

HEELS



66

THE VICTORIA UNIVERSITY OF WELLINGTON TRAMPING CLUB:-

Committee 1965-66:

President: Professor C.L. Bailey.
Professor

Vice-presidents: K.B. Popplewell, W.R. Stephenson, S.G. Moore, I.D. Cave,
L.F. Molloy, G.H. Caddie.

Chairman: Nick Fullock.

Vice-chairman: John Rhodes.

Chief Guide: Peter Barry.

Secretary: Tom Clarkson.

Treasurer: Colin Smyth.

Committee: Murray Ellis, Andy Jackson, Val Futt.

Committee 1966-67:-

President: Professor C. L. Bailey.

Vice-presidents: K.B. Popplewell, W.R. Stephenson, S.G. Moore,
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T.J. Waghorn, C.A.A. Smyth.

Chairman: Tom Clarkson.

Vice-chairman: Peter Radcliffe.

Chief Guide: Peter Barry.

Secretary: Christabel Little.

Treasurer: Chris Murray.

Committee: Ross McGerty, John de Joux, Lesley Bagnall.

LEISURE.

The Annual Journal of the V.U.W.T.C.
1966

Editor: Bill Logan, who has no previous editorial experience,
and whose writing is always totally illegible to
typists. He is a fresher now in the process of failing English I,
but he has been on a club outing.

Typists: Neil Whitehead
Ross McGerty
Tom Clarkson
Bill Logan.

EDITORIAL

Taking all things into consideration, nobody does more than me how litryure and trampering mix well. Though I say so myself, it is a fine sporting sosietythat is abul to find people who can make a magasine of so good a artisticality. I must say barring all things in mind, that I thnk it is a fine tribute to its o' anisers. I no I myself will treasure m' copy all of my life, and rap it up to stop it getting dirty when I take it trampering with me.

Prehaps it wood be as well to say, at the risque of getting boaring, that I am disturbed at reports of tramperers and tramperenses who for et the way on route, and I want to use my affluence in this space to make a plea for everyone to take a map or diagram. Also many peple get colds from exposure, or get badly hert. Remembur: TAKE PRECAUTIONS OR EXPECT THE CONSEQ'ENCES.

I am sure I will not be committing cliché by expressing my thanks in the convenstional way to those very kind souls who have helped me get out this magasine out. Comparrisons are odorous but the typists deserve special mention for there tee mendous effarts, as a tribute to wich I personally will take responsibility myself for all there errers, the only wones beyond my controll, so their will be none other than theres. I am also very much abatted in this ventewer to Tom, who soupavized and the people who rote artycals. Parts of th is jernal ar based on te these. Bill Loggin.

SOME THOUGHTS FROM YOUR ALFIEE ADVISOR.

There appears to be a misconception on the part of many New Zealanders: that of thinking that legislation or teaching can correct bad tendencies and solve all problems. This is perhaps partly optimism and partly laziness. For there is no substitute for hard thought, followed, necessarily, by action.

Such teaching includes courses, here specifically alpine instruction and bushcraft courses. To explain - Climbing mountains requires, unfortunately, technical knowledge and competence. The best way to acquire this knowledge is to acquire climb mountains, though using a gradual approach. A set of techniques, say obtained from a course, gives enough knowledge to avoid one being a menace in the first stages, but such techniques are limited as they do not apply to all circumstances and under all conditions. They are not gospel - hence the need for thought and action.

Likewise the Federated Mountain Clubs, in its wisdom, has published a booklet on basic mountaineering - it must not become - as many may treat it, a bible.

It is not the booklet, courses, etc., that are in error, but the attitude of many people in using them.

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Girls can sometimes be very good climbers; and

they definitely do have a place in the mountains. The feminine touch, under a dripping bivvy or in a windblown tent is very good indeed.

However, there is no excuse for a young lady to risk her own life or anyone else's by attempting high mountains in a condition known as soft.

This, of course, applies to anyone, but some girls, using fluttering eyelashes and disarming smiles, tend to get away with much more.

Nor are the hills any place for 'playing the field' ; nor for excessive modesty.

* * *

A note on safety: don't do anything I would do, if I think about it first.

PETER BARRY.

THE CLIMBER'S CLEMENTINE

On a Clogwyn, close to Ogwen,
Where the clouded cliffs incline,
Clang a climber, fine old timer,
And his daughter, Clementine.

Chorus: O my darling, O my darling,
O my darling Clementine,
Thou art lost and gone forever,
Dreadful sorry, Clementine.

She was leading like a fairy,
A On a hundred foot of line,
While her father, nervous rather,
Fast belayed his Clementine.

From the cliff top I was watching,
Thinking "O that she were mine,"
She's so lovely from above
Is my climbing Clementine.

Saw her groping, vainly hoping,
For a handhold mighty fine,
But alack there was no crack there,
To support my Clementine.

Then the climber, fine old timer,
Anxious for his Clementine,
Shouted "Hi sir, you up there sir,
Won't you drop my girl a line."

Quick as thought I hitched my nylon,
To a belay crystalline,
Standing firm as any pylon,
Dropped the rope to Clementine.

And she grasped it, swiftly passed it,
Round her slender waist devine,
Up I drew her quite secure,
So I saved my Clementine.

Then she rose up, cocked her nose up
With a glance that chilled my spine,
"I'd no need sir, on that lead . . . sir,
Of your help," said Clementine.

So I parted, broken hearted
From the dreams that once were mine,
Gave all hope up, coiled the rope up,
said goodbye to Clementine.

Then the climber, fine old timer,
Stood me lots and lots of wine,
Now . . . I'd rather climb with Father,
Than his haughty Clementine.

TITAHU BAY

Silent the great, glorious, golden full moon rises above Wellington.
Its light on the harbour makes an impressive sight anywhere, but
the view . . . through the battlements of the Hunter Building is
more romantic than most. A silvered drainpipe suggests — why not
go rockclimbing?

Chortling round the coast . . . on the motorway on a pushbike
is interesting. Strolling round the coast in shadow can be exciting
too.

Physical reality, both of the world and of oneself, doe'nt
match the emotional splendour, though — hands on the cold, slightly
damp "Slab"; an occasional flailing foot brings mind back to body:
the narrow ridge to "Pinnacle" brings out that tingling feeling of
climbing in airy places.

The same scene in the moonlight feels noble and magnificent —
inspiring of great thoughts. Indeed, the world's problems
could no doubt be solved in a place such as this — if the world's
leaders cared to gather.

Themes of suitable heroic music, as played on a clarinet, to
salute the maker of all this; but in the end it is all too
much and sliding down to the sea a trip to a waiting bicycle is
contemplated. — Why not try it?

PETER BARRY.

ALLAWAY-DICKSON WORKING PARTY

1965.

Dejected, Warwick Wright and I stood at the Upper Hutt Railway Station watching Viv Jamieson gleefully unload drainpipes and paint from her car. Burdens were distributed most unfairly - I took almost everything - and we hailed a passing taxi.

Twenty minutes later and six shillings poorer, we all left the Shelter Hut, cheered on our way by a mediocre Hughie. I thought dejectedly of my lunch and gnashed my teeth at the thought of the party I was to miss -- it was Saturday.

We arrived at Tanhaurenikau Hut, to be greeted by swarms of school-boys armed with vicious-looking rifles. They had trudged into the Valley (what men!) and were now about to lay waste the whole area -- as soon as the torrential sou'wester (viz. slight drizzle) ceased. We left them to their fate.

En route to Allaway-Dickson we met Don Fraser going the wrong, (i.e. the other) way. At the hut was Dave Parrish, who had arrived the night before. By this time it was dark and drizzling - we couldn't paint, so we had dinner.

Sunday was fine, and away we went. Dave and Warwick dug a drain under the hut while we all decorated the outside with creosote. When this was done Viv laid some fresh concrete in front of the fire while Peter and I tested the hut's new axe. Somebody said the fire-place should be cleaned out -- nobody heard him.

After lunch we set off for home, leaving Dave Parrish to finish the drain. Viv's Uncle met us at the shelter Hut, and a train from Upper Hutt saw us homeward bound, pleasantly tired.

Allaway-Dickson could easily absorb many such working parties.

- Andy Jackson.

Slavedriver Viv. Jamieson, Slaves - Peter Jamieson, Andy Jackson, Warwick Wright.

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NELSON LAKES NATIONAL PARK

1965.

Seven persons decided they would risk the approach of Winter and do a circuit of the Nelson Lakes Rotoroa and Rotoiti, under the guidance of Tom (Pressure-cooker) Clarkson. Light weight dehydrated food, a pressure-cooker, and several large, carboniferous billies were taken.

Snow gear was notable for its absence, and on a fine Wellington Day (unusual in itself) we left on the Aramoana for Picton.

Arriving in Picton we hopefully set out to hitchhike the 91 miles to Nelson. Lifts were short but we were all outside the Nelson P.O. by 8.00 p.m. Tahuna Bay Motor Camp was our objective for the night, (once again on foot), and four of us slept in cabins while three (those with expensive bags) slept outside.

A Newman's bus was elected to carry us inland about 55 miles to Gowan Bridge on the Buller River. By having two girls in the party we were lucky enough to get a lift to the edge of Lake Rotoroa and thus into the Park. A launch then transported us to the Sabine Hut at the head of Lake Rotoroa for the labour saving sum of £3. Even so, it was late in the afternoon when we arrived at the hut, and preparation was made for our first cooked meal. It was successful though with new knowledge of measurements we looked forward to the next performance.

Three people (deershooters, with all gear, but no deer) already occupied the hut so four of us doubled up on creaking wire-bunks. Little sleep was consequently had except by Tom, who could snore through anything.

Sunday dawned fine and cool. We said our prayers, and made our way to the Sabine Forks Hut, a few (6 I think) hours upriver where we proposed to wait for fine weather before we attempted the Travers Saddle.

Monday rained, and misted on us, so we decided to postpone our crossing until Tuesday; and three of us contented ourselves with a ramble into the Sabine Wilderness Area the object being, to see the Blue Lake. We returned positive we had seen Lake Constance; and stood on top of the Waiau Pass but doubtful that the Blue Lake existed. (Found out later; we had seen the Blue Lake and stood on top of a low moraine wall.) Three deer were seen in the Upper basin and five more along the river.

Tuesday's weather was similar to Monday's but we crossed the Saddle, thankful that there was little wind. Snow was scarce on the N.W. side, but extensive pockets of upto four feet existed on the other. The Upper Travers was a popular hut that night.

For a change, Wednesday was fine and clear, and some of the views almost made up for the disappointment of the misty crossing of the day before, as we made our way down the Travers Valley.

Tom and Kevin however, not content with the long drag down the valley, spent a couple of hours in the Cupola Basin taking photos. South Island ducks usually announced our passage along the riverside.

On Thursday we waded the five miles out to St Arnaud at the head of Lake Rotoiti in drizzle, and from there we made our various ways home.

Generally, despite the view-obscuring mists, the trip was a success, an important contribution being the excellent accomodation in the Park Board Huts.

Bruce Collett

Party; Tom Clarkson, Kevin Pearce, Bruce Collett, Nigel Eggers, Dave Stonyer, Alison Ellshire, Jan Hawkins.

* * * * *

'We are all of us mad anyway - look at the Mountaineers.'
- Mark Twain.

THE WESTERN HUTT HILLS DAY TRIP

This trip had the distinction of being the smallest club trip to run (actually it was only a fast walk) in 1965, i.e., 2 man-days.

The Friday night weather forecast was : Rain, Southerlies, and Coldness. On Saturday morning at 6.30 I rolled over in bed to the tune of rain drumming on the roof and wind roaring round the house. Thinking that the sole name on the trip list would have the sanity to stay in bed, I dutifully rang him up. "Nick has just left home." was the courteous reply. The ensuing curses need not be repeated. Clothes, breakfast, pack, etc followed by two train rides brought us to Takapu Rd Stn, where full storm gear was donned. A weight reducing session ensued (paper by NZR). After this, we strolled due east to the main ridge of the hills which overlook Wellington Harbour. Some hail was encountered here, along with the ferocious icy Southerly. An ancient cart track wound its way along the ridge, so we traipsed along it, speculating as to our chances of getting home dry. At 9.30 we righted a sheep which had failed to negotiate a rather vertical bluff. Still no rain. At 10.30 the herculean ascent of Belmont was made, the top of which was powdered with snow.

In some exposed places the wind was so strong, that we spent more energy trying to stand up, than walking. While negotiating a muddy turnip paddock, we use it to blow us up the hill, by holding our parkas out as sails.

We reached the shelter of some concrete ammunition buildings (the buildings were concrete, that is) at 11.40 and smartly polished off lunch because it was fercking cool, to say the least. However, a brisk walk down a gravel road to the next saddle got circulation going again. Then began a long haul up through scrub to the second highest knob of the day.

Just as we reached the top, we received the only rain of the day - five minutes of it, at 33° F, coming in horizontally at 70 MPH approx. Cor - wet larks.

Soon after this (miracle of miracles) we were basking in glorious sunshine, and after sliding down a steep muddy ridge, we reached the Haywards road at 2.30 whence we rode home by thumb, train, and feet. (chorus; 'Never mind the weather.....')

- Peter Radcliffe

Trip Leader - Peter Radcliffe, Trip Co-leader Nick Whitten.

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AN EPIC TRIP

Queen's Birthday '65.

The rendezvous was the Waikanae shopping centre, at which 6 members arrived at about 9.30 a.m. via Newmans Buses, hitch-hiking etc. (mostly etc.)

Travelling by taxis to the end of the Ngatiawa road by about 10.15 the party moved off up the newly cut and disked track (Mt Kapakapanui). Weather fine and still. We reached the top of Kapakapanui at about 1.15 p.m., where we ate lunch and admired the magnificent view of Ruapehu, Egmont, Wellington and the Tararua's. Despite the warmth, the top of Kapa, was almost completely frozen. We galumphed down the track towards Renata &

after a short while, reaching the hut just on dusk. This was after bush-whacking for some time through leatherwood, wind-falls, bush-lawyers and loud cats. The hut was occupied by five other young lads, along with bows, arrows, a leaky sleeping bag, and surplus sherry.

Following several false alarms, the party unbagged at about 6 a.m. and sped away at 7.30 only to stop for a weight-losing session 5 minutes down the track for half an hour. By the time we had reached the open tops of the Renatas the winds was blowing strongly, and when we stopped for lunch at midday just below the bushline after Elder, it was howling through the trees. After clapping on storm gear, we stumped off on the long climb up to Aston. Slightly miserable and hot, we conquered Aston, then strode along towards Alpha. At one point a strong gust of wind blew the entire party off the track, Andy Jackson cartwheeling through a leatherwood bush, in a spectacular display of acrobatics. Alpha was gained at about 2.20. John Rhodes had been there since 12.50 p.m. vigorously chopping firewood. After satisfactory disposal of much verbiage it was decided to forge on to Allaway-Dickson. Leaving Alpha at 3.20, we steamed off down Hell's Gate, the less exhausted yokels streaking on ahead to beat the darkness. Several members strayed off the ill-marked Block XVI track. Peter and Ian used their torches for about 5 minutes, reaching Allaway Dickson at 5.40 p.m., finding the hut choked with an Onslow College Party of 16 or so. After a good hot tea and no bedtime stories we hopped into the pit and snored till about 3 a.m. when the hut was attacked by a particularly violent hail-storm.

Monday dawned fine and clear; leisurely breakfast was enjoyed by all except John, who gorged on a billy of porridge, then ran up Block XVI and back, looking for his jersey (which was later found in A.D.) He caught us up just as we were leaving the top of Reeves. From Reeves we could see that much snow had fallen on the tops the previous night. The party left the top of Reeves at 1.15 and amid much song made its way to the road. Two boys gave us a welcome three mile ride into the centre of Greytown in an old V8. There the party broke up and hitch hiked home, pleasantly tired from a pleasant weekend.

- Peter Radcliffe

Party; Andy Jackson, John Rhodes, Ian Laingford, Nick Whitter, Peter Radcliffe, and Andrew Haines.

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'I wondered why, after making the world, God bothered to make man at all. I should have kept such loveliness all to myself - the silent hills, the swelling breasts of the valleys, the black woods, the rushing water.'

- J. Macnechy

- The Secret Journal of
Charles Dunbar.

July 1965

All six members of the party arrived at the Pipe Bridge by rail and taxi, and we set off. Ohau Hut was reached in about an hour and a half, and we sped on up the valley in order to reach South Ohau at an early hour. Some time after this, our leader, John, lost his torch in a pool in the river - this detracted somewhat from his route finding capabilities until I had the generosity to produce a carbide lamp. A little later strange mutterings were to be heard coming from some members of the party. It appeared that this part of the valley was remarkably changed since last time; it was, in fact, unrecognisable.

Packs were downed, map and compass extracted, and after short deliberation, it was decided that we were in the North Ohau River. Since it was perfectly fine, we backed up to the last flats and camped the night. Next morning there was a very heavy frost, but all difficulties were overcome brilliantly, and we were away at the disgusting hour of 9.00 a.m. John's torch was recovered from the river - it still worked, - and we returned to the forks. Here the party split, four going directly to Tematawai Hut, the other using a more circuitous route.

On arriving at Tematawai, the first four had a snack, cut some fire wood, and taking parkas, ice axes, and snow goggles, set off up Puketawai. After half an hour, Ross and Peter stopped to build a snowman, while Ian and Bryan battered on another couple of hundred yards. All were back at Tematawai by 5 p.m. to find the two Johns putting the fire wood to good use. Soon the usual enormous stew was boiling over a roaring fire.

We rose at 5.30 a.m. to the tune of John's Alaram clock, and after a quick breakfast were away up Puketawai.

Three and a half hours of floundering through thigh deep snow brought us to just below the summit. Here the snow was firm and one member went mad and steamed to the top, arriving (bathed in sweat) to be greeted by a fantastic view, of snow covered mountains and snow filled valleys. The snow conditions made a main range trip impossible, so we crossed to Arête. A 'Scrog' lunch was had here, and John's attempt to melt snow in a parka-wrapped billy were rewarded with utter failure. From Arête, we went north to Dundas over better snow, and set off down to Triunala Knob. By sundown we were at the top of a knoll, just below the bushline, at the top of a spur leading down to Avalanche Flats. Three hours blind blundering brought us out to the river bed. Conditions were pleasant, but there was no moon, and by now most torches were dead or dying, so after about half an hour we found a place to camp out. A large dinner was consumed and all turned in to sleep soundly after an eighteen hour day.

Next morning it was raining, and we set off down stream to reach Avalanche Flats in no more than 5 minutes.

Curses!

However we knew exactly where we were, and set off at a fast trot down stream. Two deer were spotted on the way to

Harris Creek Hut above the gorge. After Harris Creek Hut the gorge track was discovered by devious means and we carried on to the 'cage'. From here we followed the foot-steps of some predecessor who had wandered down the river bed to the head of the Mangahau no 1 Lake. When we arrived this was empty so we walked across the lake bed. The view was weird with hundreds of huge, white dead standing tree trunks - rather unpleasant. However the empty lake facilitated our exit, and in a short time we arrived at the dam. From here a ride with some workers, a taxi ride, and finally a ride in a luxurious Newmans bus to home. However two keen aces, the two Johns hitch-hiked.

- Bryan Sissons.

Party; John Rhodes (leader), Peter Radcliffe, Ross McGarty, Ian Langford, Bryan Sissons, John Jensen.

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NELSON LAKES NATIONAL PARK

OR The Next Day Was Gloriously Fine So ---

August 1965

Our basic plan was to climb everything in the Sabine and Travers Valleys in about eight or nine days. We left Wellington on the evening of August 20 on the Aramoana, equipped with Trevor's commodious station wagon and by midnight we were well established beneath a rude notice saying 'no Camping' on the shore of Lake Rotaiti.

TNDGPSW spent most of it wandering up the Travers Valley to John Tait Hut (2700'). The following day was unsuitable for climbing but during the afternoon we made a trip or rather waded through the snow up to Cupola Mission Hut (4800') and back/ I found this was valuable practice for climbing out of my own footprints.

TNDGPSW decided to get up early (Brrr) and attack Travers from all sides, especially the northeast ridge. Snow in the bush made it difficult going up to about 5000' but we were pleased to have a blazed route which led out onto the ridge at the bushline. Snow and rock conditions were good on the ridge, but about 1000' from the top we were obliged to move off the ridge into a clogged-up couloir. However, at 2 p.m. we lunched on the summit. There was some view to the north, down the valley but otherwise it was misty all around. (7670') 19°F, calm. The descent to John Tait took about 1/3 of the ascent time. We took the Summit Creek route.

TNDGPSW once again left the hut before dawn to have a go at Cupola or Hopeless or something. Something was all we conquered. About midday we eventually reached the saddle (5900') between Cupola and Hopeless and hopefully set out along the ridge towards Cupola. But it was hopeless. We were moving one at a time as the ridge was crumpled, very narrow and icy in parts. We conquered a little peak on the ridge and we could see Cupola - miles away. It appeared that we had climbed up to the wrong saddle. However the weather was still perfect so we had lunch (6400' 26°F calm) (visibility everywhere) and salubred back to John Tait. That night 10 Crusaders joined us in the hut

TNDWGFSW spent three hours ploughing up to Upper Travers Hut (4300'). The next was bad (!) blowing, hailing, snowing, cold etc., so we just went over Travers Saddle (5900' 24° F gale, visibility 10 yds in all directions), down to Sabine Forks (2100') and up the West Sabine for 1½ hours to a most comradious frog (3000').

TNDWGFSW decided to conquer Franklyn or something (once again it was to be something). By 10.30 a.m. we had reached a ridge at 6600' and had merely to decide which peak was Franklyn and which was the best way to it. Of course we made both decisions wrongly and finished up on a peak to the north of Franklyn where we lunched (7250' 30° F slight breeze, visibility perfect). We were separated from Franklyn by two rock cliffs - one down and one up. The ridge was therefore unsuitable, so we democratically (3 to 1) decided there was insufficient time and soon after, we realised that routes from the west were being continually swept by avalanches. Abandoning the attempt on the peak we set off down a large gully to the south, dodging avalanches and came about 1000' above frozen Lake Constance. We crumpled down to it and saw Colin do a magnificently controlled boulder dodging glissade down the lower part. From here (4600') we took several compass bearings of peaks the results of which indicate many major errors in the maps of this area, e.g. Franklyn should be further south or Lake Constance further north by about 1 mile. The same day we went down to the Sabine Forks Hut again.

TNDWGFSW salubed down to Lake Rotoroa (1400') which has an abundance of sandflies even in August.

TNDWGFSW climbed up to the Robert Ridge (5800') and Lake Angelus (5500'). I had rather a fright when half way across I decided to test the thickness of the ice. (2 ft snow and lynch ice). Crack, crack. I made carefully for the nearest shore. Later in the day we passed the skiing peasantry deep in a basin (the tow had broken down,) and arrived at St Arnaud. (2000')

TNDWGFSW went home.

N.B. One finest quality aeroplane altimeter was carried on this trip.

Party - Trevor de Stigter, Colin Smyth, Al Chapman,
Tom Clarkson (author).

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MT HECTOR : WEEKEND TRIP

Aug. 8-9 1965.

After terms exams, I decided to venture into the Tararua's - to Mt Hector - with 12 other get-away-from-it-all types. We arrived at Otaki Forks at about 10 a.m. and I was shown our route. With an inward shudder, (this was my first close look at the Tararua's) I flexed my long unused muscles and set off, on a track which soon began to go up, ever upwards. Doubts as to whether this was really the rest I'd wanted began to cross my mind and I cursed the number of times I'd caught a bus around Wellington, but gradually the gradient lessened and we entered the bush.

This made a pleasant change from the open hillside and, no longer discouraged by the sight of our leader, miles ahead, I wandered along, botanising and talking tramping until we reached Field's Hut. Here the ground was covered with about 6" of snow and I could see the main range for the first time - row on row of snow covered peaks. After coffee and lunch I felt ready for anything and lured by the sight of so many peaks, I followed the others to Vosseler.

Soft snow lay deep on the track, making progress slow as one by one we sank thigh deep, only to crawl out and sink down further on, but as we reached West Peak, it was beginning to freeze, making the going easier. Three skiers were threshing around in the snow by Vosseler, much to my amazement, how anyone could carry skis up that track in the dark, for so little really skiable snow, was beyond my imagination.

Later that evening Hank (Graham Hancock) and Peter set off for Alpha where they intended to spend the rest of the night. Conditions were perfect, and they'd have made good time except that Hank lost a crampon, necessitating an hour's search.

A few keen types crawled out to see the sun-rise - a glorious sight with the peaks bathed in a soft pink glow, while clouds swirled below, hiding the lowlands. After a quick breakfast we left for Mt Hector, across crisp sometimes icy, snow. Mist was gradually rising out of the valleys and wisping over Alpha as we reached the top, but fortunately there was still enough unshrouded to get a panoramic view of the Fairarapa as we sat, waiting for the cramponless to catch up. A cold wind made sitting round unpleasant, so we made our way back through the mist to the hut. After packing and a snack, the botanists set off - to view the vegetation at leisure. We ambled from clump to clump, gradually losing altitude until we reached Field's Hut where we stopped for lunch.

Sometime later, as we made our way down through the bush, a great crashing noise heralded the return of our leader and chief guide, who rushed past, closely pursued by two T.F.C. types, and this was the last we saw of them until we stumbled across them prostrate, on the bush edge.

The Tararua's are real tiger country after the tramping territory of the northern half of the island, with a different breed of trapper (trapping method and idiom are quite different) but this only served to make my weekend more memorable, though not exactly the rest I'd started out after.

- Rosemary Steele.

Party; Leader, Graham Hancock. Rosemary Steele, Peter Barry, Mike Heenan, Chris Little, Pete Simpson, Jenny Du Fresnoe, Michele Gorton, Tim Bullock, John Newton, David Stonyer, Dave Rylie, Ian Harland,

a a a a a a a a a a

When climbing a mountain be quiet -
silence means ascent !

TERANGITI

Aug. 1965.

Having been shared and deluded into attending a weekend trip of Master Traumper Bullock's eight hardy souls, assembled at Wellington Station at 8.35 a.m. From there they gambled to the Cenotaph, where they procured the services of a WCC bus to Karori Park, where Nick dutifully phoned for a taxi. One and a half hours later and 74 Arabian curses later someone traced the ancestry of all taxi-drivers and we strode off towards Makara township on foot, sneering heavily.

4 members managed to hike the last mile in the comfort of a chauffeured limousine, only to wait for half an hour in brilliant sunshine and a afflict for the others to arrive. The glorious heights of White Rock were duly conquered and the magnificent view surveyed. Lunch was consumed just above the saddle between the Ohau Bay Valley, and the Oteranga Bay Valley. After this interlude we slowly traipsed up a subsidiary ridge onto the main terraced peninsular ridge. Downing packs, we strolled up towards the trig, only to be side-tracked by the sight of old gullies on the seaward slopes. A pleasant afternoon was spent delving into these and basking in the sun. The more public-spirited lads were erstwhile engaged in bowling rocks into a gully, to the sole end of increasing the area of the farmer's arable land. (Despite the hard work, cackles of devilish glee were heard again from the labourers.) After this, we all ambled down a gulch to the west coast of Terangiti, and headed south to the first good stream where camp was established. A beautiful first course was served, (steep of course) followed by a dubious but welcome second course. By the fading light we observed the new moon and the playful habits of two seals. Our docile little cooking fire suddenly blossomed into a mighty conflagration and served the purpose of exploding rocks and being poked and stared at until about 9.30 when all concerned retired gracefully. Mattresses of tar-weeny and cushion bushes were prepared to soften the stony ground.

Sunday brought a chill Southerly wind, overcast skies, and more capering about by the seals. After a leisurely breakfast, the party perambulated via the coast to Ohau Bay, thence to Te Ika-a-Maru Bay. Several strategically placed decayed bovines hastened our pace somewhat. Two pleasant hours were spent absorbing sunshine, brews and social gossip in between the taupata trees at the Te Ika-a-Maru Bay, campsite. Following this, we sauntered up the dirt road to quartz Hill, and then filed down a humpy ridge into a gully, before we arrived at Makara Township again.

Several miles of pleasant road-walking later, we arrived at the Karori bus terminus. A gentle bus-ride to the station took a pleasant day trip to a fitting end.

- Peter Radcliffe.

Party; Nick Bullock (leader from behind) Helen Henderson, David Henderson, Viv Jamieson, Peter Jamieson, Terry Maghorn Bill Stephenson, Peter Radcliffe.

WALT DISNEY PRESENTS

"Walt Disney Presents a Haines Type Southern Crossing" said the blurb, featuring singing Kazoo, Andy's sister.

Undeterred by a fall off Alpha on the previous Tuesday, the cast of ten trooped into an Otaki Fish and Chip shop on the first (and not the least essential) part of the trip Must have been something wrong with those fish and chips for it wasn't until four and a half hours later that the last of us shuffled into Fields thankful even for its rather murky shelter.

After five fine days this sixth also was gloriously sunny. Twenty itchy feet longed to get amongst the snow.

Three hours later, twenty dazzled eyes, covered with snow goggles, looked at the magnificent views all around - the Northerns were plastered.

A five minute snow-craft course was now followed by an impromptu demonstration from the producer. Bare-legged and bare-chested, he tumbled ungracefully down Field's Peak. Similar attempts to glissade resulted in equally painful results for others.

The summit considerably provided patches of tussock on which to sunbathe - although it was somewhat crowded with ten of us, and four other abominable trampers that we discovered on top. Though slightly icy the descent from Hector was not as bad as anticipated. Dave cut steps, and after gingerly following him down and over the Beehives the party proceeded to enjoy the rest of the crossing. The views were excellent, the snow conditions perfect. We reached Alpha by 5.30p.m.

All were tired though, so after a stew we retired to our respective pits. Luckily the hut did not live up to its chilly reputation.

8.30 a.m. Sunday saw us lined up in front of Max's tripod in a photo-farewell to Alpha. Some bright spark said 'sex' for 'Cheese' - it should be a happy picture.

Alan, Dave Ian and Ross took to the Marchant while the rest of us went down the Omega Track to the Tauherinikau. The river flowed clear and inviting in the midday sun, and afterlunch all six of us splashed vigorously before tramping down to Smith's Creek. Thence (not quite so energetically) over the Puffer to Kaitoki, taxi, train, and home.

Spectacular was the weather, the scenery and the graze on the leaders' right (posterior) cheek.

- Andy Haines

Producer; Andy Haines, Cast; Sarah Haines (guest star) Dave Parrish, Ken George, Max George, Ross Gooder, Mike Saunders, Alan Jamieson, Fred Beckwood, Ian Langford.

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One Taranua peak to another 'Excuse me but your slip is showing.'

Nine noble lads found themselves shoe-horned into a grossly underpowered rental van heading out of Wellington at about 6 p.m. on Friday. All sang and joked to Taihape where the gas gauge registered 'Empty'. Not feeling like parting with 7/6 as opening fee for the Taihape Taxi-drivers' Gas Station we roared off towards Waicuru where there was no gas at all.

Colour the air black with curses.

About four miles along the road to Ohakune the engine finally died, whereupon two churls sprang out and immediately thumbed down the first car to pass - a Volkswagen. Its kindly driver just happened to have a spare gallon of gas which he very kindly sold to us. Sighs of thanks. In due course we reached the car park at the Mangawhero falls and pounded away over the snow to Blythe Hut (unofficial) and so into the pit.

Scene; A crowded room in this hut. Enter a beard wearing a dirty yellow parka and bludging heavily.

"Gidup," he says.

After a hurried glimpse at the feelthy weather outside, colour everybody yellow - the cowards. One hour later colour then blue with cold. That day we practised a little traversing and some exercises in stopping oneself on a snow slope with a nice axe. However the snow was slushy (not the desired ice) so we descended to the Mangaturuturu Hut in the valley below - very likely the first trapping hut in the North Island. The ubiquitous stoo appeared once again over the fire - colour it red hot. The next day's weather was even more disgusting than the last, so until 12 we chopped wood, lay in the pit and had a general good time. Mike Heenan, that cheerful plebeian, chose to amuse the peasantry by springing off the top bunk onto the end of the mantel-piece, thereby projecting it and its resident prim billies torches and gear swiftly up into the air and down onto the hearth. Finding his perch insecure, Mike sprang off onto a warm frying pan which was concealing an even warmer optimus (i.e. at an even more optimum temperature). Another excellent display of aerobatics followed. There was some more fun too, in practising belaying and roping techniques though conditions were adverse.

That evening, a mighty game of pontoon was enjoyed by many. Plastic playmoney found in a cupboard came in handy as chips, and some marvellous turns of luck (or skillful cheating?) were witnessed. One yokel produced some brandy, which was the cause of much brawling and lip-smacking, amongst the cancellie. The same may be said for a similar quantity of rum. Colour the snow yellow tomorrow.

Monday dawned fine and clear, so with admirable zest, the beggarlyhicks cleaned up the hut and abandoned it for the snowy slopes, where more rope-work was practised. A delightful series of glissades, during which a rabbit was seen, brought us back to our packs at about 2 p.m., and by 3.40 we arrived back in the land of pubs - i.e. Ohakune, where the party split up.

The majority turned out to be in the van while the others thumbed northwards

- Peter Radcliffe.

Organiser; Peter Barry; Sub Hinstructors; Mike Heenan, Hugh Welle. Hinstructees; Chris Murray, Ross Mc Gerty, Brian Sissons, Nick Whitten, John Mosen, Andy Haines, Peter Radcliffe.

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TRIP ACCOUNT FOR WAINUI- MOONSHINE : OR
WAKATIKEI REVISITED

Sun. 2 Oct. Only 6 of the 18 who put their names on the list assembled at Backakariki stn, at 7.40 a.m. on that damp windy morning. After 15 minutes walk along the main road, we headed up into the mist aided by a gale-force northerly at our backs. After climbing for three quarters of an hour, we entered the bush and followed a rough bush track until we emerged onto the open scrub covered summit of Wainui (2365') Here we were presented with a view which extended for about 25 yards in each direction. At this point John expressed a hope that this would be the last time we would know where we were for several days. But it was not to be, as visibility improved, and we were able to bushbush down a disused track in the correct ridge, until it stopped abruptly at the head of a steep open gully which led us down into the Wakatikei Stream at 11.30. On looking back we were amazed at the steepness of the gully we came down. We stopped here for lunch and the party's spirits were considerably raised with (a) improved weather, including some sunshine, (b) John producing from his pack a full &c, which was lovingly emptied. After lunch we climbed steeply out of the stream and such to John's disgust we found ourselves on a well worn and blazed track which led us out onto the open hills at the back of Moonshine.

The only form of excitement in the afternoon was the sight of two of the members indulging in a spirited form of combat which left several one foot lengths of rotten wool strewn over a large area. On coming out onto the open we consumed some more of some highly prized liquid one person had carried. We then followed down a spur past the line of power pylons and dropped down a steep bracken slope to land in the Wainui stream (literally, for most of us) at 3 p.m. After walking for an hour along a rough farm road we arrived at the Moonshine road where we split up into two groups of three to find our way home.

Party; John Rhodes (leader) Tom Clarkson, Kevin Pearce, Alan Radcliffe, Peter Radcliffe, Nick Whitten.

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' Where the clouds can go, men can go; but they must be hardy men.'

- Andreas Maurer.

MID FINALS TRIP

Oct. 1965.

Two imbeciles, being averse to sweating, decided to up stakes and hie away to Totara flats just before finals. Hitch-hiking being in vogue as a means of transport they agreed on meeting at the bottom of Ngaio Gorge at 6.30 the next morning. They had both turned up by ten past six, so the appropriate pig it went into play forthwith.

Eight rides and four later they found they had reached . . . Eight rides later and four hours past, they found themselves sweeping up the Mangaturiri Valley. By the time they had reached the end of the road it was (a) midday (b) raining (c) they decided that road walking was an inferior form of exercise. Unfettered by the precipitating dampness our two twits forged ahead up the right fork of the Mangaturiri for 20 minutes and thence up a disused bulldozed track into the bush. The ridge this was on was followed for nigh on one hour, when a vast plethora of gleaming discs suddenly appeared through the scrub. These were dutifully pursued even when they turned a sickly green and led us down to Totara Creek, an hour later where much wind and water, suitably mixed, became most apparent. This necessitated using the N.Z.F.S. cage across the raging Waiohine. A 20 yard stroll landed us in the clean, unoccupied Totara Flats hut. Two axes were immediately pressed into service and before long a tentative effort at a 'square' fire which lapsed, quite inexplicably, into a pyramid fire, was blazing vigorously in the hearth. Too vigorously, I might add, so tea was more conveniently cooked on the optimus. Some time in the middle of the night a hectic war with the resident wildlife ensued. . . . The usual platoon of rats began calisthenics on the rafters. Patience, like my shorts, was wearing rather thin. A blistering fusillade of curses rang out. Silence for 30 minutes, until an infernal pussum started skarking and choking on the wood pile, which swiftly received another piece of wood. Exit pussum.

The next day was a mixture of sun and rain. Abandoning the hut at 10.00 a.m., they made their way down the eastern bank of the Waiohine to Sayers Hut, which could be mistaken for a pile of neatly stacked firewood.

Four hours and ten minutes later, after some bush-bashing, the road was reached, in brilliant sunshine at the other end of Sayer's track. Three hours and five rides later, our heroes were home, ready to face ye olde swette wunce agen.

- Peter Radcliffe.

Party- Peter Radcliffe, Nick Whitten.

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HOLDSWORTH-DORSET-CARMECK-OHAU

This is not your conventional eye-inflating trip account of interest only to party members. It is a libellous inflammatory account of the duping of several good keen men. Certain things, like the time of the trip and a

detail led list of members I won't supply.

Nevertheless, some 8 of us were climbing up to Mountain House last year (or was it the year before?) A strong memory of late arrivals urging continuance to Powell assails me at this point.

Next morning must have been fine, because we could see where to go, and further more it must have been, frosty because various yokels were skating on tarns, and dropping great sheets of ice on their heads with evident (masochistic or egotistic) satisfaction.

Anyway we got to Dorset after the trial of deciding whether or not to adopt a short cut from Girdlestone Saddles. (We didn't)

The second morning dawned with a gusty norwester, and shortly after that dawn we forged to the end of Dorset Ridge, and plunged into the bush, losing the track without the slightest effort. With considerably more effort we failed to find it, and bashed on downwards regardless. Tantalizing glimpses of ridges and gullies put in appearances and I'm sure every individual knew where he was. I came out down a wee creek that ran into a river but some other bofs came out downstream. And this is where the story really starts.

Because here the party divided into two camps, (if one person can be called a camp) a 'go upstream to the forks' camp and a 'go downstream to the forks' camp. One camp used maps, compasses, and even an altimeter (corrected for a pseudo-anicyclone). The other used his nut. Democratic procederes sent the whole lot of us upstream, with a dissenting, moaning logger. After an hour 'they' still swore the miserable trickle was the mighty Waichine (below Park Forks) to the Dissenter's disgust. This was the place I remember an a ile ballet dance down a slip.

Finally we came to a fork - with a disced track. Even the dissenter cheered (as he said it was a Forestry track from Carkeek to Tarn Ridge).

Up hurtled the party, in good spirits now, confident the hut Nicholls was soon to be reached. (+t was flaming well obviously not Park Forks.) Soon we passed the bushline and miserably floundered around in the mist - nothing seemed to fit - it was bitterly cold. Night approached so the tents were pitched just in the scrub (on an excessive slope) Water supply shouldn't have been a problem - I was certainly allocated a small river. But it was muddy so several of us floundered along the spur to a water place - remember this distance, as it aquires significance later. (50 yds)

First, a final comment on that second day. Somebody said "Where do you think we are " The "go downstream" party's sole member said "Carkeek" (But he didn't realize how close to the end of the ridge he was, he hadn't been there before. Neither had anyone else in the party.)

Our third morning was - unusual. Certainly I woke up with cold feet, and I could see cloud, transparent cloud scudding across the ridges. At least I could see some

some distance. Then truth dawned. My feet were out of the tent, there was snow on them, and the clouds were snow showers.

We had breakfast, got up, and packed the tents (agonized with frozen fabric, frozen guys, and frozen knots) and strode back onto the ridge. To see the hut 100 yds away.

To cut a sick story short we screamed back onto Lancaster then out via a normal Northern Crossing, but it was winter and we came out from Ohau in the dark.

So always believe an old lay before a scientific instrument.

- B. the B.

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N. NELSON TRIP

Nov. 1965.

Route - Graham Valley, Flora Saddle, Flora Hut, Salisbury Hut, Balloon Hut, Peel Range, down Mytton Stream to Cobb Valley, Cobb Hut, Lockett Range, down to Waingaro River, Upper Takaka.

Three encountered hazards even before packs were hoisted, for, braving stormy Cook Strait on the Aramoana they had to resort to certain paper bags.

Tramping started on Sunday after a delicious meal provided by Mrs Little. We were dropped off in the Graham Valley at 3.30 P.M. The weather was fine, the packs were heavy, and hell at first. The Flora Saddle was crossed slowly and with the aid of a scroggin stop, and by the second day we reached tussock altitude and Balloon Hut. Here Andy used his talents to make a draught-board much enjoyed by all. On Tuesday Andy suffered his first difficulty with the honey which had been wrapped up like an Egyptian mummy in innumerable plastic bags. Andy in his efforts to transfer some of the gooey mess into an M&B tin became rather sticky and frustrated, and we left him and his blisters to vent his wrath on old Balloon Hut (from which he chopped some firewood) while we set off on a day trip up Mt Arthur. However we turned back at approximately 4,800' because of bad weather. The next stage was the Peel Range from which we had a spectacular view, of the Cobb Reservoir.

By Wednesday we searched the Cobb Valley, having dropped down Mytton Stream from the Peel - rather treacherous in parts for we had miscalculated the gradient and it was steeper than we thought. The Cobb Valley was a mixture of beauty and unpleasantness (its swamp) we stayed one night near the Chaffey Stream in the tents and had our first experience with sandflies. On Thursday we camped above Lake Cobb in a sheltered hollow, and here we stayed until Monday because of rain (which turned to snow on Sunday night). We entertained ourselves with reading, cards, wekas, making damper and trying to cook in the miserable rain. On Monday we spent the warmest night we had had for days in Cobb Hut. One bunk, Andy's of course, was in a precarious state with a ripped canvas

and as I was in the bunk directly underneath I had a nightmare every time he turned over.

On Tuesday our original plans went astray. The going became too rough as we headed along the Douglas Range toward Kakapo Peak so we turned back and descended a spur from the Lockett Range into the Waingaro Valley where we camped that night. The next day, leaving Andy, who had blisters, we climbed Kakapo Peak (5804') and had a magnificent view of the Douglas and surrounding ranges. From here we noted that the Burgoo looked a rather forbidding route and we were quite glad we had not attempted it. Stanley Lake also looked uninviting, being full of dead trees.

On Thursday night we reached the Stanley River, bush-bashing our way along-side the Waingaro. We covered the rest of the Valley on a good track which became a zig-zag trail (the old gold-mining route) as we climbed over the Takaka Hills. By this time, Andy had discarded his boots because of his blisters and was wearing 3 pairs of rapidly disintegrating socks instead. The tramp ended at the Upper Takaka Hotel where we celebrated our 'achievement' (i.e. getting to the pub before closing time), and had dinner.

- Fred Lockwood.

Party; Chris Little (leader, Mike Neenan, and flat-mates Andy Haines, Murray Ellis and Fred Lockwood.

* * * * *

'...and now that I have climbed and won this height,
I must tread downward through the sloping shade
And travel the bewildered tracks till night.
Yet for this hour I still may here be stayed
And see the gold air and the silver fade
And the last bird fly into the last light....'

- Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

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' O'er all the hill-tops
is quiet now
In all the tree-tops
Hearest thou
Hardly a breath
The birds are asleep in the trees
Wait: soon like these
Thou too shalt rest.'

- Goethe

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' Sing all my body, sing
until
the mountains ring, that ring
me round
and fill
with sound.
Beat all my little pulses beat,
Advance,
O body poising on thy instant feet
which swift in lance uplift.'

Vincent O'Connor 1929.

ARTHURS PASS - ALPINE INSTRUCTION ?

November, 1965

An exit from a railcar at Bealey Bridge in pouring rain began our trip. Seeking refuge under the trees was unrewarding since it was wetter there. It took some time to get away from civilisation, half an hour down the road in fact. Here at a Park Board shelter we found Mr. Whitton, who believes in travelling by thumb. A few minutes up the Waimakariri we were halted by the first necessary crossing, in spite of the attempts by our amphibious Chief Guide to haul us across on ropes. We returned to the shelter for the night, wet and bedraggled, with the exception of those cynical or scared individuals who declined the plunge.

Please excuse a digression on conceptual tramping. I have to put it in somewhere. Tramping offers a variety of visual stimuli. Being in the bush may be compared with being in a city, there is a sense of restriction, although the basic ugliness of cities is absent. At a clearing with a view you pause for relief. Any kind of bush does have this particular aesthetic impact but it is a confined one. When you emerge onto the tops your concept of country changes, distant bush has a new form, a blue-green sprawl suggesting depth and fecundity. Your new horizons have a fulfilled spaciousness. Appreciation of country is like appreciation of music, neither one is a precise stimulus to the imagination but both have force and vitality, if they exist.

Next morning we found the river negotiable. The route up the Crow takes the true right all the way from just above the flats at its mouth. The Crow Hut just below the bushline, which is wrongly marked on the map, is 4 - 5 hours from the road, has twelve bunks and a good stove.

Our destination, the Crow icefall was found next morning to be easily accessible at the head of the valley. We were there instructed by our hairy expert in the art of cutting steps in ice, until inclement weather precipitated a withdrawal for lunch. Huey seriously depleted his reserves for the next four days, making further progress impossible. During this period McGerty and Radcliffe turned up sporting a conspicuous absence of nether garments, which may have been excusable considering the weather and river crossings.

What did we do for the four days? Read every word in a newspaper, read books, played chess (all of us) played cards, ventured out in the rain up that ridge or down those bluffs, indulged in physical jerks (a memory here of Chris slowly turning purple while beating the chair-passing record) Songs were also sung, this in a distinguished manner by friend Turner, who has since, alas, departed these shores.

Finally, after a night's snowfall, we went out the

same way, except for taking a blazed route close to the true left of the Wainak.

.... COLIN SMYTH.

Leader: Peter Barry.
Party: Ross Goeder, Ross McGerty, Peter Radcliffe
Peter Turner, Tom Clarkson, Colin Smyth
Chris Murray, Nick Whitten, Bryan Sissons.

.....

A XMAS IN MEXICO.

... from "Heels" special correspondent in Tucson,
Arizona, U.S.A.

I had been in Tucson less than twelve hours when I met Phil Healey and we soon found we had a common interest in scaling around hills. Before too much time passed we resolved to spend Xmas in Mexico and have a go at its highest mountain, Pico de Orizaba, 18,600 ft.

The Yanks hate to have their personal lives so it was only a week or so before we left that everything was under control (in my Kiwi view). Our party included three more (Tom Hayden, Rick Decker and Gene Reetz) and we had two low flying machines for transportation.

We left Tucson on Friday night and drove across New Mexico to Juarez where we wrestled with the Mexican border officials on Saturday morning.

From there we motored down through Mexico to Tlachichuca, the highlight of the trip being a wild drive along the toll road into Mexico City in the early hours of Monday morning. There were lots of foggy places and thousands of diesel trucks whose drivers had no scruples about crawling past other trucks on blind hills. In addition there was some opposition traffic on the two-way road, too much to ignore but not, evidently enough to justify caution.

In Mexico City everyone was going to work. Buses cars, trucks and taxis bore down on us from all directions but our now shell-shocked drivers handled it like veterans. When it was all over, Gene commented "I'm glad I was driving".

That morning we breakfasted in sight of Mexico's two lesser volcanoes, Popo' and Ixta, merely 17,000 ft. plus. By afternoon we were in Tlachichuca - a township at about 8,000 ft. on the northern ('snowy') side of Pico de Orizaba. From there we hired a power wagon to take us to a hut at 14,500 ft. When the wagon gave up the ghost we all staggered the last 50 ft up to the hut, already aware of the thin air. However,

we recovered our breath, ate, and crawled into bed only to be disturbed by seven Mexican students who arrived about 10.30 p.m.

I had difficulty persuading the Yanks that we should be up at 4 a.m. for an early start. Nevertheless we managed to sort out our gear from among the Mexican bodies and be away shortly after 5 a.m. The big shock had been to find that a match wouldn't burn until the door was opened!

We all suffered from altitude sickness. At 17,800 ft. I was away in front and thought that everyone else had turned back so I gave up too and immediately discovered that going down was much more uncomfortable, so I didn't go with Rick who was slower but more determined and eventually made the top. He had further to come down!

That evening we rode back to Tlachichuca wiser and wearier. We had all learnt a lot from our first jaunt over 14,500 ft and I'm sure most of us could have made it to the top if we'd taken time to acclimatize.

On Wednesday we motored to the main road, breakfasted and sorted our gear. Tom and Phil then returned to Tucson and work while the rest of us became tourists for ten days.

How about a VUWTC expedition in 1968? A scientific study of the life cycle of snow worms⁺ might justify some support? With my extensive knowledge of local geography and language I'm sure I would qualify for a prominent place in such an expedition!

... GEORGE CADDIE.

Footnote: + equivalent to fog-dogs.

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OLIVINE ICE PLATEAU or PATIENCE REWARDED.

January, 1966.

The Rhodesian Crisis.

Although it seemed important at the time, hitch-hiking from Christchurch to Queenstown was the least exciting part of this trip. Graham was first to arrive (by motor-bike) and a while after dark, Mike and Don hit the town. A few minutes later, Tom arrived in the crowded Oasis milk-bar with an enormously self-conscious clatter and we were nearly all there. The plan was to catch the "Earnslaw" next morning, but unfortunately Rhodes did not appear at all that night. Early in the morning, we wandered through Queenstown's deserted streets, bleating the lost one's name, but since he didn't respond, we had to watch sadly as the steamer set up off the lake without us - the crisis had wrecked our first plan.

However, John arrived by lunchtime, and we spent the day in civilised pleasures, putting on the miniature golf course, idling on the foreshore, and even rowing on the lake (Oh, shame!)

Hank had contacts in Queenstown, and we arranged for John MacIntyre, a meat hunter, who was to fly into the Forgotten Flats next day, to take 15 lbs each of our gear and feed with him. Lightened by leaving this behind, we drove to Paradise in a van, hired after many arguments and discussions with local bus-drivers and taxi-men. By midday on Saturday, we were on our way up the Dart in fine but gusty weather (although two had to return after 20 minutes to collect a watch carelessly abandoned before the first river crossing.) These two then rushed so fast in pursuit that they passed the Rockburn lunching place and had to be chased and retrieved by the fantastic Hank. Later in the afternoon we reached the mouth of the Beansburn and began to push on up the river to the first open flats one hour later. This was our first campsite and we slept out under the clouding sky.

'It's not often you get a chance to camp in a place like this.'

The next day we moved on up the Beansburn on the true right, sometimes sidling quite high, and were at the top flats and bivvy for lunch. It began to rain gently as we ate, but we pushed on quickly to the foot of Fohn ~~and the~~ fairly easy - an hour on snowgrass slopes and a few minutes on snow and rock brought us to the rusty kerosene tin which marked our first pass. Advancing and retreating mist allowed occasional views towards the West Coast and stout Hank was photographed on a rock staring silently back into the Beansburn.

We sidled across at the level of the Saddle to the beautiful Fohn Lakes at 5,000 ft beneath Sunset Peak. These lakes were surrounded by mist but quite enchanting with their dark blue water and large snow-floes. As we approached them, Hank began to say "It's not often you get a chance to camp in a place like this." This, naturally became later an ironic catch-phrase, but since it was getting late and raining more and more heavily, we searched for a campsite by the upper lake and eventually settled on a sufficiently messy place. Tents were pitched (for the only time on the trip) and rain continued to fall all night. Tom collected water for the morning's breakfast from a deep stone-hole inside the small tent, and we reluctantly packed our gear and left in cold rainy conditions.

King Trog.

Occasional glimpses of the Olivine River showed

us where it was, but not how to reach it. After the inevitable compass-based disagreements, we plunged down through the mist, always to find ourselves looking over sharp and steep ridges. Eventually one or two rocky guts brought us into the bush and we crashed down through it to the Olivine. By now it was raining heavily (of course, this was the famous West Coast) and we continued down stream on a ledge about two hundred feet above the river. Although there was no track, we happened to come on a large bivvy rock, where we had lunch (still raining) and went on about twenty minutes to the Termination side-stream. Here it was soon obvious that even this tributary was uncrossable (not even with crazy tree-felling tactics) and the main Olivine River itself was flowing high too. We reluctantly turned back to our bivvy rock and settled in.

This was a noble treg, a deer's house, probably unused by trampers before, with a dirt floor and fully sheltered standing room in front where we lit a fire and dried some gear. There was no real view here, but for two days we sat and gazed out on the dripping Westland bush. Engineering operations in the mud stopped the water from entering the sleeping quarters, and we passed the idyllic time eating, writing, reading, speculating about our air lift, and trying to solve stupid mathematical problems. The two party Jeremiahs were already talking of rationing the food (only three days left) when the rain stopped, we left a note for the deer, and set off down river, easily crossing our side stream and arriving two hours later at the Olivine Flats.

We spent two very pleasant hours drying out in the sun on the shingle bank where the Forgotten River joins the Olivine, a pair of blue mountain ducks swam out from the Forgotten gorge and floated sideways and backwards, but with great dignity and calmness, down the rapids into the main river. After lunch, and a consultation with the learned Doctor, we headed up the well blazed track that leads through steep bush to Forgotten Flats. This climbs high above the very steep gorge of the Forgotten, and we reached the flats quite suddenly.

Forgotten?

To come out of the bush and see the golden tussock of the Forgotten spreading out, and the grey-blue river flowing through a miniature scalloped gorge before plunging into the bush, was an exciting experience, but romantics were soon forced to admit that we were not the first that ever burst into that lonely place, because a tiny air-strip and wind-seek were plainly visible. We hurried across the flats to the hut where our air-lifted gear should be but of course it wasn't there. The Jeremiahs didn't really enjoy their inevitable triumph, for we now had only two Days' supply left. We cunningly broke into John's hut and wrote a note explaining that we had gone on up the valley but would return for our food.

The upper part of the Forgotten is fairly open, and

easy going. We looked at Blockade and Angle, and as we rounded a bend the mass of Mt. Intervention and the Forgotten River Col appeared before us. Time was divided between picking out a route through the bluffs to reach the Ice Plateau, and hunting for the bivvy which Moir speaks so glibly of. After a while, we spied one 400 ft. above the river, right at the head of the valley on the true left, and unwillingly staggered up to it in the now overcast dusk. This great jutting prow of rock had room for 6 or 7 beneath it and gave a great view down the valley. We cut lots of snowgrass to soften the hard rock floor and this was our home for four days.

Thursday morning was drizzly and we knew the plane could not come, so we lay in our eagle's eyrie, venturing out in the afternoon to reconnoiter a route above the bluffs to the plateau. It rained. Hank made some chessmen and we all carved pawns out of candle-grease.

On Friday it rained but we returned down the river to John MacIntyre's hut, since we had run out of food. The plane was now 6 days overdue and prophecies and calculations were being made about possible escape-routes and forced hunger-marches. We made damper, ate some stale biscuits and ambled dispiritedly back to the bivvy with a supply of green onions, wizened potatoes and beef extract. Running out of Tararua biscuits also began to depress us.

Saturday morning was calm but drizzly. Don was getting pretty restive and the others agreed to humour him by going out to climb something, anything, before the ignominious retreat, but more rain discouraged us and we just clambered 500 ft. up a dirty snow couloir and sat under a dripping rock. Nobody could be bothered to have a look at Intervention Saddle. We went back down and chopped half heartedly at some old ice in the riverbed and returned to our pits in the aery trog. January was the coldest month. John and Don gloomed about the jobs they had to return to.

Suddenly 6 shots from down valley roused us - the plane must have come, the food (ah!) would be there. This time we rushed down to John's hut and found him dragging in a carcass and a set of antlers in velvet. He'd been held up by bad weather in Queenstown for 6 days and only managed to fly in that morning after 3 previous tries. We were so glad to see him that we helped him eat lots of his food, and John and Hank even carried in a whole deer each over a mile, (and they weighed over 100 lbs.) to try out the life of a hunter. That night there was a minor scale celebration in the trog, since the plateau trip was "on" again.

Climax.

On Sunday morning, after some impatient stampings in the trog, we paddled upwards into the misty rain, under full packs again. As we climbed through wet snowgrass and then above bluffs in scree and boulder

piles, the rain grew heavier and colder. Nobody dared to make turning-back noises so we plugged across a snow slope to the foot of the schrunds beneath the Forgotten River Col. As we stopped here, the mist cleared and the sun shone warmly, encouraged, we roped to pass the schrund and at last walked up the smooth lip of the Olivine Ice Plateau. The mist blew gently back and forth so we stopped in the middle of the flat snow for lunch, and after a final look down the Forgotten we moved round into the basin to prospect for a cave site. There was some slightly scratchy discussion before a site was agreed upon by Hank, who immediately started digging the entry tunnel on the slopes of Mt. Intervention at 6,300 ft. We began building at 1 p.m. and for most of the afternoon it rained and sometimes blew. We took turns in the narrow tunnel but only two could work at a time. Later we began the chamber and hauled out great blocks of solid crystallized snow on plastic groundsheets. After two and a half hours of shift work, all the aluminium plates had their rims bent off and the (ex coal) snow shovel broke off at the handle. Digging continued. (Scientific tests prove that nine out of ten Hollywood film stars use ordinary old enamel plates for excavating snow caves, and extensive researches by M.F. Heenan and others gave ample justification of this result under New Zealand conditions too.) By 6 p.m. the chamber was just big enough to hold five, and dinner was cooked outside in another tunnel. Mike and Don had climbed a steep slope to collect water dripping from the overhanging cliffs of Mt. Intervention, and did manage to bring home three quarters of a billy after attempting to glissade with two full ones. Fortunately, the rain stopped as we unpacked, blew up li-los and got dressed for the night.

The cave was crowded but comfortable. Mike proved his much abused foam rubber was successful insulation and everyone slept well. The morning dawned and at last it was proverbially crisp and clear. Don was first out and his excited cries soon brought out the rest. This was it. All the peaks were clear, the dark rock of Gable, the tiny snow cone of Climax and we could see across the flat plateau to the edge of the Memorial Ice-fall. We laboured up softening snow to a point where we could see south of Mt. Tutoko, and then picked our way through small crevasses of the neve, which brought us to the foot of the Col. The final climb was less hard than hot and we easily passed the final schrund to reach the col by 1 p.m. Hardly stopping, except to dump packs on the pass, the party set out for Mt. Climax. 8,300 ft, highest point in the Olivine area. This was a straight forward climb up snow slopes avoiding some slots, and we soon came to a rocky ridge, a few more thumps of the feet into soft snow and we were on the top.

Although some cloud was drifting across the Plateau, we had a fairly clear view. Forgotten Valley

was green below us in the west, and the tiny black dot of our cave was visible beneath Mt. Intervention. To the North we could see right out to the Arawata Flats and we looked down five and a half thousand feet into the Joe and across to Egrnslaw and the Dart. It was most enjoyable to be on the top of one peak at least, and this was a genuine climax to the trip. However, when we had argued about the route through the crevasses down into the Joe we returned quickly to Solution Col, jumping the schrunds energetically, and ate a rapid meal in the cold wind on the rocky pass. It was after 2.30 when we left here and once again we had to cut back and forth, up and down, to find a way across not very steep, but broken slopes to the ridge off Destiny Peak which leads down to the Joe. Several times we crossed tracks of chamois who seemed to have been on his way over to the plateau. Once we were on the rounded ridge it was fairly plain and soft going, with a fine view out to Williamson's Flats and Aspiring occasionally above distant clouds. A few roped glissades and slithers took us to the edges of crevasses, but by 4.30 we reached the snowline and sat happily looking across at the route up to O'Leary's Pass. First, though, we had to get down through the fantastic jumble of moraine to the Joe Glacier snout. Moving apart we came down to the filthy, dark Joe and spent several hours hunting for the "prominent bivvy rock". One of the day's great sights was of the leader crashing through thick West Coast scrub and moraine, pack on his back, and the infamous Moir trustingly clutched in one hand. This search was unsuccessful but since Hand had managed to cross (mostly by enforced swimming) the swift Joe, we all decided to cross over and camp on the other side. Most of us crossed on a taut rope, pendulum method, all stumbling and going half under, and we were glad to be across. (Of course, it hadn't really been necessary, but we wanted to psychologically complete the day.) We slept out on a lovely clearing ten minutes up the stream coming from the big slip, with a real feeling of achievement and fellowship. The night was perfectly clear and calm.

Arawata Bill Country.

The upper Joe is overhung by beetling cliffs and it was a while before the sun reached our grassy flat. We breakfasted leisurely in the warmth and later began to climb up bouldery Victor Creek into a large slip which we had gazed at from the other side of the river yesterday. At its top, this slip has an absolutely vertical wall of 600 ft. and so the route climbs out to the true left over rock shelves and steep snowgrass. To get above the head of the slip we were forced to do some slightly hairy vegetable mountaineering in sheer little guts, but after an hour or so we sat looking over the edge at the waterfall which spread into nothing before reaching the bottom. It was at this impressive spot that Hank threw away his tattered shorts.

While we then sidled upwards along a naturally rising shelf, we talked of Arawata Bill, whose pass this

was, and whose cairns were probably the first to mark this route. We felt that it was really possible to sense the compulsion and excitement of gazing over a new range into a new river and wondering whether here perhaps, the golden nuggets might be sluiced and the colours fulfil their promise. We admired Bill tremendously for his tenacity in finding and following this way and it was another thrill (for romantics at least) to reach the divide and see the pass several hundred feet below (the route goes above the main saddle) There were photos of the large cairn and tarn on O'Leary's Pass, and others towards Dredge Flat in the Dart. After lunch we went over the edge into the Pass Burn having to negotiate some awkwardly steep rubbly rock shelves, still frozen, before coming to the snow and glissading into the stream. From here, the tussock on the true left is beautifully easy and we soon descended from the tops through open bush to the Dart, and the round trip was nearly done.

A new Forestry bridge took us across the Dart, and we camped at the bottom of Cattle Flat, truly satisfied with a fine trip. We ate lots of food, and watched Jupiter creep up in the bright night sky behind the Barrier range.

After Dinner Coffee.

Early on Wednesday morning, Graham and John rushed off to Paradise, arriving that evening, the rest of us pushed ourselves up the dart in the heat, finally staggering onto Cascade Saddle late in the evening to be on our fourth pass in as many days. Mt. Isiring was sharp in the sky as again we slept out, in Cascade Basin, the next day found our way slowly down Cascade Saddle to the Matukituki, and very reluctantly forced ourselves to hurry to the road end in late afternoon heat. Here we were lucky enough to pick up a night ride to Wanaka with some meat hunters and after a night picnicking in the lake front bushes, we separated to hitch hike home.

.....DONALD FRAZER.

Leader: Mike Heenan
Party: Tom Clarkson, John Rhodes, Graham Hancox,
Donald Frazer.

.....

A GOODLY TRIPPE.

Recipe for a good fit trip:-

Take one large Northern Crossing, suitably dried in the sun.

Take three keen peasants, preferably bursting with energy.

Take the 3.56 railcar to Masterton.

Mix the peasants thoroughly in Mitre Flats Hut, sprinkling with mild oaths until 4 a.m. when they should be well browned off.

At this stage the track should be pounded vigorously until all traces of keenness have disappeared.

Bake in the sun at Tarn Ridge for 30 mins. adding liberal quantities of food and water.

Proceed to roll the resulting mess over the remaining tops into the 5th. Ohau.

At 7 p.m. insert the resulting jelly into a medium taxi and stew at Levin for 3/4 hour.

Add transport to taste and serve with breakfast in bed next day

Note: The amount of hot air which the finished product liberates is quite remarkable.

.....PETER RADCLIFFE

Peasants: Alan Reid, Nigel Eggers, Peter Radcliffe.

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- MISERY IS: getting sconed by the window on the cage.
- " " getting a pack full of white spirits
- " " snow caving with a broken shovel
- " " no bushmans friend for miles.
- " " seventh in a six berth hut
- " " not getting lost in the Wakatikei before final
- " " sleeping out in a cloud burst.
- " " walking the length of Dunedin in the rush hour with an 80 lb pack.
- HAPPINESS IS: Skating on frozen tarns
- " " running down a shingle slide
- " " manuka firewood
- " " finding a frog in the Wet Coast bush

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WILKIN RIVER TRIP.

11 - 25 February 1966.

Five of us left Wellington on Friday 11th on the Lyttle-ton Ferry. Next morning we took a tourist bus from Christ-church to Wanaka. At Wanaka, John joined the party and we took a taxi to Makarora at the head of the lake. We had thought it might have been necessary to use a jet boat to cross the Makarora River, but as we would have had to walk about two miles to Makarora Township, we decided to wade it any-way. As it happened, we encountered no difficulty cross-ing either this or the Wilkin River, and made camp that night on the true right bank of the Wilkin.

Next morning, we left early, donning 70+ lb packs, and set off up-river. We reached Kerin Forks Hut about 10am and after a rest, travelled on up to Jumboland Hut - arriv-ing in dribs and drabs according to individual fitness (or lack of it) about mid-afternoon.

Next day it rained... and the next. Meantime we played cards, ate, argued, played chess, chopped wood, ate, slept and ate.

A rather wet and dishevelled crew of six A.U.T.C. members who had come down the South Branch of the Wilkin with reports of bad weather, arrived and finding the hut occupied, rather unhappily, elected to sleep out in their tents in the rain.

On Tuesday (?) it wasn't raining so much, and we decided to do something. So Colin, Peter and Alistair went up the Wenderland Valley opposite the hut, to try to bag a deer, while John, Ross and Ian climbed Jusbo (6200'), directly behind the hut. During this climb we saw two herds of 2 or so and several groups of one and two deer - ample reason for the airstrip and refrigeration plant we later examined on the top flats. The Wilkin and adjacent valleys are infested with deer and chamois, and there is potentially a lot of money for the person who can find a cheap way of

getting the carcasses out.

During our stay in the Wilkin, an aeroplane made three flights to the airstrip.

Colin did the meat hunter out of the deer though and for the next few nights we had tasty venison stew.

The next day was fine, so, disdaining a cold wet crossing of the Wilkin opposite the hut, we walked up to the river flats and crossed it there. We decided to climb Mt. Arne (c. 7000') reaching the top about 12.30pm. With fine views of surrounding peaks, and the impressive slopes of Pollux, we had lunch, and then traversed the ridge to a small bump which blocked the way. We tried to sidle round it, but the going became a little difficult, so we went up to the top. After a short but interesting rock-climb ('finger technique'), we reached the top of the 'Bimple' and once again enjoyed the view. We followed the rocky ridge from here to the main ridge, and headed on down to the Wenderland Valley. We all reached the hut towards evening, pleasantly tired.

Our friends from Auckland had left for downriver and next day we decided to climb Aeclus (7600'). The river crossing we had disdained the previous morning was unpleasant after a warm pit and breakfast, but it had to be done. After we had wrung ourselves out, we set off through beech forest to the tussock and then to the snow line. The steep angle of the snow and the fact that we didn't have crampons, made stepcutting necessary, and we had lunch about an hour from the top. The top was covered in a light mist which with the wind made it not particularly pleasant, so we headed back down, glissading down the easy slopes. John and Ian chose a steep 50° slope to descend, but no-one else was game to follow.

On Saturday we moved on to Lake Diana at the foot of Mt. Pollux (8341'). Colin shot another deer, which annoyingly died in a small hollow in the ground, but someone found it so our supply of fresh meat was replenished.

That night it rained, and the rock bivvy was found to be unsuitable for three in wet weather - one side of the rock roof sloped down making a minor waterfall over part of the cave floor. Next day was fine and partly cloudy. A rest day was taken, some of the party going up to a glacial tributary of the North Wilkin, while Colin and Alistair went up to look at Lake Castalia (source of the other branch). All the time we were at this camp, avalanches fell practically unceasingly from the sheer cliffs which drop from the Pollux-Caster snow fields to the Wilkin glacier below.

That afternoon John and Ian found a route through the bluffs for our proposed attempt on Pollux the next day.

An early start was suggested and about 3am we got up. The valley was filled with ominous cloud and mist. We had breakfast and went back to sleep for an hour or so. Some people took a pessimistic view of the weather but after assurances that it was fine on top we set off just before dawn. At the snowline, we emerged above cloud level, into a scene of unsurpassable alpine beauty. We donned crampons, and as we moved higher up, we got magnificent views of the surrounding peaks, the Cook Massif far to the north, glistening in the morning sunshine, and the 'cotton wool' mist filling the valleys.

It was only 9am and Pollux looked like 'easy meat'. But this was not to be. Late in the season as it was, a lot of snow had melted or avalanched, and as we moved up the usually snow filled icefall we were confronted by great blocks of bare ice and in between, hungry-looking green, icy crevasses. There were no snow bridges, nothing. Some routes went some way, but usually ended in mighty gaps or vertical ice walls. Alistair pronounced a route through a massive jumble of seracs, but soon changed his plans when he unintentionally took the quick way down off the snow he was on into the lip of a crevasse. More than a little disappointed, we gave up (the ice-fall is the best route from the Wilkin side) and headed back down to camp. Colin and Alistair decided to commence their trip in the Copland Valley, Peter and Ross decided to stroll off down river and hitch-hike back to Wellington, while John and Ian decided to spend another

day climbing.

But the next day it rained. Only Colin and Clistair stirred, heading down river. The next day Peter and Ross left, and John and Ian in cloudy weather climbed about five peaks between Arne and the Main Divide: = June, Iphigenia, Vesta, Sentinel and Apollo - not bad going.

Although far from disappointed with our achievements, it must be pointed out that there is a vast amount of scope for both the climber and the trapper in the ~~XXXXX~~ Wilkin, and a rifle and good weather make it an extremely enjoyable place for a Christmas Trip.

Ross Gooder.

Leader: Colin Smyth.

Accompanied by: John Wild, Clistair Chapman, Ross Gooder,
Peter Gin, Ian Langford.

THE SEVENTY-THIRD EPISTLE OF PETER from phr's Revised Standard Version.

CHAPTER ONE.

1. Here beginneth the account of Brian Sissons' week end trip.
2. And it came to pass on Friday the second day of July in the year of nineteen hundred and sixty five, five fearless foot-sloggers travelled by train and taxi to the Kaitoke Shelter Hut,
3. thence they departed northwards in great haste, for they had much distance yet to journey.
4. After some time a voice crying in the wilderness was heard from afar saying, "He is no, for I am unfit."
5. And when the darkness descended they brought out lights, to lighten the Gentiles, for great was the blackness, for it was about the twelfth hour (1)
6. And the light shineth in the darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not.
7. Then a fearful rain began to fall, and continueth to fall, and great was their wetness.
8. From this prickly place they descended into the Valley of the Teer in Eck-Cw, and went forth into the House of Academics (2).
9. and they dwelt therein, for it was rich in dirt.

10. On the next day they awoke, and found a fellow vagrant in their midst, and great was their rejoicing.
11. And the leader smith unto the others, "Arise ye peasants."
12. And so they arose, and put sack cloth upon their loins and departed unto the valley again, having broken their fast.

CHAPTER TWO.

1. And it came to pass that when it was nearly noon snow began to fall upon the trappers (for this they are called in these parts) and they waxed exceeding glad until they became cold and they smake a multitude of oaths.
2. And there were many new windfalls in the valley; and when they reached the next hut, the hut called Cone, the leader turned and crying out in a loud voice, spoke thus unto the others:
3. "Gather ye much fyre wood, for we shall have need of it."
4. And verily I say unto ye, was the wood multiplied an hundredfold, though it be wet.
5. And the trappers tailed rightily, for there be no axe, and they smite the wood on the block.
6. And there was little room in the hut for the trappers besides these faggots.
7. Thus it was decided that they should dwell in that hut, for many reasons, and not go on to Weill Forks.
8. The fyre-wizards were summoned, and verily I say unto ye they did beget a mighty fyre.
9. They kindled it with candles, brushwood, and dry withy statements (which are knit with maketh excellent fyre-lyting materials) and its shape was that of the pyramids in the land of the pharaohs.
10. And one of their number did beik a billy and gave a brow unto them saying
11. "Drink ye all of this and it will refresh you."
12. They did sit around the fyre for the rest of the afternoon, sacrificing sacks and bread upon it; whercupon a great stench did fill the hut.
13. And the night came and they did feast mightily on stew and sudden puddings.
14. And they did play with cards the game called pentecost and neckly knelt upon their knees, and great was their merriment.
15. On the following mornin they arose again, at the comely time of the fourth hour (3).
16. And by noon they were trampling the snow of the Mount of Reeves, and soon they stopped at the old campsite, cast devils out of their boots and ate with speed for it was raining yet.
17. Mid afternoon saw four peasants crave a ride with a killer of deer at the end of the road near Woodside, whercupon the others cursed rightily and began roadwalking.

(1) Gm. to the uninitiated. (2) AD. (3) 10am!

Leader was Brian Sissons who was closely followed by: Gary Henderson, Kevin Pearce, Ross Gooder, Nick Whitten and Peter Radcliffe (scribe).