EDITORIAL RAMBLINGS.

I'm sitting in Dodger hut in the Hopkins thinking it's about
time for me to write the piece de resistance for Heels '73.

Outside it's gently snowing and the landscape is indescrib-
ably beautiful. Tree boughs bending under their load seem to
sigh and then shake themselves free of their white weight.
Every now and again a distance roar catches the ear as volumes
of snow thunder down to the valley floor. The view from the
grot is incredible, and one is inclined to sit and linger. All
is white and all is still - or not quite. Nick is chopping wood
to feed the hungry fire in front of me and Marion is busy building
a snowman. The occasional paradise duck manages to get airborne
and honks overhead. The scene is one of amazing tranquility.
How can one convey in words the profound effect that such surround-
ings have on one? It is not my intention to dwell on the
situation with such inane comments as "this is what it's all about",
but in my benign superiority I feel regret that the bulk of the
populace have neither the time nor the inclination to experience
such delights - such are the joys of modern living.

Instead of sitting in these serene surroundings I should be
at home attending to this rag, but I'm sure it will rear its head
in due course with gentle maladministration. Marion is whipping
up a batch of scones and it will soon be time for another stroll
outside. All that remains for me to do is to express great
appreciation to Mrs. Gilman without whose skill on ye olde type-
writer this volume would not have been born. Thanks must also
go to Lauchie Duff who survived my verbal batterings to once
again set up the photo pages.

Time for a quick brew, a scone, and then back out into the
wonderland.

Andy Wright

There was a young lad called Rod
Who gave his mama a prod
To type so superb
This rambling old blurb
Called Heels '73 by God!
YOUR CHAIRWOMAN SAYS:

Dear sisters and other oppressed VUWTC'ers,

The time has come for your illustrious and benevolent leader to say a few words. Germain and I think things have gone pretty well this year, thanks to the efforts of our friend Lauchie — being a male doesn’t appear to have affected his performance, and an enjoyable and worthwhile AIC was had by all. The Freshers’ Trippe and Bushcraft seem to have been equally successful.

Others have contributed by breasting forward this year — it would take too long to mention their names but we all know who they are. Many trips, accompanied by the occasional unplanned bivvy, have proved that sub-cutaneous fat is a definite advantage.

So it is up to us all sisters, to carry on the good work. Hope I have not proved too tiresome this year.

Yours,

BURN YOUR BRAS.

A bath whose clothing was strewn
by breezes that left her quite nude
Saw a man come along
And, unless I am wrong,
You expected this line to be lewd.
A CLIMB OF MOUNT COOK

The four of us had been at Empress Hut in the upper reaches of the Hooker Glacier for day after day of shrieking wind and driving snow. Our objective was the high peak of Cook, but apart from a brief recce to 10,000 feet on the West Ridge and another to about the same altitude on the North-West Spur, we were restricted to the frustrating routine of hut drill. Food was running short, and it seemed we might have to move back down valley with our mission unaccomplished.

On the afternoon of the tenth day, however, the weather cleared to reveal blue skies and a thoroughly plastered mountain above us. It would take at least a full day of sunshine to bring the rock right, but we just didn’t have that much time left — the attempt would have to be made next morning.

The alarm clock woke us at midnight. I looked out the door and saw the Main Divide across the valley bathed in moonlight, with the stars shining overhead. It was calm and cold: excitedly I realised this could well be the day I had long dreamed of. In those moments immediately before setting off on the climb the tension was rather similar to that which one might feel on the starting line prior to a race. I sensed this was going to be one of those thrilling days one always anticipates but rarely ever actually experiences.

We dressed, ate and roped up, then stepped out of the hut our crampons barely marking the snow’s surface. The hut is 8000 feet above sea level, and our route took us across the lower Empress Shelf for about a mile before we began to really gain height. Bright though the moonlight was, we were in the shadow of Cook’s massive western flank, and our headlamps were a necessary aid in finding a way across the minor crevasses to the ‘schrund and ice wall at the foot of the snow couloir which split the West and North-West Ridges. The wall was only about 15 feet high, and with some pushing from below then hauling from above we were in a position to tackle the couloir itself. These days when steep faces are nonchalantly knocked off by novices, a mere 45-50 degree slope stretching 1500 feet up into the darkness seems scarcely worth mentioning, but I can still recall the difficulty we had in establishing shaft belays in the frozen snow, and the strain on our calf muscles as we front-pointed up towards the now lightening sky. We neared the couloir’s exit — in fact the first pair had already reached the crest of the delicate arete at 10,000 feet where the North-West Spur abutted into the cliffs of the West Ridge, and Alex and I were about a rope’s length below when, with an echoing crash, an enormous boulder fell from the slabs far above — released from the mountain’s icy grip by the first rays of the rising sun.
Perched shoulder to shoulder on our tiny stance we watched in speechless horror as it plunged down. When still a hundred feet above us it veered to one side, but our relief was only momentary as a smaller piece detached itself and came straight at us. With my arm across my face, I felt the breeze as it whirred past. Alex wasn't quite so lucky, but despite his exclamation that his arm had been broken, he escaped with a bruise and a ripped sleeve.

Hurriedly scrambling out of that hideous place, we traversed to the right to gain the upper Empress Shelf under the middle peak. From here we planned to climb straight up to the col on the summit ridge between the low and middle peaks. We looked up - a thousand feet of green ice had to be scaled, and just how steep it was we wouldn't know until our noses were pressed against it. But the real problem wasn't to be technical difficulty of the climbing - it was the ice the recent storm had deposited on the rocks of the low peak - great plates of it were falling off in the sun's heat, and the debris was raking across our proposed route on the face. In those far-off days crash helmets were unheard of, so we put our spare gloves inside our hats and decided it was justifiable to push on. Up we slowly went, chipping steps in the glittering ice and belaying off large barbed ice pitons (ice screws had been vaguely heard of, but none of us had ever actually seen any). Every few moments we had to stop climbing to protect our heads as yet another barrage crashed down from above. On the 65 degree slope I felt like a fly on a window pane, and the continual humming and whistling of the projectiles all around was bringing us to the verge of hysteria. Although the only damage suffered so far was a squashed water bottle, it seemed only a matter of time before somebody received a direct hit. Too much time was being spent in digging out the pitons as we left each stance. Ice pitons hammer in much more quickly than a screw can be inserted, but removal is the bugbear: they freeze in and have to be literally cut out of the ice - right down to the very tip. In the end we simply left them behind, which lightened our loads considerably anyway.

We reached the summit at 2:00pm. At our feet lay the Caroline Face. I don't recall that it had a name then - certainly there had been no talk of climbing it. At that time the East Face of Cook was the current "Last Great Problem", being compared - as the Caroline itself later and equally fallaciously would be - with the North Wall of the Eiger. The ridge between the two lower peaks was in good order, and we were soon atop the middle peak at 12,173 feet, having our first real rent and food since leaving the hut. Ahead of us lay the soaring ridge to the high peak. Our hearts sank as we contemplated the task which now confronted us, as the whole way was over more of the solid green ice we had encountered on the Hooker Face. Progress was pitifully slow as we picked our way along the graceful aerial staircase. The traverse was made about ten feet down on the Hooker side of the ridge to avoid the cornice. The exposure was accentuated by our inability to get any belay anchorages, in fact, by 6.30pm we were still only half way along the ridge. We had a consultation: a
night out was inevitable, but the ridge was the last place to want to spend it on. We resolved to dispense with step cutting between stances, now having only two big ones at each rope's length.

We made it on to the summit at sunset, and after the briefest of pauses moved off down Zurbriqgen's Ridge. Five hundred feet down the ice cap it became too dark to safely continue, so we cut separate niches in the ice and sat on our ropes to await the dawn. Our complete lack of bivouac gear made for a bitterly uncomfortable night, but I didn't mind in the least: silly as it may sound now I had climbed the mountain of my dreams, and the price of a benightment was one I would willingly pay.

The golden sunrise seeped into our chilled bodies as we untangled our frozen ropes preparatory to leaving the bivouac. We were on our way by 5:00am, and by six the sun had disappeared as yet another nor-west storm rolled in across the Divide. Forcing a route down to the Grand Plateau became a hellish task as rain and sleet swept over us in minimal visibility. As we cut steps downhill the wind was so strong it blew the ice chips upwards and over the ridge above us.

Some 38 hours after leaving Empress, we staggered into Haast Hut on the eastern side of the mountain. How marvellous it was to be out of the rain and wind. I sat on the bunk's edge staring into space. Someone took my crampons off and unclipped the rope from my harness. The hut occupants, incredulous at our unexpected arrival, fed us soup and biscuits - all we'd eaten that day was snow. Next day we would have to think about climbing back to the Hooker to recover our gear, but that is another story. I got between two mattresses and slept.

A well known chief guide named Duff
Turned out to be a creampuff
When asked one fine day
Which was the right way
He led us over a bluff
TARARUA DAY TRIP

How many times have I gazed north from the learned hills of Victoria in the middle of the week and seen the Tararuaas all snowy and sunny and tempting, and wishing I was there. It never seems to be the same in the weekends.

On a fine afternoon in June, when the Tararuaas were glistening on the skyline, Paul Stevens suggested that it would be nice to be there. When he said that the weather forecast was good, I quickly saw what he was getting at, and agreed that it would be good value to have a day off.

The result was a phone call early (too early) next morning to wake me, and a car arriving half an hour later to collect me.

"Got your crampons?" he asked.

"Nah, don't need crampons in the Tararuaas, just an iceaxe!"

With that, we sped northwards, with a brief stop at Waikanae to talk to a guy in a car with a funny red light on top. After that we went a bit slower, and eventually reached Otaki Forks. Cold, cold. Cutting steps in the frost up the farmland to the safety of the bush, then a gallop up past Fields to a noah stop on Table Top.

Egmont, Ruapehu and Tappy on the horizon. Ice on the trees in the shade, but where's all the snow gone.

"Just as well we didn't bring our crampons."

"Yeah, could've left our iceaxes at home too!"

Suddenly, as we came over the brow of West Peak, there it was - white everywhere! But no snow, only very heavy icing on the tussock, and all the tarns frozen over. Singlets in the sun for a two-hour lunch break at Kime, then onward to Hector.

"What's that bout no crampons?" as we cut steps off a very iced-up Field Peak.

Hector at last with the cross disguised as a chandelier.

Click, click went the cameras, while the Neill Winchcombe beckoned in the sun and Egmont played tricks with the cloud on the horizon. A perfect day!

Time to go, and we slithered down Hector, chipped our way back onto Field Peak, then ran to our packs at Kime. A bit more food then back down to Fields at the bushline. Time, five o'clock.

"Hey, the sun sets in 10 minutes! You gotta torch?"

"Nuh, have you?"

So started a mad race against darkness, stumbling onto the farmland just as the last light faded from the sky. The last half hour or so to the car we were travelling blind, getting down the farmland just by memory and luck. Anyway we made it, what a tremendous day! Much better than sitting in the Union Building or swotting in the Library.

Laurie Gallagher
Wha' d'ya mean 'Rod's Trip?"

How d'ya think I actually got to write an article for Heels? Right! Horror of horrors - I'm pitbashing. Funny that - the last time I pitbashed was last trip, to Angle Knob when Tony left some gear at Mountain House allowing Rod and I the luxury of pits for an hour in Powell. - That was also Rod's trip, even if he didn't see two members of the trip until Saturday afternoon, and two other till Sunday afternoon. This time he seems destined to see barely any of us - four trip members managed Fields Friday night: another four managed Parawai Hut. Rod?

For explanation, we need look no further than a Gilman-owned Citroen. Certain members of the club may think they have car trouble! - but they've got nothing on Rod and his vehicle. That first trip I went on with him, the exhaust pipe burnt out just over the Rimutakas. First solution: tie rag round the exhaust to hold it together - that lasted 2 miles before we had trailed smouldering rag pieces that looked like little bonfires all along the road as far as we could see. Second solution: take one tin can, knock both ends out, join two pieces of exhaust pipe with the tin and a bit of wire. Quite ingenious? Well you might think so from the comfort and warmth of your armchair or bed or wherever you read your 'Heels' but we all emerged at Holdsworth Lodge at 11,00pm, suffering from presbytaurosis (big words) and Rod blaming near asphyxiation from fumes coming up the floor boards from under the bonnet.

So of course having suffered from such dreadful ailments we were in no state to continue to Mountain House and at such a late hour! - so I ask you, what could we do but stay in Holdsworth Lodge and leave the rest of the party as helpless as they were without us (being that they only consisted of John Black, Owen Springford, Penny Forseythe and Julia Clarke - so what if two of them had been tramping for more than 6 years!) to their own desperate resources. After all it wasn't our fault. Blame it all on the French Citroen (we're planning to boycott the French).

Anyway that lot cost Rod about $6.50. Next lot of trouble a couple of weeks later cost him $3.50 when a wire burnt out. Then the day before this trip he got a puncture which cost him $2.50. Now me, in my wisdom, having been taught to see patterns and trends in events by my illustrious university education predicted that the inevitable car trouble for this particular trip shouldn't cost any more than $2.50, in which case, by logical inference, also a product of my university intellectual training, the trouble could not be very serious. Foolish girl! - forgot to touch wood! which just goes to show my university training didn't do me much good. 8.15pm and we were trundling along the Otaki Forks entry road mattering away in true tramping club
style ("rave this, fantastic that, absolutely shit hot") when
suddenly the road had disappeared from under us and 2 wheels
were over the bank. Much mucking around and John, Penny (to me),
Dave and I finally arrived at Parawai spot on midnight, having
lost the companionship of our leader to the prospect of a tow-
truck next morning. So at last I have explained how come the
party got separated, and without Rod.

Even though the four of us left Parawai at 7.00 a.m., we
never managed to catch the other four up, and on the way to
Vosseler from Fields, poor old Dave’s thigh joint clicked out or
something like that, I’m no medical practitioner. So we never
made Waungahuka, got no further than Vosseler.

Wha’ d’ya mean ’Rod’s Trip’?

Postscript—Coming round the bend, approaching Dave’s car on
Sunday afternoon and one female was suddenly heard to let out a
cry of disbelief ’That’s a Citroen!’ I was flabbergasted—and
out of it emerged Rod—both had survived to lead another trip.
Note—Rod and his Citroen have since both redeemed themselves
quite satisfactorily—witness the Hut Bash.

Leader: Rod
Those pitting with me in Vosseler—John Sullivan, Penny
Jane Forsythe, Dave Owen.
Those four we never saw—Jim Gibbons, Geoff Todd and Brian and
Trisha Davis.
Chronicle related by Mme Erica Law.
CARKEEK RIDGE — AT LAST

by El Capitaine.

The more acute reader should be able to cast his mind back

to "Heels" of years gone by and, with diligent racking of the

brain, remember the frequent attempts by a few determined

stalwarts to tame Carkeek Ridge.

After some arm twisting by the chief-guide I was foolish

enuff to agree to go on a trip with that worthy and so one

Friday night found me wet and cold at South Ohau after having

twice sampled the charming waters of the Ohau. I ask you dear

reader to picture El Capitaine reclining in the Ohau, can you

imagine anything more degrading? Wot? Piking at Te Matawai?

Rubbish — anyway I didn’t pike there (though that’s not to say

that I didn’t try).

Anyway Saturday morning found El Capitaine grunting up the

Yates 500 — grunt grunt collapse, grunt collapse, gr... collapse.

I will not bore you with the time taken from South Ohau to Te

Matawai. After a second breakfast at Te Matawai and a gallant

attempt to persuade the party to salute down the Otaki, the

dirty swine calmly announced that they were going on up to

Pukematawhi and that El Capitaine could go down the Otaki by

himself. Needless to say I didn’t fall for this artful attempt

to get rid of me, and so after a short interval to let them

think they had been successful I sneaked up on them.

Tim and Joe decided to grab some red line along the main

range and the rest of the party took off to have lunch at

Arette Biv. Visibility was piss-poor and the Chief-guide made

another attempt to get rid of me by leading the party to the

brink of a bloody great precipice. After some caustic comments

about whether or not Lauchie could navigate his way out of the

proverbial paper bag we set off and actually travelled the

entire length of that elusive ridge. (It stayed put while we

were on it.) 5.30 p.m. or thereabouts found us at Park Forks

going ready for the grunt up to Nichols. After an hour Nick

and I arrived at the hut to find everyone there — except who?

the Chief-guide again. Being sceptics the rest of us ignored

the sign on the top that said "to hut" and pointed back down

into the Waiohine and Lauchie soon remedied his mistake. More

caustic comments and the Duff recovered sufficiently to lead us

all out to Otaki Forks the next day in rather shit-house

conditions.

Us was: Lauchie Duff, Nick Logan, Tim Stern, Paul Clark,

Andy Wright and Joe Crofton.
The route seven of us took, after coping with one bestreamed car and another stampeding monster, was somewhat original — in fact more original than six of us had intended. Our honourable Chief Guide once again torchless, apparently knew the way all along, or so he would have us believe! So five torches, half-a-track, one steep ridgeside and a streambed later, we linked together to cross the Whiohine. Marilyn’s dropped torch was later proclaimed a reflecting star by those more heavenly-minded amongst us, as it lay twinkling in the water. While Lauchie hurriedly donned his fancy gear, we managed to get lost once again in the Totara Flats Jungle, but soon re-emerged unscathed. ”Off to the river” some enterprising being cried, and we were soon in full swing at the party.

The new Totara Flats hut was of course a far cry from that venue of so many of VUWTC’s happier times, over the years — Allaway — Dixon — unfortunately providing none of Allaway’s darker corners, where those less fortunate present could let it all out in peace.

The evening wore on, and those more fortunate (?) amongst us, pitted down with a commodity perhaps more freely available than in previous years, but the stayers stayed on. Torch flashes and one camera plus flash-cube (whose owner was a recumbent form on one of the bunks) kept the place swinging — the results should also prove interesting at many club evenings to come! That is, if the participants do not manage to destroy the evidence beforehand.

Next morning was a slow, painful awakening. People departed in diverse directions. The nocturnal wanderers left to locate the correct route — once at the top of the ridge above Sayer’s, the map was declared the true culprit, and Lauchie absolved from some blame. Back down to the yards at Mangatere and all sights were set for the feast that the more fortunate partook of at the Wright establishment.

Nocturnal wanderers were: Andy Wright, Nick Logan, Lauchie Duff, Marion Kolston, Marilyn Bramley, Brian Wickstead and Janet Williams.
PAKIHORE - AT LAST!

Off to a good start! Overambitious driving gets our transport bogged down in the Roaring Meg, resulting in a happy hour spent extricating it (chains 'n' all). Farewelling the Southerners noisily, we flounder off to Penn Creek side, with piking noises being heard at approximately 5-minute intervals. Once across the slips (don't look down!) we decide on the high side and potter round for ages finding it; Jane canes out over a bank and loses the torch (John's unfortunately) down a rather vertical pitch. Eventually we reach Penn Creek, and thrash up it (just 50 yards round the corner!) until the hut lumbers into view. Sadly we find it occupied, but the NZFS track-cutters in there are very obliging - how would you feel being woken at 2.00 a.m.? Out pits onto rubber mattresses, except for Rod who strategically places himself on the floor in the line of a howling draught.

In the morning, three sluggish people crawl from the pit and eventually out the door, later than intended; Rod and Tony craftily manage an extra half-hour in the hut after we've left. Eventually they catch up with the advance guard, who have waited an hour for them, and Pakihore Ridge is conquered inch by inch. In perfect weather, cold but clear, we wander up between the moss-covered beeches; as we reach the bushline, the whole panorama of snowy Southern peaks burst upon us, dazzling in the midday sun. A food and foto stop and then up to McIntosh and along to a tarn in the saddle. The wind is cold and the high cloud increases, so we slurp our purple refresh and prepare to attack the Tarawera Peaks. Frost is heavy on the shaded side of the ridge, but the chain-ladder is in full sun and poses no problems. Long iceaxes prove a nuisance on some of the steep bits before the ladder, though... and the only snow we find is in the tussocky hollows around the tarn at Mangahuka.

Having decided that 3.00 p.m. is the latest we can leave Mangahuka Hut we find only 10 minutes left for a belated lunch. The clag has come in but we soon dip below it on the eastern side of the divide; we admire the open, flat Meat-safe Spur before turning to the lumpish and much less inviting Convertina Knob. Picking up a good disced track at the bushline we descend rapidly - then climb (ugh) less rapidly to the Knob itself. Erica is well ahead on this lap, but we are soon all moving together down the ridge, losing the discs with increasing frequency as the light dims. Eventually it's out with the torches... actually only one torch because Tony's carboy needs water, Rod's is unaccountably missing, Erica's is stuffed, and John's has been written off as previously described. So Erica takes the one remaining one and moves capably from disc to disc, while the other 4 follow, using iceaxes for the first time. Tap tap... tap tap... we're travelling blind! This last stretch takes us about 1½ hours, as opposed to about 20 minutes daylight time.

At last we see the lights of Neill Forks Hut beneath us, and with
a joyous Mogambo we plunge down (splat!) and across the bridge to warmth and certainty. Having expected 17 schoolkids, we are pleasantly surprised to find only 3 HVTC girls in residence. Off with the boots, on with the stew, and into the pit at the comparatively early hour of 10.30 p.m. Rod plays martyr again on the floor, and is joined this time by Tony.

People are (understandably) reluctant to move in the morning, resulting in a slow-motion getaway. Up the track to Cone Ridge, some suffering more than others - It's amazing the thin excuses people will use for a rest! Eventually all are together again on Cone Ridge, and about 1½ hours later we pause at a neat little tarn just below the top of Cone. Admiring the half-inch ice on the puddles, and the view, and then the milo, refresh, cream-crackers and apples, unaccountably takes us an hour. The weather is gradually deteriorating and our spot becomes quite windy and cold, so we take off down the track to the Tauherenik, playing Kansas City Bombers (or is it Downhill Racers?) all the way. Tony and John do a quick sprint and a slide down Block XIX, while the other three have a more leisurely walk to Cone Hut. Actually, Rod finds it difficult to walk at all, after stuffing his ankle on this stretch.

The urge to linger at the hut is strong for some, but the urge to get home that night overrules, and with grim determination and few words we plod off down the valley. Blunder, slip, wade, trip, wrench, wade again, curse the rain, curse the sand in the boots, and so down past Tutuwa, A-D and a few big slips. Tony and John are despatched to run out before dark. while we three stumble as quickly as possible down to Smith's Creek, and up it in the gathering gloom. From here on it's easy: insert both feet into groove, put A into G, and place one foot in front of the other until the top is reached. 3 to a torch proves a better arrangement than the 5 of the previous night, and some shortcutting, worrying and mudsliding sees the last of us at Kaitoke Shelter at about 6.30 p.m. Aah! dry socks, long-johns, dry shirts, full tummies, and a ride home in a big warm comfortable Kingswood. All too much!

John was John Faber; Erica was Erica Law; Tony was Tony Bowen; Rod was the Leader; and Jane was the scribe.
Progress.

Suffering.
A man for all seasons.
MAY GOURMET TRIP

Right, there were originally 7 people on this trip, but they actually did about 4 different trips. Here's what Julia and Jane did.

First we beg, borrow, or bludge a ride up to Holdsworth with Owen. The Friday night puff up to Mountain House is enlivened by a possum stop (Owen being seized with an uncontrol- lable urge), and several stops to read signs along the way. (A good excuse if you're a slow reader). Bumble into Mountain House: "Anyone for Powell?" says Jane. No takers, so she takes her boots off. John Black arrives, asking "Anyone for Powell?" Finally we hit pit, after being niggled at by a grumpy Tongue and Meat. We thought we were being so quiet.

Next morning we drag up to Powell, having decided that the other 3 who were supposed to meet us must be having Citroen trouble, (which proves to be the case). At the High Ridge turnoff, Jane and Julia peel off, leaving Owen and John to continue at a more masculine pace to Angle Knob. The girls potter down the open part no trouble, and drift aimlessly round in the bush for a while. Julia is deceived by Jane's non-chalant air and authoritative tree-climbing act. Which is just as well, cos Jane doesn't really know where she is. However, they see a stag (thrills!) and finally grind to a halt at an open spot where the weak sun is faintly visible. Lunch of fruit cake and orange as is fitting for a gourmet trip (sort of), then away with a great hiss and a roar to Flaxy Knob - 2 minutes. We move downwards from blaze to blaze with caution (this track has mercifully been de-disced) and after many false alarms Jane finds "the place where we went wrong last time." Correcting this mistake, we reach Totara Creek with no trouble and sit down to have a "think". That's what we call it, anyhow.

We decide to make the most of the weekend, and move off at a relaxed pace towards the Waiohine. Wind each other across the cage (watch out for that handle!!) and amble down the flats to the new hut, looking suspiciously behind every clump of totara. You can't really miss this great blot on the landscape tho. Its all painty (would you believe pukey pink and yukky yellow?) inside, and very empty for 2 girls. It takes us quite a lot of giggling to fill it up, believe me. Out with the gourmet goodies, tho its sad that we haven't met up with the leader yet - he's got the chicken and we're left with the stuffing. Noodles, mushrooms, and assorted savouries later, we move onto tamarillos and choc instapud with condensed milk - bloated isn't the word! Eventually we give up on the pud and crawl, distended, into the pit.

Sunday, 9.00 a.m., we are rudely disturbed by the patter of tiny feet outside. Horrors! a troop of small boys rushes in, not quite catching us in the pit. An intermediate time later, we pootle back to the cage and up the creek to the bottom of the
climb out. Jane (oh sacrilege!) takes off to do a red-lining stunt and eventually meets Julia again at the Lodge that afternoon. We while away the time eating and taking bets on the others estimated time of arrival. They come in eventually and we meet Rod, Erica and Tony for the first time on the trip. They’re full of intrepid tales of Angle Knob and Pinnacle Ridge, but they soon come down to earth after another spot of Citroen trouble and several spots of rain. Then Jane and Julia hop into Owen’s car, and go blasting off into the distance in a cloud of gravel.

J.F.

LOST CAUSE

All those who talked
and vowed vague promises
like ‘Out all Americans’, chalked
up posters, shouting Conservation:

They all somehow agreed
with each other, boosting up
egos with such need
in their hearts to love the hills.

What really happened to those hearts?
They found their lot more demanding,
perhaps they knew the valid parts
of the totality of living.

To graduate, yes that’s what’s real.
It must make for satisfaction.
Shit, who needs to feel
for nature, love or friends?

Margi Keys
A grand contingent of about 50 (minus two would-be hunters) trooped along the road from Holdsworth Lodge to Donnelly's Flats fairly late on the Friday night. Following this 15 minute spurt of energy it was time to pitch camp and hit the pit. The next morning saw the track over to Totara Creek dotted with strange student creatures: puffing, panting, slipping and sloshing in the mud. Our leader, Marion, was constantly checking numbers - I mean to say, anything could happen to an innocent fresher on such a trip - one could become engulfed in the mud at Pig Flat or be blown away by gale force winds on the open lookout area.

Most of us had lunch at our campsite on the flats - one exception being our venerable chief guide, who, along with a group of followers had his lunch further back and actually found the time to indulge in a pit-bash. As with any fresher's trip, some people were under-equipped, others over-equipped, but most were just well-equipped, e.g. Nick had his floral beach baggies all ready for L'icy Riviera and Rob brought his brolly just in case of that inevitable spot of rain (during the drought??)

After a few tents had been pitched there was fun and games for everyone. We reverted to kindergarten days and passed the time by having three-legged races, wheelbarrow races, and by piggy-backing one another all over the snow. One does have to occupy one's time somehow, doesn't one??

Dinner was our next concern. Unfortunately, because of the fire ban, we had to use primi. We were divided into six or seven cooking groups. Right in the middle of the campsite, one group of about six (namely Rob, Nick, Russell, Marion and Marvellously-Merry-Margie) provided some amusing entertainment for the other diners with antics caused by a bottle of something or other. I regret to say I can't quite remember what it was. The lack of a bonfire didn't stop the usual flow of songs and jokes. The Wild West Show seemed to have more verses than ever, and Nick turned out a good repertoire of limericks. At this stage of the evening there were a few notable absentees - Ken and Andy, to name but two.

Sunday - time to return homewards once more. Naturally, the creampuffs preferred to take the side track down the Waikine while the hale and hearty braved the rather cool waters of the gorge. However, despite differing routes of return, most arrived at Walls Whare in good time for a snack before the slog along the road in search of the big blue truck.

J.M.C.
UP THE "AMAZON"

There is, as some of you will know, a pleasant little stream in the northern Tararuaas called Makaretu. It was rumoured that there was an easy trip up this stream to a certain point, then up a branch creek onto the ridge and out over a little bump named Spion Kop.

Now it came to pass that the chief guide of a certain tramping club had heard the rumours of this trip and so arranged for a party to visit this area.

All went as smoothly as normal on the day of departure with most people turning up on time and the brave little expedition drove north to the Ohau River and pipe bridge. Here the brave and indomitable leader took his car with another person in another car, around to the planned point of exit and there left one car and came back in the other.

Meanwhile the rest of the group had started off up the Makaretu Stream, blissfully ignorant of what was to happen. Indeed if they had not been ignorant of the future, enthusiasm might not have been quite as great as it was.

Some lunch time the trip had again gained its leader and was going like clockwork with Mark Hinton still searching for something that moved to shoot at and several people wet from head to foot having been totally immersed in the river. However, they were all theoretically richer for it and so their spirits were not at all dampened. (What some people will do for money!)

The creek for the turnoff was found and Lauchie Duff went off up to check like any other true blue leader should while Frank Kolston, convinced we were all wrong, disappeared off around the next bend in the Makaretu in search of where he would like to turn off. Alas and alack he returned in time to join the main group as they followed their chief guide into the unknown.

An easy bush-bash followed a short climb up the creek so that the group eventually ended up on top of the ridge in a small clear patch, in half light, surrounded by low bush with the odd tall tree here and there. At this point there was some deliberation as to which way to go. Some fool actually suggested going the correct way, but that was not to be. Lauchie was obviously trying to give us our money's worth and keep up the VUWTC list of dubious trips, so we plunged off to the left in hot pursuit of our leader and soon found ourselves stumbling along in blackness up to our hair ends. A typical piece of conversation to be heard from that moment on is inserted below,

"Where the hell are we?"
"I dunno, just keep going."
"D'you think we'll aaarrgh, ooch, ooh, heelp!..............there's a drop there."

This carried on for quite some time till the party finally reached a stream and started moving down with three torches to guide the way for 15 people. Such was progress that night that the astounding distance of about one mile was actually covered in 5½ hours! This binding speed was brought to a grinding halt by a waterfall which appeared bottomless and impassable and so the group found "a mighty bivouac site" and "slept" the
night in somewhat less than comfortable conditions. One brave lad had packed a sleeping bag and kindly lent it to some other member of the trip. But his generosity knew no bounds (or was it a mild form of cretinism?) and he gave his bushshirt to another shivering fool, thus effectively making himself a shivering fool when he could have been as warm as a chicken toastie from the Union Building, which isn’t saying much I know, but it wasn’t the warmest night to spend crouched in the bush above a stream.

The next morning dawned bright and clear and we set off again to conquer Spion Kop. This was duly done, and we all wandered down to the cars and off home.

Thanks a lot Lauchie for keeping it to 23½ hours so it can still be called a “day trip”.

John Sullivan

Lying on my back on green slopes,
Afternoon sun warming my face.
White dots on the hillside
More occasionally, slowly,
Without looking up.

The lazy stream weaves past my feet,
Pockets of fern, supplejack,
A stray rimu left standing
Are sad remnants of a glorious past
But peacefully accepting their loveliness.

John Black

After extorting up Travers Valley, Rick, Paul, Jim, Diane and Brian bravely ascended halfway up Mt. Travers in an exhaustive misting low. Upon it lifting the Horrible Heffalump became nowhere to be seen and a peery search was necessary for the Saddle over the range. The H.H. was at once excoveryed far down in the next beeches, and at 90mph the B.P.'s flew downscree to catch the munster. A wreckcovering was in order that night at West Sabine Hut, for thinglings were very wet. Next day the H.H. was exclosed at spitting Blue Lake. The B.P.'s almost jumped in to catch the meanie but only sickseeded in fleeing the H.H. onto a lonely islet. Meanwhiles, the mountains hid slyly. Down the Sabine the B.P.'s kept saurer eyes for the H.H. (In actual fact they trromped right over the H.H. sunbatting under a bridge.) Nightly at Sabine Hut the Horrible Heffalump ghosted around teething with revenge against the Brave Pursuers. He wicked thort to chase the B.P.'s next day up Mt. Cedric. Morningly, the B.P.'s so fastly ascended Mt. Cedric that the H.H. was left pooping many thousand feet below. A long stop for photos and scoggins in the snow on tops caused the H.H. to terroringly catch up. The B.P.'s fled to Lake Angelus Hut with exhaust. Next and last bright day the B.P.'s were so early on their way that they discovered the H.H. pleeping in a snowhole. The last chase along the Robert Ridge nearly plopped all of the B.P.'s plummeting to their deaths. At times the H.H. poofed only feet away. Rick heroingly grabbed the creeps' tail. However, it turned into a snowflake and as the B.P.'s further descended into warmer airs the H.H. disappeared altogether. At last, back at St. Arnaud the B.P.'s, failed in catching the H.H. but greatly fitters, celebrated with an icing cream at a local store (No pub.)

Fin

The Brave Pursuers:
Rick Allis
Paul Bruce
Jim O'Brien
Diane Hooper
Brian Watkins

(V.U.W.T.C.)
MOONLIGHTING

At midday one fine Friday Nickletit Logan Esq. suggested a moonlight southern that night so we arranged to be dropped at Otaki Forks and follow other intrepid moonlighters over the Southern Crossing.

It was with no small amount of amusement therefore when we found the others stuck in Roaring Meg in some wog van where they had spent an hour trying to get the recalcitrant animal out. Joining forces we gave the raspberry to the cremos going to Penn Creek and proceeded to wend our way to Fields Hut. By the time we arrived there the party had split into two groups as for some reason some members had decided to stay at Alpha and were carrying such ridiculous articles as sleeping bags. The moon was poking its beautiful snout over the horizon at about 10.30 p.m. as we progressed up to Vosseler where there was tussock high snow as well as hot and cold water available. Waiting for the others became a bit cold necessitating a strip at Kime of some of the warmer garments bods were ensconced in. Crampone on at Field peak and over to Hector with stops for photographs. (Which didn't come out.) Conditions could have been better but not by much. Clear and cold, ½ moon and a reasonable amount of snow, plus a chilling breeze thrown in for good measure. Mind you in spite of the moonlight there were still some fools who insisted on using their torches. After zapping round the Dress Circle the hardy team pulled into Alpha at about 4.00 a.m., where Tim Owen and Geoff decided to stay. The remaining four of us decided to push on and so the torture began. Hell's Gate wasn't too bad but after that fest really started to drag down Marchant Ridge. For a while Nickletit seemed determined to go to sleep on the moss at the side of the track but a few choice words soon put a stop to that. There was some dispute as to whether or not we had actually reached Block XVI or not but it didn't really seem to matter as the ridge was unending. Dawn broke as we approached that hump known as Mt. Marchant and by this time the party was spread out. Chris out in front, Nick and Mike not too far behind and yours truly way in the rear. (Not that I'm all that partial to rears.) Finally we arrived at Kaitoke between 9.30 and 10.00 a.m. and shot home to bed to sleep for 17 hours (with one rude awakening from Tim who rang up to see if we were still asleep.)

Moonlighters were: Chris Hathaway, Mike Hyson, Nick Logan, Andy Wright, Tim Stern, Owen Springford and Geoff Byrant.
"FROZEN SOX AT DAWN"

It was incredibly cold, but there appeared to be little snow around, so we shoved our crampons back into the car and gleefully boarded the Lake Rotoroa "ferry". By mid-afternoon, as we wandered up the D'Urville, there seemed to be quite a few ice needles and other cold-looking objects around - chilly it was too - even Brian was feeling the nip in the air. However it's not every mountain holiday you manage to see not one cloud in 5 days - so Brian soon stopped complaining.

Next morning, (or was it afternoon?) we decided Moss Pass was on. The question was, would it go? Toothlessly saw us at the bottom of "the grunt". Six o'clock saw three crumpled wrecks at the top - one will wonder, was there any daylight left? - of course not you twits, it was mid-winter's day and the sun was on short hours. Good day though! Now came the question of crampons - the gut we would be forced to descend looked rather menacing in the darkness, hadn't seen sun for at least 8 hours and hence was a mite hard - even for knives and forks.

A comical sight would have greeted some nocturnal pass-wanderer that night. The discerning reader will of course wonder why all the essential items were left behind - or is it in the usual VUWTC blundering style? In fact stacked-up packs make vervellous tent poles, and plastic bags filled with snow do nicely when you can't see any rocks - so take heed all you up-and-coming blivvies.

Frozen Sox at Dawn was the challenge - 9 o'clock to be precise, but it was still quite a challenge - feelings like, I'll chop my feet off soon if they don't get into these bloody boots.

So it was with great anticipation that we awaited the food and sunshine down at Blue Lake. One monster demonstration later by New Zealand's champion female bogger - to the edification and surprise of all present, not forgetting the lady (?) herself - and we were OFF.

Ask Nick anytime what it's like washing in Blue Lake after mid-winter's day, and he'll be only too happy to pour a bucket of frigid meltwater over you. A quick jaunt up to Lake Constance, with triple sumersault and pike, and we were ready to face the Sabine, Bye bye Waiau Pass - you didn't look all that inviting anyway. Another early start (would you believe midday?!) saw us streaking down the Sabine trying to catch the sun further downvalley.

One camp later, two boatridges, a few bogs, three showers and we hit Wellington. Readers will be thrilled to learn that we left Brian in Picton.

Nick Logan, Russell Willington, Marion Klosten - not forgetting your friend and ours, Brian.
TREASURE HUNTING

Once upon a time two lone cowboys from N.Z. passed time with some big American cowboys at the local Mountain hotel. The talk of treasure in the hills was mentioned, my ears sprang up like dogs bell - the Americans talked long and hard, all about how hard earned their treasure was, but they couldn't get it because they were off home on their 707's. They soon warmed to the idea of us collecting it - better for us than Indians - so a rough map was drawn up. Days passed, we had other work on our hands, but early one Sunday we rode into town, gathered our tucker and strode off into them hills. The sun made it hard work - we encountered problems with the local Indians - the directions we'd been given were leading us to the wrong Quebrada (valley). Late that afternoon the wheat field found us camped in it - a brilliant red sunset heralded the long night - what would the morrow bring? was the burning question.

Early the next morning we found our Quebrada - excitement grew as we climbed higher towards the lagoon. Indians: "Where are you going?" - we felt worried - we answered vaguely "subida", higher up. By midday we reached the last Indian outpost at the lagoon - it rose above us, a big icefall tumbling into the lagoon - it was there, we strode around the lake and climbed high up in the moraines. A small cache of gear was left - we absorbed little of the magnificent scenery, we were blinded by the thought of what awaited us - there it was, a small green pile, fever was at a peak. We ripped open the goodies and out tumbled: 50 metre, new, kev mantel rope, several pitons, a dead man and large quantities of luxuries, chocolate sweets, tinned fruit, jam, jellies - a worthy find. We gobbled down sweets amongst our bursts of laughter - these were good times.

P.S. The above is based on fact. I was given a map with the location of the above goods ($80) so Geoff and I went hunting - very profitable. The location is the Cordillera Blanca - Pem.

Dave Bamford
MONTY PYTHON'S TRAMPING

ROSSCROWD
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Number</th>
<th>Across</th>
<th>Down</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td>No more...</td>
<td>1. Day tripper</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10.</td>
<td>Lost found and</td>
<td>3. Music (anag)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11.</td>
<td>Wet leg</td>
<td>4. Wyn's better half</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13.</td>
<td>First woman in Garden of Eden</td>
<td>5. Bivvy artist</td>
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<tr>
<td>16.</td>
<td>Pissed</td>
<td>7. Woodrow's fork</td>
</tr>
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<td>19.</td>
<td>The Phinton Chinderer</td>
<td>8. Pud</td>
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<td>20.</td>
<td>Chairwoman</td>
<td>9. Hotstuff</td>
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<tr>
<td>21.</td>
<td>El Capitan</td>
<td>12. We (anag)</td>
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<tr>
<td>23.</td>
<td>Refer 14 across</td>
<td>13. In charge of Heels</td>
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<td>25.</td>
<td>Gear custodian</td>
<td>15. Holdsworth-Kaitoke</td>
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<tr>
<td>28.</td>
<td>Any</td>
<td>17. Bikie Bowen</td>
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<td>29.</td>
<td>Loudspeaker (see 14 across)</td>
<td>18. Rear</td>
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<td>30.</td>
<td>Overtrou</td>
<td>22. Charwoman</td>
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<tr>
<td>32.</td>
<td>Law of the jungle</td>
<td>24. Mark Hinton</td>
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<tr>
<td>34.</td>
<td>Fruit (ducky)</td>
<td>26. Milko</td>
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<tr>
<td>35.</td>
<td>Albino Afro</td>
<td>27. Gear</td>
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<tr>
<td>37.</td>
<td>1001 peanuts</td>
<td>29. Rock-climbing footwear</td>
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<tr>
<td>38.</td>
<td>Ego-tripper</td>
<td>31. A woody plant with alcoholic sap (leaves parties early)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>39.</td>
<td>We (anag)</td>
<td>33. Ridge east of main range</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40.</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>34. Dribble Scribbler</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>41.</td>
<td>Citroenic maniac</td>
<td>35. Flightless bird</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>42.</td>
<td>Heels</td>
<td>36. Am (anag)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>44.</td>
<td>Scotney</td>
<td>38. See 38 across</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45.</td>
<td>Schormanns-Kaitoke</td>
<td>42. Angle Knob</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>46.</td>
<td>Alongside</td>
<td>43. Pike</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>47.</td>
<td>Tim Stern (init)</td>
<td>44. Dark character</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>49.</td>
<td>Gitarzan</td>
<td>47. Girl from Marsden</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>50.</td>
<td>Wapiti</td>
<td>48. Lost &amp; found</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>53.</td>
<td>No flyson</td>
<td>51. Bladder problem</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>55.</td>
<td>Singlet of 1 down</td>
<td>54. Sticks to boots</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>56.</td>
<td>The Waipouku bird</td>
<td>58. And lost found</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>58.</td>
<td>Alpha</td>
<td>61. 2X 38 down</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>59.</td>
<td>Either...</td>
<td>63. You</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>60.</td>
<td>Extremely brave</td>
<td>64. Tra la...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>62.</td>
<td>Margi</td>
<td>65. See 32 across</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>64.</td>
<td>HUTC packs</td>
<td>26. Milko</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>66.</td>
<td>Realist</td>
<td>27. Gear</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>67.</td>
<td>Auckland island nut</td>
<td>29. Rock-climbing footwear</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

UP
20. Kevin Helm 66. Sticks to your ribs.
52. Brother of P.A.
OLIVINE RANGE

It was another of those trips that Varsity usually excels in i.e. simple, simply disorganised or something left behind or something amiss. This year was the latter (for variety). The colour scheme was chaotic. I mean, orange tents aren't so bad. Green tents have their merit. But hell what a clash mating an orange tent with a green fly. The signs were ominous. But if that wasn't enough, Owen had orange scants. No prizes for the colour of Derek's. The one difference was that Derek's scants were holy and the fly wasn't (at the start of the trip!).

The aim of the trip was to traverse the Northern and Southern Olivine Ranges from Jacksons River to the Dart. The Olivines first interested me on a climb of Eros with Derek a couple of seasons ago. Then, only the mighty Arawata separated us from the Olivines. The range has a fascinating exploring and mountain-eering history. Names like Barrington, Hector, Mueller, Charly Douglas, Park, Colin Todd, John Pascoe – all are synonymous with the Olivines. (Refer to Les and Molly's article in N.Z. Alpine Journal 1971 for a thorough study.)

A night in the Martyr River gave insight into insect life. The sandflies had a great shift system working with the mosquitoes. They take the day shift and the mosies the night shift. No smoko breaks either. I don't think they have a very progressive union - they're working the same hours as in Charly Douglas' days. No doubt due to the fact that the old red guard, the commie worm is still up north somewhere.

I won't bore people with route details since they get monotonous if you're not familiar with the area. No, I will bore you with other trivia. The adjacent range westwards to the Olivines is Red Mountain and the Red Hills range. The Red Mountain, Ultramafics run from the Alpine fault in the Jackson Valley, through Red Spur and on the Mossburn in Southland. They are basically a dunite-peridotite rock. The ultramafic/schist contact on Red Spur is fantastic. It reminded me of the nun crossing a pedestrian crossing - now you see me, now you don't. The vegetation change with the contact was as equally abrupt as the rocks.

With the Arawata on one side and the Cascade on the other we straddled the range, passing many beautiful, idyllic valleys running into the Cascade. Valley of the Flowers, Woodhen Creek conjure the imagination. You imagine cicadas, scent of smoky wood fire, moss and warm snow grass, water, deer. Meanwhile, back on the grey schist, things are running on crackingly. A 13 hour day, the wettest anticyclone I've ever experienced passes by. A problem needed solving one night when 2 keas dropped dead right by our stew which was bubbling away on the primas. Must have been old age. The poor things...why even the wind blew all their feathers away. A funeral was held and they were cremated in curry.
Paul Clark, Derek Daniell and Owen partaking of a liquid luncheon.

"You put your left foot in front of your right foot and your right foot ......."
The Spanish inquisition creeping up under mist to Nichols from the Waiohine.
O. Springford demonstrating the latest in climbing gear from Jamaica.

Dodger hut in the Hopkins - from the grot and back to front.
Conversations follow the usual whims and cycles of a Christmas trip i.e. a progressive degeneration from current affairs to religion to books to sex and food.

"Why I'll die if I fall below 11 stone" Owen comments. Hence one night, at about 1 a.m. the Tarawera bicycs rotted in. Anyone who has been on a Christmas trip will know what I mean. You know... "Let's have ½ of tomorrows bicyc... 3... 4... comp."".

After a gear dry out on Bald Mt. we traversed a section of ridge which Monteath baulked at in 1953. We attribute this to delicate little chamois tracks which helped us and which may not have existed in 1953. Monteath would have had a stroke if he had seen the rest of the route to Joe i.e. an obviously easy side on McTavish Creek side of range. About 6" of newly fallen snow underfoot and a new coating on Haast Range, Aspiring and the Arawata face of Eros looks impressive.

Cedric greets us one night on the radio with news of a helicopter rescue in the Upper Pyke. Someone gashed a knee at the Geologists camp. If anyone knows how to boot these geologists out of Red Hills and other areas in Fiordland let us know. Our 22 magnum collapsible rifle couldn't reach the Upper Pyke from our present location. One pleasant campsite was tucked in a little snow grass hollow about 2 feet below the main ridge, overlooking Collins Creek on the Arawata side and Arcade Glacier and Arcade Saddle on the other. Brian Hunt's party crossed the range this season and at about this point though much more snow was present then.

Another south westerly front. Subjects discussed in the pit on the 28th were related to the balance between food input, energy output and the part that craps play in the scheme. Enough for a thesis there.

"The old defacation rate drops, I haven't crapped for 3 days." (No prizes for the pun.) I found some great quartz crystals on the way round to Remote (which was sided high up on the Arawata side - at the head of 10 hour gorge creek). The side takes you to a col near the head of the Findlay Glacier which is a gas air-drop site if anyone is interested. Makes a good ski slope too.

A campsite at the head of Hollands Creek was the first site for about a week where the bush was in reasonable distance. Owen complains about his only set of underworked muscles his jaw muscles. So he and Derek go and shoot a deer. Luck was with us when we had a fine day to climb out of Hollands Creek, sidle the Retreat Pinnacles and climb Toreador after initial stuffing round on bluffs on the last pinnacle. Better to climb the last pinnacle via the ridge and drop to the col before Toreador that way.

The virgin route onto Typhoon from Versepene Col stayed that way so a series of parallel turns saw us glissade off the
Col and into the Limbo Glacier. The annual Limbo Glacier teddy bear’s picnic was held complete with chairs, table, and tablecloth. A crossing over Hurricane Col, into the Sealy and up to Invitation Col and thence down to the Trinity Glacier ensued. The Sealy is remote and surrounded by dark, grey massive slabs which head skywards to the equally grey and dismal sky. This overall greyness of walls and ceiling add to its fascination. Even seagulls like the place. Owen is applying to the Geological Board for a claim as the first person to have a Sealy shave amidst squabbling seagulls.

That air drop was welcome too after 12 days of bitter conditions, unwarranted risks, dropping dead in our tracks — sheer hell. The next few days was a jumble of festering in wet, whiteout conditions — Oh yes — and sheer hell. Snatching a fine half day we raced round to the Olivine Ice Plateau and debauched ourselves with another air drop — and another Hutt Valley one as well for good measure. (We didn’t flog it.) At this stage, we noticed the bloody brothels that were being run from snow caves on the Forgotten River Col. Saw dust, air drop linings, tins, food and books all left lying around.

The last week of the trip involves being blown off the Col in the middle of the night, sitting for a few days under the Forgotten River bivvy, waiting for the end of the monsoon. It didn’t arrive and supplies were getting low so we took off via Forgotten, Olivine Rivers, Fohn Saddle and the Beasburn River. The rain stopped at our very last campsite in the lower Beasburn. The last day saw a hairy Dart crossing and then it was all speed for the Glenorchy pub and Queenstown.

It was a gas 19 days. My last memories are of sun rays intruding on the dripping beech forest, bush robins with no inhibitions about humans, and a 2 hour road walk which caused more footy harm than a 10 day walk. Oh yes, those scants weren’t orange either by this stage. Brown and green is a good combination as is Owen Springford, Paul Clark and Derek Daniells.

F.S. I have a log of times etc for trip if anyone is interested in any parts of the Olives.

Lauchie Duff
OTAKI GORGE DAYTRIPPE???


Three very sleepy people left Tawa at 5.00 a.m. The Forks were reached and the party set off at first light for YTTY. After a rest in the river below the hut, we started off down the gorge. The river was up slightly but travel was reasonable apart from a few sidles around big pools - too cold to swim. An hour-and-a-half later saw us down the gorge at Kahiwiroa Stream, just as it started to rain. Guess what happened - pike, except this time an uphill route instigated by Neil. So up the stream we went, destination Anderson's. A few deer were seen in the creek, then it was up a ridge onto the tops.

We had afternoon tea at Anderson's and from there wandered along the tops to Shoulder Knob and back down to Waitewaewae. Daylight was drawing to a close as we made our way to the plateau and here at 7.00 p.m. the lack of a torch made itself known to a certain person - never again though!

Would you believe four hours back to the Forks from Saddle Creek? Nevertheless we eventually arrived back at the car at 11.00 p.m. and while the others slept, the by then very drowsy driver (also the one without a torch) managed to navigate his way home, 20 hours after leaving it.

Your storyteller, Frank.

It is with considerable regret that the club records the death of Prof. Boyd-Wilson earlier this year. Prof Boyd-Wilson was instrumental in founding VUWTC in 1921 and was a considerable force in the club for many years. Although not well known to many club members in recent years Prof Boyd-Wilson nevertheless retained a keen interest in tramping. As perhaps was fitting the club provided a pall bearer for his funeral.
JANUARY IN THE CALLERY.

Five intrepid explorers assembled at Franz Josef prepared for their trip into the Gallery. Well not quite prepared. Ken having had trouble with his feet was unable to come. Unfortunately he had some of the gear with him - useful items like a tent, a rope and various bits of climbing gear.

This left us with a tent and a fly, no rope except for one Ron had found washed up on the beach at Makara - hardly enough to inspire confidence, and only very basic climbing gear. We did not have any great climbing ambitions but were uncertain of what obstacles we would meet in the course of the trip.

Wandering around F.J. that evening we met Paul Clark, Ian Latham and Co., who had just come over Callery saddle from the Whataroa and hitched a ride with a ski-plane while camped below Elie de Beaumont.

Callery saddle, it appeared, would present problems especially on the Whataroa side. Two to a rope, ice screws, probably harder for us going down.

We spent the night at the Rangers place and learned further interesting details about the Gallery. Two bridges had been built by gold miners. The second having been seen from the air in recent years apparently only consists of a few wires and one or two boards, probably unusable. No one had been far beyond the first bridge since 1936, people having tried but turned back.

We set off the next afternoon (having borrowed a rope) feeling rather uncertain of ourselves. We intended to camp by the first bridge. The track was overgrown and difficult to follow, and there was much cursing as we passed through stinging nettle, crawled under logs and indulged in all the other pleasures of bush bashing.

Just before dark we arrived at a small campsite above the bridge having taken 6 hours for what was supposed to be a three hour trip. Away early next morning and down to the bridge which was an incredible feat of engineering over a fearsome river which had carved a tunnel through the rock that narrowed to a slit above.

After several hours of searching only a few old blazes were found, the goldminers track having been long overgrown. Having had considerable difficulty through the partially cleared track we were obviously going to have problems bush bashing up the gorge and ran the risk of running out of food before reaching our airdrop in the headwaters where we would have to recross the river.

We decided to continue up a ridge to the Burster range, head for Totara saddle and drop into the headwaters. This involved a couple of days of track clearing using knives, a small axe and brute strength to make it possible to carry our packs up to the top.
Fine again the next day, our track emerged from the bush and we shifted camp to behind Burster. Sidling around Burster we were treated to the tremendous spectacle of Elie de Beaumont and the glaciers through which it feeds the Gallery. After pitching camp the pink glow of Elie in the sunset and the occasional roar of an avalanche rounded off the evening with a pleasant thrill of excitement.

The climb down from Totara saddle was steep and slow over loose, slippery slabs of rock, and reaching the river was a great relief to aching knees. Climbing Gallery saddle involved scrambling over a mixture of loose rock and ice with water roaring through underneath and then a climb up a snow couloir followed by a steep climb up loose rock. Another pitch through snow led us to the saddle. From there we dropped down to a snow basin marked by long but narrow slots. Ron, Rick and Geoff blasted away at that non-stop for about an hour while I looked at possible routes down to the Whataroa. Not liking the looks of the icefall Paul Clark and Co. had come up we followed a couloir to the left until it became too steep. We crossed a small rock range to another couloir which lead us to face of good rock with an easy track, apparently a water course leading down to another ridge. With speedsters Erica and Ron leading we continued down and arrived at the river without having needed ice screws, ropes or even crampons.

The main problem the next day was crossing the Whataroa. Eventually we found a route which involved boulder hopping and some rock climbing in the middle of the river. After hauling our packs across by rope we finally arrived on the other side 4 hours after first trying to cross.

The trip down to Whataroa started with a bush bash which gradually improved until we were working along good Tauherenikau Valley type tracks.

At Butler hut we had another easy couple of days cooking dampers, and doing a short trip up the Butler to the north and south junction in pouring rain – only our second rain day on the whole trip. The weather clearing again, the trip out was easy going through superb bush until we emerged once again to the strangely unfamiliar roar of cars on Whataroa bridge.

John Black

Erica Law
Ron Muir

Geoff Henderson
Rick Bayliss
John Black
SEARCH AND RESCUE EXERCISE

After being transported by Her Majesty's Armed Forces transporters we even managed to make Renata Hut on Friday night without getting lost. The exercise was organised by the Hutt Valley Tramping Club in conjunction with Bill Bridge and the Fuzz. Teams were entered from the Hutt Valley, Catholic and Tararua Tramping Clubs, as well as 1 VUWTC team. The fuzz organised the location of the crashed glider and the 2 survivors. They were in contact with the survivors on a separate radio frequency as well as being able to listen in to the search channel traffic.

On Saturday morning each team was allocated a search area somewhere in the Waitararu, given a radio and ached times and told to buggar off. The weather was warm and clear.

WHAT DID WE LEARN?

(a) That covering an area on a general search is difficult, very slow and impossible to cover all allocated territory. Hence, conducting a search in a place covering say, the whole of the Southern Tararua is incredibly complex.
(b) If you’re lost, don’t expect to be found immediately – there’s a hellava lot of ground even in 1 large rivers watershed. Remember that all main ridges and valleys are checked. Usually, teams are being ferried up and down river valleys so that these are the places to get to.
(c) How to use radio transmitters/receivers.
(d) Leatherwood isn’t lovely.
(e) Search controller has a worse job than any field team and the pressure that he is working under has to be born in mind by field party leaders.
(f) VUWTC should remain in closer contact with other clubs on such matters as Search and Rescue especially since we are the subject of searches. Though I doubt that Search and Rescue would use a team from Vic in a search due to the fluctuating tramping standards inevitable in a club such as ours, I think a hard core of good trampers should be prepared to offer themselves in the case of a search. Teams should also be entered in any Search and Rescue exercises that are conducted.
(g) In the case of a search involving a club trip or member, contact the Chief Guide ONLY. Don’t get lost when you go tramping.

L.D.
The weather looked far from hopeful and had anyone suggested that a weekend spent in Wellington might be a good idea I'd have been ready to agree. However, no-one made that suggestion so the first rule is - if you want to be on a trip that is sure to leave pick your trip leader carefully. Friday night had its dramatic moments. I ever wondered what happens when 2 cars meet on a narrow part of the road leading into Walls Whare? Well the answer is the one on the outside goes over the bank. Our taxi did just that and we got out and lifted and pushed and it was soon as it should be with all four wheels back on the road. We expected an astronomical taxi fare after that but it wasn't. Walls Whare was fairly empty when we arrived so we made ourselves comfortable. Then another party arrived and it became more crowded and then finally there was a knock on the door and a voice asked if there was room in the hut for another 20. There wasn't.

A short while later when everyone was just about asleep, there was loud knocking on the door and a voice crying that a girl had got washed away crossing the river and was now trapped on a log in the middle. Everyone was immediately wide awake and people rushed off including one member of our trip who effected a rescue. The night passed without further incident and in the morning our party of four acquired a fifth member, Nicky, who was the only one of the three who had attempted the river crossing the night before and whose pack was still intact and dry. We set off at a respectable hour on a beautifully fine day. "At last" I thought "my first trip into the Tararua's that isn't going to be wet." Progress was leisurely and uneventful and a pleasant scramble up Clem Creek and along the ridge was rewarded at about 3 o'clock by the view from the top of Mt. Reeves.

It became apparent about this time that water was going to be in rather short supply. The previous two or three weeks had been fine and little tarns along the top of the ridge had dried up. Drinks of various sorts became the chief topic of conversation. After Mt. Reeves it was along the track to Mt. Tauherenikau - no track this time although the going was open and easy. Water for breakfast and tea became important at this stage as it was apparent that the supply of water in water bottles wasn't going to be sufficient for two meals. Finally we found two muddy little tarns and decided that it would be as good a place as any to camp. We shared our campsite with 2 huge spiders which were killed - not by me and I spent some of the night wondering if they were the only two around.

A hasty breakfast the next morning and off again. A short while later we were on Mt. Tauherenikau and then came the tricky part. We wanted to go down the main ridge from Mt. Tauherenikau and come out at Smith's Creek shelter. A long morning and half the afternoon was spent with maps and compasses and the more energetic Erica and Kevin climbing trees. Navigation tended to become a matter of deciding where you thought the spur went and trying hard to talk someone else around to your view point.
With the exception of one miscalculation, navigation was accurate until mid afternoon when it became apparent that progress was going to be a lot faster if we were to be at Kaitoke by dark or shortly after. The inevitable then happened and we strayed off the spur, finally reaching the river at about five o'clock about 200 yards from where we wanted to come out. Also at this time water became plentiful once more. Not only did we have a whole river full of it, it was coming from the sky as well. I still hadn't spent a completely fine weekend in the Tararua. From then on it became a race between us and darkness to see if we could reach the road while it was still light. We lost and hitching in the dark, cold, wind and rain was an idea that grew less attractive by the minute so a phone call from the house at the end of the road got us a taxi to the station and so the trip ended in comfort.

M.B.

Trip was:  Erica Law
          Kevin Helm
          Phillip Tree
          Nicky
          Marilyn Bramley
"Who would true valour see,
Working in a brewery?"  (J. Black 1973)

Actually no one felt particularly brave when on Saturday night they found themselves rudely deposited on a cold and wet Lake Rotoiti foreshore. Nevertheless the 11 official members of the Medium party stumbled around the lake edge in the dark and eventually assembled at Lakeside Hut whose spaciousness readily lent itself to the evenings activities included in which were spilling all the stew over Oliver, listening with contempt to stale jokes from the Pitees, pretending there was more food than there was, and bloody infighting for pit space (the latter two to be continuing themes throughout the week). It was all too much for some who retreated to refuge under canvas for the night where wounds could be licked in peace and washed in the rain.

On Sunday morning it was thought proper to allow the Pitees to depart first. Even so, fortified as we were by a macaroni cheese breakfast (or to be more accurate, driven out by the nauseating stench from the cheese) we were ready to hit the trail by half past nine. Actually there wasn't really a trail at first as the swollen Travers River had covered some of it. At this stage of the trip we were joined by Rod the piker who decided to defect from the Pitees (he may have been expelled but we can't be sure). Rod went on to ensure himself a permanent place in the annals of the club's history by piking from and rejoining the Mediums no less than three times in the short course of the week. Anyway notwithstanding this unexpected handicap we moved on up the Travers Valley, fully able to appreciate its quiet beauty despite the mist and drizzle. Unfortunately the weather got worse and Hopeless Creek seemed an appropriate place to consume a hasty liquid lunch. By mid afternoon we reached John Tait. He wasn't there but his hut seemed to be quite comfortable. The leaders pretended to be enthusiastic about moving on up the valley but knowing full well which side their Tarama biscuits were buttered on voted with the majority when it came to the crunch (Ugh). So we stayed. Someone's crockery failed to find its mark: in fact it found no mark: no one was more dumbfounded than Mark so it got no marks. The night was passed in glorious song. The repertoire was extensive but fortunately no one on the top bunk was tactless enough to try "Smoke gets in your eyes". It was at John Tait that the party was to be joined by a thirteenth member. He arrived about eight o'clock that evening as we were drinking our custard. Dressed always in light coloured clothing and wearing unusual headgear he was a quiet and unassuming sort of person but his pervasive personality was to have a profound effect on everyone, particularly after dark. The leaders attribute to his presence a seventy-three percent reduction throughout the rest of the tramp in the number of late night bogs and billy washings.
Monday morning: "But look the morn in russet mantle clad
Walks o'er the dew on yon high eastern hill."

Bullshit. It's raining again and yon hills are covered in mist.
Still we got away to another respectable start in readiness for the
long and technically demanding ascent to Upper Travers Hut. By
midday we were there in the snow at last. It all proved to be
too much of a shock for most people's systems, and a rest afternoon
was called for and freely granted.

Eventually explorers returned, tea was served and devoured in
record time, and some turned to ponder over word games. Others,
less academically inclined grovelled on the floor for pieces of
chocolate. It was a pitiful sight - human beings reduced to mere
trampers.

Tuesday was to be the day of the crossing over into the
Sabine Valley, so it was not surprising that it was snowing as
we set out, climbing up to the saddle, confidently expecting to be
forced to return to the comfort of the hut at any time. Occasion-
ally as we plodded on up the clag would partially clear revealing
quite spectacular views at the St. Arnaud Range. Those with
nothing better to say made fabulous poetic allusions (no doubt
recalled from school days): "...that vast sky neighbouring
mountain of milk snow:
Winding so high that as they mount they pass
Long flocks of travelling birds dead in the snow
By the air, and scarce can they themselves
Slake their parched throats with sugared mulberries -
In single file they move, and stop their breath,
For fear they should dislodge the o'er hanging snows--"

In fact the snows weren't o'er hanging - just cold, deep and
extremely soft. Accordingly, Frank and Olly were appointed
deep-sounders, but were to prove unequal to the task and were
often just two bogged down to be of any use! So we waddled over
the saddle, and descended from the pristine slopes in misty rain
and worsening sleet, down into the gorgeous East Branch of the
Sabine River, eventually arriving at the West Sabine Hut.

On Wednesday the tireless thirteen raced three non-pikers
from the Pitees up to Blue Lake. Everyone was really rapt about
this part of the park. In the afternoon most scrambled over the
snow-covered moraine to have a look at Lake Constance. Unfortunate-
ly the mist obscured about 96 per cent of it, but to make the trip
worthwhile we all assured ourselves of the probability of its
magnificence being unparalleled. Wednesday night was extremely
cold, and the singing proportionately lusty. Despite the
temperature Rod laid his inhibitions bare and down trod all
night (he said he was only cold between the down and the trou).

Thoroughly disgusted we headed off next morning for Lake
Rotoroa via the Sabine Valley, which most of us found even more
beautiful than the Travers. Six lagging behind acquired a
sudden taste for aquatic sports when a sharp-eyed wandering Blues
Singer spotted something in a quiet side stream. There basking
lazily in the sunny waters was two and a half pounds of real live
FOOD — the ideal supplement to what had proved to be a restricted diet. Olly saw it, Frank poked at it, Ken sat on it, and Rod finally landed it. Jane and John just stood on the bank and laughed. But everybody enjoyed it when it was finally cooked. After much running to and fro through the bush a suitable (?) campsite was found and Thursday night was spent on the cold, cold ground. Pits were warm however; too warm for some who after breakfast in bed were unable to stir themselves until half-one, about three hours after everyone else had taken off for Speargrass Hut. A slight miscalculation about travelling times meant that the lazy four spent two and a half hours of Friday night beating about the bush feeling ridiculous. Fortunately for them they reached Speargrass before the last of the stew had been consumed. With fifteen in the 6 man hut conditions were a little cramped, an incentive for some to make an early start in the morning for St. Arnaud. The great pie and milkshake stampede had begun. The walk down Speargrass Creek and through the beech forest where the morning sun dazzled through the leaves, warming the spongy bracken underfoot was soothing and invigorating: an ideal end to a week’s tramping.

Thanks: to everyone for fitting in so well — apart from that hectic night at Upper Travers there was never a cross word to the leaders for getting the true blue crew through. and especially to the Airman whose influence on this trip has ensured that our nights in the bush will never again be the same.

Ken Taylor
SOUTH RIDGE OF GRAVE

With a "high" due over Fiordland the four of us sorted four days gear, packed, rejected, and then repacked various sizes and shapes of pitons and jam nuts, being altogether unsure what was necessary on the six miles of the South Ridge of Grave.

Sometime about daybreak we tossed packs out of the cars, took a last longing look at the silent Milford Hotel and began heading up to Barren Peak, the start of the climb. Reaching Barren was made easier by the fact that Con and Barry had climbed it a few weeks earlier in order to become familiar with the area. They led us straight to the bluff that is climbed by climbing a tree and then stepping across onto the rock, the same technique in the same place by Dr. Lindsay Stewart on the first ascent of Barren many years ago. He was also the only other person to seriously attempt the South Ridge of Grave, but bad weather had forced a retreat.

Barron Col was reached late in the morning and here the persistent cloud coming over from the south had us worried that we may have beaten the anti-cyclone. And once on the ridge there were two ways only forward or back. We decided, after considerable debating, to push on and see what Huey had lined up. The first little step of 20 feet out of the Col gave me cramp in the most unbelievable of places, and I was very thankful to have Dick giving me a top rope.

Hereafter for a few hours it was just easy scrambling over and around and between big hunks of Darran granadiorite. We stopped about mid afternoon because we had found a reasonable bivvy spot and the sky was now looking decidedly ugly. However as night approached stars began appearing and at 3.30 a.m., in the light of a full moon, I was woken to be given a hot brew.

"I couldn't sleep too well" came the explanation from Conway.

As we shouldered packs and witnessed the first glows of red and oranges in the sky radiating from behind the Central Darrens someone hesitantly remarked,

"Red sky in the morning.......shepherd's delight?"

Progress was straightforward for a couple of hours until we reached the base of what we called the "2nd Nick". Here paraphernalia was donned and Barry led up a vertical pitch, then traversed under an overhang to a belay point. Packs and the rest of us followed on a top rope. If you don't believe pack hauling is hard work, ask Conway sometime. The next couple of hours was climbing as only the Darrens can provide. Steep exposed rock with plenty of scope for jam nuts. No need to abuse the mountain by driving in pitons. Lunch above this and a comment,

"Two hours and we'll be on the top."

But the mountain still had a few surprises in store for us. Aerial photographs and recce trips from the summits of Grave and
1972 N.Z. Patagonian Expedition indulging in a favorite VUWTC pastime - resting. VUWTC members are Geoff Spearpoint (crouching), Tom Clarkson (pit), and Dave the boy Bamford (camera).

The brave Pursuers sickseed in hefting the Horrible Heffalump before huffing home. (Robert Ridge, see page 18.)
"Walking on water is nothing, but feeding Varsity trampers on half-a-dozen loaves and assorted fishes is a damned sight more difficult."
Barren Turner's Pass and Turner's Bivvy had failed to reveal a
dogleg in the ridge, consisting of continuous rotten gendarmes.
This was nerve wracking, hard work.

By late afternoon spirits were low and speaking for myself,
energy was a hell of a lot lower. A brew and half a bottle of
honey perched on a narrow ledge above the Grave glacier, and my
pack lighter by a rope and some food, did wonders.

I remember thinking aloud;
"The old bitch is putting up a hell of a struggle to
keep her virginity."

"All the better when she finally goes under," came the reply
from a grinning Conway.

Sunset over the Tasman Sea saw Barry leading the last of the
obstacles; a snout of rock. A top rope for the rest of us to
save time and easy scrambling for a while brought us to a level
patch of snow by 10.00 p.m. A ghostly moon rising above Te
Wera aided us in anchoring the two bivvy tents with pitons, nuts,
icescrews and axes, Dick's persistance with the "Bluets" was
paid off when some time, way past the hour of the wolf, he served
a stew to remember.

Rain fell during the night, not surprisingly, as we had had
one good day, so it wasn't until the gentlemanly hour of 7.00 a.m.
that we started plugging steps along the final narrow winding
snow ridge. One hour later, handshakes on the summit. This
was the 5th party to stand on her summit, and for Conway and
myself, our 2nd ascent in little over a week.

Our cairns of the previous trip were a "God-send" as we had
to descend both buttresses or the west ridge in mist. No
problems were encountered but when standing on the summit of
Mitisea a few hours later, and the mist parted, Dick and Barry
turned some unusual shades of white, when they saw the exposure
of the buttresses they had just descended.

Whilst sitting on Mitisea absorbing the warmth of the emerging
sun, lethargy set in. Out came wet sleeping bags and the last
of the biscuits and chocolate. What the hell! We knew we had
a food dump only an hour below us at our old bivvy site, and now
was a time for living it up. Elation was running high.

A sunset that night to equal that seen earlier, convinced me
that the Harrison, in spite of its reputation, must be one of the
greatest regions I have visited. Long will the memories of
fading shafts of light on Pembroke's snow field, of darkness
slowly climbing out of the valley to encompass us and of the
comradeship remain within me.

A fairly quick trip down the valley, another struggle through
the last of the bush, constantly telling myself "Don't fight it",
and Harrison Cove suddenly was there in front of us.
"That's it boys" from someone. Later on the fishermen anchored out in the Cove sent over a small rowing boat. As we stepped onto their fishing boats, double size cans of beer were thrust into our hands, and we were greeted with "Merry Christmas chaps".

We watched the South ridge of Grave slip by as we travelled in style back down Milford Sound. Dick commented

"Four days to get there, and fifteen minutes to get back." We could only laugh. The prospects of bad weather were welcomed, as it meant back to Dunedin for Christmas, and we felt like a rest.

Barry Scott, Conway Powell, Dick Price and Kevin Helm.

Defamatory Digs.

There was a young maid called Marion
Who was not quite yet an old harriion.
When in a mess
She'd cry in distress
Now ain't this a terrible carry-on?

A Nickletit I knew with long hair
Had a beard that grew up to his ear.
When told, "You're a disgrace
To the whole human race.
He'd say, "What's that? - can't hear."
I'LL BUY YOU A CHOCOLATE FISH IF....

This narrative concerns that massive expedition of 30 led into the "wilds" of Nelson Lakes by Mr. Lauchlan G. Duff, C.G., and in particular the 6 dreamers under his direct charge who called themselves 'the fitties'. Well if after qualifying involves leaving every morning after 9.00 a.m. and tramping 5½ hours on the average each day, then we qualified.

The trip began with our leader foolishly offering a chocolate fish to the first person to spot snow.

First night was spent at Lakehead sharing the hut with the 12 medium party members. After the evening meal, singing became the order of the night and "No more double bunking" was later proven to have much significance when the 19 of us tried to pit down for the night in the 6 bunk hut.

Sunday morning the 7 of us got away to an 'early' start - was it 9.15 a.m.? Up to John Tait and then the climb to Cupola Basin during which L.D. was heard to offer a chocolate fish to anyone who could sing the whole way to the hut. Fortunately the climb proved steep enough to quieten John S' efforts to earn this reward.

A very 'tidy' hut as our leader put it encouraged us to stay 2 nights in this cozy shelter. So the next day we scrambled around on Cupola before various aches and pains and other disabilities induced us to return to the warmth of the hut.

Tuesday, with weather clouding in saw plans for climbing Hopeless abandoned and after some effort to get our Leader to fulfill his promise to "cook breaky in the morning if you (Trev) do the custard and pudding tonight" we at last got away back down to John Tait up the Travers and over the saddle into the East Sabine in the footsteps of the mediums, thence down to Sabine Forks Hut, which to our great surprise and delight was not crawling with mediums, so that for the first time on the trip one had a bunk to oneself.

Tea at 9.00 a.m., pudding at 11.00 p.m., brew at midnight L.D. discovered a very pleasant expression to use and the one lady member of the party, tho' guess the others might dispute that there were any ladies on the trip - increased her vocabulary when the meaning of 'k'n oath was explained to her.

Wednesday and Trev and I the young lady rose bright at 8.30 a.m. to cook blue pog and green apples for breaky. Mind you more effort and ingenuity was required to cook this particular breaky than any other for we decided it was desirable that the others should not see their breaky before they were required to force the blue and green mixture down their gullets. John P somehow missed his throat and provided sustenance for Rod's pack instead.
After breaky the 2 culprits (Trev and I) and their leader escaped the hut and made their way to Blue Lake encountering the medium party on their way. The trip was a little fast for taking in the beautiful scenery of the Upper Sabine properly but after 1½ hours lunch in Blue Lake a leisurely stroll back down to Forks Hut (not so leisurely for the young lady when she was left behind by the gentleman) enabled a much greater appreciation of the area to be enjoyed.

Next day the other 4 were planning to get away early down to Lake Rotoroa but Lauchie, Trev and I took it more leisurely finally getting going about 11.30 a.m. A gentle stroll took us down to some flats just above the lake where our party camped out or in tents and flies with the medium party.

The second to last day was brilliantly clear but a biting wind again foiled our pre 9.00 a.m. start. I don't recommend the 3,000 ft grind up to Cedric as the most desirable way to start the day, but it resulted in offers of chocolate fish all round. Once on the tops it was a snow plod (weary for some) round to Angelus Basin by mid afternoon.

Our fears of starving on virtually no tea on this our last night were quickly dispelled when pog, fresh veges, butter, marmite, dehy meat and veg, curry powder, instant pudding etc.etc. were discovered in the hut.

Bowls was played on the frozen lake by some of the keener members on the last day. A very pleasant scenic plod along Robert Ridge finally saw the party in sight of St. Arnaud where we met the bus together with the rest of the 30. The St. Arnaud store was kept very busy as the various parties arrived out of the hills. Unfortunately it ran out of chocolate fish and our party had to make do with half a one each. 5.00 p.m. saw most of us happily settled in the Terminus Hotel with our greasies and beer while awaiting the 6.40 p.m. ferry to Wellington after a real grouse trip for all.

Postscript
Trip reunion was held the next day at 68 Northland Road, a major feature was eating pancakes and other goodies – hardly surprising after our week in the hills.

Lauchie Duff
Trevor Read
John Pilpott
Rod Henderson

John Sullivan
Steven Williams
Erica Law

40
KEVIN KENNEDY

On the night of Sunday the 27th of May, 1973, Kelvin Kennedy lost his life while attempting to cross the Otaki River. To those who knew him well, Kelvin will be remembered for his quiet nature and enthusiastic participation in club activities. He was a keen and active tramper, and went on many a trip with VUWTC.

"It was a friendly and a private place
Where a moss-grown track beside the stream
Led to a clearing in the birches. The face
Of the dark hill above was darkling green.

And in the morning came the sound of the axe
Or the bush-buried shot at mountain deer;
The river talked to the stones and swamp-
Smothered flax
And the hut smoke rose clear.

That was a good place to be camping in."

Denis Glover.

In essence, much of this applies to Kelvin. For in tramping he found a tranquility and awareness which he applied to his whole life. We, in the tramping club, who knew Kelvin, have lost a valued friend. He will not be easily forgotten.
SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD

ACROSS
1. Double bunking
10. S.R.A.
11. Pe
12. Eve
14. Mouth
16. Stewed
19. Princ
20. Kolston
21. Andy
23. R.G.
25. Nick
28. Any
29. P.A.
30. O.T.
32. Erica
34. Pear
36. Mark
37. Eta
38. I
39. em
40. Ate
41. E.G.
42. Annual
44. Bonk
45. S.K.
46. by
47. TS
49. OL
50. elk
53. Hyaen
55. rag
56. armee
58. A
59. or
60. heroic
62. Keys
64. lite
66. piker
67. Kernal

DOWN
1. Duffer
3. Usmic
4. Bron
5. Lauchie
6. up
7. Neill
8. instant
9. oven
12. ew
13. Ed
15. HK
17. Tony
18. end
22. Marilyn
24. goat
26. cremo
27. kit
29. P.A.
31. Tree
33. Carkeek
34. Fenny
35. emu
36. ma
38. I
42. AK
43. abort
44. Black
47. Trev
48. S.A.R.
51. Leek
54. soil
58. ASR
61. II
63. ye
64. La
65. el
66. UP

20. K.H.
52. K.S.
66. pog
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