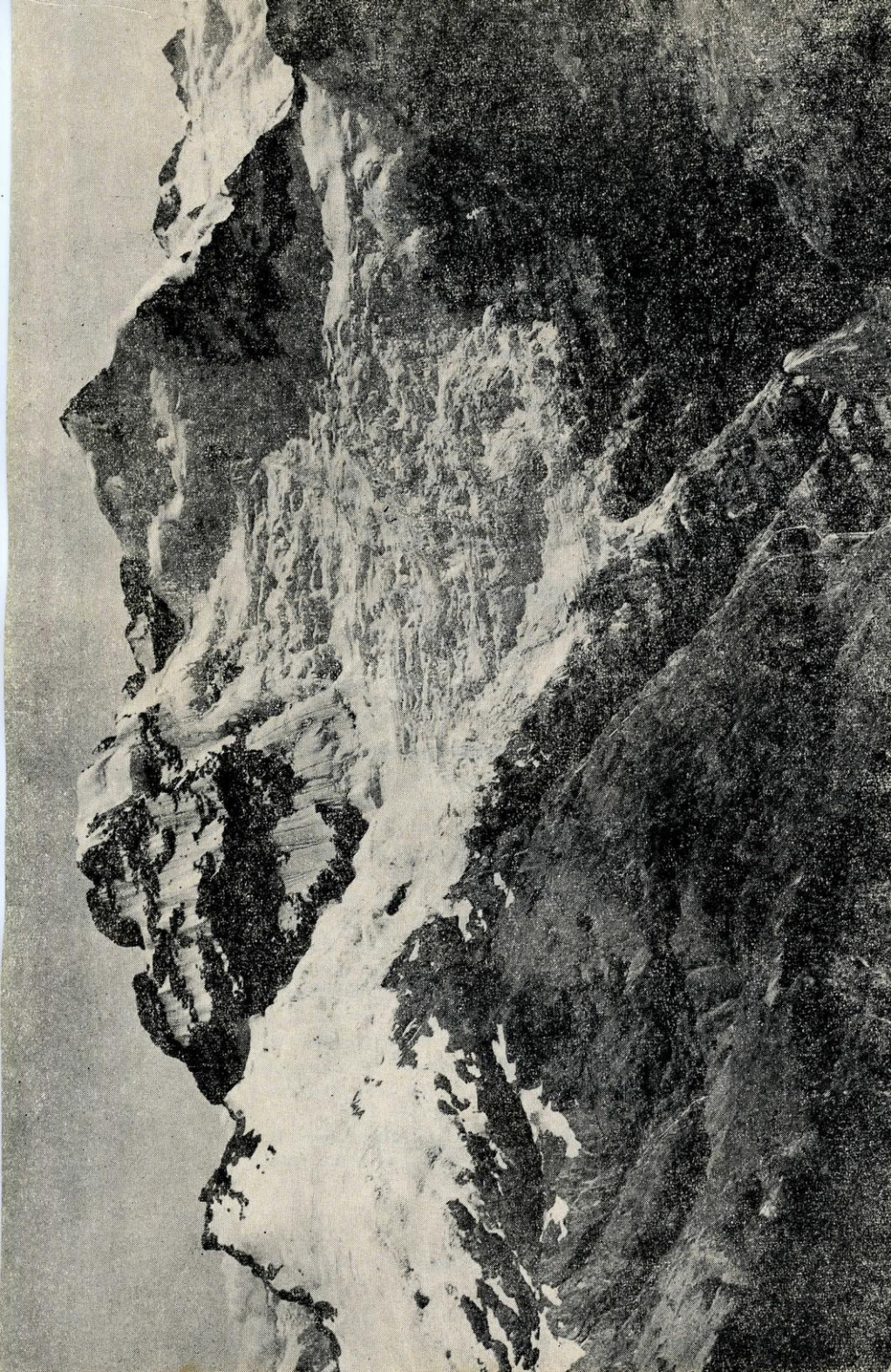
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# Otago Tramping Club (Inc.)

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## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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FRONTISPIECE: The south faces of Earnslaw at the head of the Earnslaw Burn and Glacier showing, left to right, the Seven Sisters Ridge, West Peak, East Peak and Black Peak with Head and Moira behind.

*Photo: Ken and David Lloyd.*

## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Over the past year we have seen many new faces in the O.T.C. It seems that more and more people are being drawn to a sport which is non-competitive, yet challenging and satisfying. Club membership is increasing steadily and the future looks healthy. However, many of these new people do not stay the distance for long, often doing no more than one trip. Are we old hands doing enough to encourage newcomers?

It is a natural development that as we gain in experience we tend to lean towards private trips, organised among our own particular friends whose personalities and capabilities we know. But among older Club members, some self-sacrifice is needed to introduce new members to the hills, and help maintain and increase their interest and knowledge.

It has been interesting to note though, that Club members have not devoted their spare time entirely to tramping. Many have been actively engaged in a wide variety of community projects and services, including S.A.R., St John Ambulance work, the festival procession, National Park work parties, an anti-litter drive and conservation efforts — namely, Manapouri.

Conservation is becoming increasingly important, not only to us as trampers, but to a much wider section of the public. We who know and love the back country of N.Z. have a special responsibility to see that it is preserved, not just for ourselves, but for the increasing thousands who will go there in the future.

The National Parks Act does *not* exclude hydro-electric development or mineral exploitation within the Parks. What protection then, is there for our mountains, valleys, lakes and rivers? We must be aware of the threats that exist, and be prepared to make our voices heard, individually and collectively, at the highest level possible, before it is too late. It may already be too late for Manapouri.

To end on a less sombre note, thank you all for the companionship, fun, humour and thrills of trips shared over the past year. The tales told in the following pages make good reading, and I hope they inspire us all to attempt greater things in the year to come.

Good luck, and good tramping to everyone.

Judy Knewstubb.



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## FANTASTIC HILLS

At the back doorstep of the South Island, and separated from it by the 20 miles of Foveaux Strait, lies Stewart Island. The solid bulk of Mt Anglem dominates one's first view of the Island, whether it be from the mainland, or at closer quarters on the ferry out in the strait. Anglem in its way, is an inspiring hill, its summit plateau frowning north and west down onto the two lakes enfolded among its ridges — their presence quite unguessed at. Along the north coast to Anglem is a popular tramping trip, and treats one to a variety of bush, beach, river and mountain that is both delightful and memorable. These days, with the forestry providing excellent huts at a number of useful places both on the coast and inland, it is natural that the great beauties of the island should be increasingly attractive to the trumper. Apart from the climb of Mt Anglem, the other standard tramping trip is out to the great ocean beaches of Mason's Bay on the exposed west coast. South of the Freshwater and Rakiahua Rivers rises a chain of mountains known as the Central Highlands, forming a bridge between the two enclosed waterways of the island, Paterson Inlet in the north and Port Pegasus to the south.

Port Pegasus is most easily reached by sea, but there is also a rough track overland from the south-west arm of Paterson Inlet. This overland route initially leads along the valley of the Rakiahua before striking up through forest and out onto the flat summit of Table Hill. On the western flank of this hill there is a rudimentary shelter, a welcome place in the storms which frequent these southern tops. Beyond Table Hill, a wide saddle is crossed and then Blaikies Hill and Mt Allen (the island's second highest peak) are climbed. High up on the eastern slopes of Mt Allen is a small shallow lake, a place where one can spend a moderately comfortable night before proceeding over Granite Knob and the Tin Range and down to the waters of Pegasus. Once south of Mt Allen, the granite country is entered, a region that is without parallel in New Zealand. To the east of the Tin Range a group of weird granite domes erupts like great teeth from the forest and scrub cover; their name of "Remarkables" is well chosen. However, the most spectacular outcrops are found in the south-west and include Bald Cone and the Frazer Peaks, Gog and Magog; these last being quite dramatic and resembling the Patagonian Fitzroy massif, though on a much reduced scale. Between Pegasus and the southern ocean rises Smith's Lookout, a fine viewpoint and a rewarding field for botanists. Apart from the remains of the fishing settlement in the North Arm, huts and tracks are absent and consequently Pegasus is still something of a challenge for the adventurous trumper.



In or about 1881, gold was discovered by prospectors in some of the streams flowing into the North Arm of Port Pegasus, but owing to the cost of stripping the overburden, the shallow depth of the ground, the lack of a sufficient head of water for sluicing and the presence of garnet and "blacksand" in the concentrates, the auriferous ground could not be successfully worked. In 1888 the discovery of cassiterite (tin ore) led to a rush, but the climatic conditions and the difficulty in transporting labour and supplies to the Tin Range made prospecting a laborious task, and very few remained in the district for any length of time. In 1889 alluvial prospecting was renewed in the hope that detrital cassiterite would be found in payable quantities and in the same year the adit (horizontal tunnel) at the south end of the Tin Range was driven, but the values were below expectations. No further prospecting was done in the area until 1913, when a company was formed to work the lodes and sluice the deposits on the flanks of the Tin Range; this venture was also unsuccessful. Today all that remains of this project is the wooden railway snaking up the lonely hillside, and a few stone walls and dams near the crest of the range.

My two visits to Pegasus have both been made from the convenience of a boat, an arrangement which greatly increases one's mobility in the area, besides offering a comfortable base camp. In February 1967, I sailed down to Pegasus on Otago University's RV *Munida*, and we spent three days at anchor in Sylvan Cove, right at the bottom of the South Arm. At Pegasus, mature forest is restricted to a narrow coastal belt of only about 200 feet, and above this, it is replaced by *Olearia* or *Manuka* scrub, though often quite large areas of open country also occur. While there are no formed tracks in the area, it is reasonably easy to get out onto the open tops, and in my two days in the field in 1967, I was able to climb Bald Cone, Smith's Lookout and the Frazer Peaks, Gog and Magog. These last are about two to three hours from the waterway of Pegasus across shallow scrub-filled gullies interspersed with large areas of granite pavements like giant tennis courts. The peaks Gog and Magog rise up steeply from their encircling collars of scrub — almost 2,000 feet of smooth granite. Gog, an inverted cone seemingly vertical on all sides but one; Magog smaller, but a fantastic jumble of granite blocks set one on another and looking like something straight out of a sculptor's studio. Spectacular routes can be made on these granite pinnacles with little chance of falling off, as the contact friction of the granite is quite extraordinary. The only drawback is the wind, which seems to be gale force around these particular peaks for most of the time.

Last November, I flew by amphibian from Invercargill to Pegasus, dropping down into the evening in the North Arm where *MUNIDA* rode lazily at anchor. This time two whole weeks stretched ahead; this would give us plenty of time to thoroughly explore the central range of hills as well as Deceit Peaks, a handful of rocky summits,



quite inaccessible and still unclimbed. In 1934 Prof. Gordon Williams writing of the area, said "... A day rarely passes without rain, and westerly winds blow unceasingly; on account of the exceptional climatic conditions it is seldom possible to spend more than two or three days weekly in the field." Taking this into account, we reckoned on being able to spend half of our time ashore; however clear skies and hot sun was the pattern of ten continuous days. Taking advantage of this we thoroughly explored the Tin Range from the Port to Mt Allen, where we camped by the tarn. The days along the Tin Range were unalloyed delight; clear views right round the compass, no wind to speak of, alpine springing from their natural gardens and new paths to explore. From the range we looked west across the thickly wooded valley of Pegasus Creek winding up under the feet of Deceit Peaks. We felt the unspoken challenge, if only we could find a way across their inviting granite faces.

Several days later, after a climb of Magog from Shipbuilder's Cove, and various expeditions to the islands and beaches of the Port, Les Tubman, Peter Tait and I packed some food and a tent and headed up Pegasus Creek bound for the virgin peaks. The day before, I had recced a route from the falls at the mouth of Pegasus Creek to its first large western tributary, Longuet Creek, so we proceeded as far as this without undue trouble. We accepted the fact that we would be in the bush for at least a day, not an inviting prospect either, with no deer trails to help. The scrub was fierce and after innumerable gullies were crossed in hot sun our tempers were pretty thin. Late in the afternoon we struggled out of the scrub into an elevated clearing to see the great sawtooth eastern ridges of the peak not two miles distant from us. We were overjoyed, and not a little surprised, at having arrived within striking distance, so we didn't mind the last hour of bush-bashing before camp. Next day was still fine and hot, and forcing a way round into the head of Pegasus Creek was not much fun; however once we arrived there we could at least leave our packs and complete the climb relatively unencumbered.

Above the tarns and swampy clearings at the head of Pegasus Creek rose the granite slabs of the eastern face of the peak. It was not unlike walking up a greatly extended View Street except that the slope was very much wider than that Dunedin street, and also, half way up, we surprised a kiwi. About 40 minutes' climb we were on the top admiring the view and looking across to the grassy plateau of the western peak, a long way still to go. We didn't have time to attempt this as there was quite enough of a task in front of us getting back to the boat.

Our return was slightly easier, but it was still a battle and we were all very pleased to get back to the boat.

A few days later, with the weather breaking at last, we dodged out through Whale Passage and headed back up the coast towards



civilisation, watching Pegasus's fantastic hills grow smaller and finally disappear from our vision behind their curtain of clouds. They are down there still, waiting in sun, wind and rain; all they require of a trumper is fitness, common sense and a willingness to seek out their lonely secrets. Forestry are upgrading the track in from Paterson Inlet and will probably build a hut in the North Arm some day; with such facilities the area should see the influx of visitors that it so richly deserves.

*Dave Galloway.*

---

“My love has talk'd with rocks and trees;  
He finds on misty mountain ground.  
His own vast shadow glory-crown'd,  
He sees himself in all he sees.”

—From “*In Memoriam*”; Tennyson.

## Official Christmas Trip, 1969-70

### BIG BAY

It was hot. I had toothache. The roof rack wouldn't fit. It started to rain. We had 20 people and 10 days' food and gear to fit into two cars and one van.

Somehow we managed it, and by 5.45 p.m. were heading out of town, threading our way through the rain-drenched Christmas Eve shoppers. The O.T.C. Christmas trip was off the ground at last!

Our van seemed to have an insatiable appetite, averaging about 12 miles to the gallon (petrol), and 60 miles to the gallon (oil and water), as well as taking in several gallons of rain via the roof. However, the dam(p) journey did not dampen our spirits completely, and after many stops for fuel and roof rack adjustments, during which we were repeatedly told we wouldn't get past Te Anau, we splashed our way into Gunn's Camp at 2 a.m.

Here, a good samaritan in the form of Eleanor, supplied us with the key to a hut and, to the tune of the solid down-pour, we settled in for the remainder of the night.

At 7 a.m. some fool thought he saw a patch of blue sky outside, so up we got for a shambolic breakfast before tackling the remainder of the road. This normally short journey was accomplished in fits and starts, the filling in of a washed-out bridge approach providing some solid exercise.

The five parties then came to some sort of order, and the serious business of tramping began. But not for long. The Hollyford was in high flood, with the banks broken in many places and, within half an hour, we were confronted with dirty, swirling waters pouring through the bush, piles of driftwood all round, and the track markers practically submerged.

Was this the end? No, it was just the beginning (apologies to Sergeant Dan). While our four intrepid leaders, John, Brian, Donald and Ross, spent an hour and a-half prospecting for a route, the fifth (ahem) demonstrated that a fire can be lit *anywhere*.

With the return of the water-logged quartet, we devoured some lunch, shouldered packs, upped periscopes, and departed for Hidden Falls. The rain returned just as we arrived (5 p.m.) and tents were hastily erected as Hughie decided to make a job of it. He growled and rumbled all night but had relented by morning, much to our relief.

Two parties were away by 8 a.m. and the remainder before nine, finding good going to the Lower Pyke Hut for lunch. The river, still high in flood, looked quite spectacular.



The pace slowed slightly thereafter as we ground our way towards Lake McKerrow, finding Moir's time for the last portion a little ambitious. The track was in quite good condition, apart from some wash-outs along the river bank just short of the lake, where the going became quite rough.

With comfortable camps established and a clear, starry sky above, we retired at 9.30 p.m. The programme for the next day was a launch trip down the lake, and a dash for Big Bay. Since our party was such a large one (21), two loads were arranged, Brian's and John's groups, plus two from mine, going first and the remainder waiting for the second trip.

Having been told that early morning and late evening were the best times for the lake trip, owing to the wind which usually sprang up during the day, the first group were eating breakfast at 5 a.m. . . . and still waiting at ten. Time was passed fishing, playing cards and insect-proofing. The value of the pyjamas being worn by some became evident.

At 10.10 a.m. the launch arrived, and was severely taxed as 10 bods and packs piled on. How was it going to manage the remaining 11? Promising to be back by 2 p.m., they chugged off and we retired to a blazing driftwood fire for a quiet snooze. Up came the wind as promised, and as the lake became decidedly choppy, we resigned ourselves to another night camped right there.

Suddenly, at 2.15 p.m., the launch was heard. Hurriedly the fire was doused and gear thrown in packs. Rather doubtfully we committed ourselves to the tender mercies of the lake, and were surprised to find it a relatively calm and quiet journey. Mist shrouded the tops and little could be seen. In thickening drizzle we were unloaded at Cotter's Hut at 4 p.m. and, reluctantly shouldering packs, set off across the airstrip and out to the river again just inside the mouth. After a short debate the remainder of my party decided we would push on and try to catch the others, while Donald and Ross settled for a camp in the vicinity of the 'baiters' huts, just up-river.

The rain eased off gradually as we headed down stream and across mud-flats; thanks to the low tide finding good going to Long Reef Point and Davey Gunn's old cattle yards. (We *did* have a spot of bush-bashing right on the point, after missing the *very* obvious track entrance!) Here the three of us camped, the weather N.W. and overcast. How far ahead were the others? And what was Hughie going to do?

During the night I had genuine nightMARES. Anne and Kevin recall me sitting up shouting "Shoo!" to the horses I was sure I could hear chomping our guyropes outside.

By 7.30 a.m. we were on our way, boulder-hopping in the now-familiar drizzle; but a sharp, heavy shower at 8.30 heralded a south-west change, and skies miraculously cleared.

Three hours later we found the "advance" parties — supping tea with a fisherman's wife at the south end of Big Bay. The "cuppa" was very welcome, and the lady thrilled to have company, so we were slow to depart.

The five mile drag along the beach took two hours, with the rests becoming more and more frequent. For two of us this was familiar ground, and it was with feelings of nostalgia that we reached the Awarua river mouth and gazed upon an old camp site. We had spent two glorious days here on a three-week trip from Jackson's Bay to Milford Sound, two years ago.

The spot was soon swarming with people, camps were established, and the afternoon spent washing and sun-bathing. At 5 p.m., six figures were espied, steaming along the beach. The remaining two parties were almost with us. Did I say six? (The leaders were leading from well in the rear . . .)

A gorgeous night encouraged sleeping out — those equipped with insect repellent and netting slept well.

The lovely weather continued the next day, much to my relief. (Having raved so much about Big Bay I felt sort of responsible for its behaviour!) Following a latish breakfast, some took to the sand-hills to read and sun-bathe, while others explored. Highjinks in the river gave an appetite for lunch, and later in the afternoon the annual Big Bay cricket match took place, and the boys defeated us sadly. The teams were reorganised for softball, but the under 20's proved too strong for the oldies.

A welcome change to our diet was provided that night by John's shellfish chowder, and we sat up quite late . . . (tut, tut). The arrival of two bods with a bad weather forecast disturbed us somewhat, and we planned an early start for the next day, thinking of the river crossings ahead.

We were moving by 7.30 and made excellent time across to the Pyke (Moir says four hours — we managed three and a-half). The track was in reasonable condition and easy to find.

Lunch was had half an hour down valley (the Pyke) and four hours later we were at the head of Lake Wilmott. This section of track was not quite so good, but still obvious and easy to follow. The lake was a welcome sight, and the decision to camp at the far end of it even more welcome. Once again, the route was quite obvious, but the hour's scramble up and down around the shore proved pretty tiring. The weather? Still fine.

The sandflies having driven Anne out at five next morning, Lexie and I received breakfast in bed. We were moving by 8.30 and had reached the Barrier river by ten. The crossing was straight-forward and the weather still fine, but the thought of that bad forecast, and the crossings ahead, kept us moving. However, the Diorite was easy, and the Olivine likewise — reached in time for lunch at 12.30. This meant that all major obstacles were now passed, unless Hughie



*really* let something loose, so we debated our next move. Three parties voted for camping on the spot and going back for a look at the Olivine Falls. Ross and Donald were for heading on, so we left them to it. The Falls, only half an hour up stream from the junction, are very spectacular and well worth the time spent visiting them.

On our return, we found we were still 21! The others had decided that since it was New Year's Eve, they would remain with us for the occasion. Many songs later, we left 1969 behind and crawled off for a short sleep before the tribulations of January 1st.

There were quite a few. When we could *find* the track it was in reasonable condition. The trouble was, it kept disappearing . . . Flood waters had completely removed it in many places, and the vegetation seemed determined not to let us through.

However, after five hours of very trying going, three parties finally gained Lake Alabaster and stopped for a late lunch. The day was overcast but still dry — the promised bad weather had never arrived. Three hours of much improved going took us around the lake and across the lower Pyke clearing to a welcome camp. We were amazed at the change in the river, now placid and blue, but the flood had certainly left its mark.

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The other two parties not having arrived, we wandered slowly up valley next day, wondering if they would ever return (it was pretty rugged country in there!!). Did I say slowly? A rash complaint from Kevin about the pace sent six of us galloping madly across the Little Homer Saddle to collapse exhausted at Hidden Falls. It was a gorgeous day, but all but Brian found the river too cold for a dip. His enducement was a bod on the other side with some cigarettes!

After a two-hour lunch stop we wandered on, to be soon overtaken by Tony, Bob, Angela and Diane — half of the lost eight. Blisters and bush lassitude were holding up the rest.

Lexie and I, being left in the rear at this stage, collapsed at the road end determined to have the van brought to us. Our lives were saved by an understanding couple with a brown bottle.

We duly arrived at Gunn's, to be greeted once more by Eleanor, complete with hot showers, fruit cake and fly spray. Sheer bliss it was, to wake up in a sandfly-free tent on Saturday morning!

The trip home was not uneventful. The van managed two punctures, and Donald lost an argument with a bus. However, 8 p.m. saw all safely home, and me frantically sorting gear and repacking for the departure on another trip the next day.

*Parties:*

*Brian O'Callaghan*  
David Bond  
Shirley Miles  
Bill Cadzow

*John Bellamy*  
Pauline Robilliard  
Iona Johnstone  
Bruce Clark

*Ross Adamson*  
Diane Chirnside  
Susan Devitt  
Bob Maunsell

*Donald Paterson*  
Angela Hunt  
Tony Kershaw  
Richard Pettinger

*Judy Knewstubb*  
Anne Malcolm  
Lexie Walker  
Graeme Scott  
Kevin Rogan

*Judy Knewstubb*





## THE DART RE-VISITED

It is almost 40 years since I first sampled that amazing picture of mountain, glacier, bush and river-flats, the view across the Dart from Mt Clarke. In the intervening years I have had many experiences in the Dart — fording its icy waters before sunrise, returning two days later to find it a raging torrent, negotiable to neither man nor beast; again with blue skies and sunny mountain-tops welcoming me back — but still with the ceaseless roar of the dirty, glacier-fed river.

Last December I had the opportunity to go back. As companions I had my daughter, Barbara, and two of her school friends. We arrived at Paradise at 8.15 p.m. on Wednesday the 17th, and persuaded Dave Miller to take us through to Chinaman's Flat straight away, thus ensuring a good start for the next day. Shortly before six on Thursday we were on the march down Chinaman's Flat, round the bluff and on our way up the valley proper. Good steady progress, interspersed with ever-so-welcome spells, took us to Dredge Hut for a late lunch or an early afternoon tea; then we pushed on, coming out on Cattle Flat an hour or so before dark. It was just starting to rain and we decided not to waste time looking for the rock bivouac, but instead, found quite a good overhang rock which kept us dry and comfortable all night.

Next morning we spent a bit of time drying out wet corners of sleeping bags, etc., and were not on the march till eight. A delightful billy-boiling interlude at a sparkling stream opposite the Blue Duck Stream was enlivened by an apparently endless stream of a College party — 39 in all — who seemed just to keep on appearing out of the bush, running up the shingle patch across the stream, and disappearing into the next bush area. We were up at Dart Hut about mid-afternoon.

We would have liked an off day at this stage, perhaps with a side trip to Cascade Saddle, but the weather turned out beautifully fine — with a veiled threat of something not so good coming — so we decided to make straight for the Rees Saddle. We were on the march before six, and had made most of the necessary height before the sun found us. By the time we were on the Saddle the sky had clouded over, but it was beautifully warm — we had a boil-up, a sleep and a swim. Later we trudged off to Shelter Rock — the rock itself, not the hut. Some time during the night the expected rain came on; we were perfectly dry under the rock, but wanted to get off down the valley before the river got too high, so made an early start in the morning. The main river was easy, but the Hunter was in high flood (due to melting snow on the tops), so we kept to the left bank all the way down. Approaching Arthurs Creek we saw a welcome wisp of smoke and were delighted to meet up with Doug Scott and his

mustering team, at exactly the same spot where I had first met Doug, 38 years and five days before. Then we pushed off down the valley, and I got a lift up to Paradise and recovered the car left there just four days earlier.

W.S.G.

---

## DANSEY'S PASS

I always enjoy the setting of the Kyeburn Diggings. The hills are friendly, the streams attractive, and over all there is the air of history that tells of days gone by.

So when I was working in Ranfurly, I organised to spend the night at Dansey's Pass Hotel, host to many a club party in the past. On Wednesday morning I woke at five, got quickly dressed in shirt and shorts and was on my way. I left the car at the Pass at 5.30, and went straight up the hillside on the left towards Trig M, which is just over 1,000 feet higher (4,200ft). The daylight was growing stronger, and I was near the trig when the sun rose over a bank of clouds covering Oamaru. On the top it was extraordinarily pleasant — warm and still, with the sun shining over a great bank of fog in the Waitaki basin and another over Ranfurly. A great display of gentians in full flower reminded me of some of the alpine flowers we have found on other hills in this area. Then back down to the car and back to the hotel for shave and shower, and into the breakfast room sharp on eight o'clock!

I was on the job again in Ranfurly before nine.

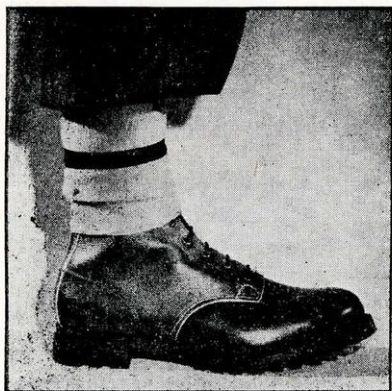
W.S.G.

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"I live not in myself, but I become  
Portion of that around me; and to me  
High mountains are a feeling."

—*"Childe Harold"*; Byron.





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## THE OTHER CHRISTMAS TRIP OR MILFORD RE-VISITED

It all began with the arrival of the O.T.C. Bulletin in the mail. The package included a copy of the Club programme, 1969-70, and Judy perused same whilst I read the club bulletin. Even so her suggestion took me by surprise; in fact even the idea of her wanting to walk the Milford Track after four years of soft married life took a little time to register.

However, New Year's Eve 1969 saw our party of seven heading steadily southwards, then westwards, towards Lake Te Anau in a Cortina and a rental mini, cursing the long distances and the fact that we would have to forgo the pleasures of New Year's Eve in order that we might place one of our vehicles at Milford in anticipation of our return.

Our arrival at Te Anau coincided with the endeavours of the hotel staff to empty the last of the New Year's Eve imbibers out into the street and we made our way through the town with some difficulty, being obstructed on one occasion by half a Pipe Band; whilst from houses around about, the town echoed to the sounds of New Year revelry from some really swinging parties.

This, unfortunately, was not to be our lot and having refuelled the cars and seen the three girls and one of our younger members settled in their sleeping bags under a huge fir tree on the foreshore, Bruce Hedges, Frank Plieger and I set out for Milford to place one of the two cars there as the basis of a shuttle service which would make us independent of other transport at the Milford end of the track.

This accomplished without incident, we returned to Te Anau in the Mini, all dog tired, to climb into our sleeping bags and curl up on the pine needles, oblivious to the sounds from one or two parties in the vicinity which refused to die gracefully. New Year's Day dawned a little cloudy, but otherwise excellent and after breakfast all hands were given a brief talk on facilities, etc., by a Park Board Ranger.

This appears to be necessary since a good deal of resentment still simmers between Tourist Hotel Corporation parties walking the track and the so-called "Freedom Walkers" who are able to do the same trip, in three days instead of four, at approximately a third of the cost to those in the former category. It was somewhat distressing to find that the Milford Hoax is still being perpetuated by Government Tourist Offices and that persons coming from overseas as well as New Zealanders are still told glibly that the track may be walked ONLY as a member of a T.H.C. party.

In contrast to the T.H.C. party of forty, the "Freedom Walkers" on the track would number only sixteen. If this was a normal ratio



the T.H.C.'s original objection to those walking the track independently, namely that they would overload the resources of the track to cope with such numbers, would appear to be a red herring. It must be a matter of some satisfaction to O.T.C. members to find that the term "Freedom Walkers," coined to apply to those members who walked the track in the face of considerable opposition in April 1965, has persisted in use, to apply now to anyone who wishes to walk the track without making use of T.H.C. facilities.

The trip up the lake was uneventful and our arrival at the wharf, about a mile from Glade House, on schedule. Here all hands changed gear, lunched, and waited for the last of the affluent classes to depart for Glade House, then shouldered packs and moved off up the wide track. Having been warned that T.H.C. facilities were not for us, we gave Glade House a wide berth and carried on.

On the first stage to Clinton Forks Hut my first problem of the trip became apparent, in fact it was one which had been niggling in the back of my mind even before the start of the journey. Judy was carrying approximately a third of the food for our party of three, but otherwise was as lightly laden as I could contrive without making it too obvious to other members of the party. Even so, her shoulders were becoming very tender and stops became frequent on the first stage of only five miles to Clinton Forks. I recalled that for approximately a fortnight prior to New Year, a painful attack of backache had made it difficult for her to stand upright for any length of time and that even a trial gallop across the Silverpeaks had had to be curtailed as a result. Now it dawned on me that if this condition persisted, or indeed worsened, that I might have to go most of the distance carrying two packs and their contents, lashed together. Although the Milford Track cannot be termed hard going, the possibility of having to carry two packs much of the distance did not appeal greatly.

Clinton Forks Hut was made in respectable time, photographs taken, and a meal prepared, whilst we made the acquaintance of members of other parties who would be doing similar stages along the way to ourselves. It also gave me the opportunity to observe what a mixed bunch our own party was: three female, five male, running the full gamut of experience, and aged from my thirty-three years to approximately half that age. However, high spirits seemed to prevail and a hearty, if somewhat messy, meal was eaten in the best O.T.C. tradition.

The second day of the New Year dawned with the simultaneous ringing of the alarm and a panic-stricken Krump-aark-aark-aark from a demented weka beneath the hut. It was 5.30 and breakfast was soon prepared, our party preferring lashings of porridge to the fried food preferred by so many on such trips. Seven-thirty saw us underway on what is, I think, one of the most delightful stages of the "finest



walk." In no time at all the six-mile lunch hut was passed and we emerged from the forest onto the first of the flats of the upper Clinton. Here, in the full heat of the sun, the journey to the head of the valley began in earnest.

Just beyond Hidden Lake the main party took the road to Pompolona, but Rua, Judy and I took the left fork, which constitutes the track proper. Quite a fair quantity of 8m.m. film was used here as a great profusion of sub-alpine plant life and varieties of Native broadleaf trees are found in great numbers. This section of the track lies hard in against the left-hand wall of the Clinton Canyon and skirts the foot of a natural wall from which many small waterfalls tumble. Small patches of bush still gave some shelter from the direct rays of the sun, but perspiration was running down my face making the shoulders of my bush-singlet very prickly.

Pompolona Huts were passed with scarcely a pause, but we rested for a short time on the far side of the suspension bridge and here Rua decided to press on at a greater pace towards Mintaro Hut, with painful blisters developing on both heels. Judy's pack was becoming very heavy in the heat and halts were altogether too frequent and too long, so I strapped both packs together and boxed on the last half-mile to Lake Mintaro Hut, arriving at 2 p.m. in a lather of sweat due to the heat and the exertion.

The afternoon which followed was wholly delightful. It was already apparent that we were members of a good team and nothing which occurred subsequent to this stage of our journey was to cause the slightest re-evaluation of this early impression. The remainder of the day was spent on a sandy spit in Lake Mintaro, bemoaning the fact that the water was too cold for swimming. Rua cast caution to the wind and leapt into the lake but remained only long enough for one brief burst with the movie camera before she scrambled out, dripping wet, to rejoin the others. During the remainder of the afternoon we sunbathed, talked, munched scroggin, whilst Graeme Hardy dug a miniature oil well in the sand, with much the same nett result as the real thing has shown to date.

The McKinnon Pass looked to be not too far overhead and for all its steepness the cirque, which is the head of the Clinton, looked down on us in quite a benign manner. Above us the appalling steepness of Mt Balloon reared its bulk into the sky whilst Mt Hart, similarly guarding the other end of the pass, looked not too difficult.

Our evening meal was a hearty one. The evening was warm but our party was denied early sleep by the number of meals being prepared in the hut by parties which had been later to arrive, so out came O.T.C. songbooks and some spirited singing began. Eventually, at 10 p.m., candles were extinguished and the rest of the night left to the keas and the mice, neither of which gave much trouble. Up again at 2.30 a.m. to an accompaniment of grizzles from the other



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occupants of the hut and away by 4.30 a.m. with just sufficient light to pick out the features of the bush without the aid of headlamp or torch.

The head of the Clinton River, now just a small stream, was crossed just above Lake Mintaro and the ascent to the McKinnon pass was underway almost immediately. Verbal information from a number of sources had described this portion of the journey variously as everything from a "hard grind" to "dead easy," neither of which it proved to be in our case. Here the main body of our group sensibly went ahead at their own pace, leaving Judy and me to proceed at a pace which she felt she could manage. Thick fog closed in as we left the last of the bush and obscured all but a few yards in each direction. A few hundred feet below the summit the pace began to tell on Judy and I suggested that I take both packs as far as the pass. The offer was indignantly refused and after another couple of brief spells of pounding upwards, we came out onto the summit at 6.30 a.m. The wind howled over the pass and tongues of fog of varying thickness were passing over and around us, obscuring the views to both East and West. We rested a few moments from our exertions and then moved on quickly to avoid being chilled by the wind on our bare arms and legs.

With visibility at the highest point (3,400ft) reduced to a few yards, practically nothing was seen of the tarns or other features of the summit. With only the eerie swishing of the snow-tussock for company, and no other sound, we might have been on another planet. Along the way a sign pointed to the "last view of Quintin Hut." This raised a cynical chuckle since visibility down the ridge could not have been further than 10 yards. All of these things we recorded for posterity on film then moved along the track to the welcome shelter of the pass hut.

Here segregation was to manifest itself for the first and last time on our trip, the Park Board allotment of the space in the A frame hut being meagre compared with the T.H.C. portion on the other side. We found its size quite adequate for our purpose, however, and settled down for a few hours to see if the prevailing weather would relent sufficiently for an attack on Mt Hart. It didn't; in fact the limit of its acquiescence was to clear for a brief few moments which were sufficient to allow photographs to be taken down the Clinton and the Arthur before it closed in again, thicker than ever.

Around 11 a.m. the tourists began to arrive (giving us our first close-up of the species in action). The first to arrive was a rather unpleasant cocky lad of about 15 who appeared to be well aware that he was the pace-setter for the tourist party. He was nattily clad in shorts and a neat zoo-keeper type yachting cap, the effect being heightened by the regulation T.H.C. pack. The addition of a fishing rod would have made him an ideal candidate for a day fishing in the Otago Harbour Basin. Although more tourists soon began to arrive



for their cup of tea in the T.H.C. quarters, the antics of the keas were distributed with impartiality, in fact they seemed to perform better for the cameras of our party than the other. Maybe a bond of sympathy exists between those who love the mountains and those who make the mountains their home. Their comic sideways-hopping dance and their inquisitive natures make them difficult to dislike although tales of their destructive habits have given them a fearsome reputation.

As noon approached it became evident that the pass would soon become overcrowded and so Rua, Judy, Graeme and I began the descent under Mt Balloon into the head of Roaring Creek. Half an hour of this showed that the wrong side of the pass had built up the more fearsome reputation, and that we were now engaged on the longest and most arduous portion of the journey. Just beyond the small suspension bridge below the Jervois Glacier, a deer carcass lay beside the track. It had obviously fallen from a bluff higher up and now lay rotting, blown up to high heaven and probably a seething mass of maggots, but a few yards from the track. We moved on quickly.

This side of the pass showed very apparent signs that it is the more difficult of the two for track staff to maintain. The rainfall here is much higher and sand and organic matter are quickly washed out from between the stones which make up the foundation of the track. For Judy the going became much harder and spells became more necessary and more frequent. She had not yet become accustomed to the savage jolting of a pack which causes much more discomfort when descending than climbing in country of this nature. Members of our party afterwards admitted, almost without exception, that this was part of the journey which had them all footsore, and as Quintin Huts approached the pace flagged considerably. Rua carried on gamely in a manner which deserved the admiration of the members of our party, which it was later accorded when it became known that she had walked down the pass with skinned patches on her heels every bit as big as fifty-cent pieces. Eventually we arrived at Quintin Huts, just as the first group of tourists, some complaining loudly about the condition of the track, did likewise. For the next hour it was down packs and gallop up the mile and a-half or so to see the Sutherland Falls.

Graeme and I went as close to Quintin as we considered prudent and had a quick look through the window at the facilities provided. They were not really all that much different from our own, the principal concessions to the easy life being superior sleeping accommodation, hot showers and ready-cooked meals. I couldn't help feeling that for the average person with the necessary means this might be the more acceptable way to "do" the track and that they probably did not consider that they were being "done" in the process. The extent to which many of the elderly walkers must be assisted with their "packs" at every stage would indicate that if only spartan



facilities were provided the popularity of the Milford Track as a tourist asset would quickly diminish.

Let us not be over hasty in casting muck at the tourists. Their concept of "roughing it" is not the same as our own, but if they feel that they positively cannot exist for a few days without hot showers and ready cooked meals at least THEY are paying for the privilege. They are not asking us to do so. Track staff proved to be unfailingly courteous to both tourists and freedom walkers alike, and in all the thirty-three miles of the journey I saw nothing to indicate that the pig-headedness with which the Corporation has been said to regard access to its asset exists at anything other than official level.

The sole aspect which I personally find repugnant is the desire of the T.H.C. to deny access to a portion of a National Park to all but those who are prepared to pay an inflated price for facilities which they neither desire nor need. This is so contrary to the whole concept of our National Parks as places for all to enjoy, that I must admit to a certain satisfaction that our own club was so largely instrumental in bringing about the present situation. This move, backed in principle by many like-minded organisations, must have shown once and for all that the high-handed attitude of the T.H.C. as then constituted, was unacceptable to a much wider section of the population than they ever considered possible. Bureaucracy runs rampant in so many aspects of our everyday lives that by forcibly walking the Milford Track in 1965, the club may have created a precedent which strangled other iniquities in infancy. I did not participate in the 1965 march. Instead I went to the Earnslaw Burn, but I couldn't help ruminating as I walked upwards through the bush towards the Sutherland Falls, that I wished I had.

The Sutherland Falls, 1,904ft in three leaps, make a most impressive spectacle, especially from the final straight section of the track which has been sited with due consideration for the aesthetic qualities of the spectacle. Graeme and I went right up to the final pool where the descending cascade, finally expending the terminal velocity of its fall on a solitary black rock in the middle, is a sight worth travelling the distance to see.

On our return Judy still waited patiently on the far side of the suspension bridge. Bruce, Maureen, Rua and Frank had already moved off down the track and had forcibly relieved Judy of one or two items from her pack, which had lightened it a little. To preserve her feet as much as possible for the long walk to Sandfly on the following day, we agreed that I should carry both packs the remaining two miles to Diamond Creek, and during the hour or so that it took to reach our destination, I felt that for only once in the entire trip I had really toiled, due not so much to the weight of the packs as to the poor footing on the rough surface of the track.

The Diamond Creek Hut proved to be a pleasantly situated affair, constructed to the same basic design as the other Park Board Huts



in the area and quite comfortable. The evening meal was a ceremonial occasion and every endeavour was made to eat down our pack weights as far as possible. By now most members of the party were stiff and feet were giving that burning sensation which is a sure sign that they have been subjected to heavy going for just a little too long. Our fellow track-walkers were similarly affected and it was almost dark when the last of their number hobbled up to the hut. Although our muscles may have been affected our morale was certainly not. The evening concluded with the now customary session of bellowing, both in and out of tune, according to the capabilities of each individual. The night was hot and in the top bunk I sweltered almost naked, cursing the heat-conserving capabilities of the Everest sleeping bag which had proved so invaluable on many other occasions. Outside it started to rain.

Morning brought another earlier start than usual and we were well fortified from within with copious quantities of porridge and hot coffee. Although raining steadily it was not cold and parkas were kept in packs, the philosophy being that it was preferable to gradually become wet from the outside than to swelter in a parka and become wet from within. The boatshed was reached without incident and at a cracking pace which was to prevail for the remainder of the trip. We were too early of course, no boatman being available until nearly 11 a.m. Sorely tempted though we were to flog the boat and cross without assistance, we stayed put in the boatshed admiring the collection of bottles on the rafters until the trackman arrived and ferried us across in the approved manner, thus keeping us conveniently ahead of the T.H.C. party for whom a cup of tea was already prepared.

Judy led our party the rest of the way to Sandfly and there were few complaints about the pace which she set. A short break at McKay Falls where photographs were taken was followed by an inspection of the remarkable Bell Rock (under which several members proved that it was indeed possible to stand upright) and we were on our way again, carving up the miles at an initial rate of one every 22 minutes or so. The miles of wet forest which sped by were no different in character from those in the Clinton, and we stopped for lunch, the last of the trip, not far from the 29 mile peg.

Moir sings the praises of the Giants Gate Falls some distance further on, so Graeme and I moved on almost at once in order that we might spend a little more time in filming if necessary. We could hear the falls from some distance away but that did nothing to prepare us for the rare shambles which confronted us when we rounded a bend in the track to find the suspension bridge smashed beyond repair in the bed of the stream. This catastrophe had occurred a few weeks previously when a huge tree, loosened from the soil which had supported its roots for so long, toppled bodily across the bridge damaging it beyond repair. Both bridge and tree still lay where they had fallen as if two giants had expired in the heat of mortal combat.

We crossed easily in a few moments in an aluminium boat propelled by a rather taciturn boatman and after selecting suitable angles, exposed a few feet of precious film.

The rain became heavier and trees began to shower those large drops and so we departed by mutual agreement for Sandfly Point instead of waiting for the rest of our party. The pace was really on by now and the final three miles, including our trip to the falls, took only an hour. We arrived at Sandfly at exactly 3 p.m. and without waiting to see whether or not it was aptly named, donned parkas and made our way at a much more leisurely pace back up the track in the direction from which we had just come. Our purpose was to record on film the remainder of the party hobbling the last few yards to Sandfly Point. We were sadly disappointed when around a corner not far up the track came a cheerful band of grinning people marching at top speed in two neat files to the whistled strains of "Colonel Bogey" (or a ribald number pertaining to Hitler's anatomy — it depends where you learned the song). Anything which occurred after this juncture is somewhat in the nature of an anticlimax so I shall not dwell on subsequent events in too much detail.

Milford was sodden when we arrived at the wharf, our nostrils assailed by the smell of rotting fish-guts and other debris cast overboard by the crews of the fishing boats in the vicinity. The sight of numerous beer bottles bobbing up and down in the water did little to kindle Bacchanalian nostalgia — anyway it was Sunday evening. Accommodation was available at Johnson's Hostel and we accepted with gratitude due to the inclement turn in the weather.

Frank's Cortina, with Rua, Maureen and Bruce as passengers, made good progress to Te Anau where some news of our trip was exchanged with a member of Judy Knewstubb's Marathon, over coffee. Then, with the Mini ready to depart for Dunedin and an almost certain 2 a.m. arrival for the others, we said our goodbyes and Frank swung the Cortina around and we set about the last 75 miles back to Milford, and bed.

This was a trip I will long remember, and wholly for reasons that were good. Firstly my wife, whose tramping inclinations had always been suspect to me, had changed in four days from one who was gingerly shouldering a pack for the first time, to one who could keep pace with the rest of a fairly fit party . . . and relished the experience. Rua and Graeme, our younger members, had shown that for every youthful long-haired degenerate, there was at least one kid who was as good as they ever were. The remaining members had displayed rare good humour throughout the entire trip. Bruce had led well but was rarely obtrusive. Frank's boisterous good humour enlivened many a good evening and Maureen proved that physically fit girl members of any party on a cross-country trip need lose nothing by comparison with their male counterparts.



This trip for me was noteworthy in that, in four days of moderate going, sometimes rendered arduous by unaccustomed packs, heat, adverse conditions underfoot and the omnipresent little black bastards, not one jarring note was struck by any member of the party. There were no grizzles (and at least one member must have been in considerable pain for much of the trip); not one person failed, when required, to come to the assistance of anyone else in any set of circumstances . . . and that is the way it ought to be.

*Ian Smith, on behalf of:—*

Bruce Hedges (leader), Maureen Reidy, Rua Mercier,  
Graeme Hardy, Frank Plieger, Judy Smith.

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## DUVETS

So you've always fancied a Duvet? Also your old sleeping bag is finished after long and hard service and you've decided to replace it. Your Scottish ancestry is showing as you look at the sleeping bag remains. After all, a duvet could use the down which still seems okay. A friend has just bought a new sewing machine and having no idea of what work is involved, or even what a duvet is, has been persuaded into doing the sewing. You are on the brink of trouble; beware!

The main reasons against making your own duvet are the costs and the lack of information concerning their construction. You've the choice of following Fairrydown style, which is very difficult, or working out something of your own.

You would see if you dismantled an Everest, there are the inner bag and the outer bag, connected by little walls about an inch long. The stitching that you see on the surfaces both inside the bag and out are where the ends of these inner walls are stitched to the surfaces. This system works well for Ellis & Co., but for me I could see my volunteer sewer abandoning all hope.

What I did was to have the outside and inner surfaces separate, with the down contained in lightweight nylon bags attached to the inner surface between the outside surface and the inner. This had the advantage that I could fill these bags and have them all roughly even, then sew them on to the inner jacket. These tubes (about two and a-half to three inches across) run straight across the jacket. The bags are attached at the top side only so they hang and in theory overlap slightly with the bag below.

One possible advantage of this system is that there are no breaks in the outside surface nor any stitching lines raised on the surface so water ought to have less chance of penetrating and water lying on the outside should dry easier.

Pockets are essential. My jacket has four, all with zips. Two outside, one at the wrist and the most useful inside pocket which measures about 8in x 10in. I strongly recommend such a size pocket. I believe that some shooting jackets also have a large inside pocket, called, for obvious reasons, a poacher's pocket. I'm not suggesting you should shove a trout in but, as I have, you'll find it most useful.

The pattern that was used in cutting was a Simplicity pattern for a parka. Do remember to make the inner quite a bit smaller than the outside. Nylon as for a parka and a nice bright red was used for the outer and a woollen material for the inner. Nylon for the inner could have been lighter and less bulky but not very much so. A good bright orange would have been a better colour but the red is not too bad. I think that a duvet should be very visible as it is one of the things that has a high emergency rating. The blue and green duvets are, I feel, too inconspicuous.



The jacket is to be closed by domes but, though I've had the jacket six months and worn it frequently on the Routeburn Track (in fact I slept out in it twice), I've yet to fit the domes. I've had them (from Beggs) for as long as I've had the jacket, but not yet made the combination. Still, Christmas will come.

I do not advise making your own duvet but if you must, then it's not too difficult and you will save a little money (not much) and have a garment with individuality. I'll be pleased to assist anyone interested in any way possible save only I'll not do any work nor will I dismantle mine.

Lastly, a duvet is lovely in the morning when you've got to crawl out of your pit and cook breakfast and it's lovely to get out of wet gear and into one's groovy duvet. Mine weighs 4lb with empty pockets but could have been lighter. It's worth its weight in certain circumstances.

Best of luck.

*Ken Blackwood.*



## THE REES — 1970 STYLE

Or

### "A Guide On How To Tramp With Your Wife "

Contrary to the book "Safety in the Mountains," there were only two in our party. Half of the party was male and the other half female — in other words a fairly mixed, sociable party. We put on our gloves and boxed our way up the Rees on the 26th December. We could not drive our car more than a mile past the end of the official road owing to heavy rain and washouts on the 24th and 25th. So under heavy packs we reached 2,000 chain (or 25 mile) hut at 6 p.m.

Then the big feast started, which is another way of saying we had a little too much food. There were eight other people at the hut so it meant double bunking — but that was no real hardship for us.

The next day being bright and sunny we set forth to climb "The Big Slip" and camp above it at about 4,000ft a.s.l. From there we could either salube in the sun or have a look at one or two mountains. But what really happened is a different story.

We arrived at the bottom of "The Big Slip" and, as the weather had clouded over a little, we sat down and waited and watched. About one o'clock it had clouded over completely so we pitched the tent and built a bonfire. At 3 a.m. the next day the rain started, but believe it or not, it stopped raining at eight and the sun was shining at ten.

As the weather was still a little doubtful we decided to go for an overnight trip to Shelter Rock Hut. We had doubtful-looking weather for the next four days so we never reached the top of "The Big Slip" after all. From our camp to Shelter Rock was a big, rugged one and a-half hour trip, which gave us the afternoon to lie in the sun.

The next day we arrived at 25 Mile Hut and early the day after we set off with all our gear up to Lennox Pass. The purpose of this was to travel to the car via the Earnslaw Burn instead of the boring walk down the Rees. Moir's was rather sketchy, saying that to get from Lennox Pass to the Rees Valley floor you angled down the valley side across two big gullies, and then cross the river from Kea Basin at the only crossing place just above the falls in a gorge.

So we set off up the Kea Basin track until at about 2,000ft we sidled out of the bush and onto a tussock-covered hillside. Soon we came to the mighty gorge spoken about in Moir's. The Lennox Falls rise almost 1,000ft in various stages from the Rees Valley floor. From the top of the falls the river travels in a mighty gorge right up to Kea Basin at about 3,000ft. From the Rees Valley or Kea Basin one gets no idea of the magnitude of this gorge, and we recommend a visit to it if one is in the Rees with a half day to spare. Curiously enough the river itself is unnamed, only the falls are named.



Also Lennox Pass is not at the head of the river, but a few miles down valley. Maybe we could name it Helger River after the two intrepid travellers who crossed it that sunny and hot morning.

In places the gorge is perhaps 500ft deep and only 100ft wide at the top — in other words well worth seeing. We looked for the one crossing place of the gorge, could not find it, and so continued up the hillside for another 100ft. At this point we realised we must have passed the crossing point so went back down. The only possible place was explored, a few short ledges were followed, and the river was gained. The rest of the distance to Lennox Pass was just a big, long slog.

We camped about 500ft below the pass and climbed Black Peak the next day. It was no more than a rock scramble with the small amount of snow this summer. We then leapt into our packs and headed over the pass and into the Earnslaw Burn. Perhaps one of the finest views in the Otago mountains is that at the head of this valley. The valley floor at the head must only be about 3,000ft. It finishes in a mighty cirque of 2,000ft rock walls. Above the rock the Earnslaw Glacier clings to the rock at about a 30° angle. This is a fantastic mass of jumbled ice. From the top of the crevassed ice to the twin summits of Mt Earnslaw itself at 9,000ft, rises a wall of ice which gradually steepens to about 50° at the top. When one sees the whole 6,000ft of this mountain grandeur in one sweep of the eyes it is a magnificent sight.

In a couple of hours we reached the Earnslaw Burn Hut, and at 9 a.m. the next morning we reached the car, across the Rees. You may think that this was the end of the trip. But no, we then drove to the mighty Hopkins and met Pete, Joc, Stu and Lindsay, but that is another story.

*Roger and Helen Conroy.*



## TASMAN AGAIN

Our eight man party slowly assembled at Unwin Hut last Labour Weekend, for a look around the head of the Tasman. Keith McIvor, Keith Dickson and myself drove up from Dunedin in the hope of making it a four-day weekend, but the weather was against us. Ash Muir, an Australian, flew in from Wellington the following morning, Bruce Hunter arrived by car from Fox Glacier and Pete Douglas and Lindsay Gordon drove up from Dunedin on the Friday night, picking up Ian Jowett at Otematata.

Fine weather on the Saturday morning caught us a little unprepared. After a hurried breakfast and sorting of gear, two cars were driven to Ball Hut and left for our return. We crammed into two planes and the heavily-laden aircraft struggled into the air just as the airstrip disappeared beneath us. The flight in was the roughest I had experienced. We had difficulty in gaining altitude and had to circle several times under Cook, finally gaining height rapidly in a violent updraught over the Hochstetter Icefall. Landing was smooth and we were soon left alone in a huge, white and silent world. Our large pile of junk so essential for a pleasant weekend (such as fresh food, transistor, sun glasses, books,  $\frac{1}{2}$  gallon milk, sun cream, ice screws, etc.) disappeared into packs. The four from the previous plane were already struggling up towards the hut.

After an early lunch at Tasman Saddle Hut we split into two parties. Pete, Bruce and Ian were to pick a route through the glacier approach to Elie for the following day. The remainder went for a pleasant walk up two of the nearby bumps, Aylmer and Hochstetter Dome. The latter provides one of the best view points of the mighty Tasman Glacier and surrounding big peaks.

Elie was on for the following day, or so we thought. But Hughie was up to his usual tricks again, calling up a first class blizzard which remained with us all Sunday. The usual pattern for a sack day was closely observed, we slept, ate and read.

Monday started with a fine, clear morning and we were soon heading towards Annan (9,670ft). Skis were exchanged for crampons when the slope became positive. A short, steep snow slope led to the dividing ridge between the Tasman and Murchison Valleys. As we wandered along the ridge the murk rose up from the valley, eventually cutting off our view. The ridge steepened and a couple of obstacles forced us to do some scrambling on the loose, soft snow and rock. The summit was reached after more than the usual number of false peaks. The descent was quickened by the obvious deterioration of the weather. Snow was falling heavily and visibility was nil. We managed to find our skis without difficulty, crampons were removed and skins strapped onto the skis. Temperatures had dropped and fingers were numb. Spread out in a long line we headed in the

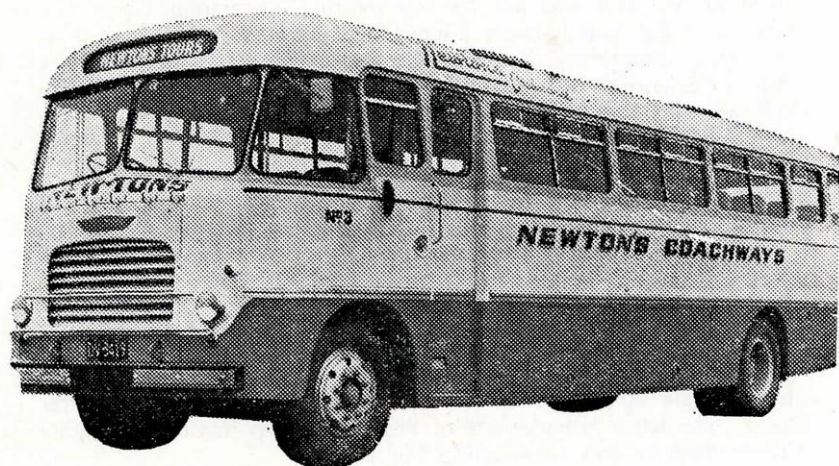


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general direction of the hut. After an hour, when we were becoming well and truly confused, the mist lifted a little to reveal crevasses below us and seracs above. As we stood around trying to decide where the hut was, the mist lifted further, revealing enough of the valley for us to realise that the hut was 500ft directly above us. We were back for lunch. As the weather showed little sign of improvement we hit the sack again, accepting the fact that we were to be a day late. However, at 3 p.m. the cloud lifted and Pete, Ian and myself left an hour later. We were all keen to get back on time. The others preferred to remain and enjoy a more leisurely trip out the following day.

The trip out left memories of "taking it straight" with reckless speed, poling until our arms ached, sliding and clattering over old, hard ice, carrying our skis through moraines and up the gut to Ball Hut. A three-hour trip, another hour and we were enjoying a quiet drink at the Tavern Bar.

The following day I flew to Christchurch, and was in Antarctica by the end of the week.

*Footnote:* This was my last of many trips with Bruce Hunter. On Christmas Day, Bruce and close friend Irene Darling were drowned when crossing a tributary of the Shotover River, after returning from a climb of Mt Aurum. Both had considerable tramping experience and I considered Bruce a competent, safe climber. Bruce was a F.M.C. representative and both had served on the Auckland Tramping Club committee. Their deaths were a loss not only felt by the A.T.C., but also by all those interested in the mountains.

*Ken Gousmett.*

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Are not the mountains . . . a part  
Of me and of my Soul, as I of them.

—"Childe Harold"; Byron.



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## CHRISTMAS TIME IN THE HILLS

Being a true and honest (well nearly) account of the more respectable adventures of various people of the O.T.C. over the period, December 1969 and January 1970, or thereabouts.

Dramatis Personae:— Rod McKenzie: chief idiot; Lindsay Gordon: intrepid hero; Roger Lowe: second idiot; Jill West: beautiful heroine; and sundry others.

*Saturday* the something or other (or was it Sunday) . . . anyway . . .

Lindsay did discover that his car, in five feet of water, could not get to Dunedin. Rod did wait in Dunedin. After many computations both did leave in Rod's mini, in the late afternoon, for the distant Alps. They did finally arrive at Unwin hostelry, at the late hour of 11.30 p.m., and did retire, full travelsore and tired, to bed.

*Sunday:*

They did in the morning drive to Ball Hut, breaking the engine mountings of the mini on one of the bridge approaches on the Ball Hut Road. The raucous sound of the fan grinding its way through the radiator cowlings was to be the joyous music of the next thousand miles or so.

A long and tiresome grind it is up the Tasman Glacier to De La Beche Hut. Never do it on curried eggs, folks! Ohh! Oh!

They arrived at the hut in the afternoon and were greeted by two Alpine Club members who were on a working party there.

*Monday:*

The jangling alarm did wake them at 2 a.m. It's true, I tell you!! They staggered up the first rock pitches towards the summit of De La Beche in the gloomy dark. The rosy tints of the sunrise glowed on the crisp snow as they donned crampons in the early morning chill (beautiful poetic nonsense).

The summit of the low peak was reached by midday and not liking the broken ruin of the snowfields, they did return with several pleasant glissades, to the hut; with the West Coast crud rolling in heralding coming rotten weather.

By three in the afternoon it was raining and blowing forsooth. On the modern wireless, at the seven o'clock call-up, they did verily hear that two Australian girls were still out in the storm. "Glad it isn't we."

*Tuesday:*

Weather truly rotten. Huey did verily "send 'er down." That night lightning did send blue flashes arching from the metal springs on the far bunk to the window frame. And indeed it was difficult to



persuade anyone to sleep in the said bunk. So hard did the wind blow during the night that one end wall did have to be internally braced to the floor.

*Wednesday:*

Verily it did blow all day. Much relaying of messages for search operations for the two Aussie birds. It cleared up slightly during the afternoon, but not enough (verily) to get the medieval egg beater up to Tasman Hut.

*Thursday:*

Weather beginning to clear. Lindsay and Rod just missed out on a helicopter ride. The naughty helicopter did find the two girls just five minutes too soon. So they returned down the valley in the afternoon to Ball Hut and hence in rattling mini to Unwin. They did miss meeting Dallas Knox and Ian McGregor as they came up the valley, which did sore annoy them since they had a message for Rod.

*Friday:*

The wee mini did drive back out with Lindsay and Rod. At Tekapo they did meet many friends (all in the space of three minutes). By some strange twist of fate, six sets of people all arrived at the petrol pump at once. A.U.T.C. (Mogambo) people and other North Islanders from all over . . . odd bods from Christchurch . . . and Jill and Roger.

"Hey Rod," they say, "you're coming with us to Mueller Hut. We've got food for you!"

Who could resist an invitation like that? So Lindsay is dumped unceremoniously at Oamaru and the mini spins back to Unwin, still grinding away resonantly.

*Saturday:*

Drizzling quietly. A nice, cool day for the grind up to Mueller Hut. Three and a-half hours of sweat and they're there. The hut was rather full. So they climbed to the summit of Olivier in the mist and returned to the hut, where they met Fitzganderpipe.

*Sunday:*

Rod, Roger and Jill got under way rather late, due to the alarm bell not going off. So they followed the earlier starters up to Mt Sealy. Lovely weather and a magnificent view from the summit. In spite of the heat and glacier lassitude, they did climb both peaks of Annette (a veritable grande traverse). On the return, they studied with interest the huge windscoop around Annette. It must be all of 150ft high (or low, depending on how you look at it). Returning to the hut they did indeed have mighty views of Cook towering above all the others. Dallas and Ian came up to Mueller in the evening; all twitter and bisted over the missed contact at the Tasman Glacier.

*Monday:*

Another lovely day, so they climbed the rock ridge over Olivier to Kitchener. A goodly rock scramble. Rod had forgotten to pack the rope so it was lucky, indeed, that it was not necessary. Returned in the evening to Unwin. Jill and Rod endeavoured to get a genuine tourist flight and missed out due to the lateness of the hour, but got a grandstand view of the rescue operation for the climbers on Malte Brun, swinging into action. They saw the helicopter bring them to the Hermitage just on dusk.

A sudden kerfluffle, as a girl in bikini and gumboots was still somewhere out on Sebastapol.

*Tuesday:*

Helicopter found the body of the missing girl just on sunrise. Even Mt Sebastapol can be dangerous if you're careless!!

Jill and Rod succeed in spending \$15 each (ouch) for the tourist flight onto the Franz Josef névé. They decided it was a suitable finish to a very fine week, or so, in the mountains.

*Rod Mack.*







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## A PICNIC IN THE FIORDLAND SUN

After depositing one tired girl on the Divide, my poor, overburdened Mini bumped its merry way over the Milford road and through the gravel yard to Homer Hut.

The occupants of the hut gloomily predict that the weather is about to "pack it in" and at 9 p.m. we find ourselves sole occupants of the hut. But old Huey was just fooling because the next day dawns clear and fine. After a lukewarm mess posing as mince and eggs is firmly deposited in the pit of our stomachs, we shoulder packs and set off up the valley to the Gertrude Saddle.

Up to the snow and surprisingly it is very hard, and since our crampons are back at the hut, a bout of step-cutting is needed to bring us to the top of Barrier Knob. Apprehensively we head down towards Adelaide Saddle, but the ridge is wide and easy and soon we are sitting on the Saddle admiring the superb view. To the south we see a new angle of Talbot and McPherson, Barrier, Marion and Sabre rising sheer from the jewel of Lake Adelaide, and old friends like Aspiring and Earnslaw with their snows yellowed by the distance.

Here it is quiet, only the sound of the living mountain disturbs the clean cold air. Somewhere a droning starts and, squinting about, the small speck of an airplane floats through the gap of the Gertrude Saddle, bound for Milford Sound.

Up on our feet again and off up towards Sentinel over smooth, sloping slabs. In our anxiety to avoid the hard snow, an exciting little piece of rock is climbed.

"Not going back that way," mutters Gerry unhappily.

Chop, chop, chop goes the ice-axe as we carve a way back onto the snow. Hiss go the ice particles as they slide shimmering down the slope. Back into the sun now and a blocky ridge of solid rock is gained. Separately we move along this ridge with a sheer drop to the Esperance on one side and a gently sloping snowfield leading down to the bluffs above Lake Adelaide on the other.

Noon comes as we arrive on the small knob on the ridge which forms the summit of the Sentinel. The peaks of the Central and Northern Darrans have magically popped up before our eyes. Tutoko, with its harsh beauty and Madelaine, with its symmetrical mantle of snow and ice. The sun is hot now and we strip off to sunbathe while eating and drinking and identifying each peak in turn. The gap between Sentinel and The Twins looks deeper now and so we decide not to continue. 2 p.m. arrives and we shake ourselves into life and leave our lofty perch.

Turning off the ridge earlier than on our ascent, we revel in the quenching coolness of a long, wet glissade down towards the Adelaide Saddle but pull up sharply to chop steps down the ice we bypassed



on the way up. A little tarn beckons and so off with the clothes to splash around in the sun-warmed water. After another stint of sun-bathing, we turn our backs on the saddle and grind up to Barrier Knob.

Another glissade and 20 minutes brings us to the deep little lake below Gertrude Saddle. Not put off by the tongued ice poking into the lake, clothes are once again discarded and we plunge into the still waters. The cold tightens the head and a hasty, teeth-chattering exit is made.

Off downwards again and a pleasant stroll brings us back to the little square hut in the gravel pit, tired and very clean.

Party:— *B. Laws, G. Shanks.*

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## \* ? ! " ' \* FROM THE INSIDE

Everyone greets everyone else before the proceedings begin, apologies read and minutes from the previous meeting are considered as correct. The fight then enters its initial rounds, abuse is fired in all directions, stock market transactions enter discussions, and yarns repeated until the President calls the word for order, hence an apology for peace is restored. Correspondence is read with adequate sincerity and sub-committee reports and ideas are duly considered amidst the mutterings of private conversations. Financial tales of woe again wail through the air with payments being agreed to after forlorn argumentation.

The clock ticks on nearer midnight, some decide a bottle of soft drink will quench their thirst (paid for). More debating. Discussions, agreements, abuse and proposals are finalised and the meeting closes.

Milder conversation is acknowledged and slowly members depart with mixed feelings and a date for the next round in this striving to keep those few senseless people under control who suffer from dreaded claustrophobia.

*M. Reidy.*

## ASPIRING HOLIDAY

Having read many accounts of the various climbs on and around Mt Aspiring, I began to wonder what this so-called "Aspiring Madness" really was. In 1968 I found out. I was on a Club trip struggling through knee-deep snow of Mt St Bathans. We had just surmounted a mound on the ridge and, spread out before us, to the west, was a wide panorama of mountains. In the shimmering distance, overlording all, was the unmistakable needle spire of Aspiring. I knew it could be climbed — I had read of climbs — some of my friends had already done so, but that day it looked untouchable. Aspiring madness had started. For another of our party it started the year before on a trip to the Olivines.

During August of 1969, Judy Knewstubb, Maureen Reidy, Rod McKenzie and myself decided we would spend our Christmas holidays in the Aspiring region. A change in the party took place when Maureen could not get time off work, and her place was taken by Jill West and Donald Murray. After a three-month sojourn in Wellington for study, I returned in November to find arrangements well in hand. The original plan was to go direct to the Colin Todd Memorial Hut on the Shipowner Ridge, spend two or three days there, and then cross to the Snow White Glacier via the Arawhata Saddle.

Sunday, the 4th January, found us wading through piles of food lying on the floor of Rod's flat. Eventually the seemingly impossible task of cramming the lot into five packs was achieved and we set off for Wanaka in the late afternoon. A stop at Cromwell for a ham salad meal established the fact that ham can actually be sliced thin enough to enable one to see through it. We slept under the trees near Glendhu Station on Sunday night and returned to Wanaka in the morning to collect six packets of candles for the Evison family, who were in residence at Aspiring Hut over the holiday period. Our breakfast on the lake shore was high-lighted by the addition of a loaf of freshly-baked bread, scrounged from a delivery van on its early morning round.

After a chat with Mrs Aspinall at the new homestead, Jerry offered to take our packs as far as the Wish-bone Falls in the west branch of the Matukituki Valley. From there on we sweated in the hot sun with many rebellious thoughts of the insanity of attempting to carry so much gear. A welcome stop was made at Aspiring Hut where Mrs Evison had mugs of hot sweet tea poured before the last of the party had entered the back door of the hut. The remaining hours of daylight were used to establish a camp at the head of Shovel Flat where we remained entrenched for the next 36 hours. With rain drumming on the tent fly we alternately read, killed sand-flies, or watched the river rise at an estimated rate of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet per hour. A short lull in the afternoon allowed us to pack a food cache up to Pearl Flat in readiness for part two of our proposed trip into the



Arawhata. A notice reading "Bridge Unsafe" was fixed to the Liverpool Bridge for Harry Evison before we made the interesting crossing to the top end of the flats. While we were kea-proofing the food cache, the keas discovered, to their delight, that we had done very little tidying round our camp-site. With fiendish versatility they had spread out as much gear as they could lift in as wide a circle as possible.

In the early hours of Wednesday morning the weather swung from the north-west to the south-west and the rain stopped. We had a quick dry-out, packed up and left for Scotts Bivvy with the prospect of at least a short spell of fine weather. Route guide advice given at Aspiring Hut was forgotten and we crossed the river as soon as we reached the top flats, instead of staying on the true right side until forced to cross by a large bluff. The result was that Jill, Judy and Rod got wet and someone in the party could not stop laughing until we reached the bivvy. On arrival we discovered a population explosion, two Evisons, four North Islanders, two Australians, Dick Brasier and Logan McGhie. Eventually we were left to our four-man hovel, sunning ourselves on the warm rock which would later be a roof over our heads. Before the sun set the keas staged a fine display of shrewdness and daring. The number of acts in the play were dependent on the number of rocks that we felt energetic enough to throw.

Cooking from your bed is one way of softening the jarring blow of an alarm clock at four a.m., but balancing the billy on a teetering primus in the limited head-room of the bivvy resulted in breakfast in bed — almost literally. At 6.45 a.m. we were sitting at the top of the water fall in the head of the valley watching the low cumulus scudding over from the north-west. The ridge above was our route onto the Bonar Glacier. Steady climbing up a somewhat exposed deer trail found us on the snow arete and Bevan Col. Fifteen minutes wait on the Col revealed only tantalising glimpses of Aspiring with few opportunities for our cameras. No wind at all on the glacier, and semi white-out conditions above gave me my first experience of the stifling reflected heat while travelling on glacier ice. After a well-earned lunch at the hut, we watched the progress of two Heretaunga boys who were approaching from the direction of French Ridge. At 2.15 p.m. we ambled off for a recce to the top of Shipowner Ridge. The top of a large wind-scoop, where the Haast Range meets the Shipowner Ridge, gave easy access to the North-west Ridge. Above us we could see nothing.

Emerging from the cocoon-like atmosphere of the hut at 3 a.m. next morning gave me an unforgettable sight — complete lack of cloud and wind (except for zephyr from the south) — and high above, the foreshortened hulk of Aspiring, with a fantastic backdrop of a myriad of stars forming the constellations of the southern sky. Little time was lost in getting under way, especially with prior

experience of the "local crud" of which there was no sign until we reached the top of Shipowner Ridge. Back to square one! We roped up to climb over a block of rock and carried on to what must have been the base of the buttress. Because of only having two on the rope, Judy and I were moving faster than the three-man rope. We first tried the right hand side of the buttress where we made good progress after we crossed a bergschrund, but were brought to our senses by the scratching noises of our crampons on rather steep hard verglas. We returned to the ridge in time to forestall the rest of the party and launch our attack on the left hand side. Visibility was still only in a horizontal plane, with mist swirling in great vortices around the ridge. Three snow leads back to the ridge showed us that we had at last climbed above the buttress — THE HARD WAY.

While sitting on the rocks catching glimpses of Fastness, we heard a loud thud and a swishing noise below our feet. We could not see at the time but later found that a large block of ice had fallen from the north face, smashed itself to powder on the Volta Glacier below. The mist gradually cleared as we gained height and after twenty minutes of very easy going we were positioned at the foot of the ice-cap, strapping on crampons. Below a two inch crust of loose crystallised granules, was good firm ice, into which our crampon points gripped with reassurance. Using ice screws and leading through belays soon had us on the summit ridge where we were able to use shaft belays to the top. A moment of intense satisfaction. One small bar of chocolate between us (the first food in 12 hours) and a swig of sweet lemon drink laced with ice. To the north, the Cook massif reared skywards, while below and beyond the zig-zagging towers of the Coxcomb, nestled the river flats of the East Matukituki. Brown tussock hills contrasted sharply with the azure of the East Matukituki.

With thoughts of food foremost in our minds we descended to the rest of the party who were waiting for us, and ate lunch. A loud exclamation from Rod at the top of the buttress had us all crippled with laughter. In a grimacing inarticulate manner he explained that he had climbed to within 30 feet from where he now stood, before stepping off the ridge onto the left hand side during the ascent. Just as the daylight failed we reached the hut, 17 hours after our departure. Lying in my bunk dozing, while the cookers roared, I listened to someone reading accounts of other climbs and was thankful.

From the hut, Rolling Pin and Main Royal attract the eye with their rock summits. A leisurely stroll across the Iso névé next morning brought us amongst the gaping jaws of crevasses under Rolling Pin. Most of them were short and caused no bother until we halted on the lower lip of one of the endless, bottomless variety. No-one had sufficient courage to try jumping that far. Don suggested that if we sit down and have lunch, the opposite side of the crevasse might get closer, even if only in the mind. Unfortunately this did not seem to work although we all enjoyed our lunch. On returning to the hut



we were thanked by the Heretaunga party for good roomy belay positions on the ice-cap of Aspiring. They completed the climb in the more usual time of eight hours.

In order to get the whole party on top we decided to stage a second assault on Aspiring the following day. For ease of roping I went along with Jill, Rod and Don. By this time we were very familiar with the easy route up to the ice-cap. The weather remained clear all day but Huey gave us a screaming south-westerly wind. Yelling at the top of my voice in the ear of my rope mate only produced blank looks so we resorted to signals on the rope. The sight of Don's helmet disappearing in huge bounces across the ice into the Volta, followed by my mitten, had us very wary by the time we reached the summit at 10 a.m. As Judy watched our slow progress from the hut, she little knew of the wind we were battling. On the lee side of the ridge near the buttress, grow beautiful clusters of the cream Ranunculus Buchananii — brown moths of every shade and pattern pulse their wings in the sun — what a contrast with the mountain in its present mood. Gradually the wind died as we descended until we reached the hut where the warm windless condition seemed almost uncanny.

After crossing the Bonar next morning on route to the valley, we enjoyed a pleasant climb in the rock chimneys of Mt Bevan. Rod had climbed on ahead on obvious deer trails while Jill and I picked our way up shattered rock facing the Col.

"What the hell are you doing down there?" he called from above.

"Our b----- knitting," replied Judy, as she extricated herself from an awkward ledge.

Soon we were reunited on top of Bevan, only to be deprived of the view for a second time. Just above the water fall in the head of the valley, a Tararua party of six people were very relieved to see us. An approaching nor'-wester had given them visions of thirteen people in Colin Todd Hut. With insufficient time left to cross to the Snow White Glacier, we changed our minds at the food dump and decided to tramp over to Dart Hut via the Cullers Route next day. A memorable night at Aspiring Hut with a party of Tongue and Meats and the Evison family on the eve of their departure attributed greatly to our late start up the Cullers Route next morning. As we climbed, the thick mist turned to drizzle and eventually heavy rain; not a safe proposition on snow grass. To find Aspiring Hut overrun by kids after our saturated retreat was about as much as we could take. We retired to the relative peace of the outside bunk room for all but cooking. The following day was highlighted by the departure of the noise and some swimming (washing) in Cascade Creek when the sun came out later in the afternoon.

Behind the hut lie the domes of Islington, Plunket and Liverpool. Weather prospects at dusk looked promising so a traverse of the three

would provide an interesting alternative next day. We bush-bashed up the Islington Ridge, above Shovel Flat, until stopped by a steep ten foot section at the top of a bluff. A quick wriggle up scratchy alpine scrub and we were set for the hot dry trudge up the snow. This ridge appealed as one for marvellous views; on the right were the groaning seracs of the Christopher Johnson Glacier while on the left is the barren gulch of Rough Creek. Behind us a panoply of glaciers opposed the dark depths of Gloomy Gorge. Above a ridge of Barff, Aspiring stood serene. As Judy and I negotiated the crevasses below Islington, we were just in time to see Jill and Rod disappearing into the mist near the summit of Liverpool. Mt Edward presented quite a sight across the Dart Glacier while we plodded on to the top of the Cullers Route into the valley. Padding back to the hut on the soft meadows of the Matukituki in the evening light seemed a most delightful way to end our Aspiring holiday.

B. J. Chalmers.

*"He is lucky who, in the full tide of life, has experienced a measure of the active environment that he most desires. There are few treasures of more lasting worth than the experience of a way of life that is in itself wholly satisfying. Such after all, are the only possessions of which no fate, no cosmic catastrophe can deprive us; nothing can alter the fact if for one moment in eternity we have really lived."*

E. Shipton.

*"Existence on a mountain is simple. Seldom in life does it come any simpler: survival, plus the striving towards a summit. The goal is solidly, three-dimensionally there — you can see it, touch it, stand upon it — the way to reach it is well defined, the energy of all directed towards its achievement. It is this simplicity that strips the veneer off civilisation and makes that which is meaningful easier to come by — the pleasure of deep companionship, moments of uninhibited humour, the tasting of hardship, sorrow, beauty, joy. But it is this very simplicity that may prevent us from finding the answers to the questions we are sometimes asked."*

T. Hornbein.





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## OF TAPES AND BOULDERS

What a twit I must have looked. Standing in the middle of a mountain torrent, one finger through the ring of a tape measure, soaking wet and with the spray from a cascade billowing out over me. A call of "okay" came from 30 metres below. The tape slackened and I automatically turned and faced upstream. Oh well, the ----- thing might break yet. I grunted and hauled myself up the dripping moss of a 10ft boulder. Low hanging branches forced me out into white water. A few more splashed steps forward and then just as my numb body started to regain feeling, the tape measure tightened again. The ring of a geological hammer came from below. Oh hell, this was going to be one of those longer stops.

For two days Yosuke Kawachi, a Japanese geologist and myself had been working our way up this side creek of the Hollyford. As there were no accurate maps of the area, Yosuke had been using a thirty metre tape and a Brunton compass to plot on graph paper the direction and gradient of the stream bed. Beside this plotted line he would mark the various rock types. Here and there he would collect a sample (more weight for me to carry) and take a reading of the outcrops dip and strike. In other words he would measure the angle of the outcrop relative to vertical and the angle relative to north.

At last the welcome call came. The tape slackened and I moved on upstream. Yosuke had the dry bit of the bargain. I had to stick to the creek bed in order to keep the tape measure straight and out of the tangle of vegetation. Yosuke could drop his tape end and pick a nice dry easy route to meet the end of the tape again at my previous stopping point. Then, just as I had given up hope, the tape suddenly snagged. I hope it breaks this time! Somebody up there please help me. On other occasions that \*?!°\$\*&† tape had always managed to free itself. This time . . . ! Yosuke moved over to where the end half of the tape vanished into a rapid. He tugged and pulled the tape from various angles. I came down to "help." Finally, to my great relief, the tape parted from its last five metres. Yosuke slowly shook his head. I tried to hide my relief, barely succeeding in doing so.

Without the tape progress was much faster and, for me, much more pleasant. By now Yosuke and I were in a narrow gorge. Here and there we had to negotiate small waterfalls. We had just scrambled past one particular waterfall when another one of some 30ft presented itself. This fall was a little more difficult than any of the others. The rock was very slimy. For the last six feet we had to chimney up a tricky gut. This brought us out into a short gorge right at the base of a 40ft waterfall. Yosuke immediately spotted some interesting rock and began to chip away at it. I picked out a comfortable rock and sat down, slightly bored with the current proceedings. The stream



had dropped to half its volume after a fresh the night before. A small rock clattered into our gorge from the waterfall above. Suddenly there was a rumble and a crash as a sizable boulder landed in the gorge. The boulder continued to blunder its way towards two startled people. Fortunately it stopped just short. But a quick upwards glance revealed a whole series of larger boulders on their way (now I know what a nine pin in a bowling alley feels like). Let's get out of here! Yosuke was first to the gorge wall. After some hurried clawing in the moss he was able to find a tree root and from here was in a position to grasp some saplings. A few minutes of strenuous upward hauling and the slope lessened. A good spot for a well-earned breather. Below us the last of the boulders crashed its way down the gorge and over the lower waterfall.

"Not suitable for married man," Yosuke muttered as he shook his head: I nodded as we continued on our way up stream.

*Ken Mason.*

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## R.I.P. ?

The other day I got to thinking about all the unusual, not to say ODD, places where I have lain my head over the past few years, in an attempt to obtain a night's sleep. I have managed to be relatively comfortable in some strange spots (and uncomfortable in some stranger ones!).

The most important requisite for comfort seems to me to be warmth — if one is warm, one can cope with most other problems. Consequently I record the most uncomfortable night I have ever spent as the one in my first ever snow cave. I vowed it would be the last (it wasn't). It was cold, and wet. We lay in inches of slush, with the roof sagging dangerously over our heads, and doggedly sang our way through the song book X times, counting the miserable hours till daylight. This was the first time I had ever had to wring out my sleeping bag before packing it.

Another damp trip was my first Easter one. Huddled under wet nylon on the Albertburn Saddle, we were weathering a fine storm. It was impossible to pitch the tent properly, and when a good samaritan answered our plea for some water to drink by bringing in a full billy, only to kick it over right into the top of my sleeping bag, I vowed I would never go tramping again.

However, I soon discovered that one can be wet and yet remain warm even under really adverse conditions. Some basic rules I have formulated are:—

For warmth —

- (a) Don't have a sleeping bag with a zip in the foot.
- (b) Don't wear too many clothes to bed — put layers of spare clothing underneath for extra warmth.
- (c) Make sure you're sleeping somewhere near the middle — the reverse applies if it's a warm night!
- (d) If it's really cold, wear a hat to bed — that's if you haven't got a bag with a hood. There is a high percentage of heat loss through the top of the head.
- (e) Wear dry socks to bed.

For comfort —

- (a) Go tramping where there are huts with good bunks and mattresses or
- (b) Use a lilo.
- (c) If the above are impossible, talk someone into cutting piles of dry fern or tussock for the tent floor.
- (d) Make a "hip-hole" before going to bed.
- (e) Have a *waterproof* sleeping bag cover, but don't sleep in it unless it's really wet both outside and inside the tent.



- (f) Don't have a nylon cover — you'll get wetter than if you had slept right out in the pouring rain.
- (g) A pillow — I find one essential, and have a most satisfactory arrangement with my boots. These are placed on their sides with tops facing each other, and the gap filled with any odds and ends of socks, other people's jerseys, etc., which happen to be lying around.
- (h) Take a Mosquito net of some description. A piece of muslin is light and easily packed — and much more pleasant than sticking one's head inside the bag for protection, especially on a warm night (or at the end of a long trip). The sandflies let you sleep in longer in the morning and it's pleasant to lie there comfortable while others slap and curse.

Perhaps the most unusual place I have spent the night was on a little platform dug into a shingle slide between two rocky bluffs, 30 feet or so above the Tasman Sea, just outside Milford Heads. We didn't have much alternative — the tide had effectively cut us off in both directions, and darkness was doing the rest. Others in the party declared they slept well that night — I didn't. Although quite comfortable apart from having my feet protruding into space, I found the rattling and grinding of fist-sized boulders up and down the beach in the surf below, somewhat disturbing.

Another odd spot was under the Glenorchy wharf shed one night. Not that the place is so odd, this time it was the circumstances. It rained good solid rain during the night, the lake rose, and I woke to find my lilo awash and ready to set sail for Queenstown. On disembarking and towing it ashore, I found the shed so packed with bods that not a square foot of space was to be had — heads even popped out of cupboards. So it was under the wharf trolley for the rest of the night.

And then there are huts. Huts are fascinating places. They each seem to have a character of their own. I have spent nights in a large variety, ranging from the luxury of Aspiring Hut to the mud floor and sacking of the deer-stalker kind. Being one of the first to sleep in the new Routeburn Falls Hut had its mixed blessings — the foam rubber mattresses had not arrived at that stage, and the slats were incredibly hard, and what's more, mobile. Turning over was quite an art.

The floor of Raspberry Hut provided us with plenty of entertainment one night too — the ghostly howl of the wind through the tops, combined with the scuttling of mice across our bodies, did not help us to sleep well.

I have slept in buses, cars and the old Club truck; on beaches, in barns and under bridges, in haystacks, under hedges and in bush camps; in snow caves, in rock bivvies and in picnic shelters. But

the best nights have been those spent out under the stars. To my mind, there is nothing to equal them, whether they be on the roadside somewhere at the start of a trip, or away in the wilds, on lake, river or mountain side. This is the ultimate — a warm sleeping bag, and the clear night sky above — and a safe, dry camp to retreat to if Huey decides to do his worst.

*Judy Knewstubb.*

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## EASTER, 1970

We left home at 6 a.m. Friday, and arrived at Gunns at 1 p.m. The weather was fine and sunny so we hit the track and soon arrived at Hidden Falls Hut. Deciding we still had plenty of daylight left, we proceeded in the direction of Lower Pyke Hut, but darkness caught up with us as we were descending the Little Homer Saddle, so camp was set up under the stars when we reached the Hollyford again.

### *Saturday:*

About one and a-quarter hours saw us at the hut at Lake Alabaster, where we had a brew before heading off up the lake. Three hours of easy tramping along the shore line proved a lot different from Christmas, when the lake was up and it took five hours of bush-bashing.

At the head of the lake we started to climb up into the hanging valley below Alabaster Pass. The night was spent in the bush, on a comfortable mattress of punga fern.

### *Sunday:*

It rained, but we climbed on through wet, slippery, steep bush. The mist was so thick that we soon lost our sense of direction. So, doing away with Moir, we headed straight up. Hours later when the mist broke, we found ourselves about half a-mile to the left of the pass and about 500 feet too high. Getting around to the pass was sheer hell. There were bluffs and cliffs in all directions. We made the pass right at the top where it descends to the Olivine River, having never once followed a track (if there was one!).

Down in the Olivine it took about an hour to find some place where there was no water on the ground to camp. We found a large rock on the west side of the river and made a lean-to out of sticks and moss. It was impossible to light a fire. A huge thunder storm shook the valley for most of the night.

### *Monday:*

Woke to rain — went back to sleep. Woke to hail — big feed of pog — back to sleep.

### *Tuesday:*

No rain, and the fog lifting. So on to Cow Saddle, then down into Hidden Falls Valley. Two hours down the valley we stopped and lit a fire — our first in three days — and dried out all our gear.

The weather was now hot and sunny and we could clearly see all the surrounding peaks: Tantalus, Fiery Peak, North Col, Mt Nereus. Walking down through the open beech forest we counted up to twenty deer, including a couple of stags. Some we got to within 20 feet of.

*Wednesday:*

We set off thinking that within an hour or so we would be at Hidden Falls Hut. Ha ha! It took us seven. The walls of the valley closed in until the river was flowing between two sheer cliffs, so up we climbed through steep slippery dense bush, sometimes on our hands and knees, then up part of the cliff itself. It was getting pretty dangerous — only two of us, and no rope. Finally, we came out onto the top. Five minutes' walk, then a beautiful panoramic view of the Hollyford. Hidden Falls Hut seemed almost directly below. We could have thrown stones on the roof. Finding a blazed trail, we followed it down a very steep spur to come out at the west end of the swing bridge over Hidden Falls River. From there we proceeded to Gunn's Camp again.

*Thursday:*

Home via Milford, Te Anau and Manapouri.

*Friday:*

Work again, and did the boss blow his top. I was only two days late.

*Geoff Reeves, Allan Walker.*

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## EASTER IN THE TEMPLE

Only a typical kiwi tramper would be in such a silly kiwi situation as we were on that never-to-be-forgotten Easter Saturday.

"She'll be right." We all agreed on that, but we had to get ourselves out of this predicament. The snow was whirling about us and our noses stood out like miniature Rudolfs. The view we had all so eagerly anticipated from our position on the North Temple was obscured by the storm which had followed us up the mountains, and visibility was limited to but a few paces out in front. Here we were, four lonely isolated kiwis sheltering on the side of a mountain with but one sodden packet of "Arrowmint" among us.

Feeling a little dejected and disappointed, we began our descent, where, on the scree slopes lower down, the snow had turned to rain and more rain! The minutes gave way to hours, and sun gave way



to the full moon, and our feet gave way to numerous blisters. Fortunately, the moon lit the blazes now and again through the breaking cloud, and our position somewhat improved. Even so, this could not be so without something to complicate matters still further — we wouldn't be devoted trampers if things went too well.

It was just a slight agitation at first. Each time the leader stopped, the three behind would crash into the one in front, even with the help of the moonlight. While tiptoeing as precariously as possible through a sticky bog, the leader suddenly stopped while searching for a good foothold and then suddenly I ploughed right over him. My first reaction at hearing the squelch in the mud as he fell, was to laugh, but I had no sooner let out my contemptuous giggle, when somebody barged into me and I fell sprawling in the mud.

At Base Camp we observed the Sunday in the true sense, and didn't brave the morning until the sun was high in the sky. From Temple Junction we tramped down the South Temple, supposedly to a hut for the night, but it was getting dark so we bivvied down beside the river for the evening. Our peaceful day ended in disaster, as the over-dry stick from which our supper, a billy of mushroom soup, was suspended, came crashing down and disappeared in a hiss of steam.

The night was cold, rain coming on again, and with the dawn, after a hurried breakfast, we made a speedy departure for the cars. The rain was seemingly a catalyst in the erosion of the land around us, for the river was brown already and as we picked our way across the steep scree slopes, the mountain grew angry and started to throw off rocks, just missing us as they crashed down the slopes into the river below. This continued on each slope, over which we just managed to cross safely, with more rocks thundering around us.

We managed to cross the river in the calm just before the rapids, having had some crafty practice in the earlier years of our tramping experience. On reaching the cars, we made for Dunedin and home, where, we were informed, the sun had been shining all weekend! Another Easter had passed.

*Janet M. Jones.*





## WEST OF HAUROKO

Leaving the luxury of our sleeping bags behind, Roger led off by torch light down past the tarn and up easy snowgrass slopes to the west of Lake Roe. The faint outline of metal standards against the sombre dawn sky directed us to the crest of the range, where the outline of nearby Lake Allan was visible.

Squally winds and threatening clouds appeared from the north-west as we raced past the outlet of Lake Allan to a low saddle in the Pleasant Range. We paused at the crest of the range to view the distant arms of Dusky Sound through the increasing cloud. The floor of the Seaforth Valley on our right was some 3,000 feet below — a lot of height to lose, only to be reclimbed the following day so that we could catch the launch on our return to Lake Hauroko two days later.

Would the weather allow us to return on time? However, the knowledge that Ken's party and the McLaughlan brothers were somewhere ahead of us on their way to Dusky, decided the issue for us. If the weather packed up, none of us would be able to return on time.

Into the bush we went, following a newly-cut track off the southern end of the Pleasant Range; running, glissading and falling through the wet bush and deep mud to reach Loch Maree in the Seaforth as the rain began in earnest. We had dropped 3,000ft in three-quarters of an hour.

A newly-constructed wire crossing some 300 feet long spans the Seaforth River at the head of Loch Maree. This was crossed and we then followed the well-formed track, which was constructed in 1903, from Dusky Sound, around the shore of the Loch. Some ingenious blasting high above the Loch formed a well graded track across a solid rock face, and shortly afterwards the turbulent Bishop Burn was crossed by wire bridge. The rain was teeming down and the pace was on. One stop for lunch and we continued down the bank of the Seaforth. A wire ladder up a rock bluff and a succession of log crossings of side streams provided interest en route.

Suddenly, we were there, at the old Supper Cove Hut, the new hut being visible some distance away, around the side of the Sound. Six and three-quarter hours after leaving Lake Roe Hut, the three of us stumbled into the warm hut to be greeted by Ken's party, the McLaughlans and two locals, Don and Ron Dickens.

A brew of tea with appropriate bludging of food, and a change of clothes did wonders. Between downpours that afternoon, some fishing was attempted in the Sound. It was found necessary to row a considerable distance out from the shore to avoid the hordes of airborne wildlife and then systematically exterminate all the stowaways on board. I spent an hour or so feeding the fish without catching anything, but Don was more successful, so fish was on the menu that night.

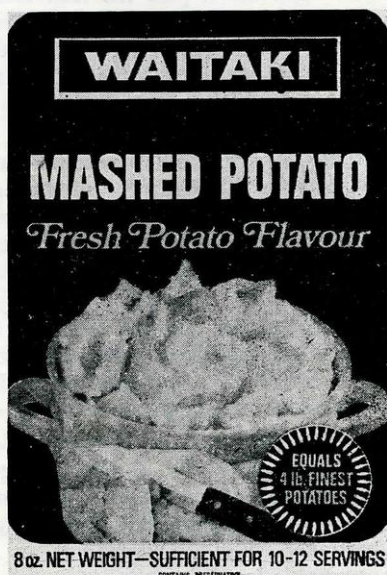


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Torrential rain all night did little to raise our hopes of recrossing the Pleasant Range to Lake Roe the next day and so be in time to tramp down the Hauroko Burn with the rest of the O.T.C. Easter party the following day. Despite pessimistic forecasts as to our chances, we were all away by dawn and within a short time were completely soaked.

The old track up the Seaforth had fortunately been built up to above ground level with drainage ditches on either side. However, we shortly found that the now swollen river had flooded the whole valley floor, backing up all the side streams. The first stream crossing involved edging across waist deep on a floating log. This caused some amusement at the end of the log, when the other end would suddenly burst to the surface. When Roger thought he was safely at the end he stepped off, only to disappear out of sight.

This was only the first of innumerable river crossings to be made, most of which were slow, wide and extremely deep. Practically every method other than flying was resorted to in crossing them. Fortunately, fallen trees could be found across most of them, but this involved a lot of wading and fruitless searching. One particularly interesting crossing involved sitting on the end of a 50ft log and being pushed across to the other bank by the rest of the party. Roger was last to cross and had great difficulty steering the log as he paddled it.

We played Canadian lumberjacks on another occasion, all three of us standing on a rolling log and trying to paddle it across with an ice axe. Naturally this did not prove to be very successful, so it was abandoned in mid-stream and we did a Tarzan through some overhead branches.

Some of the log bridges were still in place but were of the submerged variety. However, with careful probing and balance, some were useable. While the McLaughlans swam one section on a rope, Kevin found an alternative log crossing for our party.

Eight hours after leaving Dusky Sound we had eventually swum our way to the head of Loch Maree, overtaking a party of eels en route, only to find that the wire bridge across the Seaforth (all 300ft of it and formerly 15ft above river level) was totally submerged. As luck would have it we were at a new hut site with a large food dump awaiting the builders.

"It's different flogging food from the Government," said Roger as we consumed several large tins of corned beef — an ideal place to be marooned. The river was now dropping rapidly and by 4 p.m. we were able to wade across on the wire. Now I know what it's like to wade across a moving lake. It was necessary to jump off the far end of the bridge into chest-deep water and carry the packs above head level for a further 200 feet.

Certain benightment awaited us as we commenced the 3,000 foot climb up on to the Pleasant Range. Two hours later, at bushline,



driving rain and mist and failing light made conditions extremely miserable. Our party followed the metal standards as far as possible and at 8 p.m. we gave up, only one and a-half hours from Roe Hut, and found shelter under a small overhanging rock. After enlarging it, we somehow managed to cram in, putting all our clothes on and crawling inside sleeping bag covers with feet in packs. We now regretted having no sleeping bags. The night dragged on but somehow we all managed to have sections of the night unaccounted for.

At first light we heard rifle shots of a search party from Roe Hut, so we packed up and tramped through newly fallen snow over the crest of the range until we met a shooter out looking for us. Ken's party and the McLaughlans were visible further back along the range. Both these parties had a relatively comfortable night with tents and sleeping bags. However, Don and Ron had spent a miserable night out with no shelter and had eventually reached Roe Hut at 4 a.m.

By 10.30 a.m. we had sufficiently recovered to leave Roe Hut in squally conditions to do a fast tramp down the Hauroko Burn to catch the launch on Lake Hauroko. The last couple of hours really began to tell, and we stumbled into Hauroko Hut at 4.30 p.m. only to find that the launch had left an hour and a-half earlier, with half the O.T.C. party on board.

A lookout was kept all day on Wednesday for an approaching boat, which eventually arrived at 4 p.m. A two-hour cruise down the Lake and a visit to the burial site of a Maori princess on Mary Island being a leisurely conclusion to what had proved to be an energetic and adventurous Easter.

*Bruce Mason for*

Roger Conroy, Kevin Rogan, Ken Mason, Paul Coxhead, Alan Lockhart, O.T.C.; John McLaughlan, Charles McLaughlan, Jim McQuillan, O.U.T.C.; Don Dickens, Ron Dickens, W.S.T.C.

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All that expands the spirit, yet appals,  
Gather around these summits, as to show  
How earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man behind.

—"Childe Harold"; Byron.

## A PLAY IN MANY PARTS FILMING THE ROUTEBURN

*Characters:* David, director; Dale, camera-man; Bayly, assistant camera-man (National Film Unit team); Maureen, Myself (stooges, sherpas); Jim Gilkison (Promoter, Routeburn Tours); many tourists.

*Time:* Monday, 16th March, 1970, 9a.m.

*Scene:* Deck of steamer "Earnslaw," Lake Wakatipu. Stooges and tourists at rail. Packs and ice axes elaborately arranged in foreground (O.T.C. monogram carefully displayed).

"A little further to the left, please. Relax. Turn the head slightly more. That's fine. Just hold it."

"Take two!"

"Any good?"

"Better than last time. Got that mist layer in the right place this time. Sun wasn't very good though. Shift that ice axe a bit closer to the pack and we'll try again."

"Right. Positions, everyone! Take three!"

"Crumbs, it's cold!"

All this for the opening shot of the film — a zoom from mist-shrouded peaks, across the lake to people and packs in the foreground.

What were we doing there? We still found it hard to believe — a phone call from Jim Gilkison — a request for two girls to assist in the making of the film — two applications for leave, both granted, and there we were.

It was a beautiful morning, the weather cold but fine and clear following a weekend of heavy rain which had cleared from the south-west on Sunday. Prospects for continuing fine weather were good and everyone was hopeful of successful "shooting."

The second "act" began as the steamer berthed at Kinloch. Camera and tripod were set up ashore, and off we trooped — no second take needed this time. Then on to Harry's bus, which was directed up and down the road as efforts were made to line it up with the departing steamer — unsuccessfully. The Earnslaw was too quick for us. "Never mind, we'll get it from the chopper later."

No expense was spared for this film. We learned that it was to be a ten minute one, approximately 1,000ft. But to get this amount, 16,000ft of film would be shot — at \$1 per foot! The equipment taken in, several cameras, tripod, numerous lenses, two-way radios, etc., etc., must have weighed over 100lbs total, of which we carried a fair share. The main camera was mounted on a special pack frame and was a load in itself; and a very fragile and unbalanced one at that. The



tripod was an ungainly, horrible thing to carry. It could not be fitted into or onto a pack and was lugged along on the shoulder or under the arm, a very uncomfortable load.

The Film Unit team were determined to make the most of every shot. The whole film was carefully planned after a preliminary canter over the track, and the script drafted before any filming.

With the arrival of the bus at Bryant's Lodge, everyone piled out and prepared to tuck into the famous Bryant lunch. But not us. Grabbing a sandwich and a scone, we were harnessed into heavy packs and rushed off up the track to the spot (about 45 minutes away) where a good view is had of the Lodge on the flats below. Then the radios came into action and the "cast" were directed in and out of the bus and up and down the road as more zoom shots were taken of the "arrival" and start of the walk, the zoom lens being incorporated to emphasise the grandeur of the scenery around; bush and mountain.

It looked totally incongruous, seeing the huge tripod sitting in the middle of a bush track, miles from anywhere. Two passing bobs evidently didn't think so, however. They chomped straight through, stepping over and into everything without so much as an excuse me!

Then we were off again. While the tourists strolled up the track we cantered on to the flats, and on up to the Routeburn Falls Hut, to set the camera up for further zoom shots of the crowd arriving at and crossing the flats. That hut was a welcome sight — I was fast finding out that I wasn't as fit as I thought I was. Maureen's comment at this stage encouraged me. She confided that her pack was \*-.?!&\*† heavy, and she seldom uses strong language.

The main party eventually arrived and a meal was soon under way. The party was bigger than usual, but after a minor celebration to commemorate the fact that this was the 100th guided tour on the track, nobody worried about a bit of overcrowding. There was some conjecture about the problem one well-built party member was going to have getting into a sleeping bag, but he "fitted like a glove," and all slept well.

An early call next morning had us stumbling up the track in semi-darkness for a sunrise silhouette shot. However, thick mist obliterated everything, and back to the sack we went.

By 8.45 we were off again — this time fully laden, at a cracking pace to the Harris Saddle, reached in one hour from the hut. Around Lake Harris the performance began again, one particular piece of track becoming more than well-worn as we trotted back and forth for one "take" after another. About this stage the sun broke through and, as the mist swirled away, distant valleys and surrounding peaks were revealed with breath-taking suddenness.

From the saddle, the camera crew continued on up Conical Hill, to the right, while we remained at the shelter hut awaiting the

arrival of the main mob. Zoom shots of their progress around Lake Harris and across the saddle were taken, and then most of the party made the ascent of Conical Hill. From here the view was tremendous. The full extent of the Hollyford could be seen, with the Darrans lording it over all.

Back on the saddle, farewells were said to the tourist party, and shots taken of their departure on the track to McKenzie. Camera crew, sherpas and Jim made a fast return to Routeburn Falls Hut for a late lunch and a swim under the waterfall.

The following morning another early call prepared us for a second attempt at the sunrise shot. About ten minutes above the hut we received our instructions, took up positions, waited and froze. The sun eventually hit the tops, and its warmth crawled with painful slowness towards us. In spite of shivering knees and chattering teeth, it was a tremendous sight, and the final burst of blazing light from behind the ridge a fantastic climax.

After breakfast a crowd of trampers, mostly Aussies, inhabiting the Park Board Hut, were conned into assisting for the day, and we were all herded down to the Emily Creek Bridge, about 20 minutes on the Routeburn side of the hut. Carefully planned shots of the party crossing this were taken from below and above the bridge and then all continued on down to the flats. It was another glorious day, and Maureen and I eyed the deep pool at the lower end of the flats with longing.

At this stage, a discussion was held as to the programme for the rest of the day. The hut radio was not working efficiently and several messages had to be taken out to Bryant's Lodge, and a new radio battery brought in. Jim had planned to make the trip, but the camera crew wanted him for further shots, so with the thought of moving without those dead weight packs, Maureen and I volunteered to go. We ran most of the way, covering the distance in 50 minutes, and arrived just in time to astound the tourists by devouring doubles of Harry's lunches. Taking further double supplies plus the battery, carefully packed in a milk powder tin, we departed again at 1.45 p.m., and an hour saw us back at the flats and into that pool. It was glorious drying out in the sun and after a final dip we reluctantly packed up and prepared to head back to the hut.

On the way up the track both of us noticed strange itchings in our legs and were puzzling as to the cause of these, until it eventually dawned on us that the battery could have something to do with it . . . well, no-one told us to keep it upright! It was quickly transferred into a plastic bag and carried with some respect for the rest of the way (our clothes didn't disintegrate as predicted). The battery was installed minus a lot of acid and seemed to work regardless.

Next morning (Thursday) *another* sunrise shot was required, just in case the first was not good enough.. After a return to the hut



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Good cook.

St. John First Aid Certificate.

Interest in alpine botany, etc.

Ability to take the initiative, and to work hard and conscientiously.

**APPLICATIONS IN WRITING PLEASE, WITH FULL DETAILS OF EXPERIENCE, ETC., TO**

**J. H. GILKISON,**

**10 QUEEN STREET, DUNEDIN**

---

for breakfast we were off down the track again for more shots at the Emily Creek Bridge, and in the bush, with Mt Somnus as a backdrop. It was very hot, and the return up the track for lunch was slow. However the sherpas perked up considerably with the promise of the afternoon off, and by 12.40 Jim, Maureen and I were off for a scramble up the peak to the left of the hut.

A short distance up the track, then across snowgrass slopes, past quiet little tarns not revealed to the track-walker, onto the rocky ridge and finally the summit, two hours from the hut. The view was tremendous. The Earnslaw group, Pluto and the other Dart peaks; Somnus and the head of the north Routeburn; the Darrans with Tutoko dominating all. On our immediate left was Emily Pass with Emily Peak beyond seeming only a stone's throw away. Our peak was the un-named one between Ocean Peak and Emily Pass. We traversed it onto a little plateau, and then descended via ledges below Ocean Peak, back to the track and finally the hut at 5.30 p.m. . . . a magnificent afternoon.

Friday dawned fine and clear again (a record for this part of the world?) so instead of heading back down to Kinloch and the steamer as originally planned, Maureen and I decided to go the long way round, and set off for the Divide at 7.45 a.m. The camera crew and Jim were awaiting the arrival of a helicopter to take aerial sequences of the track before joining the incoming tourist parties for final shots.

We were in fine form, and reached McKenzie in  $2\frac{3}{4}$  hours, just in time to welcome the chopper. Lunch was had at Earland Falls, and we proceeded to Howden and the Key Summit turn-off in time to join the tourist party for the climb.

The Divide was reached at 3 p.m. — seven hours fifteen minutes from Routeburn Falls, including all stops and the climb of Key Summit. A sleepy ride in a minibus back to Queenstown followed and so ended a tramping trip with quite a difference; made even more pleasant because it was on "stolen time."

*Judy Knewstubb.*

(The film is due for release in December, and is to be shown in all N.Z. theatres as well as overseas.)



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## **The Odd Jobs of an Odd Job Man . . .**

Late December 1969 found me a man of leisure and heading off for a holiday into the Skippers region. A few days of sightseeing in the sun and the days were immediately brightened further by the arrival of our lady treasurer—Lexie Walker.

Both of us were conned into being on the temporary staff of Mt. Aurum Station and for two beautiful weeks or so we played at cooks and roustabouts.

Back in town again I found a job for one week assembling Deep Freezers, but advanced from here to working at Finegan Freezing Works at Balclutha and the Alliance Freezing Works at Invercargill. This was indeed promotion.

Next step in the freezing game had me working in the ice and snow of St. Bathans renovating an old mud brick house. This was no sooner over than Lo and Behold I'm back in the old Plastic Sign Game. This time having a financial interest in the business I'd like your interest in the business. So if you need any sign writing, posters painted, illuminated signs or other advertising gimmicks, see ME (Dave Still) at . . .

## **WILLIAMS SIGN STUDIOS**

**41 DOWLING STREET, DUNEDIN**

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## COPLAND WEEKEND, MAY 1970

Thoughts of a hard trip seemed somewhat remote sitting in the Tavern Bar one Friday night enjoying a quiet beer. The freezing wind quickly changed this as we changed and sorted our gear at the road end. Night tramping is rarely attractive and we wasted no time on the track to Hooker Hut.

The alarm jarred us to life at 5.30 a.m., but sleep was gladly resumed when it was found to be drizzling. Dawn's grey light brought mist and wind; however, spurred on by blue patches and an optimistic leader, we took off. Ahead the rock ridge was obviously heavily iced and we ran into extremely slippery glazed rock within a few hundred feet of the hut. Despite "jughandle" holds, the rock proved quite difficult, and care was necessary even on the odd scree patch. At last the snow was reached. In zero visibility we wandered amongst the many crevasses in the general direction of up. We were lucky to be able to cross the final schrund to the rock. We cramponned up the iced rock, over the pass and down the gut into Westland. Off with spurs, a quick bite, and on again. Within 30 minutes we were in the sun, with magnificent views of the lower valley and Sefton. The murk from the East was stopped by the main divide.

On we raced; time, we thought, was short. The scenery was impressive, the track good and the sun warm . . . life seemed good. The bush edge and Douglas Rock Hut were reached for a late lunch. From the hut the track drops rapidly through the bush, emerging onto the spacious and truly Welcome Flats. The expected four-hour trip took only one and a-half hours. It was a great pleasure to immerse our tired and sweaty bodies into the hot mineral pools at Welcome Flat Hut. These pools offer a tremendous additional attraction to the area, particularly in winter. At night torches created a floodlit effect, lighting the steam rising from the pool. At dawn, with a heavy frost all around, one could lie back and admire the rugged Sierra Range across the valley.

Sunday was perfect, there is no better weather than a fine day on the Coast. Below the hut the track follows high above a gorge, the dense bush allowing only a few views of the lower valley. The Copeland River joins the Karangarua which emerges from the bush a few miles above the road. This section took just over three hours giving a total of 12 hours travelling from the Hermitage to the road. Several hours were spent sunbathing on the bridge, trying to avoid the sandflies.

Our transport arrived at two and we returned through the magnificent scenery of Haast and Lindis Passes, dropping Ian Jowett off at Otematata. Pete Douglas and I were back in Dunedin by ten.

*Ken Gousmett.*



## LAZY DAYS IN QUEENSTOWN TRAMPING CLUB STYLE

How did this event come about? You may well ask. An active, outdoor-type group like the O.T.C. is never put off by bad weather — except when it comes to the Remarkables or Pipikaretu Beach.

One Black Friday in March (there were four), a Road Services bus left our clubrooms at 6 p.m. sharp, O.T.C. time. (This is, as you all know, a half-hour behind National time.) After a private game of slack-the-following-car's-driver-off from the back seat, and several songs, we stopped at Alex. for some food. Tea, at last. We found no places open except a restaurant many miles away down a wet road. Having eaten and been rained on, we streaked off in the direction of Frankton. (Hullo — did I see Judy and Maureen back there?)

We turned left at Frankton, and a mile past the Kawarau River, pitched our tents in someone's turnip field. After an hour of mucking about, patching up noses, pitching up tents or bravely preparing to sleep out, we all settled down with hopes for a sudden clearing in the weather. Judy and Maureen were already camped and asleep when we got there.

The clearance didn't eventuate. Graeme Bruce, our fearful leader, said it would be worse up there. We craned our necks to observe the damp-looking scunge all over the range, and agreed. Judy's car had a flat battery, but when she got it going she took her wheels to Queenstown to tell the bus driver to come back and get us, and she left her car in a garage in Frankton. The bus came too late — we had already started walking - - - - fools.

We went to the bustling metropolis some locals call Queenstown, and shot through to the camping ground where we got some huts, into which we piled ourselves and our gear. After lunch we either hit our sacks, went for walks or went down to "paint this town red." Raspberry milk-shakes spilled . . . Judy and Maureen decided to run a marathon between there and Frankton for mysterious reasons best known to Judy's car.

Well, the day passed slowly, with several oddly-dressed bods tramping up and down the near-empty streets, making quite a spectacle for the locals. Most of us must have been quite bored (a pit day for me); stragglers kept coming back to the huts in the camping ground, but since things were quiet there, they went down-town again.

A few budding, keen, gun-type members assaulted Ben Lomond and returned with snow on their boots. "It must have been hell up there." Some took the high-line to the Skyline — too expensive for most . . .



Finally, a meal was got, and eaten (or eaten before it was fully got), then several bods went to Judy's hut to hear stories, or to Mike's gathering to play healthy sports like "catch the bottle" or "tempt-fate" — there was a 4c refund on that bottle . . .

After these gatherings had broken up, we gathered altogether, for a rhubarb and arrhh session outside one of the huts, to the amazement of campers. Soon some of us decided to support the local cinema and went to see "Born Free." "Wow!" "Gee!" "What a beauty Landrover that ranger's got!" "Wow! Look at it go in that mud!" "Damn! That lioness gets in the road of the camera too much." Several heads turned our way, and even more so afterwards when we, clad in boots, bush-shirts and shorts, threaded our way thru a great crowd of nicely-dressed townsfolk, out to the cinema for the evening.

We marched back to the camping ground singing "Born Free . . ." etc. Back at the hut, Maureen and Co. were singing their heads off, doing their best to keep the campers awake.

Next morning the weather seemed favourable enough to go somewhere, as, itchy-footed, we packed up. We left the packs with Judy at the camping ground and, armed with a day-pack per food party, we took off on a trip which Judy suggested. We climbed Ben Lomond which had real snow on it. Some slackers stayed on a pass below Ben Lomond, called Bowen Saddle, and viewed the town below. "It must have been hell down there."

We soon started off down a good enough old track to the Shotover, down which the Moonlight track was followed. It became quite hot and tiring for some, and that stupid track wanted to go up hill every time we turned a corner.

We met one Mr Hore and nearly knocked one of his girl-friends off her horse by showing the timid beasts (the horses) our fearsome ice-axes.

Soon the track started downhill and we came to the road at Arthur's Point. Thirsty and hot, we sat in the shade of the hotel and guzzled lemonade. Somebody pointed out that the swine who suggested this trip had sneaked out of it . . . maybe she (or he) knew something that we didn't. Judy didn't show her face in Dunedin for a week . . .

All our packs had been put on the bus, and when it arrived they were all unloaded and repacked. When everybody was satisfied with their gear, the bus was loaded once more, and we took off for home, via Arrowtown.

A bus-load of trampers was disheartened by the meagre offerings of food at Cromwell, and the idea to put a boycott on a certain shop there was accepted (maybe they think one should not eat so much on a Sunday . . .).



No more stops, and about five hundred badly-sung songs later, we arrived in The City at about late o'clock.

One other Club trip over; "experience preferred but not essential."

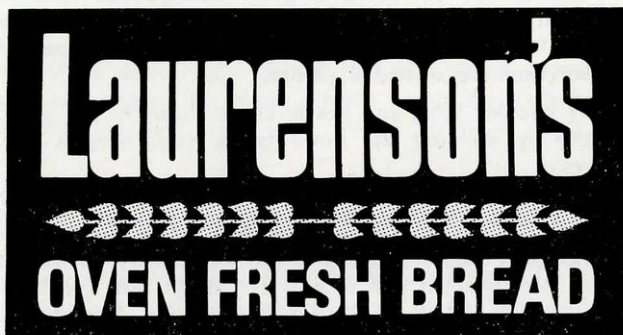
This story is true, only names, places and facts have been altered to avoid coincidences with dead persons.

*Richard Pettinger.*

---

To be at peace with mountain solitude,  
In moods sombre, tempestuous and tranquil  
Brings reassuring satisfaction.  
To know that my heart and soul are instilled therein.

*M. Reidy.*



**BUNS - ROLLS - PIES**

**AVAILABLE THROUGHOUT OTAGO**

## GERTRUDE FACE OF BARRIER, EASTER '70

After the long drive to Homer Hut and the late night as a result, our party was slow to stir the next morning, in spite of good weather.

At a civilised hour of 10.30 a.m., Jim Cowie, Gary Beecroft and myself, with our three female cooks for company, began our stroll up the Gertrude Valley to the foot of Mt Barrier.

The route we planned as we walked to the bottom of the face followed one of the three variations described in the hutbook and was a fairly direct route going up to a small snowpatch perched two-thirds of the way up the face. From there, our route led up the left-hand of two gullies leading to the summit.

Leaving the girls in the sun, with careful instructions for the evening meal, we moved into the shadow of the mountain and started up the snowgrass slopes leading onto the firm rock for which the Darrans are renowned.

With the sun soon joining us on the rock we made good time, climbing together and hardly stopping to enjoy the beautiful view unfolding as we gained height. The angle of the rock became gradually steeper, but with plenty of good holds we felt the rope unnecessary.

We made the snowpatch about 1.15 p.m. and relaxed beside it, eating our lunch and refilling our waterbottles, reflecting how precariously it appeared to be perched on the mountain.

From our lunch-site, the entrance to the gully we planned on using proved slightly more difficult than anticipated and we decided to put the rope on. From there, a couple of good leads from Jim, with a jam-nut or two for protection, and we were soon moving up the gully and finding the going more straightforward. The gully became easier and we unroped and scrambled up through the large granite blocks, typical of many Darran peaks, onto the summit ridge about 100 feet from the top. From there, just a stroll to the summit, which we reached about 4.15 p.m.

As we emptied our waterbottles for the second time, we observed all of the classic signs of an approaching nor-wester. Anybody could see that Milford was going to be very popular for the rest of Easter.

After another snack and in a freshening breeze, we moved back down the ridge of the normal route to Gertrude Saddle and, in the gathering darkness, back down to the Homer Hut where a beer and hot meal was awaiting us.

A footnote to our climb came the following day, when the snow-patch we had rested beside crashed down to the valley floor, covering part of our route up of the previous day. As from the safety of the hut we watched the ice roar down, we congratulated each other on our choice of day.

*Keith McIvor.*



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## ST. BATHANS, CENTRAL OTAGO

The O.T.C.'s schedule for the weekend of the 12-13 July, 1969, nominated Mt St Bathans (6,848ft) as its objective. Looking up a map I noticed that St Bathans is approximately 117 miles north-west of Dunedin in the heart of Central Otago and, as I had never been in this area before, I decided to go.

Situated at the foot of the Dunstan and Hawkdun Ranges and dominated by Mt St Bathans, the township of St Bathans lies tucked into a hollow. This picturesque little township is steeped in tradition and history, being first settled by a party of gold prospectors, the majority being Irishmen, who were sent there in 1864 by the now defunct Otago Provincial Government.

That same year gold was discovered and by 1865 the gold rush was in full swing, the population reaching an amazing 2,000 people who supported, amongst other things, 13 hotels, one of which, the Vulcan (formerly named the Ballarat), is still operating. Total earnings from the gold diggings is estimated at just under two million dollars and although the days of the gold rush are over, the fact remains that the gold lead still goes down as rich as ever and only awaits a profitable method of working. Moreover, in the vicinity, there are known to be deposits of lignite coals which will certainly be worked in the future.

The population now stands at about seven and today, like yesterday, the hotel stands the focal point of the town with its sun dried mud bricks looking as good now as they were over 100 years ago. Remains of the old town can still be seen as one walks along the main street and pieces of derelict mining machinery dot the landscape.

The old workings are less than 100 yards from the main street and are now filled with water forming what is called the Blue Lake, because it is coloured a deep blue by mineral action and is most beautiful. Unfortunately, two years ago a major flood occurred which destroyed an old water race used by the miners bringing down with it gravel and mud which badly discoloured the lake, but today it is gradually returning to its former beauty.

The town survives mainly because of its hinterland farming and tourism which today is playing an important part as people visit its famous lake and old diggings and enjoy the invigorating climate. Boating in the summer time on the lake and ice-skating and curling in the winter are very popular.

In the early evening of Friday, 11th July, 18 people with loads of equipment filled three Landrovers which transported us to one of the very old houses at St Bathans.

Next morning everyone, still half asleep, dragged themselves out at the unearthly hour of 5 a.m. to prepare for the day.



We were fortunate in having the Landrovers to assist us in making a good start, straight into the early morning mist by 7 a.m. When we reached the snowline (about 3,000ft) we left the vehicles and, after checking our equipment, began the climb. Good views were had of the surrounding countryside as we made our way along the ridges towards our objective — Mt St Bathans. Mt Aspiring, about 50 miles to the south-west, looked particularly spectacular as it reared its pinnacle towards the deep blue space while in the other direction Mt Cook and surrounding peaks of the Southern Alps, with Lake Ohau and Pukaki close by, looked inviting.

Along these ridges we could see fences, some of them half buried in snow, while others had icicles about four inches long hanging from them. Here, the exposure is severe but we were well wrapped up to combat the cold estimated to be 32deg. noon temperature.

We had lunch in the shelter of Mt Michael and proceeded towards Mt St Bathans, finding the going a little tough with soft snow and a moderate but chilly wind, until we reached the summit at about 1 p.m. Only a short stay on the summit and we retraced our route down to rendezvous with the Landrovers which were seen winding up the steep narrow track and, with their aid, the party reached base by 6 p.m.

Sunday morning was spent touring the old gold tailings in the Landrovers which provided many thrills, especially when all three vehicles bellied on a descending 30deg. slope — all hands to the ropes! The afternoon came too soon for all of us and we cleaned up the house, loaded the vehicles and headed for home after an enjoyable weekend.

*Bruce Hedges.*

---

This is the lofty solitude I love,  
The rocks below me, the sky above —  
The soft wind blowing, and, save its sigh, no sound;  
Glory of golden light, and peace profound.  
Too soon this hushed uplifted hour must end,  
And I once more to the world descend,  
But surely something must remain my own,  
Of this great benediction I have known.

*Anon.*

## THE CLIMB

Semi-darkness in the hut,  
Breakfast on the way;  
Packs ready, waistloops on —  
A good climbing day?  
Out into the crisp air,  
Eyes lift to the peak.  
Light grows behind the ridge —  
No need to speak.  
Boots scrape across the rock,  
Height gained with speed;  
First an easy scramble,  
Now a harder lead.  
Down on the valley flats  
Mist — pathless, drifting,  
Rising sun across the tops —  
Mist gently lifting.  
Sun strikes the cold rock,  
Shows the route to take.  
Bowline tied, belay on;  
Rope starts to snake.  
Leader on the ridge now,  
Brings the second through.  
A pause on the skyline —  
Breath-taking view.  
Moving together now,  
Making good time.  
At last to the final pitch —  
Crux of the climb.  
Second takes a firm stance  
Anchored safely there;  
Slowly pays the rope out,  
Leader moves with care.  
Finally the summit,  
Triumph in his call;  
Second climbs — both rest,  
Gazing over all.

*J.A.K.*



## ASCENTS LIST, 1969-70

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. "Trips Into Remote Valleys" has been deleted this year, due to difficulty of definition, and replaced by "Major Tramping Trips."

### EUROPE

The following ascents were made by D. Knox, R. Thomson, and A. Banks:—

BEN NEVIS	4,400ft	Britain	14/6/69
SNOWDON	3,600ft	Britain	9/6/69
GALDHOPPIGEN	8,090ft	Norway	26/6/69
GOESS GLOCKNER	12,461ft	Norway	23/7/69
CASTOR	13,822ft	Switzerland	2/8/69
MATTERHORN	14,679ft	Switzerland	5/8/69
MT. BLANC	15,781ft	Switzerland	4/9/69

### ANTARCTICA

The following peaks in the Asgard Range were climbed by K. Gousmett and A. Heine in January, 1969:—

OBELISK, North Peak \* ODIN

HILDEGARD \* †

Two Unnamed Peaks \*

† Name subject to Geographical Board approval.

\* First Ascent.

### NEW ZEALAND

PHILISTINE - ROLLESTON (7,453ft).—L. Kennedy, D. Innes, P. Foster; August, 1969.

ROLLESTON, Low Peak (7,241ft).—P. Douglas, Miss J. Readman; December, 1969.

HOCHSTETTER DOME (9,258ft).—K. Gousmett, L. Gordon, K. McIvor, and others; October, 1969.

AYLMER (8,819ft).—K. Gousmett, L. Gordon, K. McIvor, and others; October, 1969.

ANNAN (9,667ft).—K. Gousmett, L. Gordon, K. McIvor, and others; October, 1969. P. Douglas, I. Jowett, B. Hunter; October, 1969.

DE la BECHE, Low Peak (9,500ft).—L. Gordon, R. McKenzie; 26/12/69. D. Knox, I. MacGregor; 27/12/69.

GLACIER PEAK (9,865ft).—P. Douglas, K. McIvor; August, 1969.

GREY PEAK (9,490ft).—P. Douglas, K. McIvor; August, 1969.

LENDENFELD (10,503).—P. Douglas, K. McIvor; August, 1969.

COOK (12,349ft), via Linda.—J. Cowie, P. Johnstone; December, 1969.

GLACIER DOME (8,047ft).—R. Brasier, L. McGhie; December, 1969.

ANZAC PEAKS (8,323ft).—R. Brasier, L. McGhie; December, 1969.

FOOTSTOOL (9,073ft).—J. Cowie, R. McLeod; 3/1/70. K. Mason, B. Mason; 5/1/70.

SCOTT PEAK (8,100ft).—K. Mason, B. Mason; 29/12/69.

OLLIVIER - KITCHENER - ANNETTE.—L. Gordon, R. McKenzie, Miss J. West, R. Lowe; 31/12/69. Miss J. Readman and others; November, 1969.

KITCHENER (6,600ft) - ANNETTE (7,351ft).—K. Mason, B. Mason; 25/10/69.

SEALEY (8,651ft).—R. McKenzie, L. Gordon, Miss J. West, R. Lowe; 30/12/69.

SCISSORS (7,654ft) - MONTGOMERY (7,661ft).—D. Knox, I. MacGregor; January, 1969.

SCISSORS - SPENCE (7,804ft).—D. Knox, I. MacGregor; January, 1969.

DARBY (8,287ft).—D. Knox, I. MacGregor; January, 1969.

DASLER PINNACLE (7,500ft).—P. Douglas, L. Olsen, S. Millar, Miss J. Readman, Mr and Mrs R. D. Conroy; 3/1/70.

WELSH (7,175ft), via Chide Col.—P. Douglas, Miss J. Readman; 8/1/70.

WELSH - KITSON.—L. Olsen, S. Millar; January, 1970.

UNNAMED PEAK above Elcho Hut (7,200ft).—L. Olsen, P. Douglas; January, 1970.

WARD (8,680ft), via Elcho Glac. and East Ridge.—P. Douglas, L. Olsen, S. Millar, P. Squires; January, 1970.

TUSK (7,500ft); K. Gousmett, P. Douglas, Miss J. Readman, C. Heinz; June, 1970.

ASPIRING (9,957ft), North-west Ridge.—B. Chalmers, Miss J. Knewstubb; 9/1/70. B. Chalmers, R. McKenzie, Miss J. West, D. Murray; 11/1/70.

BEVAN (7,470ft).—R. McKenzie, B. Chalmers, D. Murray, Miss J. West, Miss J. Knewstubb; 12/1/70.

ISLINGTON DOME (7,700ft), via Islington Ridge.—R. Brasier, L. McGhie; 10/1/70. R. McKenzie, B. Chalmers, D. Murray, Miss J. West, Miss J. Knewstubb; 15/1/70.

LIVERPOOL (8,040ft).—R. Brasier, L. McGhie; 10/1/70. R. McKenzie, B. Chalmers, D. Murray, Miss J. West, Miss J. Knewstubb; 15/1/70.

PLUNKET DOME (7,200ft).—R. Brasier, L. McGhie; 10/1/70. R. McKenzie, B. Chalmers, D. Murray, Miss J. West, Miss J. Knewstubb; 15/1/70.

REMARKABLES (7,688ft), via Face.—D. Knox, J. Coker; November, 1969.

OCEAN PEAK (6,062ft).—R. McKenzie, B. Chalmers, Miss M. Reidy, Miss J. Knewstubb; 31/5/70.

NOX (6,300ft).—D. Galloway and others; December, 1969.

MINOS (6,600ft).—D. Galloway and others; December, 1969.

CHAOS (6,800ft).—D. Galloway and others; December, 1969.

SHARPEDON (7,200ft).—D. Galloway and others; December, 1969.

POSEIDON (7,400ft).—D. Galloway and others; December, 1969.

TANTALUS (6,800ft).—D. Galloway and others; December, 1969.

NEREUS (6,200ft).—D. Galloway, T. Pullar; December, 1969.

EREBUS (6,500ft).—D. Galloway, T. Pullar; December, 1969.

TALBOT (7,300ft), Notch Route.—L. Gordon, R. McKenzie, D. Knox and others; 1/2/70. Via Couloir.—B. Laws, B. Hedges, Miss M. Reidy, Miss P. Robilliard; 7/12/69. P. Douglas, K. Gousmett; May, 1970.

TALBOT - MacPHERSON (6,200ft).—B. Denz; 2/1/70.

BARRIER (6,900ft), South Ridge.—B. Laws, B. Denz; 2/1/70. Gertrude Face.—B. Laws, G. Shanks; 11/12/69. J. Cowie, K. McIvor, G. Beacroft; May, 1970.

MARIAN (7,000ft).—B. Laws, B. Denz; 2/1/70. B. Laws, G. Shanks; 11/12/69.

BARRIER KNOB (6,000ft) - SENTINEL (6,000ft).—B. Laws, G. Shanks; 3/2/70.

CROSSCUT, East Peak (7,600ft).—R. Brasier, R. McKenzie, K. Mason, B. Mason; 31/1/70.

BELLE (6,750ft).—D. Knox; May, 1970.

STUDENTS PEAK (6,400ft), via Homer Ridge.—B. Laws, G. Shanks; 5/2/70.

DECEIT PEAKS (1,800ft)\*, Stewart Island.—D. Galloway.

FRAZER PEAKS (1,700ft), Stewart Island.—D. Galloway.

ALLEN (2,459ft), Stewart Island.—D. Galloway.



## MAJOR TRAMPING TRIPS

### CLUB CHRISTMAS TRIP, 1969-70

Hollyford - Lake McKerrow - Martins Bay - Big Bay - Pyke - Hollyford.—Miss J. Knewstubb, G. Scott, K. Rogan, Miss L. Walker, B. O'Callaghan, D. Bond, B. Clark, Miss S. Miles, R. Adamson, Miss D. Chirnside, Miss S. Devitt, B. Maunsell, J. Bellamy, B. Cadzow, Miss P. Robilliard, Miss I. Johnstone, R. Pettinger, T. Kershaw, D. Paterson, Miss A. Malcolm, Miss A. Hunt.

### CLUB EASTER TRIP, 1970

Lake Hauroko - Hauroko Burn - Pleasant Range - Seaforth Valley - Dusky Sound - Return.—B. Mason, K. Rogan, R. Conroy, A. Lockhart, K. Mason, P. Coxhead.

### CHRISTMAS TRIP, 1969-70

Howden - Bryneira Range - Lake Wilmot - Trinity Valley - Pyke.—D. Galloway, T. Pullar and others.

Compiled by B. J. Mason. (Apologies for any mistakes or omissions.)

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## JOYS OF TRAMPING

Early morning alarms  
Food almost unfit for consumption  
Lead weight packs  
Bush bashing and negotiating  
Skin shredding bush lawyer  
Waist deep snow  
Fogged up snow goggles  
Gravity  
Mistaken summits  
Rain dripping down one's neck  
Visibility killing cloud and mist  
Unfordable rivers  
Numb, cold feet  
Menacing sandflies and mosquitos  
Smoke stung eyes  
Soaked sleeping bags  
Rocks protruding through one's mattress  
Tent flattening winds and  
Tired, aching limbs.

*M. Reidy.*

## CLUB ROLL, 1969-70

ADAM, Miss Dorothy, C/o Tokomariro High School, Milton.  
ADAM, Miss Mavis, 20 Christie St., Green Island.  
ADAMSON, Ross, 8 Heriot Row, Dunedin.  
AITKEN, Robert, Riccarton Rd., East Taieri.  
ALMOND, Miss Carol, 4 Nairn St., Mosgiel.  
ANDERSEN, Mr C. N., 41 Mayfield Ave., Wakari, Dunedin.  
ARMSTRONG, Mr and Mrs J., 124 Evans St., Opoho, Dunedin.  
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## A SELECTION OF VERSE

By Geoffrey Winthrop Young

### HIGH HILLS

There is much comfort in high hills,  
 and a great easing of the heart.  
 We look upon them, and our nature fills  
 with loftier images from their life apart.  
 They set our feet on curves of freedom, bent  
 to snap the circles of our discontent.  
 Mountains are moods; of larger rhythm and line,  
 moving between the eternal mode and mine.  
 Moments in thought, of which I too am a part,  
 I lose in them my instant of brief ills. —  
 There is great easing of the heart,  
 and cumulance of comfort on high hills.



I have not lost the magic of long days:  
    I live them, dream them still.  
Still I am master of the starry ways,  
    And freeman of the hill.  
Shattered my glass, ere half the sands had run —  
    I hold the heights, I hold the heights I won.  
Mine still the hope that hailed me from each height,  
    Mine the unresting flame.  
With dreams I charmed each doing to delight;  
    I charm my rest the same.  
Severed my skein, ere half the strands were spun —  
    I keep the dreams, I keep the dreams I won.  
What if I live no more those kingly days?  
    Their nights sleep with me still.  
I dream my feet upon the starry ways;  
    My heart rests in the hill.  
I may not grudge the little left undone;  
    I hold the heights, I keep the dreams I won.

### ON THE MOUNTAIN

I never see him; but his tread  
Sounds just before my own;  
One thought designs the task of day,  
One effort wins the onward way,  
Dividing, yet alone;  
One hope, one vigour of intent,  
Swayed by one resolute consent  
Of sympathy unsaid.  
He waits me at the evening halt  
Upon the glacier brink,  
When in the hour of mountain peace,  
The passion and the tumult cease  
As the red sun-floods sink,  
And pale lords of sovereign height  
Watch the cold armies of the night  
Mustering their first assault.  
He shares the song-time round the fire,  
The morning-break bitterness;  
He revels in the sheer ascent,  
And finds new worlds for wonderment  
In every grim recess;  
Sure foot to grip the perilous ledge,  
Strong hand to grasp the rough glad edge.

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