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Editorial

People often ask trampers and climbers; the sometime inhabitants of the rocks and snow, bush and rivers, peaks and valleys; "why do you do it; what do you get out of it?" And usually we find ourselves hard pressed to supply an adequate answer. But this is exactly how it should be. One simply cannot put into a few words the breathless gulp of triumph standing on top of a peak, the silent gaze down a beautiful river valley, the wonderful feeling of isolation, sitting around a camp-fire at night talking quietly and staring into the flickering embers.

Yet here is "Heels" once more trying to provide some tangible answer to that "why?"

Before you dive into the contents of this edition however, just think for a few minutes how lucky we are to be asked this question. When the motorist/tourist can drive across Totara Flats or up the West Matukituki, or dine and dance at "Lake Constance Lodge" we will no longer be asked why we do it. And when that time comes it will be too late to turn nature's ecological clock backwards.

"New Zealand possesses some National Parks and back-country of unique beauty." Good. Let's keep it that way and prepare ourselves to meet each cut of the bulldozer with a corresponding blow for conservation.

Brian Davis

Acknowledgments

Margi Keys
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AWAY, AWAY

Hot was the weather, keen were the members, and vile was the language on the ‘get fit for Christmas’ Middle crossing. Fitness was about the only thing I’d given up for Christmas, alas.

The trip was conceived out of wedlock on Wednesday night. It was an indeterminate cross between a Northern and a Southern, but definitely a bastard. The embryo took the form of a High Ridge - Maungahuka - Penn Creek at first, then distorted itself into an Atiwhakatu - MacGregor - Nicholls during the latter stages of the gestation period. It finally hatched out in that state late on Friday night during a prolonged discussion on physical anatomy (special thanks to NZR and passengers).

The taxi stopped at Holdsworth Lodge, the driver paid to go away, and the four dark figures slunk inside the lodge, where they spent half the night in talking like a lady’s auxiliary.

By midmorning Saturday they were well into the mountainous country of the Atiwhakatu. The Atiwhakatu is a busy little river, constructed of deep pools with turbulent rapids connecting them; all set about with mossy boulders and beech trees. The rocks ("coarse sand") grew bigger and bigger as the river became smaller and higher. The little people emptied their boots and had a last drink before wandering up a direct spur towards MacGregor. The beech trees were getting gnarled and stunted, Snowgrass bushes and leatherwoods grew around them, until the little people had to crawl the last few yards onto the tops.

I have a grudging admiration for leatherwood, though. Hell, what else thrives in such green profusion on Tararua tops?

The tramps pattered up to MacGregor, pausing frequently to look at hanging valleys, relics of an ice age long past. Over the last bit and down to the little white biv., guarded by a surly culler, damn his eyes. The main range was playing peek-a-boo in the evanescent mist as our little band trooped down into the bush, and ate their lunch sprawled out on sphennum, idly discussing the merits of various cutters.

Before lethargy completely overtook them, they shouldered their loads and sneaked off down towards the mighty Waiohine. A chainsaw had been there before them, but even so, the track was distinctly indistinct. An easy river crossing and a quiet smoke, How nice to relax in a remote river bed for a while. Unwind the mind.

The last effort was a careful, slow trog through the kiekie and supple-jack up to Nicholls, with sunlight motting the forest floor. Twelve hours from Holdsworth Lodge.

Eleven in the hut that night - churning sleeping bags, gear everywhere. A lone transistor radio blurted out election results in an unequal struggle with the surging mutter of conversation and the chattering of the busy primi.

Sunday arrived at 6:00 a.m. with the light pouring horizontally over Tarn Ridge and in through the door; into the eyes of those sleeping under the bunks. A blazing hot reveille.

Three of us waded up through the silky snowgrass and north to Kelliher. We looked at the Northern tops one last lingering time and then turned to the bush. A thundering, crashing, pouncing, jumping, swinging, rumble down to the cool blue Otaki. Oh cool river, we’re friends today.
And so on down to Waitewaewae and out to the Forks and into the car and away to the Manawatu and home in the fading sunset.

Peter Radcliffe

Those who met in Nicholls:
Ross Gooder, John Keys, Noel Sissons, Bryan Sissons, George Kendall, sundry Tongue & Meats and Peter Radcliffe.

'THE AGONY AND THE ECSTASY' or Nelson Lakes, May 1970

a play by D.A.Coop

Introduction:
The week started with a seminar on conservation which commenced during the first Saturday of the May vacation and continued thru until early Sunday afternoon. Thus the trip proper did not start until Sunday afternoon.

ACT ONE
11 May

Scene I  Lake Rotoroa Motor Camp
Enter nine keen young trampers who leap out of the bus that has transported them from Rotoiti Lodge and who are immediately attacked by sandflies and slowly start to freeze in the chilling southerly wind flowing across a lake picturesque in the extreme.

They are shocked out of their frozen existence by the news that the launch is not sailing because the lake is too rough.

Impatience breaks out and the trampers exit east around the lake on foot.

ACT TWO
11 May

Scene I  Sabine Hut  1:30pm
Enter one trampler who throws his pack on the ground and is immediately attacked by about 50 wasps. Tramper rushes into hut but is rapidly seen to exit in a hot sweat and take refuge under a tree and eat his lunch and await the other trampers in the shade. Soon the air is filled with the smell of insect repellent. Five minutes after the last trampler arrives, the launch arrives from across the lake with a load of trampers.

Time saved on stage one = 5 minutes.

Scene II  River Flat Sabine River  5:00pm
Enter nine trampers who frantically try to light a fire.

40 minutes work is rewarded by smoke and flame.

Enter one Kea. Exit the sun.

Trampers huddle round fire, talking, eating, singing.

Some pitch a tent, one strings up his hammock. others decide that 'sleeping out is in' and insert pits and covers between other tent and ground.

ACT THREE
12 May

Scene I  as before  7:00am

Attempted exit of Kea with billy lid. Exit Kea without lid.

Trampers awake and survey frosty ground and frozen boots.

Frantic attempts at boot-thawing occur and several trampers are seen running around in their boots attempting to restore circulation.
Scene II  
West Sabine Winter Olympic Stadium  
Five trampers approach the now infamous Winter Olympics of August 1969. Those with ice-axes approach the rink with gusto but retreat on the sound of cracking ice. Party exits south somewhat disappointed.

Scene III  
Rock Bivvy West Sabine  4:30pm  
Enter 5 trampers who set about preparing tea. Jelly is made and set at 4:45 as others arrive. A loose pile of wood appears and spirited attempts at firelighting occur. Transient flames appear from time to time but the fire seems to obey a little known corollary of Murphy's Law and goes out whenever a billy is placed on the fire. Persistance is rewarded at 7:45 and the dehy stew is soon on the boil and is eaten at 9:00pm. Jelly follows at 9:15. Sleep occurs under the rock or in tents, one strategically placed in a bog.

ACT FOUR  
13 May

Scene I  
Blue Lake and Lake Constance  
Enter three trampers who gaze at 'unblue lake'; shutter clicking follows until the party moves off to Lake Constance via as difficult a route as possible, others choosing easier route. Shutters are again clicked on top of the scree overlooking the lake which is partly frozen over and reflects the mountains near the Waiau Pass. Blue Lake is much bluer from this position. One trapper (your's truly) sees a black cloud approaching during lunch and foolishly predicts rain during the evening.

Scene II  
Sabine Forks Hut  4:00pm  
Dark but welcoming hut. Enter trampers, in small groups over a period of 40 minutes. Exit intermittently various trampers to collect firewood ('anything except beech') and to wash even. Dinner occurs at a more convenient time and is followed by singing and an interesting demonstration of double-bunking techniques.

ACT FIVE  
14 May

Scene I  
Travers Saddle  2:30pm  
Another fine day, no rain!?  
Enter one keen fit trapper from Sabine River side, throws down his pack at cairn and amuses himself by climbing various rocky morges (slag heaps) while waiting for the others to arrive. This is the signal for two strange ceremonies to occur. A tin of 'Mini drink' is produced and after dilution it does the rounds. The 'dreaded group photograph' occurs four times, each time using delayed action. Party exits via frozen scree slopes on Travers side.

Scene II  
Upper Travers Hut  4:30am  
Light is provided by three candles, one green. Tea is ready quite rapidly. Discussion is centred round the green candle, which, it is maintained (again by Your's Truly) has been on every trip for a year; and is still going strong'. General disbelief turns to general mirth when green candle disintegrates to a pool of green wax on the floor,
The owl and one trampette decides that it is an ideal time for a moonlight swim-cum-shampoo and exits through the door to river. Another trampler attempts to shave using a blunt razor in the light of a candle but gives up in disgust with a cut chin.

Another display of double-bunking occurs, this time at an even greater height from the floor.

ACT SIX

Scene I  Lake Head Hut  5:30pm
Enter first trampler just as dusk falls to find that hut has only 5 bunks. After the usual stew addresses are swapped and the sleeping arrangements are finalized. Partners are selected for the double bunking and climbing rope is used as additional support. The hammock is strung up but strange tearing sounds are heard when it is initially occupied.

ACT SEVEN

Scene I  St. Arnaud Store  11:00am
Enter ravagingly hungry and thirsty trampers who eat fruit chocolate, pies and drinks at a great pace.
The party then separates into those who can hitch hike and those who can't, who exit via State Highway 63 in a taxi.

Personnel:
John Penherton A.U.T.C. Leader
Paul Genet C.U.T.C.
Aurum Leine O.U.T.C.
David Cook, Phil Laton, Jim Gibbons, Kathy Baxter,
Linda Dyett, Jenny Reddish V.U.W.T.C.

SUNBURN, SNOW BLINDNESS AND LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS

John Keys

Via cut steps in the Mangawekas and assorted V.W.s, the mixed party arrived in dribs and drabs at the Hut Valley tramping club hut on Rauruwhu, in November 1969 on a Friday night, just after finals.

Grey mud and ash from the June eruption relieved the drag up the Whakapapa the next morning. Snowcream had been applied early, as the day was fine and hot. Four of us roped up beneath Pareteaitonga and took two lines up to the top. While belaying Noel a full rope length above me, words of 'if he falls off now...' floated up from the dots on the Whakapapa below. From the top, periodic breaks in mist revealed a beautiful emerald green coloured crater lake and a magnificent mountain.

We followed the other two - Keith and John - down and along to the nerg between Pare and Tahurangi. Soon an icecliff barred further progress along the ridge crest, so lacking etriers, we were turned to the sides. The other two went around on the Ohakune side, but we decided on a crater 'face' sidle. The small schrund that I discovered by falling in to waist level, made it a little difficult to get back to the ridge, but with Colonel and his party
watching, during a break from their snow plod beneath us, we finally made it.

Tahurangi loomed up, with various interesting routes thru the ice, which joined up on top where, in a white out, ice screws and scrog were wasted. Like fools, we supposed that, since it was misty, snow cream was unnecessary. Colonel and co. arrived soon after, one of them having tried to escape by sliding down towards Blyth. One or two shins were barked, going down the ridge towards Mitre. However, we were attempting a circumcision, so on crampons we glissaded down in safe snow towards Pyramid. Colonel had decided to return via the plateau, so only the four of us were .... "Suddenly there was a large explosive sound" (and several brown lumps appeared on the snow). A temporary clearance revealed a placid lake, but some storm clouds - only thunder, thank God. So the four of us started chopping on the Desert side of the slope, under the discontinuity on the Pyramid ridge section of the crater rim. Many small rocks falling from the ridge didn't make the hard ice any softer and thankfully we crawled onto the steep slope under Pyramid and front pointed up to the ridge and Pyramid. We steered a course for the Dome - Pare saddle in a white-out in tiring soft snow. Peasantville was regained on the saddle, but there was no sign of Colonel and co., so we started on the descent.

In the Whakapapanui, electricity could almost be seen, as ice axes began singing in harmony with each other. I forgot all statistics of static electricity and started sprinting straight down in a desperate attempt to get rid of an over-riding sense of exposure. Soon after we reached the hut, Bryan and Lesley arrived from the South face of Te Heuheu and Pinnacle ridge, telling tales that made our hair stand on end - as their's did. (Have you ever heard of a rock concert with the rocks supplying the music?) Nearer dark, Colonel and co. returned, having negotiated the plateau in a white-out, by removing goggles and keeping the smell of sulphur on their right.

Lethargy was shattered later that night, as the sound of Blind Faith, Dylan and Paul Jones drowned the snores.

Faces were red the next morning, but some were in fact yellow, from horrible oozing blisters and raw skin. Colonel was in pain and blind as well as sunburnt; - and 'Murine' helped little. Wharry looked like a lobster with white war paint, as he had a single plaster across his nose. Still, suitably draped with handkerchiefs and mosquito net, several people took advantage of the fine weather and departed for higher ground again. Keith and John gained the final 9000 footer and Noel and I almost wiped out on the Pinnacle ridge flank, during a glissade that wasn't. After examining the mud damaged ski kiosk we returned to the hut and thence to the top of the Bruce and in various cars, home.


"It was as if an angel had flown round the horizon of mountain ranges, and lighted up each of their white pyramidal points in succession, like a row of gigantic lamps burning with rosy fires".

George Cheever. *
The Kaimanawa trip was:-

**Thursday night:**- Fog on the desert road and the windscreen wipers not working even if you thumped the dashboard every few minutes. Finding three miserable gripers (Terry, Beth and Dave Cook) griping miserably by the river. They'd been waiting for six hours in the rain. A sleepy procession thru' sodden toi-toi, hanging limply - wet and tired just like us. Arms and legs tripping over guys, guy ropes, trees and then into pits.

**Friday morning:**- River crossing practice - all day. Biggish rivers, middle-sized rivers and little sneaky ones that come up behind you and knock you off your feet. River swimming practice for those who like swimming in fridges. Water-fights. Pitching camp in the late afternoon. Stew - general yak session around the sock-roasting fire - nothing eventful.

**Saturday:**- Sun, tussock, more river-crossing. Pebbles in the boots all day (rocks in the back all night.) Lunchtime: discussion on home-made explosions, from white-spirits to H-bombs. Just before the camp site, very boggy bog. Down to the knees in mud, slurrrp-slush-curse-out again and lurch to a tussock. Keith, Dave Cook, Terry and Sarah back to look for Sandra, Liz, Bob and Kay who were coming on behind. Tiger-trip pace tussock-hopping. Stew for those who stuck around the camp and curses from those who went up river, came back late and found empty billies. Sing-song, waiting for the moon to come up. Everyone getting to know each other a little better by now. 'Let's sleep out - it's a fine night.' Famous last words. Waking every few minutes in the coldness. Can I be bothered finding my socks? Ice in the billies next morning. Why didn't anyone tell me it's colder when you're not in a tent?

**Sunday:**- Dave and Hazel went up the Stob, Kay and Rob for a slow trip home, Sandra stayed at the camp. The rest of us lawyer bashed up a ridge. Chundering on the tops and then lunch and then people came down in small groups by different routes. Sudden grey clouds, positively glowing we could just see Huey up there 'I'm gonna make it piss down, kids' (gloat gloat) so hurry; hurry; to get tents up. No Rain.

**Monday:**- A dull day. The tussocks looked stiff and jaded without the sun. Beth, Dave Beard, Hugh and Brin shot off soon after breakfast. The rest of us ambled down the river later. Tramping yarns, swimming and rocks in Terry's pack were the main features of the day. Camped about 1 1/2 hours from the road by a stretch of very still water. Continuation of the 'how-to-make-a-good-stew' argument
as well as the 'with-cocoanut' is-better-than-any-other-instant-pud controversy.

Tuesday:- A quick trip to the road and then home, some hitching and some in the dare-devil luxury of Keith's car.


DAY TRIP, MAKARA

John Atkinson

Remember that dog, the spotted one, who scratched his back along the wall leaning like a drunk, then turned and scratched his other side, to ease the itchiness of hide before ambling off, the spray swept beach, the stench of bait. A row of cottages, and then the gate which we climbed over instead of opening.

Remember the wind cold and strong roaring in your ears on the ridge top. And the lull when we sidled in the lee of the hill, on sunlit grass, so still we didn’t really believe it possible.

Remember the gun pits nestled in the clay, gaunt reminders of a bygone day, overlooking the strait. And rolling rocks or climbing trees, the driftwood beach and pounding seas surging across the stones.

Music enough to set one singing.

It may be right to go ahead, I guess. It may be right to stop, I guess; Also it may be right to retrogress.

Lewis Carroll.
A DAY IN THE LIFE

Peter Badcliffe

The seemingly endless Fiordland rain stopped beating on the roof of Homer Hut sometime in the night of January 11th, 1970. Towards mid-morning the oppressive low clouds were rolling and tearing themselves off the jagged mountain valley-walls, letting the sunlight through to dance and twinkle in the teardrops left on every leaf in the Upper Hollyford. Kevin Henshall, Pam Stanton and I packed up and wandered up to the tunnel portal, intent on catching a ride down into the Cleddau. The two-man Mount Tutoko expedition was under way at last.

By mid-day Kevin and I were pushing our weary way into the steaming, fern infested green jungle at the Tutoko River forest, along a recently upgraded Park Board track. The side creeks were falling in diminishing streams down the vertical walls of the nearby peaks Underwood and Patuki, left high and proud above the deeply carved glacial valley. The forest disappeared when we reached the dry river-bed, a vast airbase for the sandflies of the region. It took me no more than fifteen seconds to pack away our xerox ed map, put on the pack and break into a staggering run. Even then the bastards wouldn't give up. Hair, nostrils, eyes and ears full of whining black kamikaze insects- we got going quickly. Being fully clothed in such humid condition and not being able to stop to rest and look at the view doesn't contribute to one's sanity either.

Anyway, it was a perfect day by the time we met Rosa Gooder and John Wild at Leader Creek, on their way out after several wet days in the region. Ross said he would be back soon. A tiger for punishment, I thought, as Kevin and I pottered along over mossy boulders of the rapidly vanishing Limerick Creek to Dave's Cave. Both creek and cave (which was really just a comfortable little bivvy rock), were apparently named after a well-known vulgar limerick. Two Tongue and Meats were in residence, so we joined them for a pleasant afternoon and evening, surrounded by huge Fiordland trees and rocks. The next day was spent wandering up Leader Creek into some fairly fearsome country - swift, steep streams, huge rocks, thick scrub and on all sides, mighty mountain bluffs, with snow patches way up high, waiting for us. The climb through scrub and snowgrass to Turner's biv surprised us a little, in the hairy appearance of the route. We chugged slowly upwards out of the land of sandflies, along a new line of cairns, stopping here and there for several hours in the land of grasshoppers to fester in the sun and eat sardines. It was well into the afternoon by the time we had decided to camp outside the second of the three "Turner's bivv's" - the third is probably the original, and all three are pretty good.

Ross came steaming into our shambolic snowgrass "camp" not long afterwards, grinning like a crevasse and asking humbly to be allowed to climb with us. Kevin and I agreed with an outward show of reluctance. At this stage our only thoughts were of the weather. The day was still perfect, but those things are pretty rare in Fiordland. One more fine day Huey, please. Tea was eaten and we curled up in our pits in various places in the tussock, with the alarm set for 2.00am.

At half past two, I seem to remember the grunting and snarling of a Gooder, crouching like a devil over a roaring primus. It appeared that Henshall and I had overslept. We
raced away at about 3am into the wrong part of the Madeline ice-fall, backed out and sped off uphill over rocks, mud and snow, pausing to don crampons before sneaking through the frozen maze of the upper ice-fall, still in murky darkness. Down a little gully, then a slide under Madeline around to the head of the Age Glacier. The day had just cracked open, with all the first blues and oranges spilling over the snow high on Tutoko. We paused in the middle of this scene for a bite of scrog. Then it was all-out for the col at the bottom of Tutoko's South-East ridge. After sidling across a steep shelf, we negotiated a "schrund" or two while heading uphill into the sunlight. The view from the col was of a mass of peaks beyond the cloud-filled Holyford and Pyke, beyond the great white sweep of the Donna Glacier that lay almost at our feet. A bitter wind was blowing and we lingered no longer than to snatch off our crampons, before heading for the first buttress. It was good rock; clean, hard, cold, and plenty of holds and we swarmed up by several different routes towards the ridge that led to the next buttress. A careful sidle on steep snow, then up the rock again, Darrans climbing at its best - steep stable warm rock, exposed and varied. For the most part we followed a footpath on the eastern side of the ridge, taking to a snow arete in order to negotiate a rotten gendarme, in freezing wind. (Memories of crampons squeaking on the rocks they were dislodging onto someone below). Then it was a short staggering dash across a windswept dip in the ridge on to the flank of the South summit. An easy walk along the broad crisp snow and there it was - Tutoko. The peak I had looked at longingly from Aspiring and Earnslaw, I was now standing on. And what a view. A thousand black and white names stood silently in a hundred different rows, receding into the blue haze many miles away.

This was the climax of a month's climbing and tramping - a perfect day in a superb place. And now, nothing else seemed necessary. There was no more desperate urge to do anything, so we sat and looked at the valleys, carved deep around us, the sea to the West, the little blue lakes to the North. The whole country seemed to be made of mountains. After a while we stood up and began the return, walking back down through the sky the same way as we had come, casually jaunting along some pretty exposed places, talking, laughing, photographing, and sitting down for ages, just to look and look again at everything in sight. By the time we were approaching our campsite it was the middle of a hot afternoon. Little warm streams of water trickled down over the rocks everywhere. I took off everything and sat down and played in a handy pool, not giving a damn how sunburnt I got. The South face of Tutoko was performing well, with great hunks of ice falling off with tremendous roars every few minutes. We didn't give a damn about that either, safe in our comfortable snowgrass perch, drinking brew after brew with a practised, regal lethargy. From time to time we looked up to the col for signs of our two Australian friends, whom we had passed on our descent. Fate in the afternoon they appeared, incredibly small, even through the telelens. The grasshoppers bounced around in the slippery snowgrass like so many superballs, and the sun moved over into the west, past Grave, on its way to the sea. We had tea as the shadows came creeping over the snow. I lay on my pit on a big flat rock, amongst a jumble of crisp dry gear, drawing on a cigarette, one of three precious battered Dunhills that
Ross produced from his map flap. What perfect, decadent luxury. Miles from the nearest radio, this place had a music all its own. The sun's tawny rays were now nearly horizontal, turning the snow an ever deeper gold, and the grass and rocks to orange and red. The nearby peaks stood out soot-black against the light; the further ones fading into ever lighter greys in the distant recesses of Fiordland. Soft colours hand in hand with a harsh topography, everything seemed complete now. Nothing had to be done to anything, anywhere.

The next day we fled like thieves, to the pub.

A THEORY CONCERNING THE EXPENDITURE OF ENERGY ON WINDFALLS

John Keys

"The energy expended in negotiating a system of windfalls results in complete exhaustion of tramper energy (in the limiting case)."

Mathematically, E tends to zero, as T tends to infinity, where E is the energy of the tramper at time T, after the start of the windfall system.

Postulate: Tararua tramper move so fast that the distance between consecutive windfalls is negligible.

The ideal situation is, initial energy, E(o) equals final energy E(f) but of course, if this were so, no energy would be lost, and exhaustion would never occur.

Considering one windfall, there are two fundamental possibilities regarding negotiation of the windfall, each requiring different amounts of energy expenditure.

(a) the windfall may be small enough to step over.
(b) the windfall may not be that small and actual climbing will be necessary to surmount the obstacle.

Experiment has shown that the critical windfall cross-section radius, depends on the knee height and initial energy of the tramper and the slope of the ground.

Since (b) involves larger energies, it will be considered first. It is a known fact that all windfalls are coated with a layer of mud, a very slippery substance. This layer may be thick, as in the case of windfalls that overlie tracks, or thin, (monolayer), when the windfall is fresh. Kinetic energy is lost, due to work done, when climbing up to the top of the windfall and unsuccessful attempts make this energy loss large. A quantitative expression can be used to describe E(lost).

\[ E_{\text{lost}} = \text{constant} \times \frac{(n+1)^m}{u} \]

where \( n \) is the number of unsuccessful attempts
m is the mass of the tramper
u is the coefficient of friction between the boots and the windfall (u tends to zero for smooth, muddy windfalls).

(note: n and u are fundamentally related).

However the tramper has gained potential energy when he (finally) gets to the top.

\[ E_{\text{gain}} = mgh \]

where g is the gravity constant
h is the height of the windfall "summit" above the
ground the tramper climbs from.

The tramper turns this potential energy into kinetic energy, by descending to the ground on the other side, but no matter whether the ground is higher or lower on this side, the work done in gaining the top of the windfall is energy lost, the process being irreversible. A rigorous treatment of incremental kinetic and potential energies and work done, shows that this is so and that:

\[ \text{The sum of all } E(\text{gain}) \text{ is less than } E(\text{loss}). \]

This has been experimentally verified for most situations and in fact it has been found that the sum of all \( E(\text{gain}) \) is approximately zero.

So, \( E(o) - E(\text{loss}) = E(f) \)

Since \( E(\text{loss}) \) is greater than zero,

\( E(o) \) is greater than \( E(f) \)

In case (a), when the windfall is small enough to step over, the energy requirement is less and it can be assumed that the potential energy of the tramper is constant. A fit tramper would barely notice the output of energy required to do work by lifting the knee, and stepping over the windfall, and for a long legged tramper (large knee height), the effect would be small. But this energy requirement implies a negative change in kinetic energy.

This process has, of course, a very short lifetime and special techniques would be required to arrive at a quantitative relationship. Suffice it to say, that there is energy loss and again \( E(o) \) is greater than \( E(f) \). Empirically, \( E(\text{loss}) \) is proportional to the windfall size, the muddiness (i.e. viscosity) of the ground and the (positive) slope of the ground.

It has been shown, empirically, that for all cases \( E(o) \) is greater than \( E(f) \) for a single windfall. Remembering the original postulate, it is obvious that a large number of windfalls will drain the tramper's energy. Mathematically, in a crude sense, the \( E(f) \) for the first windfall becomes \( E(o)(1) \), for the second windfall, which further reduces the energy.

That is, \( E(o)(i) \) is much greater than \( E(f)(j) \), for \( i \) much greater than \( j \), where \( i \) and \( j \) are the numerical values of two nonadjacent windfalls.

The process continues until \( E(f)(x) \) equals zero, when the tramper falls to the ground, exhausted. It is hoped that:

(a) \( x \) is large so that a large distance can be covered before exhaustion,

(b) \( x \) has a value corresponding to a position coordinate of a hut or other shelter,

\( x \) is another (critical) numerical value of a windfall, in a system. Since the value \( x \) corresponds to time \( t \) tending to infinity, for the average tramper, the final form of the theory is, \( E \) tends to zero, as \( t \) tends to infinity.

Corollaries:— regarding time for exhaustion.

Several corollaries are obvious, four of which are given;

(1) The more recent the windfall, the quicker will exhaustion occur, since there will be many leafy branches, further impeding progress,

(2) After or during rain, exhaustion will occur sooner since

(a) the windfall is more slippery
(b) the eyes are partially blinded so the optimum angle of approach is not achieved.

(3) No matter what value the critical windfall radius has, it will decrease as energy is lost, so that exhaustion occurs sooner than that predicted from first principles.

(4) The input of scrog and other fuels, will lengthen the time before exhaustion occurs, but will not lengthen this time infinitely.

Conclusion

The writer was fortunate that he had a large choice of observation sites at which to study, i.e. the Tararua.

Secondly, he was fortunate in having a good club, the V.U.W.T.C., to assist him in his measurements, (Thanks go also, to the author of the Heels 1965 article on 'Leatherwood Penetration', who put me onto such a helpful club).

There is still much quantitative work to be done on this subject, e.g. what is the value of x? (Here we have an excellent means of grading trampers). It has been observed that x is large for a fit trapper and n is large for an unfit trapper, (n actually increases exponentially as the trapper moves through the windfall system). Most recent Tararua experiments by members of the H.V. T.C., have shown that x is greater than 500 for a P.E. trapper. It is obvious that x is inversely proportional to the mean value of n, but this and the other relationships given in this article, are merely empirical.

All the writer can say, as a word of warning, is that if you must go tramping in windfall country, remember that E tends to zero, as t tends to infinity and therefore camp before t becomes too large.

HOTTIES IN THE HODDER

John Atkinson

"The fact is, Dave, it all boils down to frostbite."

"Oh, you mean how they reduce whale blubber to oil."

"Yeah, something like that."

"I'm taking 6 pairs of socks."

"God man you'll lose all your toes, you need at least 7 pairs.

Two up the river 1st day. Two up the river 2nd day. Two to get wet climbing Tappy and one dry pair for pit bashing."

"Jeez, Colonel, I forgot the pit bashing pair."

"Never mind, Dave, all you've gotta do is whip down to Tisdalls this afo."

"Hey, Colonel, you reckon two pairs of mittens, two grunds, two woollen shirts, long trous, bushe singlet, two jerseys, long johns, balaclava, over trous, swanee, puttees and parka will be enough."

"Hell, no, Dave, you've left out the most important item."

"What's that Colonel?"

"A hottie, Dave, a hottie. No trip to the Kaikouras in winter should go without a hottie. You know, I've read 3 accounts of winter trips in the Kaikouras and they all got frostbite or frostnip. Even old Edmund himself said it's a very cold hole, and he should know."

"Oh, I guess you're right, Colonel, but who the hell's going to carry one?"

"Yeah, that's a point, we've got a power of gear already."

Silence as the cogs tick over .... suddenly:

"Hey, Dave, I've got a mighty idea. We'll use our aluminium
water bottles as hotties, save us lugging ordinary ones."
"Shit hot, Colonel, shit hot."

And so it came to pass, three nights later on the cold
gravel of a Kaikoura river bed, Colonel crawled into his
battered arctic pit, clutching a bulging everest sock contain-
ing a bottle, full of boiling water.

Hotties had come to the Hodder.

BUSHCRAFT COURSE

Terry Pinfold

From the newsletter: - This is a weekend where all can come
and learn something about the art of the bush. Firelighting,
shelter construction, river crossings can be fun. NOTE: primi,
huts, bridges and boats are banned this weekend.

After the usual train ride into Upper Hutt, we were taken
by car to Kaitoke shelter. From there we plodded our weary way
up the Puffer, except for one earload who risked their lives
with the maniacal driver along the slippery road and vertical
cliffs, to save nearly half an hour of tramping. Not that it
would have made much difference to the car if it had gone over
a cliff, but it might have affected the people inside.

Even Keith's car was too good to be taken on this slippery
track, or so he said.

Then down the short cut, slipping and sliding all over the
track along the "easy bit", or so our beloved leader told us.

We admired the new bridge over Smith's Creek, but when
Keith expressed interest in taking home the old "cross at your
own risk" sign, which was lying unwanted on the ground, Mary
suddenly took it into her head that she wanted it. Wharry
descended upon Keith with a view to taking it for Mary, but
Keith then decided that discretion is the better part of valour
and disappeared up the hill, to reappear a few minutes later
without the sign. On the way back, however, Mary recovered it
from the hiding place and carried it home.

Continuing our merry way along this track, we soon levelled
out and arrived at Tanwharenikau hut, where we had lunch.

The "Cricket Pitch", for those of us who had never seen it
before, was a very strange apparition. Two hundred yards of
absolutely still, calf-deep and perfectly clear water, with
grass growing underneath. What with Colonel Eggwater's massive
frame charging along it, it was a wondrous sight indeed.

At our dream campsite of spongy moss and old shoes, beside
the river, we spent a busy afternoon, making bivvies, which we
quickly pulled down in order to construct others, and fires,
all of which succeeded. At least they succeeded as far as
they got before being abandoned to the gods. A fire transplant
was even attempted - what next - but this was not successful.

However no confidence was expressed in our bivvies and we
slept in tents - except for Colonel Eggwater, who slept in his
one, which was made out of corrugated iron and a kitchen sink,
prematurely from the hut which was burnt down nearby. His bivvy
was between two trees and being only 5 feet long and 2 feet wide,
with Colonel well over 6 feet tall, it's a wonder he had a
comfortable night, as he told us - or perhaps he didn't.
In the morning we were given a spectacular display of what happens to people who kick other people's sausages into the fire. "Cook on your own bloody fire, not mine," was part of the insults and remarks which, together with kicks, were hurled at the offender, whose fire was fortunately successful. This fight, between two leaders too - what an example.

As part of the morning's activities we were told how to avoid drowning in rivers and then proceeded to practise this in groups of four, using the pole method and the hand on pack method. Unfortunately we were not told how to avoid freezing to death after crossing.

After being told that if a river needed a rope pendulum crossing, it shouldn't be crossed anyway, we were nevertheless given a demonstration of it by our racing demon - Pete Radcliffe.

Then we all tried to find Keith who had "lost" himself about 200 yards from camp. Although supplied with compasses and directions, none of us managed to do so, though he was only just missed by one searcher. If some of the searchers had trusted their compass directions, he would never have been found.

We left the campsite immediately after lunch, originally intending to do a bit of practical map and compass work, but this idea was soon quashed. However we did return via a different route; straight up a steep and seemingly never-ending spur from Smith's Creek to the Marchant ridge line.

When we joined the main track, one member of the party was quite certain that to get back to Kaitoke, one should head northwards, i.e. into the Tararuas, but was soon shown the way to go.

From there we sloshed our muddy way to the top of the Puffer, amidst a noisy debate on capitalism versus socialism.

At Kaitoke Shelter we crammed into the two cars - Andy's and Keith's - with five in Keith's and seven in Andy's, and came fairly uneventfully back to the Hutt and Wellington.

Party: Peter Radcliffe (leader), Keith Jones, John Atkinson, Andy Wright, John (Wharry) Keys, Mary Atkinson, Brian Davis, Tricia Healy, Sarah Maclean, Noel Sissons, Margaret Keys, Terry Pinfold.

TARARUA NORTHERN

Andy Wright

T'was on a Sunday morning when Frostbite Phil, Licorice Lauchie, Smiling Sarah and Andy Pandy set off up the Ohau for a wander in the Northern Tararuas.

Te Matawai Hut was reached that night in light snow, with only a few complications, the first being Sarah's sudden and inexplicable urge to sit down in the delightfully chilly Ohau River, and the second being the discovery that a red liquid from my stew meat had permeated to most corners of my pack.

The hut had been wrongly named, we found, after a quick glance through the log book, a more suitable name being the Keith Jones Holiday Hut, judging by the number of times his name appears. We also had our first reading about the "luvely Brian Davis" and he popped up again at Arute Biv under the guise of "Hell, it's the luvely Brian Davis again" - shades of the lovely Ani McDonald in the 1949 show. However, emuff of such trivia and back to Te Matawai. Sunday night was properly given
"The Indians are coming": Ororongorongo wilds

"Pray for it Terry": Bushcraft '70
"Early morning": Blue Lake, August '69

"Nor-wester Brewing": Aspiring
"Frolics among the relics": Te Ikaamaru

"From Nature with love"
"Home grounds"

"Sherpas on Holdsworth"
over to religious reminiscences by Phil, who delighted his audience with such charming tales as how the fatality rate in the club once stood at 10%.

The next morning, after voluble complaints about my snoring, and all lies I tell you, we set off up to Pukematawai which some wag in the Forest Service Route Guide Book says takes 30 mins from the hut - crap.

A quick drop and then onto Arete and a search for the Biv. Phil and I motor right past it in the mist and falling snow, but Lauchie and Sarah spot it - curses, humbled again. Lunch is partaken of and Sarah, who has been having a lack-of-toes problem puts on dry socks for the run to Tarn Ridge.

Visibility being poor, a wrangle develops at the first of the Waiohine Pinnacles as to which way to go, two gents being in favour of taking a ridge to the left, one gent saying the correct way was straight ahead and one lady remaining carefully aloof and non-committal while the drama was played out. With the help of that universal peacemaker, a compass, the one gent was found to be right, and although Phil did an immediate volte-face and claimed to be right as well, a closer examination revealed that not only was this not so but that it well nigh bloody impossible anyway.

Tarn Ridge Hut was reached and after tea it was discovered that Lauchie had brought some licorice allsorts with him, and so the wheeling began:

"Would you like to borrow my hut shoes Lauchie?" - me.

"Would you like some tomato sauce with your sausages tomorrow Lauchie?" - Phil.

"Would you like a kick up the arse?" - anon.

I began to wonder at the lengths some people would go for sweets when I heard Sarah tell Lauchie to change his position; however, this was only a request for him to move in his bunk so she could stand on the edge of it to get out of hers - what an anticlimax!

Next morning Sarah woke us at 6.15am which pissed me off no end as I'd woken up every hour during the night and looked at my watch to ensure an early start and had then had my thunder stolen. Frozen boots - chiz, moan, groan - and further complaints about my snoring. However, as I astutely realised, this was a conspiracy to belittle my effort, as they could not snore as well as I.

Off we trudged in beautiful weather, one of those "wish you were here" days as opposed to the "wish the hell we weren't here" days like the one before. Up Girdlestone - snap, snap went the cameras - up Brockett - more snap, snap - and then onto Mitre where Taupuaemuku could be seen to the South - or so Phil said.

Mitre Plats for lunch and then out to the road end where Sarah got a ride to a farm house to telephone for transport. When we arrived we found her neatly ensconced with half a dozen small kids, reading them such world-shattering stories as the frog and the princess, or was it the other way round? Never mind, but it was a touching scene to see the Sarah we thought we knew, so gently domesticated. We nearly cried.

Taxi to Masterton after the cow-cookie had given us a cup of coffee, and then hitched home. Shit-hot.

Fellow travellers: Phil Burgess, Lauchie Duff, Sarah Maclean, Andy Wright.
FOR THE TAKING  
Brian Davis

Aware of the sudden isolation I stopped;  
At my feet a tiny stream; a mere trickle of  
laughing, gurgling water in its dark-green,  
slippery channel of mossy rock.  
Kneeling to drink I thought I heard  
the heartbeat of silence; illustrated in the  
fussy little fantail that flittered like a  
dark leaf blown in the autumn  
wind; imagined in the double-crystal  
notes from the bellbird perched unseen in  
itself of sombre kahikatea.  
Slowly rising from my thirsty prayer,  
looking upwards through the cloistered  
leaves toward the chinks of blueness,  
something held my eye.  
A vine, ablaze with rata, pulsing  
triumphant colour out and across  
the river to the thick bush-nothingness beyond,  
reminding those who saw it that  
perfection is a rarity, but when it  
comes it's least expected, and if  
you want it, no questions need be asked.

NEARLY THE NUN'S VEIL  
Peter Radcliffe

The trouble was, you see, that the weather was the wrong sort,  
and Unwin Hut too comfortable. It was a cold windy rain that fell  
all day long on Saturday, when we went to the Hermitage. It cleared  
on Sunday to reveal a neat maxi-type snowline at about 5000' - not  
much good for climbing around here. We lazed around on a boulder  
problem near Wynn Irwin Hut, and the cliffs at Sebastopol. The  
weather was now too good. The sun shone fiercely on Monday,  
when we managed a very lazy and enjoyable walk to the plastered  
summit of Sebastopol. Sitting up there in the sun, looking at  
everything else "out of condition", our thoughts went from flying  
in to a high hut with hopes of a climb or two without skis; to  
skiing on the Ball Glacier; to rock climbing on Sebastopol; to  
just lying in the sun. Reports of eyebrow-deep snow while  
wearing skis drifted into our despondent ears from various places.  
Rain was needed to consolidate the snow. The days passed. Days  
of comfortable luxury sitting around Unwin, eating delicious  
steam every night in front of a hot fire, talking with Harry  
Ayres. Harry's sage words of doubt about climbing anything in  
its present condition kept us out of the hills. We went skiing  
on the Ball Glacier on Tuesday and recce'd a peak on the Liebig  
Range from the car that evening. Its name was the Nun's Veil.  
We had a day's good weather left, according to the weather map,  
so...

We jumped into the car at 7.00am on Wednesday and headed for  
the Tasman. The radiator boiled just after the Hooker Bridge,  
and again soon afterwards. The thermostat had croaked. Abandon-  
ing the car we took off up the road on foot at a swift pace,  
turning onto the vast slag-heap of Tasman moraine after an hour
or so. Prolonged moraine-hopping is a tiring business, and we paused to push some very large boulders over a hundred-foot drop into a melt-pool. Fantastic splashes and cackles of glee. When the sun caught up with us we sped away over the Marchison River and up into the burnt scrub on the flanks of the Liebig Range. The scrub gave way to a creek bed full of spaniards and glazed boulders, and before long it was a plog plog plog in fresh snow. We stopped more frequently to look at our surroundings, which were an overpowering white, and ourselves, who were an equally overpowering black — from pushing through acres of burnt scrub. The three little nigger-boys had six oranges and about twenty biscuits to last them the entire trip, and these were rationed out with care at stipulated intervals. The effort of plugging a track, something like a deep furrow rather than individual steps, had us wheezing by the time we reached the bottom of the big couloir which we had chosen to lead us up to the north of the peak. The couloir fortunately contained harder snow, which made progress easier. Above us, the wind was swirling clouds of snow in flurries from its resting place on the rocks, with plates of wind-packed slab wheeling and dancing in the sky — the first signs of the approaching nor'wester. My companions, tiring of the snow, urged a direct assault on the rocks leading to the summit, so we edged out of the couloir onto a mixed snow and rock route. Any rock that wasn't covered with snow was pretty darned steep. Our route up a promising-looking gully turned into a careful rock step and then promptly ended in an icy cave with an associated overhang about ten feet high. "Mad dog" Hefferman was keen to try it, although we had no rope, and insisted for some time after dismantling part of it and sending it down to an unsuspecting Gooder, thirty feet below. I crouched under another little overhang, with a mild attack of "sewing machines" in my legs, and looked out at the weird sight across the Tasman. Powder snow was being whipped off the ridge crests of the Main Divide and the Mount Cook Range into the rays of the setting sun. Combined with the thin, faraway, clouds, the effect was a little strange and eerie. Closer, the wind came in howling gusts, with tumbling white wraiths of powder blotting out the sight of an enormous nearby overhang, in a tingling, stinging rush. It would have taken another two hours to find an easier route over the remaining 500' to the summit, and as it was 5.00pm in August we reluctantly decided to retreat. We stomped back down to the couloir, sat down and took off for lower parts on our behinds. 3000' of "crestarm", half blinded by snow and we were back in the lower snow basin again. Four hours to go up and nine minutes to come down.

Bye-bye to the Nun's Veil; a beautiful peak, as aptly named as the Minarets. Our tracks of the morning had already been neatly covered with a thin sheet of wind-pack. We ate our second-to-last orange and raced off downhill over the boulders and into the scrub and darkness. Rather than bash our way blindly over the Tasman moraine again, we followed the bed of the Marchison making good time until we reached the Tasman River, which was waist-deep and predictably cool. Once past that we steered a diagonal course across the grass and water courses of the Tasman Valley, with the distant lights of Unwin urging us on. An hour later and we were still only half way across. And then we came across another Tasman River, bigger and faster and deeper than the last, with "Not Negotiable" written all over it.
The last orange was peeled and eaten, then we turned upstream, into the wind, away from the lights of civilisation. My torch was playing glow-worms again, so at half past nine we drank a refreshing draught of deliciously cool Tasman River water, enriched with many vital minerals, and lay down in splendid comfort on genuine Tasman moraine, fanned by the gentle north-west wind and the feather-soft sand it carried. Words to describe it nearly fail me.

To cut a sick story short, it took one hour forty-five to walk around the head of the river, and back to Unwin in torrential rain the next day, where we pounced on the remaining steak, eggs, cheese, toast, coffee, biscuits, sausages, biscuits, orange, toast, cheese, Milo, Tang, Fresh-up, cheese, soup, jam, butter, crackers, condensed milk and tea, like wolves. And as I write this, in front of a hot fire a day later, the thunder and lightning and wind and rain seem to be easing a little. But the eating hasn't eased at all.

- Peter Radcliffe, accompanied by Dick Hefferman and Ross Gooder.

ANYONE FOR PITS?

I have heard the sound,
Of trickle, of drip and swish;
The purr and the whirr of
primus profound;
Lain all day in semi-dark,
or watched the dying flimsy
spark;
Heard the chatter, the clatter and
often wondered what was the matter
With the nail impaled
on the wet patch now spreading
across the roof and wetting the
bedding;
Discovered dismayed that my nature
was liking, this terrible thing
trampers call piking.

B.L.D.

ONCE UPON A QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY

Peter Radcliffe

The Queen's Birthday trip was going to be a Middle Crossing, so the trip list said. Nobody went on it. (Grunt).

No. They all went to Moorcock Base hut in the Ruahines, on a fine Frosty Friday night. The fresh snow shone hard and clear on the tops the next morning, when we pushed off through the ice crystals on the farm track towards Pohangina Saddle. Some old faces and some new faces, on a trip to a new range, for me. By midday we had pushed up through some flaky scrub onto the snow high country to the hut at the Saddle. Powder snow, icicles on exposed twigs, views of miles of Hawkes Bay farmland - a rare phenomenon. The party gathered for lunch in the frozen ice of Oumore, nibbling and talking as they put on more clothes, before advancing into the soft drifts that made going far and fast out of the question. Shoving with shins against the crust, but
revelling on the sights and freshness. Just to be up high in
the snow on a fine day, among the myriad snow forms, is very
good. Ease your mind, don't blow your mind. From the hard-won
summit of Taumataa our eyes were constantly gauging the
distance, in time and effort, to where Howletts hut lay.
The darkness was creeping up out of the valleys, chasing away
the winter sun, now pale as a city chook's egg. The leather-
wood shivered in the wind with the snowgrass and my feet were
getting cold. A few minutes - and - there was the hut. Klompy-
klohp boots on the doorstep and inside to this man's cave of tin,
dry and dark. The stew was added to with the contents of several
rusty tins, and eaten quickly from steaming bowls nestled on pits.

The objective of the trip - Sawtooth Ridge - was hidden in
cloud the next morning. The photographers of the dawn found that
there was also a keen cold wind. This didn't stop us from
stomping along to Tiraha, at the beginning of Sawtooth Ridge.
A little ice here and there; a Brocken Spectre or two; hare's
tracks. The objective was left severely alone - we were without
 crampons, among other things, like time and experience, so we
rode and glissaded back to Howletts for water - cool clear
water. Gee, was I thirsty, and unfit. Lesley, Bryan and John
decided to go home that day, so the other four followed them down
the fairly direct Daphne Spur to the Tukituki River. Five of us
stayed at Centre Tuki that night, telling stories and getting
roasted around a large fire, until we snored off in a torpid state,
late in the possum-ridden night.

We took to the river the next morning before the sun had
reached it. Wandering down its confined course we stopped often
to look at red rocks, and take photographs of backlit trees and
water. I even whipped out a delicious trout from a shallow pool
with my ice axe. It must have been asleep, I think, or maybe
very tired. By the time we trickled out onto the bright green
farmland the bright snows of the Ruahines looked a good way away.
Back in the pub at Dannevirke we sank a few cool ones before
rocketing down the Wairarapa to our various flats and homes.

It had been a good Queen's Birthday, a good trip.

Keith Jones-Bryan & Lesley Sissons-John de Joux-Dave Bam-Andy
Wright-Lauchie Duff-PKR.

TRESPASS

Noel Sissons

The Trespass Act 1968 has changed the law in regard to
trespassing, landowners now being in a better position than
previously. Trampers are in a correspondingly worse position
and a few notes on their rights and liabilities may be helpful.
As far as civil actions (i.e. private court actions) are
concerned, the position is unchanged. This means that if you
are caught on a farmer's land he may take you to court for
trespassing. Such an action, if successful, would render you
liable to pay him for the damage you caused to his land or
property. As in most cases this damage will be nothing, you
will pay nominal damages, probably about $5. Unfortunately,
you will also have to pay his costs (lawyer's fees) and this
could run into hundreds of dollars. Such actions, fortunately,
are rare - I know of none. The possibility of a farmer taking
such an action can really be discounted, anyway it is a risk trampers have always taken.

Since the Trespass Act was passed, there can now be criminal liability for trespass and the implications of this are much more important to trampers. The Act provides that if you are caught on a person’s land, after a warning has been given to you, (within the previous six months) to keep off it, then you commit a criminal offence. (Note: the warning must either be oral or by registered letter). It is also an offence not to leave immediately when asked to do so, and a further offence not to give your name and address when these are asked for. The penalties provided in the Act are:

For failing to leave when asked - a fine of up to $200 or up to 3 months imprisonment;

For trespassing after being warned not to within the previous 6 months - a fine of up to $200;

For failing to give correct name and address - a fine of up to $200. (Last year one person was fined the maximum for giving a false name and address).

So the position for trampers is: if caught give your (correct) name and address. This cannot do you any harm because being caught for the first time does not make you liable for any offence. If asked to leave, do so promptly and if warned to keep off, do trips which start and finish on other farmers’ land for the next six months.

N.B. The Act also provides for a fine of up to $50 for leaving open a closed gate.

INLAND KAIKOURAS: STUDY WEEK

The members of the expedition were:

Colonel Eggwater Pog - the trip’s strongman and doctor: had been quite high.

Dave Cook - the trip’s scientist and cook: could go higher.

Maddog - overseas representative: had been higher than most.

Rose - meteorologist, botanist, expected to go high.

Dave Bamford - geologist: hyena.

Tony - routefinder and Tongue and Meat ambassador: will go high.

Wharry - financier and food planner: knee high.

Samwell - assistant geologist: was high (phew!)

This ragged bunch finally assembled, after 11th hour buying and after a wrong turn by the bus carrying Tony on the Aranui. After seven hours the expedition could have been seen wandering up the lower Hodder a tiny trickle in the midst of much geology; - no sign of any gorges yet. At the Shin confluence, after three-quarters of an hour, tents were pitched next to the Shin, on the assurance of the met. lass that no rain would fall that night. Indeed, after we had indulged in a rather small stew beautifully prepared by Rose, it looked as though the expedition had at least one reasonable specialist, as the starshine swamped the encampment. Soon after rain drove people to the tents. 15 crossings so far.
In cloudy conditions the next morning, with the dismal prophesy that the next three days would have rain, we set off up the Hodder on the lookout for gorges and pumice. An hour later the routefinder and two others arrived at a large river flat. (51 crossings). Where was the lower Hodder gorge? Half an hour later the last of the geologists arrived reporting that although they had spotted a pseudo pumice boulder "about the size of a pack and on the true left", they hadn't seen a gorge either. Casting caution aside, everyone followed everyone else's boots, and resumed the upstream direction - 9 crossings later the middle guard found the cook and overseas rep just starting to follow the routefinder up a small sidestream. Digits were pulled, compasses extracted and compasses orientated and cairns sighted - on the other fork. None had yet reported a gorge where "two men could touch either side", but the crossings were continued until the 95th when a gorge and waterfall blocked the easy progress after about 2 1/2 hours from the Shin confluence. The routefinder, overseas rep and cook were obviously astonished, as they began wandering around rock-climbing and looking at the waterfall and beginning to go back downstream, so the financier assumed an out of character role and exposed himself to the nearby scree and found a few cairns leading up from the true right. About an hour later the middle guard and cook arrived back on the river bed above the waterfall, finding that the routefinder and overseas rep had a fire going and a brew started. Praise for Tongue and Meats flowed. A little later the zoologist arrived reporting that the rare species "posite minor" had been located in a tree. Ah - one of the major aims of the expedition had been fulfilled - but then this was a skilled assemblage.

At this stage it became apparent that the NZAC element had influenced the expedition because an hour and a half lunch break ensued. During this time, the strongman attempted to make a crossing of an uncrossed piece of air using one of the weaker members as a bridge. This bridge suspecting that the strongman was overloaded with geology (since he had been assisting the rear guard geologist all day), buckled and fell to the ground. Also during this time the zoologist/geologist proved he really did have talent by discovering a piece of protein surrounded by rich iron ore - this was interpreted by the doctor as a swollen old tin of steak and kidney pie, and unfit for human consumption. The scribe was unable to record what happened then as he was in the middle of a dense smoke screen, attempting a severe rock climb put up by the overseas rep.

Anyway, one further crossing and about threequarters of an hour of sidling on the true left, brought us to base camp - the new orange TTC edifice in the area. This had the words "Hodder Hut" on the wall, so the routefinder had won thru after all. Over a boiling bacon stew that night, the met. lass prophesied bad weather, so only the disbelievers packed their day packs as the stars shone outside. The bloody alarm clock shattered the morning - fine weather. The breakfast was soon on, thanks to the drive of the Tongue and Meats rep. Then at 7.30 we wandered out - in various stages of dry socks and various stages of wetness were achieved in crossing the Hodder on verglassed stepping stones. At the upper forks we headed for the snow, i.e. up.
The prominent easy-looking spur coming west of Pinnacle needed some consultation with the routefinder. Several feet were becoming very cold after a little way up the spur, so dry socks and generally warmer gear were donned by most, except the overseas rep. who was "conditioning himself for T.D.F." Various routes were taken through the scrambling rock, but more care was required not to knock off loose boulders. The strongman, performing the delicate task of guarding on rear, was almost hurled from his airy perch, but elaborate evasion techniques (obviously practised on Ruapehu) proved his worth as the strongman. Anyway, several cut steps later, crampons were buckled on, and the now hard snow-covered spur was further attacked. The overseas rep's steps turned off somewhere under Pinnacle as the rest of the expedition put up a direct line to the Pinnacle-Tappy col. Here the geologist was heard to remark that although there were no rocks to be seen, the crystallographic structures of the infinite number of snow particles that were lying about in random array were in fact "bloody mighty", or words to that effect. Anyway, tracks to the high ground were soon made and amongst swirling clouds of spindrift, the long easy summit ridge to Tapuaenuku was wearily trod by all. The very strong wind made several attempts to dislodge us from the top as cameras clicked and frozen jaws manched. - In fact the strongman was actually blown over once. The financier, probably still feeling over-confident since he had borrowed money from Rose, made the rash statement that "a traverse was out of the question". Foolish! - venturing more than kneehigh out of his field. Anyway, reversal of the "decision" soon had the expedition venturing down the steeper south ridge, after a few hastily hacked steps to the long smacking lower ridge. The assistant geologist proved his superb control of the situation when a crampon hindered normal controlled progress. A hasty self arrest. Soon people were lolling in the sun after the met. lass had found a lovely exit couloir down to a lovely big snow basin. A long, highly erotic, trou seat torturing slide for 1500' followed. A drag back up to the hut preceded everyone's being back by 4.00pm. Somehow, amidst all the tiredness and feelings of fulfilment someone put on a fantastic big stew. After which the scientist explained the subtle difference between matriculation and micturation. The met. girl then foretold of another fine day on the morrow but when the alarm ushered in a wet morrow nobody seemed particularly concerned.

However not to be! The geologist seeking new rocks for his hammer, the routefinder seeking new routes, the overseas rep and met. lass merely wanting new territory, decided after much discussion to head out via Muzzle Saddle, the Clarence and Ragged Robin Spur to Kekerengu on the coast. The other four wanted to "get back homeward" for important engagements (e.g. Hut Bash). So sometime after 10.00am everyone minus the strongman (suffering from Hut lassitude) and the cook (wanting to clean up the mess) headed up valley. Miraculous geology in the form of dikes, hornblende and geodes appeared everywhere and so did Mtire, a peak split by a large couloir leading almost to the top. About 1.50pm the party arrived at the bottom of the couloir to be greeted by a shower of fine ice particles. The financier had forgotten to bring his crashhat for the day. The less said about the couloir the better - only that it took longer than expected. Rose and the overseas rep ventured on
the iced remainder of the North Face, and thence to the top, by which time the others were halfway down the nasty couloir - one of whom was scared of it icing up. (Crampons etc. had been foolishly left below). The financier and ass't. geologist left the other four and returned to the hut in an hour, collecting various geology en route.

After much frantic reading on the last (Fri)day the remaining four left the hut, in drizzle and mist and general unpleasantness. Although suffering from various ails - from sore ankles, headaches and bent ferrules, all realised the importance of a fast trip out. "Driftwood has been reported 70 to 80 feet from the normal river level". We were soon at the slip by the waterfall noticing detritus coming down our route. Crashhat, hack steps, run, jump, slide and down to the river - times four and we're over it.

"I see the Hodder river rising" (tune of Bad Moon Rising). A further threequarters of an hour saw us at the big flat and a further hour at the Shin confluence - and thence to the road (4 hours from the hut - includes scrog stops of course), where a welcome haybarn sheltered us (until the taxi arrived). Half an hour later revealed a green/brown swollen Hodder glaring at us. Much waiting around found us in Wellington at 2.00am next morning.

J.R.K.

Party: Dick Hefferman, Tony Smith, Dave Bamford, Rosemary Steele, Dave Cook, Sam Atkinson, John Atkinson, John Keys.

DOUGLAS LANDSBOROUGH

Bryan Sissons

I remember the rushing streams in the evening sun in the Hooker, the icy gully leading into Westland. Exhaustion in the scrub of Bluewater Creek. The soaring west ridge of Sefton leading easily to the magnificent summit, the views from Tutoko to Whitcombe, and the yawning gap down into the Copland. Our dark snow cave on Welcome Pass, a rosey evening with friends and spirits. The Horace Walker Neve, bluffs leading down to the Douglas. The Douglas moraine which we called The Oven, hot and dry. Harper's Rock, with its excessive airdropped food and forbidden cans of beer. The solitude and magnificence of the Douglas Basin. Easy travel to Spence Bivvy, bathing in the warm tarns and gentle young nor'wester. A tense day re-crossing the divide, this time from Spence to the Mueller in a gathering wind. An old man nor'wester for two days at 3 Johns. A cold southerly as we walk down the Mueller. Dinner at the Herm - pork, venison, wine.

Impressions roll by of a Xmas trip, so difficult to convey to anyone else - the knowledge of the country that you gain, the feelings that you had, so important to the trip. Each day is ten days crammed into one.

We spent 2 weeks in Westland, the weather was good enough for us to complete our trip. Over the Copland Pass, up the Bluewater Creek to Scott Basin and Welcome Pass, Sefton, then down to the Fitzgerald Flats via the Wicks Glacier, over Douglas Pass to Spence Bivvy, and back to the Hermitage by the Spence and Mueller glaciers. What more is there to say, you would have to have been there to know.
THREE PASS TRIP (SO TO SPEAK) AUGUST '79

Brian Davis

Participants:
Mesdames Mary Atkinson
Tricia Healy
Margi Keys

Messers: (literally)
Dave Cook
Noel Sissons
John Keys
Andy Wright
Terry Pinfield
Brian Davis

The "Maori" 8.00pm August 7th -
A mildly excited mob consisting of the aforementioned,
gathers in two cabins deep in the bowels of this creaking but
reliable vessel; ("E" deck I believe it was. What does "E"
stand (so to speak) for anyway). Food, bloody great mountains of
it, was distributed, mainly among the males of the party. Packs
were emptied and repacked, weights compared and expletives
liberally sprinkled around "E" deck, (that letter again -
obviously from North West Europe).

Saturday 8th: 6.00am or thereabouts.
Tricia suffering from severe insomnia wanders about "all pale
and slowly loitering". An irate and cursing steward enters, trips,
bangs (so to speak) his tray on the door, bumps into packs and
retreats, a fuming mass of dignity gone wrong. Soon after we
disembark and head for customary and cold comforts of the
"Lyttleton express". Less said the better.

Breakfast at the Christchurch railway restaurant consisted
of 60 cents worth of semi-warm penguin shit, (eggs and bacon
rumour has it). With two hours in hand, (so to speak) before
the departure of our transport to Arthur's Pass, Aunty May
received a visit and the Cathedral Tower was scaled in true
touristic style.

NB. After a frost, Christchurch is cold, cold cold.
11.00am lickity-split, catcha-nigga-pushim under, we're
rocketing across the plains toward the snowy foothills. A
bladder and bilge stop at Springfield followed by fantastic
We cross the rock desert, flood plain of the Waimakariri.
Suddenly we're at Bealy Bridge, across it, there, jerk, out,
kerplomp, stares from the other passengers, we head toward
Klondyke corner fresh as daisies.

About three hours later and about as fresh as a quadruped
bovine turd, we plod on past Anti-Crow hut and a little further
up, Greenlaw. The valley narrows, the trees become a little
more stunted, the Waimak a mere tridge and Rolleston, A.P.Harper,
the lot, all standing around beautifully white against a cloudless
but cold sky.

Towards 6.00pm the sign, a few minutes from Carrington Hut,
is sighted by an energetic, microscopic Andy. He gesticulates
wildly and shouts his "discovery".

Bugged, but glad, we hurried on to be greeted shortly
by one of the most beautiful sights a trapper/climber could wish
Carrington on our right was rearing up, a sheer-sided great white castle; its block-like top catching the last rays of the sun turning the snow into pink ice-cream. Mist around its middle accentuated the height, but we all let our imaginations run riot and for a while we were beside a previously unseen mountain, somewhere in the Andes or perhaps in Nepal. Magnificent.

The alarm was set presumptuously for 5.00am. The next morning with nobody really quite sure what was going to be done, apathy, aided by a North wester, decreed Sunday a rest day. However, so as not to lose the benefit of the previous day's efforts, day trips were sorted out. Wharry, Mary, Noel, Andy and Terry went up Taipo-it stream for a recce-cum-anything. Margi, Tricia and myself sauntered up to Kilmarnock falls. Dave lurked in pit all day with a nose disease, which before the end of the trip had affected all of us to varying degrees.

Kilmarnock falls were impressive, but an iced up gorge leading to its plunge-pool prevented us from getting a good close-up look. An extremely cold wind whistling up the White River drove us back to Carrington Hut by about 4.00pm. The others arrived back in fits and starts a couple of hours later. Noel and Wharry managed to traverse part of the ridge line from Harman Pass towards Isabel. Mary, Andy and Terry had followed them until Terry slipped, could not self arrest in the pug and finally went ass over kite down a bluff, landing on snow below, shaken up and with a few nasty cuts.

Huey failed to crap, so not wishing to dally any longer, we set out for Harman Pass the following morning, reserving our decision as to whether to go over Whitehorn Pass as well until we could get a measure of the weather. An alternative crap-out route was arranged, down Mary Creek to Julia Hut, if the weather was really bad. Easy crampon conditions and a gradual clearance of the almost Taranna-like winter scunge conditions as we sidled toward Whitehorn, lifted the somewhat flagging spirits and we commenced the long, slow haul up to Whitehorn in a mixture of wind slab and mildly pogy snow. A screaming South-westerly greeted us at the top of the pass, so little time was wasted in looking at the spectacular Cronin ice-fall. A few shaft belays and a 2000 foot descent saw us at Cronin stream. Everyone decramponed, scrogged and T.B'd themselves, enjoyed once again the sensation of fingers and toes that they could actually feel, then wandered idly down the Cronin, feeling a trifle smug with two passes under our belts (so to speak).

Most people had arrived at Park Morpeth by 5.00pm after balling around on the last section of the track above the hut all tired and irritable.

Huey was definitely going to crap; loads of high cirrus, etc., etc. The next day was spent, washing, reading, sleeping, farting, card-playing; in general trying to ward off impending boredom. The weather remained dry and windy.

Park Morpeth was a delightful little kennel but it was with a certain amount of relief that we set off for Browning's Pass the next day. (Double bunking is O.K. for heavy sleepers, mate).

We followed the incredible miner's track for a wee way, then out directly up a steep snow covered scree which turned, in its upper parts, into a wide but potentially dangerous, snow chute/couloir.
With Harry and Noel leading, kicking steps in the compact and old snow, we began our slow fixed belay, 3 on a rope, climb. The height to be climbed would have been little more than 1200 feet. We had been up since 4.30am that morning but it was not until about 1.00pm that we got out of the couloir and stood, relieved of the nervous tension, looking back down toward Park Morpeth, still an incredibly short distance away. The climb out of the couloir was nicely led by Noel, who in steepening conditions and slowly pogging snow, had to chop through the cornice overhang and virtually "mantelshelf" onto the top.

The lake in the basin at the top of the pass was under thick ice and snow. A scrog'n T.B. stop was followed by a recce to find the route down to the Arahura, which Pascoe's guidebook said followed the western side of the lake. Picking up the cairns we slowly came into the Arahura. Spectacular and typical west coast views soon appeared. Impressions were of huge bluffs, a steeply dropping Arahura flowing through a slit gorge in a series of waterfalls from the lake, screeching keas, scatty keas, a pissed off Mary. One's admiration for the early route pioneers was strengthened by the magnificent little track which wound its way down, thru and across bluffs and torrents.

It wasn't long before we left the snow and entered the tussock and rock of upper Arahura stream. With much gleeful shrieking, Harmon Hut, our objective for the day, was espied on a tussock and alpine scrub bench in the distance, further down the valley. Some fortunate route finding led us through the bastardly scrub with a minimum of cursing onto the tussock bench. The remains of old Pyramid Hut lay grotesquely spreadeagled in a dense patch of scrub, like the ribs of a dead cow. After slow sidling we sighted our first venetian-blind discs and soon were on a benched pack-track leading to the hut. We all wandered into this most welcome N.Z.F.S. 6 bunk hut, with its soggy backyard, somewhat surprised and elated at having done Browning's (so to speak). Noel, suffering from a disease of his right big toenail limped in last, wearing sandals.

Well, Huey was definitely crapping. I still don't know what had been going on up there but we were certainly fooled. Assuming the following day to be a rest day, no alarm was set and the pitter-patter of H2O on the roof by about 4.00am in the morning gave justification for a late sleep-in. However, one couldn't sleep all day and peristaltic ripples led to a rush on bum fodder and the rain swept tussock paddock outside was the venue for many eleventh hour visits. Cards, marathon circular whisper games, reading, dozing, moaning, sleeping and various other associated activities kept boredom at arms length while all hell let loose outside, Huey sent it down by the bucketful and rooked the hut with mighty westerly yawns.

Double-bunking yet again, we fell asleep around 9.30pm hoping for a little snow in the morning.

An astounding silence greeted the bleary-eyed urinators the next morning. Snow had fallen to within a 100 feet of the hut, the wind was southerly, the sky a beautiful blue and the western horizon clear.

Sucking in the icy-air and stopping every few minutes to boggle at the Main Divide poking through southerly scunge and spumes of snow, we made our humble and mostly cold way down-stream, still sidling about 200ft above the Arahura on the pack.
track. The Styx Saddle, a delightful tussock and tarn patch was reached by lunchtime, and without any climbing either. Sitting, sunning and eating on a large rock, we were soon to be treated to one of natures most unexpected and frightening experiences. A loud rumble - an avalanche? The ground began to move, the rock moved and shuddered. Harry, brave lad, clung on. Tricia, naughty girl, grabbed Terry. Mary screamed "shit", I just about did. Bushes and tussock shook madly. In about 4 seconds it was over. Quite an experience "seeing" an earthquake.

The Styx was notable for its lack of scenic impressiveness, although Grassy Flats was quite inviting. We had to scampor, aiming for Hoki by nightfall. Lasting impressions were mainly of dead opossums, cyanide warning notices, schist and granite, tons of sidestreams, sunny spots, cold shady gorges, a crazy track, Noel's foul language, and miles of dense wet green bush.

The lower reaches of this river were an anti-climax after the grandeur, the feeling of encircling height, the steepness of everything in the Harmon Creek region.

The late afternoon found us warm and waiting for taxis beside a cow paddock. Terry and Dave indulged in a bit of cricket, others grotted and, with just a hint of sadness that it was all over bar the shouting, a few group photos were taken.

That night we hit the town; the seething metropolis of Hokitika surprisingly busy with several new buildings and a mysterious roaring, clattering noise that went on all night. A skirmy little motorcamp put a roof over our heads for the night and provided some of us with the luxury of a hot shower; its amazing how much dirt one can accumulate in the space of one week. Most were asleep by 10.00pm. Andy, "Aunty Mary had a canary up the leg of her pants", Wright returned soon after, whistling as usual.

In the morning thumbs were waggled and our happy band split up - some for Arthur's Pass and Christchurch, one for the Wairau, others for Westport (sucked again) and some to sample the sordid and saucy nitelife of Inangahua (so to speak).

CHRISTMAS IN WET SLEEPING BAGS

Derek Daniell

I woke up at 1.30am to find Clive clinging tenaciously to a bent tent pole. A strong wind was shaking the tent and making it bellow out with each gust. Lightning flashed at regular intervals and thunder resonated on the neighbouring peaks. The rain was pounding down and we could tell the river was in flood by the boulders crashing down the rapids.

"Just great" I thought, "holding tent poles all night after a hard day's climbing. Dave, who was holding the other tent pole, was drifting off to sleep, so I kindly kicked him awake, which was just as well, because this time he had a good idea - "Tie ice axes to the poles".

The next morning it was raining steadily, and everybody's sleeping bags were wet in places. "I've heard these nor'west storms can last up to fourteen days", remarked optimist Dave Bamford.

After a midday breakfast had been demolished, the problem of filling in time became more pressing. Between us we had an excellent library - Brian's ever present "Time" magazine, a story of exploration in Greenland, and a book about Zen Buddhism, (given
to me for Christmas several days before). The Greenland epic was read in serial form with parts passing from hand to hand. Zen Buddhism was read with less enthusiasm, with Colonel being rather puzzled by several of the technical terms.

The second night and the second day both passed in an incessant drizzle. However, our miseries were rather inconsequential compared to one of the heroes in the Greenland epic - trapped in a hut by himself for the duration of the northern winter, with no heating and limited food supplies.

Still it rained - it was drumming on the tent as we went to sleep on the third night. But, lo and behold, we woke to brilliant sunshine and a veneer of powder snow the following morning.

The rain gauge at a hut on the West Coast side of the divide measured twenty-five inches for the sixty hours, and we had about as much in the Clyde judging by the overflowing billies outside the tent each morning.

Luckily, fine weather for the next ten days (including six days on the West Coast) meant that our library resources were never again put under such great stress.

EASTER 1970 - HIKURANGI

Bryan Sissons

About 100 miles north of Gisborne there is a group of five good peaks, which, although composed of very ordinary sandstone, rear up very sharply. There are several unclimbed routes. During Easter, Lesley and I went to try Hikurangi - the highest and easiest. With torrential rain and low clouds, the first day, Friday, 26th March, was far from successful. We picked a few mushrooms and camped among cow turds beside the road. We had only a vague idea where the mountain was.

Saturday however was perfectly fine. We crossed the Tapuaereroa river by cable and three and a quarter hours later arrived at the GC&TC Hikurangi Hut. The route follows the main ridge from the Pakihiroa station manager's house towards Hikurangi; at first along a farm track and then beside a fence line. After lunch another one and a half hours saw us on top. We scrambled up the shingle slide behind the hut, spent about 10 minutes on a disced track in bush, then emerged in scrubby sub-alpine veg. From the bush line the ridge rises steeply; near the top there are several rocky parts and the south face falls away hundreds of feet in rocky buttresses. We left our pack on the West Peak and crossed a small notch to the main peak (15720'). Spectre de Brocken's followed us along the ridge, haunting mists on the south face, but northwards the view was clear across miles of bush covered ridges and valleys, to the Bay of Plenty and Mayor Island - floating off the horizon.

On Sunday, struck by a dreaded lethargy, we didn't try another peak, but motored down valley and headed for the nearest hot pools.

"For the first time for many years I have returned to the mountains and with powerful effect. It was stupid of me to neglect this specific remedy".

Conrad Meyer.
Plodding up the Whakanui
in festerous mud, all brown and gooey.
Suddenly I topped the rise
and there before my very eyes
stretched out for all the world to see
lay pack and boots, and poor Mary.
Who having tripped upon a log,
was now entrenched within the bog.

Arriving later on at Baines
in lotsa mist and wind and rains
we found it full of rugby fans
who filled themselves with lotsa
booze, to make sure that we
didn't lose the Test.
One best forget the rest.

Next morn the sun shone bright and clear
as we took our morning paddle,
them shouldeering the hulking swags
we staggered off up to South Saddle.

We toddled down the Mukamuk
about an hour or so it took
to reach some jokers in a Rover
who cracked a brown and passed it over
if to you this isn't clear,
I must explain that brown is beer.

Around the coast
I burnt some toast
near the Mukamukaiti.
Mary said,
well strike me dead
you had a little too much heaty.

We motored off around the beach
T'was such a fine and glorious day
Fortuitously we got two lifts
all the way to Yorky Bay
Ours was not to reason why
Ours was just to shout "Knee Hi".

"Franz-Joseph Hugi's expedition to the Rothtal numbered 40 persons, equipped with thermometers, barometers, instruments. for boiling water, butter, oil and petrol, aerometers, chrometers, hydrometers, clinometers, crampons, sacs of wine and flasks of brandy, compasses, hooks, grapples, wire, rope, a travelling chest, plasters, eye salve, lead ointment, foot ointment, and bootblackring. In spite of all this, however, he was not successful in his attempt to climb the Jungfrau."

* Quotations from "Travellers in Switzerland".

By G.R.de Beer, FRS. Edited 1949.
NEXT....

Tricia Healy

It was mid winter. Why was she doing it? Shorts seemed ridiculous - you just didn't wear such things in mid winter.

Her bare legs (sand paper felt smoother) felt particularly vulnerable. Two purply scratched and frozen blocks - damn that gorse, flax bush, whatever - She couldn't really remember. They all scratched, that was all that concerned her.

Now, in the wind and rain, even scratches seemed unimportant. Why wouldn't her nose stop running? She'd be sick if it didn't. Just plain old sick - vomit. It gave her something new to think about.

She'd collapse. Then they'd have to stop. They'd probably have to carry her. Then she'd be a cramper - a crippled tramper hindering other people's progress.

Other people. She stopped.
Prod. Keep going.

Hell. She'd forgotten about him - her unwanted slave driver. Anyway 'other people' had helped change her thoughts again. She guessed 'they' were all people, even the one behind. He had definitely strongly developed sado-masochistic tendencies - of that she was now certain.

Why should she let him do this to her?

Prod, prod - 'keep going you can't stop'. Shove, shove. He seemed to enjoy himself.

Flapping parka - stupid inadequate garment. Didn't even seem to keep her dry - designed to permit streams to flow down one's neck. As if she hadn't had enough of streams. Especially that last foot-freezeing monstrosity. He'd taken a photo of it.

'And this was the stream we got our feet wet in (as if it was something unusual). Beautiful thing don't you think.' She could imagine him performing thus at a slide evening at home.

'Mmm, ahh, mmm, ahh' - she could just hear them all. At home rugged and warmed praps envious - 'Such scenery, you're so lucky.'

The trouble was that when she got home she felt she was lucky and that the scenery was beautiful.

But not this time. No definitely not this time. This was it. She'd had it - never again. That harness thing on her back was going to be sold, given away, burnt, anything - she was never going to wear it again.

Even as she thought it, she knew it was hopeless. They'd be at the top soon - at another hut. And she knew - sigh, prod ' keep going' - that she wouldn't feel like this anymore. She'd feel pleased and triumphant, would get warm by a fire and put on dry clothes. Winter clothes. She'd eat and then think back. But she'd be different - she'd have forgotten. Another sigh this time for that other girl - the girl who would be doing the same thing tomorrow, next weekend, next year, next....

'Next stop, come on....'