EDITORIAL

A continuing source of annoyance to me, and one which I would think is shared by other trampers, is the way in which the non-tramping public often has stereotyped, erroneous and almost invariably patronising images of those who go to the hills to tramp or climb. These misconceptions can generally be divided into two main types; the trumper as the Merry Masochist, and the trumper as the Bush Boor.

The Merry Masochist (an image fortunately less popular now than it once was) is supposedly, the ‘hail-fellow-well-met’ sort of chap, hearty and easy-going, who lopes manfully over hills and vales at phenomenal speeds singing endless, raucous choruses of ‘Hearts of Oak’ and ‘The Yeomen of England’, purring only atop prominent peaks to boil up his battered but trusty billy.

The Bush Boor, on the other hand, is introverted, often surly, speaks in monosyllables, leaves the city in the weekends purely for the pleasure of wallowing in filth like the disgusting pig that he is, and occasionally manifests a peculiar kind of insanity which inspires him to rise up from his squallor and conquer overhanging mountain-faces.

Ever wondered, when hitching home along a busy Wairarapa highway on a Sunday evening after a hard weekend’s pit-bashing, at the reluctance of many drivers to give lifts? The reason is simple. Bush Boors make extremely unpleasant company (dirty the imitation-leather upholstery etc.) and Merry Masochists aren’t supposed to want to ride in cars anyway.

Both stereotypes are patently false. Such people may exist but they are rare, thank God. Instead, I think that the contributions to this magazine evidence the trumper as a completely different sort of person.

As I read through them, and those of previous years, I was struck by the sensitivity, humour and genuineness which characterise these writings. I realize that this might sound a little precious or trite, but I think it nonetheless true that, rather than 20th Century Cavemen or ‘Happy Wanderers’, trampers are people who respond to their natural world in a particularly intense and personal way.

Pedants might point to crudeness of style or liberties taken in language usage. Well, they know what they can do with their red felt pens .......but I digress. Anyway, these things are really irrelevant. If the articles, poems etc. in Heels raise memories of good times for some club members or just make for enjoyable reading for others, and at the same time convey in a general way something of the appeal of the tramping experience then this magazine has justified its existence.

Unfortunately, greatly increased production costs this year mean that the continuation of Heels, at least in this form, will have to be considered carefully. It would, however, be a painful loss if Heels were to be amputated, for it provides an ideal opportunity for club members to express their feelings for the outdoors, to recall and share trip experiences, and perhaps, along the way, dispel a few unkind myths.

(As a minor Scottish poet, unfortunately seldom quoted these days, was wont to say:

"Throw awa' your books laddies an' come wi' me,
Leave the crumblin' walls o' th' dull varsity,
In her clo'itin' halls you'll end up losers,
Sae hand me ma pack an' ma trampin' troosers")

Ken Taylor

Acknowledgements: My thanks to everyone who helped put 'Heels' '74 together, and especially to Marilyn, Bill T., Rod, Frank, and Trev.

1
Hi Brothers,

As most of you will know already the position of chairman has been recaptured by the stronger sex. Hopefully this is an indication of the dominance which we again have in the club.

This year has seen an increase in the number of active (also inactive) members of the club. Fewer trips have run, probably due to the change in emphasis in the club from fit to medium or easy trips.

Highlights of the year have been the highly successful May Meet organised by Ken Sullivan and the AIC run by Wharry Keys. I would like to take this opportunity to thank Mr Sullivan whose catering and cooking at the Meet was really tremendous, especially considering the lack of cooking facilities and the voracious appetites of all present. Without his assistance the work of organising the meet would have been doubled.

The AIC was highly successful with increased attendance (about sixty people attended, of which about 20 were instructors) and an increased length (from two days to four days). It was unfortunate that the bushcraft failed to gain any support. This is a matter which will have to be looked at closely at the beginning of next year.

Expeditions to N.W. Nelson at Easter and to Nelson Lakes in August each attracted about 30 people and proved very popular. As was the case last year, the longer trips served to get a large number of people active in the club.

Other successful trips this year included the Queen’s Birthday trip to Tongariro National Park, the Freshers trip and the 1974 UWTC Expedition which climbed the East Face of Mount Colonial. A number of smaller trips into the Tararuas, also ran.

The safety record of the club this year has been good with no serious injuries or overdue parties. This should not encourage complacency however, as it is partly because very few F.E. trips ran and also because more experienced people were active in the club this year, neither of which will probably be true next year with several of the more experienced club members ceasing active participation at the end of this year and with the increasing number of people keen to do fit trips.

I would like to thank all who helped in the running of the club this year, especially those who did the more routine work such as looking after the correspondence, money, gear and brewing up at meetings.

Rod Gilman

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Club Officers 1974

Chairman - Rod Gilman  Committee - Marion Bamford
Vice-Chairman - Trev Read  Olly Druce
Secretary - Marilyn Bramley  Mark Hinton
Treasurer - Andy Wright  Erica Law
Chief Guide - Wharry Keys  Nick Logan

Ken Taylor
Janet Williams
The relief in leaving the wet, frozen cave was tremendous. The star dotted canopy and the faintly glistening ice crystals of the frozen snow offered the opportunity of exhilaration. What a day we promised. Stopping to adjust clothing, the pack, a slow gaze around the dark snow peaked horizon and it's away across the col to the base of the climb. The crunch of crampons on the solid crust sends shivers of expectation tingling.

Steadily the mountain features more and more in our view and we have to look higher to see the top. The avalanche scarred slope entices with the prospect of perfect snow. Under the shadow of the rocks the climb begins. Upwards across the snow following a line protected by the rocks we climb. Nothing is said, nothing is heard save the rhythm of human exertion. The sweat begins to form, to cool in the pre-dawn chill. The sky gets lighter and distant peaks begin to burn golden in the morning's fire, but under the rocks the shadows linger.

The climbing is fantastic, increasingly steep, but on frozen snow it exhilarates. Kick, kick and shift the pick, and again, and again, and again in easy natural sequence. Climbing on form you fly up the slope. In the vast panorama that surrounds you, insignificant on a mountainside, the reality of solitude brings the experience of self-realisation that we all strive for in our elusive realities.

The rock ends and the slope is cut by a slot. We work our way out towards the middle, looking for a crossing which presents itself. Several swings with the axe give access to the upper slope and the avalanche debris is below us. Above, the tops of the peaks on the plateau are in the sun, the day grows. The slope in virginal purity, stretches up and away to the ridge that gives access to the summit. The way is straight up, perfect front pointing, up and up, the calves begin to mutter, up and the top is just above, up and we're there, in the sun. North is Aspiring, east Earnslaw, south Tutoko, all glowing in towering isolation above their lesser counterparts.

A rest, a drink, photos and we're away again, sidling round to the foot of a gully that runs to the top. Put on the rope, search out a good belay and it's into the gully. The pack is left behind and we climb, uneasy on the verglass that cracks and tumbles below. Place a nut and the last pitch up to the summit passes.

Life is placid, sitting on the top in the early morning watching the mountains that are our world. Away west is the ocean while below us is the cracked basin of the plateau. The snowcave is visible but insignificant. Slowly the morning shadows fade and there's no time left to linger for the urge to climb is upon us and the day has just begun.

K.S.
Enthusiasm was noticeably low at Kaitoke. Four slackers locked themselves inside their car and refused to move at all. Later at Smith's Creek Shelter, several voices (it could have been the same four) supported a motion to stop for the night. So we did - all but Trev, last seen heading towards Tutuwai in a cloud of dust. Back at the Shelter, we were wafted gently to sleep on the strains of an old Scottish lullaby.

Saturday morning, perfect weather; still time to do a Neill Winchcombe. A marked reluctance to move from pit rather decreased our chances though. But the energetic arrival of Trev had a dramatic effect, and all nine of us were soon ambling up the Tauherenikau. The weather was unreal, the river seemed transfigured, and we lingered... by the time we reached Cone Flats there seemed little chance of the whole party completing the trip. Deeming it sacrilege to rush on such a day, five of us decided to stay in the Tauherenikau. The other four (three of whom were to do the Neill-Winchcombe and back over the Southern) marched off up Block XIX. We didn't envy them.

We made a beaut little camp ten minutes below Cone on a grassy island in the riverbed. John, Jane, and Marilyn went for a walk up to Bull Mound, where the view was superb, and returned via the Omega Track. Homecoming at dusk, they found that Rod and Ken had created a gourmet stew in their absence. The groundmist was rising as we sat around the last of the fire.

Sunday was again perfect - but we slept in until 10 a.m. with no trouble. By early afternoon Ken had left for Kaitoke, and the rest of us followed slowly down the golden flats, wading through the ragwort and the sunshine, playing in the autumn drifts of fluffy daisy seeds. Much later we meandered down the Puffer to rejoin Ken, pacing the carpark impatiently, and the three who had done the full trip. We still didn't envy them.

The five were: Jane Forsyth, Marilyn Bramley, Ken Taylor, Rod Gilman, John Black.

The three were: Trev Read, Stephen Williams, Ash Morton.

and the ninth was Philip J. Tree, Jane

Full Moon on Cone Ridge

Thin and feathery moonflow mists
That wafted lightly earlier,
Had melted to the night;
And scattered leafy thatch
Of windcut gnarling beeches stayed,
To paint their charcoal shadows
Deep amongst the mosses.

G.S.
They said it couldn’t be done, but we did it. I admit it was hard, damned hard, but that’s why we do it. That compulsion, innate and animal that forces the intrepid few, the minute handful of an affluent society, to do battle with the unrelenting, overwhelming forces of nature in the depths of a frozen winter that had already claimed the lives of many, must be satisfied. Yes, the rumours you heard were true, I must confess, we piked at Holds worth Lodge!!

It was hellish, we’d been ambushed by a pub full of liquor at a small outpost called Featherston and for several hours the party had battled desperately, armed only with half a dozen jugs, assorted spirits and a handful of darts. Finally we broke out and retreated to the van. However it had been a costly fight and only one of the party was fit to drive. Because of the high casualties and probing attacks by General Rughey, who seemed determined to thwart us, the objective of Blue Range and Cow Creek was modified to Sayers Hut and Holdsworth Lodge. C’est la guerre.

We arrived safely and barricaded ourselves into a corner to fend off incursions by sundry Tongue and Meats. But the real threat lay within. ‘Tis true, we had a traitor in our midst. I first suspected when my pillow mysteriously disappeared. My suspicions were confirmed by a savage attack upon my person by that master agent and human impersonator Major ‘Ash’ Morton K.C.B. and bar, and his cohort Bill-calle- me-Philby-Foster. Order was restored with the judicious use of force and peace prevailed until day broke and fresh trouble brewed. Initially it was the tea, but when the party saw the state of the weather I knew trouble wasn’t far away.

"It’s madness!" muttered a mutinous Mitchell, "Suicidally stupid" screamed a subversive Suffolk, "Amoebic alliteration" mumbled Marilyn, "Balls" yawned Olly and went back to sleep.

However the crisis passed and mutineers succumbed when faced with a walk to the main road. ‘To err is human, to forgive divine’, and so we all piled into the van and without further ado drove to Mangatangoka to be greeted by a swollen stream which fell to a frontal assault. After that it was all hard work and has been told before. Who will forget the hellish struggle up the ridge, pathetically pitting our strength against the sea of mud and the clinging, tangled mass of sodden scrub. And then it was into the trees and up to the snow with the biting cold, the cutting wind and a new assault by Morton. Cunningly disguised as a tramp he insinuated his way into our midst and then deep in the snow covered forest he struck. Olly saw the snow ball coming and screamed out a warning. Everyone scattered for cover. Olly was hit, it was not a pretty sight. We fought back inch by agonising inch up that hill, hindered by heavy packs and deep snow. But at last he was cornered, we all moved in for the coup de grace and the battle was over. After the noise of combat the silence was crushing.

And so it went on, like this article, until at last we reached our frail refuge, Sayers, where we dug ourselves in and laid siege to the fireplace. Many hours passed in the playing of cards, imbibing of medicinal alcohol and other strenuous activities. After the usual frugal, 3 course double helping meal the evening passed in idle speculation upon politics, abortion, the ubiquitous class struggle and unionism. Such are the joys of tramping with intellectuals. The next day saw little change in the weather and so the party prepared for a tactical withdrawal, back
to the van which was executed without further mishap. Again it was an epic struggle against which Homer fades. Who could understand what it was really like if they have never experienced it? And so ended another typical weekend in the lives of that small group of ordinary people whom you might pass in the street without ever knowing what they risk in their weekends. If you were to ask them why they do it they would probably just smile philosophically and perhaps quietly reply:

"The fault is not in ourselves, dear Brutus.
But in our stars."

The paradox remains, such is the complexity of human nature.

Author Anonymous.

Condensed and reprinted for the Readers Digest from "The Hard Men"
(Methven and Blackpool, Otaki, 1974.)
($NZ1.10, or 2 Jugs and a Paua Fritter)

Not for sale in the U.S.A. or Canada.

Editors Note: it is believed that this hard man is none other than Kenneth "Tin Gut" Sullivan, perhaps better known as overall winner of the 1974 Tuatapere Memorial Manure Manufacturing Championships (Open).

NOWHERE IN PARTICULAR

Awake in the tent and the smell of sleep lingers on everything. Struggle out of pit and reach for some food, but you know it won't taste as good as the hot tea by the fire last night. Outside, the ground is superficially wet from a heavy autumn dew and spongy damp underneath from light rains. The April winds have lulled for the morning birdsong and where the sun's effervescent energy reaches through the trees to the ground the steam rises with the heady smell of forest litter. The air is cool but with no wind it hangs limp and comfortable like an old jacket that has been moulded by years of use. On the riverbank sparks of blue and red flit from crystal to crystal on the light frost, and beyond, the water chatters to the rocks as it journeys from rapid to rapid and pool to pool in search of an easier passage to the sea. The others are up now, and smoke dances around the glowing twigs of the young fire and is slowly lifted to oblivion by the heat reaching for the tree tops. Life is good and the company good, for another day's journey to nowhere in particular.

John Sullivan

6.
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A CLIMB ON THE EAST RIDGE

Two eyes sneak out of a warm pit on the slopes of a shadowed basin. The East Face of Cook was a vast orange wall. "Hey boy, it's today". The other pit grows a head. "A great place." Action starts with an arm tentatively coming out and starting the burner. Abrew, some fruit. Then out of pits come bodies, boots and more clothes. Harness, rope; "Let's go, Smiler."

First it's soft, crusty snow debris on the fan below the couloir leading to the East Ridge. Hard slog for bodies not quite awake. Next a schrund but with firm, crisp snow. Move together on front points up into the narrowing couloir. Then, little white growling blurs hum past in wild fury. We hug the slope, then hurry up to a little wall in the runnel. Picks in, climb up, swing over and go towards the ridge. Two unfit bodies, wide awake at last, pause in the sun for the feeling of the place and the views on each side.

Gingerly, at first, uncertain of picks and points we belay up soft snow on ice. Easy snow but hard work follows. The icecaps drawing nearer. Wet leads a diagonal traverse from the last snow (You're into it now boy - no more plunging of shafts, no more dreaming on belays). It's my turn. Out, up and past. A rest step, then climb on to the end of the rope. Hack, screw, clip in, rest. "On belay." Wit looks as stuffed as me as he climbs up and rests head down by my belay. We look at little dots moving down from Cinerama Col. And at the bigger dots which are friends just over the icecliff on the Caroline.

Both fully alert to the thrill, we alternate up. Protections start going in for it's not really flat anymore and there's plenty of space below. We aren't climbing slowly but it's a long way. Arms begin to feel a little tired and calves eagerly rest at the belays. Finally we're at the steepest pitch. All systems, picks and points working in rhythm, a fantastic climb.

Then it's snow, fun rock and the summit ridge. Sit down, eat fruit, start talking, laughing, and yelling to the others and going down.


Wharry Keys

Sleeping out on the Tops

I love to lie the nights alone
Sheltered high in tussock knots
To view the valley black below
Drowned in tussock incense.

A cloud of drizzle rising,
Patters fresh the leafy roof above,
And soon I hear the quiet dripping of the forest.
I listen in my wandering thoughts
And catch the single bellbird's note
Softly piped and faintly melancholy
As the rain.

G.S.
THE INFERNAL COMBUSTION ENGINE

(DANTE'S DREAM OR THE QUICKEST WAY TO HELL)

Or how Mother Nature in her boundless wisdom transforms the gravitational energy of falling egg into the kinetic energy of swotting sandflies.

A. PREPARATION

Grease whole system thoroughly in dubbin or castor oil ready for rigours ahead. Place all villi on full alert and call up reservists.

B. FUEL REQUIREMENTS

Most fuels fall into two categories; excessive congealers and excessive lubricators. The detailed classification is left to the reader.

ENTREES

(i) Poêle a la charcoale
   Poêle a la without salt
   Poêle a la tres solide

Always cooked at the crack of dawn. Seldom eaten.

(ii) Ramacini or easy elbows (medium or fit elbows can be difficult to catch)

(iii) Fish Eyes or Frogs' spawn. Also called sago. Don't be lured by the sensuous wobbles. Not to be muddled with glueose.

FIRST COARSE

Super octane fuels such as glueose or chocolate. All dried fruit must be hung, drawn and quartered. Fruit cake should not be consumed within sight of other infernal engines.

MAIN COARSE

- Tasman Vaccine Products
- Textured Vaccine Products
- Textured Vaccine Protein
- Textured Vegetable Protein

Alternatives are Boiling Bacon, T.V.P., or Boiling Bacon. Usually eaten with Dehigh Veges.

DESSERTS

Jelly and apples or any other suitable pieces of leather found hanging from the pack.

C. CAUTIONS

Ice-axes should always be taken spike first. You may often see engines holding plasters, sleek, skin etc. These are for application to the pedal extremities - not for infernal consumption.

D. RUNNING NOTES

1. Do not refuel while the engine is 'running'. It never runs but you know what I mean.
2. Do not expect miracles. Anyway who likes bread?
3. Engine seizures will require considerable effort and strain.
4. Well greased engines may need attention at any time.
5. Enthusiasts eagerly awaiting the arrival of the V4 model are advised to proceed to the nearest cow paddock (see diagram).
6. Do not despair if your model is not operating perfectly. Few do. But any infernal combustion engine will respond well to loving care.

Recommended garages are the James Cook, Beefeater Arms.........
E. OVERHAULS

When use has been made of this amazing machine several points should be made before storing it away.
1. Soak in milkshakes and pies.
2. Clean system thoroughly with greasies and ale.
3. Agitate for three hours in Cook Strait.

Is it not a truly magnificent sight to see this machine on a steep incline, backfiring, swearing, stumbling and stopping? It has been recorded at speeds of up to 4 m.p.h. (although some of these stories are clearly legend) and it is well authenticated that on Jan 5th 1928 J. M. 'Pony Express' Snooks operated at 0.001 Horse Power. Surely a remarkable feat.

---

This must be deceived before teeth will work

Recall Button

Oesausagus

Carburetor (Stumic)

Bovine Oxilliaries
(The V4.)

Duodenims (or his and hers)

Willi

Cacome - for use in digesting Beech Leaves

Traffic Vehicle Police Roadblock - wait 2 days

Appendix - to escape by helicopter trap pips here

Rector-gives lengthy sermons if not well treated (Anal Sphinx lives here)

Exhaust (few models have twin exhausts)

Pistons

Note how Camshaft, Drive Shaft, Axle, Differential, Wheel etc. have become redundant. Only the vestigial Boot remains.

Olly Druce
A Friday night, with truck and many packs and faces all around; with Featherston and beer. And then torches were flashing on the Mangatainoka gravel, leather creaked, and we were pouring on the power up to the fallen logs, fern and bush and Putara. First movement of a powerful concerto.

A rapid re-appraisal of things for me, who had been observing things from the outside, suddenly finding I’m in the thick of it all again. Leatherwood and mist, reliably constant and present like old chaperones. One copes with them without emotion, waiting for the time when they no longer get in the road.

I go each time as though I am opening a Christmas present: sometimes there are many layers of paper to unravel first; and sometimes there is something inside which I didn’t want - but then I like the unpredictable nature of these things.

Entry into Chamberlain Creek was effected via the rear of the premises - over the back fence, so to speak - by swerving left at about East Peak. A ramble-tamble jumping go-down, with shouts and skids and a pinnacle climb for extras. Past the gentians and down. Along with the rain water and loose rocks of the region, our descent followed a natural line into the nearest gully. Moss and waterfall on greasy rock. Swinging down around the leatherwood, with its fading flowers. A crazy fire on grey boulders, with jokes and laughing and the sound of roaring nearby water, we drink tea and sling the bull. Sipping mate in the tiger country.

The country in front of us was suddenly like big stairs, which means waterfalls and decisions to sidle in the leatherwood, and sincere swearing and ripping the daylights out of pack and legs. I think you know what I mean. That was about when we got into the thick stuff, all the side ridges coming in very close and steep around like a big blanket screwed into a big unseen hand; in from the scrub suburbs into Tararua city. Cliff buildings many storeys high. One-way street rivers and intersection-forks with "Cross now" and "Don't Cross" flashing clear across deep strong pools and white water. The sun playing down on the water and boulders alight, strong beams pushing down through the fern to gleam on an underwater log. But these were only glimpses; we had an appointment downstream somewhere, and I for one spent more time in looking where the hell my feet were going to be landing in the next few seconds.

Nipping along undistinguished boulder banks and thrashing through the creek, not getting any warmer either. A golden pack arcs down through twenty-five feet of air to explode a dark pool below, rises briefly on a three foot pedestal of water to subside, rocking gently down the current as its owner and others come hurtling down also. The slam-shock into the water, black and cold, does not diminish with repetition. Dark figures with white faces swim down to the end of the pool, shedding a gallon or so as they stride away again with an urgency borne of the need for warmth. The heart beats fast, we are wide-eyed and fast-breathing like huntsmen. My hands are unfolding from holds as I shiver-traverse a wall to reach the Ruamahanga - a little alarm bell inside goes kang-kang-kang which means "you better get some heat from somewhere fast". So, light a glorious hundred-per-cent hot fire and throw all handy wood into the good cause. Clammy hands clasp around a hot bowl of the steaming sweet stuff and life goes pouring into us again.
Assault Team
East Face,
Mt Colonial.

Approaching the summit
Wharry J. R. Keys shows how.

Peace of mind.
Then into the river again, faster than ever while pools last, but they
soon fade into longer flats; so slummock along in easy strides and sing
a little. We go up to where the lakelet could be, and enter an open
courtyard in the forest to Wade into an incredible still-life scene.
A half-moon of still, dark water reflecting the tall trees around and all
is so quiet and old. An eel provs the lake as we examine an islet, like
visitors to an old woman's garden. I am seized by the sense of
enchantment at this place.
In the evening we go singing along to the forks and the hut where
are friends. Darkness comes down from the trees and it's another
evening spent talking and looking at the fire.
A hungry grey day greets us; away, away again, up through the forest
into the howling mist for a compass-cruise along the ridge; beat a fast
exit down the river, whipped along by a wicked wind.
Now my boots are curled up in a tangle on the porch; they'll wait
while before I take them out for a trot on fast shingle slide again,
but then, maybe not too long awhile........

Peter Radcliffe

DAMN ALL

A thought struck me down the other day, as I was playing in the
bath. All these designers and builders of hydro schemes and bulldozer
playgrounds are probably people who didn't let themselves go in their
"late-youth". And now they're selfishly taking out their frustrations
on Our Fair Land. If they'd had a proper upbringing in, say, the
waterways of the Tarawas - been on a trip or two like the Freshers' 1974,
then they'd have learnt to be one hundred per cent happy with "hand made"
dams. Having introduced myself to this idea I set to and reviewed all the
dams and dambuilders I've had the good fortune to be associated with over
the last few years. And not one of those people had anything to do with
the Tongariro, Clutha or Manapouri schemes. See for yourself.
Freshers Trip 1972: Roaring Stag.

A little side trickle was dammed with high quality mud, sand and
sticks. It would take a long time to fill but with help from Rhino's
and Nick's bladders, we usually made it. The broken dam would release
a boulder-rolling flood of festercous brown water over a nearby cliff, to
the accompaniment of hysterical cackles from the onlookers - almost the
entire party by the end of the session. Around about this time in
Rusapai stream we proved that dam building's unfortunate side issue of
dirtying the water isn't too serious. Mary Atkinson and Ian Jowett will
hopefully back me up when I swear that the water ran clean about a mile
downstream from the site.

December '72 saw an interesting experiment as I corrupted a Chemistry
Department Senior Lecturer into the art. The site was in a meltwater
stream about 30 feet from the edge of the Mt Bird icecap in the Ross
Dependency. The design, a classic layered structure of interleposd rocks
grading down to sand maintained an 18 inch head of water. However such
construction should only be used in more temperate streams, since they
do take a while to build.
The Spring of '73 required an ice-axe for diversions and dams on the
Tasman Glacier. Tourists seem to be a lot harder to influence than
Lecturers. Spring snow saturated with water makes great surface mini-
15.
avalanches as two RNZAF people and I found out. But one does have to
watch out for snow swamps which are waist deep in places.
The summer of '74 was a great summer for dams. Mid January, Arthur's
Pass saw several ex CUTC people create first a pool and then a waterfall.
It wasn't quite as big as the Hooker Falls. A rock throwing and
splashing interchange followed. This often happens.

After training on the warm Coromandel sands with a shovel, I
travelled back to Wellington and was invited to go on the 1974
Atiwhakatu Open - a dam building session to be held in conjunction with
the Fresher's Trip, 1974. I gladly accepted. In highly picturesque
settings I again met and built with such well known craftsmen as; Pedrito
Radcliffe, just returned from an overseas fact-finding tour; Nickeltit
Logan and Trev Read (professional boulder rollers); Markus Hinton and
Dave Bamford (specialists in log jams); and many other tradesmen. That
weekend I learnt a lot about the different porosities of fills, the
slipperiness of algae and the untrustworthiness of most VUWTC people
behind your back.

But just recently some of us discovered the dambuilders' nirvana,
Ketetahi Springs. While the windchill factor was way off scale, we
blissfully bathed and scraped and diverted. Several hours later the sun
got down and the moon came up. And if it hadn't been for that sadistic
southerly, we'd have nothing but happy memories of that place.

Wharry Keys

FORGOTTEN REFLECTIONS

It was quiet, save for the muttering of the river, invisible in the
distant gorge and the lazy buzz of the fly as he circled slowly, clumsily
around the cheese. The scrub whose diminutive green leaves were mottled
with patches of yellow and brown smelled sweet. The sweat still ran down
his face, stinging his eyes as he lay back on his back and watched the
light grey of the overcast sky. Hell, it was hot and humid.

He felt hot and sticky and the dirt and rotting vegetation
that hung in his hair and covered his face irritated. Most of it was
new, fresh from the steep bush bash out of the gorge but much was the
accumulation of twenty-six days without a proper wash. His hair was
lank and greasy, unwashed, and unknown to a comb. The singlet, once
whitish and now dirty yellow, with dark sweat stains, food stains and
holes gained through too hard a life, hung shapeless and loose, so much a
part of him. The boots were no worse, the leather soft from weeks of
wear and river crossings and the laces were frayed and knotted from
repaired breakages. They were heavy. He let his feet relax so the boots
lay sideways on the ground showing the buckled soles coming away from the
uppers and the split stitching. The tattered puttees, roughly tied and
badly torn draped loose ends over the top of the boots and obscured most
of the grey woollen socks whose tops were now stretched, baggy and
shapeless. He saw all this, just as he had seen it hundreds of times in
the recent past and he felt happy. They were all part of him, they had
shared the difficult rivers, the wind swept or snow covered passes, the
silent mountains, sunny river flats, the rain, the sun, the cold, the heat,
the joy, the discomfort, and how many camp fires?
Below him was the Pyke with the expanse of Lake Wilmot stretching across the valley. It was a big valley, the biggest of the trip, very wide and flat with the sides rising steeply up into the mist. Funny
how there were large areas with no bush - must be the swamps marked on the map. How brown they are. From where he was he could see the different patterns made by the rushes and the stunted scrub on the valley floor, although he was too high to make out individual bushes. They were all brown, a warm vegetable brown that blended well with the greens of the trees. And the river; it was big too, but slow. There was no white water and it looked like aerial photos of the Thames he'd seen. It was different again from any other valley he'd seen on the trip and he wondered at the infinite mutability of nature. He lay there above it and watched while he chewed his food and drank sparingly from his bottle. It was strange because he realised that the trip was nearly over. The Forgotten River, now below and behind them, had been their last obstacle, the last untracked part of the trip. It had been difficult, strenuous, working down the gorge, past tumbled log jams, over the mass of boulders, through the tangled undergrowth, always steep and the perpetual, unending, deafening roar of the river as it tumbled down through its continuous waterfalls towards the Pyke. They had followed it until it was impossible to go any further because of the bluffs and had then climbed up the steep sides until they finally emerged on the ridge where they now rested.

Before them in the valley lay the world of disks and huts. When had he last slept in a hut? Was it Liverpool Biv? Soon they'd run into people again and then would come showers, icecream, loo seats, cool beer, fresh bread, lettuces and tomatoes. He considered the possibilities of culture shock, grinned and dismissed them as idle speculation. Society would adjust to him. He thought of those back in the city that he knew and suddenly he wanted to be there but he was reluctant to leave the mountains. They had been his home for the past month and he loved them. Such was the unresolved and insoluble dilemma of his existence. Still, it wasn't raining and he could be grateful for that. Slowly he packed up and with the others wandered down the ridge and into the forest.

K.S.

MOONLIGHT SONATA

My heart pounding - adrenalin rushing round my body, tingling with nervous excitement and saying "Don't be such a bloody fool"-my brain trying to overcome this desperate physical urge. No, it was not a lovely naked lady in front of me ready for love, but I and 4 other daredevils (idiots?) who were setting out for Otaki to do a Moonlight Southern a la VUWTC from Otaki Forks to Kaitoke. When we left Wellington there was a bit of cloud on the Tararuas, and by the time we reached Otaki, our suspicions were confirmed-this was to be yet another glorious VUWTC pike.

Trev, keener than the rest of us, wanted to go. But after a good supply of grease in our bellies, and still plenty of cloud about, a thirst built up, so we paid our respects to the locals.

An hour or so later, on the Endeavour bound for Wellington, Rod inebriated, Trev and Ken very happy, we prepared ourselves for the caustic comments awaiting the heroes back home.

The company: C.M., R.G., T.R., K.T., and Bill Foster who had the cheek to write this.

17.
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Easter again, and once more VUWTC heads off for the wilds of the South Island. Destination this time is N.W. Nelson, and transport is erratic to say the least. Again we are delayed by the NZR men, and by the time our Newman's bus reaches the Graham Valley, we are 5 hours behind schedule. Those lost hours were sleeping-time, so instead of crawling into the sack at the road-end we have a brew and breakfast and are on our way by 8 a.m. Walking up the Graham Valley is bad news on a scorching day whether you use the track or the road, and it takes the 34 of us a record slow time of 5 hours to roadwalk into Flora Hut. At this point we have a late lunch and the single large party becomes four smaller ones which rapidly disperse over the face of the land.

We, the E, saunter slowly off in the direction of Salisbury Hut, walking at first along a bulldozed road and later along an infinitely preferable bush track. Turning off towards the Takaka River, we amble down to the "hut" - and old shingle roofed shack - and camp on a small flat there. Our magnificent edifice, consisting of two tents and a fly is spacious and comfortable, and we stay in it till 11 o'clock next morning to make up for our sleepless Wednesday night.

Good Friday, fine with a hint of high cloud, is ideal for tops tramping - and the tops are so easy to reach round here that we are up in the tussock at Salisbury Bivvy Rock before we expect it. After a quick look at the bivy - no time for the potholes unfortunately - we have lunch and go on to the swaybacked Salisbury Hut. From there it's a gradual climb up Starvation Ridge, with great views of the surrounding rolling tableland. The Arthur Range looks impressive, the Twins overhanging, and we're glad it's them and not us who are attempting the traverse. Very gentle travel from here takes us to Balloon Hut, where we quickly bag the bunks and try to coax the stove into life. Three tons of woodchips and a beautiful moonrise latter we finally get our tea and then run through our repertoire of ghost stories and macabre tales.

Next morning - misty but rapidly lifting- we have a choice between views and gold. The prospectors head for Golden Gully to seek their fortunes with a motley assortment of washbasins and billy-lids. (They lay in the sun and fell asleep). Meanwhile on Mt Peel, the energetic team, take photos furiously and admire 360 degree views - Karamea and Roaring Lion, Cobb Valley, Richmond Range. The party is reunited at about 2 p.m. near Lake Peel, where we loiter for a while and some even think of a swim. Then off up a gradual sidling track which takes us to the top of the ridge which divides the Cobb from the Takaka. Meanwhile a sinister group of figures has appeared on the far side of Lake Peel the Black squau. We race down a steep tracked spur into the Cobb Valley, stopping briefly at Mytton's Hut, a little four-bunk beauty. Later we realized it would have been better to stay here avoiding an hour or so of retraced steps next morning; but in fact we headed for Trilobite Hut at the top of the Cobb reservoir. Thinking it full we search for a campsites, and so are overtaken by the black horde who proceed directly to the hut and find it empty. Some juggling later we are all fitted in, just as the long-threatened rain starts hammering on the roof. A good bout of singing and two good stews round off that evening.

Morning is warm and wet, but some effort sees us away relatively early and ambling back down the road which runs beside the Reservoir. After less than an hour we start climbing to a low saddle in the dividing
ridge and are quickly on top (Peat Flat). A broad miners' track leads down to the Takaka River, and provides a paradise for fungus-hunters and paraphanta stalkers. An NZFS bridge over the Takaka solves our river-crossing problems, and takes us to a bench end side track leading up the river to our first night's campsite, the top forks of the Takaka. On familiar ground again, we motor along the road with the Blackites who have now caught up with us, and pile into an already-crowded Flora Hut. Tents are suggested, but people prefer to sleep on the floor or double-bunk, and we disperse into both bunkrooms, trying not to inconvenience the natives too much.

Our last day, Easter Monday, is a short walk down the Graham Valley road in mist but no rain. We chunder boulders and show our disapproval of the road in various ways - it has been proposed that this road be taken right into Salisbury, where there is also a large new hut, but we hear that this idea has been officially dropped. All 34 of us are back in the bus by the time the rain sets in, and the rest of the trip is a medley of songs, greasies, pubs, and the inevitable late ferry.

The E Trippers were: Rod Gilman, Ken Taylor, Prue Pullar, Jane Nicholls, Caroline Salmond, Brenda Nicholson, and Jane Forsyth.

EJF

INNOCENTS ABROAD

Lured by the prospects of fine weather and views of snow-capped peaks, 2 replies came back from the open invitation to suffer. So Friday saw 3 bods opting out of movie stardom and heading north to spend the night at Roaring Stag Lodge, after a pleasant wander under clear cool skies.

Away the next dawn, before the sun, they arrived at Cattle Ridge in time to chase away the clog from the tops and enjoy the views of the snowly Tarauas. Along Cattle Ridge, watching deer feeding, throwing snowballs and indulging in the usual student banalities. The intrepid trio (rumour has it that 2 were related) came to the Bannister Ridge which went down to a grunt. Photos on top and onto the Twins where one member's member was assaulted by a division of fanatical Japanese (W.W. II surplus) cleverly disguised as a Spaniard clump. (Those bastards can fight).

Lunch was taken and followed by an afternoon stroll to Dundas Hut where the party mutinied and elected to spend the night.

Sunday brought a southerly and so we scuttled, like rats from a sinking ship, to Putara, keeping one peak ahead of the clog and enjoying fantastic early morning views of Ruapehu and Egmont. From Putara, the party recklessly threw themselves downhill to Bryants farm to be out by lunch, when the southerly changed its mind and the tops cleared - typical.

Ken and John were the males and Erica was the law.

K.S.
What's in a May Meet?

Ever since the idea of an inter-varsity tramping club meeting was put into action, VUWTC support has been singularly uninspiring — this years' attendance of about twenty-five exceeds the total of the other four years put together — why? Suddenly we found it was OUR TURN to be hosts. And so about a dozen keen bods set to work under the direction of one Kenneth Sullivan, ferreted out a Totaranui and dragged along a few speakers, some food, tents and about 100 others of the trapper variety (five different species.)

So what's in a May Meet? Well basically, the pleasures of life — eating (thanks to the mighty labours of Mr Sullivan), drinking, playing, sleeping and..... And amongst all this we heard, amidst pleasant beach surroundings some interesting views on the conservation of N.Z. assets from Mr John Henderson of the NZDA and CO-EN-CO, and on N.Z. Forest Parks from some representatives of the Nelson Conservancy of the Forest Service.

We also managed some amblings around the coast. On the first day of the Meet an orienteering course was organised, basically an exercise in getting to know one another, and in finding flags amongst some beautiful N.Z. bush.

We even did some tramping — at least some of us, those who went to Arthurs Pass and Nelson Lakes. But most of the Vic people who were not clearing up decided to use the few days available to stroll out to Kaiteriteri through really beautiful bush; the days were sunny, the sea was blue, the sand white and as most of us found out, the lagoon warm (and salt water is no good for cameras, watches and sleeping bags). A leisurely day saw all 20 at Bark Bay, where a lovely, grassy, sandfly-free hut site and a beautifully fine calm day on the morrow induced 9 of us to practise our salubring in this idyllic place. It was decided that the mussel beds needed pruning — they were just about choking themselves for lack of room to grow. And so in just under an hour we picked 360 mussels! Ever heard of Sweet Molly Molloy? — my stomach!

A beautiful evening meant dream world under the stars. And the next day, great reluctance to leave. Nevertheless a 5 hour walk to the road and then a racy 3 hour drive in the Anglia to catch the 6.40 pm. Picton Ferry saw the end to a great week.

The 3 day Salub artists were; Ken Taylor, John Sullivan, Prue Pullar, Colm Jones, Lauchie Duff, Neil Pullar, Linda, Pauline, and Erica Law.

E.L.
Atiwhakatu Station sheep dip.

Miss September.

(Detail.)
Queen's Birthday Tongariro.

"Jumping" John Black tames wild Wainui.

"But we're too young..."
FESTER TRIPPING

Friday

Having followed the Medium party around for the last 2 days it was now time for us to go our separate ways, so, after waving goodbye as they set off up the hill we took the easier route downstream. An hour later at the junction of the Leslie River and Wilkinson Stream we paused - "should we camp here?" - but no - it was decided that we hadn't gone nearly far enough for the afternoon. We would go to the top of the Bluffs. "Must be only a couple of hundred feet" said one. A long 200 feet later one of the disadvantages of Limestone country was obvious - streams appeared, or rather disappeared, to run underground. We were all thirsty and could hear the stream, but couldn't find it. Problem - should we keep going or go back to the Leslie to camp? But by this time only the keenest of us were prepared to climb back up the following day so on we went. Laziness, for once, was rewarded. A short climb further and the ideal campsite was found. Tea that night saw an incident that was repeated each night: "Salt" said Bill, putting handfuls in the stew, "prevents cramp." He may have been right. Nobody got cramp during the trip.

Saturday

"To the Top" was the cry, turning to a whisper after an hour or two of steep climbing. But the view when we got there - "well worth the climb," we all agreed as we sunbathed and pushed rocks off the top. After a survey, the proposed route along the Arthur range was reluctantly abandoned so it was back the way we had come up. We were going to stay at Leslie Clearing Hut. But 9 (of us) plus 3 (already there) divided by 4 (the number of bunks) equals .... "crowded" everyone agreed. So it was tents in the rain shared with wasps and sandflies.

Sunday

A wet night, wet pits and hungry sandflies ensured the earliest start of the trip. Three very wet hours later saw us in the new, but cold, Salisbury Hut. "Paper Roses..." sang the tape recorder belonging to 3 cowboys who were already there. Comments had no effect. At 8 o'clock that night action was called for. "Hit it with us" was the cry as people leapt from their bunks and grabbed mattresses, torches and the tape recorder. Then silence - broken only by our leader's snores. The following misty Monday saw us rejoin the other parties, exchange stories and declare the trip to have been one of the best.

M.B.

Ably led by Trev. Those who came: Bill Foster, Chris Mitchell, Chris McArthur, Ash Morton, Stephen Williams, Peter Struthers, Nick Hancock

Pre Dawn

No sun to light the dawn,
Less wind to chill the lips,
The stillness is all,
The ice fringed tarn, a silent mirror,
And from its depths stars shine.
The virgin snow, unblemished,
Reaching up to meet the sky.
And frames the faceless black of rocks.

K.S.

27.
ACROSS
1. Uncle Bill
5. On the trot
10. See 43 Across
11. For Red Liners
12. B--t
13. Money Bags
14. Ravines
17. ----'s Gate
18. Exclamation (Fr.)
22. Talking Horse
24. G---- Wog
26. Leak
28. Comes from blisters
34. Imbibe
36., 37., 23., Venue of AIC
38. T.V.P. Condiment
40. Catch out in dark
41. End of a gun
43. Indefinite article
44. Double-Bunking
48. John Sullivan (Init.)

49. Pong
53. Lumberjack (By Hokey)
55. ----- Forks
57. Ridge in N. Tararu'a's
58. Mac. Cheese
59. Alcoholic Anon
60. Route
63. Unwanted Product of 44 Across
64. Chunder
65. Ego Tripper

DOWN
1. Rank F (Anag.)
2. Beat you, Flog you
3. Printers measure
4. Fit trip
5. Flash Gordon
6. Sticks to your ribs
7. See 5 Across
8. Frog's Spawn
9. Travelling by seat of pants
15. Kinky
16. Large mammal rarely found in Tararua's
20. Long hard pull
25. --- of the Jungle
28. Filled with T. V. P.
29. Schormann's-Kaitoke
30. Abdominal Snowman
31. Chairperson (Init.)
32. Now is the ---
35. Quit it
42. Biccies
43. Andy (Init.)
45. Marilyn Bramley or Marion Bamford
46. and 27. Familiar call
47. Chairman of Vice
48. ---- A. or ---- W.
50. Jumping Jack
51. Fair Sex
52. Fast pair of
54. ---- Logan
56. Waterhole
61. OD THE TKER
62. Auckland (1st 2 let.)
65. Ivan (Init.)
BACKWARDS
20. See 6 down
27. Syek
37. Alcohol
64. Joins Hed to Body
65. A name I call myself
UP
11. A name I call myself
30. A name we call ourselves

By the Lake-edge in Morning Calm

I nipped down to fill the billy for breakfast
And as it gurgled full, I stopped to listen;
But there was nothing to hear in the skies' silence
Bar the waves licking lightly along with a sandy hiss
Whispering idly on down the beach,
And rising trout breaking the surface
At swarming sandfly bundles, hovering in crowds over the Water.
Fresh dewy steam rose from the driftwood, mistily,
**Catching the coolness** of Autumn's rays and
Vanishing quickly.
I turned, skipped back up the beach,
Waking to the peace I was part of.

G.S.

I picked up my iceaxe the other day,
And, well, what is there left to say?
Of course I'll slice the snow again,
Everyone has ways they're not quite sane.

G.S.

29.
For Kelvin

The early walk across half light, dew soaked fields,
Sheep, ghosting shadows, the old dead trunks, skyline sculptures,
The cool nose and sweating back.
We followed your flickering beam together to Penn Creek,
The glittering water, crystal in the sun's dawning rays,
The surprised stag, browsing on the grassy flats,
Penn Creek Hut, nestled in the valley.
A long bush bush up the ridge, through windfalls and lawyer,
Supplejack and ferns, sweat and cursing,
Glimpses of McIntosh, ever above us,
Remember the junction, Kelvin, and up Pakihore Ridge,
Now level with views of the rugged pair of the Tararua Peaks.
On to the tops and into the drifting mist,
Jokes on the ladder, a drink at Maungahuka,
And the long climb onto the top of Aokaparangi.
Together we watched the mist clear off Isabelle and then on,
It was cold then, Remember Kelvin.
We sat together on the tussock and shared that which is precious
To those who have and know the untold.
Evening on Kahiwara, pink skies in the cold evening still,
Together in its darkening golds. The sweet tussock.
The deep grey of the inner bush, Night's hand covers all,
Torch light flickers on lichen trunks,
Old trees have seen more than you ever did,
Their blazed scars led us to the hut,
Again I saw us in the mist at junction top,
The cold stiff lunch in the bushes' shelter,
Dry jokes in the wet bush delight.
Remember, the splash of sodden footfalls in the water-filled hollows,
The suck of perpetual mud on tired feet, the rustle of leaves,
The scraping of branches on stiffened parkas,
The plop of raindrops shaken from passing trees.
Remember the cold, the wet, the discomfort of evening on the plateau,
The sodden walk through the dark to the Forks.
How could you ever forget!

Ken Sullivan
I think I must have a mental block about boots. I have already forgotten them twice because I don't want to wear them for travelling - but now I'm running down the hill with them in one hand and my pack nearly winding me at every step. I only just manage to catch the bus and by 6 o'clock I'm at the station - by about 7.30, on the way to Tongariro. Once there, I drop my torch in the dark and lose the others; re-assemble the torch and miss the turn-off to the hut. "3 minutes to Mangatepopo Hut" the sign said, and surely I've been going for 5 or 10? So, after some rather pathetic yoo-hooing, I turn back and soon meet a small, patient search-party with torches. The hut is full - we are by no means the only club in the area. Someone has a hammock and I resolve to get one myself.

In the morning we all toil up to the saddle (between Ngauruhoe and Tongariro) in the sunlight, with a detour to look at the sulphur springs and chunder the occasional boulder. It's a sort of leap-frog game as each group steps for a rest and is passed and then overtakes again. Colonel and I aren't hungry at the top (even Wharry's rapture's over his food can't tempt us) so we leave the others eating and set out across South Crater. The poles stretch across a desolate lunar landscape... through puddles... Colonel is alarmed at the prospect of wet feet - his boots leak - so we make a sharp left turn and followed soon by the others, cut directly across the crater and up a rather icy, scrappy slope to meet the poles again at the top of the ridge. Some of us notice the absence of any flowers whatsoever - the only vegetation is lichen, alpine mosses and grasses and little hardy creeping plants. But there are some beautiful delicate frost crystals in shaded places - destructive as always we enjoy the crunch of walking on them, and of course there's more gleeful boulder chundering. Wandering across Central Crater towards Ketetahi Springs we come across a steep-sided crater and some energetic people write V.U.W.T.C. in the bottom of it, to much yelling of instructions from the rest of us ("Left, left!" "Stand on the full stops and smile!" "The C's too curly!") Eventually we reach Ketetahi Hut which is overflowing so we pitch tents or decide to sleep on the floor. The 'overflow' outside have brought wine and sing loudly on the slope behind the hut.

Well, Sunday is ours, and some set off immediately to soak in the hot springs - another group of us go a bit further in the opposite direction to see the Sulphur Lagoon. The rock-chundering potential is tremendous and I become a coat-hanger for all cameras and lenses - we even discover a crater which echoes and the noise is like a Western. Although the lagoon is a mere puddle, some go down to explore - the rest of us head back to the hut! I very soon get bored with sitting around and three of us set off for Oturere Valley (towards the Desert Road), arranging to rejoin the others at Mangatepopo on Monday. We pass Blue Lake and investigate the Emerald Lakes, which look very sulphurous and horribly bare of vegetation. There's a cold wind at this height so we wrap up warmly and descend into Oturere Valley - which was fascinating! From high points it looks vast, a great expanse of hollows, grey sand and weird boulder shapes - again, no trees but there are mosses and lichen, a little hebe and a little curly-leaved dracophyllum. We can see marker poles stretching into the far distance but as we go we realise the scale is deceptive and the whole valley really quite small. Some interesting boulder problems distract us, huge lava chunks and beautiful hard basalt - but the rock is too cold to climb for long. We agree that a Mexican
on horseback wouldn't be out of place, or an Apache ambush, or something.

Every now and then we glimpse more poles winding into the distance but we reach the hut quite suddenly and a sign saying, "5½ hours to Mangatopopo, 3½ to Ketetahi, and 4 hours to Waiholonu" (round Ngauruhoe towards the Tongariro Chateau.) The hut is very noisy, there are dozens of Venturer Scouts and some others from Ketetahi. We find a room to ourselves though and the Scouts, although rowdy, are very helpful. In the morning there's fine snow whisking about on a cold wind, and a light coating on the ground. The hut is empty and clean by the time we leave. The scouts have gone down to the Desert Road, and we decide to abandon our idea of going around to Waiholonu and go back the way we came - a known quantity. ... actually it turns out to be quite different - we meet a very hungry party (with iced-up beards) coming down, having spent the night by Blue Lake where, they said, it was too windy to make Dinner or Breakfast. When we reach Emerald Lakes ourselves we see why. Everything looks quite different, the tops are shrouded and look cold and ancient and remote, those poles that haven't collapsed in the strong wind have grown icy fringes on their lee sides. Progress is slow, we can hardly stand up and Colonel edges us round the old track so we avoid the full force of the wind. We are disgusted to see glimpses of blue sky over Ruapehu, in fact everywhere (it seems) except here.

The stream beside Mangatopopo looks beautiful, ice has crept in lacy patterns inwards from the banks. In the hut we find 4 of the others, highly pleased with themselves because they'd come over the night before, avoiding the snow and wind, and with shameless lying kept a whole bunk-room to themselves although the rest of the hut was bursting! While we're eating, Frank suddenly leaps up and says Ngauruhoe's erupting! Very exciting even though there is no lava or car-sized boulders, just clouds of steam and gasses. Still we agree, when travelling home in convoy of Frank's and John Black's faithful engines, that for one weekend hot springs, superb boulder-chundering, snow and an eruption, is not bad going!!

Janet Atkinson

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**Pit**

The sun sinking behind
Lofty peaks towering to mingle
With snow, which breaks and reflects
The refracted rays transforming grey rock,
Now an object of awful beauty.

The pack, leaning against a tree,
Close by, still weighs on tired shoulders.

A slight breeze ripples,
The translucent tents dance;
And all the plants sigh,
As though another day passing
Lifts a burden from their sun-scorched leaves.

Finally, shadows deepen and the sun
Slips away leaving a chill air foiled by
Pit.

John Sullivan

32.
I woke in time to abort the alarm's metallic cackle. From the warmth of my pit I watched the lightening square of the bivvy's single window, until, forced by the realisation of the day's arrival I rose, fumbled for the door and went outside. The dew-soaked tussock brushing my legs and the still, clear coolness caused me to shiver. Far below the valley was still, as yet unnoticed by the rising sun. Before me Aspiring's sculptured pyramid rose in the early dawn, deep pink in the stillness of the waking day. I watched the rising sun make shadows creep and cause the air to stir, the flowers in the golden tussock awake to warming rays.

A perfect day and we're away with reluctant packs, heading west towards the main divide. The scrub's long gone and soon the tussock fades to the monotony of grey moraine. Climb, in early morning effort, to delight in rhythmic motion towards the steepening pass. A drink before the first rock band; fresh melt, so cold, so pure. The smooth grey rock, still cold to touch, is passed and it's climb again. The sun grows hot, the pack is heavy and the way is still up. The second rock band is here. The waterfall gives access to the snow, the sensuous feel of wet cold stones. Bridge the crack and move fast to miss the splash of the water, watch the overbalance of the pack and scramble up the last bit to listen to the playful prattle of the falling water.

At the top, rest, to watch the glacier on Barff, the sun on Avalanche, distant across the valley. The valley cut so deep below you; the dark green cloak of beech it wears delights, with the grassy floor and glittering trail that is a silent river, now so small. All is still beneath the blue sky, save for a few thin lazy clouds, drifting aimlessly. I feel drowsy beneath the sun but a fly comes to feast on my sweat and I must move, with sweat-misty goggles and melting, running snow cream. Upwards goes the snow and I must follow in steepening steps. Kick, kick, iceaxe, puncturing the crusty snow, knee deep this time, solid next. Kick, kick, axe. The uncertain, fickle snow destroys all rhythm and sucks my energy, parasitically. Clean out balled-up crampons this step to stand on four front points the next. Kick, kick, axe. The sweat fills my goggles, I cannot see too well, the sun is burning my face. The pack is pushing me into the snow and the slope is killing my calves. I cannot see to keep my balance. It is a hot, sweaty, stupid dream I shouldn't be in. Stop and lift the goggles. Blink. The hard white snow surrounds on three sides. Look over your shoulder and you think you're higher than French. Look down past your legs to see the others toiling below. Reality exists. Behind you across the narrow gully an unknown mountain rises in snow and rock. Look up the couloir. The moving clouds make it spin. Grab your iceaxe. My God it's hot, wipe your face, try to clean your glasses and it's back into the blurry world of streaky plastic. Iceaxe, kick, kick. How much further? I can't see a thing. Keep on. The snow is getting firmer, must be gaining height. Then I'm near the top and it's swing chop, swing chop and one foot into a step. It's good to stop climbing even if it's to cut steps. Swing chop, swing chop and the particles fly in crystal profusion to tumble down the couloir. Swing chop, swing chop, and you're nearly there. Swing chop and in with the shaft to haul yourself onto the top.

Just sit there feeling the freedom, let the water drip off your nose, watch the midday sun, revel in the silent sights and feel small, for not
one of the peaks that watched were moved by your effort. The snow is
cooling now, no longer an obstacle, it is behind. I feel like the
Chamois playing in the snow basin that I watch.

The others have arrived and again I pick up my pack and head west,
downwards now, into a new green-cloaked valley and behind me the peaks
and ridges that I had watched for a week drop behind the rising crest.

K. Sullivan

---

EAST HOLDSWORTH PLUS NOTHING

"Another typical Gilman trip. 7 people, 3 different trips. Total
chaos from start to finish."

"Oh, not really. It was just that people kept changing their minds.
Except for Ken, he was fairly consistent. But it was the weather really
- given a fine weekend there would have been more enthusiasm all round,
I reckon."

"Yeah, it required a bit of willpower to take the long way to
Mountain House when the rain was fair hissing down and we were at the
bottom of the short cut, eh. Not that we intended to stay at Mountain
House though..."

"But not knowing the ridge to Mt Waiohine it would have been easy to
foul that one up. And we didn't have much time to waste really".

"No, we did take a fair while to get to Mountain House. Over 4
hours from the bottom of East Holdsworth wasn't it? Pretty slow really".

"Well, steady uphill, what can you expect? Still, the draggiest
bit was along the top to Holdsworth proper. Took longer than you'd
expect from the map, eh."

"Yeah, snow and sleet tend to make a tops trip drag a bit. Compass
bearings take time too. And then there was that tarn that nobody
recognised - momentary doubt in one or two minds, I bet."

"That was about it then. Straight downhill run to Powell, brew
and thaw, then down to Mountain House to rejoin Ken and Chris."

"Fancy being in pit at mid-afternoon! Downright decadent. No fire
either - in spite of them having come up the shortcut from the
Atiwhakatu and being there by lunchtime."

"But Mt Waiohine wouldn't have been much fun really. Not as nice
as hitting pit and having tea in bed. Mmm. Pity that it turned out
fine on Sunday though. Made our slow trip down to the Lodge look a bit
small, eh."

"Don't forget Ian's sterling effort - going back to the top for the
view. And Rod and Ken's intended mad dash for Kaitoke. Pity that piked
too."

"Sore feet was the excuse, I think."

"Once again, last minute mind-changing. It gives you wonderful
freedom of action, this Gilman system, but not much is ever achieved as
far as I can see."

"Oh I dunno. Isn't 11 kilometres of roadwalking an achievement?"

Rod Gilman, Ken Taylor, John Black,
Chris Mitchell, Alec Hobbs, Ian Lieuwart, Jane Forsyth

Jane
"I'm a Lumberjack; And I'm..."

NORTH-WEST NELSON
FOREST PARK
NZ FOREST SERVICE

The Anti-freeze Boys.

bad dogs in the ponday sun near Angelus Nelson Lakes.
Mt. Reeves (or the Trip That Didn't Pike)

Well this trip went. Everything went as planned. No pikes, no deviations - despite all efforts and advice to the contrary.

Even the July weather couldn't hold our brave party up. Five keen members all managed to catch the train at Wellington undaunted by the rain, wind and cold. Flooding in the Wairarapa, water-covered roads, a bank to bank Waiohine river and even an hour long walk along the part of the road into Wall's Whare that the taxidriver couldn't face, was not enough to precipitate a pike.

Once we got to Wall's Whare (a whole hut all to ourselves) it became increasingly apparent, however, that various elements in the party would not only enjoy a good pike but they were half-expecting it. Perhaps they hadn't heard that even though this was the second attempt at this particular tramp under the same leader, he had been completely justified in staying the weekend at Wall's Whare on the last attempt because the weather had apparently been "the worst since Wahine Day".

Anyway, a few hours, a couple of bottles and cans and one performance of Schuman later, we hit pit.

The next morning we finally left about 10.30 a.m. despite the subersive efforts on the part of a certain Pom who wished to remain in his warm pit, not realising the steely determination of our leader. Another member of the party had left vital cooking equipment (primus) behind and had very little food of his own but this wasn't going to deter the rest of us.

So the tramp went and we somehow made it safely to the top of Mt Reeves where the weather wasn't as cold or windy as expected. We got a fantastic view of the Tops pointed out and identified to us by the Experts, and, in the other direction the Wairarapa was spread out for our inspection.

Tutuwi was empty on arrival and remained our own for Saturday night - weather no good for anyone except us. Very wet wood and no axe made a fire difficult but Trev made a fantastic job (who needs a primus anyway?) and we finally got tea cooked and refreshes made.

Sunday morning, we managed to improve on our starting time - 11.30 a.m. this time, after spending several hours in pit consuming cold breakfasts and playing cards. Our leader finally managed to get up sometime after the rest of us and, I suspect, only because Sunday was the day we were expected back. If we'd had any more time, a pike would have been declared right then - but no! nothing marred our unblemished record. The trip continued over the swing bridge and struggled over to the site of Allaway Dickson via a virtually non-existent track and thence to Tauherenikau. It rained despite reassurances and earlier rain turned tramping into wading for some distances along the flats. Other members of the party had difficulty with thigh-deep mud and in crossing the creeks without falling into too many. However, most of us managed to avoid these obstacles successfully. And so we arrived at Tauherenikau.

Then Smith's Creek, the Puffer and out to Kaitoke and the waiting taxi.

Those who successfully achieved the distance from Wall's Whare to Kaitoke via Mt Reeves were Ken Taylor, Trev Read, Bill Foster, Bronwyn Lumaden and Prue Pullar

37.
Mt. COLONIAL REVISTED or A LITTLE SKILL AND A LOT OF DETERMINATION TAKES YOU AND YOUR MATE OVER THE TOP

We stepped down off the train. The station was deserted except for two dogs which scuttled off across the lines as we approached. The hogsbacks were gathering ominously over the Tetahi Bay Sewage Outlet (approx. N.W.). I turned to Bagshot Taylor:

"What d'you reckon they'll send us, Bagshot?"

Came the laconic reply,

"Arrr, ring around the moon,
Sky be maroon
Rain come pissin' doon."

No one took much notice as it was still brilliantly fine. Trev (call me Herman Bull) Read strode off towards the dairy to tell the shopkeeper of our intentions. These were to climb the infamous East face of Mt Colonial. Many, including myself, had conquered this majestic peak via the S.E. ridge and some had even been up the N.E. ridge (the Cockscomb).

Upon Herman's return we set off, making good time over the first pitch which was Collins Ave. The crux of this stretch was a dangerous intersection which was rather exposed. We next traversed Main Road and successfully negotiated its smooth flat surface which offered nothing in the way of handholds. Then, on up Fyfe Terrace. Up to here we had been on recognised routes but from now on she was all virgin.

"Reckon she'll go?" asked Flash Morton.

I just shrugged and skillfully tied a figure-of-eight in the end of my new Eidelrid and slipped it into my Krab.

"Let's get a move on", said Herman as even he was getting cold. The wind was really biting by this time. It bit deep into the flesh, even through the protective shield of our duvets.

The climb proceeded without too many insurmountable odds until we were 200 metres from the summit. From here on up it was an overhanging scree held in place only because it was frozen solid all year round. John "Jumar" Sullivan led out up this pitch carefully placing screws at metre intervals across the roof and clipping and unclipping the etriers with a speed and rhythm which could only be described as poetry in motion. The strain was beginning to show as sweat stains began to appear under the armpits of his aqua-blue duvet and the sweat glistened on his weathered face. One false move and he would have plummeted down, down, down, into the bowels of Linden. After what seemed an eternity he made it. He then secured the rope and the rest of us just swung out from the slope and prusiked up.

The summit was gained at 2 p.m. in worsening sleet. Joe (call me Brown) Kool who we borrowed from the WT &A's was keen to climb Electricity Pinnacle a tall phallic symbol just off the main peak. He successfully reached the top solo but had a nasty accident while abseilling down. His descender failed and he plummeted 2 metres, landing on his head and severely fracturing his crash hat. (Luckily he was rough, he was tough, he was Tongue and Meat, he could carry on.) So we beat a hasty retreat.

38.
down the S.E. ridge. Upon reaching the bottom we were greeted by a large group of reporters but, not seeking publicity, we all refused to comment, except for Bill "Bulldog" Foster who insisted that he and I did it because we were British.

I would like to thank all those who made this daring feat possible. Special thanks must go out to my old friend Rene Desmaison who sent us each a pair of his personally autographed boots, Mr Salewa who fixed us up with screws and Mr Climax for the hammers.

Super R.G.'s

MAD DOGS AND ENGLISHMAN

Not many trips can boast of having 4 leaders, but the Nelson Lakes 'Fit' Trip is one that can. Originally it was to be John Sullivan to lead a masochistic trip along the St. Arnaud Range. His ankle defaulted in Wellington. So John Black became leader and actually got as far as St. Arnaud. John had to leave because of an ear infection. So enter (Uncle) Bill Foster as next leader and so it was to be for some time. So 6 reputedly M/Fits left St. Arnaud at about 10.00 a.m. Lunch was had at Speargrass hut and then on up Speargrass creek to Angelus. Once in the snow, steps had to be kicked, hard work for Bill and Steve up front. Then a thoughtful Chamois gave us a 'demo' on how to travel in deep powder snow with maximum speed. It didn't work. At Angelus TNTVP was served with apple for dessert in a very warm hut. Next morning (Monday) after breakfast of apple and something-or-other amongst piking noises we set off in light snowfall and gathering clag. After a few minutes a whiteout had set in and progress was debatable. We all took turns at kicking steps in a straight (?) line and we even tried marching to compass. After 3 hours we came upon a saddle which, when the clag cleared, afforded us a magnificent view of Angelus Hut i.e. we'd almost completed one helluva big circle! So back to the hut for pits and dehyde apple and something to eat.

In the morning after more apple and some pop we set off in perfect weather for Forks Hut via Cedric. The scenery was fantastic - click-click went Bill's shutter as he madly used up film at an astounding rate. Progress was good - we did what took us 2 hours the previous day in 15 minutes. A bush bash complete with aerobatics by Bill took us down Open Stream to the Sabine River. After lunch an uneventful afternoon (and evening) took us to West Sabine hut where we received a rousing welcome from the Mediums (things like "Bugger off", "No room", "Get lost") - thanks Rod and Co. So back to Forks hut for TVP and a bit of food. One can imagine the disappointment when Bill knocked over the billy of apple in the fire that night - a real friend (eh sweetie?)

In the morning after Sago and ......apple, we joined forces with the Mediums for an assault on Blue Lake which provided an enjoyably
easy day for all. Next day (Thursday) saw Bill with a sore knee but
determined to give Moss Pass a good go. We set off but before long
it was obvious Bill wouldn't be able to continue with his knee the
way it was, so Bill turned back to spend the rest of the trip with
Rod's rads (Mediums).

Enter leader Number 4 ...Ash Morton. We plugged on towards the
pass until we discovered poles which led over a precipitous route
so we crossed a big avalanche and decided to go straight up a steep
sided D shaped "avo chute". Mushy snow provided difficulty and delay
but we were at the top of the pass at about 11.15 a.m. After
throwing packs down the other side and chasing them we continued down
to D'Urville. The icy bush gave Mark a chance for his aerobatics
(bumble bees aren't supposed to be able to fly anyway!) Lunch at
D'Urville River and on to Morgans for TNTVP and dehyde apples.

Morning saw us leave at about 9.00 a.m., heading off down River
to lunch at D'Urville hut. After getting a bit bogged down in places
we got to Sabine Hut where we were attacked by millions of sandflies
so without hanging around we left for Howard Hut, where we spent the
night.

Next morning (Saturday) we were faced with the task of doing
a 6 hour day by 3.30 p.m. .....starting at 9.00 a.m.! Leaving with
30 minutes in hand we made up lost time by coming down Speargrass at
a great rate of ranometres per nanosecond.

We arrived at the bus with a noisy welcome for Uncle Bill at
3.15 p.m. Just enough time for milkshakes and all sorts of nice
things then on to Picton and the Terminus Hotel where we swilled
numerous ranopints of ale and ate oodles of peanuts.

M.R.G.

Mad Dogs: Malcolm Gunn, Ashley Morton, Chris McArthur, Mark Rodgers,
Steve Rawnsley.

Englishman (sahib): Bill Foster

I love it, I love it!!

How many times have I heard the sound of rainspots on my tent?
Lying inside, with night all around,
A steady candle flame giving me sight,
The pattering rain taps lightly and strongly in waves,
Rising and fading continuous drops,
Mercury drops, deadening drops, that drown other sounds,
Sagging the shadowy lines of the nylon,
But it's not monotinous, I hope it keeps up,
So I can dream in peaceful existence all this night,
In my warm blue pit, under the noisy pink fabric.

G.S.
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Fifty people in full storm gear, crawling up a near vertical road covered in ice during a blizzard in the middle of the night. You're right, it had to be the start of a VWTTC Alpine Instruction Course, held this year at Tahurangi Lodge from the 4th to the 7th of July.

The next morning the beginners were dragged outside and instructed in self-arrest, shaft belaying and pruning plants under ice (otherwise known as step cutting). The final exercise was in relocating a hut in mist. The experienced mountaineers knocked off all the north faces of Egmont that afternoon, or so rumour has it.

The night, and rolled up newspapers descended upon us as Moriarty was played to the delight of all but the participants.

The next morning didn't really dawn upon us but the murk did get lighter. During the day we adjourned from eating, sleeping, playing cards and scrabble to practice the art of crampon use. One of the instructors got quite a fright when a beginner followed him up a small ice face and at the top handed one of his crampons which had slipped off his boot near the bottom without his noticing. Some snow caves were dug but weren't tested that night owing to lack of confidence and the commonsense of those responsible for their construction.

The entertainment for that evening consisted largely of beating up Taranaki Alpine Club members, crawling around tables, attempting to eat drawing pins while upside down on a chair and walking across beams using ones hands.

At about 10 o'clock the wind dropped and the sky cleared. There was much whispering and arguing and by about 10.30 p.m. an assault team had been formed to conquer Egmont by the Surrey Road route in the moonlight. Soon after, the intrepid climbers commenced the ascent. We fought our way up through the sastrugi and soft snow, passed Bryant Rocks, and climbed onto Sharks Tooth. We dropped off Sharks Tooth down an ice funnel then completed the ascent of Mt Egmont. The moon was nearly full and the snow silvery-violet. The lights of New Plymouth, Inglewood, Hawera and other towns shimmered below us. We celebrated the ascent with two apples and a tin of pineapple rings on the summit at 2.15 a.m.

The descent was completed in style. On our arses for 3000 ft. Tremendous until we hit the sastrugi! We apologise to those we woke when we returned to the hut at 3 a.m.

The second assault party of about 50 left the hut a little after sunrise and followed our footsteps to the summit. In daylight the climbers were rewarded not only with a view of Ruapehu, which we could see from the hut, but also the coast far to the south and north, and the Ruahines and Tararuas.

We all returned to the North Egmont Chalet in dribs and drabs. The course was very enjoyable and useful for everyone. Thanks are due to the organisers and instructors.

Andy Frost
THE CRUX

My stomach turns slightly as I clip the knotted rope into my carabina and pull it tight. I turn to my partner standing beside his belay rock. The gear at my side jingles as I lift my foot and place it on the rough pitted rock wall. Push up with the feet and keep balance with the hands and the ground is left behind. The first moves are straight forward until the crux is reached. A pause to find the right route even though a rusty piton makes it obvious. Next move puts me in a bad position so I back down and look again. A small alteration and my head and shoulders are in the niche. Though cramped the position is relaxing. I look and explore for another move to leave the niche but the rock corner pushes me out. It almost pushed me off that time, so I take my partner's advice and test the old piton before clipping on to it as a runner. A fleeting moment of security but I feel too good to think of falling, despite aching arms from staying still too long. Next move must be it. Swap a handhold, push up with the other hand forcing me out a bit, but the hold is good and a swing takes me out of the niche. The easiest way is now up but I feel exhausted and my throat is dry. I put in a piton, clip on a snap link and rest on it. Checking my holds I pull up on the peg but with a ping it pops out and I fall back on to sweat covered ledges. That was no good, so without the peg I jam in the crack and pull up on to a big ledge and I know I should have made that move in the first place. The the realisation that the crux is over and I can scramble to the belay. The sun is nice and I revel in its rays. The exhilaration of another climb is renewed as the 'second' arrives smiling broadly. A pause, and back to the beach.

John Sullivan

A WEEK IN THE DARRANS

Somewhat overawed by the mental barrier of the Darrans Mystique, the four of us, John Nicholson, Ken Taylor, Bill Taylor and myself arrived at Homer Hut, a little unsure of ourselves and wondering if there was anything within our limited ability. Homer Hut, however with its home comforts and a view of the traffic on the Milford Road, not to mention the cars parked out the back, detracted somewhat from the mystique.

The hut being full we camped a few yards away with ideas of climbing Talbot the next day. A perfect morning and we were off to Gertrude Saddle, pausing to admire Black Lake, strangely beautiful in its bare rock setting. Arriving at Gertrude we were struck with an incredible view. Suddenly the backdrop of the Darrans is unfolded.
before us and peaks such as Sheerdown, Isolation, Underwood and many others spring up from nowhere. Being solid granite the Darren peaks are strange shapes with magnificent sheer faces. Homer hut and the road seem distant, another world.

The first part of the climb on to Talbot consisted of scrambling over gently sloping slabs which was really enjoyable. This, of course, was an ideal spot for taking fake photos of each other doing difficult looking climbs 2 - 3 feet above fairly level ground. Once over this formidable barrier we headed up to Traverse Pass at the northern end of the ridge through steep soft snow.

A quick bite to eat for three of us while we watched Ken disappear over the first pinnacle reappearing on top of the next. "Piece of piss, come on". Not completely reassured we followed. Gradually we became separated but as Ken was still well in front and reappearing occasionally it was apparent there was nothing of any great difficulty.

The solidarity of the rock gave a feeling of security that made it possible to enjoy the climb and forget the exposure. Once on the top, Tutoko now stood out as King of the Darrans but the whole panorama was an unbelievable sight and it was a strange feeling to look down on a tiny plane a couple of thousand feet below. Back to Homer somewhat wearily, and we slept in the next day and the crag that had rolled in was a good excuse to laze around. We had a pleasant day clambering over some rocks near the hut and amusing ourselves by sitting above the Homer tunnel portal spitting on cars going through.

Deciding to go somewhere further from traffic the next day, we set off up Tutoko valley with the intention of going to Turners Bivvy and climbing Madeline. Thick clag and rain set in and we camped for the night in the valley opposite Limerick Creek. The weather clearing at last at midday we set off again, only for it to clag in again as we passed Leader falls. Not fancying a scramble over wet snow grass and route-finding in the mist we stayed under a bivvy rock just below the bushline, somewhat disappointed at giving up the idea of climbing Madeline but thinking we might at least get up to Turners the next day.

Blue sky and a sweltering sun greeted us the next day as we worked our way around the bluffs, the south face of Tutoko avalanching continuously. Arriving at the bivvies we could have kicked ourselves for not leaving earlier as we would have had plenty of time to climb Madeline. Bill and I set off anyway to have a crack at it, but with time running out the thought of coming down the bluffs in the dark or spending the night at Turners without sleeping bags did not appeal, so we set off back, spent another night at our bivvy and in pouring rain set off back to the road. The slushy track out from the valley to the road was not exactly enjoyable but the elderly couple standing at the roadside, dressed in street clothes, were not to be convinced that they were not really equipped to walk it.

The few days of good weather were enough to convince us that the
Darrans are a tremendous place and I have never before finished a trip with such a strong desire to return as soon as possible.

John Black

---

NO EXCUSES

To tramp or climb for a concrete or materialistic reason is false since neither bush nor mountain can offer a material reward to any individual and still maintain its fullness and beauty.

Each person has a motive however, though few can say what it is. Peace, tranquillity and beauty may play a large role in most people's answers to the question, "Why do you do it?", and indeed, the search for perfection in life and peace of mind do play an important part in a conscious driving force. But to me at least, the times spent in thought or admiration of nature are the times when all explanation is made useless; it is a personal experience in the soul of the individual and needs no justification or explanation, even if it were possible.

To climb a peak or to get from A to B in so many minutes is of secondary importance but it is this that shows as the reason for climbing and tramping and is taken as such by the public, apart from a few who say we do it "because it's there". But they are usually the cynics. Let them suffer in ignorance.

John Sullivan

---

TODDLERS IN TIGER COUNTRY

Once during that euphoric time between the end of one week and the beginning of the next, 6 boots, 6 assorted kneecaps and the brains of a newt headed for Mangatainoka and Putara with dreams of a Bannister type crossing.

Huey frowned and the mist and wind proved to be more real than the crossing. Dreams were modified to a simple, or so it was thought, Haukura Ridge. So with all the fluff and bother of a pregnant widow's convention the aforementioned headed up to Karetaia, then to Hines, then off into the Mangahoe which was thought to be the Ruapae as through the mist the downhill seemed uphill and the stream was defying the laws of gravity. (Dear reader if you are confused don't worry because I was there and I still don't know what I'm talking about.)

So, more confused than a blind Eunich in a French brothel, the correction in route was made to take the party to Ruapae. However midday saw us back at Putara, a mixture of bewilderment and humiliation.
"The compass lied!" they mumbled in unison when greeted with cries of derision.

Undaunted by this savage trick of nature the kneecaps once again arranged themselves under the packs and headed uphill. So to cut a short story shorter, a rather erratic path was weaved and repeated efforts to get lost in the leatherwood of Chamberlain Creek resisted until Haukura Biv was sighted and eventually reached. Rather nice. That night it turned southerly and rained. The Biv danced a bit and the creek rose around it.

"Anyone do convincing Noah imitations!" the newt asked as the water rose another 6 inches. Fortunately history didn't repeat itself and Sunday saw a wet descent of the rest of the ridge with one set of kneecaps attempting unpowered flight, luckily with no damage to the bush. Thence it was a gentle wander out back to the road and homewards in steadily clearing weather.

The kneecaps were attached to John Black, Kevin Helm, and Ken Sullivan (who also played the newt), and still are to this very day, so rumour has it.

K.S.

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