

snagged. I hope it breaks this time! Somebody up there please help me. On other occasions that *?!*#\$% tape had always managed to free itself. This time . . . ! Yosuke moved over to where the end of the tape vanished into a rapid. He tugged and pulled the tape from various angles. I came down to 'help'. Finally, to my great relief, the tape parted from its last five metres. Yosuke slowly shook his head. I tried to hide my relief, barely succeeding in doing so.

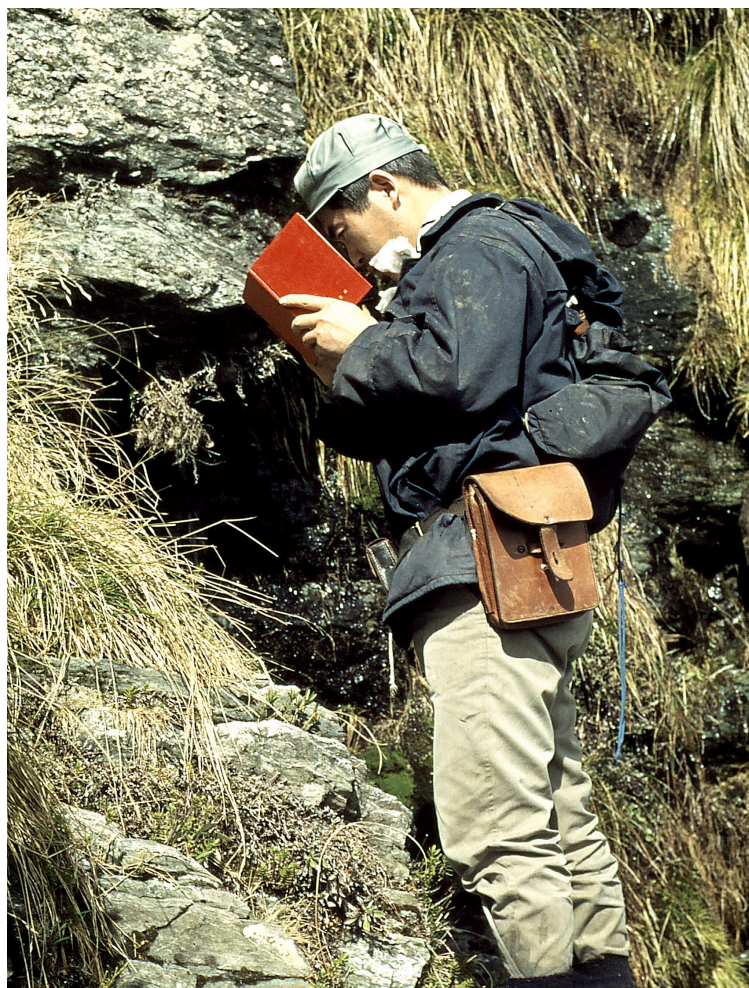
Without the tape progress was much faster and, for me, much more pleasant. By now Yosuke and I were in a narrow gorge. Here and there we had to negotiate small waterfalls. We had just scrambled past one particular waterfall when one 30 feet high presented itself. This fall was a little more difficult than the others. The rock was very slimy. For the last six feet we had to chimney up a tricky gut. This brought us out into a short gorge right at the base of a 40 foot waterfall. Yosuke immediately spotted some interesting rock and began to chip away. I picked out a comfortable rock and sat down, slightly bored with the proceedings. The stream had dropped to half its volume after a fresh the night before.

A small rock clattered into our gorge from the waterfall above. Suddenly there was a rumble and a crash as a sizeable boulder landed in the gorge. The boulder continued to blunder its way towards two startled people. Fortunately it stopped just short. But a quick upward glance revealed a whole series of larger boulders on their way (now I know what nine pins in a bowling alley feel like). Let's get out of here! Yosuke was the first to the gorge wall. After some hurried clawing in the moss he was able to find a tree root and from here was in a position to grasp some saplings. A few minutes of strenuous upward hauling and the slope lessened. A good spot for a well earned breather. Below us the last of the boulders crashed their way down the gorge and over the lower waterfall.

“Not suitable for married man,” Yosuke muttered as he shook his head. I nodded as we continued our way upstream.

Mts Marion, Sabre and Adelaide from the head of Lake Marion (Yosuke Kawachi) KDM





Yosuke Kawachi. KDM

'Olly Pomme' was a product of the British upper class. He struggled to accept that a mere colonial could do somethings better. In 1972 I spent two weeks working 60 miles of coast on the southern side of Doubtful Sound. The Geology Department provided a 14 foot plywood boat with a 30 horse power out-board. We had no oars, no life jackets and no on-board communications. The fiord walls go straight up and straight down. My job was to hold the bow against the cliffs while 'Olly' worked. When requested I would manoeuvre the boat sideways along the fiord wall while 'Olly' used his legs to bounce along and stop to work. On a memorable occasion I was caught day dreaming when 'Olly' had one foot on a rock ledge and the other on the bow. The drifting apart began, seemingly in slow motion, and the inevitable happened. Other memorable sights included 'Olly' with his legs wrapped around the bow, body under water, to save his rock chisel from plummeting from a submerged ledge into the black abyss below. Every time we got stuck on a rock a fishing boat would come to our rescue. Quite reassuring.

In some ways I thought 'Olly' was crazy. He rolled his car within two weeks of arriving in New Zealand. In other ways he showed great initiative. By doing consultancy work he took payment in helicopter hours to work the difficult tops. With us there was always a silent battle going on. An example would be 'Olly' throwing rubbish overboard. I would swing the boat around to pick it up. Night time navigation was scary. With 'Olly' it was full throttle despite islands and



headlands ahead. I was more interested in slowing down and looking out for trees suddenly appearing overhead. Later he burnt the motor out running it on high octane helicopter fuel from a remote fuel dump.

Olly on the bow trying to catch samples in a plastic bag as he chiseled them off the rock face

Our best team work was in making our camp evening radio schedule. While I turned the boat around amongst the logs at a creek delta, 'Olly' made the briefest of radio calls. There were hordes of sandflies. We would then speed back out into the fiord, spin around a few times to get rid of hitch-hikers and sit out there until true darkness before returning to camp. Once I had physical difficulty in breathing due to the density of airborne sandflies. It was standard practice to kill scores of them by running your hand down your shoulder.

On an earlier trip on his own 'Olly' holed the boat at a hunters hut. The food and radio was in his next intended load back at the Deep Cove wharf! Weka was on the menu for a week until the hunter returned. To fill in time he continued his geology by swimming. Later he lost interest in swimming when he saw the size of the sharks trailing the boat that meat shooters were chopping deer carcasses to. That man had many more than nine lives.

Shear cliffs rise out of much of Doubtful Sound's waters. KDM



Bruce was one of the nicest guys. His field area was the Takitimu Mountains. He was rather bumble-footed and had associated mishaps. He could also be rather forgetful. He made me feel most useful. I could provide missing or forgotten things like pen and paper, or turn a sleeping bag cover into a replacement parka. I could work with Bruce any day.

An associate took part in the geological remapping of the whole of Fiordland during the 2010s. The amount of safety requirements and paperwork they had to work through was enormous. No incidents occurred. Back in the 1960s and 70s we didn't have all these requirements and some risky things were done, sometimes in ignorance or as a sign of the times. I would certainly handle things in a different manner today. However no serious incidents occurred within the then geological circles that I'm aware of. Food for thought.



As a young geological photographer I also worked in the greater Silverpeaks. The impressive 5 by 4 inch film Linhoff camera was considered a 'Rolls Royce' model only a few years earlier.



KDM

