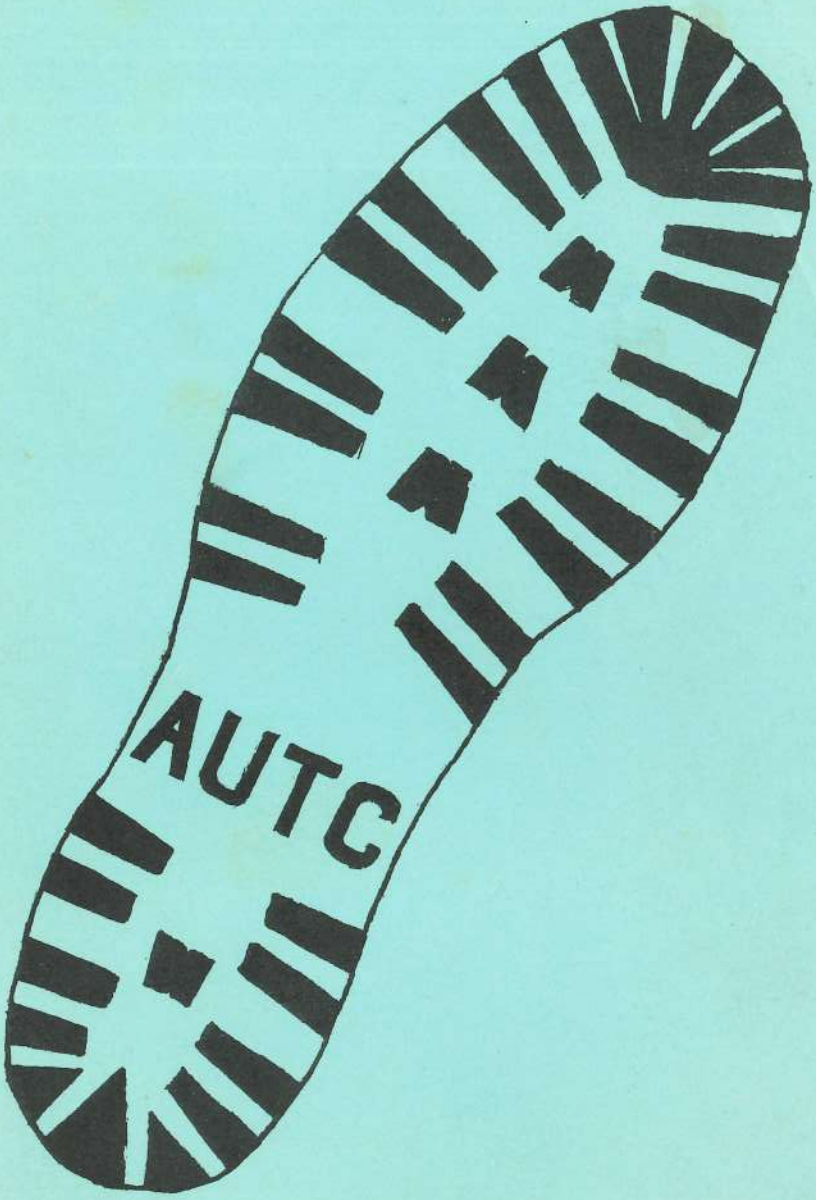
FOOTPRINTS



1974

FOOTPRINTS

VOLUME 31 **1974**

The Journal of the

AUCKLAND UNIVERSITY TRAMPING CLUB

INDEX

EDITOR'S BLURB

This year 'Footprints' arises anew, Phoenix-like from the ashes, as a single number for Volume Thirty-one. With metrics the coming thing, we have branched out into a new format of A5, a size which will now actually fit on your bookshelf or go in your pack. We have also been able to move into readable print and visible photos, a new experience for 'Footprints'.

For this change we thank Rowland Harman who has printed the journal for us and also a generous publication grant from the Students' Association.

Naturally, the bulk of thanks goes to contributors, some more voluble than others. In many ways the Editor has no control over the articles he receives, except (like Oliver) always asking for more; and in this respect the tone of the journal is dictated by the contributors. In this way we present no 'party line' or policy, and the contributors speak their individual minds. For all that I am pleased to see a more diverse coverage of articles in the spectrum of appreciation of hills and mountains in all their manifestations.

Lastly, thanks to other Committee members for ideas and encouragement.

Marty Sage
Editor

GEOFF. PATTERSON

It is with great regret that we record the death of Geoff Patterson, who was a keen and active member of the Club. He took part in many Club tramps and led several major trips.

As a Committee member, Geoff was the driving force behind the social functions organised by the Club. Although working almost full-time as a law clerk, and with a heavy lecture schedule in addition, he still found time to play a key part in the day to day life of the Club. He was always willing to help with the demanding organisation necessary for the success of Club functions and never failed to do a good job.

Geoff was a positive thinking person and his great enthusiasm, particularly towards the social life of the Club, was infectious. His accidental death, following a day's rock climbing at Karangahaka Gorge on the 30th June, is a tradegy indeed.

Letters

Dear Sir

I am filled with wonder at a recent experience which I will hereby recount:

I was on a hitch down to Ruapehu, and had a lift with a bloke about 25, and we got to talking about tramping and climbing.

"I'd never have the nerve to go climbing" he said. "I get the shakes up a ten-foot ladder."

"Oh, you just get used to it after a while. You just concentrate on the climbing and forget about the drop below you."

"Oh no. I work on an eighth floor and it still makes me woozy looking down at the street."

"Yeah? It doesn't worry me much now."

"Well, I just haven't the stomach for heights."

Pause.

"Is climbing really a dangerous sport?"

"Oh it's not that bad. Most accidents happen to people doing inadvisable things at the wrong times; most, not all."

"Uh huh, sounds like my sport."

"What's that?"

"Sky-diving."

Yours etc
An astonished Chris Ward

Dear Sir

For the last three years or so I have been tramping with, and taken an active interest in the Club. Over this period I have noticed considerable changes in the attitudes of not only Club members but of the campus in general.

Participation in group activities has dropped off and the number of people actively tramping has decreased. One large factor accounting for this trend has been the increasing amount of in-course assessment. Back in the 'good old days' the big crunch came at the end of the year in a mad two-month scramble. Now it occurs in a series of mini-crunches in quick succession throughout the year in the form of essays, projects and tests which all count towards final grades. Now I'm not saying that this wasn't so before — but it has got much worse with the result that students actually spend more time working. I like to think that this helps explain the lack of active trampers despite the phenomenal interest at the beginning of the year, and spectacular membership (some of whom we have never seen again).

The second factor appears to be the increasing independence and mobility of students. We seem to have less need for group solidarity and activity. This is supposed by some to be due to the relative affluence of students at the moment and this is reasonable — perhaps what we need is a good economic crisis! For all that, participation in an enthusiastic, though not necessarily fanatical group is good value — don't miss it.

Tied up with all of this is the mushrooming interest in technical climbing. Personally, I find this competitive aspect quite nauseating, but then, I've never been a sportsman in that sense of the word. However, the challenge of the individual to overcome some difficulty is quite often exhilarating. While these technical achievements are a great boost to one's ego and increase one's self-confidence, we mustn't forget that mountaineering is a very personal experience.

The whole philosophy of mountaineering relies on a sense of responsibility to oneself and to other people. It is a process of always thinking ahead and anticipating things before they happen, calculating the factors involved and

making decisions. This is being responsible – you have weighed up the pros and cons and you know what you're letting yourself in for – sometimes these are calculated risks. Where you draw the line depends on experience, but not doing the calculations is unforgiveable. Most people get away with it most of the time, but it's sad if they don't even know what they are doing.

For all that, mountaineering is a good invention, but it's no good just talking about it – do it !

Yours etc

Alistair Kent

Dear Sir

In my travels I have encountered a serious illness very prevalent in trampers which I am persuaded should be brought out into the open so that a cure can be affected, as this disease is more deadly than even the Spotted Rocky Mountain fever. Hence, I humbly supply a list of symptoms and appropriate treatment.

Symptoms: Body relaxed in a horizontal position. No response to conversation or other stimuli except food (the disease manifests itself in an irresistable craving for scroggin / apricots / sultanas / chocolate . . .). Extreme inertia accompanies vacant eyes which are rarely open. The patient is not 'with it' mentally and it may be difficult to convince him he is in any danger – some have even died without a word of complaint. Despite this, the patient will normally become aggressive if notified of his symptoms. The symptoms are easily mistaken for fatigue and the victim and his party may not realise the need for treatment until all have succumbed, by which stage all are beyond help for some time. Early signs of reluctance to breathe good fresh air should be acted on urgently.

Treatment: The victim must be isolated from all humans due to the highly contageous nature of the disease. In addition, the victim should not be permitted to speak to his companions for fear of his deluding them with the demented logic characteristic of the disease. We have found that even for the most severe cases, ten seconds immersion in Blue Lake has immediate restorative properties. This may be attributable to the high S-adenosythomocysteine concentrations in this water produced by its native flora, as one cupful of fresh Blue Lake water administered externally has similar restorative effects.

While this disease needs further research to establish its aetiology and pathogenesis, I have no bones about naming it at once 'Hut's Disease'.

Yours etc

Dr Z.Q. Hut

The Chronicles of Seven Hobbits in the Misty Mountains

Routeburn/ Olivine / Pike. December – January 1974.

26th : It took three days for the merry band of adventurers to gather in Queenstown. The more energetic attacked boredom with an ascent of Ben Lomond (5700ft) – this being no mean achievement as it is seldom that hobbits show such excesses of energy, especially at early stages of their adventuring.

27th : With boredom setting in fast (we wondered whether like stone trolls, we would become permanent edifices in the Mall), and money running in the opposite direction, we were glad to see the last of Queenstown when the bus finally left at 8 pm. After switching to Harry Bryant's mobile museum on the other side of the Dart bridge, we motored up to Bryant's lodge. The pit was hit when everyone had stomached as much as they could of Chris's 'Mixed herbs scourge', otherwise known as liberally spiced dehy-stew. But how could we neglect to mention that this was also the first encounter with twenty-one of the First Karore Venturers; after all, that is why the bus left so late.

28th : The gear was redistributed, so we didn't get away until 12.30 pm and were soon overtaken by the Venturers, heading for the Nth Routeburn and an airdrop (!!!). We caught them up at Routeburn Flats Hut where we spent the next two nights. That afternoon was filled in with a quick trip up to the Falls hut and the next day by a trip to Emily Pass, gaining a magnificent view down to Lake McKenzie and back down the Routeburn.

30th : A morning of reading the 'Hobbit', damming the Routeburn and general sloth. Chris decided that we may as well go up the Nth Routeburn and wait there for the weather to improve, so at 2 pm we set off. Not long after, we met the Venturers heading down – they didn't like the weather on the Nth Col and decided to do their trip in reverse. We camped in the bush with a view of Nth Col and suffered the visitations of every kea in the Aspiring National Park.

31st : Up early with the intention of crossing to Midden Falls Creek via Nth Col, Lake Nerene and Park Pass. We got no further than Nth Col since the weather was closing in, though we did see the Donne Glacier through a break in the mist. A few hundred feet down the Routeburn we lunched outside a prospective bivvy rock. After lunch Dave and Chris (the bearded dwarves) started excavations, and five hours of broken backs and one broken watch later, 'Hobbits Bivvy' was born. With deep, shag pile snowgrass carpet, the bivvy was good enough for seven occupants and packs reasonably comfortably. Hobbits Bivvy has real style: split level sleeping shelves, an outside platform above the stream and a roof which shelters from all weathers, making it truly the best hotel at Nth Col, especially with Jim's provision of beer for New Year's Eve. Early in the New Year (4 am to be precise) a minor disturbance on the top shelf involving a small river emerging from the ground and flowing through Antoinette's sleeping bag threw the house into commotion, which revealed to all that though they didn't realise because of the shelter it was raining hard. We later heard some six inches fell in the area that night. Midday saw faces brighten as old Sol showed his face anew and the day was spent washing and sunbathing — except by unethical persons Chris and Jim who climbed a nearby peak.

2nd : At last we were headed for Hidden Falls Creek, though we tramped in mist at first. A peephole appeared in the cloud and there stood mighty Tutoko, everyone standing and marvelling, shutters clicking like a load of American tourists. We sidled around to Lake Nerene and then on to Park Pass for our daily Ivans stop. Precipitation was precipitating us off the Pass, and following false blazes didn't brighten spirits much. We finally reached Hidden Falls Creek after what seemed a very long day. Even dehy-stew was welcome that night !

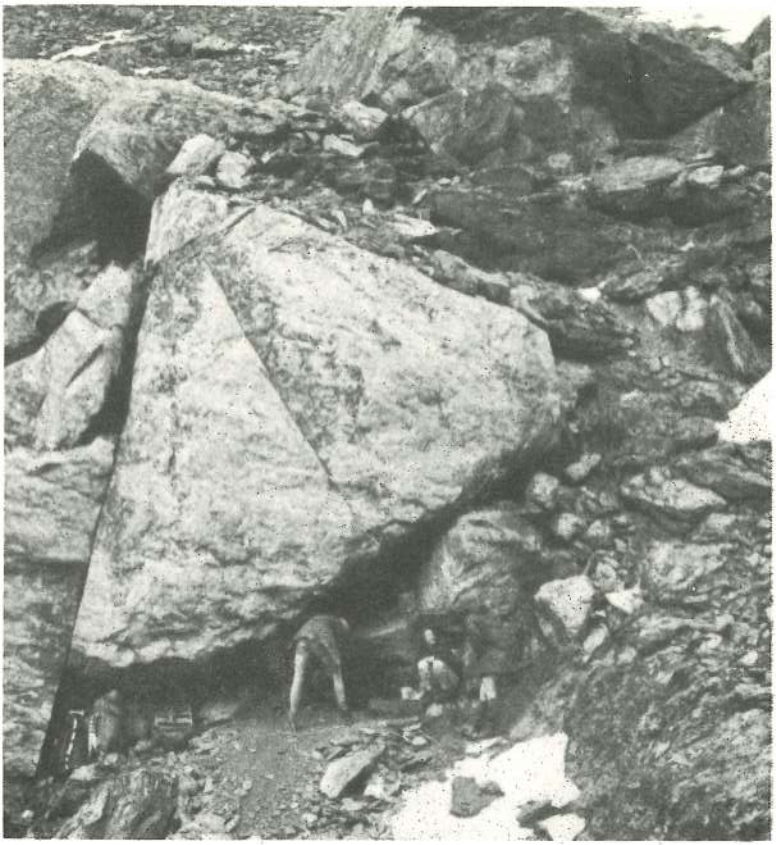
3rd : All told, a comfortable night with the morning showing considerable improvement — even sun. A feast of 'governs' for brekky and we were on our way again at 11.15 am. We had a long sun-soaking cum lunch stop at the head of the valley before crossing Cow Saddle into the headwaters of the Olivine River. Our camp spot was perfect — Dave couldn't

stop raving about it; mind you, it was worth raving about . . . a small island of moss and beech in the middle of a grassy tent site, next to beautiful cascades.

4th : Fantastic southerly weather and I even overcame my laziness and joined Chris and Jim to climb Courtenay Peak (c. 6000ft) and never regretted it. Sweeping panoramas from Madeline and Tutoko to the Skippers Range met us, and further beyond to the sea with Lake Alabaster and the Pyke at our feet, the Olivines rising in their splendour beyond the river. We descended back to what we thought was Alabaster Pass, continuing on over a knob to check out a lower pass which turned out to be the real pass. While we were skirting the overhanging bluffs, Chris, who was in front, let out an almighty ape-call, and we descended upon the aforementioned twenty-one Karore Venturers, who looked quite surprised at being approached by three apes with ice axes. They had taken 16 hours to bush crash up from Lake Alabaster while trying to follow the route in Moir. We therefore considered using a long scree slope off the peak to the right of the pass for the first half of our descent.

5th : Away at 8.30 am and passed the scouts heading up the valley as we headed down. Reached the Olivine side of Alabaster Pass by 9.30 and were on top twenty minutes later by a well-defined track — yes, Moir can be right sometimes. We descended the rubble gut we saw the previous day and lunched at its terminus, two thousand feet below the pass. From there to the Pyke River took another three hours on deer tracks on the true right of the river, six hours tramping in all, compared to the Venturers' sixteen. By carrying on around Lake Alabaster we reached Alabaster Hut after (in all) eleven and a half hours tramping. Some even celebrated by bathing in the lake — a shocking experience.

6th : Some slept solidly, some mumbled into the wee small hours and some mumbled at the mumblers, but we eventually got away at one pm, lunched (!) at Little Homer Saddle and arrived at Hidden Falls Hut at 5.30 pm. Cleanliness was once again in vogue — generating the hypothesis that cleanliness is inversely proportional to the number of trip days remaining.



"Hobbits Bivvy"

After dinner, hut occupants were suitably befuddled by 'Scissors' and 'This is the face of the man in the Moon'.

7th : Left Hidden Falls Hut at 9.15 after the acquisition of some fresh venison. Dave Walker lived up to his name by shooting through to Hollyford Road in two hours (signposts say three), and the rest in hot (very) pursuit. The trip was officially disintegrated at Gunn's Camp an hour and a half later, but lives on in memory as one of the best trips I've ever had.

Rob Round

Tramping in Tasmania

The largest and most well-known National Park in Tasmania is the Lake St Clair – Cradle Mountain N.P. Its 498 square miles of rugged mountain peaks and alpine moorland are reputed to offer some of the best scenery in Australia. I was unaware of the Park's existence on arriving in Tasmania for a three month tour but it wasn't long before I was thoroughly convinced that a tramp through the Park would be a highlight of the trip. I wasn't to be disappointed.

Hobart in the south and Devonport in the north are the two logical starting places, depending on which way you want to walk through. We had worked our way down to Hobart so it was to be south to north for us. From Hobart we hitched up to the foot of Lake St Clair from which the track begins. Feeling decadent and contemplating various rest days, we hired a local boat to the top of the lake, thus saving one day. We could have been in the South Island with high mountains rising from the lake shore.

Most of the mountains in the Park have classical Greek names – Olympus, Pelion, Ossa, Thetis, Achilles, and the Acropolis. This last mountain is especially well named, as when you tramp around it, it towers above like the original in Athens.

The track through the Park slopes upwards from both ends to reach a highpoint at Pelion Gap (3300ft). We reached this point on the third day and climbed Mt Ossa (5305ft). From there the sight was indescribable, with views of literally hundreds of miles in every direction. The sky was clear and we spent several hours soaking up the sun and the view.

Having reached the half-way point, we spent the next two days sunbathing and generally relaxing. It was interesting to watch seemingly unhardy Aussies tramping by in long trou and gaiters in fantastically hot weather. They seem to be afraid of poisonous snakes and leeches. I must admit that these scared me at times but as far as I could see, the discomfort of the Aussie attire far outweighs any dangers from animal life.

Continuing northward, we trekked across the miles of moorland which apparently remains sodden and is a perpetual

bog. It reminded me of scenes of Scottish moors – all we needed was a gentle mist. This was also good, or more properly, bad leech country.

The last day involved an incredible walk around a cirque which is reputed to be very treacherous when the wind comes up. It was a thin horseshoe ridge which seemed dangerous even in good weather. Past Cradle Mountain the track joins civilisation on the northern end at a place which we found was eminently hitchable to Devonport.

In all, the trip was one of scenic beauty and an interesting introduction to Aussie conditions. The emphasis on tramping changes to suit a different environment, but Kiwi gear and attitudes adapted well.

Geoff Patterson

Walkabout

On my trip to Australia this year I had two trips into the bush. Neither was a walking trip. The first was a week's Landrover trip into an area between the bottom of New England National Park and the forestry area, to visit a dingo and Antechinus Research Station. The forest areas have been extensively milled but still have areas of rain and beech forest, wet and dry schlerophyll (gums) all in close proximity. This diversity and inaccessibility make it a good research area.

The conditions which the three National Parks and Wildlife officers live in, and have lived in for five years, are such that only bush Australians could invent. The hut is rusting iron with a pile of disused (also rusting) dingo traps outside. It's a one-roomed affair with no storage, so dead animals (specimens), food, washing and drugs all share the bench and bunks with the inhabitants. Water is carried from a small creek a couple of hundred yards away and cooking is done over an open fire.

Three men sat about smoking, the two Malaysian girls woke up and untangled themselves from between the boxes and packing cases which were piled all over the bunks. Helen put the billy on and later got dinner ready. Bob put on his dinner suit – a pair of tails which had been used for tractor driving by an old farmer until he considered them worn out. They had never been washed.

For the next two days I was rostered a twelve hour duty on the radio aerials tracking a dingo, an Australian wild dog. I had to locate and get a compass bearing on the animal every 15 minutes, then decide whether the signal was moving or stationary. It sounds simple, but . . . When it rained a parka and superphosphate bag provided cover and when the sun shone I just sat around in my singlet. In between readings I bush-gazed, read, and stoked the fire. The birds got used to the radio and didn't run, but I didn't really get used to the leeches. If I felt aggressive I worried some scorpions. These small orange-brown animals with their darting poisonous tails fascinate me. The radio day was livened up by some drovers who were mustering using walkie-talkies and they swore at each other. I was relieved

after dark, and Peter was in for a long, cold, lonely twelve hours at the set. I wandered back to the hut and slept.

One day Helen took me to look at her Antechinus or marsupial mice. These are the size of a small rat and have a pouch. Half the traps contained Rattus fuscipes, dirty aggressive animals, and later that morning I did my share of trap washing following their efforts. After sanding the muck off, the traps were washed in the stream and left to dry on the bank while I watched no cattle tramped on them.

For a couple of days I worked with Bob Harden, the Senior Research Officer, draining bog holes in the road and setting up aerials for tracking dogs. In the afternoons we did plots, which are the areas of land where every three months the growth of plants, the number of, and type of droppings, and light intensity recordings are made. Bob talked about research most of the time: the hard slog of long boring hours to get a single new result, the lack of money, and the effects of poisons on various animals.

Once, Bob and I walked to where some loggers were felling. The men stopped work and talked for a while. They seldom see women so I was something of a novelty. They sat on one ankle, leaning on the opposite knee and asked leading questions. They were most direct and had filthy minds. Bob snickered and asked about any unusual animals — the ones we saw didn't exactly send us into raptures.

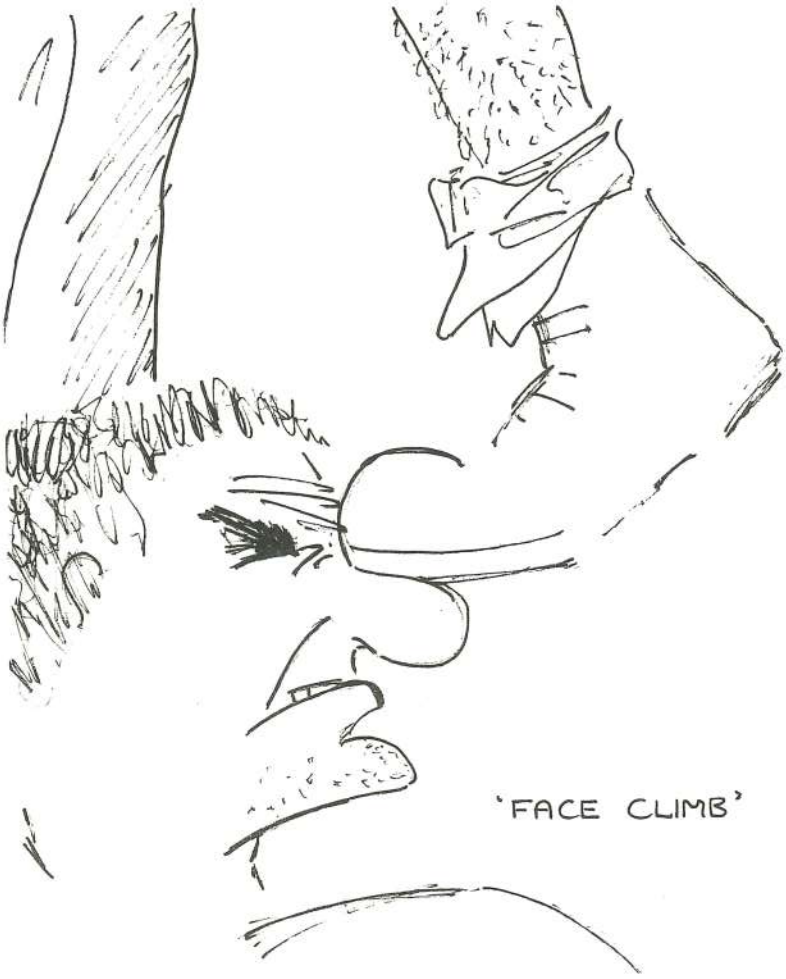
After a while they started talking about food and eating lyre-birds and brush turkeys, both protected species. None of them realised the significance of Bob's position. After we left the loggers I heard many lyre-birds and was always glad that they are not good eating. The male of the species, during the courting season, performs beautiful dances on a mound and mimics up to twenty other species in succession. He also has a peacock-like tail.

My last couple of days were spent under an aerial, tracking dogs and listening to radio hams. I have developed an intense hatred for these people as their noise managed to obscure the dog's radio beacons for many hours each day.

As Bob and I drove through Diamond Flat and up to the National Park at night we chattered aimlessly — not about research but about people and the bush. I was glad to be going back to a clean home where we have a broom and half-dissected

Antechinus do not just miss sitting in your dinner plate. That sort of thing makes you paranoid! All the same, it was an experience I enjoy more in retrospect.

Tibby Harrington



West of the Divide

This is going to be the only historical account of a really good trip, so you had better read on.

We duly arrived at the little township of Fox Glacier, had a quiet beer in its little pub, and next day set off up the glacier. For the uninitiated, the Fox, like the Franz, flows quite steeply in places through bush and light scrub, with ridges rising steeply on either side. After a day of this one reaches the névé.

Passing through the throat of such a glacier is an experience not to be missed, and on reaching the névé the outlook is just stupendous. Ahead for miles and miles stretch snow basins, with the peaks of the Divide forming a barrier before, while the sea glistens peacefully in the distance behind. The feeling is fantastic — it's so vast, so quiet, so peaceful, so superb.

It takes two days to reach Pioneer Hut, but every minute of the grind is worthwhile. The hut itself is nothing special, but where it sits just blows the mind. Behind the hut is a basin where we watch a ski-plane land after a couple of dummy runs and disgorge two overfed and under-exercised Southlanders. Above them are the peaks of Haast which roar in the wind, and beyond is the mighty bulk of Tasman, green ice glittering on the bulges — it definitely looks 'standoffish' (perhaps an explanation of its title 'Queen of the Alps'). From the other side of the hut one can gaze on an unadulterated view of the earth which defies description.

Now for those who are climbers we climbed Glacier Peak, we attempted Douglas (and say it was 'out of condition'). But with ten days of pure sunshine from 4 am to 8 pm, we climbed many peaks and for the good of our egos must mention West face of Haidinger (Malcolm and Bazza), Humdinger via the rock face, and Big Mac. Climbs we should have done were Tasman and Torres — although one suspects that would have been cheating, and we eventually and regretfully left via the standard route over to the Tasman Glacier.

The moral of this is to go to Pioneer sometime; don't be backward or cowardly about it (i.e. don't fly in), and do your thing. This trip was graced by the presence of (in order of credibility) Boud Hammelburg, Chris Ward, Malcolm Patterson, and Barry Barton.

Boud Hammelburg

North-West Ruahines

Party : Dave Chamley, Rob Round, Warwick Provan, Robert Slater, Paul Richardson.

One May day saw a party of trampers arrive at Mokai Station for the start of the Club's first Ruahine trip in several years. Compared with my other trips to the Ruahine Range, this one was a dismal failure, but don't let this put you off, because there is great scope for trips in the Ruahines.

The steep climb up to the saddle soon separated the men from the boys, so we camped here and offloaded some of Robert's tins. It was down to Ironbark next morning, across the Maropea and inland to Colenso Lake. The track was lost in swampy clearings near the lake, but after a bash in the undergrowth it was picked up again and a few minutes later Colenso hut appeared. That was the first day over, but in the afternoon there was an abortive search for the track to Potae. Consolation was found in the very beautiful surroundings in an atmosphere of mist and drizzle.

Next day we headed up a Mangatera tributary, then took to the bush for a few fun hours crashing up to Potae. Warwick did an excellent lead to bring us out under Potae's eastern face. There was a peasoup mist all around. Ruahine Corner hut was reached in time for lunch, and a decision was made to stay. In the afternoon the mist lifted so I took the opportunity to stroll across the Mangaohane Plateau to interesting rocks at 'Y', and to view Ikawetea's long spur, the valley itself, and the Makirikiri basin. The route for tomorrow was plotted as the main range remained clear.

Despite a good forecast next morning dawned dreary and misty. No decision could be agreed upon but we headed to 'Y' anyway. Here the weather went sour, but I was still keen to push on to Ikawetea Forks, but it was 4 to 1, so we chucked it in, dallied, then sprinted across the plateau to Ohutu Ridge for lunch. The weather had lifted and it was now fine. (Our route was to be Ikawetea, No Mans, Parks Peak, Makaroro, etc).

Ohutu Ridge gave fast travel until the drop of 2500ft on extremely steep slopes to the Whakaurekou river. We moved parallel with a huge slip – some found it thrilling, others terri-

fying. My hopes of getting up to Ironbark and salvaging the trip by going to Top Maropea, traversing the tops, and going down to Mid-Waikamaka on the following days gradually diminished with the slow descent. The river was reached at 5 pm so we camped an a manuka flat opposite the slip.

Next day we made fast time against the powerful river up to Ironbark, where Robert offered to go out because of blistered feet, and inability to keep up with the rest of the party. It was probably the wrong decision to refuse him but we couldn't come to any sort of agreement so we decided to make a decision at the next hut – Otukota. When we reached there, the pace had become very slow and Robert could go no further. Well, things sort of fell apart after this and it was decided to stay the rest of the day there. The following day was all misery as we followed the Mokai Range north to the farm, where the trip ended. The weather had been fine for the last two days.

We had started the trip with high hopes and the trip had been planned so that regardless of the weather it would not hold us up too much. Well, things didn't work out as planned. I don't believe the planned trip was over-ambitious because on previous trips we have covered much bigger distances on harder terrain in the central and southern Ruahines. However, the moral is obvious: the Ruahines are a large rugged area, and although well tracked and hutted, to get the most out of any trip in this range requires much more effort and determination than in most other areas. Anyone for a Ruahine trip ?

Paul Richardson

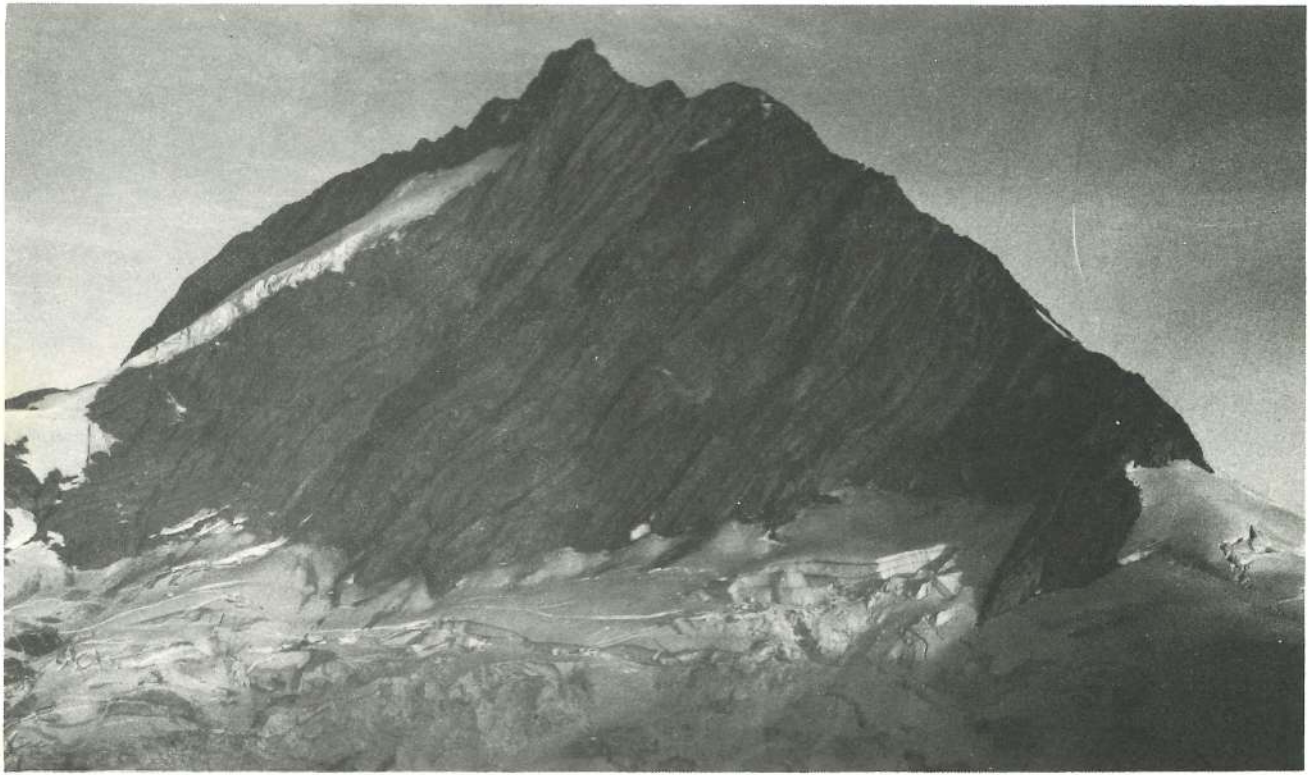
Ward....On Cheesecake on Ward

Cheesecake is an amazing dish. After you've struggled to divide a circular one into seven equal sectors, and you're left with only one tenth, you think you could knock off a whole one, on your own and without any trouble. Not so, I found, at Monument Hut in the Hopkins valley one evening in January. Thus it came to pass that I ate half a cheesecake on top of Mt Ward, and half a pound of fruitcake, four pints of Milo and two pints of stew on its flanks. What a climb! Any stiffness wasn't caused by overexertion.

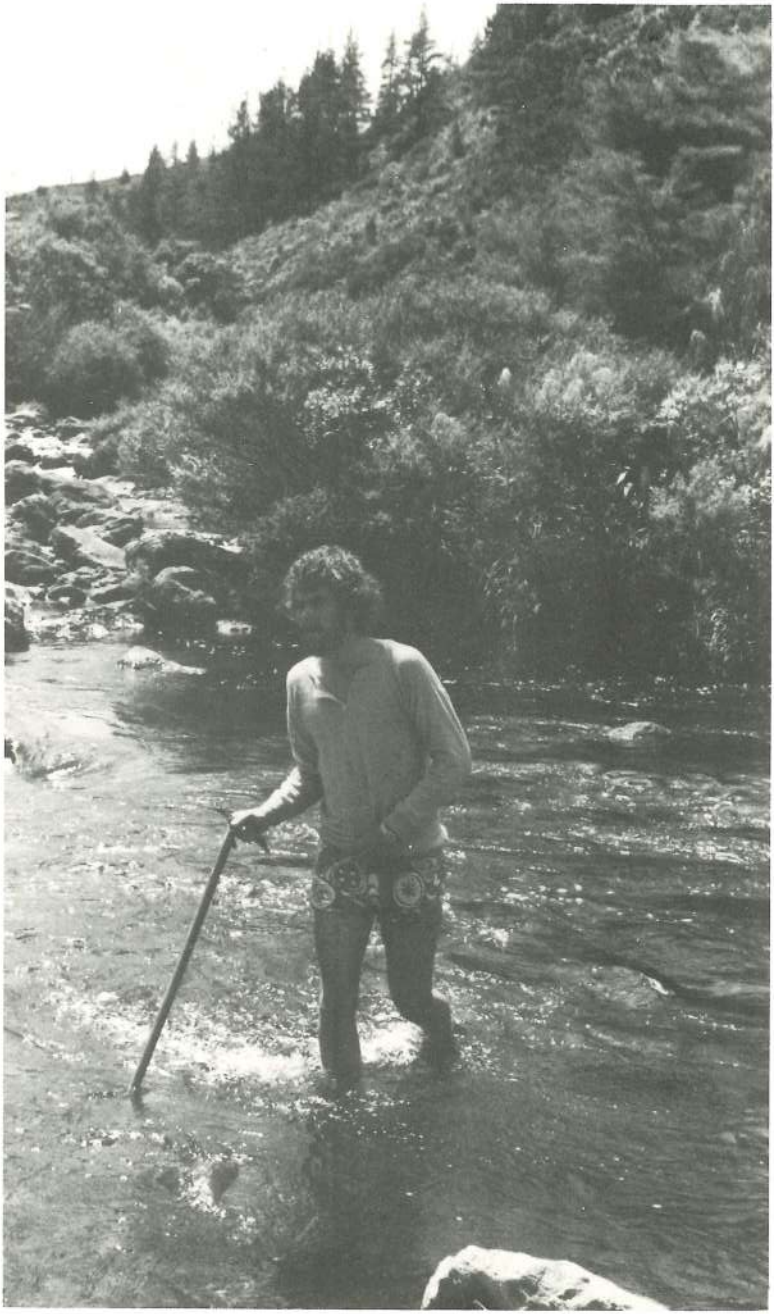
I left Elcho Hut at 5.30 pm, much later than I'd intended as I'd been yarning to half a Christchurch party in the hut. Forty minutes up the Hopkins I headed up into the bush to the crest of the ridge between Nth Elcho and the Hopkins. The sun set through lurg which was breaking spectacularly over the Main Divide at Elcho Pass. Although I didn't know it, the other half of the Christchurch party was then traversing around the back of Mt Baker to Elcho Pass, coming down from an ascent of Mt Ward. They reached their camp at bushline in the Nth Elcho at 1 am, nineteen hours after setting out.

At sunrise I left my comfortable and sheltered bivvy site and romped along the ridge to the snow shoulder of Mt Ward, then more cautiously around a few slots to the foot of the east ridge rocks, which were a bit rubbley in places, but fairly safe and easy. Below the 'low peak' I passed the bivvy site of Edgar Williams and party where they were benighted while narrowly missing the first ascent in 1933 – a tin and a small beech stick under an overhang. I left them untouched – rubbish becomes historical and interesting after the passage of years.

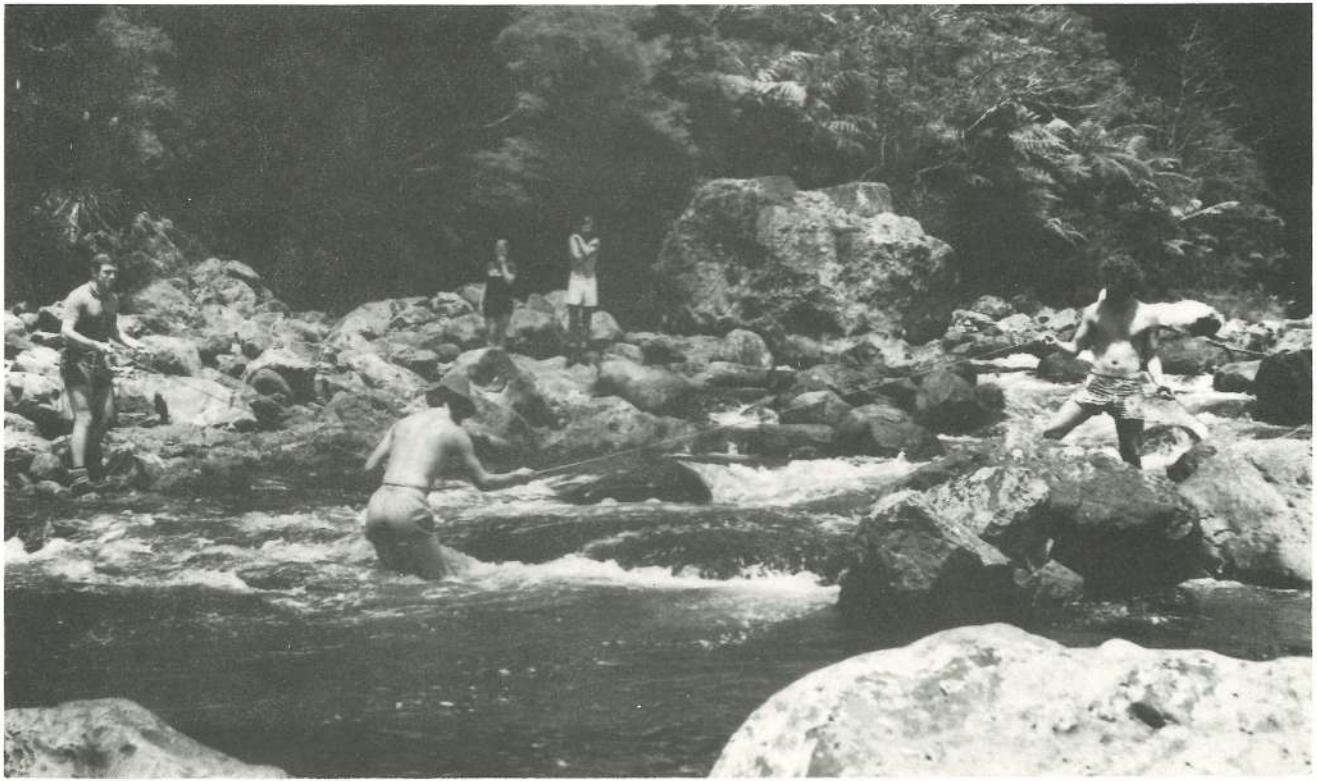
Reaching the top was tremendously satisfying, for when a mountain has such pleasing lines, dominates a valley in which you have spent many weeks work, and just happens to be of the same name as the climber, you do get a yen to climb it. To climb it alone intensifies the experience – you relate to the mountain and the environment beyond without the complications of a partner. Ward, the highest peak between Mt



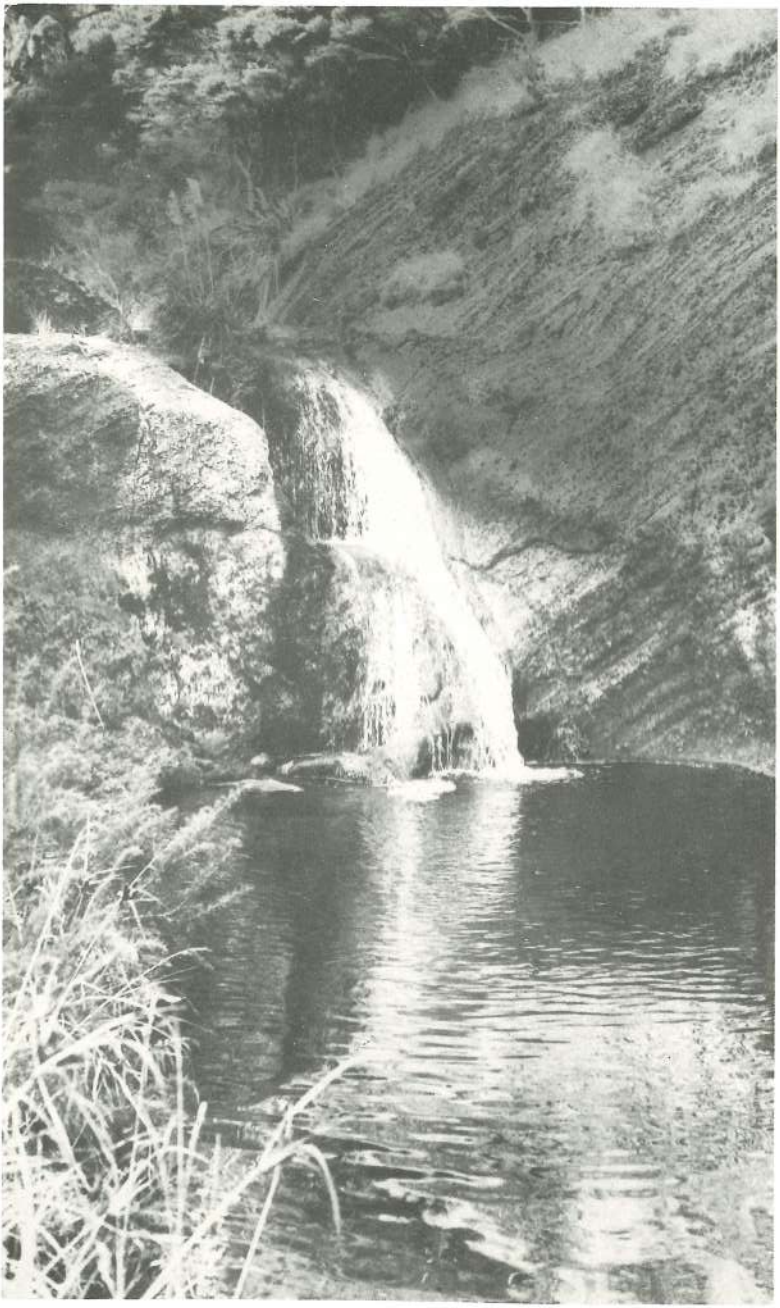
Mt Ward, from the South



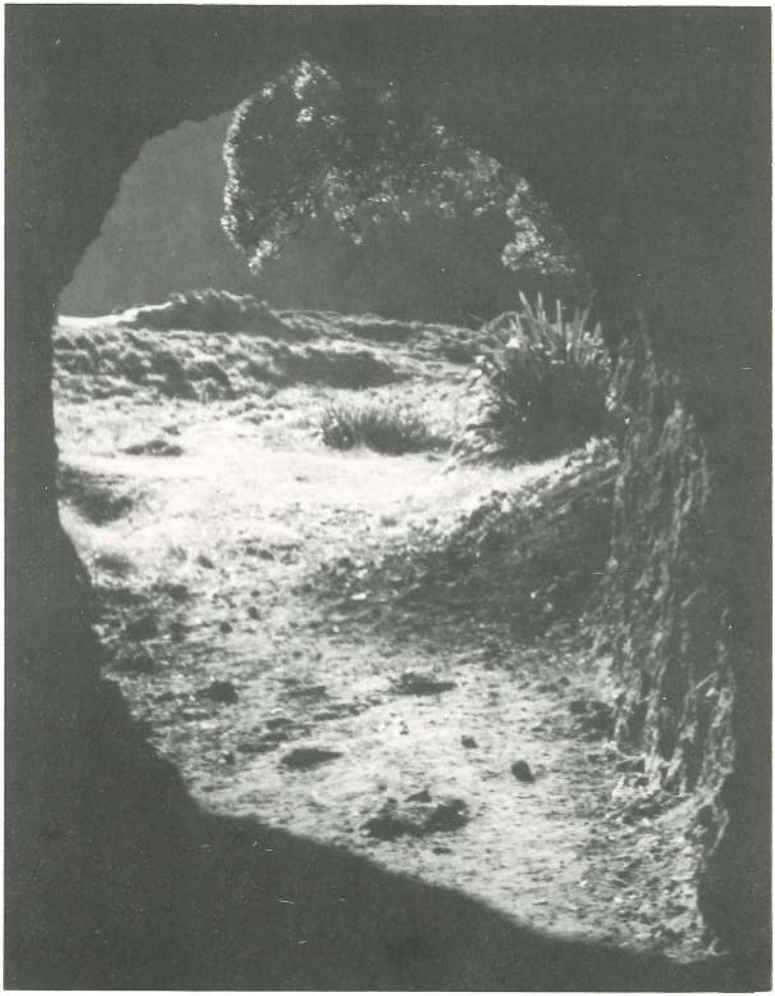
River-crossing School, 1973



River-crossing School, 1973

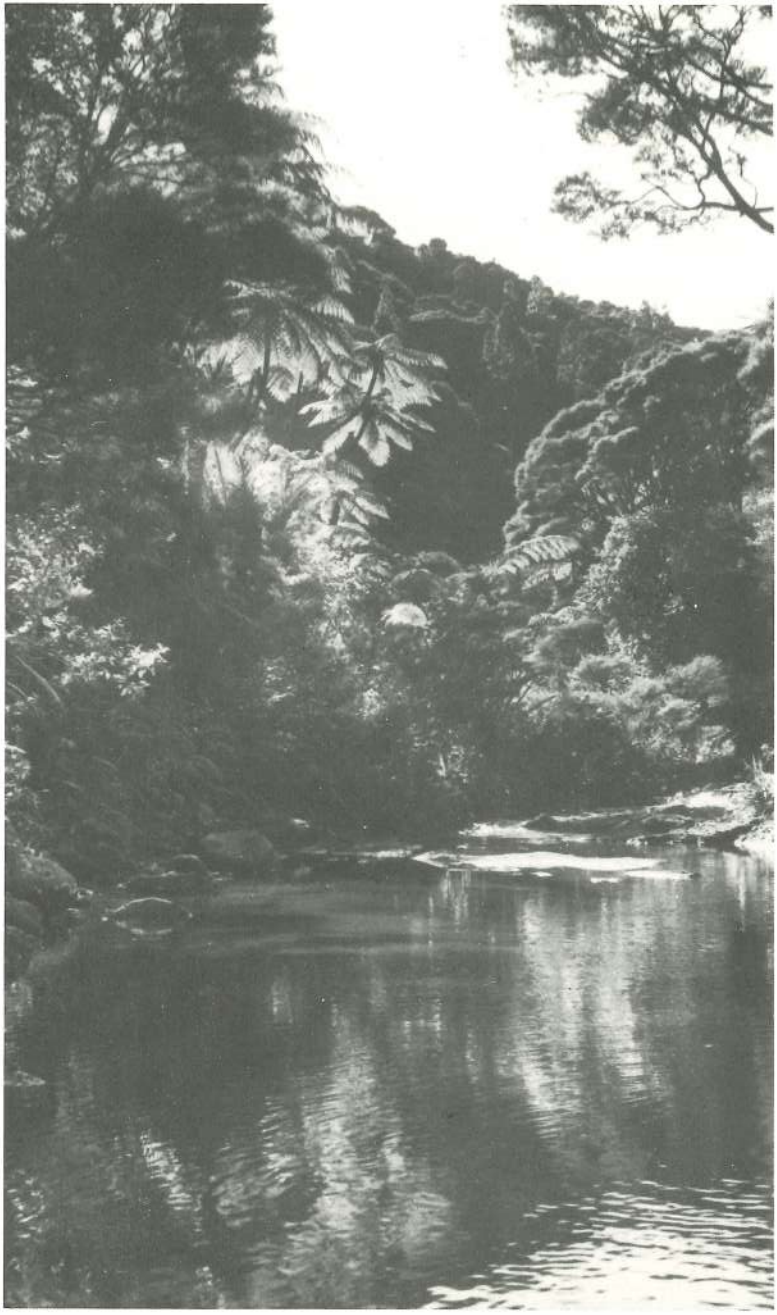


Wainamu Stream

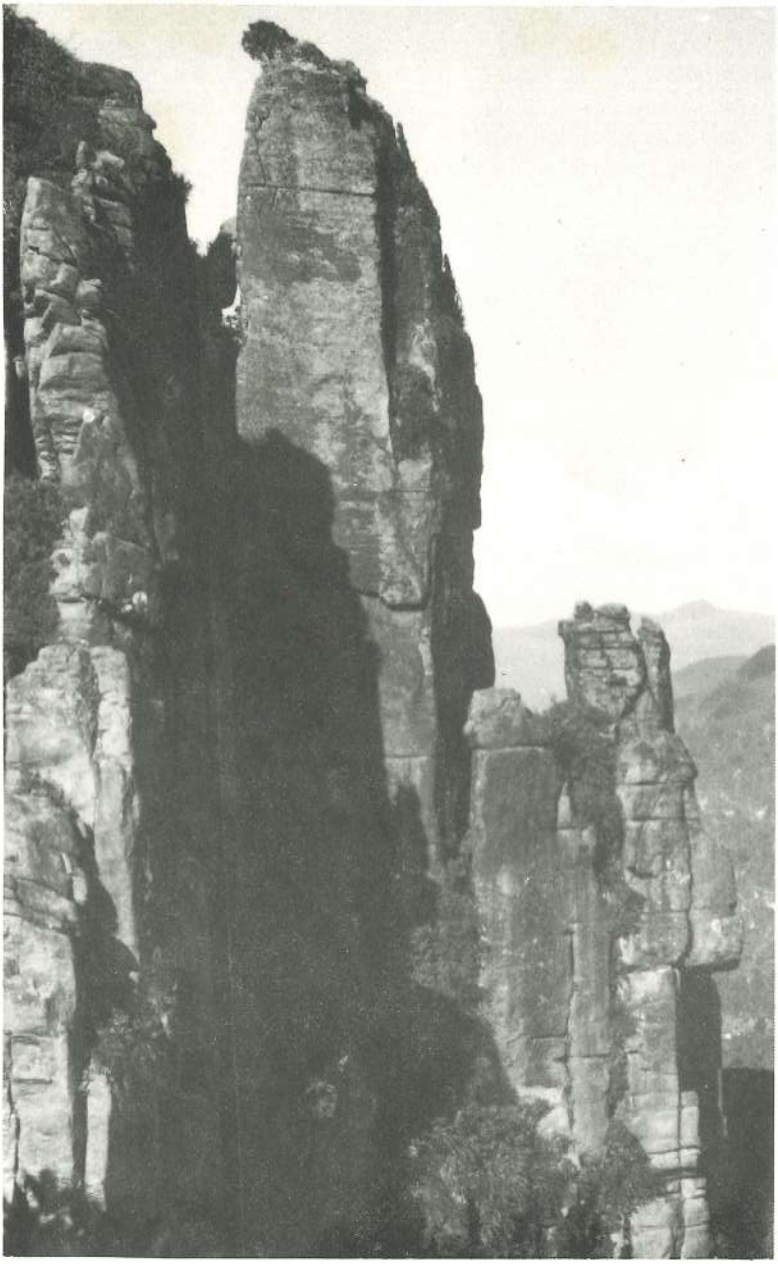


Between Pararaha and Karekare

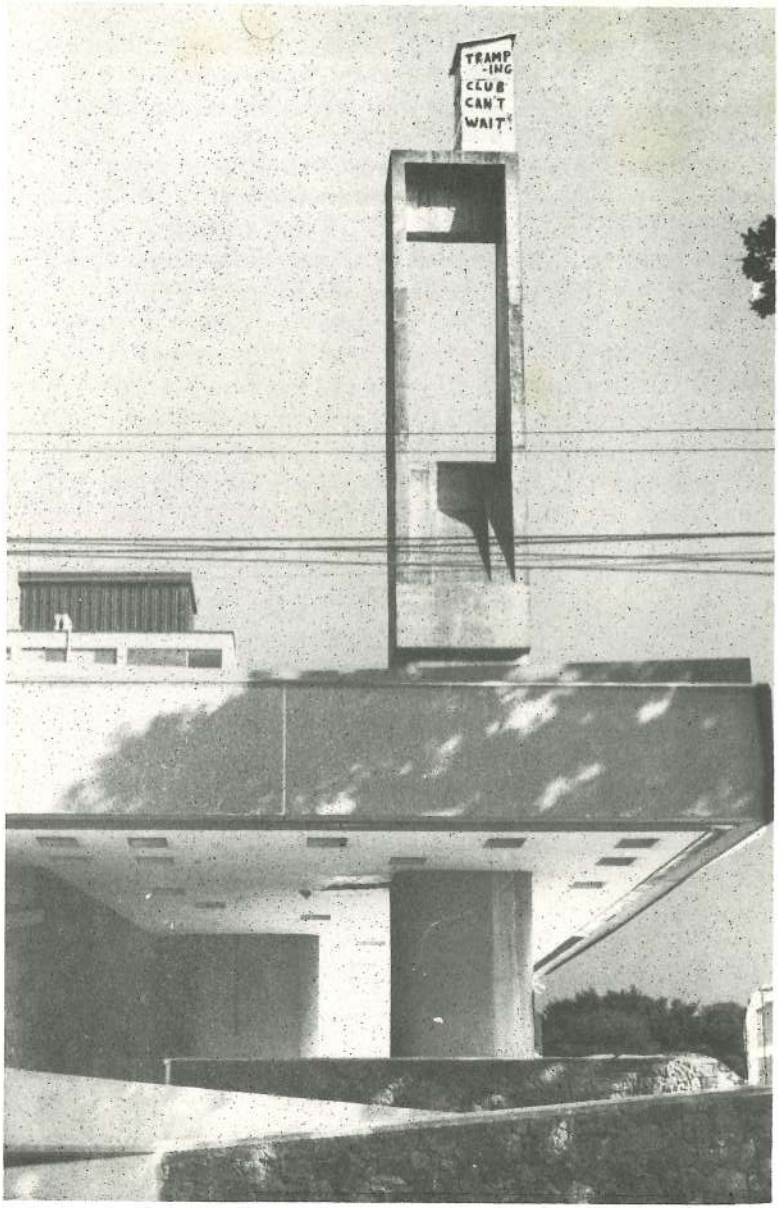
Kaimais



Pararaha



Rockclimbing in Auckland



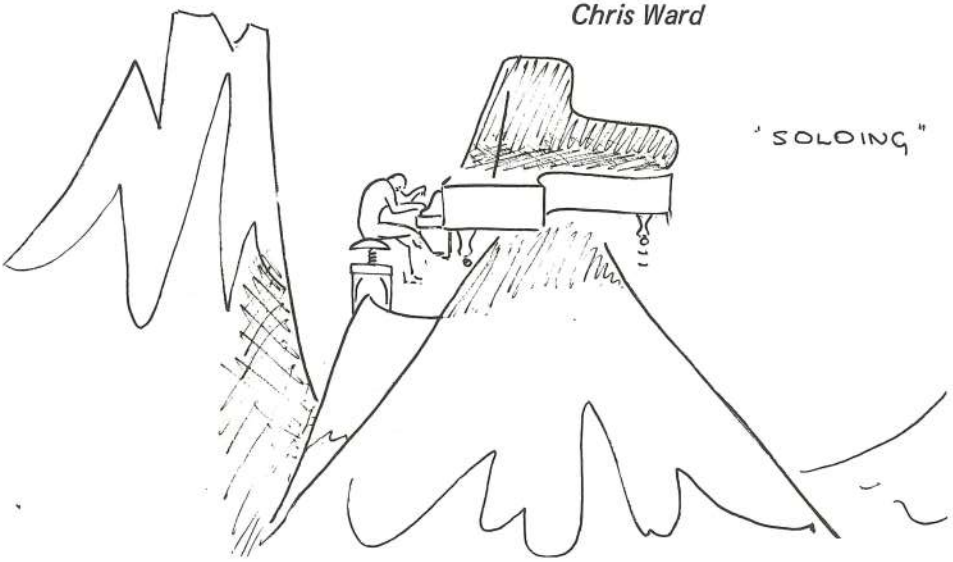
The Loo with a view !

Hopkins and Mt Aspiring, has a fascinating, all embracing view. I'd have stayed several hours but a string of hogsbacks was moving up the island and when Aspiring country had completely disappeared and the hogsbacks had reached Mt Brewster I declared it was time to go – 9 am.

As I travelled down to the bivvy, I stopped to watch a massive ice avalanche onto the Elcho Glacier. A quick chunder down easy slopes got me back to the hut at 2 pm. The weather didn't come to much, only a bit of drizzle and something of a heatwave which nearly persuaded me to go for a swim.

The East ridge of Mt Ward can also be reached by climbing up to the east of the face and ice cliffs above the Elcho Glacier. A fine traverse up the Elcho Pass and back by the East ridge is a good proposition from a camp at bushline in the Nth Elcho. The Hopkins is one of New Zealand's finest valleys, having fantastic scenery, good access, easy travelling on grassy flats and open bush, interesting tributaries, and glaciers and mountains large and small. It's a good place for beginners, for more difficult pass-hopping trips, and for climbing of all grades. A climbing trip of a week or ten days up the Hopkins and out over Tragedy Col and Barron Saddle to the Hermitage would be a very good 'get-fit'/ mental acclimitisation preparation for a season at Mt Cook.

Chris Ward



Rockclimbing in and about Auckland

The main rockclimbing area frequented by Auckland climbers, particularly if they can't come up with transport at the weekend, is the Mt Eden Quarry, tucked in below Auckland Grammar School. Up until a year ago, only the 'short' side was much used for climbing, and if it's dry (i.e. not in winter) it has merit as a training ground — the climbs are short and steep — good for top-roping or soloing if necessary.

The 'long' side, round near the Mt Eden Prison, on the other hand, although the scene of some aid climbs some time ago, has only seen great amounts of activity since midway through last year. Since then some 18 climbs have been put up, all predominantly free, most completely free of any artificial aid.

Unlike the other half of the quarry, however, the long side only includes climbs in the harder grades, the climbs being steep and strenuous. Again, in contrast to the other side, the climbs are long enough to lead (although they can still be top-roped) and the protection is good provided you have enough ultra-small jamnuts.

The main area out of Auckland frequently visited is the Karangahake Gorge, near Paeroa. Most of the recent advances in rockclimbing in Auckland have taken place there, with a number of good routes being put up in the last two years by members of the Auckland Rock Group. Despite the length of time Karangahake has been climbed, it is only recently that climbs have been put up the Red Wall, the Skyline Buttress, and the main China Wall. Prior to this, most climbing was done on the outlying buttresses: Sentinel, Khan and, of course, Prelude, with the Shield and Back of Beyond always popular for instruction purposes.

It is these faces that have attracted the majority of activity from Varsity rockclimbers, and it is noticeable that there are a number of unnecessary and unsightly pegs in place near natural protection on these climbs. You don't have to read and take heart the message of the Chouinard catalogue, but a return to British aesthetics as regards protection is not only desirable, but, let's face it, safer — you can lace a crack as much as you like

Apart from Resolution, the steep buttress just upstream of the bridge, and composed mainly of loose blocks slotted together, the main climbs done recently have been done on the three main faces mentioned above : two routes of good very severe standard and on excellent rock on the Skyline Buttress, plus another less satisfying climb past the overhangs to the left; one very steep, hard, very severe route straight up the China Wall; and a number of climbs on the Red Wall, ranging in difficulty from severe ('Flytrap') to hard, very severe ('Junket', 'Gollum', and 'Gambatagwa', now completely free, thanks to a recent all-day assault by Robbie McBirney and Pete Jemmett, still the most successful partnership around). There are eight routes plus a Girdle Traverse jostling for position on the Red Wall. In the main these routes are well protected, and although a number use a small amount of aid, none use an excessive amount.

Other areas of interest for Auckland climbers are Ti Point, near Leigh, a great place to spend a fine day jammed in a crack getting sandpapered hands while everyone else skindives (and the rock dries out double-quick after those passing with pegs but take a peel and as like as not the effect will be similar to opening a zipper.

With the publication of a guidebook to rockclimbs near Auckland by the ARG, less-involved climbers can find out what climbs there are, and anyone interested in rockclimbing would be well advised to buy it (just a little bit of advertising there!). In the meantime, however, here are a few comments on the present situation, particularly as regards the Gorge. A recent discovery from underneath the creepers that infest some of the faces is the London Wall, downstream from Sentinel. It is 60 to 80 ft high and has four routes of varying difficulty on it. The bottom of the wall is reached by abseiling from a peg in the gallery above. On the other side of the river, down the pipeline from the bridge two climbs start at the bolt and spike which allow the overhang to be climbed. 'Nightingale' turns the next overhang on the right then proceeds up the wall, while 'Berkeley Square', at 250ft the longest vertical climb in the Gorge, moves left and by a series of traverses breaks through the overhangs and climbs the wall above. Descent from both these climbs, as with many of the climbs at the Gorge, is by abseils from trees.

showers), and Pukekaikiore, the best rock in the North Island. Only ten minutes walk from Mangatepopo Hut, this crag provides great climbing for those longer holidays, and at all standards, as witnessed by the activities of Graeme Dingle – instructing Outdoor Pursuitists and putting up fearsome new routes. There is great rock for the hard men, and great positions even for the less ambitious climber. Make a note of the place and go there – it's like a slice of the Darrans transplanted in our own backyard.

Note: Questions and enquiries about rockclimbing around Auckland will be welcomed by myself and other URGA's (members of the newly-formed and informal University Rock Group of Auckland).

Richard McGregor

Loo with a View

At 3 am one morning near the beginning of the first term, a number of figures crept onto the roof above the large Chem. Lecture Theatre. In the course of time a tennis ball with a string attached was thrown over the structure above the air vent. After a number of attempts a rope was dragged over, which enabled the villains to climb up. Finally, a rectangular construction made of yellow cardboard and with 'Tramping Club can't wait' written down one side, and 'Get high on hills' down the other. The day dawned to greet this bright yellow loo with a view, visible to all who cared to cast their eyes up. It survived some ten days before succumbing to the workstaff with seige ladders, mangonels . . . . and finally met its demise at the hands of the French Club in an alcoholic haze.

(See Plates on pp. 26 - 27)

A song—'That Winter Climb'

(Composed in the Jamieson Valley over a very slothful breakfast by Marty Sage and Chris Ward. To the tune of 'Summer Wine')

When I was young and bold, and almost in my prime,
I had a strong desire to do a winter climb.
I saved my pennies 'til the rent was in arrears
Then went to Oscar's shop to get me all the gears.
Oh winter climb

A Chouinard axe, doubeks, a fifty metre rope,
A 'Fitzroy' hammer and we'll bomb the steepest slopes.
A duvet, twelve point poons, a pair of double boots
Are just the things you need for climbing winter routes.
Oh winter climb

I flew to Pioneer west of the main Divide,
Three other guns came too, they said "Just for the ride".
We festered twenty days there in a Norwest storm,
Before we saw south face of Doug's steep icy form.
Oh winter climb

So I teamed up with Kate, she was an Aussie bird.
She'd done winter climbs of which I'd never heard,
And after twenty days, slothing in the pit,
There could be no doubt we were a perfect fit.
Oh winter climb

But then at last we heard on 7 pm sked,
"Weather clear and fine, winds from South" he said.
Early we went to bed, alarm was set for four,
All our gears were packed, boots were by the door.
Oh winter climb

When I awoke, the sun was shining in my eyes,
My bird had flown away, my pack felt half its size.
She took my Chouinard axe, the doubeks and my prime,
And left me craving for
that winter climb.

A Word on Muesli

THE TRAMPERS STAPLE

With friends all on the health food kick
I heard the word always
That muesli is the natural food
Which lasts you through the days.

It gives you energy they said
With lots of goodness too,
And if your tramping born or bred
Muesli's the food for you.

And so I bought a rucksack full
With lots of tramps in mind,
And when I started tramping
I found my friends were right.

My energy was boundless;
O'er hills and creeks I sped,
And when each day was over
I slept well in my bed.

Then up each dawn to muesli
And after that away . . .
But I had to stop before too long
To regulate my days.

I had found that more and more
I had to leave the track
And fairly soon thereafter
The feeling would come back.

My problems were increasing
And my progress was erratic,
For my high octane muesli
Made transmission automatic.

High up in the mountains now
My story is not funny
With naught but soggy snowgrass
To make the trampers dunny.

Well, muesli gives you energy
And lots of goodness too,
And if you're going tramping
Muesli's the food for you.

But MODERATION is the word
Don't eat it morn and night
Just a little bowlful daily
Ensures that she'll be right.

But she'll be wrong and that's for sure
The feeling isn't nice
If you eat muesli on its own
You'll surely pay the price.

Geoff Patterson

Be your own Tohunga

Do you suffer from eczema and venereal disease ? You do ? Good — if you caught them at the same time you deserve it. However, here, for the benefit of your friends, is a cure.

Boil the leaves of the Kawakawa (pepper tree) with the bark of the Ongaonga (tree nettle) and use 'both externally and internally'.

This is just one of the 'natural cures' given in "Medicines of the Maori" by Christine Macdonald (1973, Collins). The remedies all use native trees and shrubs and while reputed to have been used before they are to be used ***at your own risk!***

It would be interesting to try some of the simpler cures though . . . .

'The juice from heated Kawakawa leaves is supposed to be an excellent antiseptic and healer.

'The shiny side of Karaka leaves kills germs while the underside draws out pus (ech!).

'The liquid from boiling crushed kowhai bark for a few hours can be used to bathe severe bruises or newly set fractures.

'The berries of the tutu can be used to avoid double-bunking by killing off the opposition.

'The slimy tissue from the inner curled frond of the Manaku (black treefern) can be put on wounds such as a poisoned hand or swollen feet, while the gum from the tree can be chewed for diarrhoea.

' An infusion of the inner bark of the Manuka can be rubbed on the skin as a local anaesthetic or drunk as a sedative – are any modern equivalents (e.g. ether) as versatile ?!

' If you hold a piece of the inner bark of the Pohutukawa in your mouth, or chew the young leaves of Kerata, your tooth-ache might go

' The pith of the ponga can be used as a drawing poultice.

' The bark and leaves of the Rimu act as an astringent, anti-septic and haemostatic. Or for internal bleeding (lungs, stomach) if you were ***desperate*** enough (i.e. no help for many days) you might like to try dissolving 3 cc of rimu gum in hot water and drinking it.

' Totara berries are edible but constipating. The bark of the totara makes a good wraparound splint.'

And these are only some of the uses of the trees. (There are shrubs as well.)

Contorted bowels ? Then cure your constipation, diarrhoea and bladder complaints the natural way – no synthetic chemicals or consumer packaging – just good old natural poisons.

So have an interesting and often amusing afternoon – get a copy from the library (at $3.95 it's a bit expensive) and learn something useful – even if only to wield your new knowledge as a threat against hypochondriac trouble makers !

P.S. If you do decide to try any of these:

a) Make ***sure*** it's the ***correct tree.***

b) DON'T KILL THE BLOODY TREE.

(Take leaves, bark, roots, etc from sunniest side.)

Brad Field

Ngauruhoe

I climb up from Mangatepopo in calm crisp air on smooth crisp snow. The full moon shining brilliantly on the snow around me, gleaming softly on Egmont's distance. In my pack are food, drink, clothes and a sleeping bag. I'm going well, no worries, no urgency, just a steady effort and peace.

I have seen this mountain from above, below, from East and from West. I have seen its top immersed in its own steam, blackened by clouds of ash, and I expect some day to see lava running down its slopes. But tonight thin blue smoke drifts quietly away to the East, and I am climbing Ngauruhoe.

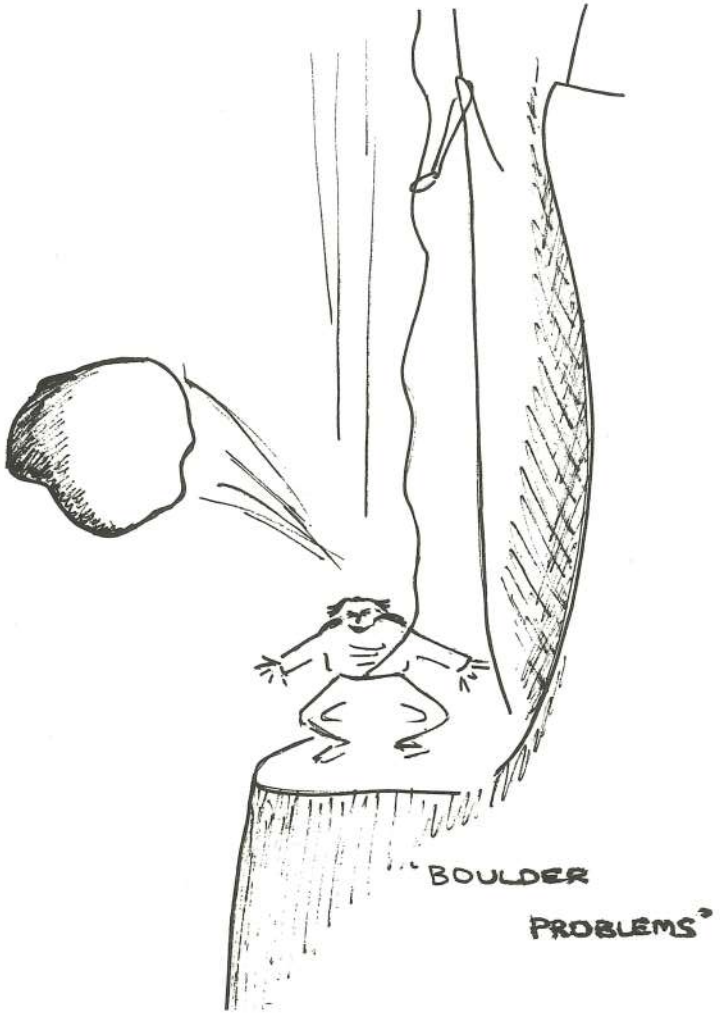
The snow is not so good now,there wasn't enough water in it to freeze it solid, but friends were up in the afternoon and their steps are fine. Now, zig-zagging above them, steeper, slower, it's many hours and many miles since I was last asleep. More effort, more rests, then the slope eases and now I'm looking down into the crater, its bottom lost in shadow and smoke, warm breaths, cold breaths, a dark and mysterious hole, perhaps menacing. It seems friendly enough tonight, and you don't have to love a mountain to know it's alive.

Around to the outer southern rim, Ruapehu rises out of the dark plains as a shining, wrinkled blanket covering the sleeping Maori god. The lights of Iwikau, the transplanted city or cancerous secondary, with whose inhabitants I just cannot relate, but this does not break the spell. By the crater's edge I level out a snow patch and lie down to sleep, soon feeling the warmth seeping through from below — Adam's electric blanket!

Waking with the dawn, Taupo glows orange and ranges multiply into the distance. Ruapehu stretches to meet the red sky and the smoke above me shades pink as the sun bursts over the horizon. I wave to my shadow in the sky away out beside Egmont. Light floods over the folded bush and smooth snow ridges, and flecks of golden cloud float on the translucent blueness of Lake Taupo. The pageant is complete.

Down again, over the familiar beauty of Tongariro, down from the snow to the colour and the smell of grass. Pause for a drink at the hut, and a lie in the sun, a soak in the springs with time to reflect on past occasions with friends, and past time alone, relaxing. Some days live long and large in the memory – this will be one.

Chris Ward



Restorative surgery for boots

The purchase in New Zealand of high class continental climbing boots has now departed from the financial bracket of most students. As a result, some have purchased Kastinger boots, and these boots have two faults. First, the uppers are not one piece, which means a side seam which soon gives way and must be re-stitched. This is the simplest of operations and I wouldn't recommend you to pay anyone to do it because you can do it yourself.. Once resewn, spread Araldite or rubber sealant over the seam for protection.

The second fault is that, though initially a good stiff boot, the soles become very 'bendy' after a while. The Mark 1 type boots with leather soles seem to be irredeemable in this respect, but the Mark 2, with the 'plastic sole' are suitable for restorative surgery.

Take the 'bendy' boots and remove the Vibram sole, and it will pay to buy replacement soles (about three dollars from Coberger). Then using a sharp knife and a small chisel, dig a trench in the plastic sole until you uncover the broken stiffening bar. Bend this out and cut off where it goes under the heel piece because the heel piece is essential for the locating of the Vibram sole. Obtain and shape to fit a piece of stainless steel, or even mild steel will do, trim the trough to fit and Araldite the bar in place. Finally, Araldite and screw (with brass screws) the new Vibram sole on and trim it to the right size. You now have a resoled, super-stiff pair of Kastingers.

This General Principle can also be applied to NZ climbing boots. I have modified in a similar way a pair of 'John Bull' climbers to get myself (with the addition of a pair of European inner boots) a pair of doubles for less than forty dollars. These have two shortcomings. Firstly, the leather used for the uppers is just not thick enough, and I don't think they will last mountain abuse terribly long, making the time spent in the modification a bit of a waste. Secondly, they are extremely heavy, though slightly different procedures could resolve this.

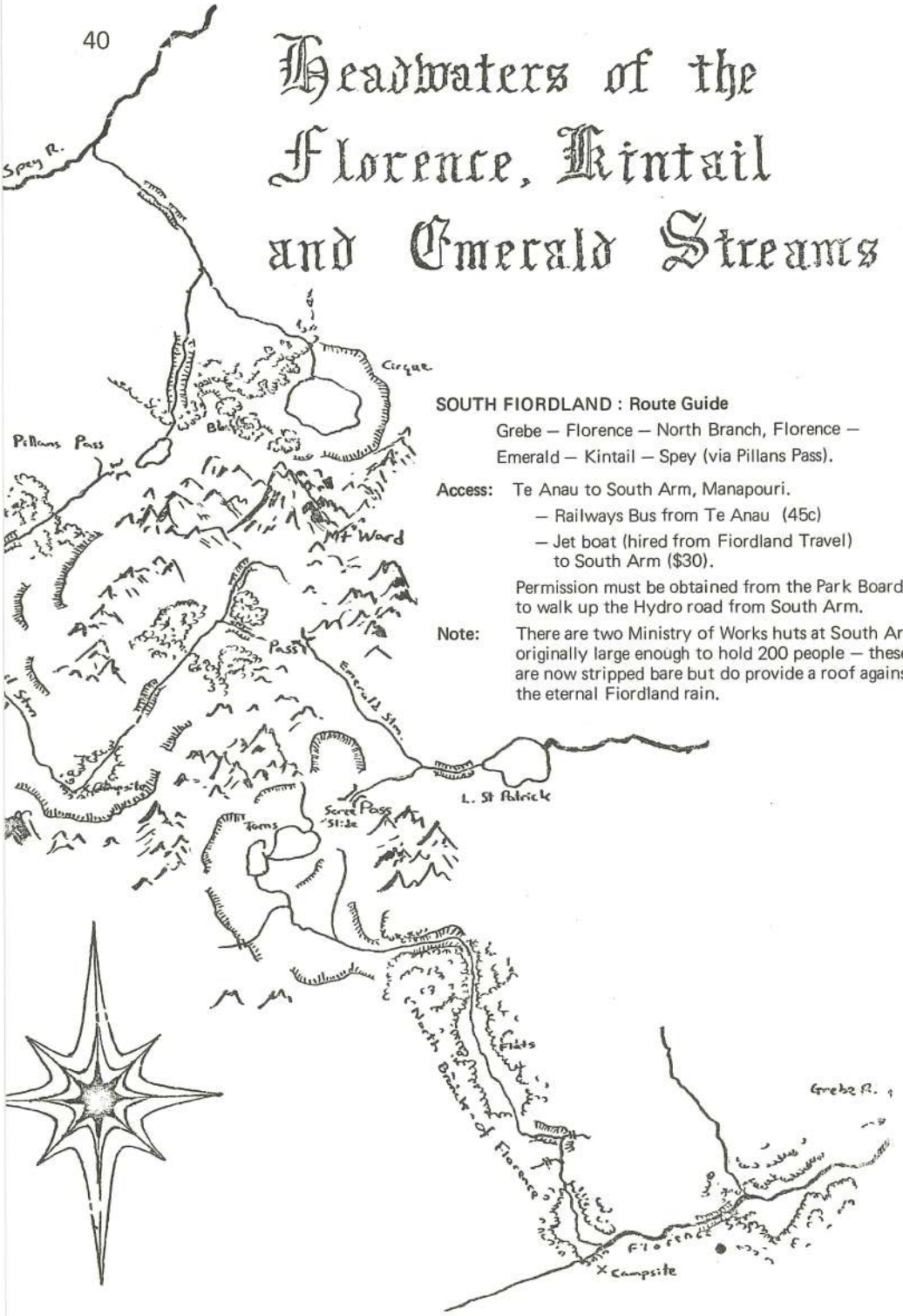
It may be possible to put together a good pair of stiff-soled climbing boots quite cheaply by modifying an old-style

leather ski-boot, or by finding some other suitable substrate – NZ made boots at present are not really worth the time. When it comes to the crunch, if you must pay seventy dollars plus for a pair of boots that will last three seasons, a pair which cost thirty-five and last one and a half are just as good, though they may not look so gun. Further, as the price of imported boots increases it may become a reasonable proposition to have replicas custom-made by NZ bootmakers (unfortunately a dying breed).

In conclusion, there is no doubt that boots of the ilk of Galibier, Val d'Or, Scarpa and so on are the best mountain boots, but at the price asked, NZ students may soon, if not already, be forced into compromise.

Marty Sage

Headwaters of the Florence, Kintail and Emerald Streams



SOUTH FIORDLAND : Route Guide

Grebe – Florence – North Branch, Florence – Emerald – Kintail – Spey (via Pillans Pass).

Access: Te Anau to South Arm, Manapouri.

- Railways Bus from Te Anau (45c)
- Jet boat (hired from Fiordland Travel) to South Arm ($30).

Permission must be obtained from the Park Board to walk up the Hydro road from South Arm.

Note: There are two Ministry of Works huts at South Arm, originally large enough to hold 200 people – these are now stripped bare but do provide a roof against the eternal Fiordland rain.

The Grebe

The simplest way up the Grebe to the Grebe/Florence junction (6 miles upriver from the lake) is by following the Hydro road which travels along the true right bank of the Grebe. Consequently, you have to cross the Grebe – this could be very difficult, if not impossible, if the river is in flood. The best ford is upstream from Shallow Lake. Leave the Hydro road opposite the Florence before you reach the big slip, and head down to the river flats. The hut marked on the map probably doesn't exist, and the only dry ground suitable for camping is among the beech trees on the river bank, as the river flats are actually swamp. After crossing the river, head back down the Grebe towards the Grebe/Florence junction. The best travelling is to be found in the trees, then, when the hill slopes steeply down to the valley floor, on the edge of the swamp, and finally by wading round the edge of Shallow Lake. After the lake and a short stretch of open beech forest, sidle along a bench, using deer trails running well above the Grebe, which travels through a gorge at this point. Head round and down into the Florence valley, dropping down from the bench. Time from river crossing to the Florence : 5 hours.

The Florence

Travelling up the Florence is easy if, as Moir points out, you keep right to the river bank wherever possible, and avoid all open yellow bog patches. The banks provide dry travelling as the river has built-up levees. The rest of the valley is swamp. About 4 hours after meeting the river, and opposite the second tributary on the true left bank of the Florence (the first big tributary on the aerial photograph) climb a substantial ridge in the valley floor to the true right and parallel to the river (which passes through a gorge). The going is pretty rough – steep banks and fallen logs. After the gorge, drop down to the river where a particularly deep bend has created a large eddy. Follow the river again until a large outcrop plunges sheer into the river. Head into the bush, skirting round the side of the outcrop, and scramble up a steep mossy bank to its top, then along and down the other side to the junction of the North and West branches of the Florence. Here a good campsite will be found (and the last dry firewood on the trip !). The Florence is easily crossed just above the north branch.

Note: Campsites in the Florence are rather scarce.

North Branch of the Florence

(The aerial photo in Moir is not much good here as it is rather distorted.)

The going at first is easy on the true right bank, fairly close to the river. From here Moir says:

> "Follow up the valley and after passing a small gorge and waterfall, sidle and climb a spur on the west bank, dropping down ro open flats . . . . "

We found these instructions rather confusing. We reached what appeared to be a small gorge, containing a waterfall, and climbed round it, looking for a spur on the left. However, we presently came to a high waterfall falling from high bluffs on the left side of the valley (which would preclude finding a spur further back). After some rough going we found ourselves overlooking the main stream which ran through a large precipitous gorge, containing a big waterfall. We then climbed a steep scrubby spur and sidled round for a short distance before dropping down to the middle flats. (Note: Although Moir is apparently ambiguous, it would be difficult to lose the route, provided one does not cross to the true left bank of the North branch.)

Follow the river, travelling very much as in the lower Florence, until it cuts hard into the sheer valley wall. Time: c. 4 hours from the junction of the North branch to this point. Cross the river just below this point. About 3 more crossings before the end of the flats may be necessary. From here, Moir's instructions are fairly straightforward – the going to the top flats is good where stated. It is very difficult to find a campsite on the top flats, as dry flat ground is scarce.

Florence/Emerald/Kintail Crossing

This stage could be the crux of the whole trip – not only involving the crossing of two passes in one day but also being the last point from which one could turn back (a return down the Florence and along the Hydro road to Monowai, estimated at 5 days).

The easiest and most direct route to the scree slope described in Moir is up a small stream on the true left of the valley near its head. This bypasses two tarns above the top flats (cf. Moir's route which is actually longer). The scree slope looks worse from the bottom than it actually is. Time from the top flats to

the top of the scree slope = 1½ hours. Once into the Emerald, descend down a narrow gut, following the stream on the right bank (snow grass treacherous in places) and around a tarn. Cross the stream to the left bank where it leaves the tarn, then traverse round to the left and down to the Northern branch of the Emerald. Follow this up on the true left bank to a gentle pass into the Kintail. (Note: This pass, straightforward from the Emerald, is not obvious from the Kintail.) Time: 4 hours from the top flats of the North Florence. Descend into the Kintail by way of a steep, semi-bushclad slope in the middle of the valley, avoiding small but steep stream gorges on either side. Follow flats to the bush, then travel above a gorge, on the true right bank, through thick bush, dropping to flats on the left bank where the valley makes a big bend to the right (N.W.). The flats here are level and dry – good for camping, although the firewood is wet. Continue on the left bank for a short time then cross to the true right. The going is good – deertrails are plentiful. The Kintail junction should be reached 1½ hours after the last flats. Here will be found the last campsite before Pillans Pass.

Kintail/Spey via Pillans Pass

From the junction travel up the true right bank of the west branch of the Kintail, keeping a small way above the stream (not too far). A holly clearing will be reached after about 20 minutes. From here the going is much less comfortable – the bush is thicker and more tangled, and there are very few deer trails. Times can vary considerably, but about 2 hours to the bush-line would be a wise estimate, with another ½ hour to the pass itself. To descend from the pass, follow down a small gut, to the right of the stream onto a flattish spur, keeping a deep gorge to the left. Sidle round to the right, on tussock, and towards a magnificent cirque which soon becomes visible. Steep bush slopes, interspersed with a few bluffs lead down to the large tarn in the cirque. Campsites in the cirque would be hard to find as the ground is rather swampy. Moir describes the route from Kintail to the Spey in reverse, and is rather hard to follow. A possible route from the cirque is to plunge straight over the lip of the basin and down to the valley floor through the bush, cross the stream, then climb to between 300 and 500 feet above this tributary of the Spey, on its left bank, to avoid a gorge. Con-

tinue along the side of the spur, through rather tangled trailless bush, and down into the valley of the Spey which you cross until you meet the Park Board track or the river. A passable campsite can be found on the other side of the wire bridge across the Spey. Time: 3½ hours from the cirque to the Spey; 8 – 9 hours altogether from the Kintail junction to the Spey. From this point 3½ hours along the track will bring you to the West Arm/Doubtful Sound road.

General Note

1. All tents should be equipped with flies for Fiordland travel.
2. Take a primus – or at least a plentiful supply of firelighter. Firewood is wet.
3. Take a radio – walking out can take up to 5 days from many places.
4. ***Rivers.*** A high rainfall means that the ground is saturated at all times. River flats are, as a rule, swamps. Any extra rain runs straight into the streams which can rise – and fall – in a matter of a few hours. In the Florence the only reasonable non-swampy travelling was along the river banks, which were bush-clad with ample deertrails.
5. Follow deertrails wherever possible – especially in the Florence valley. If you are not on a deertrail then you are probably in the wrong place !

Chris Longson & Cathy Newhook

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