HEELS

victoria university tramping club
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Editorial?

Porridge - under L.S.D.

Oh Pog where for art thou crieth the tramper miserablis, sitting in a puddle in a trog, what more could man want - but Pog, a steaming bowel of newtreeishas wheetie germ, to satisfy the inner man. You may larf, and loud I know, but wot about the snow: go man go. You can keep your scummie sausages and loafs of Bermaline, Porridge is supreme in between the pit hitting and early morning start. If I could take a horse and cart, all huts would have for free one hundred weight of cremotee, or rollyed oats to grace the throats of starving souls with empty bowls. No man would falter in his stride topped up with pog inside. Emancipate Porridge now. Must go, I know tum tum yearning, I smell burning.

John Atkinson
Lesley Bagnall
Do you know why you go tramping? I know why you go tramping. It's because you like suffering. You'll swear black and blue that you go tramping for the scenery and the companionship - but what's that 90 per cent of the time? Non existent or cold and wet. Take a typical example:- The Winter Northern.

Scene I:
Impotent orange torch beams trying to penetrate the rain on the way up a flooded Ohau. You are soaked, numb, and scared of drowning. A twisted ankle completes the picture.
Five hours of uneasy sleep on boards, then a greasy breakfast sets you up for several hours of uncomfortable climbing onto:-

Scene II:
The freezing misty tops, peering around, wondering where Tarn Ridge got to. Great fun!: Barking your shins on the not-quite-hard-enough crust, is an ecstasy only surpassed by that of desperately worming your way into frozen socks and boots in a hut that resembles a full cattle truck.

Scene III:
Roadwalking. Need I say more?

Advanced suffering is a more involved business and must be planned accordingly. The common garden masochist takes a little, unappetising food with him, clapped out gear, (e.g. sole-less boots), and goes flat out along familiar, muddy tracks. His actions can be aped by anyone. But to bring about at least a week of sustained hardship without having it cut short by S.A.R., one must go a little further. The misdirected, or at least badly packed, airdrop; or a negligently unintentional sojourn in a West Coast gorge - require a touch of finesse. Planning a long trip without adequate fitness or experience raises your chances for a prolonged bout of suffering, too.

Last weekend, (yes, Queen's Birthday), three of us ventured into the Orongorongos in spite of an already ferocious Southerly. Names have been omitted to protect the guilty. We persisted in bashing through an infernal diabolic, malignant, pernicious, noxious, virulent, foul, rank, venomous, abominable, leatherwood, hail, snow, wind, mist, wind-falls (old, new, and concealed), supplejack -
in fact THE LOT - on a circular ridge in a nowhere place; once with nauseating choice of that or a near vertical, snow-speckled precipice, (ever had exposure of both sorts in the extreme?). It was brown trouser country. Teetering along on the brink of this abyss, I thought that if I slipped, I would try to hug a bush as I went. This went on until it was too late to find a decent campsite – the tent was "pitched" on a sloping nettle patch in a creek bed. The nettles concealed sharp rocks......

It was quite easy really. The technique could have been improved upon by not believing the compass, or by trying to do it in the dark without storm gear – but these are mere extras, and not essential.

"CELEBRATING 1840 AND ALL THAT" Nev Lupton

The cummings of peoples to our part of the world was to be celebrated with a Tararua tramp. So decided us. After various trips had failed to get off the ground, (or onto the ground perhaps), we went our various ways to "fortuitously" meet at A.D. on Friday night. A full Tauwharenikau gorge was the battle plan, but due to dissention in the ranks, a successful pike was almost pulled off.

At length we decided to investigate the Omega track. Six bipeds were seen to take up their appropriate positions at the start of the aforementioned track. Five bipeds then proceeded to watch the sixth do some "Ha-ha-fooled-you-I'm-a-submarine" type tramping. The climb to Alpha via the Omega-Hell's gate route proceeded uneventfully; with a time lag of 1 hour between first and last arrivals.

The weather was unexceptionally fine - too fine to spend a night in Alpha so camping on top of Alpha was in.

Leaving Alpha at 2.45, Vosseler was obtained at 6.45, with exceptions. This was a Summer Southern Crossing at its best with what must be the best of brew spots - top of Hector. Heuy excelled himself; providing a fantastic sunset and twilight that drew bodies out of the hut at unusual moments - not for the "natural" reason this time. Hence night fell on a soul satisfying day. It's moments like these - a view from West Peak to Egmont, Ruapehu, N.W. Nelson and the Kaikouras, that brings sanity to our pastime.

With the Tauwharenikau gorge gone, the party increased by one, (who was carrying twice as much as any
other), and with Heuy still on holiday; the main range was our road. Nergulation, Boyd Wilson, Vosseler, Yeates and Mackintosh or is it Vosseler, Boyd Wilson .... or .... anyway. Goodies were consumed with great relish along with quantities of flax nectar.

Our humble mode of locomotion was sorely pointed out to us by the leatherwood guarding the Tararua Peaks. Gravity prevailed on Tunui where the ladder was used.

Mangahuka meant a longitudinal aquatic traverse of the tarn. - All sorts of interesting things on the bottom of that tarn - natural drainage you know?

Aokaparangi bivvy received a brief visitation and Kahiwiroa lived up to its name of long ridge. Here fitness told and the procession became strung out. Seven in Anderson's makes for efficient packing - a close packed formation being preferred.

Monday Huey returned - the going was windy to Shoulder Knob and descent below the cloud brought rain. The expert navigators in the party led the fitter members down the wrong spur, so we were united once more with the rear guard.

After a Waitewaewae lunch, we salubed down to Otaki. To Aropito stream - truly Xmas Calendar country. Much motion was in order here, although Otaki Forks nearly didn't see the junior members of the party that day, as "everybody was waiting for everybody else" - so they say.

Celebrants: - John Keys, Brian Davis, Ian Arnot, Keith Jones, Geoff Hall, Nev Lupton, Dave Gledhill.

TRAMPING'S NOT THE WORD
Brian Davis

Who can describe the freedom of Friday. The Masterton Railcar. The taxi to Holdsworth. The suppressed glow. The tingle of Powell-where-we-come. Will there be snow? Some on the Gentle Annie perhaps? Will the weather hold? Who knows; who cares; we're off.

Carbide, sweat, mud,blackness, shouting, Lloyd-George, and laughter.

Satisfaction creeps in; just a bit, then a little. A soft bed is a dream, a luxury seldom appreciated.

Feeling quite good still .......

"Wadder we doing Queen's Birthday?"

Not sure, pant, possibly an S.K. Another little tingle.

Different bush; more mud and Mountain House. A stop,
water, maybe a Tang, a biscuit; "By God - a food-bonk's-a-bastard on Friday nights."

"Beautiful night so far."

"Lovely; forecast's pretty good; clearing, Southerly, anticyclone on the way."

"Mighty; should be good tomorrow, then."

Out, out and off. Reluctant at first. Automatic, however and slow. Up, plod, up, plod up plod, up, up, up. A test of fitness, this, really. Mustn't let the others know I'm not fit. Hell; wish I could muster a whistle. "Hey Jude." Gasp; Jude-a-Jude-a-Jude-gasp.


Yippeee. Yaaahoooo - echoes everywhere. I'm last as usual; last nerg now, plod, pause, plod pause, pause, pause plod and on. I'm cold now. Icicles - freezing.

A smoke; my kingdom for a smoke, lovely smoke.


A brew, my pit, satisfaction in a smirk and a smoke. I'm glowing inside.

Tramping is Not the word. It's more.

Traversing Oriwa Ridge is very similar to chronic alcoholism . . . You're always on the bash.
NORTHERN MAIN RANGE  

Dave Porter

This trip is supposed to be unique: it was not a crap-out. It was led by Keith with myself about 200 yds behind. Half the party climbed off the Field's Express at Levin on the Friday night, and met the other half, (cold and impatient), on the platform. We took a taxi to the pipe bridge and after a fast trip over open fields and along the side track above the Ohau River, we arrived at Ohau Hut at about 10.30 p.m.

Keith woke at 5 a.m. and cooked a vast "pog", after which we packed and moved off up the Ohau River. At South Ohau Hut we took the Yeates Track up a steep spur to Te Mataawai Hut, where we stopped for scrog. The weather up to this time had been rather cloudy but calm, and as we made our way from Te Mataawai to above the bush-line, the mist enveloped us, cutting visibility to about 100ft. It did not clear again until we were in the saddle between Pukemataawai and Butcher's Knob.

This section of the Main Range, (from Pukemataawai to Crawford), appears to be comparatively untravelled. There is no muddy track through the tussock, as is common on similar main routes. Fortunately the ridge is well defined, except for the initial descent from Pukemataawai into the saddle. Large quantities of leatherwood were encountered at first, (causing lacerations to lower parts of the body), but later the ridge was covered with bush except for knobs such as Dracophyllum and Kelliher. At Dracophyllum Knob there is a NZFS Bivvy, where we stopped for lunch at about 2 p.m. Keith presented the bivvy with a log-book, (suitably "crinkled"), and we had a brew from the rusty water in the tank.

The sun broke through when we were between Dracophyllum and Kelliher, and by the time we had made it to the nerg above Nicholls Hut (I was starting to stagger a bit at this stage), the sky had cleared completely, affording a good view of the Northern Tararuaus.

Nicholls Hut has a lot of character. This is no doubt due to the floor which slopes south-eastwards, making standing upright rather tiring, unless you have something to lean on. Two NZFS Cullers were using it as base at the time and their overseer was staying the night also. He had spent his day installing a small coal-burning stove and chimney which had recently been airdropped in. This stove proved extremely efficient and in fact was so hot that we slept outside our sleeping bags. The NZFS boss tallied the tails of the deer that the cullers had shot.
Animals were scarce in that part of the ranges and were below the bush-line anyway, which made stalking and shooting very difficult. Barney, a cheerful, bearded Englishman had had difficulty in maintaining one kill per day, whilst Walter (a sour Austrian, well known for his over-use of a certain four-lettered word), had not shot anything for a week.

On Sunday, we made a late start and proceeded along the tops to Crawford, stopping there for scrog and photos. The weather had remained fine and clear except for some ground-mist, leaving Ruapehu and Egmont visible. The remainder of the trip out to Otaki Forks was notable only because I stood on my spectacles at Waitewaewae so I didn't see much more.

Keith Jones, David Porter.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR ASSEMBLING THE MARK II GORGE TRIP

Peter Radcliffe

At the count of one, take all the components of the trip out of the pack, and survey them quizzically, on the River Bank. As will be noticed, the map is one of the most important parts of the structure. You are now dry. And presumably ready to start.

1. Carefully remove all traces of sanity from the main members of the party. This is most important.

2. Carefully insert all articles to be kept dry into the water-proof containers provided, taking great care not to puncture the plastic bags. (This is most important).

3. Cement the feet firmly into the boots, and then cement the gaze in a downstream direction, using the glue provided. These are both very important.

4. Inflate the inner tube with the lungs, (see diagram attached), taking care to stop for breath at frequent intervals. Affix the tube to the person. This is most important.

5. Carefully commence making the trail of boot prints downstream, sticking carefully to the most pleasurable route, with the cement provided. This is MOST important - in the event of having to retrace one's steps. This will only occur if a high-pitched piking sound emanates from the party superstructure.

On encountering the first pool, (and/or rapid):-

a. Make sure that the last will and testament are in order.
b. Affix the spectacles securely to the person.

c. Travel last in the party to discover the best route.

6. When the party is showing signs of extreme exposure, carefully select a sunlit, sheltered beach from the large quantity provided. Insert the hands into the pack. This is most important, as you will then be able to extract:

   a. The water proof matches.
   b. The large quantities of rich, nutritious food –

this item is vital to the success of the Gorge Trip. If used carefully, the food can be used to form attachments between party members.

Note: - The bonds thus formed are not to be relied on for any great length of time.

After carefully wrapping the person around the food and the brew, lie the person in the sun for thirty minutes. This is most important, in order to dispel all vestiges of keenness.

7. Continue as in 5, until a negotiable road is near.

   a. Envelope the person with the dry clothes provided.
   b. Paste onto the face a cheesy grin.
   c. Inflate the ego.
   d. Carefully work your way home by dextrous use of the thumb. This is most important.

Your Gorge Trip is now complete and can be used to impress anyone within earshot. It should withstand the test of time if used sparingly, and only given an occasional airing.

Refer all complaints:

Huey,
c/o Meteorological Office,
Wellington.

A GORGEOUS TIGER TRIP of magnitude A1 or better

John Atkinson

Why No Elephants?

Being an account of seven brave Sahibs and their journeys into the wild, wet, Waiohine watershed, (without elephants). But why did they not take elephants on a tiger trip? An essential item you say. You might well ask. So I say, in reply to you. Have you ever tried to carry an elephant over Pukematawai in a howling Westerly. Not on your Nelly, I bet. So the elephants remained behind.
The Burning Question

The Friday night saw the original party of nine (seven sahibs and two sahibras), ensconced in South Ohau, to be rudely awakened four hours later by a raucous screeching, which, upon further investigation, proved to be a Keith sahib announcing it was time to arise. As an immediate response was not forthcoming, Keith sahib deemed positive action was necessary to get 'the cretins' out of their pits. So he decided to create a disturbance by having his primus blow up. To this end he was, I must confess, pretty successful; almost to the extent of burning down South Ohau. However, quick action by P.K.R., of the 31st Punjabi Primi emergency squad, managed to save the day. We eventually steamed out of the hut at 6.30 a.m., to begin the long haul up Yeates.

Bras and Brews

Arriving at Te Matawai, we paused only long enough for a quick brew, then abandoning the two sahibras, (who went out over Arete), we pushed blindly on up, through mist enshrouded tussocks. Buffeted by Tremendous Gusty (I mean gusty) winds, we staggered over Pukematawai and down to Arete saddle. A quick re-fuelling stop, then we began the descent to the Park. Several chuff slides and backward somersaults soon saw us in the head of the river; where the seven little frozen sahibs stood around, telling each other how mighty it was, while trying to stuff chocolate into their frigid faces with shaking fingers.

Presson

"Presson", "Presson", cried P.K.R. and they did, arriving five hours later at Park Forks after much boulder hopping, sidling and positively pleasurable pool plunging.

Some decided it would be a good idea to camp, as they had lugged tents for so far. However as there was no sign of the monsoon approaching, and the majority wanted to rubbish Bolt's statement that we wouldn't get past the Forks, we decided to Presson. A further 3 hours of Pressingon and there was Mid Waiohine. (12 hours from South Ohau). "Mid Waiohine, Mid Waiohine, prettiest hut that I've ever seen. The mattresses there don't treat you mean in Mid Waiohine." (with apologies to Beethoven?) A mighty fire and a mighty feed were followed by a mighty flake.
Stop Press: - Eggwater Raves Over Pog

"The notice had said: 'bring much energising food', but not Pog - gad, how can a man survive without Pog? I ask you. Bloody poor show, I say, so just to put the beggars in the right perspective, I brought some Pog; indeed much Pog and very good it was too, especially with that eggwater."

Hindus Miss Sunrise

The morning dawned an azure blue, with rosy pinks tinting the wispy clouds, which lingered lustfully over the meandering waters of the beautiful Waiohine River. But all this was lost from the eyes of the seven sahibs, whose muffled grunts and curses indicated a certain reluctance to arise. However, being devout Hindus, we were all aware of the old Hindustani proverb: - "A sleeping tiger gathers no moss." So as one man, we all leaped out of our pits and rushed outside to gather some moss. But alas there was no moss to be seen, so the only alternative was to Presson....

They Presson Again

Crashing through the jungle for a short distance we soon regained the river, and proceeded at much speed down it. After swimming the first pool, we proceeded at an even mucher speed - alternately rushing along precipitous banks, fording unfordable fords and drifting through long, limpid pools - on our "positive means of flotation".

A few hours of such pleasures saw us at Totara Flats; where we lay around soaking up the sunshine like mad dogs, before Pressingon once again.

Are Tigers Dying Out?

More, 'much speed' was made along the grassy flats, but no other tigers were to be seen concealed in the undergrowth. We think there must have been a big drive on our fellow members fairly recently.

Energy was flagging a little by this stage, but the thought of a ride out spurred us along, to arrive at Wall's Whare about five o'clock, in a rather battered, but satisfied condition. Our two gun men, Pete of the Punjabi Primi and Nabob Nev, got there first and bludged a ride out to Carterton. They summoned a taxi for the remaining sahibs, who were muchly grateful. So endeth the Saga of the Seven Sahibs, tigers every one.

R.Gooder esquire of the 31st Burping Ghurkas - a bludger of high renown.
Nabob Neville of the Nasty Knee Division.
Sahib Keith Jones - A man possessed with a fiery spirit.
Sahib Brian - Grandson of the famous dribbling Dheli Davis.
Kashmir Keys - The only tiger ever seen with tartan trou.
and the one and only: -
Colonel Eggwater-porridge, 42nd Leatherwood Lancers.

SARGAROVA SPLODING PRIMII - or HOW PEAT ONE THE DAY
Brian Davis

In dribbles and drabbles they did wend their merry little ways into 0-How. That even. It was, of course, the Fool Whyheeny trip and great were the butterflies of those seven brave masochists. Two females, one shorty and one tall, came to verify the start of this great event. We shall call these women, for fear of interrogation and for purposes of disguys, Rosary and Amoeba. By one hour before midnite all (nine in actual fact), were wizely within walls and pits, dreaming, drooling, snoring, fiddling, flatulating, digitine, frowning, muttering, sniffing, coiffing, larfing and praps even sleeping, who nose.

The rizing hower (rhymes with shower), was set at 4.30 a.m. (a joke of course). The keenest, one they call 'Beloved Keaf', wanted to be 'cheef getteruper'. He's sadisticle by nature and so they let him.

30 minutes plus tard he were up, and out of pit cooking, (if that be the term), his late supper which he jokingly called break-fast. Indeed it were 5 a.m., dark and starry. "God Save the Queens", and god save them indeed, was sung by all and everyone began to 'cook' their 'late suppers'. Towards the end of this ritual a warning was issued by one Neve, whose duty it was to observe, that Beloved Keaf's long suffering primii should not be blazing so merrily; or should it.... a pause and .... TOO LATE!!! It rawed and blew. Up went the flames, licking in vivid blues, greens, oranges, violets and even indigo at the wall. Our Beloved Keaf advanced in the heat and raging light toward that little beast, burnt his fingah and retreated, pretending that his fingah was stopping him from doing it again and praps again. Some even went on with their 'cooking' as if they weren't putrified, 'ignoring it' is the phrase I believe, all the while suffering
from their own little attics of die-aria. Yelps, kurses, kommands and whimpering from Keaf... heat... efforts with a billi from Gooder (who was really worser). To no avail. The wall was burning. It smoked, glowed and threatened us all with winking, red-ember eyes. Pits, packs, plimsolls, polypads, people and prickers were too near the flaming flames that were getting fearsah and fearsah. Amoebe, acting sanely, went white with fright in the bright light and retreated outside pit under one pseudopod. Rosary, poor lass, on her patellas, gazed heavenwards and muttered Ave Marias, we think. Panic was near at hand. Evacuation (which rhymes, funnily enough with constipation,) was suddenly IN. Consider:

"Can I have the pleasure of this evacuation."

or

"Evacuate now. Avoid the Xmas rush."

or even

"Evacuation? I love it! I love it!

Anyhow all were, as you may have guessed, absolutely putrified. BUT. Into the circle of fearful, flummoxed, flamelit, festering facades stepped Peat. He was smouldering and burning slowly as often Peats do. Also he was over leadah. He advanced. Advancing was IN. Corrugated ion in hand he did scoop, (what an impotent word), that little bastard out of the corner. Smirk on his facade, he strode with flames trailing, "Over pit, over pack, over shit and out of shack" out into the night where he did fling the primus with much foul language toward Beloved Keaf. Inside the smoulder-hole the peasants were strangely subdued, humiliated even. Outside the little beast rawed on like an epileptic fit, distorting itself, until, so the legend goes, Peat and bladder took pity on it and silenced it forever.

Compared to this episode, the Pool Whyheeny was in-significance. Rosary and Amoebe, exhausted with exhaustion gained a Bivvy and crapped out along with Hewie. As for the seven brave Masochists, they pretended to enjoy swimming in the icy waters, in wind and rain for 48 hours but really their minds, if indeed they originally had any, were back at 0-How, back with the flames, back at 5.00 a.m. back with the fingah, back with the corrugated ion, back with bloody full bladders, back in pit, back-way-back, back...
SPANIARD GRASS WE SALUTE YOU "one who knows"

This botanical freak is so called because it has oft reminded the unwary trampler of old Spain; of the spikes of the piquadors, of the razor-sword of the Toreador and of the menacing points of the bulls' horns.

In the mild Summer month of February around Vosseler Hut, somebody standing silently, can see a trampler go out into the tussock at night to heed the call of 'that bitch' Mother Nature. You can see him squat down in the dark on on unseen Spaniard Grass and know that he has felt every Toreadors' sword every piquadors' spike, every bulls'horn in the whole of bloody Spain.

And after he has screamed out in agony and plunged with haste to a new retreat you may even hear from the hut, if you listen very carefully, the cries of his delighted mates . . . . A mirthful OLE.

BANNISTER CROSSING John Keys

At 7.45 p.m. four tramps were found at the end of the Kiriwhakapapa road, busy unpacking parkas and jerseys. They had travelled from afar in order to do the celebrated "Bannister crossing". The weather forecast was good, "fine and frosty", but the weather wasn't living up to it. The starless sky above bode ill for the future.

The four tramps finished packing, shouldered packs and set off, with the aid of torches, along a well defined track. This degenerated, however, after the Masterton Rovers' hut.

The climb up onto Blue Range can be quite interesting, if one has the light to see it.

Concern was expressed by the leader tramp when a signpost was reached one hour beyond the Rovers' hut. "It took me an hour and a half to get down from here" he exclaimed. "I just don't understand it."

Nevertheless the four tramps pressed on into the night. ON and on they went, with torches growing dimmer and dimmer.

"Ah ha, the turnoff," cried the leader.

The tramps turned off and promptly lost the track. The wind was blowing hard and it was cold.

"I think it's down here," said the leader, moving off down a scrub covered spur. The others followed and they soon found themselves on a wet, slippery track which brought them out by Blue Range hut.
Next morning the four tramps awoke to find a grey, cheerless sky and a howling northerly. However, Blue Range hut is not a piking hut, despite the excellent grot. There is very little water there. One tramp even climbed onto the roof to take water from the guttering for his pug.

Ten o'clock found the party tramping along Blue Range. The plan to do a Bannister had been dropped. Instead the intrepid band of tramps were going to undertake the adventurous track to Roaring Stag Lodge, via the Ruamahungu river. It was raining on Cow Saddle and the tramps turned down the track to Cleft Creek, via Bastard grass hollow. An hour after the saddle a gorge was encountered, which was traversed, although the stream was a little high. A little later the gorge widened to disclose a most wonderful and inspiring sight — for those who like fast, dirty, flooded rivers. There was nothing else to do but return to the saddle.

Slowly the little band trudged back, which caused the leader some consternation, to find that they went uphill faster than they went down. From the saddle, the tramps headed due west and very soon arrived at Cow Creek hut. Pit bashing was the order for the rest of the day.

The tramps left the hut next morning during a heavy shower. The Waingawa river demonstrated its amazing property of "swelling" in half an hour. The tramps planned to take the wet weather track to Mitre Flats, then go out to the Pines. But after due consultation with the map, it was decided there was no track, so they sidled instead. Many small streams and creeks were crossed, nothing daunted the intrepid band. Nothing, that is, until the North Mitre stream was reached. This was a marvellous sight, 40 cubits wide, 30 cubits deep and rolling boulders. However the tramps, being filled with the spirit of V U W T C forebears, decided not to be overcome. They would tramp up the side, even to the head-waters, and then cross it.

Twenty minutes upstream fate smiled on the determined band. There was a fallen tree stretching from bank to bank. Carefully they crossed, listening to the boulders rolling beneath them, feeling the log shudder with the force of the water, and expressing relief on reaching the other side. One of the tramps, however, in order to outdo his companions decided to cross the last half underwater. Rescue operations were carried out.

Half an hour later a disc was sighted. The rain eased, the sky cleared. A quick brew was had at Mitre Flats hut and the tramps hurried along the Barra track to the road end.
As the tramps were hitch hiking through the Wairarapa, the sky over the Tararuas was turned a rich golden colour by the setting sun. The tramps were content. There would be another day for a Bannister.


MARCHANT - RENATA direttissima
Peter Radcliffe

"See you at Dobsons tomorrow morning."
"OK."

Such was the entire organization of the trip. At Dobbies at 8.30 a.m. we had breakfast then set off in drizzle for "parts West". Soon after the real Mt.Marchant, we turned left into the Eastern Hutt, a steep, open water course, and sunshine. A peep at Eastern Hutt at lunchtime, then a prolonged pleasant climb through the sylvan glades onto the flat open top of Quoin. Here we paused, amidst an unusual and interesting panorama of the Southern Crossing, Marchant and Maymorn ridges and Hutt Valley. The untracked tussock was spiced with many little ranunculi. The descent into the Western Hutt was made via a long ridge, covered with dead timber above the bushline, then a subsidiary forested sidespur. Finally, the river, reached in the cool afternoon. Untouched campsites everywhere beckoned to us as a real "away-from-it-all" sensation settled in. The alfresco dinner, the camp-fire, the river - roar; all merged into a peaceful moonlit night. Yes it's more than 'tramping'.

Daybreak. Bacon frizzling over a primus, driven by a somnolent operator still in bed. As the chattering of the primus died away, the river-roar returned with a tremendous surge. There was no party time keeper, so we scampered away without further ado, up a long ridge towards Renata. Mist and wind incidence increased until it was howling wickedly through the dracophyllum. Typical bloody Tararuas. We asked the recumbent forms inside Renata Hut what the time was. 8.30 came the reply. Seems we must have started early.

Trog trog into Frances Creek, pausing every so often to look at the myriads of clematis, in an area that is just recovering from chainsaws.

And so to books again. Peter Radcliffe and Ross Gooder
TAUWHARENIKAU

Trampers suffering from a lack of reading material turn to log books. Those who indulged in this sport in A.D. must have been puzzled by the various spellings of the body of water which flows by in this region.

A little research into this matter brought some amazing results.

To begin at the beginning, where all good things start. It has been reported that a certain native, named Hau, was travelling in the Wairarapa, when he discovered a whare. The walls and roof of this whare were thatched with nikau leaves and hence the name Tauwharenikau, or the overhanging palms, has been affixed to certain objects in this area.

A look at older editions of Tararua maps will show this spelling, Tauwharenikau, but today the favoured form is Tauherenikau. However a glance at the A.D. log book, shows that the anglicisation of this word appears not to have stopped; if certain people have their way.

Here follows a list of spelling to be found over a period of less than one year. Each spelling had to be entered more than once to qualify for the list.

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Tauwharenikau</th>
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<td>Taueninkau</td>
<td>Tarherenikau</td>
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and the ultimate:— Terrykneecow.

N.B. It's all the way with A's in Allaway.

KAIMANAWA EASTER TRIP

Dave Bamford

After muffled remarks about the weather, the six of us crawled out of our pits into drizzling rain and decamped. A short walk to the Tongariro River was followed by a late breakfast, while we watched two large groups of Waikato and Hutt Valley trampers head up the river. By eleven
o'clock we were following the wide bed of the Tongariro, up to the confluence of the Waikato and the Waipakihi.

After the confluence the river is known as the Waipakihi. It is here that a dam will be constructed in the next decade. Our plan was to go up a side creek, follow a ridge to the tops and camp there for a couple of days. Then drop back into the Waipakihi River on Monday. A suitable, or so we thought, stream was found and followed up for two hours in the pouring rain. It was then we realized that a better ascent would be possible, from further up the Waipakihi. That night we camped an hour up river past our side creek.

We set off in perfect weather on Saturday; travelling up the river for an hour before we found a suitable ridge. The bush line was reached a little after mid-day, when we had a great view of Lake Taupo, the township, Lake Rotoaire and the mountains of National Park.

After lunch we passed a dozen Waikato trampers and by 3 p.m. we were all sitting on the top of Patutu - 5600'. The view was of miles and miles of tussock stretching to Hawkes Bay, and some very rugged peaks to the north. We decided to make camp in a small basin to the east of Patutu, and here we spent two cold nights.

Sunday came about with the roaring of a stag and a view of Ruapehu in the distance. Though the weather deteriorated throughout the day, we went over to the main range.

After a hurried breakfast on Monday, we headed up the ridge in cold wind and misty conditions to Patutu again, then followed a ridge down to the South. By midday we were at the bushline for lunch, before we set off to bash our way down through the lawyer.

By 3 p.m. we had reached the Waipakihi River again. An hour and a half later saw us at the car park and heading back to Wellington after an enjoyable trip.


"Wise men find pleasure in water; the virtuous in mountains"
- Confucius
After several hours travelling on trampler-climber laden public transport, a cold wet Arthur's Pass township was reached. Sometime later, after much searching and a warmed debate, tents were pitched next to a colder, wetter and noisier Bealey Chasm. Pits were then bashed for sometime.

That night (Thursday) saw the initiation of the trip meal service - a cold war (weatherwise) between the two tents. Trying to conserve heat, one would yell from the depths of one's pit ...."Jones, bring over the stoo and we'll cook it for you," (Kindness obviously didn't enter into it.) Actually the rest of the conversation was typical, too.

"....stuffed."
"The pressure cooker's got lice in it."
"You cooked last night."
"Got your power Wharry, and I'll fill your primi, over here."

Pit bashing weather continued until about noon on Friday - we decided then to go up to the pass before lunch. Needless to say, after trying our hands at Southern Alps scrub-bashing, nature walking, scree-climbing and high speed descending - off Goldney Ridge - it was late afternoon. Then Brian performed - fell off a boulder (which was made for rock-climbing) backwards into a neckdeep, freezing, isolated puddle of water. Three other people almost fell off, too, laughing.

Saturday began with frozen condensation, but we soon found ourselves wandering up the Bealey River, towards the avalanche debris comprising the Bealey "Glacier". The Bealey Slide was long but interesting on permanent snow and frozen shingle. Highly exciting moments were had by all, when some thawed-out rocks hurled themselves, purring at Brian. Some rubble climbing later up thru a gut, saw us sipping snow tanges on Goldney Ridge and watching a party start up the beautiful Otira face. Blue ice on nearby Philistine and the rotten Rome ridge discontinuity were also admired.

Two hours of revolting rock, but enjoyable "climbing" and we were bikeriding on the Low Peak and staring at Sissons and party wandering around the horrible 'shrunks under High Peak. After strolling on for a while, we roped up to go over a slab. The Crow neve was deemed not suitable for this party, we stuck to the ridge which was easy - there usually being easy routes round difficult places. Memories here of chevalling over an interesting portion, then belaying Jones along a pack track which sidled it. After a section
of glazed rotten rock, Keith and I found ourselves being
glared at by the obviously impossible 'face' of the High
Peak. Keith didn't think so, so gullible Wharry soon found
himself being belayed from the notch, (between Middle and
High Peaks), from below. (A pathetic gesture of support
that was). However it was good rock, with good belaying
spots and we soon found ourselves on the final summit nerg
of the High Peak of Rolleston, having previously heard
concluding piking noises from Nev and Brian on Middle Peak.
The summit became crowded as the other party came up off
the face. In near perfect weather we photographed, ate
Bermaline, photographed, ate scrog, photographed and took
more photos.

Even though the ascent had taken seven hours, it was
3 p.m. when we managed to drag ourselves away. Coming down,
all the easier routes were obvious and the rope was put away.
(Or was it because the other party had used their rope only
two or three times on the face?).

One rock tunnel and several rock "avalanches" later
everyone was back on Goldney Ridge. Descent was via the
Otira Slide - first on shingle, then on snow, perfect for
glissading, except for the presence of copious 'shrunds.

A small stream at the bottom was deemed a fit place to
slake screaming thirsts, and enjoy a rest.

One and a half hours later, the majority of the party
was at the road, where they were rudely disturbed by an,
I-don't-know-anything-about-first-aid A.C. bloke. His mate
hadn't managed to reach the road. Two brave lads, (must
give Nev his due), went back to render assistance, or do
what they could for the badly exhausted bloke.

A hairy ride into town followed - the car had damn all
brakes and you know what that road is like. Things turned
out o.k. - if you like groping around in bush at night,
feeling ahead with outstretched iceaxes.

Pits were resoundingly bashed until Sunday afternoon - with
intermittent breaks for swearing at the tuneless singing of
Jones and Lupton. Ever been driven to sleep by 'Lloyd George'
sung for hours in ugly monotone? That afternoon, storm gear
was proved ineffective in the bowels of the Devil's Punchbowl.

Monday, we rode out and into Christchurch, where two
delightful dinners were indulged in, one after t'oother,
before the long trip back to Wellington was undertaken.

Party: - Brian Davis, Nev Lupton, Keith Jones, John Keys
South Ridge of Hopeless

Pack floating in the Waiohine gorge
Colonel on Jumbo

A.D. working? party
Wherry on Pare

Titahi Bay exploits
The usual hitch-hiking farce ended with the three individuals on the trip perched on a Landrover, heading up the Eastern side of the mountain; I was the last to get picked up, so I sat on a front mudguard. Fantastic way to get up mountains, I thought, with the Rover’s honest little engine buzzing the spinning front wheels through the scoria. In a freezing wind and a soft sunset that only tussock country seems to produce, we arrived at Tukino village and scampered along the snow poles into the fast gathering darkness. The carbide lamp was started with the only available source of water, (yes, it works!), and we stumbled up through volcanic rubbish for about an hour, on a climbing sidle, watching for the myriads of pseudo-cairns that appeared everywhere. An hour after that and we still had not located the 30 foot snow pole which indicates the presence of Wangaehu hut - so the tent was pitched on a hastily levelled site (the sight of three figures raking away at the sand with their ice-axes in the middle of the night, half-way up Ruapehu must look bloody ludicrous).

A freezing wind and a blushing snow started off Saturday. Two hundred yards to the South was the magic snow pole,(screams of joy). We hastily packed up and picked our way over to the hut - 100 yards to the South of the pole. Breakfast, then away towards Te HeuHeu. Slowly the Mangatoetoeumui glacier fed itself under our feet until we were standing right under the peak. Blowing like buggery. So we climbed from the plateau up to the nob to the West of Te HeuHeu, smashing away the sastrugi from the steep slope in tinkling showers of ice. A pause on the ridge, looking at the southwards marching sea of puffy great clouds around us; then crunch along to the summit. Navigating across to Dome was on instruments alone, as we were enveloped in a whiteout. Entry into the Shelter was effected by vigorous blows at the ice build-up on the door. Glassy shards of ice splash everywhere. Great fun.

After lunch the weather consisted of a dense white sub-zero wind, so we sneak off down the Wangaehu to the hut, conspicuously perched at the top of a humdinger bluff. The garbage-disposal method was a positive one; bracing oneself against the safety-fence at the top of the bluff, swish the bucket upwards. A brief flurry of dehy packets vanishing at frightening speed over the bluff, and it’s all over. Gale force winds do have their uses.

Wind and rain on Sunday vanished at 10.30, so we headed
uphill instead of down. ("It's a great day for Kodachrome, fellers" - executed with a Waikato nasal drawl). Two of the party dropped packs under Dome and walked up Paretetaitonga. Seems like the Ministry of Jerks got here first, judging by the fantastic garden path of steps cut up to the summit. Back to Dome for a brew, then off down to the Top o' the Bruce. Crunch crunch go the crampons. Klik klik go the cameras. Down to the lowlands, with its cars and roads and houses.

Individuals:- John Wharry Keys, Nev. Lupton, Pete Radcliffe.

"The line which separates the difficult from the dangerous is sometimes shadowy, but it is not an imaginary line. It is a true line, without breadth. It is often easy to pass, and very hard to see. It is sometimes passed unconsciously, and the consciousness that it has passed is felt too late. If the doubtful line is crossed consciously, deliberately, one passes from doing that which is justifiable to doing that which is unjustifiable."

- Whymper 'Scrambles Amongst the Alps' 1900

THE TRAVERS VALLEY

Keith Jones

Evan and I decided to spend 10 days, last August tramping and climbing in the Travers Valley. After some slow hitching up the Wairau valley we arrived at St. Arnaud at 10.00 one fine morning.

Two hours and much suffering under heavy loads later, we arrived at Lake Head hut where lunch was taken. The weather now seemed to be deteriorating, but undaunted we pressed on up the Travers. At Hopeless creek, we decided to camp for the night. Suddenly, just after the tent was pitched, it started to snow. Not wind-driven swirling snow, but large flakes, slowly drifting down through the still air, until everything was covered with a white powder.

Early the next morning the valley was a beautiful sight, as we tramped up through snow covered trees and the occasional river flat, at the other end of which Mt. Travers could be seen towering above the valley. John Tait hut was soon reached and we decided to spend the rest of the day in an attempt on Cotterell pk. (6890') on the St. Arnaud range. According to the Nelson Lakes National Park
handbook, one crosses the river opposite the hut and starts climbing straight up through bush. This we did, but after climbing through the bush and up easy snow slopes, we realised we had climbed something, although obviously not Cotterell, which could be seen way to the north. However a magnificent view was enjoyed and we were happy retracing our steps back to the hut.

Huey was not so kind to us the next day, so we decided to stroll up to Cupola basin hut, where Clive Bolt, Pete Radcliffe, and Ross Gooder were in residence. Before we had time to leave the hut Clive ("the weather's sure to crap out") appeared on his way to St. Arnaud. However, the others did not share his pessimism and soon we were cursing our way through windfalls en route for the hut. This was soon reached and we returned with Ross and Pete to John Tait, where the afternoon was spent playing cards.

We all awoke early next morning to see the starlit sky we wanted for our attempt on Travers. As the day lightened the cloud increased and about half an hour was wasted dithering around trying to decide whether to climb or not. Eventually the ayes won and we were on our way. Initially, we climbed up through the bush on the northwest ridge, but not liking the snow conditions sidled across to the usual route leading up from Summit creek. Then ploged up through the snow to the summit, with its expected view of about 25 yds in each direction. Coming down we had a little excitement, as three of us nearly managed to glissade over a hidden bluff, but all arrived safely back at the hut just as the weather started to deteriorate - a sneaky climb.

Next day Ross and Pete left for civilisation while Evan and I suffered up to Upper Travers hut in indifferent weather. A perfect morning dawned after this and soon Evan and I were on our way, wading up through calf deep snow to the basins below Kehu. Later, Evan realized he had lost the circulation in one foot so we piked.

Laziness overcame us again the next day, which was also fine and we just strolled up to Travers saddle in the morning and spent the afternoon lazing in the hut. We decided to travel down to Hopeless creek hut next day and then out the day after.

Hopeless was reached after walking down the Travers and then up Hopeless creek for an hour and a quarter. It is the nicest hut in the valley, being somewhat larger than a forest service hut and is equipped with indoor running water, an efficient fire, mattresses and a library of mountaineering books. That evening the weather cleared and realizing it was going to be fine the next day, we made a snap decision
to attempt Hopeless.

At first light we were away, ploughing through scrub to reach the sidecreek which was followed up to the large snow basin below the summit ridge. From here we pigeon-holed straight up a large couloir on to the ridge. A few rope lengths along the narrow, beautifully corniced ridge brought us to the summit. From here in perfect conditions we enjoyed a magnificent view of Nelson Lakes peaks, the Kaikouras, Lake Rotoroa, and the cloud surrounded west coast hills. We then sped down to the hut again and hastily packed our gear to leave for St Arnaud at 3 p.m. This was reached at 9 after a 2 hour tramp around the lake in the dark and so we finished the trip exhausted after a magnificent 14 hour day.

Party - Keith Jones, Evan Thomas

CLYDE - GARDEN OF EDEN - PERTH - GODLEY - HAKELOK

Keith Jones

On leaving Erewhon station, we had to cross the Clyde which was running high and tricky to ford. Then the suffering began in earnest as we ploughed across the monotonous boulder infested riverbed. To avoid a river crossing we decided to sidle a bluff. An hour later we were back having come to a second, horrible looking bluff by an uncrossable stretch of river. It was now only a short distance to Broadleaf hut. This is a scabby musterers hut overrun with mice and starlings, which provided us with entertainment as we dried out our gear during the afternoon.

In misty conditions next morning we continued up the true right of the river. An hour and a half up river a brand new forest service type hut was reached (Curses, why were we stuck at Broadleaf). At McCoy junction, we crossed the river to avoid Armada bluff but after recrossing were faced with the worst bluff of the river. We followed up a lead of scree to climb up to one side; but sidling across and descending down the other side which was enough to make any seasoned Tararua leatherwood basher feel at home. "How do I get down this steep bit?" "Just jump, land, and disentangle yourself." From here it was easy going to Agnes Bivvy, where we settled in for the night, with thoughts of reaching the Garden of Eden next day.
"Curses, misty again." "Yes but there's no wind. We'll give it a go." Soon we were suffering up over glacial rubble and then onto the moraine of the Wee McGregor glacier and then onto the glacier's snow. Plod. Plod. Must keep to the steps. What my turn to lead. Curses. Plod. Plod. Damn this mist. Can't see a thing. Plod. Plod. Where are we? Which way do I go now? We were now at the top of the glacier and trying to find Perth Col in the mist. We decided to make for the dark shape ahead and so reached Perth Col. At noon the mist cleared and we could see all. Peaks all around, with the Garden of Eden stretched out ahead and slightly above us, behind its protection of schrunds. We were soon on our way. It was necessary to climb almost to the top of Baker Peak before sidling around, and commencing the long grind across this great snow plateau to Adams Col. On the way we spent much time and discussion in locating Eve's Rib - our escape route for later on. (The Rib is almost due south of Adams Col). At Adams Col we spent much time and energy in leveling out a campsite. It was well placed - surrounded by tremendous scenery, with a good slope nearby for snow-cave fanatics. On some rocks above the col (an easy scramble from the tent) was a most useful pool of water, which saved us the doubtful pleasure of having to convert snow to water.

We lazed around next morning (Xmas day) in perfect conditions and eventually set off for a stroll up Guardian Peak. We sidled along to a prominent snow rib - neatly missing some cracks in the process and then just kicked steps up to the summit, where we had a lazy time until we eventually returned by the same route.

George and I traversed the ridge from Adams Col over Newton (8200') to Tyndall (8282') the next day, again in perfect conditions. The ridge, which went up and down over several large bumps, was fairly easy mixed rock and snow. The rope was needed only once on a rock pitch and even this could have been avoided if we could have been bothered retracing our steps a short distance. All along the ridge the rock was beautifully firm and solid. After lunching on the summit of Tyndall we dodged down between schrunds onto the Garden of Eden and back. In the meantime Arnie and Phil had climbed up onto the south peak of Farrar (7900') by a snow route. We all arrived back at the camp with the afternoon murk at 2 p.m., and two hours later left down Eve's Rib for the upper Perth R.

The next day was devoted to 14 hours suffering as we moved seven miles down the Perth R. Just past our camp the flats ended and the river became uncrossable as it cascaded down boulders and so we were forced to follow down the true left. We sidled down the edge of the river to Prospectors
Creek. When we were not scrambling across, over, through, or around huge boulders, we were fighting our way through dense west coast scrub and bush as we sidled above parts of the river. On the way down we actually caught a bedraggled chamois. However, he was very thin and appeared not to be eating as a result of a jaw wound and eventually Arnie had to put him out of his misery. Prospectors Creek was reached and finally crossed - after we had spent half-an-hour searching for another means - by jumping over a swift flowing narrow part of the stream. After this, being sick of boulder hopping, we decided to sidle on an endless high terrace about 200' above the river. Scone creek was reached and crossed at a good spot with the aid of a rope all ready being used by the deerstalkers in residence at the forest service hut on the other side. As Pascoe's guide book says: "The Perth is by no means the worst of the West Coast Rivers, however ..."

A rest day was now declared. The day after we set off up Scone Creek for Sealy Pass (5800'). A fairly good blazed track went up the true left of the creek and soon we were past the Bettison Stream junction at a point where we had to cross the stream to avoid an apparently impassible bluff. On this crossing, and the one later, when we returned to the true left, we had to use a rope - so swift was the stream. After the second crossing we could not find the track and so blundered across a bluff. The route was then a long walk up avalanche debris over the stream, followed by a reasonable boulder hop. At Scone Glacier crampons were put on and soon we were in a large basin under Sealy Pass, where lunch was taken. We then plodded over the pass and down the other side to the crevasse free Godley Glacier. We soon had camp set up on some moraine in the middle of the glacier.

Cloud hung around the peaks during the next day, although there was still a lot of sunshine about and the peaks were often clear. We had intended to climb something during the day but somehow at three we were still playing cards in the tent. A tongue and Meat party then arrived having just vacated their campsite at Dennistoun Corner. They told us that the best route up D'Archiac was from here and so after a forty minute sprint we were setting up a camp again. That night the cloud cleared away and we set the alarm (i.e. Arnie) for three so an attempt could be made on D'Archiac (9279').

With first light, we left the tent in perfect weather and perfect crampon conditions and soon had sidled the icefall in Dennistoun Glacier and reached Revelation Col.

From here we led up loose rock and then snow on a steep rib.
We then pigeon-holed across a large snow shelf in beautiful snow conditions and when the snow ended climbed up easy rock to the narrow summit ridge. On the summit, we indulged in the usual activities before beginning the descent. The only difficulty on the way down was the snow ledge which now had the sun on it and was soft. However, it did not avalanche and early in the afternoon we were back at camp.

Again in perfect conditions, the next day we left over Pyramus (7340') for the Havelock. At the head of the Godley, Terra Nova Pass leads to the St. Winifred glacier and the Havelock R., but because of an icefall in the glacier it is easier to traverse over Pyramus, to the right of the pass. I cramponed up hard snow all the way to the summit, while George and Phil, who took a different route up the last section, struck soft snow and arrived somewhat later. Arnie, who had climbed the peak before, sidled the summit and started descending well ahead of the rest of us. We all met up on the way down and proceeded down to the St. Winifred Glacier, below the icefall. After an easy tramp down the St. Winifred stream, the Havelock was reached at St. Winifred hut. Here we stopped and spent the afternoon sunbathing.

Next morning, we wandered down the river to camp about 4 miles from its junction with the Clyde.

Erewhon station was reached next day and we were soon churning up dust from almost two weeks of fine weather as we headed for Christchurch and home.

Party: George Caddie, Arnie Allan, Phil Burgess, Keith Jones.

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**The Copland**

Peter Radcliffe

So you want to know about the Copland? Charlie Douglas would squirm in his grave if he could hear what follows. He had an antipathy towards any "crack-brained idiot who wishes to make what he calls a record, and whose ambition is to be a small hero in a lecture hall, drawing room, or even pot-house", coupled with a distaste for "that gang of amateurs called the New Zealand Alpine Club". And for maps "enabling Alpine Maniacs, Digging Vagrants and other Migrants to find their way about even in a thick fog." And lastly ... "there is enough of this Globe Trotter literature knocking about already concerning the awful escapes, towering precipices, and peaks moving glaciers and awful avalanches." Douglas explored this rugged West Coast
valley in 1892, with the object of discovering "a pass available for mule traffic to the Hermitage." (!)

It happened like this. Our swollen-headed little band had been having a couple of days R and R at the Hermitage, practising V.S. tactics in the Tavern bar—"waiting for the weather to clear". I don't think the thick fog was Huey's fault that time. The colourful camel-train wended its way up to Hooker Hut one fine afternoon, and the next two days saw half the party pike in disgust after two unsuccessful attempts on the Copland pass. Then there were three.

Morning number four saw them away at 4 a.m. crazed with a do-or-die determination this time—not the safest of attitudes in these parts. After three thousand feet of rocky ridge came a few minutes of snow, with a crust like fresh toast, then the 'schruund, and the tiny, icy notch in the Main Divide called the Copland Pass. Like Pooh Bear we heave and squeeze through the gap—and we are through, laughing in our conquest, tumbling in the powder. Got you, you bastard. Below lie the green fecund depths of the Copland. Caloo, callay, oh frabjous day. A slug in the Instafiz at the end of the snow. Quarter past eight.

Three shoulder-borne green Mountain Mules bob down into the valley, into the drizzle, into the dripping green world of West Coast bush—a profusion of flax, ribbon wood, holly and wekas, emerging into the Cedars, Totara, Rata and giant Dracophyllum of the lowlands.

Near Douglas Rock Hut lie a few acres of dismantled mountain ('68 was a good year for bivvy rocks in the Copland). Arguments as to whether it was caused by avalanche or earthquake are silenced not long afterwards by a roar like a Boeing taking off close by. Peering out through the foliage we observe the huge white mass come drifting slowly down out of the sky for about fifteen seconds. We felt correspondingly puny just then.

The track unwinds, cairn by cairn, into the soft, purple-tinted carpet of Welcome Flats. The country is warm and smiling and our flagging strength is sustained only by the thought of the fabled hot pools across the swing bridge. The gaudy blue and orange hut looks out of place against the battle-dress camouflage of the forest; a civilian inspecting an overtwowering army of trees. Man is still an intruder here, one feels.

And then the pools. Nothing quite like a hot pool for destroying the will power and reshuffling the priorities. (Thoughts of an attempt on Sefton died a natural death at
this stage). Mr. Explorer Douglas describes the scene from the pools:

"Away on the south side of the flats is one of the wonders of the Copland, namely the Sierra. The jagged peaks and broken face of the Wakatipu "Remarkables", all that I have read or seen of rugged ridges or mountain, sink into insignificance before this wonderful sight. A range of broken shattered cliffs, topped by a serrated ridge looking as if some Giant with little skill and very bad file had attempted to make a saw out of the Mountains".

We spent a day here, listening to the Bellbirds and scampering around Shield Creek - de-escalating mentally in the sylvan glades after a hard trip; before wandering the four and a half hours out to the Karangarua bridge.

ROCK CHUNDERING A.P. Harper from "Pioneer Work in the Alps of New Zealand."

"The rocks above me on Craig's Range were broken into very fantastic shapes, and numerous detached blocks lay on the "Hen and chickens", which I believe to have been left by the ancient glacier. Betsy and I spent two hours on the ridge, trying to catch some Keas, and also dropping stones over the great precipice onto the glacier below. A most fascinating occupation is this, of rolling stones from a great height. Douglas and I have spent hours, when waiting for a fog to lift, in various places, rolling down large rocks, and working as hard as if our lives depended on it to dislodge one of exceptional dimensions. We often used to try and suggest some reason which would account for the fascination, for I suppose it may be said to be universal. I have never met a man even amongst those who spend their whole lives on these hills, who did not only thoroughly enjoy seeing a stone career madly down a slope, but who would not go to considerable trouble to start one rolling."
FINE DAY

Time 1 am,
Lying motionless, awake
Listening to the sounds of breathing bodies.
What’s the weather going to be?
A wave of anticipation like a sea
Goes surging through your bones.
Quietly you pad across the floor,
The door creaks as you step outside.
Cold hits momentarily
But soon is gone, as you gaze up
At the vast array of stars,
And the friendly yellow moon.
"She’s going to be a beauty"
You murmur to yourself, And deep inside,
In this brief moment
One feels the very joy
Of living.

THE GREAT WILKIN PIKE

We left Jumboland hut early and started following up
the stream that is just upriver from the hut. After reaching
the bush we sidled to the left, away from Jumbo (6200’).
We then made our way along the tussock and rock ridge and
soon reached the rocky summit of Jumbo. Here, with
magnificent peaks abounding - Cook to the north, Pollux
and Castor to the west, and Aspiring to the south - we were
able to laze in the perfect conditions and think back over
the past few days.

The first day had been perfect weather, but on the
second the signs of an approaching nor’wester had spread
across the sky. By this time we had reached the new
musterers hut at top forks. The view from this hut of Pollux
towering above the North Wilkin was magnificent - a superlative
hut site. The next two days had seen the start of the piking
which abounded for the rest of the trip. We had set up
camp by Lake Diana in the north Wilkin under the slopes of
Pollux, just as Huey started to vent his fury. In bad
weather the next day, we had vacated our wet, windy camp-
site for the comfort of top forks hut.
Then the weather had cleared to stay fine for the rest of the trip.

Lazing on Jumbo stirring our snow tangs, we could easily see why the fine weather had led to piking - it was too fine.

First we had attempted to climb Perseus - that insignificant bump - by its south-west ridge, which rose, jagged, above the top Wilkin forks. We had got well along the ridge which was fairly easy when suddenly we had been confronted with a hundred feet of razorback of doubtful stability. Pike. The sunbathing had commenced as we lay back and admired the twin peaks of Pollux (8341') and Castor (8256') towering above us on the other side of the North Wilkin valley.

The trip over Pearson Saddle and down the Waiototo had been abandoned that night. A trip over the ridge west of Jumbo into the Albertburn and then over an easy (Moir) saddle into the East Matukituki had been proposed instead.

However before embarking on this trip we had decided to climb two peaks - Ragan and Aeolus (or Oblong) (7706'). We had failed on Ragan. We had decided to gain the spur leading up from the North Wilkin fairly high up, just before a scrubby bluff. However, this had turned out to be a major navigational blunder, as just below the ridge crest we had been turned back by a 15' greasy overhang and so had had to retreat to a point where we could gain the ridge. We had then followed it up to the bluff, which had been pronounced negotiable before we had decided time would not allow to complete the ascent. At Top Forks hut we had packed up and headed down to Jumboland hut.

Aeolus, an easy plod, had been climbed the next day without much trouble. However, it had been this climb which had finished our trip into the Albertburn. We had been exhausted. That was why yesterday had been spent in a similar manner to much of the trip - sunbathing.

"You know, we haven't achieved what we set out to do, or any alternate plans - but boy, we've enjoyed not doing it." That summarized the trip. Here on Jumbo, I could look back and see how much I had enjoyed the relaxation of just being in the Wilkin for the last eight days. The next two days would be just as lazy. We would stroll down the river to Makarora, and then move off home.

The sun moved around and reluctantly we stood up and started moving down to Jumboland hut.

Party:

Keith (Pentax happy) Dick
Chris (Seven league boots) Brown
John (Come on Claudius) Atkinson
Keith ("leader") Jones
"A piker is like a musician in an orchestra - he spends most of his time in the pit".

NOTES ON A SHADOWY SPORT  
Ross Gooder

Unbeknown to most of the plebeian assemblage of the tramping club, a secret society of illicit night climbers, (at last count three in number,) had their inaugural meet in the university grounds. Hunter building was the scene of their activities, in the courtyard between the men's grot and the admin. building. Climbs in this area range from moderately strenuous drain-pipe climbs, to delicate, airy traverses on 1" ledges.

At the present time, things are at a more or less exploratory stage. Unfortunately, at the inaugural meet of VUNK (Victoria University Night Climbers Club), explorations for a route onto the top of Hunter Building were cut short by the intervention of a little, foreign gentleman, with a black uniform and a large powerful torch; who inquired a trifle belligerently, whether the author made a habit of jumping on and damaging Rangiora saplings at 10.30 p.m.

The only other excursion so far, May 26, was a brief sojourn near the Lombard Street parking building, one weeknight. Our original intention was to prusik up our rope with jumars, (mechanical prusiks;) but we encountered a grumpy looking attendant, which discouraged us. Next we moved up into a side alley, and noticed a convenient fire escape to hang our rope from. My companion moved delicately up a pipe onto the fire escape, when a small object came whistling down at us from the building next door - a bank no less. Some bloody Killjoy was watching all we were doing from a window high up and he must have thought we looked suspicious. Anyway, we went our way rather disgruntled.

Necessarily, though unfortunately, the activities of VUNK must be kept secret, at least until they are completed; but I am sure that there is vast scope for the aspiring night climber in Wellington.

Uppermost on the list are direct routes on the Cenotaph and the Carillon. Also, (a real plum), a girdle traverse of Parliament Buildings, not to mention the fearsome overhangs, mantlesheils, etc. of Rankine-Brown, Easterfield and other university buildings.
"We were falling in love with our route: the smooth steepness west of the bump; the intricate corner at the top of the Lower Icefall; the complexity of the Upper Icefall, its blues and whites and long shapely lines; beyond, the broad recess of the shelf, under the red rocks of the summit ridges. Beautiful from far away, the mountain was beautiful also from here.

- Charles Evans "Kangchenjunga" 1956

WAIAOTOTO EXPLORATION

Diary of trip up Waiaototo River

by C.E. Douglas

Friday 20th Feb. 1891

Heavy rain all day. Filled in sketches and philosophising. A few pages back I said something about the Mosquito, wondering why he didn't remain in the Grub stage & otherwise abusing those cheerful buzzing Insects.

Science says that the Trunk of those interesting blood-suckers is the remains of an organ, of no use now. But in a past age when the huge crawling reptiles & Mamals, the Ossarosse's the Mastodon, the Glytadon - the - the pentagon - the Octagon & others of awful appearance & still more awful names walked the earth the Mosquito feasted on, yea perhaps nagged & finally destroyed, those monsters. Now when they are gone Kitto still retains his trunk an emblem of past greatness, as it is only one in the million who ever get a chance to use it in these degenerate days. That is one Theory, but I have another much more probable: the Trunk instead of being a survival is in reality an after thought of nature's given to the insect for a noble purpose. After a profound study I have come to the conclusion that the Mosquito & also its cousin the Sandfly have been great moral engines in advancing the Human race. This is how it was.

Away in the early ages of the Earth, man lived in warm countries & ran about naked. His food was easy to get, & although his brain contained the germs of progress, that progress was dormant, as man was awfully lazy. Nature seeing this man, this paragon of Animals who was destined for better things, sprawling under a Cocoa Nut tree waiting for the fruit to tumble into his mouth, determined to alter things. She developed the
Mosquito, sharpened his proboscis, explained to him his high mission, & one night she introduced a few Million into the Camp of Pre-Adamite Jones Smith & Co. Gracious! hadn't both parties lively times of it. It is more than probable that the introduction of profanity into human speech dates from that eventful night.

It is impossible to imagine what would have been the result had not Pre Adamite Brown conceived the idea of stitching Palm Leaves together and putting them over him. Seraphic Bliss. He slept that night in comparative comfort. Mans dormant brain had started into activity. Clothes were invented. The Mosquito did it.

Brown who developed a genius for Tayloring was a bad hand at climbing Trees. So he agreed with Robinson to make him a coat, payment to be made in nuts. Robinson had no more idea of Tayloring than a Cat has of its Grandfather, but his climbing and fossicking abilities stood high. Barter & the division of Labour had commenced. The Mosquito did it.

Pre Adamite Buggins in a Claw-Hammer Coat & sea weed neck tie gained thereby the smiles of the lovely Miss Pre Adamite Jones, completely crushing, Robinson, McPherson & a host of others who were only toppled in Palm leaf Monkey Jackets. Decorative Art in Dress had commenced & Love on the civilized modern basis; admiration for the Garments, not the being inside was soon in full swing. The Mosquito did it. But there was soon something wanting. Nature had another look at the Paragon & found he was still addicted to lying in bed of a morning, & still given to sprawling under trees during the day. So the Sandfly was invented; an Insect whose ceaseless activity & fiendish skill in discovering holes & other weak spots in Garments amounts to Absolute Genius. There was no more sleeping in of a morning after this, & man, once up found he had to fly round and work at something to gain relief. Regular work and industry had commenced: the Sandfly did it. In future I will always look with respect on those useful Insects and never injure them so long as they will skirmish in reason.

Taken from Pascoe's Book "Mister Explorer Douglas"
Original papers in Turnbull Library

Note: Original spelling has been used.
ON MEETING A MAN IN A BIVVY ON A WEST COAST RIVER

John Atkinson

I've been 14 days in the bush
yawed the shaggy tramper
as the golden syrup trickled into his beard
from the crust of the steaming damper.

The sweat and matagouri
had shredded his tartan shirt
and the strips hanging down to his waist
were only held together by dirt.

But his eyes glowed with satisfaction
as he told us of passes and snow
the joys of the peaks and the valleys
that only a tramper will know.

CHRISTMAS AT MALTE BRUN

Peter Hadcliffe with
Ross Gooder

The four of us plodded up to Malte Brun hut, from the
Tasman Valley on Christmas Eve, aware that we were dealing
with real mountains on this trip.

The alarm yells rudely at midnight. A minute's silence,
then a rustling of clothing, a snap of a match; and the room
is awake. The hiss of tilleys and primi, the mutter of voices,
the jangle of ironmongery and the muted dabs of boots on wood,
bespeak of the rising tension behind you; as you look out of
the hut door over the glacier at the huge vista of peaks,
ranging from the distant dome of Elie de Beaumont, to the
massive bulk of Cook - a 180 degree sculpture in rock and
cracked ice cream; all of it miles away, yet some-how so close.

Breakfast is eaten automatically, religiously, quickly,
as your mind flicks through a mental checklist of gear - rope,
food, loops, crampons, cream, pitons, camera, storm gear,
lamp. A distant avalanche roars for a few seconds and your
spine tingles.

And we're away. It might be 1 a.m. or 3.30. The pre-
dawn hours pass in threading our way through crevasses, onto
the vast luminous Tasman and a patient monotony of plodding
in the steps of your vagely discernible companions; usually
in a stifling cloud of what reminds you that you are living on de-hy. The occasional hideous gill of a crevasse looms out of the dark, and is carefully avoided. This is no fun, but it's time well spent. First light, then all the colour nuances of the pre-dawn unfold as we cross the snowbridges under the oppressive bulk of Green. The shambles of the dark hours is forgotten in the haste to climb, as with crampons and axe smashing the crust in the early day, we rise to a fantastic dawn among the clean, warm colours of the snow.

The silent golden bugle of the dawn announces the start of an ever-increasing fusillade of icicles and rock debris, falling with a tinkle or clattering splash far above you; giving you a small warning before they hurl past with a sickening, exhilarating Whizzz.

The rope zips efficiently through the shaft belays, as we buy our altitude with nylon and steps, chopped out with the clean high ring of the Grivel; all metred out - to the syncopated rhythm of laboured breathing and crunching crampons.

Seven a.m. and the first movement finishes as we stand in the doorway of the col. The West Coast is filled with cloud, but we are above it. A photo or two; and some chocolate.

And onto the rock. Cold slabs. Rotten pinnacles. Warm hunks of it, all passing under your hands and feet. God bless Viking rope. You sit tight in a snug, cold belay, alert to your partner's moves, but your thoughts are singing with the grandeur of the countryside around you. Puny skiplanes snarl around like sandflies in the valley below.

Hour after hour, with delightful variations on the theme of ascending a ridge knifeing into the sky, broken only by terse facts and orders shouted into the sterile air.

The final slab, a couple of pitches on snow, and we are standing on the summit: two orange-tipped candles on a giant conical Christmas cake in the sky. A heartfelt handshake and a savage grin under the carnal eye of the sun. We nibble our chocolate quietly, and survey the scene from D'Archiac to Aspiring. The snow is very bright, even through the polaroids.

After a while, we edge off down the North ridge, in the tracks of others. Moving together now, we are a little over-relaxed after the tension of the morning. Across the snow bridge over the 'schrund, and away through the slush down to the glacier. Mash mash mash mash, hour after hour, never getting nearer, (it seems), to the tiny green speck
on that weeny five-hundred-foot-high lateral moraine. We wave to the tourists, zooming past in their ski-planes 100 feet away.

The final struggle up to the hut, the eager questions and friendly faces; and the day fades.

DIGITAL TRANSPORT : A DISSERTATION ON HITCH-HIKING

Peter Radcliffe

My initial premise, is that success in hitch-hiking is to be measured by the ability of the artist to elicit rides with vehicles travelling to a predetermined point. This ability can be enhanced or detracted from by many factors, which should be studied by those not wishing to emulate the venerable A.H.Reed.

From a detailed study made over the previous five years, certain conclusions have been arrived at. These are generally the subject of heated debate in VUWTC cliques.

Rides appear to be more quickly forthcoming if the artist is alone, carrying a pack, resembles a female, looks clean, and carries an ice-axe. Fine days help, as does walking; but don't let that encourage you to walk out of a 30 mph zone, onto an endless Wairarapa straight. Twisty roads are preferable to long straight ones - a driver can see you and stop with less effort and danger if he is only doing 30.

Thumb at each vehicle a maximum of two times, in a short, positive movement, while looking at the driver's face. An aimless reaping gesture, executed repeatedly, while trudging along six feet off the road, not only looks farcical, but is liable to leave you rideless. Vehicles travelling singly are better potential rides than ones travelling in groups; although there have been some fantastic exceptions to this. (Several cars stopping at once, etc.)

"Below the belt" methods can be applied by the crafty. These include chatting up potential rides before they leave the road-end on Sunday afternoon; walking up to drivers obviously able to give you a ride while they are stopped at gas stations or traffic lights. I would only recommend the last mentioned to the absolutely desperate. Politeness and intelligent non-hypocritical conversation can often pay dividends at a later date; but these are lessons of basic humanity anyway. Swarms of other hitch-hikers are a menace; you may be stranded for ages. Swift walking is a cure for this complaint.

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Accept all rides, (except the obviously dangerous),
going in your direction - farm tractors, steam engines,
motor boats, earth movers, river buggies, motor bikes -
the lot. I have had rides on most of these, and it's
great fun.

No type of vehicle can be stated as having certain
riding potential, although the Holden Station Wagon comes
close to this ideal. Religious workers and tradesmen are
among the most philanthropic towards hitch-hikers, apart
from drivers-by-occupation. State of mind seems to play
an important part. The unexpected is always happening,
and the unemotional approach is a good one, especially in
adverse circumstances.

Hitch-hiking can be a fabulous colourful kaleidoscope
of life; for some it is a painful ordeal. There are
exceptions to all the rules of hitch-hiking, except the
following: - "In order to hitch hike successfully, there
must be traffic travelling in your direction."