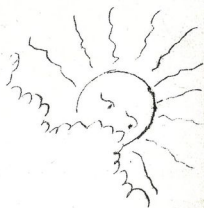


Heels



CLIMB IT ALL MOUNTAINEER



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COMMITTEE - 1962-63.

President: Professor C.L. Bailey.
Vice Presidents: Miss J.E. Ross, K.B. Popplewell, I.D. Cave.
Chairman: Ray Hoare.
Vice Chairman: John Ross.
Chief Guide: Bill Stephenson.
Secretary: Linda Redmond.
Treasurer: Steve Reid.
Committee: Margaret McPherson, Syd Moore, and Peter Barry.

COMMITTEE - 1963-64. (To be filled in at the A.G.M.)

President:
Vice presidents:
Chairman:
Vice Chairman:
Chief Guide:
Secretary:
Treasurer:
Committee:

Party: Ray Hoare (Leader), Helen Henderson, Phil Laird, Les McLaughlan, and Terry Waghorn.

Friday evening saw the snow-covered Tararua's tinged pink at sunset as five set out from the Institution on the hill. Train and taxi took us to Otaki Forks and the struggle up to Field's was as near perfect as such a climb could be, with a full moon and crisp stillness through which sounds of trains in the distance below carried gently.

At some unearthly hour we reached Fields which was lightly drifted with snow. An ice-axe had to be applied to the covering of ice on the water tank to make the water accessible. No time was wasted in gaining the warmth of sleeping bags and very soon only the famous Field's rats stirred.

In the morning Hughie greeted us hostilely - mist, wind, and general dampness. Primi and Optimi provided a hasty breakfast, cold clammy socks and boots were reluctantly donned, and off we pushed through the mist to Kime, where ~~xxxxx~~ thick ice had to be chopped away to gain entry. Inside a plastic bucket containing about a foot of water was frozen solid.

A brief rest here to thaw slightly before the main assault on the southern peaks. Hughie hurled it at us - snow, ice, and wind all day. At no stage was visibility better than fifty yards. Eventually Mount Alpha was reached and the wind dropped as we sidled just below the peak on the northern side. When we reached the bushline on Alpha, all was quiet and snow was falling gently, through the trees - Hughie had done his worst!

At Alpha Les provided a dash of brandy which, added to a hot cup of coffee, warmed us up more than the fireplace choked with snow was likely to! A group of T.T.C. types had arrived earlier from Kaitoke - called us mad when we arrived and chipped off frozen parkas, etc.. Shortly after, two young keen men arrived equipped with bows and arrows. Deer-shooters they explained..... I acted as chief-excess - food-disposer-of for the T.T.C.s who seemed to cook more rice and salmon than they could manage!

After a cool night, during which billies of water froze inside, Phil and I got up very early (9 a.m.!) to greet a clear blue sky and brilliant sun (the sun always shines at Alpha). We climbed to the iron peg marking the summit of Alpha and were rewarded with an incredible view, to the north of endless snow-covered ridges, and to the south of the Wairarapa, Palliser Bay, Wellington Harbour, Kapiti Island and, hazy in the distance, the seaward Kaikouras. On the way down to the hut again for breakfast we met the T.T.C.s, plus Les, on their way to Kime in the most perfect conditions possible.

The rest of us left Alpha, after a long breakfast, at about 11 a.m., singing selections from West Side Story and other shows. The Marchant Ridge was long but pleasant and evening saw us leave the Shelter Hut to return to the big city, full of that warm feeling of tiredness mingled with satisfaction.

T.J.W.

XXXX XXXX XXXX XXXX XXXX XXXX XXXX XXXX

A HELL TRIP. (After finals, 1962)

Party: Ning (Leader) and Nong.

(Names have been changed to protect the guilty)

On 7th November, 1962, a fateful Wednesday, two idiots undertook to reach the bash by a suitably unconventional route. An Oriwa-Pakihoire-Southern was selected, and Ning and Nong caught the Limited. Being convinced of the greed of taxi-drivers, and driver-bashing not yet recognised, they footed it to some pine trees by the pipe bridge and camped. This is where Ning broke his new slasher demonstrsting it to Nong.

At 5-30 next morning they set off, realizing time was not going to be plentiful. In the half light some good angel put them on to the correct ridge, and off they went. Breakfast was at the Palmer camp site, and lunch at Waiopehu. Here it rained, and our heroic duo began to have doubts. At 3 p.m. they left Waiopehu after a two-hour spell and gained the peak. Oriwa ideas were rejected, and a Dora-Northern-Mitre-Holdsworth-Totara Flats-A.D. substituted by our heroes. Undaunted by leatherwood they pushed on to Twin Peak and, following the map in the mist, disappeared down a spur.

Again at the trig, but this time using a compass, they followed discs to a saddle and lost them at dusk. Torches were brought into play and, as Nong was keen on Te-matawai, the discs were relocated and followed upwards through even worse bush. In fact Nong at one stage vanished completely, screaming an unintelligible warning. Ning's carbide lamp gave up the ghost and all oblivious he walked over a bluff. Gazing dazedly upward he saw the moon, which wavered feebly and bleated, "How do I get out of this tree?"

"How did you get in?"

"I fell in"

"Well, fall out again."

After some difference of opinion after Nong had climbed and fallen out, Nong prevailed and off went our heroes for Te Matawai. They gave up after reaching snow-

grass, and dining on hot pineapple and whisky managed to sleep through light rain. Thursday - 18½ hours.

On Friday morning they awoke to the sight of a trig twenty yards away, and a dirty great saddle with pukematawai at the other end of it. They were back at Twin Peak. Some urgency was indicated, so they got a pair of fast camels and bushwacked to Richard's Knob, thence to Te Matawai for breakfast. Lunch was had on Pukematawai, and as a consequence of Nong's dislike for moonlight rock-climbing, an early stop was made at Tarn Ridge. Friday - 11 hours.

Saturday, the day of the bash, was ushered in by Ning's alarm clock at 1-30 a.m.. They were in business! At 3 a.m. they headed by torchlight, moonless, in a heavy frost, for A.D., On Girdlestone at 5 a.m., while admiring sunrise, Ning discovered the total loss of his broken slasher. At 10 a.m. some shooters were inclined to disbelieve they had come from Tarn Ridge. Lunch at McGregor, then Powell at 1 P.M. Our heroes were starting to flake, but had a two-hour sleep, then headed for Totara Flats. Here, at 5-30, they acknowledged defeat, by falling asleep on arrival. Ning felt hungry, but fell into the mire (through sleep) trying to get stew. Saturday - 16 hours.

On Sunday they headed for A.D., meeting the bash remnants at 2-30, and gaining the Shelter at 5-30 - 9 hours.

This marathon averaged 13½ hours per day.

W.R.S.

Since our Chief Guides recent decision to major in Tramping there has been much discussion among Club members on the part Tramping should play in the life of the average University Student. We are all looking forward eagerly to the near future when it is hoped that Victoria will follow the lead of Washington University in providing a course in mountaineering and bush-craft.

1 Our man in Vancouver - personal communication.

Northern Crossing.

April (?) 1962

Party: Les McClachlan, Geoff Norris, Mike Heenan

Some weekend in April 1962 three of the Club's stalwarts attempted and accomplished a successful Northern Crossing.

Transport was by Field's Express to Levin and taxi to Ohau bridge. Ohau Hut was reached in good time. The party had just got to sleep when there was a terrible thundering and crashing through the bush and the door burst open to admit 39 Tararua. Sleep was a long time coming again.

However our party avenged themselves by rising very early - 6 a.m. - and tripping over prostrate bedfellows on the floor on the way to the door. After breakfasting on a dubious mixture of rice, milk powder, dried apricots and water our three heroes set off about 7.30 a.m.

The first five minutes were very hazardous owing to the recumbent Tararua stretched across the track at every turn. This hazard passed, South Ohau Hut was reached in a little over an hour. By now big black clouds were rolling over from the north west. After a longish rest the party continued on up Teates track through the bush to Te Matawai Hut for an early lunch. Outside Hughie made his presence known with a cold clammy wind and an absence of light.

The journey continued with the long climb up Pukematawai. Soon after passing the bushline, mist began to close in. Much later, on reaching the top of Pukematawai, visibility was about 50 feet. Shortly after Hughie had his first victory when our heroes were descending from the top of Arete into Park Valley. An exhausting climb and slide got the party onto the track again. A late lunch on Lancelster was cut short by a sudden outburst from Hughie. As the party traversed the Waiohine Pinnacles, he let loose with rain, wind, and hail, but despite his last minute efforts, the party reached the warm haven of Perry Memorial Hut on Farn Ridge.

During the night Hughie went really beserk and put all he had into destroying the hut and its three occupants. All night wind shrieked around the hut and rain and hail drummed mercilessly on the walls.

However Hughie exhausted himself to no avail and next morning dawned still and clear. The route was round to Girdlestone then round to Mitre via Brockett.

From Girdlestone impressive views to the north and west were gained - Huapehu, Ngauruhoe and Mount Ruapehu visible. Traces of mist in the valleys and clouds to the south and east were the remains of the previous night's storm.

After a short stay on the top of Mitre the party tore off down the hill to Mitre flats Hut, lunched, and

made short work of the track out to the pines (2 hours). From there a long walk to Masterton began, relieved at the eleventh hour by a lift which got our heroes to the station 2 minutes before the rail-car left.

M.P.H.

Blackwater - Spion Kop

December, 1962

Party: Fraser Wall (leader), Bill Stephenson, Roger Lockwood, Jan De Lisle, Michael Heenan, Margaret Macpherson,

Friday, night was fine, but black and moonless as we splashed up the Onua, trying to avoid stray Hut Valleys. In the same isolationist mood we bedded down on the dank forest floor, just past Onua hut. Bill and Fraser erected a tent fly but failed to entice anyone to share it with them.

Next morning we went up the Blackwater or Onua-iti which eventually became a vertical, narrow chasm. However it failed to lead us on to the ridge and we spent a few hours falling through, tripping over, crawling under, and cursing leatherwood. Steady rain added to the general joyous feeling. Lunch about 2.30 on Twin Peak as we admired Oriwa ridge restored our perspective, and as it seemed too late to go down to the Otaki we headed for Waiopahu. (Thus inaugurating an Onua - Onua trip.) On Waiopahu the weather cleared and the party lized in a sunny hollow by the turn; except for a few morose types who preferred the lonely view, dark clouds looming over the southern farmlands and Kapiti.

Waiopahu hut, down in the dush, proved very comfortable, with a fragment of the sea in sight. The party now divided into the lively, determined to make a late night vigil and 'grumpy' recumbents - never the twin shall meet.

Sunday we left the main track just past the hut and followed another steep rocky little cataract which forced us into many weird methods of descent, and caused one twisted ankle and a wrenched back, dropped into a pool from about 20 feet above. This stream finally opened out into the Makareta river which we waded and hopped down after drying out and eating. To our amazement we found a track leading up Mount Spion Kop. However it soon disappeared and we blundered round in the hazy and supple jock taking sight of the ridge and spurs.

Towards evening we were crossing grassy hills to a road when Lou, wearily, to Onua station in time to catch Field's Express.

M.O.M.

THE TRAMPERS' BALL.

Milling masses in the ball-room
Seething, weaving round the floor;
Writhing, jiving, rocking, twisting
'Till sweat flows free from every pore.

Duffers dance with clumsy footsteps,
Kicking, scuffing partners toes.
Through faulty steering, bumping, shoving,
Quite regardless, friends and foes.

Others glide past slow and stately,
Relaxed and easy, having fun;
Close together, held so lightly,
Cheek to cheek they move as one.

The floor is clear and lined with faces
As dusky maiden wriggles by.
And as she strips with graceful movements
Panting males stare glassy-eyed.

Pools of beer upon the tables
Slowly dripping to the floor;
Cigarette butts, empty bottles,
Half-filled jugs of grog galore.

Laughing couples gaily chatting
While flash-bulbs ~~fixxk~~ pop and shutters click.
Others, fearing for their neurons,
Pet with Smirnoff-loaded chicks.

So at last the Ball is over,
Grog is cut and feet are sore.
Wending homeward in the moonlight;
Stop it! Stop it! Say no more!

K.B.P.

.....

A Physicist's Dream

When will they produce Log-Log graph-paper shirts?
tailored to appeal to a practical physicist, instead of
pure mathematicians, who prefer 10 lines to the inch,
linear graph-paper?

Party: Bill Stephenson, Peter Barry, Kerry Stevens.

In a rather casual way, shortly after our terms exams we planned a climbing trip into the inland Kaitiokanas. We gave ourselves a week to prepare but poor old Pete Squires (our fourth member) received a letter explaining where to be on the Friday. He went tramping in the weekend and arrived in Blenheim on Monday. We ourselves had taken the Aramoana on it's first cousin's trip. The following day we bludged a ride on the mail truck which runs twice weekly up the Awatere valley. Our aim was to tramp up the Hoder river (a tributary) and so gain access to the three highest peaks of the area, Mts. Papahenua, Alama, Mitre. These peaks are well covered with snow in winter so as to make them truly alpine, although they are just slag heaps in summer. They also have a reputation for cold and terrific dry frosts. The air being very clear so clear that it is possible to read a book by moonlight.

We arrived at the lower bridge mid after noon, the sun shining as the remnants of a southerly storm disappeared. Our body temperatures soon dropped on entering the sunless gorges and as we crossed and recrossed a very cold stream.

The night was spent on a flat between the upper and lower gorges. Time was wasted the next morning in thawing out boots over a primus since parts refroze when taken from above the flame. Bill's camera was also frozen. Nevertheless we continued, passing below icicles dangling from rocks and glittering in the early morning sun; climbed over the half frozen 400 ft. waterfall, scaled another gorge and camped under the ridge leading to our first objective Mt. Papahenua.

Next morning we stepped outside the tent at 6.30 before sunrise, stepped back in to wait for sunrise. Later however we climbed "onwards and upwards" suddenly bursting into the sun on top of the summit ridge. In the clear atmosphere the sea looked so close that one could almost dive into it. How we pitied those people back in Wellington sitting under the haze and smog generally associated with cities. From here the top was reached in no time at all; and was not difficult except for soft snow sliding off when we were scaling the Pinnacle. In a keen wind we did not stay long on top, although the views were glorious, but shot off down the other side. We had intended to climb Alama also but soft kneedeep snow slowed us down considerably.

At this point, unfortunately Kerry managed to break his ice-axe and regretfully went out and home, ostensibly to work ---? On reaching the great snow basin below Mitre at the head of the valley next morning we decided to tackle an interesting looking ridge rather than surge straight up the long couloir running for 2 1/2 - 3000 feet up the middle (that would do for a glissade down.) This immense basin would be a skier's paradise if one could lug skis in.

The ridge proved interesting enjoyable climbing but was slow. Hence on reaching the low peak, lack of time, approaching foul weather, a strong bitterly cold wind, turned us back. The trip back to the camp was highlighted by a story from Pete's, which lasted 1 1/2 hours.

With food running short and rain wetting our tent we made a dash the next morning down the Houlder to beat the storm. We were lucky enough to pick a lift for the fifty odd miles into Glenheim.

Much to our disgust the next day dawned beautifully fine and we kicked ourselves on seeing "Topy" from the plane on the way home. So ended a brief interlude from snow.

P.J.B.

.....
Spencer's (August)

Party: Steve Reid (leader), Roger Lockwood, Barbara Wallace, Margaret Macpherson, Les. Melloy, Murray McKenzie, Mike Roenah, Paul Laird.

Although this trip was easy it was a very good preparation for a wearing third term. We walked round Lake Rototiti at night in 2 1/2 hours after a long trip from Wellington. The next day the weather cleared and we pushed up the Travers to John Tait Hut. The going was through flats, some beech bush with Mt. Travers looming up ahead. The next day we rose early & dumped packs at Hiamo Creek which gave good access to basin leading to Cupola and Travers. From here we climbed steep snow up the side of Travers, Cupola was magnificent with mist swirling round her listening head. M. Mike and I climbed to the end of the narrow summit, saw the Upper Travers hut, our destination some 3,500 feet straight below, and ridge upon ridge of snow to the east. We descended by the same route to our packs and hurried off to Upper Travers

This hut, at about 4,000 feet is surrounded by 7,000 ft. peaks. The face of Travers was particularly impressive in its snow and more so later when the moon illuminated it. The next day was our finest and we went over the 6,000 ft. pass to the Sabine. We stopped about two hours on the snowline in a warm and sheltered spot with Mt. Franklin just

across the way, then moved off down through easy bush to the track, leaving over a spectacular gorge to the Sabine Forks Hut. The next day was raining so we cancelled a prospective trip up the West Sabine and headed down to Lake Rototiti.

The trip was tedious in the rain but the bush and flats were larger than in the Travers. Sabine Hut on the shores of the lake was up to scratch, plenty of firewood, springs and mattresses. Next day was also rather doubtful so Murray and Roger went round the lake to summon the lunch while the others finished off the food.

Four of us clattered down the West Coast to Arthur's Pass in royal style and the others returned through Glenheim in similar way.

S. J. R.

A MATHEMATICAL THEORY OF SCATTERING OFF (for the esoteric) LEATHERWOOD.

L.A. McLachlan.
Senior Lecturer; Institute For The Study of
Advanced Tramping, University of British
Columbia.

The Schrodinger equation of a Trampler is

$$\left[-\frac{\hbar^2}{2m} \nabla^2 + mgh - \frac{1}{2}K(\underline{r})^2 + V(\underline{r} + n\underline{a}) \right] \psi = E \psi$$

mgh = gravitational energy.

$-\frac{1}{2}K(\underline{r})^2$ = energy lost due to bushlawyer, mud, etc.

\underline{r} = position vector of Trampler.

$V(\underline{r} + n\underline{a})$ = periodic potential due to leatherwood.

n is an integer.

\underline{a} = spacing of leatherwood.

Assume: $\frac{d}{dr}(mgh) \approx 0$ and neglect $\frac{1}{2}K(\underline{r})^2$.

$$\therefore \left[-\frac{\hbar^2}{2m} \nabla^2 + V(\underline{r} + n\underline{a}) \right] \psi = E \psi$$

Solution of this equation is 1:

$$\psi(\underline{r}) = e^{ik\underline{r}} U(\underline{r} + n\underline{a})$$

Where $U(\underline{r} + n\underline{a})$ is a function periodic in \underline{a} .

$$E = \int \psi^* E \psi d^3x = E_0 + 2\beta \cos(ka)$$

if only interaction between nearest neighbour leatherwoods is considered

$$\text{Group velocity} = v = \frac{1}{\hbar} \nabla_k E = 2\beta a \sin(ka)$$

Thus as the Trampler's wave number, k , increases he first increases his group velocity, but further increase in k causes his velocity to decrease. At a certain critical value $k=2\pi/a$ he is stopped, and on further increasing k he is actually flung over backwards; i.e. undergoes Bragg reflection from the leatherwood lattice. This has been experimentally verified in the case of bracken. As k is further increased the Trampler's reverse velocity decreases, then ceases, then he starts forward again, only to be once more reflected off the leatherwood. A more detailed theory of these oscillations is given by Zener. Superimposed on these oscillations are random scatterings off impurities, manuka, bush lawyer, other Trampers, etc., giving an entirely complex trajectory.

The Author has attempted an experimental verification of these equations on Bull Mound, but the experimental accuracy was poor due to the mist. However, the bloody

things were impenetrable. At first sight the resonance condition $k = 2\pi/a$ seems impossible to satisfy since $k = p/h = 10^{30} m^{-1}$ so $\lambda \sim 10^{-30}$. However, Heisenberg's uncertainty principle gives $\Delta p \Delta x \sim h$ so $\Delta x \sim h/\Delta p \sim 5 \times 10^{-30}$ m. Now it is impossible to determine a Trampers' position to better than one leatherwood tree, since any attempt to look into a leatherwood disturbs it, and hence alters the position of the entangled Trampers. Thus $\Delta x \sim a$, $\Delta p \sim h/a$, and the resonance condition is readily satisfied. More experimental details will be found in the literature 1,2,3.

The Author would like to acknowledge the assistance of the V.U.W.T.C. in many of the preliminary experiments and in their unfailing ability to find the only patch of leatherwood for twenty miles. He would also like to thank Miss L. Redmond for many stimulating discussions. Finally he would like to thank Mr. W.R. (Bill the Bastard) Stephenson for being 7000 miles away while this paper was being written.

ABSTRACT: This paper shows that it is impossible to go through Leatherwood at all except vanishingly small velocities.

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1. F. Bloch, Z. Physik., 52, 555, (1929)
2. P.J. Barry, Whakatiki, personal communication Nov. 1961.
3. C. Zener, Proc. Roy. Soc., A145, 523, (1934).
4. Heels, published by V.U.W.T.C. at irregular intervals.
5. Tararua Trampers, published by T.T.C. (elementary treatment).
6. N.Z. Alpine Journal, carries the argument to higher levels.

(Here for the esoteric)

Come down, O trampers, from yonder mountain heights:
What pleasure lives in height (the town man sang)
In height is a cold, the splendour of the hills?
But cease to move so near the heavens, and leave
The mountainous ledges there to slope, and spill
Their encumbering wreaths of dangling water-snake,
That like a broken purple waste in air
So waste not thou; but come, for all the vales
Await thee.

(Apologies to Penryson)

An Account of Christmas Wanderings

During the 2nd week of this year Geoff Norris, Steve Reid and I (Peter Barry) sped southwards through Central Otago (for the "fruit") past Lake Wakatipu to arrive at the N.Z.A.C. Hut at Homer, just 12 miles short of Milford, on the 11th of January. Geoff and Steve had just spent 2 weeks tramping in the Spencers. Our journey south in Geoff's venerable old Wolseley was heralded by a cold southerly depositing snow on the hills just above us. However we arrived at Homer to enjoy a week's absolutely glorious fine weather. (For once it didn't rain in New Zealand's wettest clime.) We intended to do some climbing and tramping in the Darran Mountains which are immediately to the north and east of Milford Sound. The area (including the Hollyford) is noted for its steepness, glaciation, and extremely good rock for climbing on (firm, hard, rough diorite). The things that impress one are the fantastic bluffs and the steep, inaccessible-looking peaks. The grandeur of the place is certainly not subtle.

The next morning we walked the 11 miles to the Tutoko River (as Geoff's car's lights wouldn't go when we were in the Homer Tunnel.) The tourists were in no way helpful: - only "the sights I see when I haven't got a camera!" The trip up the Tutoko valley in the cool of the late afternoon was very pleasant indeed. It is a botanist's paradise, as the deer have not yet infiltrated. However the climb up the steep slopes to Turner's Bivvy rock in the heat of the following day was anything but pleasant. But to watch the sun set over the Tasman sea behind Mt. Grave and to admire the mighty Mt. Tutoko, the "Monarch of Fiordland", towering above was indeed compensation.

The following morning we left, unashamedly, at 11.00 for Mt. Madeline, the summit of which was reached at 4.00 p.m. after an enjoyable climb. We ate lunch while admiring the jumble of peaks visible in almost all directions, from Aspiring to Mitre Peak, with Tutoko dominating the view to the north.

Mt. Syme, a lesser peak, was climbed the next day and another lazy day was spent admiring the view. This time it was the almost unvisited Lake Turner and its outlet of a 1200ft waterfall.

Time, food, and energy now running short we took off for the main Tutoko valley, spending an hour crossing the high glacial stream, Leader "Creek". From here we shot back to Homer, making a 2-mile detour to Milford for a beer.

By this time the rest of the party had arrived early on the morning of the 17th (2 a.m. in fact): Janice de Lisle, Linda Redmond, Ann Walls and Fraser Walls (poor fella) had arrived after an eventful trip in Fraser's even more venerable Dodge. The seven of us spent a few days climbing (to get fit) and then toddled off for 3 week's tramping in the Olivine area.

Among the preliminaries we climbed Talbot and Macpherson (a traverse), two impressive though easy peaks in the upper Hollyford. Two days later we took full packs up on to a subsidiary peak, Barrier Knob, from which five of us climbed Barrier and Marian while Linda and Fraser went off down the Gifford Crack to the head of Lake Adelaide. (This is tramping of a high order.)

The balance of the party returned and set off to follow, but due to the lateness of the hour and the rising wetness of the air we were forced to spend "the most miserable night I have ever spent" on an exposed ledge above the lake with no tent. Two inches of snow fell about us making the Gifford Crack impossible to descend. Hence we painfully dragged ourselves over Barrier Knob and so back to Homer. Fraser and Linda had spent the night in a comfortable bivvy rock. (Isn't it amazing how people always get waylaid in pairs?) They arrived back via Moraine Creek and the Hollyford road that evening and the now reunited party celebrated with a bottle of cherry wine. The snow had put the peaks out of condition so the next two days were spent packing, sorting food and washing (for girls). So it was on the 23rd of January that we left for the Olivines under a glowering black sky; weather which was to stay with us for most of the time.

And so farewell to one of the finest climbing areas in New Zealand.

P.J.B.

Olivines (23rd Jan. - 8th Feb.)

Party: Fraser Walls, Peter Barry, Steve Reid, Geoff Norris, Ann Walls, Janice de Lisle, Linda Redmond.

On the evening of January 23rd we staggered off down the Hollyford track towards Hidden Falls hut. After 3 hours' tramping we were blundering about in the dark with little idea of how far we had to go, so we gave in and pitched camp in the rain beside the river. By morning it was pouring and the water was rising fast (the fire had to be shifted during the cooking of breakfast) so we made for the hut and sat there recovering from our long day's tramping (8 hour) and hoping that the river would fall by the next day. The weather turned fine and the party camped beside Pyke hut, leaving early next morning (except for Steve and Geoff, who were still in bed) to go round Lake Alabaster and up the Pyke. The rear end of the party caught up at mid-day at Alabaster hut, and we plodded on up through the bastard-grass to the Olivine river. At this point the ideal route is neither obvious nor known to us; suffice it to say that Moir does not mention an extensive and hazardous swamp full of bush-lawyer and scrub, and occupying most of the area between the Olivine and the Diorite. We pressed on into this until it got about waist-deep, then retreated to the Olivine. Our route to the Diorite next day was through slightly drier bush right up against the hillside.

The track up the Diorite climbs up a very steep spur on the true left bank, and calls for advanced vegetable-climbing technique. We camped (again in rain) in the most salubrious Diorite flats, and next morning crossed Four Brothers Pass to the Forgotten. The party sat here for four days, looking at the Forgotten icefall of the Olivine Ice

Plateau and wishing that the thick cloud would clear. The time was passed in playing five hundred, washing, eating, sleeping, cursing Hughey, . . . On the second day we were alarmed to see a maniac bounding down a slope towards us and uttering loud noises. We recognised him as a fellow trapper from Wellington and invited him to share our campsite but not our food. He had been sitting on the other side of the river for a couple of days, as unaware of our presence as we had been of his. We stopped being worried by the footprints we had found across the river.

On our fifth day in the Forgotten the weather cleared and we moved to the upper bivvy rock near the plateau. In the afternoon we climbed Destiny from where we had a magnificent view of the Joe and Dart rivers, and Aspiring. After a successful episode of bivvy-cramming we returned to the plateau and ate a leisurely lunch in the sun while admiring views of Tutoko, Madeline and Aspiring. After lunch we climbed Noah's Mistake and glissaded down, then returned to the Bivvy. The Olivine Ice Plateau is a vast expanse of snow about three miles by one and a half, surrounded by peaks - Blockade, Climax, Intervention, Destiny, Ark, Little Ark, Gable, Tower, Paschendale and others.

The next day the party split up and Steve and Geoff set off to cross the plateau. The other five of us went down the Forgotten to the Olivine Flats, and later spent a day pushing up the Olivine along deer-trails to the upper flats. We were entertained by a duck which whistled instead of quacking and spent a whole evening flying up river and joy-riding down. We crossed Cow Saddle into Hidden Falls Stream, which is full of small bivvy rocks, and then climbed to Fark Pass. From the pass we sidled round steep snowgrass slopes to a series of small lakelets and then to Lake Nerine. A minute after our arrival the Lake was shrouded in mist. A biscuit-eating contest was held (winner uncertain) and the party set off to sidle in mist, rain and steep snowgrass to Routeburn North Col. . . . Some hours later we arrived at what had appeared the day before to be North Col, only to be confronted with a totally unknown stream some hundreds of feet below. Those who had not been to Routeburn North Col were most reluctant to believe those who had. As it was late we descended and camped, thinking, "if this isn't the north Routeburn, then where the heck are we?" Peter and Fraser went off to see whether we could get out down valley, and the cooks caught a fawn. They let it go, to the disgust of the others. At the end of the hanging valley in which we were lay a very large valley (Hollyford? Dart?) and in the morning we climbed out of the flats and sidled round and down into the large valley. We had cherished fears that we might have been in High Falls Creek, but fortunately our suspicions were groundless. Our route was steep, but the way out from High Falls would have been much worse. We eventually found ourselves in Swamp creek (and in another swamp) and made our way to the Hollyford and back up the track to the Dodge at the road-end.

The trip was most enjoyable, although very different from that originally planned (over the Ice Plateau, down the Joe, up the Arawata, over Arawata Saddle to the Matukituki, over Cascade Saddle to the Dart, and through the Routeburn to the Hollyford). Many curses upon the head of the unspeakable Hughey.

Party: Steve Reid, Geoff Norris.

On Monday the 4th Geoff Norris and I crossed the Ice Plateau and, climbing above the Memorial Icefall, headed for the gap in the ridge that is called Solation Col. Just below the Col we avoided some bergschrunds by cutting a ladder up a crack between snow and rock. We left the Col at 4pm, descending to the Joe river. Moir's route guide for the ascent was so brief as to be of little use, so we picked the easiest route sidling to the left through snow basins, donned the rope after an encounter with a crevasse, and found ourselves on top of an ice cliff between the two branches of the main Icefalls. We groped back for 1000 feet into the collecting mist, sidled among the gaping black neve crevasses which we had carefully avoided on the way down and then found ourselves on Moir's "ridge off Destiny". We descended as quickly as possible, ran into confusion as to Moir's "main ridge" and had to retreat 300 feet from the jaws of a further icefall. Moir's "main ridge" is the one heading for the Victor Creek Junction. We reached a moraine basin on the snowline as darkness was falling and bedded down.

The next day was cloudy with a N-E wind. We had adehy. veg. breakfast which we did not repeat, and headed off down to the Joe. The going was not bluffed but was over rough loose moraine and was slow. The Joe turned out to be a narrow, grey river but deep and vicious. Depressed, we moved down into the very bouldery gorge. We tried a ford where the river was wide, but it was far too deep. Then we found we were looking at a pile of boulders stratching right across the river. This natural bridge required elaborate mountaineering techniques, but one further upstream was crossed with a small jump.

Victor Creek bivvy was a five star one-clean, dry, soft, quiet and scented by the masses of white ribbonwood flowers that hung from the trees in the glade in front. The grass too was carpeted and after the roughness of the surrounding country, this bivvy, far above the roaring river, had a charm and serenity without precedent. In fact when the following day dawned drizzly we decided to stay.

The next day was much the same; however time was running out so we tackled O'Leary's Pass. Up the old slip, the key to the bluffs, to the right up steep slippery wet snowgrass and rock ending in a place of vegetable climbing (avoidable), and so on above the slip.

There is really only one rather feeble animal track here and no matter how glibly Moir describes it, parties descending will find it to be the key. From here on the going was up a deer highway on a textbook ledge - pleasant, despite the wind and rain. We reached a ridge and a priori assumed it to be the pass. We climbed to the top, east side of the pass, & Moir, and found instead of a sidling deer track, a bluff and an icefall disappearing into the mist. We put Moir away hurriedly and went back to a rubble covered series of ledges leading to some frozen snow and moraine, which to my surprise did not lead to more bluffs but to gentle tussock slopes above Pass Burn. The going was easy, the tussock was not covered with moraine, the bush was open, and the sun was shining

on the green expanses of Cattle flat.

So we came to the Dart, and the sandflies descended on us in their hosts and verily I say unto thee the very sky was black therefrom. The night was short and our sleep shorter and we were chased from our camp. The Dart was big and in a hurry and waist deep a yard from the shore so the track stayed on the "other" side, and we pushed off into the gorge. The going was fairly rough through slips, boulders and windfalls, and forever up and down. Twelve hours later we camped in rain at the Beansburn. During the night the weather cleared for the first fine day in seventeen. The Beansburn was clear and six inches lower in the morning and although our rope ran out in midstream we crossed quite easily. The Routeburn did us well with raspberries and the next day we crossed over to the Hollyford and a car that wouldn't start.

S.J.R.

Spencers (Christmas)

Party: Geoff Morris, Steve Reid, Roger Lockwood, Phil Leard, John Bailey, George Preddey, Terr Waghorn.

Lake Rotorua - Sabine - West Sabine - Lake Constance - Waiau Pass - Upper Waiau Valley - Ada Pass - Maruia.

The trip was to have started on Boxing day, but because of troubles with the Aramoana it was not till the 27th that our full complement was standing on the shore of lake Rotorua preparing to be ferried to the lakehead. For the leader, Geoff and three others it was their second visit to the area. John, George and Terry made up the rest of the party, which the two last-named, in the absence of a restraining female element, kept rather delightfully unclean.

After two days of bush travel and another day involving the steep but not difficult 6000 foot Waiau pass we came onto the open grass plains of the Waiau valley and our daily stretches were easier so allowing us to fit in two climbing days. These attempts were only partially successful as we did not complete the summit ridge of Una, though six reached the summit of Faerie Queen. (Both these peaks are accessible to within three miles by Land Rover.)

We were fortunate that our way led us past the old Ada Homestead (deserted) at the junction of the Waiau and Ada Streams, for we here found gooseberries and cherry at approximately the appropriate level of maturity. It was after Ada Homestead that the sugar situation improved noticeably also. We were blessed with fine weather for almost the whole trip and our only hut was that of the CUTC on the Ada Pass where (since it was raining) some of us spent an extra day. Our first glimpse of civilisation on emerging was, appropriately enough, the Maruia hotel where we spent a short time before dispersing.

R.L.

After the usual shambles of preparation, we were abandoned by our taxi at the end of the Mount Aspiring Homestead Road late on 12th February. The first taste of really heavy packs was somewhat alarming for the three novices and unpleasant for the other two. We staggered several hundred yards in overcast and windy weather, and pitched the tent behind a rock next to the river. Next day we made the short trip up to Cascade Hut over green river flats and alluvial fans, through alarming herds of Hereford cattle.

Cascade Hut was small, cosy, and cheap in contrast to Aspiring Hut which we saw later. The next day (Monday) we had a get-fit trip to Shotover Saddle for the view. The hot, steep slopes brought awareness of our unfitness, but this was compensated for by the magnificent views of the green grassy flats of the Matukituki surrounded by glacier-ravaged mountains. On the other side of the saddle we saw the stark contrast of the dry, brown, narrow Shotover. Our explorations on the saddle were cut short by a sudden weather change to very cold and windy conditions. It hailed on the way down, which was very painful, and progress downhill on the wet snowgrass was very slow despite frequent slides on backsides. We clearly saw the wisdom of taking parkies and jerseys on the finest days.

Tuesday we took four days food up the Valley to Pearl Flat as another get-fit exercise. The peaks looked most impressive in the beautiful clear weather (particularly when seen upside down between the legs).

Leaving our packs at Pearl Flat our relentless leader drove us on up towards the head of the Matukituki, where we rested in the evening sun beneath the towering walls of a mountain cirque. Back at Pearl Flat we lay out in our sleeping-bags in the long-darkened valley watching the last rays of the sun on Aspiring while Nick shot us liver for breakfast and steak for tea.

Wednesday. The fifth day out. Fine and clear. The sun did not reach us till fairly late, so we made a ten o'clock start on French Ridge. The track was very steep but we found it surprisingly good going (without packs) reaching the scrub line in two hours. Magnificent views of Mount Avalanche, Hector Col, Tindall, Cascade Saddle, Aspiring, French, Barff, and Gloomy Gorge from various points.

The following day we wandered back to Cascade Hut where we were greeted by a dog. A deer culler was in our hut! We feasted on his cabbage, peas, and tomatoes with our venison.

At 5 a.m. Ray leapt out of bed to examine the prospects of crossing Cascade Saddle that day. We joyfully persuaded him that it was too wet, and had a glorious rest-day

eating and reading. This was our only rest day - enforced - we were promised three. The rain came down, the river came up, our packs were getting lighter! Peter Childs passed through to Aspiring that evening promising to come back next day and lead us over to the Culler's route to Dart Hut.

At 5 a.m. Saturday it was raining so we were dragged out at seven by Peter and were half way up Cascade Saddle (our biggest hurdle) in cool, misty weather, before we realised it. Lunch at the top feeling mighty pleased with ourselves. Matukituki, Aspiring, bottomless drops, waterfalls, bush lost in the mist. Even the moraine humps unreal and the Dart Glacier coming and going with the clouds. The Brocken Spectre waved mockingly beneath us. Shiny parkas, moraine underfoot; a mineral world, the hours tangible ahead of us.

Dart Hut was full of large, enthusiastic, and dangerous deer-shooters. To avoid being shot we left early on our long wet trip down-river through dripping bush and soaking grass to Drodge Hut. A half rest day was declared after these two hard days, the men-folk going in search of a view, while the women concocted a magnificent meal which transferred the excess supplies from backs to stomachs. The notorious sadflies were in abeyance until half an hour before leaving.

We left late afternoon, crossing the river by Sandy Bluff, making our way down the "wrong" side to a mile above Chinaman's Bluff where we slept out. A bush robin that had joined us above Cattle Flat turned up again and was still with us at Cascade Creek.

A long day through deer-tracked bush and open flats, road, tourist tracks then more grassy ~~xxxxxx~~ flats took us to Routeburn Huts. Their raspberries were much appreciated.

Heavy rain during the night forecast a rest day, but it cleared by ten and we had a pleasant sunny trip over Harris Saddle, and round to the new hut at Lake McKenzie.

Beautiful Lake McKenzie, the Hollyford Valley, Earland Falls, Lake Howden, contrasted with the bleakness of the Dart, made our return to civilisation unwelcome. A return to the Hollyford is considered essential.

Party: Ray Hoare (Leader), Phil. Laird, Nick Bullock, Vivien Jamieson, and Helen Henderson.

H.H. and R.H.

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NIGHT TAKES A HOLIDAY: LANSBOROUGH IN JANUARY.

Party: Bill Stephenson (leader), Murray Ellis, Mike Noonan, and John Powell.

Eventually we reached Lukaki for the customary refreshments and change to a lower class bus. Then we roared off towards Chat. Suddenly Murray squawked. The bus, as a consequence, was turned round in the middle of the road, and back we roared (and rattled) to retrieve John's and Murray's ice axes which had been left sticking in the ground by a deer which bore the curious insignia "BAM". Without further ado, we proceeded to Chat and for the princely sum of a pound a head the bus took us eleven miles up the Hopkins Valley.

Permission had been granted to proceed up the Hopkins and proceed we did, after equigravitat ably-partitioning party gear. Seven p.m. saw us at the Huxley Gorge, and there we camped, Mike with a large blister.

In the morning we abandoned thoughts of Beanorgas and went straight to Huxley Gorge, one hour up easy flats. We continued up the rougher North Huxley, and at 4-30 camped slap on top of Fredrick Pass in light drizzle and to the jeers of a solitary K.A. Our two tents were protected by a hastily constructed rock wall. The moss was soft and it is obviously impossible to be flooded from the top of a pass (a priori assumption).

At night we were frenziedly digging a trench through the middle of the tent in a combination cloudburst and nor'wester hurricane. This ditch and the now soggy moss were covered with schist plates, which, while uncomfortable, are dry. Meanwhile the tent went about its function of converting big, high velocity raindrops into small, low velocity ones. Murray, with his new pit cover, was the only dry person.

Monday dawned brilliantly so we wrung out our pits and headed for Mount McKenzie. John's box-brownie took a photo of Merker from the Summit before the mist came down, but I was too late with my modern 35mm version.

The descent was rendered notable when John and I looked up at the end of a terrific glicsade to see Mike peering down uncertainly. Apparently the art was new to him. Off he set copping us, but without a hand over his axhead. Soon he was taking twelve-yard strides, then appeared to impetuously throw his axe away, raise his arms b seochingly to heaven, then subside ignominiously into the snow. This charade was repeated in case we hadn't seen it the first time, and followed by a sober descent. The weather didn't look too promising at camp, so we spent another hour enlarging the wall against another Northwesterly attack.

That master of strategy threw all his forces into a Southerly attack with snow. We were wet and cold but unbroken.

Tuesday dawned fine too! After a partial dissipation we set off for Stranahan, attacking the Northridge by a westward side of the prominent pinnacle. Large bluffs forced us to climb to its top, but a descent to the south was impossible, and we had to work down the west

wall and out of a bergschrund. Another bluff forced us into a descent of steep frozen snow to finally get round the pinnacle. Grasping up this I noticed a draught although I should have been in the lee of a ridge. The ridge had a hole in it, some three feet in diameter 10 to 15 feet below the crest.

After scrambling we climbed on all fours up a snow-dome to the summit (so we had the impudence to think). It led us to the low end of the summit ridge. Fear enough wasn't good enough so we continued over broken rock falling steeply to either side. In fact there was a 300 feet overhang (deduced by the rock-timing method). Mike did a unique climb consisting of a descent to one side of the ridge, a penetration by a hole in it, and a traverse back to the crest. The summit was attained, a large cairn constructed, ceremonies performed, and the descent begun. Slots necessitated a four-man roped glissade.

On arrival at camp we packed up and dropped down to McKenzie Stream, a hanging tributary of the Landsborough, to camp in the bush for the night as we had limited supplies of white spirits. Mike simply but eloquently convulsed the party on his arrival by announcing that he had left his ice axe sticking in the top of Broad-bridge Pass. He put down a yeast brew and retired.

Mike left at sunrise on a reconnaissance expedition, accompanied by a reconnaissance party of four men. That day saw some bad bush-manship and blissful ignorance of the guide-book which extended the three-hour journey to the Landsborough to a day. Another half hour saw us in a comfortable camp at Fraser Creek. This camp was had a letter-box, with undelivered letters from A.T.S.C. the previous year. That day we had reason to curse our mules, axes, crampons, outside packs, to say nothing of hundred foot bluffs and waterfalls. The deer-tracks saved us.

On Wednesday we pressed on up the Landsborough, still in reasonable weather. Just before lunchtime, a miracle. We saw a large green tent on the other side of the unforgivable river. After lunch we entered the river gorge, a jumble of horse-sized rocks, steep mossy slabs, and and shingle slips, and near vertical bush. We stopped in inclination-losing weather, we didn't know where. A stag barked at us for a couple of hours but wouldn't come into the firelight.

Friday must have been worth at least half a mile to us. I nearly broke a tooth, I fell down a bank, and it rained persistently. The only consolation was a feast of typical West Coast fuschias. The camp'd under an overhang, but shifted into the bush as the river was in high flood.

Saturday was spent round the fire in our bivvy drying out soaked sleeping bags. The river stopped a few feet below us but the din was magnificent. This must be the origin of the quote "don't cross rivers if you can hear the boulders grinding".

On Sunday, with a suspicion of blue patches, we set off bravely into the dark, but the Arthur Stream took an hour to cross, at the last it found our location. This time the tent was yellow, the beds

comatose or deaf; and the river completely untraversable. Hours later we deduced the Spence at the head of which was our pass, and set off to find the marked bivvy (Remember, still raining). Everything carpeted with chamois dung was obvious, but we set off to find the bivvy. Reluctantly we decided that the chamois knew best. Energetic efforts saw us with tarred dung, and off we went to sleep to the lulling snail of ammonia.

On Wednesday the perpetual heavenly top had been switched off, and the seas were frisky and attempted to communicate.

We set off late up the Spence, and on reaching the glacier saw an amazing sight. The whole cirque is of massive slabs, overhanging to the sides, and generally at a steep angle. Unable to identify any pass we set off up the easiest route to the right. This brought us out above the Hobson. We realised the navigational error and set off to traverse to Barron Saddle along the divide. The walk along the steep slabs involved pack-hauling over exchanges which proved exciting with heavy loads. The steep head of the Hobson forced us over Scissors and down to the Thru. John's Hut which we reached at a quarter to nine after seeing an impressive sunset of glorious colours backdropping the Malte Brun.

On Tuesday we justifiably rose late and went down the Muller. The continuous avalanches off Saffron impressed us.

The only knowledge we had of the area was gained from the map, and it seemed reasonable to bypass Muller Hut and go completely by glacier. At a place called Green Rock we ran into an icefall faced by a face of (funnily enough) green rock. So over the Sealy Range we went to Muller Hut.

Wednesday, being wet, was a hut day and we had a riotous time with six Austrians.

We went out to the Hermitage on Friday and after offending the natives we bludgeoned some food and changed. Some Yanks took a movie of us from a car.

Well, it was a wonderful trip, and at this point I justify the title by including statistics:

Number of days:	14	Number of wet days:	7
Number of nights:	13	Number of wet nights:	9

W.R.S.

Renata - Winchcombe-Neill
end of last year

Party: Fraser Walls, Peter Barry, Mike Heenan, Janice de Lisle, Ann Walls, Linda Redmond.

The Frances Creek route, an alternative to the bulldozed track up the Maymorn Ridge, has confused numerous people. Once one hits the track on the ridge, it is very easy to mistake one's direction. At least once two parties have met face to face on this track, and each has wondered what the other was doing coming out on a Friday night. We too had our suspicions, confirmed by compass, so we turned tail and duly arrived at Renata.

In the morning we proceeded via Renata A and Renata G to Elder, where we had lunch. The day was hot and clear (in other words, I didn't enjoy going up Aston) but I made it in the end, and we turned left over the Beshives to Hector. There were isolated patches of snow, which had fallen on Boxing Day, so we made ice-cream. Thick mist poured over the Dress Circle from the Tauwharenikau, and dark clouds came over, but the night cleared and the Winchcombe-Neill ridge reappeared as a series of islets rising from the mist.

Next day was fine and we set off along the ridge. Tarns were few and far between, and mostly very dirty, so we drained our water bottle on Neill during the camera-stop and decided to drop into the Tauwharenikau from the saddle past Neill for a swim and a long drink. This saddle is drained by a creek not named on the map, but which provides good going. We lunched at the junction of the river and the creek which we had been travelling, then headed down river to Cone. This took longer than we had expected. In dry weather this stretch of the river is easily negotiable without swimming. Mike left us at Cone; he planned to go to Totara Flats for the night and come out via Bannister hut.

The remainder of the party continued down the river and out over the Buffer, reaching the shelter-hut just as it was growing dark. It had been a very satisfying week-end trip.

Post-script: A week later, as I was crossing Bunny Street, a man stopped and asked, "Didn't I meet you on Mt. Hector last week?" It happens to be true, but I suggest that it might be worth trying in any case.

A Pleasant Parlour Game
or, A Game for Two with a Difference.

The game of Moriarty has become almost a tradition of our race; it seems appropriate that we should mention its general principles. The two knights are each blindfolded and provided with a knotted towel or similar weapon. Each must keep one elbow always in contact with the ground. One calls, "Are you there, Moriarty?" and the other must reply. Denial is generally agreed to be useless. The first player then takes careful aim and attempts to dislodge his opponent's head with his weapon. It is then the turn of the second player. Only direct hits to the head are scored. Players are required to refrain from striking the spectators.

Northern Crossing March 1963

Party: Peter Barry(leader), Roger Lockwood, Warren Thorburn, Phil Laird, Ann Walls, Linda Redmond.

This trip was originally planned to be a Holdsworth-Mitre. Then it was going to be a Bannister Crossing. If you want to know about either of those trips, then don't read this.

We spent the first night at Ohau hut, in company with ten Tararuas and six C.T.C.'s. The latter were also intending to do the Bannister Crossing. The journey in from the Pip- Bridge had been distinguished by one curious exchange:

"Is your foot still dry?"

"Which foot?"

"The one in the plastic bag."

All three parties left Ohau at about 7.30 a.m. and headed up the river for South Ohau and Yeates track. At Te Matawai at 10.30 we had our first lunch, then started the long grind up Pukematawai. Half-way up we were alarmed to see that one of the party had stopped at the side of the track and was beginning to unpack. Fortunately the "piker" was suffering only from hunger pangs, and went like a bomb after refuelling. However Pukematawai and Arete were in mist, and we abandoned the Bannister Crossing in favour of the more familiar Northern route. So we had our number two lunch on Arete bench.

Profiting from previous experience, we turned left automatically at the paddy-field and made for Waiohine Pinnacles and Tarn Ridge hut. There were four deerstalkers in residence on a working party, and when they heard that there were twenty-two trampers coming, they started making noises about what a nice place Arete Forks hut was. None of us was enthusiastic. We preferred to contest the hut-cramming title at Tarn Ridge, and managed to fit twenty in. Outside was a cold wet mist.

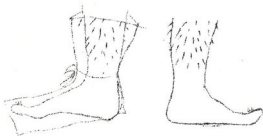
Sceptics gaped incredulously as our leader calmly extracted one of his feet from a plastic bag.

Another 7.30 start on Sunday. Girdlestone is particularly unpleasant to climb in the mist - there are so many more false summits. From Brockett we started down Table Ridge, stopped, conferred, and got out a compass. A couple of minutes later we were back on the track, then over Mitre and down into the bush we went, to Mitre Flats for lunch. The T.T.C. party, who had made some kind of detour en route, arrived fairly soon afterward.

Everybody potted out from Mitre Flats slowly, and we actually had to wait over an hour for the truck.

Note: Tarn Ridge hut has been painted with seakrome (orange and shows up very well through mist. Dorset Ridge hut has been painted with zinc chromate (yellow). Also the Dorset Ridge turnoff on Girdlestone has been signposted.

L.M.R.



A RICH AND STRANGE CHRISTMAS TRIP; or AN ACCOUNT OF THE

V.U.W. MORAINÉ CRUSHING EXPEDITION, Jan. 1963.

The initial difficulty was making up our minds to go some-where; once it had been passed, we had then to plan a trip which would encompass the ruling passions of the party (those being Jenny: to end up in the raspberry fields of the Hermitage. Stephen: to keep out of Canterbury river-beds. Michael: to be swallowed by a concealed schlund. Ray: positive action. Margaret: to survive). Our trip was from the Rangitata to the Hermitage, by rather obscure routes as befitted trampers in climbing country.

We went from Ashburton to Mesopotamia by taxi: the driver disconcerted disciples at the shrine of Samuel Butler by his references to "Messy". The Rangitata was Big; the Havelock only slightly less so. Our first night was spent in a musters' hut with gooseberries provided, the second day we reluctantly passed a deer-stalkers' hut on the junction of the Forbes and Havelock, and pressed on up the Forbes. No account of our assault on Twilight Col can do justice to the agonies of body or spirit - 7 hours (O Shame), boiling sun, scree, soft snow, heavy packs, and a good 7000 ft up. The view from the top was very fine - many great mountains including Cook, and strongly affected the sensibilities of some. The descent into Separation Stream was death, and we were all quite shaky with tiredness.

The Godley Hut was a very habitable place - from where we assaulted the glacier (much broken up), spent many hours dancing on the moraines, and the heroes climbed Mt. Panorama. We travelled down the Godley, crossed it (a feat!) and established a waterless camp (see The Island) on idyllic flats on the Rutherford - much daisy-chaining and art photography. Our one wet day was spent well up the Rutherford - a Bucket-like experience, heads out of sleeping bags declaiming Webster and D.H. Lawrence, and playing Sink The Nazi Navy. Armadillo Saddle in comparison with our earlier pass was as nothing.

Murchison Hut is very satisfactory - one can sit outside in the sun drinking coffee surrounded by immense mountains. We climbed Mt. Cooper - a source of great pride. The notorious Murchison Moraine was overcome, in record speed by experienced morainers. Steffen Hut is very small but in a beautiful setting - icefalls and alpine flowers. We spent a morning wandering about, an afternoon frantically staggering across the Tasman Moraine, and an evening responding to the challenge of the Ball Hut Road, having missed the bus.

Our trip was a Truly Magnificent Achievement (though we say it ourselves)

J.B.R.

Middle Crossing Easter 1963

On Thursday night 11 suckers bowled merrily into Otaki Cottage to begin a Middle Crossing. The trip began well, with a pitched battle between the party and the possum population which I unfortunately slept through.

After a late start on Friday we forded the Otaki (incidentally discovering that four-legged dogs are better at swimming the rapids than two-legged ones) and set off for Waitewaewae. Seven of us (the "fast" party) headed straight up the track toward Junction Knob to set up camp at the tarn and cook tea. However, we found running water below Shoulder Knob and abandoned our good intentions. Our spies established a broad-casting station behind a bush and began giving away details of our position . . . Just as we were about to send out a search party, a slow procession of lights heralded the arrival of the rearguard. The mist receded and we had a magnificent view of Kapiti, the Main Range, Egmont, Ruapehu, Tapaenuku, and Alarm.

The Chief Guide tried nesting in a tussock, but fell out during the night. Persons with less elevated aspirations slept better.

At about half-past ten next morning the front end of the party reached Junction Knob, and when the rear end arrived we decided to split up - a fast party would head for Powell (optimists!) and the remainder would drop off Kahiwiroa to the hut in the mid-Waiohine. The fast party - Terry, Peter, George and myself (Linda) climbed Crawford and went down a steep spur to the Waiohine. We found a couple of new yellow discs just after we hit the bushline, and then a single one a few yards further on. In vain we looked for a disced track . . . or a blazed track . . . or anything. Some while later, we concluded that the discs might have marked the branch of the spur that we had originally intended to take. This error in navigation led to an enjoyable but time-consuming couple of hours of negotiating overhangs. Probably the other spur would have been just as bad, but we would have saved ourselves a section of stream travel, and half an hour going up the Waiohine to Angle Knob Creek. We chose to go up the creek and then climb out and back on to the spur, which ended in a high bluff above the river. Angle Knob Creek is interesting to travel in its lower reaches as it is unexpectedly large and has deep pools with routes over enormous slimy boulders. The sides are very steep, with rotten rock, windfalls precariously balanced and a thick carpet of dead leaves. Advanced vegetable-climbing technique is called for in places. The spur, once attained, is a good route with deer-trails and a few old blazes. Not having left the Waiohine till five to four, we didn't emerge on Shingle Slip Knob until seven. It was misty and dark, and we couldn't find the Devon crash; there were no tarns in sight so we just piled into our sleeping bags and waited for morning. The morning also was misty, with interludes of drizzle, so breakfastless we set off up the spur and after a few minutes we came upon a series of tarns and the the pinnacles leading on to Angle Knob. From the Knob we headed along the ridge towards Holdsworth, pausing at a familiar tarn off Jumbo for a long overdue meal. Back on the ridge, fighting the wind's attempts to impale us on spaniards, we continued to Holdsworth and lunched at Powell, then descended through droves of boy sprouts to Bahnister.

Party: Bill Stephenson (leader), George Caddie, Terry Waghorn, Peter Pohl, Linda Redmond, Max Clark, Warren Thorburn, Stephan Gooder, Alan Morse, John Rhodes, Celia Little.

After parting from the Shingle Slip Knob group, the main party headed for Anderson's, intending to use a spur from Kahiwiros to get to the mid-Waiohine hut. Circumstances altered this. It was already 3 p.m. at Kahiwiros and the hut location was uncertain, and Maungahuka hut was consequently aimed for. A 5 p.m. arrival at Aokaparangi necessitated a splitting, and a one man advance party went ahead to put a light in the hut window. Nearly all homed on this, but two camped out in the vettish mist. Sunday was unsuitable for the party (as was) to cross, so we joined the other eight in the hut in a hut day. The weather cleared temporarily later, then came on from the south. Monday was time to get out, and we did so - leaving at 7 a.m. for Kime. After route loss the chain was negotiated in bitter conditions then we progressed to Kime by map, compass and footprints. All immediately went on to Fields (here one dropped off), another joined friends at the cottage; and the rest came out to Otaki, in time to catch a train, in an ancient Packard (standing room only).

R.S.

It must be stressed that the Tararuas, especially in winter, are no trivial matter. For the sake of comfort as well as safety, people should ensure that they are capable of doing a particular trip before deciding to go on it. Tramping fitness is unique, and can only be evaluated by tramping. It is comforting for the trampler to know that he has emergency food, knife, compass and matches, as well as a reserve of endurance energy.

At all seasons it can snow on the tops, and unless a valley drop off is convenient, warm clothes including longes and gloves should be taken. While primi are convenient, they are frowned on below the bush. The day will come when the primus user needs a fire, but is unable to light it.

Finally, it is the leader's responsibility to look after you, so before the trip make sure you are capable; if you are in doubt, ask the leader's advice. Worried leaders are nasty to deal with!

Tales of the Canadian Woods

Frank trained trapper, (abbrev. as FTF) sets off on adventurous trip into the wilderness by being picked up by lush & doll in landrover her father caught her. After half hour drive up mountain road landrover halts and FTF leaps out and starts getting ready to trap Cave style. FTF nearly collapses when they point to V. O. C. and thirt. yards away. It is three stories high, has a generator which didn't work (or keeping the guttering candle stuck going in Alpha), a dance floor and separate dormitories for male and female. They also have a room for Alloway type orgies, known as a sinch. The wharobiti is two stories high and has a floor area bigger than Cone. First day passes with FTF doing work, ditch digging in the pouring rain. Not FTF wondered why FTF didn't mind the rain. FTF eventually wanders inside only to be told to "wash" and slung out again by irate females. After tea cooked for us, vast herds of spruce tourist types arrive and FTF hears with horror that there is going to be a progress party. This turned out to be a mixture of singing and alpine dancing.

Next morning, still raining, the whole party got ready to go up Seymour's, 500 ft., for the qualifying trip for the club. He is all put on long and weird collections of water proof?? clothing, elastic pants and leggings which got ripped to pieces by scrub, ex U. S. N. rubber pants, raincoats etc.

All seven, were long, so there was a stunned silence when FTF appeared in shorts hidden by his pants and mountain mule. There was a chorus of "you'll be cold in this weather, Ingrid W. Z. climbers were so hardy they climbed in shorts but I never believed it" etc. One spoke saw my mule and "Is that U. S. Navy surplus?" He died a painful death and a lingering death. The others observed it with the proper look of awe on their faces.

Seven groups of ten set off for the top. The track was a highway but all except the leader, Ian Stirling, and I were completely unfit so that we went so slowly Ian and I were whistling. This annoyed the other panting eight. I cheered up when we got above the bush into rather rocky and slightly snow covered country, and felt at home when Ian admitted that he didn't know the way, as he had only up here when it was covered with ten feet of snow.

After a "we go this way, no this way," shambles FTF found himself in the lead and so in crude farmland tradition he went straight for the top of the highest object in sight. My route led up a scree then straight up the waterfall at the top (the rest were thunderstruck by this as no one had ever used a waterfall as a track before), and then

across a short snowslope. I forgot myself when the clot behind didn't tread in my steps and uttered Tararua oaths which he had obviously never been called before. We reached the top and I took the first part of the descent cautiously as it was slippery, but firm rock. On the last slab I started going faster and one sarcastic bastard said "Why don't you run?" So I did, and shot down the slab out of control and off down the track at a near Bill-like speed. I was pleased to be back in the hills and so ran the whole way back down to the hut and arrived wrecked. I had the satisfaction of overtaking all but four of those who set out an hour earlier.

L.A.McL.

Renata-Alpha Dec.14-15th.

The taxi unconsciously dumped us in the gathering dark, and hurriedly returned to the haven of civilisation. But we didn't care for us the hills!

The going through the bush on to Maymorn ridge was cool and pleasant and we soon shook off those stale end-of-week feelings.

Next morning dawned with perfect tramping weather, high overcast, cool, slight breeze, view for miles. After waking everyone else up with our noisy preparations for breakfast we set off in high spirits at eight o'clock.

After only a couple of slight deviations from the approved track, we reached the heights of Renata 'A' and stopped to admire the view. The ridge was visible all the way along to Elder and we could see where the route dropped into a deep saddle between Elder and Aston.

The route continued on through typical high altitude bush, gnarled beech festooned with mosses, turpentine bush etc.

After a final bash through leatherwood, we came out onto the top of Elder at midday. By now it was very hot and we were thirsty. We found an empty beer bottle half full of water. We drank it!

After an hour's lunch we set off to tackle the formidable saddle between Elder and Aston. The first part, going down into the saddle was easy. But going up the other side was not so easy!

A rest on a bump in the ridge was very welcome. By now the tops were becoming shrouded in mist. We sat down on flattish ground wondering how much further the top was (it seemed miles!) Suddenly the mist cleared a bit and we noticed a peculiar line going to the left. It was the track leading off round to Hector. We were one minute from the top and had not realised it!

We reached Alpha hut soon after and spent the night fighting for bunk space with several P.N.S.S.S.T. C. bods

assorted Tararuas, shooters, and other odd individuals.

Next morning the highlight of the trip came. The door burst open and in came Steve, looking in a state of collapse.

"Help!" he cried, and sank wearily to the floor. Hysterically he told us how he had spent the the night --lost his torch and pack on Omega and had blundered down to Kutt forks.

"Give me food," he cried and many willing hands heaped victuals into his lap. Suddenly his face broke into smiles, and his frame shook with silent mirth.

"I've had you all on," he said and explained that he had slept out on Omega, caught without torch and sleeping bag cover. The P.N.S.S.S.T.C.'s looked on in respect at this at this mighty chief of bludgers.

^{summon} We set off our numbers now swelled to five, now swelled--tented Hell's Gate and collected Steve's pack on Omega. The rest of the trip consisted of a not uninteresting triwl down the Marchant, with a brief stop at Dobson's for rehydration before continuing on to the shelter hut.

Transport back to the evil of civilization was by motorbike, thumb, and train.

M.P. H.

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Weary and homesick and distressed,
They wander east, they wander west,
And are baffled and beaten and blown about
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt;
To stay at home is best.