Committee 1965-66:
President: Professor C.L. Bailey.
Professor
Chairman: Nick Bullock.
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: Profes or C. L. Bailey.
Vice-presidents: K.B. Popplewell, W.R. Stephenson, S.C. Moore,
K.F. Fennan, D.P.H. Fraser, H.J. Ellis,
T.J. Vathorn, 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.

The Annual Journal of the V.V.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: Eel Whitton
Ross McGerty
Tom Clarkson
Bill Logan.
EDITORIAL

Taking all things into consideration, nobody does more than me how lirryure and trampering mix well. Though I say so myself, it is a fine sporting society that is able to find people who can make a magazine of so good a selectivity. I must say barring all things in mind, that I think it is a fine tribute to its producers. I know myself will treasure a copy all of my life, and rap it up to stop it getting dirty when I took it trampering with me.

Perhaps it would be well to say, at the risk of getting booring, that I am disturbed at reports of tramperers and tramperesses who forget the way on route, and I want to use my influence in this space to make a plea for everyone to take a map or diagram. Also many people get colds from exposure, or get badly hurt. Remember: TAKE PRECAUTIONS AND EXPECT THE WORST.

I am sure I will not be committing cliches by expressing my thanks in the conventional way to those very kind souls who have helped me get out this magazine out. Comparisons of odorous but the typists deserve special mention for their teeming efforts, as a tribute to which I personally will take responsibility myself for all the errors, the only ones beyond my control, so their will be none other than theirs. I am also very much indebted to this venture to Tom, who souped the tides and the people who wrote articles. Parts of this is journal or based on to these. Bill Logan.

SOME THOUGHTS PRODUCED AND ADVANCED.

There appears to be a misconceptions 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 optimist and partly hasty. But there is no substitute for hard thought, followed, necessarily, by action.

Such teaching contains courses, here specifically alpine instruction and bushcraft courses. To explain - Climb mountains requires, unfortunately, technical knowledge and competence. The best way to acquire this knowledge is to obtain knowledge 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 may people in using them.

+++++++ girls can sometimes be very good climbers; and
they definitely do have a place in the mountains. The feminine touch, under a dripping bivy 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.

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THE CLIMBER’S CRADLE

On a Clogwyn, close to Ogwen,
Where the clouded cliffs incline,
Cling 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 hundred feet 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 divine,
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,
Came 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, doesn't
match the emotional splendour, though — hands on the cold, slightly
damp "slab"; an occasional fleeting 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.
1965.  

Rejected, 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 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 desperately of my lunch and gnashed my teeth at the thought of the party I was to miss -- it was Saturday.

We arrived at Tamaoraokau 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 downpour (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 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 cleared 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 home and bound, pleasantly tired.

Allaway-Dickson could easily absorb any such working parties.

- Andy Jackson.

Slavedriver Viv, Jamieson, Staves - 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 Aranui for Picton.

Arriving in Picton, we hopefully set out to hitch-hike the 91 miles to Nelson. Lifts were short but we were all outside the Nelson P.A. 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 swim 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 door) 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's Wilderness Area the object being, to see the Blue Lake. We returned positively 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 patches of up to 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 walked five miles out to St Arnaud at the head of Lake Rotoura 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 accommodation in the Park Board Huts.

Bruce Collett

Party: Tom Clarkson, Kevin Pearce, Bruce Collett, Nigel Eggers, Dave Stonyer, Alison Billshaire, 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 non-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 MZR). 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 Southernly. An ancient cart track wound its way along the ridge, so we trekked along it, speculating as to our chances of getting home dry. At 9.30 we righted a sheep which had been 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 freezing cold, 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 lrrks.

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 'hence we rode home by thumb, train, and feet.' (chorus; 'Never mind the weather...')

- Peter Radcliffe

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

* * * * * * * * * * *

AN EPIC TRIP

Queen's Birthday '65.

The rendezvous was the Waikane shopping centre, at which 6 members arrived at about 9.30 a.m. via Remans Buses, hitch-hiking etc. (hastily 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 Tararuas. Despite the warmth, the top of Kapa, was almost completely frozen. We galumphed down the track towards Renata W
after a short while, reaching the hut just on dusk. This was after bush-whacking for some time through leatherwood, windfalls, bush-lawyers and loud caths. 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 Renates 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 pace, eventually getting 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 Allawy-Dickson. Leaving Alpha at 3.20, we steamed off down Hail'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 Allawy 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. A leisurely breakfast was enjoyed by all except John, who forged on a billy of porridge, then ran up block XVI and back, looking for his jersey (which was later found in ... D). He caught us up just as we were leaving the top of Rees. From Rees we could see that much snow had fallen on the tops the previous night. The party left the top of Rees at 1.15 and amid much song made its way to the road. The boys gave us a welcome three mile ride into the centre of Crytown in a old VB. There the party broke up and hitch hiked home, pleasantly tired from a pleasant weekend.

- Peter Radcliffe

Party: Andy Jackson, John Rhodes, Ian Leingford, Nick Whitter, Peter Radcliffe, and Andrew Haines.

"I wondered why, after waking 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. McCauley

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 utterings 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, unrecognizable.

Packs were donned, 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 Tomatawai Hut, the other using a more circuitous route.

On arriving at Tomatawai, the first four had a snack, cut some firewood, and taking parkas, ice axes, and snow goggles, set off up Puketutuwhi. After half an hour, Ross and Peter stopped to build a snowcave, while Ian and Bryan battered on another couple of hundred yards. All were back at Tomatawai by 5 p.m. to find the two Johns putting the firewood 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 alarm clock, and after a quick breakfast were away up Puketutuwhi.

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 Arthur. A ‘Scrog’ lunch was had here, and John’s attempt to melt snow in a parka-capped billy were rewarded with utter failure. From Arête, we went north to Dunedin over better snow, and set off down to Trapula 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. The deer were spotted on the way to
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 Rotonui. The following day was unsuitable for climbing but during the afternoon we made a trip or rather, waded through the snow up to Capella Tainui Hut (4800') and back. I found this was valuable practice for climbing out of my own footprints.

TND/GPS decided to get up early (Prrrr) 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 leave off the ridge into a steeped-up coulair. However, at 2 p.m. we lunched on the summit. There was a fine view to the north, down the valley but otherwise it was misty all around.

The descent to John Tait took about 1/3 of the ascent time. We took the Sunlit Creek route.

TND/GPS once again had a rest in the hut before descending to have a go at Cupola or Hopeless or climbing. Something was all we could do. About midday we eventually reached the saddle (5900') between Cupola and Hopeless. We hopefully set out along the ridge towards Cupola, but it was hopeless. We were moving one at a time as the ridge was a raised, 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 scurried back to John Tait. That night 10' Crusaders joined us in the hut.
TNDUGFS; spent three hours ploughing up to Upper Travers Hut (4300') The next was bad (1) blowing, hail, 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 conspicuous frog (3000').

TNDUGFS; 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 the rock cliffs — one and one down. The ridge was therefore unsuitable, so we democratically (2 to 1) decided there was insufficient time and soon after, we realised that routed 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 some about 1000' above frozen Lake Constance. We camped down to it and saw Colin do a magnificently trained 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.

TNDUGFS; saluted down to Lake Rotoreta (1400') which has an abundance of sandflies even in August.

TNDUGFS; 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. (2½ ft snow and linch ice). Crack, crack. I made carefully for the nearest shore. Later in the day we passed the skilful peaantry keep in a basin (the tow hall broken down,) and arrived at St Arnaud. (2000')

TNDUGFS; went home.

H.T. The finest quality aeroplane altimeter was carried on this trip.

Party - Trevor de Stigdr, Colin Sayth, 1 Chapman, Tom Clarkston (author).

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**MT HECTOR : LEVEND TRIP**

Aug. 8-9 1965.

After terms exams, I decided to venture into the Tararua - Mt Hector, with 12 other get-away-from-it-all types. We went up 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) 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 route 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 Vosseller.

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 Vosseller, much to my amusement, how anyone could carry skis up that track in the dark, for so little really skiable snow, was beyond my imagination.

Later that evening Hook (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 Hook lost a crampon, necessitating an hours search.

A few keen types crawled out to see the sunrise - a glorious sight with the peaks bathed in a soft pink glow, whilst clouds swirled below, hiding the lowlands. After a quick breakfast we left for Mt Dactyl, across crisp sometimes icy, snowfield was gradually rising out of the valleys and rising over Alphaka as we reached the top, but fortunately there was still enough unshrounded to get a panoramic view of the Receptions as we sat, waiting for the car unless 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 leisurely. We climbed 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.C.'s types, and this was the last we saw of them until we stumbled across them prostrate, in the bush edge.

The Termites are real tiger country after the tramping territory of the northern half of the island, with a different breed of traper (tramping method and idiom 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 Berry, Mike Reuman, Chris Little, Pete Simpson, Jenny Du Plessis, Michele Cortina, Tim Fuller, John Worton, David Storrier, Dave Rycro, Ian Herland.

When climbing a mountain be quiet - silence means ascent!

Having been elected and detailed into attending a weekend trip of Master Trooper Bullock’s eight shiny squad at Wellington Station at 6.30 a.m. and there they encountered the services of a VCC bus to Karori Park, where Nick suitably phoned for a taxi. One and a half hours later and 74 Liberal cursors later someone traced the ancestry of all taxi-drivers and we strode off towards Karori township on foot, swinging heavily.

A master squad to pile the last mile in the comfort of a chauffeur-driven car, only to wait for half an hour in brilliant sunshine and sulks for the others to arrive. The glorious heights of White Rock were only conquered and the magnificent view surveyed, lunch was consumed just above the saddle between the Ohau Bay Valley, and the Otari-Wairangi Valley. After this luncheon we slowly tramped up a subsidiary ridge onto the main top of the pointed ridge. Dooming piles, we stumbled up towards the trip, only to be side-tracked by the sight of old alluvial fans on the scree slopes. A pleasant afternoon was spent delving into these and backing in the sun. The more public-spirited piles were strategically strewn in bowling, rocks onto a gully, to the sole end of increasing the area of the farmer’s arable land. (Despite the hard work, clefts of devilish glee were hard won from the labourers.) After this, we all piled down a gully to the west of the Facsimili, and headed south to the first rock stream where camp was established. A beautiful first camp was served, (steep or course) followed by a delicious but saline second course. By the falling light we observed the new moon and a playful mite of the seals. Our little little banking fire suddenly blazed into a mighty conflagration and served the purpose of exploding rocks and being a real fire stopper at until about 9.30 when all concerned returned gracefully. Mattresses of ten-yard and cushion buds were prepared to soften the rocky ground.

Sunday brought a chill Southerly wind, overcast skies, and more expecting about by the seals. After a leisurely breakfast, the party parabolically via the coast to Ohau Bay, thence to To Ha-a-ehuru Bay. Several strategically placed decayed boughs hastily for small smelt. The pleasant hours were spent admiring sunshine, birds and social gossip in between the trip to view the To Ha-ehuru Bay, especially. Following this, we scattered up the first road to quartz Hill, and then piled down a hilly ridge into a gully before we arrived at Akaroa Township again.

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

-Peter Redcliffe,

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

Undeterred by a fall off Alpha on the previous Tuesday, the rest of the troop set out on the Otaki Fish and Chip shop on the first (and not the least essential) part of the trip ..... but have been something wrong with these fish and chips for it wasn't until four and a half hours later that the last of us shuffled into Hieli's 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 dazed eyes, covered with snowoggles, looked at the magnificent views all around — the Northern 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 unceremoniously down Yields' Puff. Similar efforts to dislodge resulted in equally painful results for others.

The summit considerably provided patches of tussock on which to stumble — although it was somewhat crowded with ten of us, and four other considerable troopers that we discovered in trip. Though slightly icy the descent for Hector was not as bad as anticipated. Dave cut short, and after gingerly following him down and over the Beeches the party proceeded to enjoy the rest of the crossing. The views were excellent, the snow conditions perfect. We reached Alpha by 5:30 p.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-frame... all to Alpha. Rose bright spark said 'sex! For Cheese!' — it should be a happy picture.

Allen, Dave Ian and Ross took to the hunchback while the rest of us went down the Onega Track to the Tauherinikau. The river flowed clear and inviting in the midday sun, and after lunch all six of us splashed vigorously before tramping down to Smith's Creek. Sauce (not quite so energetically) over the Puffer to Keitoki, taxi, train, and home.

Spectacular were the weather, the scenery and the grace in the leaders right (poster) check.

— Andy Rains

Producer: Andy Rains, Cost: Sarah Rains (guest star)
Dave Parrish, Ken George, Ian George, Ross Gooch, Mike Saunders, Alan Jackson, Fred Lockwood, Ian Langford.

One Tararua peak to another 'Excuse me but your slip is showing.'
Nine noble lads found themselves shoe-horned into a grossly under-powered rental van heading out of Wellington at about 6 p.m. on Friday. All sang and joked to Taipake where the gas gauge registered 'Empty'. Not feeling like parting with 7/6 as opening fees for the Taipake Taxi-Drivers' Gas Station we raced off towards Maikuru 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 chairs sprang out and immediately thumbed from 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 Mangahero falls and mounted relay over the snow to Khythe Hut (unofficial) and so into the pit.

Scene: a crowded room in this hut. Enter a bearded wearing a dirty yellow parka and bludgeoned heavily.

"Golup," he says.

After a hurried glimpse at the feebly weather outside, colour everybody yellow - the cowards. One hour later colour them 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 icy) so we descended to the Mangahero Hut in the valley below - very likely the first tramping hut in the North Island. The ubiquitous stove 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 Seenan, that dearful plodbein, chose to amuse the postentr to the by springing off the top bunk onto the end of the mantel-piece, thereby projecting it and its resident prigs all over the pit and into the hearth. Finding his perch insecure, Mike sprang off onto a warm frying pan which was concealing an even warmer optimum (i.e., at an even more optimum temperature), another excellent display of acrobatics followed. There was some more fun too, in practising belaying and roping techniques though conditions were adverse.

That evening, a hearty game of pounce was enjoyed by many. Plastic play-money found in a cupboard came in handy as chips, and some marvellous turns of luck (or skillful cheating?) were witnessed. One yakel produced some brandy, which was the cause of much brawling and lip-smacking amongst the cancille. The same may be said for a similar quantity of rum. Colour the snow yellow tomorrow.MKay day dawned fine and clear, so with admirable zest, the baggyhickers cleaned up the hut and abandoned it for the dewy 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 bundled into the van while the others thumbed northwards.

- Peter Rodcliffe.

Organisers: Peter Barry; Sub Instructors: Mike Henan, Hugh Yellic, Ministructees: Chris Murray, Russ Mc Gerty, Brian Sissens, Nick Whitten, John Nosen, Andy Haines, Peter Rodcliffe.

TRIP ACCOUNT FOR HAKIKI-KAOKAHO: OR

HAKATIKI REVISITED

Sun. 2 Oct.

Only 6 of the 18 who put their names on the list assembled at Hakarakeke stn, at 7:40 a.m. on that damp wintry morning. After 15 minutes walking along the main road, we headed up into the mist aided by a 3-litre forcing at our backs. After climbing for three quarters of an hour, we entered the bush and found a rough bush track until we emerged onto the open scrub-covered summit of Keaum (2365') where we were presented with a view which extended for about 25 yards in each direction. At this point John expressed a hope that this was the last time we would know where we were for several days. But it was to be, as visibility improved, and we were able to bush-bush from 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 Hakatikei 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 his pack a full do, which was lovingly captivated. After lunch we climbed steeply out of the stream and such to John's disgust we found ourselves in a willow and blackbuck 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 waterers indulging in a spirited form of combat which left several one foot lengths of rotten wood strewn over a large area. On coming out into the open we consumed some more of that highly prized liquid one person had carried. We then followed a spur past the line of power pylons and dropped down a steep bracken slope to land into the Keaum 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 the groups of three to find our way home.

Party: John Rhodes (leader) Tom Clarkson, Kevin Perree, Alan Rodcliffe, Peter Rodcliffe, Nick Whitten.

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

- Andreas Heurter.
HID FINALS TRIP


Two inbociles, being adverse to sitting, decided to up stakes and head 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 Waiho Gorge at 6.30 the next morning. They had both turned up by ten past six, so the appropriate to it went into play forthwith.

Eight rides and four later they found they had reached.

Eight rides and four later on, four hours past, they found themselves stumping up the Mangururiri Valley. By the time they had reached the end of the road it was (a) midday and (b) raining;

(c) they decided that road walking was an inferior form of exercise. Unfettered by the precipitating darkness our two trusty fords chucked up the right fork on the Mangururiri for 20 minutes and thence up a disused bulldozed track into the bush. The ridge this was on en was followed for nigh on one hour where vast piles 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 such mind and water, suitably mixed, became most apparent. This necessitated using the N.Z.F.S.

a cage across the raging Waikana. 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 leaped, quite inexplicably, into a pyramidal form, was blazing vigorously in the hearth. Too vigorously, I might add, so too was more conveniently cocked on the opus. Some time in the middle of the night a hectic war with the resident wildlife ensued...... The usual plethora 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 pressure started skirking and choking on the wood pile, which swiftly received another piece of wood. Exit pressure.

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 Waikana 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 Syer's track. Three hours and five rides later, on horses home, ready to face ye idle suit. 

- Peter Radeliffe.
Party Petor Radeliffe, Nick Whitton.

Holds: North - Forrest - Carter - O'ahu

This is not your conventional ear-inflating trip account of interest only to party members. It is a libellous inflammatory account of the duping of several good men. Certain things, like the time of the trip and a
Detailed list of members I won't supply.

Nevertheless, some 8 of us went climbing up to Mountain House last year (of was it the year before?) A strong memory of late arrivals urging continuation 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 sadistic) satisfaction.

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

The second morning, armed with a gusty nor'wester, 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 appearance and I'm sure every individual knew where he was. I came out from a wet creek that ran into a river but some other bobs 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 pseudo-ambiguity). The other used his nuts.

Democratic procedures sent the whole lot of us upstream, with a dissenting, moaning logger. After an hour 'they' still swore the miserable trickle was the mighty Whistline (below Park Forks) to the dissenters' disgust. This was the place I remember an aile ballet dance down an slip.

Finally we came to a fork with a dissected track. Even the dissenters cheered (as he said it was a Forestry track from Carrick to Tarnd Range).

Up hustled the party, in good spirits now, confident but Michelle was soon to be reached. (it was Fleming well obviously not Park Forks.) Soon we passed the bushline and miserably floundered around in the mist - nothing sound to fit - it was bitterly cold. Hi hit 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 as several of us floundered along the spur to a water place - remember this distance, as it acquires significance later. (50 yds)

First, a final comment on that second day. Somebody said 'there are you think we are.' The 'go downstream' party's sole author said 'Carrick' (but he didn't realise 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 failed. My feet were cut of the tent, there was snow on then, and the clouds were snow
snows.

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

To cut a sick story short we scrabbled back onto Dan-
caster then cut via a normal northern crossing, but it was
winter and we came out from Omea in the dark.

So always believe on all high before a scientific
instrument.

- B. the F.

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N.WILLSON TRIP

Nov. 1905.

Route - Graham Valley, Flora Saddle, Flora Hut, Sal-
lsbury Hut, Balloon Hut, Pool Range, down Ryton Stream
to Cobb Valley, Cobb Hut, Lockett Range, down to Waingaro
River, Upper Tekaka.

Three encounters hazards even before packs were
hoisted, for, trudging stormy Cock Strait on the Aramoko
they had to wrestle with 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 A.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 scrupulin strop, and by the
second day we reached tussock altitude and Balloon Hut.
Here Andy used his talents and make a braided-board much
enjoyed by all. On Tuesday Andy suffered his first diffi-
culty with the honey which had been wrapped up like an
Egyptian mummy in innumerable plastic bars. Andy in his
efforts to transfer some of the gooey mess into an 
B
tin became rather sticky and frustrated, and we left him
and his blisters to vent his wrath on all Balloon Hut
(from which he chopped some firewood) while we set out on
a day trip up Mt Arthur. However we turned back at approx-
imately 4,800' because of bad weather. The next stop was
the Pool Range from which we had a spectacular view, of
the Cobb Reservoir.

By Wednesday we searched the Cobb Valley, having
dropped down Ryton Stream from the Pool - rather trau-
menous 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 mosquitoes. On Thursday
we camped above Lake Cobb in a sheltered hollow, and here
we stayed until Sunday because of rain (which turned to
snow on Sunday night). We entertained ourselves with
reading, cards, vines, making supper 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 night-
mare every time he turned over.

On Tuesday our original plans went astray. The
going became too rough as we headed along the Douglas Range
towards Kalapo Peak as we turned back and descended a spur
from the Lockett Range into the Maiangaro Valley where we
Camped that night. The next day, leaving Andy, who had
blisters, we climbed Kalapo Peak (5804') and had a magnifi-
cent view of the Douglas and surrounding ranges. From
here we noted that the Sargos loomed 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 alongside the Maiangaro. We covered th
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 train 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 Benven, and flatmates
Andy Makinco, Murray Ellis and Fred Lockwood.

....and now that I have climbed and won this height,
I must trek downhill through the sloping shade
and travel the bush tracks till night.
Yet for this hour I still may hope be stayed
and see the gold air fill the silver face
And the last bird fly into the last light....

- Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

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

- Goethe

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

- Vincent O'Connor 1929.
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 civilization, 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. Hucy 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 mother 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-passer's 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 Whinn.

... COLIN SMYTH.

Leader: Peter Barry.
Party: Ross Gander, Ross MacGorty, Peter Redcliffe
       Peter Turner, Tom Clarkson, Colin Smyth
       Chris Murray, Nick Whitten, Bryan Sissons.

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AZILS 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 inter-
est 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 Dockey and Gene
Routz) and we had two low flying machines for trans-
portation.

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 annoyed 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 new 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 forer volcanoes, Popo! and Ixtla, 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, etc, 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 up 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 VUMTC expedition in 1968? A scientific study of the life cycle of snow worms? Right or wrong? With my extensive knowledge of local geography and language I'm sure I would qualify for a prominent place in such an expedition!

... GEORGE C. DDIKE.

Footnote: + equivalent to Dog-dogs.

OLIVINE ICE PLATEAU or PATIENCE REWARDED.


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, fiddling on the foreshore, and even rowing on the lake (Oh, shame!)

Hank had contacts in Queenstown, and we arranged for John McLintyre, 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 Schindler, 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 pushed 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 Beamsburn 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 Beamsburn on the true right, sometimes slogging quite high, and were at the top flats and birvy for lunch. It began to rain gently as we ate, but we pushed on quickly to the foot of Pohut Plaine. "Poorly disgruntled" the guide had said 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 retracing mist allowed occasional views towards the West Coast and stout Hank was photographed on a rock staring silently back into the Beamsburn.

We sidled across at the level of the Saddle to the beautiful Pohut 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 noisy 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 TROY.

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 gaps 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 Territorial side-stream. Here it was soon obvious that even this tributary was un Crossing (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 task, 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 airlift, and trying to solve stupid mathematical problems. The two party Jeremias were already talking of rationing the food (only three day’s 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 flapped 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 climbed 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 winch-sock 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 Jeremias didn’t really enjoy their inevitable triumph, for we now had only two Day’s 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 bivy which Hoar speaks so glibly of. After a while, we spied the 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 eye, venturing out in the afternoon to recon a route above the bluffs to the Interv. It rained. Hank made some cheddars and we all carved paws out of candle-grease.

On Friday it rained but we returned down the river to John McIntryre'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 nipped dispiritedly back to the bivy with a supply of green onions, wizen potatoes and beef extract. Running out of Tararua biscuits also began to depress us.

Saturday morning was calm but drizzly. Don was getting pretty restless 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 climbed 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 charged heartedly at some old ice in the riverbed and returned to our pits in the aery treg. January was the chilliest 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 cutlers 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 treg, since the plateau trip was "on" again.

Climax

On Sunday morning, after some impatient stampings in the treg, 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 coal shovels 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 H.P. 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 'lids and got dressed for the night.

The cave was crowded but comfortable. Mike proved his much abused feet rubber was successful insolation 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 packs 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 hurried up softening snow to a point where we could see south of Mt. Tutoko, and then picked our way through small crevasses of the snow, 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 the north. To the north we could see right out to the Hawata Flats and we locked down five and a half thousand feet into the Joe and across to Zenaslaw 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 Solomon Col, jumping the schrumns 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 over to Williamson's Flats and aspiring occasionally above distant clouds. A few roped glissades and slithered us to the edge of crevasses, but by 4.30 we reached the snowline and sat happily looking across at the route up to O Leroy's Pass. First, though, we had to get down through the fantastic jumble of moraine to the Joe Glacier snout. Having 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 tent 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.

**Hawata 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 Holiday 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 guls, 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 Hawata 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 ghosts of the large cairn and torn on O'Learry's Pass, and others towards Bridge 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 end 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. Hiking irking 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 Katukituki, 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 3.55 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 Taru Ridge for 30 mins. adding liberal quantities of food and water.
Proceed to roll the resulting mess over the remaining tops into the 8th.Ohan.
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.

*MISERY IS:*
- getting soaked by the window on the cage.
- getting a pack full of white spirits
- snow caving with a broken shovel
- no bushman's friend for miles.
- seventh in a six berth hut
- not getting lost in the Makatikei before film
- 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 turns
- running down a shingle slide
- manuka firewood
- finding a bog in the Wet Coast bush
WILKIN RIVER TRIP.


Five of us left Wellington on Friday 11th on the Lyttleton Ferry. Next morning we took a tourist bus from Christchurch 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 make it anyway. As it happened, we encountered no difficulty crossing 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 – arriving in dribs and drabs according to individual fitness (or lack of it) about mid-afternoon.

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

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 unhospitably, elected to clear out in their tents in the rain.

On Tuesday (5) it wasn’t raining as much, and we decided to do something. S. Colin, Peter and Alistair went up the Henderson Valley opposite the hut, to try to bag a deer, while John, Ross and Ian climbed Jumbo (2600′), directly behind the hut. During this climb we saw two herds of 2 or 3 and several groups of one and two deer! ample reason for the airstrip and refrigeration plant we later examined on the top flat. 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
During our stay in the Milkin', 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, dreading a cold wet crossing of the Milkin 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 Pellux, we had lunch, and then traversed the ridge to a small bivvy which blocked the way. We tried to ride 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 'Pimple' and once again enjoyed the view. We followed the rocky ridge from here to the main ridge, and headed on down to the Wonderland 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 Aeolus (760'). The river crossing we had discussed 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 I ran chased a steep 500' slope to descend, but no-one else was game to follow.

On Saturday we moved on to Lake Dine in at the foot of Mt. Pellux (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 Pellow-Caster snow fields to the Wilkin glacier below.

That afternoon John and Ian found a route through the bluffs for our proposed attempt on Pellux 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 occurrences that it was fine on top, we set off just before dawn. At the snowline, we emerged above cloud level, into a scene of unsurpassed 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 Pellux looked like 'easy next'. 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 seive jumble of crevasses, 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 icefall 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 Llistair stirred, hanging down river. The next day Peter and Ross left, and John and Ian in cloudy weather climbed about five rocks between Arne and the Main Divide: Juno, Ichigoto, 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 Wākin Wākin, and rifle and good weather make it an extremely enjoyable place for a Christmas trip.

Ross Gooder.

Leader: Colin Smyth.
Accompanied by: John Dill, Llistair Chisholm, Ross Gooder, Peter Gin, Ian Longford.

THE SEVENTY-THIRD VISTULA LETTER from phil's Revised Standard Version.

CHAPTER ONE.

1. Here beginneth the account of Brian Sissing's work and 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 footsloggers travelled by train and taxi to the Wākin 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, after saying, "He is me, 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 shone in the darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not.
7. Then restore in began filling, and continue to fall, and grow in their nestness.
8. First this quickly since they descended into the Valley of the Tear in Sol-Ga, and went forth into the House of Academics (2).
9. And they dwelt therein, for it was rich in dirt.
On the next day they woke, and found a fellow vagrant in their midst, and great was their rejoicing.

And the leader spake unto the others, "Arise ye peasants,"

And so they arose, and put sack cloth upon their lains; and departed unto the valley again, having broken their fast.

CHAPTER XXX.

And it came to pass that when it was nearly noon snow began to fall upon the tramps (for this they are called in these parts) and they waxed exceeding glad until they became cold and they sought a multitude of satchels.

And there were many new windfalls in the valley; and when they reached the next hut, the hut called Cane, the leader turned and crying out in a loud voice, spoke thus unto the others:

"Gather ye much fyre wood, for we shall have need of it."

And verily I say unto ye, was the wood multiplied an hundredfold, though it be yet.

And the tramps toiled nightily, for there be no one, and they smote the wood in the black.

And there was little room in the hut for the tramps besides those fuglets.

Thus it was decided that they should dwell in that hut, for many reasons, and not go on to Weil Ferris.

The fyre-wizards were summoned, and verily I say unto ye they did beget a mighty fyre.

They kindled it with candles, brushwood, and dry witty statements (which m. k. with much excellent fyre-laying materials) and its shape was that of the pyramids in the land of the pharaohs.

And one of their number did boil a billy and gave a brew unto them crying

"Drink ye all of this and it will refresh you."

They did sit around the fyre for the rest of the afternoon, sacrificing saks and bread upon it; whereupon a great stench did fill the hut.

And the night came and they did feast nightily an stew and sudden puddings.

And they did say with cards the game called pontoon and rookily kneelt upon their knees, and great was their weariness.

In the following morning they arose again, at the comely time of the fourth hour (3).

And by noon they were trampling the snow of the Mount of Reeves, and soon they stopped at the old campsite, east devils out of their boots and ate with speed for it was raining yet.

And afternoon saw four valiant crewe ride a ride with a siller of deer at the end of the road near Weilside, whereupon the others cursed nightily and began roadwalking.

(1) 6pm to the uninitiated. (2) AD. (3) 10am!

Leader was Brian Bicenon who was closely followed by: Gary Henderson, Kevin Forrest, Ross Gooder, Nick Mitten and Peter Radcliffe (scribe).