

# OTMC TRIP REPORTS

## 1985

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Sourced from the 1985 OTMC Bulletins



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## INTRODUCTION

The monthly Bulletin has served many purposes over the decades. In the years before the Internet, the Bulletin was the way you found out what the club has planned, both for meetings and trips, as well as many other events the club has enjoyed over the years.

For a long time, reports of where we have been tramping and mountaineering have been included. In years gone by the more significant trips were held over for the more or less annual 'Outdoors' magazine. Over time our trips have changed significantly, and the number of trips that would qualify for preservation in Outdoors has decreased to a point where it would be hard to fill a magazine in a timely manner.

Looking back, trip reports provide an insight into the people and trips from the selected time period. It doesn't matter that most people reading this collection of reports won't know many of the participants, but the reports can provide inspiration and a glimpse into what the club was like in 1985.

To start this project with 1985 is for no real reason, other than it was the year I joined the club and can vouch for the accuracy of most of the content! 1985 was also the introduction of the A5 sized and photocopied booklet style Bulletin. In the years prior to this the Bulletin had either been commercially copied, or successive Editors and assistants struggled with 'The Gestetner' which was a duplicating machine that offered varying quality.

I have included the trip programme for the year – at a glance we still visit many of these places today (which is not a bad thing), and reading some of the reports it will be seen there was quite a range of trips within a weekend trip. One example is the September Routeburn trip – there was parties who visited either Flats or Falls Hut, Conical Hill, an attempt on Erebus, a successful climb of 6274 (now Mt Xenicous) and sojourns into the North Routeburn.

I offer my thanks to all have put pen to paper over the years – the recording of our trips in particular is a vital part of preserving the different era's of the club.

It has been a pleasant experience looking back to a much younger OTMC in 1985, and I look forward to doing the same for 1986.

A range of photos and maps have been added (*maps have been sourced from LINZ, [topomap.co.nz](http://topomap.co.nz) & [mapspast.org.nz](http://mapspast.org.nz)*). Photos in the Bulletins was still many years away.

In general, the original grammar has been preserved as originally published (obvious spelling mistakes have been corrected). Although the reports have been copied from original copies, the quality of printing in 1985 means there is invariably errors remaining – most of these are probably mine!

Antony Pettinger  
November 2020

**Cover Photo: Lake Harris – a highlight of the Routeburn Track (Photo Antony Pettinger)**



## FALLS CREEK A BIT (FALLS CREEK)

**January 19-20, 1985**

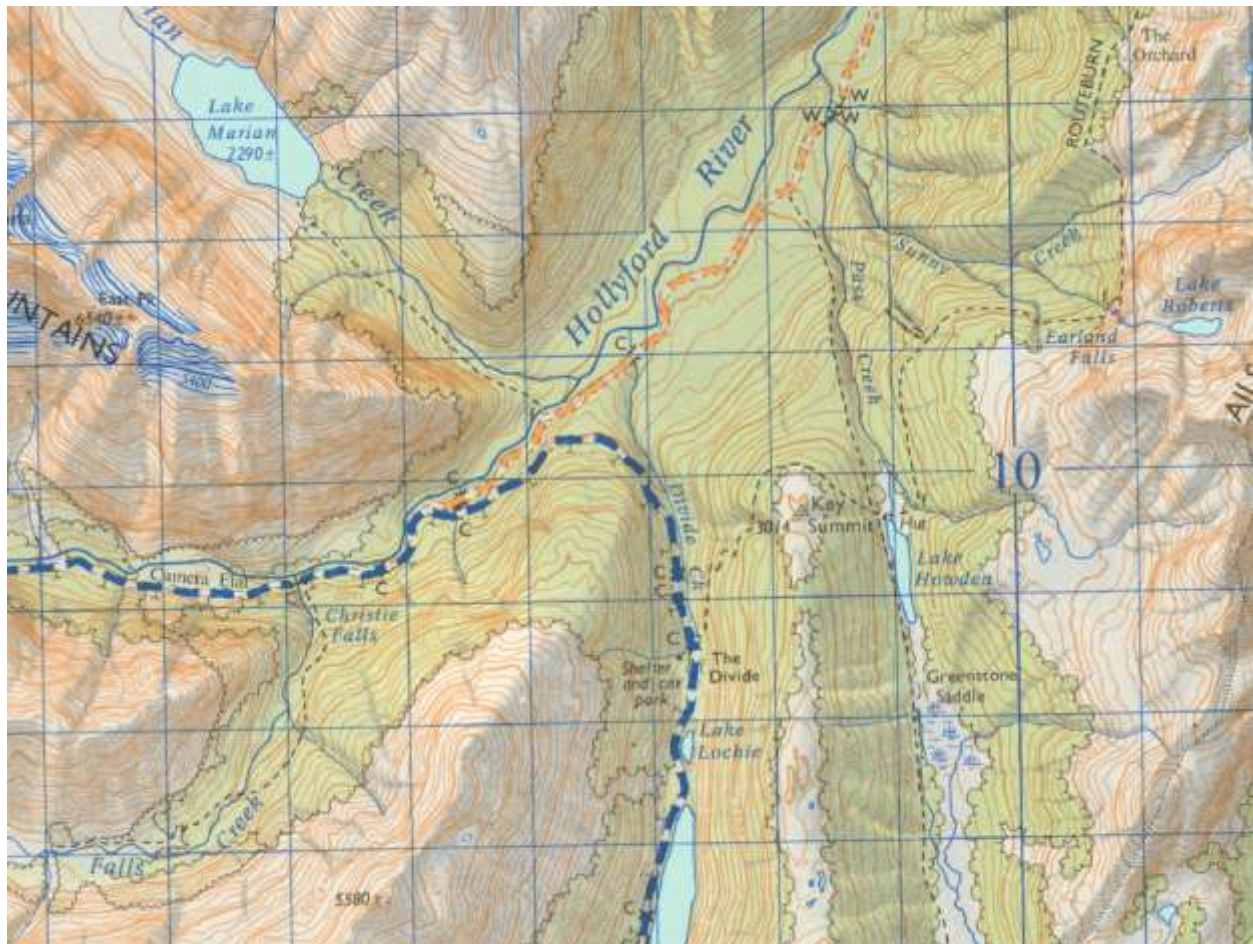
**Author: Ross Davies**

Published in Bulletin 431, February 1985

When we started out from Marion Corner picnic shelter at 7.00 a.m. on Saturday morning, it wasn't actually raining. This was to be a rare occurrence. We went up Falls Creek a bit, by which stage it was raining, and so we turned around and walked down Falls Creek. It looked quite a nice spot really. More of a Falls River, if you ask me! We walked down the Hollyford Road a bit, and up the Pass Creek Track to Howden Hut. The Pass Creek is a lovely, steady climb, and the mosses do look nice in the rain. Howden Hut is quite the thing for a wet Saturday afternoon, and so we passed the time stoking the fire and keeping it warm.

Sunday was still wet, so we stoked the fire some more. John and Trevor went for a dash to Earland Falls for a shower and still the rain fell. It actually stopped at about 2.00 p.m., so we had a dry trip out to the road, just in time before the rain started again. Oh well...

Ross Davies, for Gaye Davies, Trevor Payton, and John Dignan.

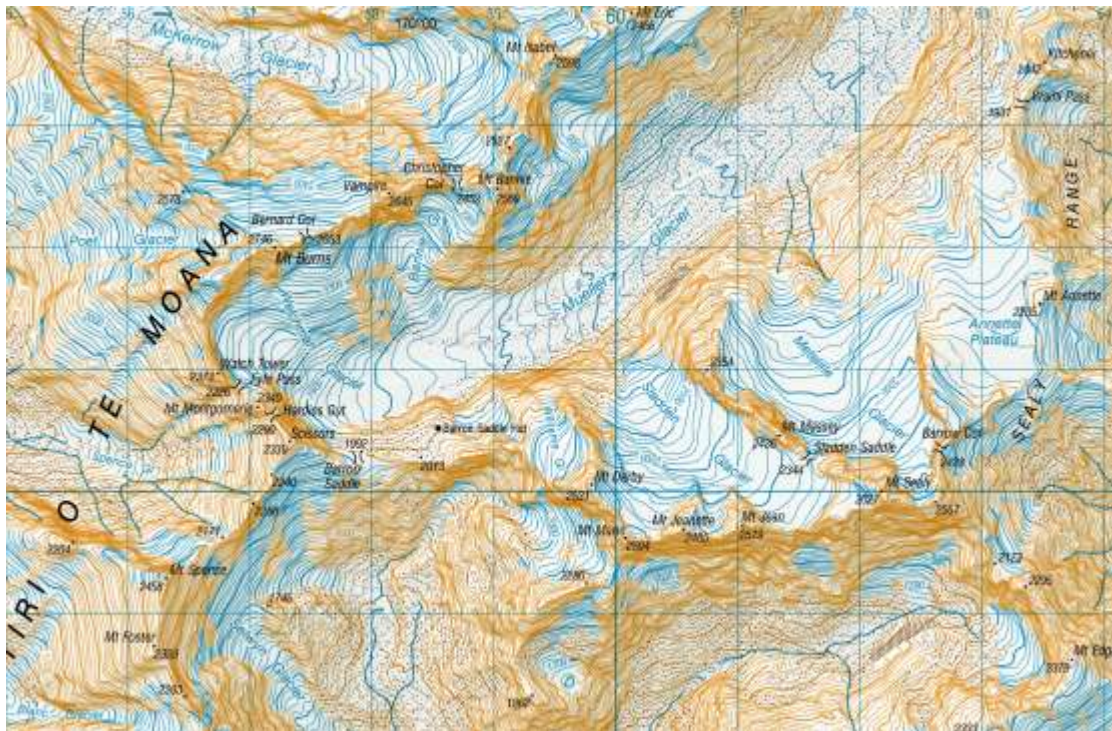


## BARRON SADDLE

**Author: 'The President' (Armchair Climbers' Club)**

Published in Bulletin 431, February 1985

From Mueller Hut we wandered over snow and down scree to the old Mueller Hut site. Old rusty bed wires, bits of stoves and old pots are scattered about, with some relics hidden under rocks, which makes this area something of a historic site. We pick our way down the moraine wall and over glacial moraine to the medial moraine, which gives good going. Slowly the weather intensifies, and we stop at regular intervals to pull on more clothing. At the point where we rope up, the wind drops, giving us a welcome break. I lead on up, keeping a wary eye on the slots and tell-tale depressions in the snow. Finally, we can dispense with the rope and can sidle off towards the hut. After battling through the strong wind, it is nice to see our goal in front of us. Steve surges ahead and makes it in time to hear the forecast.



Three o'clock in the afternoon - a small niche among rocks provides shelter for our lunch stop. We have trudged the Sladden Glacier and climbed up a slope of sugary snow. It is time to step out now. A belay around a block, and Steve moves up the broken rock to a tricky bit, surmounted with some struggling (and adrenalin!!). Steve brings me up, and we are there. The summit of Sealy has some rocks and a flattish snow ridge, with a broader platform and cairn slightly to the east. In short, everything you could want in a summit. The view is extensive - Mounts' Hopkins, McKerrow and the Black Tower to the southwest, and Lakes Ohau and Pukaki to the south. Northwards, Mount Cook dominates all, with Mount Hicks its offside and Prowse standing prominent. It is difficult to describe the view - take a trip there and view it for yourself!!



We struggle into the hut at 9.00 p.m., exhausted, and are plied with tea from two Park staff. Thirty minutes later the storm hits.



*Above: The Upper Mueller Glacier from Mt Ollivier (Photo Antony Pettinger)*

The hut has been battered by rain, wind, hail, and snow for three days; today we must walk out. We had tried yesterday, but stinging hail and winds strong enough to blow the rope out in a wide arc from person to person, and nearly blow us over, drove all four of us back.

Barron Saddle can be a bleak place; we looked at the Three Johns' hut site and were amazed at its exposed position. It was only five metres from a huge gully leading into the Dobson. One could only ponder the plight of the poor souls on that fateful night the hut was blown away. With these thoughts, Steve and I began our journey through the new snow.

For Steve, Jon and Mike, who really made it good.

The President  
Armchair Climbers' Club

*2020 Comment: The origin of this report is unknown, and it is also not known if the report is fact or fiction? Obviously, Barron Saddle and the other features mentioned in the report do exist. This compiler does not know how this report came to be in the OTMC Bulletin?*

## **MCKENZIE'S HUT DAY TRIP**

**December 8, 1984**

**Author: Ian Sime**

Published in Bulletin 431, February 1985

There was an easterly drizzle as six of us left the Clubrooms at 9.00 a.m., and it was no better when we picked up two others at Outram, together with four small sacks of coal and two of cones for the hut. These went on the back of John's Land Rover. But above West Taieri, the cloud lifted and stayed high for the rest of the day, with a few brief glimpses of sun. Peter's car took four of us to Ivan Keast's house on Rocklands Station to tell them what we were doing, and then on to the Sutton Stream where we waited a few minutes for the Land Rover. Then it was up on to the end of the Rock and Pillars and around the back where most of us had our first view of the lake formed by damming the Great Moss Swamp at its exit on the Loganburn.

At Howell's Hut, the ford on McHardies Creek has been well remade and was easy for both vehicles to cross, so we took them to the second fence past there. While six of us set off up the ridge, expecting to take an hour to the hut, John and Isobel took the Land Rover along the road and up the track past McPhee's Rock, planning to come down the ridge above the hut. In fact we took only 35 minutes to the hut - the tussock was low after a recent burn - and so had time to go up the ridge to meet the Land Rover and help lift the second fence for them to come over and get right to the hut door.

The hut book shows it is so little used that we reckon the fuel there now, should last 100 years!! After eating our lunch round a corner out of the breeze and resting for a while, we separated into two parties. Four in the Land Rover retraced their track to put up the two fences and go home via the Styx and Ranfurly, while we other four walked down to the car. A rock with a long nose pointing east on a ridge between the hut and the road, visible from both, is a good landmark to guide folk to the hut which is not visible till you get quite near. It's a neat stone hut, quite weatherproof, with three good bunks and a small stove.

Peter Egan; George and Rosemary Goodyear; Isobel Smith; Jim, John, Christopher and Ian Sime.



## HOLLYFORD WEEKEND

**January 19-20, 1985**

**Author: Ian Sime**

Published in Bulletin 431, February 1985

The forecast was for a southerly change and clearing weather, but it never happened. As soon as we started from the Divide Shelter on Saturday morning, the clouds came down and the rain started. We called briefly at Howden Hut, then headed past Lake Howden, across the head of the Greenstone Valley above Lake McKellar, and up the wall into the head of the Caples. Poles marked the way across the open saddle. The infant Caples roared down beside us as we made our way through the scrub and down into the bush. Crossing the Caples was no trouble, and we were at the Upper Caples Hut before 2.00pm. After lunch, in light rain, I walked up Kay Creek (opposite the hut over a bridge) for two hours to the Forks, probably quite near to the four-bunk hut, but the crossing wasn't on.



*The flats in Kay Creek looking towards crossing to Steele Creek, prior to the 1992 floods which destroyed what was a picturesque valley (photo Antony Pettinger)*

Back at the hut we shared the 20 bunks with four others, three of them from the Wakatipu Tramping Club.

In the morning, after all night rain, we headed back upstream, realizing all water would be high. A pole crossing of the Caples was necessary, but quite safe. We lunched at Howden where we met members of one other OTMC party, and were out at the Divide early, but the van was there before us. The sun shone most of the way home from Gore. Dunedin had a fine weekend, and we had had a satisfying tramp.

Ian Sime, Graeme Grant, Dave Levick, Alison McPherson, Kathy Woodrow

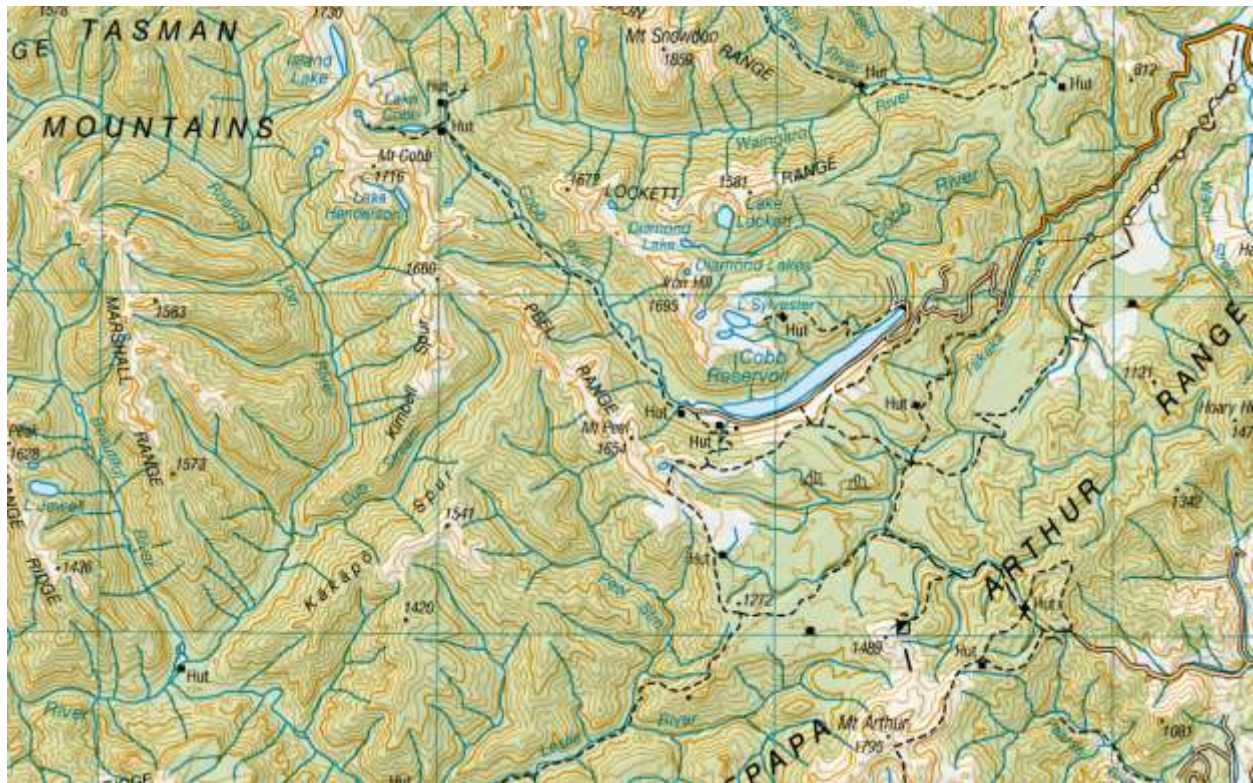
# ROARING LION AND KILLER SALAMI

North-West Nelson – Tasman Wilderness – Larm Line

Christmas Trip: 26 December 1984 – 4 January 1985

Author: Spen Walker

Published in Bulletin 432, March 1985



Part map BP23 – Goulard Downs (10km grid squares)

- |              |   |
|--------------|---|
| 26 December: | Arrived at Cobb Reservoir                             |
| 27 December: | To Balloon Hut - first encounter with 'Killer Salami' |
| 28 December: | To Salisbury Lodge and up Mt Arthur                   |
| 29 December: | Around Dry Rock and Gridiron Shelters                 |
| 30 December: | Down Leslie to Karamea Bend                           |
| 31 December: | Three Bends up Roaring Lion                           |
|              |   |
| 1 January:   | To bend beyond Cub Stream                             |
| 2 January:   | 1 hour up ridge opposite Discovery Creek              |
| 3 January:   | Over to Fenella Hut via Round and Lake Cobb           |
| 4 January:   | Out Cobb Valley and heading home                      |

Nine days of fine weather and tramping was the Christmas trip. People arrived at the Cobb Valley Reservoir Camping area after a long drive from Dunedin, which was to take its toll. That evening, Trilobites were searched for, in vain, at the Trilobite Rocks.

The next day we set off to climb out of the reservoir onto the Mt Arthur tablelands (recreational hunting area), via Mt and Lake Peel, to arrive at Balloon Hut early afternoon after a slow, hot travel with heavy packs. We had plans of reaching Salisbury Hut, but 'matter over mind' meant staying the night, due to an exhausted Kathy finding that scroggin can come up as fast as it goes down! At dinner we had our first encounter with the Killer Salami. It was lurking in the risotto, cunningly disguised as ordinary, vaguely tasty Salami, but two minutes after eating, there was fire in our mouths and cold in our hearts, at the thought of more to come!

The huts in the area are free (N.Z.F.S.) and are equipped with gas. We then tramped over to Salisbury Hut, where we dropped our packs and Kathy, and went on a day walk to Mt Arthur (5890ft), which dominates the tablelands and is home of the Nettlebed Caves, the area being predominantly limestone, and so packed with potholes which drain all water, that this must be carried.

Next day taking Kathy with us, we spent a day in the Flora Saddle area. The tracks are old gold mining trails, which are now major routes to the tablelands From Nelson for trampers and cavers. Time via Flora Saddle, Mt Arthur - 3 hours; Tablelands direct. Salisbury Lodge - 3-5 hours.

Heading off the tablelands, we descended to the Leslie and its confluence with the Karamea at 'K' bend, and camped below the bend. Sandflies at this point of the trip made their intentions plain, making life interesting till sundown. Several rocks partially block the Karamea causing damming, providing excellent swimming holes.

New Year's Eve was spent travelling down the Karamea on the True Right, to the confluence with the Roaring Lion; this provided us with good views of the limestone bluffs along the river and the Garabaldi ridge, a prominent and impressive feature. Three bends up the Roaring Lion we celebrated New Year's Eve with Drambuie and fireworks! Trout, slippery rocks, wasps, N.Z. Railway tarpaulins, deer and goats, route-finding errors - always after lunch - and Killer Salami were features of the Roaring Lion.

Roaring Lion is now an in route, and the only area we tramped in that is in the Wilderness area, though on its border. Well tracked along its banks by use and orange blazes left by the local possum trapper, whose N.Z. Railways tarpaulin-roofed abode we found.

Wasp nests should be avoided, especially by those following the trailblazer, who step on the nest and excite them for the next person along - sorry Jane!! I wondered what all the noise was about when you ran past - until I was stung! A night above Cub Stream, then one hour up the exit ridge opposite Discovery Creek, led us out to the tops above Twin Lakes and on to Round Lake, Lake Cobb and Fenella Hut in the Cobb Valley, for our last night in the area.

The views from the tops to the head of the Roaring Lion, and the centre of the Wilderness were exciting - a lot of good trips in there, and maybe Kakapo. Fenella Hut is interesting, architecturally, but is not very functional with a lot of people in it. Out the Cobb Valley in a nor'wester the next day to the cars, and to make our way home after a most enjoyable trip, and we were glad to escape the last of the KILLER SALAMI!!

Spencer Walker for Jane Bruce, Kathy Woodrow, Jeff Aimes and Ken Mason.



## BURNS TRACK DAY TRIP

**17 February, 1985**

**Author: Ian Homing**

Published in Bulletin 432, March 1985

The trip was a replacement of Roger James' Silverstream, and we might still have gone there, except that Jenny's car's exhaust-pipe condition was a bit delicate for metalled roads. Cloud rolling in from the north made for a mist that lifted and fell but didn't seem bad enough to panic over. The track is well-defined, and those standards are still holding up well, and have made all the difference in keeping one reassuringly on course. On the return trip, the mist settled in more thickly, but with the standards we were never in any danger.



*Overlooking the Burns Track area (photo Antony Pettinger)*

Must say the gorse is encroaching on the track, and we have the legs to prove it! Also, that wretched grass that hangs over a track and attaches its fish-hooked seeds to hairy legs, has badly infested the bush part of the track.

As it was a grade easy trip, we stopped for an hour and a half's lunch on the side of Hightop and caught up on sleep lost the night before from watching 'War and Peace' and other activities. Sheltered by the flax and tussock, with the sun fitfully shining through the cloud streaming by around us, it was a pleasant time out from the week's activities.

Ian Homing for Alan Eccles, Peter Gascoigne, Jenny and Keith Olliver, Jenny Ross and Russell Stork.



## BUSHCRAFT '85 REPORT

**Author: Heather Spence and Irene Pow**

Published in Bulletin 432, March 1985

Twenty-eight people enrolled on Bushcraft, and the Tirohonga weekend went very well. General consensus is that the smaller group "clicked" more quickly than any of us have noticed in other years. We hope the good weather continues for the rest of the course.

**OTMC** Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club's

# BUSHCRAFT '85

February 7th to March 15th

**BASIC INSTRUCTION COURSE**

- Practical Tramping Skills Weekend with Mountain Safety Instructors.
- Two Weekend Overnight Tramping Trips with Experienced Leaders.
- Two Evening Meetings with Lectures and Discussion.
- For Further Information and Application Forms, phone 737910, or 43287, or 63215, or write to O.T.M.C. P.O. Box 1120 Dn.

NEW ZEALAND MOUNTAIN SAFETY COUNCIL APPROVED INSTRUCTION COURSE

# INTERCLUB SOCIAL WEEKEND - KINGSTON

**2-3 March, 1985**

**Author: Miriam Vollweiler**

Published in Bulletin 432, March 1985

An excellent weekend was held by members of the O.T.M.C., Balclutha, Hokonui and Southland Clubs. Lovely hot sunny weather in a prime location overlooking Lake Wakatipu - great swimming. Saturday was spent in blistering sunshine, and several of us climbed James Peak for a marvellous view.

Sunday, all pretence of friendship was gone, as we fought it out in interclub sack races, volleyball, tug-o-war, boil the billy and last, but not least, prune-spitting!! What a wonderful sight, but sad to say, the competition shield went to Southland, whose prune spitting has to be seen to be believed!!!!

We limped into second place, with Hokonui loudly protesting about unfair rulings. Wait till next year, you lot!

Miriam Vollweiler for the O.T.M.C. sports crew.



## WHO'S WHO IN THE OTMC – NANCY MUNRO

**Author: Miriam Vollweiler**

Published in Bulletin 433, April 1985

NANCY MUNRO is a life member of the OTMC. On 20 March, I went to see Nancy, and over a cup of tea and cakes, Nancy related some fascinating stories of her time with the Club

Nancy comes from a family who enjoyed the outdoors, her father being a great walker. She joined the O.T.M.C. in 1935 while working as an office clerk in Dunedin. At this time, the Club was flourishing, but shortly after the war broke out, Nancy describes it as being 'a women's Club, as the boys were sent to war'. Another effect of the war was that far distance trips couldn't be made because of petrol rationing. However, Nancy describes this as having some good results, in that they discovered some wonderful places close to Dunedin - Tommy's Flat, near Buckland's Crossing, being a favourite place. During the time that the Club was mainly women, Nancy says that they did all things the boys were able to do, but it was great when they returned - great parties in Green Hut lasting till dawn!

(I bet you didn't know Green Hut had a division down the middle - one side for the women and the other for the men!!)



*Club Hut (as Green Hut was originally known as) – original configuration – January 27, 1934 (photo OTMC Archives)*

Nancy has been on many memorable Club trips. One was through the Haast Pass, BEFORE there was a road. At this time, the rivers were very swollen, and three deer cullers carried their packs across. Nancy heard later that when the cullers attempted to recross the river several days later (after their trip), that two of them drowned.



Another memorable time for Nancy was when she crossed the Dingle on her own and camped out high on the tops. In the morning, she awoke to find a herd of deer grazing nearby.

A favourite trip was to Martin's Bay - no fancy huts or tracks then, and pack horses were used. Tramping, Nancy feels, was pretty rugged, but they never knew much else. Several times a trip would be delayed, and she would be late back for work - luckily, the boss was understanding!

Over the years of Tramping Club involvement, Nancy has held the office of Vice-President, and generally assisted the Club in many ways.

Nancy is now 80 years old, and full of life and sparkle. She is still "tramping at her own pace", and has recently come back from three months overseas, having adventures on the Trans-Siberian Railway. Nancy has several words of wisdom of life, New Zealand and the O.T.M.C. to share with us.

'I've been around a bit you know. We've really got a marvellous country in New Zealand, and the Club's a great way to see it .... and remember, the 'M in O.T.M.C. can stand for 'matrimonial as well as 'mountain'! I've had some great romances in my time, and you really get to know people...'

Nancy added some interesting comments for this Bulletin's focus on food. She feels they were very handicapped by not having plastic bags or dehydrated meals in her early tramping days. Frequent trampers' meals were as follows:

Powdered Soups were a good standard - everything bar the 'toilet soap' would be thrown in. Rice was a good staple, and peppermint leaves from the native peppermint tree added flavour.

Aberdeen Sausage Meat Loaf was taken on long trips of two weeks or more - "used to be a bit green at the end of the trip", says Nancy!!

Thank you for your time and memories Nancy. You are an important part of our club today.

*Miriam Vollweiler*

*Editor*



## A TRIP UP TO SOUTH HUXLEY

**9-10 March, 1985**

**Author: Alison McPherson**

Published in Bulletin 433, April 1985

The Bushcraft trip to Ohau for 1985 started with a walk into Monument Hut on the Friday night. It was a beautifully clear night, with the moon illuminating the track perfectly. Orion was to be seen looking down on us, standing as usual, on his head.

Caroline was somewhat worried about possums, but I assured her I'd only seen them once while tramping.

The following day, we awoke to a nippy, but sunny morning. We struck camp and Ann and Caroline sorted out the food - 'who's been eating the bread and apples?' There could only be one culprit - a possum!! We set off up the Hopkins and branched left into the Huxley. A beautiful valley, with its wide-open river flats and attractive bush. Midday saw us at the Huxley Forks Hut, but due to Ross's persistent dislike for sandflies, we were encouraged to venture on another ten minutes to the river for lunch. Here we basked in the sun quite happily, until guilt overcame us and we decided it was about time for some tuition in rivercrossing. Due to the low levels of the rivers, it was quite hard to find anywhere testing, but we did our best and spent the next hour and a half ensuring bushcrafters were well versed in rivercrossing.



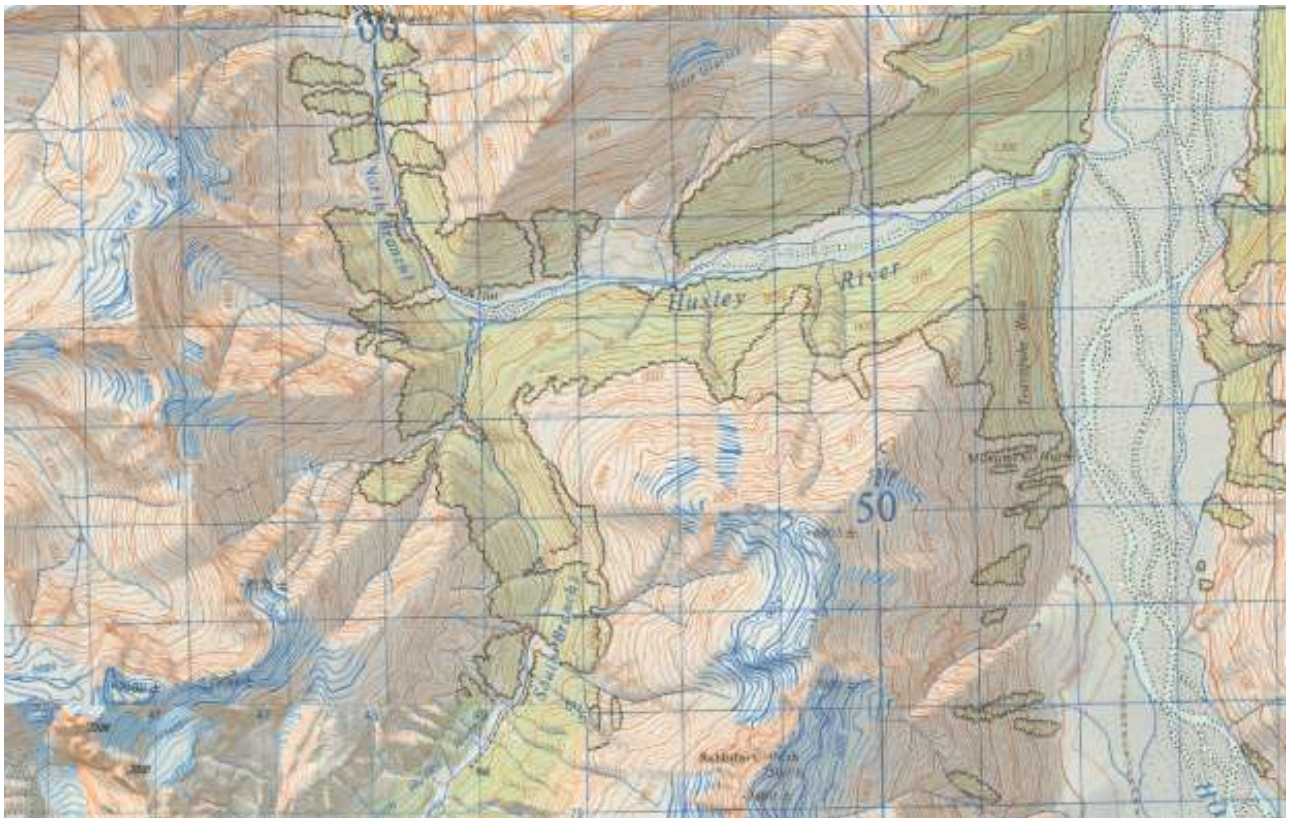
*Huxley Valley, looking downstream from Huxley Forks Hut (photo Antony Pettinger)*

Time was catching up on us, so we set off up the south branch of the Huxley. However, the late afternoon and the initial steep grunt slowed the party down, and an hours tramping only took us to Chamois Creek. A study of the map and Moir led us to believe it would be another two hours at least before we'd find anywhere to camp, so it was decided to turn back towards the forks.

A comfortable campsite, and a filling meal topped off by baked potatoes and toasted marshmallows set the scene for a good night's sleep.

It was Sunday morning, and back to the Forks Hut, to find several other parties had gone no further than we had. From the bridge we went for a short trip, without packs, towards Broderick Pass. Lunch was eaten further down the Huxley, then Caroline was keen for more rivercrossing. So to satisfy this desire, we crossed the Huxley three more times, rather than using the bridge. Finally, it was a steady tramp back to the bus.

Alison McPherson for Ross Duncan, Caroline Phillips and Ann Murray.





# THE ROUND TRIP (SILVER PEAKS CIRCUIT)

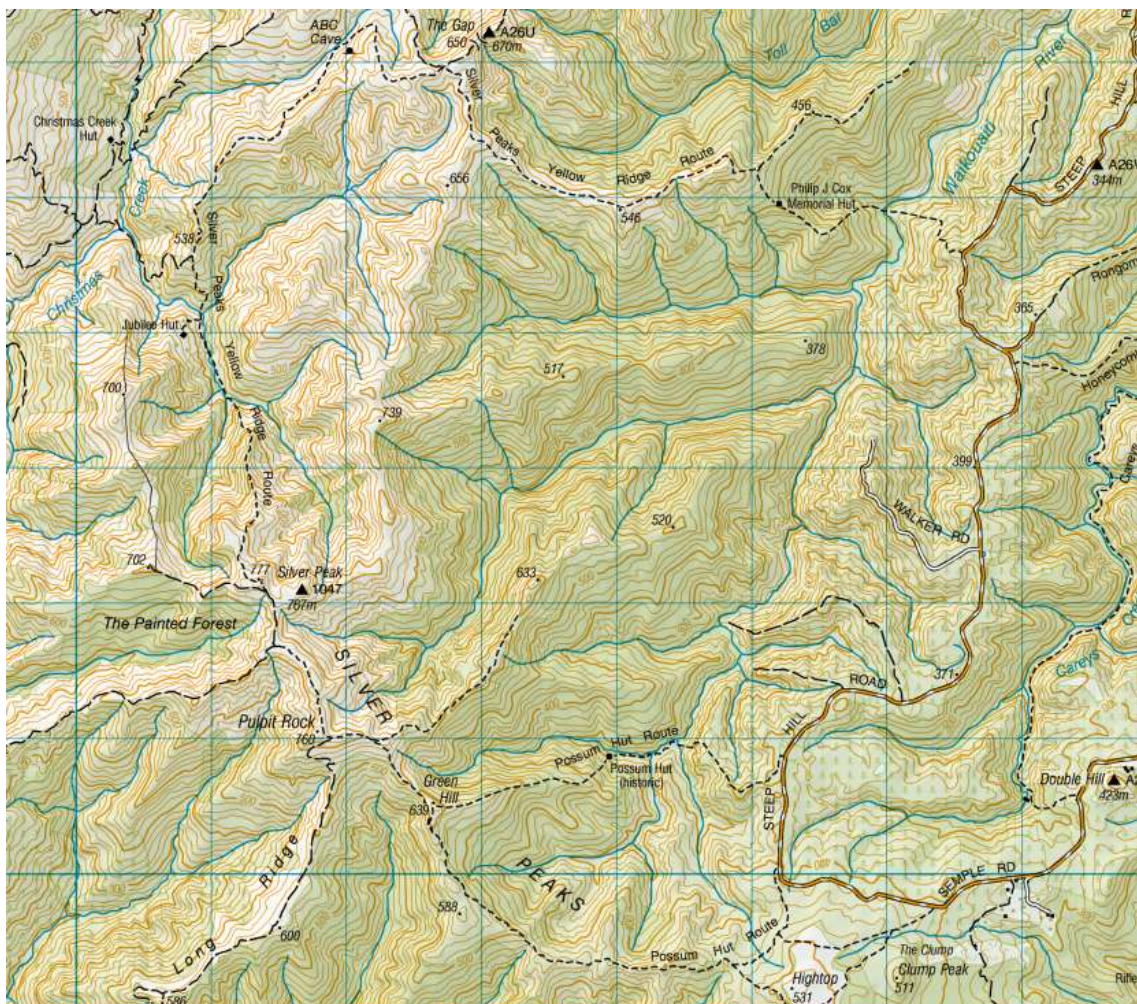
**3 March, 1985**

**Author: Doug Forrester**

Published in Bulletin 433, April 1985

With 11 bods revving their engines on the starting grid, and the weather forecast for a good day, all the signs were there for another successful Sunday trip. Very pleasing to see that there were three Bushcraft Instructors in the party – perhaps their presence is to see how one of their pupils are shaping up – then there is that nagging doubt that it's possible they're saying 'My god, I remember him on Bushcraft, there's no way he'll get them back safely'.

Right oh! Out of the cars and off – the racehorses are away to a flying start – just let's follow that dust folks! First stop, Green Hut, beaut morning, no wind – great stuff. A gentle reminder from the leader not to gallop ahead seemed to no avail. (Funny, not what we were taught at Bushcraft...) The racehorses had swallowed their oats and were off. A nice leisurely pace for some up to Pulpit Rock gave most of us time to take in the views and point out to the newcomers the points of interest.



A lot of trampers in the peaks this weekend – nice to see all the young people, and each group with a senior leader. The over thirties were resting beside Sentinel Rock when we passed – looked like a small town. Their Sunday trips look pretty healthy. Down Devil's Staircase, ah huh, those racehorses don't like the jarring on the fetlocks! Getting hotter as we take lunch at that delightful spot beside the creek at Jubilee.

Next, it's suggested A.B.C Cave via Homestead might be easier than up the back of Jubilee, so off we went – big question mark on that one!! Very hot and dry getting up to A.B.C. A welcome relief from the heat was spent in the cave. Time was marching on, so gentle reminders were necessary to get going. From now on the F.E. requirement for the trip was becoming evident. Up to The Gap and for a few of us, our thoughts were for the young fellas who so tragically lost their lives there two years ago.

Along Rocky Ridge, and here comes the fog – good time for compass exercise, not so good for new chums, nothing to see. So dragging the chain now, the cooler temperatures and some muscles starting to growl. Downhill to Green Hut, a fairly brief stop here as daylight is running out, and then off for the cars. It's on this stretch that Jenny realises that her leaders watch is an hour fast (daylight saving!). Oh heavens, and all those gentle reminders to get going!!



*On Rocky Ridge, looking towards The Gap and Gap Saddle (photo Antony Pettinger)*

General opinion was that it's a great F.E. Sunday trip. Nicky, a young Scottish lass here for only a few weeks, probably has a tale or two to tell the folks back home about how far the Kiwis go on day trips.

Richard Thum, John Bevin, Nicky Seagar, Ken Mason, Jenny Fallon, Ross Cocker, David Barnes, Antony Pettinger, Trevor Pullar, Stephen Cathro and Doug Forrester.

P.S. Right Oh! You racehorses – on 7 December 1985, up to the barrier at Pineapple, and leave the rest to Ross and Gaye Davies and Doug Forrester.



## STEWART ISLAND EASTER TRIP

**5-8 April, 1985**

**Author: Lori Meyer**

Published in Bulletin 434, May 1985

The mention of Stewart Island lead to woeful tales of chin-high mud, endless rain and moth-sized sandflies. To those prophets of doom who didn't go on the OTMC Easter trip, you missed out on a great time.

About 23 of us arrived at the Invercargill Showgrounds to be greeted by Tony Bunting, and real bunks in cabins, instead of the grandstand floor! Thank God for calm weather and pleasant crossings!! Normally a vile green at the hint of any wave, even I managed to keep my muesli down (!! ) and enjoy the crossing. Then it was off to the northern reaches, after being told by the Forest Service that other routes were flooded and impassable. As for the mud, it didn't even touch my ankles - and that's pretty low!

Our party decided to plod along at a leisurely pace, so took half the day to get to Port William, a pleasant hut near the beach, complete with wharf.



*Above – Little River – Rakiura Track (Photo Antony Pettinger)*

Next day, Big Bungaree hut was the destination, and many of our parties stayed there. What bliss to lie in the sun, and later watch a full moon rise above the sea. I'll never forget the hut for its continually smoking fire; also, the toilet, which was on an amazing lean (good aiming and orientation was needed by all!).

At this stage our party split, Sunday, Stefan and Bridgette started heading back, while Fritz and I headed for Christmas Village (following rumours of fresh fish, pauas and other gastronomies! delights being obtained by Don Greer's devious means!) Like many, however, we got a bit off the track, and wasted some time finding it again, so only made it to lovely Murray Beach to inscribe "O.T.M.C." in the sand dunes.

Monday, we sauntered back to Oban to spend the night in a picnic area. On Tuesday we got a superb view of Patersons Inlet, poked around the museum, and of course, joined the crowd for a bit of ale supping in the local. Over the strait we sunbathed on the ferry, compared sandfly bites and swapped tales (did those parties really go up Anglem?!).

## Lori Meyer for the Easter Trip



## BUSHCRAFT 1985 – OHAU WEEKEND

**9-10 March, 1985**

**Author: Irene Pow**

Published in Bulletin 434, May 1985

"O.K. Irene, here's your party, and so and so, and so and so, and so and so. It's a fit one, O.K?"

"Fine – no problems" ... hell, will I be fit enough? Better drag out the running shoes.

"S.A.R. is so and so, Leaving Clubrooms at 6.45. Arrange a meeting to organise food, where you're going, etc. So and so much for food. Give Spen a ring to let him know where you're going."

"Fine, see you later."

That's what it all starts with – what it ends up as, is a grunt up to Broderick Pass - three others in the party without a trace of a blister, and their beloved leader has two beauties on either heel - blimen heck!! And I do this for the love of Bushcraft? - where's my sanity gone these days!!



*Early spring view of Broderick Pass from the North Huxley (photo Antony Pettinger)*

Actually, it's all a bit of an adventure - will they remember to buy everything on the shopping list? Will we get lost? Will we get back out to the bus on time on Sunday? Will we lose anyone? Not me, please!! Will I be lying on flat ground or at a 30° angle? Will we be miles away from



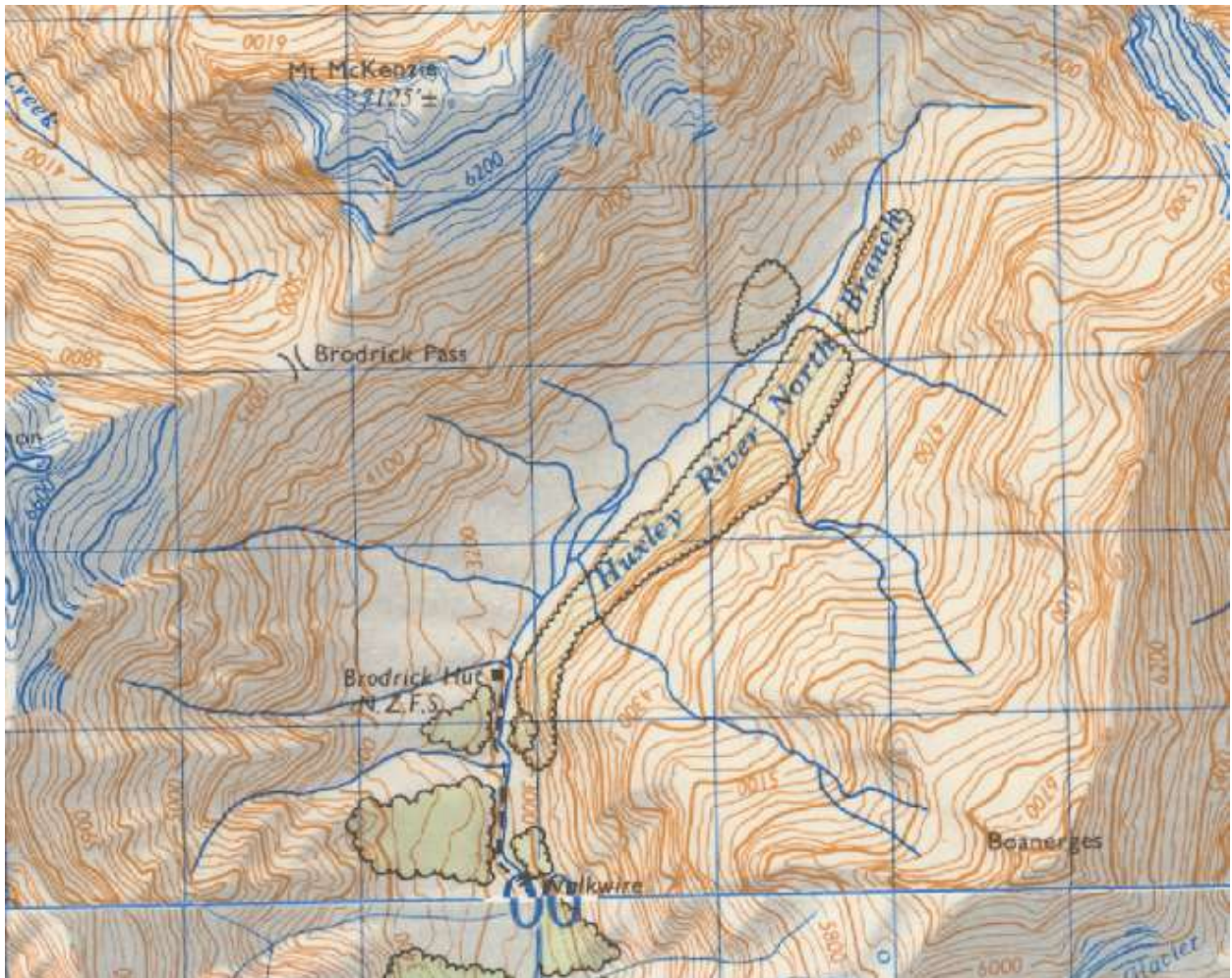
water?? - poor person who has to get it, etc., etc. Can I answer all the questions they ask? Oh well, if not, refer them to the bible - THE WHAT?

The bible - you know, the latest Bushcraft Manual we gave you on the bus on the first night - it's not loo paper you know!! Did they remember their personal loo paper, or will they use up all mine and leave me in a pickle.!!

Let's see, how cold can we get practising the river crossing. This is my chance to drown the lot and say, - "you see, you didn't believe me, did you?" I know!! I'm not making at all up, honest. I've been through it all before - I've done my Bushcraft — let's see, nine years or so ago!

Actually, to be honest, I had a neat trip with some really neat people, and wouldn't have missed it - could have done without the blisters though! No hassles that we couldn't cope with. Remember laughing, smiling, taking the mickey out of them (Gary), eating gingernuts and drinking cocoa before "candles out". Everything that makes a trip stand out in your mind later on, while reflecting back on trips.

Irene Pow for Katya Kohen, Keith Kendall and Gary Chambers





## HEYWARD POINT

**24 March, 1985**

**Author: Gaye Davies**

Published in Bulletin 434, May 1985

It was just the perfect day for a day trip as we set off for Heyward Point. Turn off to the right before you go down the hill to Long Beach, and you find yourself at Heyward Point. A really nice place for a gentle day trip, picnic, swim, or sleep in the sand hills.

We followed the track through the paddocks and the bush, down to the cliffs. There are a few seals and shags, plus a few ships just off the coast, waiting to come up the harbour. We contemplated what the seamen would be doing on such a lovely Sunday while we had morning tea. Wendy even had hot coffee!! Some people have all the luck!



*Taiaroa Head and Aramoana from Heyward Point (photo Jade Pettinger)*

We wandered from there around to Kaikai Beach where we had lunch, and certain people went to sleep. Philip and Wendy went for a paddle, before we headed up the hill overlooking Murdering Beach. It's a very scenic beach - well worth a visit sometime. We investigated an old abandoned house, now only inhabited by bales of hay and a few armchairs. We wandered back up the road to the cars, and then drove back to Roseneath for a cup of tea - just the thing to end a very pleasant day trip.

Gaye Davies for Stefan Pollmacher, Wendy Falloon, Philip Jenkins, Jean Pettinger and Ross Davies

## MYSTERY TRIP (SILVER PEAKS)

**26 May, 1985**

**Author: Michelle Williams**

Published in Bulletin 436, July 1985

A fine calm day when eight people travelled to Silver Peaks Station at the end of Hindon Road. After 90 minutes on the up and down 4-wheel drive track, Michelle guessed the three mystery sites to be visited, and shared her choc, block prize around the party.

- Homestead Hut - old run hut, once lit by electricity, three bunks, windows now all replaced.
- Jubilee Hut - lunch in the sun by the creek, and a one-hour rest.
- Mt John Hut - window still out.

Home at 5.30 p.m.

Diane Harper, Philip Jenkins, Graeme Loh, Sue Maturin, Ian Middleton. Ian Sime, Gaylene Wait and Michelle Williams.



*Mt John Hut – Silver Peaks Station (photo Antony Pettinger)*



# ORBELL'S CAVE -THE DAY TRIP THAT WASN'T

**23 June, 1985**

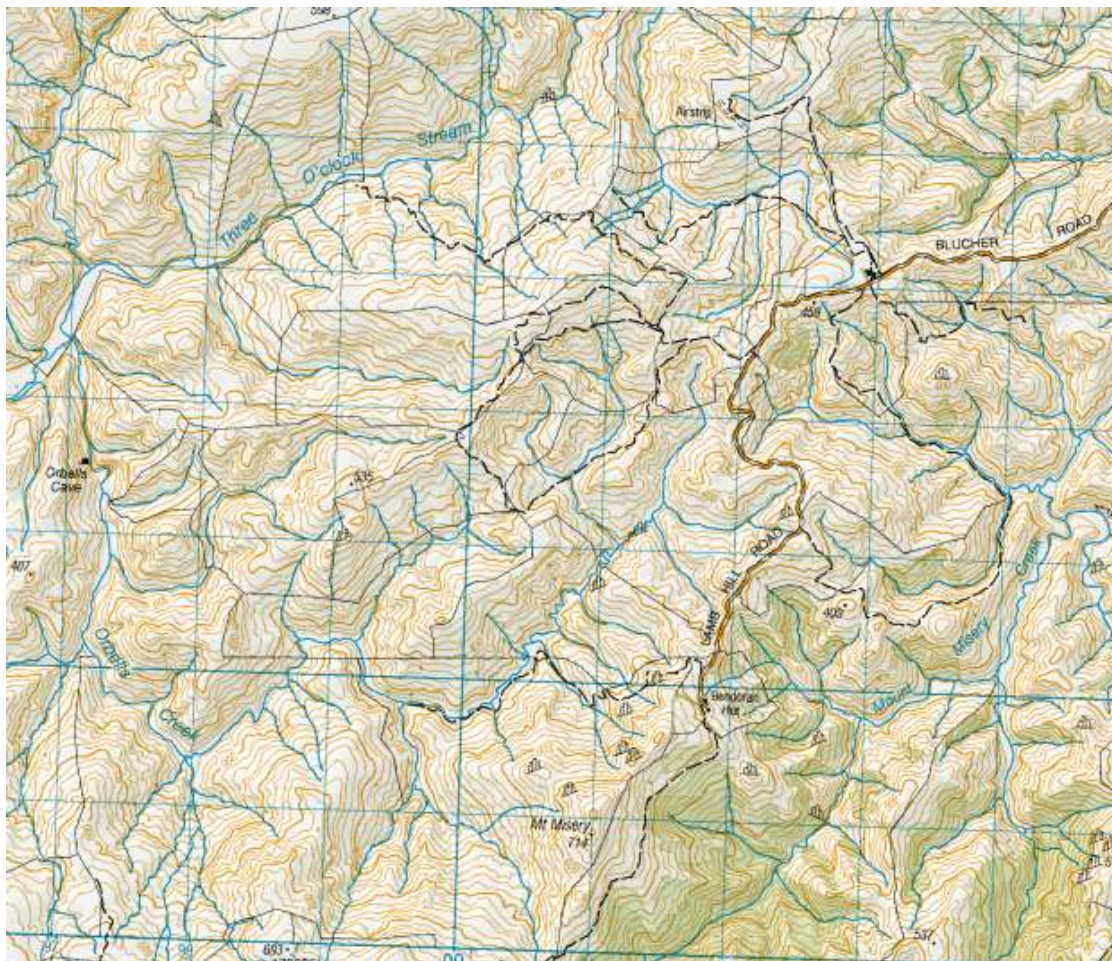
**Author: Spen Walker**

Published in Bulletin 436, July 1985

Sunday 23 June - off to the Clubrooms in the cold and rain; the weatherman says it's snow down to 800m, so I'm wondering who will be foolish enough to turn up. Michelle and Philip, that's who!! I'm keen for some fresh air, so after a quick 'doom forecast', we set off. Out the back of Cherry Farm as we approached Buckland's Crossing, rain, and a cold wind, plus more than a skiff of snow could be seen, not to mention a petrol gauge showing next to nothing left, so it was back to Waikouaiti, where the pumps were all closed!!

Our intrepid driver thinks we can make it there and back with no fuel (we'll get some off a farmer, she cries!), but I've lost my appetite for fresh air in exposed conditions, so it's off over the Kilmog (hopefully) to Evansdale petrol station, then over the old Mt Cargill road home, with thoughts of, "why didn't I stay in bed?!" I always thought that Dunedin got the worst of the weather around - now I knew it!

Spen Walker for Philip Jenkins and Michelle Williams





## SIGNAL HILL – FAMILY TRAMPING CLUB

**16 June, 1985**

**Author: Marie McDonald**

Published in Bulletin 436, July 1985

The organisers of the Family Tramping Group have been a long time in lowering their sights to arrange a trip up that large hunk of hill - Signal Hill on the north eastern edge of the city - seen by many of us from our windows at home or work. But last Sunday, 54 adults and children, ranging in age from 79 down to four years, set off up through Palmer's Quarry on a beautiful, warm winter's day to trek up to the Centennial Memorial.

The sea looked inky-black, with the view over the city and distant hills being clearer- than on most summer days. It was a free-for-all on the way down, when we split into several groups, each one taking a different track. Our lot touched down near the tennis courts at Logan Park High School.

Marie McDonald



## POWDER RIDGE – CHALKIES DAY TRIP

**9 June, 1985**

**Author: Ross Cocker**

Published in Bulletin 436, July 1985

Sunday 9 June 1985, dawned cloudless, and stayed that way for the rest of the day. I arrived at the Clubrooms at 8.45 a.m. with some trepidation, to lead my first Day Trip, expecting hundreds of people to be milling about on the footpath waiting for me to arrive. I was happy enough to be greeted by a friend, Keith, whom I had invited to give me some moral support. Slowly, the rest of the party arrived, and after checking that everyone had adequate gear, nine of us left for the Waioara Road end at 9.00 a.m.

We soon discovered that Graham knew more than most of us (put together!) about bird life in the bush - later he produced a piece of polystyrene which he rubbed against a piece of wet glass, to produce a squeaking sound that soon had us surrounded with untold species of birds. I was particularly impressed to see four bellbirds trying to shout each other down in a small tree just a couple of feet above our heads. By the end of the day we (he) had sighted Brown Creepers, Grey Warblers, Tomtits, Wax eyes, Bellbirds, Robins, Pipits, Blackbirds, Wood Pigeons, Fantails, heard a Fern Bird (on Long Ridge), and sighted two lots of the feathered remains of Falcon fodder.



*View from Powder Hill, looking towards Saddle Hill and Mosgiel, with the Chalkies on the left – July 1986 (photo Antony Pettinger)*

It took two hours for us to climb the full length of Powder Ridge, and we spent almost all of this time on a well-formed track tramping through strongly growing natives. We lunched where

Powder and Long Ridges join, and although it was quite exposed there, we easily sheltered just below the ridge line in the large tussocks. Our lunchtime vista included Mt Allan, Painted Forest, Silver Peak, Pulpit Rock, Green Hill, some of Green Ridge, Hightop through to Swampy Summit, and the magnificently forested Silver Stream catchment area. A two-hour jaunt took us the full length of Long Ridge Road (which at its southern end probably only needs sealing and a white line to qualify For Grade 1, two-lane highway status). Such a vast area of pines has been planted by Tasman on the northern facing slopes of Long Ridge, in two years we will not be able to see any of the Big Stream area over the tops of these young pines.

We were glad to get back amongst the scrub, tussock and Spaniard as we bashed out way up the southern side of Chalkies Hill. The area on top of Chalkies, has been fenced and de-stocked and the growth of the tussock particularly contrasts with the neighbouring paddocks which are being grazed by sheep and cattle. The view from above the Chalkies Bluffs was just as magnificent as our lunchtime stop. We could more easily see the length of Powder Ridge which from here appears to dominate as the centrepiece of the catchment area. Further afield, we could clearly see the Club's pine plantation on Flagstaff, Mosgiel and the full extent of the Taieri Plains, Maungatua, snow-tipped Lammerlaws and the snow-topped Rock & Pillar Ranges. Truly a magnificent viewpoint.

A short stop at the small 'Bivvy Rock' by the Chalkies, then down the well-worn Chalkies Track until we suddenly burst out onto the vulgar scene of a large area of felled and burned off bush, which apparently is soon to be planted out in pine. Down a steep logging track and back at the cars at 6.00 p.m. Those of you who did not accept my invitation to come today, should make the most of any opportunity that comes your way to take this walk before the view from Long Ridge completely disappears below featureless *Pinus Radiata* which has been planted right up to the shoulder of the Long Ridge Road.

Ross Cocker, for those who did enjoy today's walk - Keith Vaughan, Philip Jenkins, Beate Kamrad, Doug Forrester, Gaylene Waite, Stu Mathieson, Gemma Mathieson and Graeme Loh.



# SNOWCRAFT INSTRUCTORS WEEKEND

## ROCK AND PILLARS

**29-30 June, 1985**

**Author: Miriam Vollweiler**

Published in Bulletin 437, August 1985

What a highly technical weekend. It started with a three-hour exhausting climb, buffeted by gale Force winds and Spen Walker's philosophy of life!

Finally arrived at the hut, then followed the highly technical exercise of nabbing some bunk space and fighting off intruders. The winner - Ewan Patterson - proved his territorial skills again, despite a vicious verbal battle against Grable, his equally viperish flat mate! After achieving all this, it was out into the snow, and learning how to instruct self-arresting and the use of ice axes.

Wayne Hodge in his P.V.C.'s executed several styles of how not to do it, and John Robinson's enthusiasm for speed takeoffs looked very dramatic. Cold toes, laughs and we think we know what to do. An early night, good food and dreadful jokes followed. Impossible to get instructors out of bed next morning - they all vow and declare that instructors are supposed to get their leader breakfast in bed. A problem arises - all chiefs and no indians!! Eventually sorted this out, and then it was off to learn the art of teaching crampon techniques and ice axe belays.

Problem No. 2 - not enough snow and cold toes. Easily solved - let's have another weekend away! Sounds great, so let's do some cross-country skiing.

Miriam Vollweiler for Mike Floate, Don Greer, Bill Provan, Pam & Wayne Hodgkinson, Irene Pow, Dave Armstrong, John Robinson, Ewan Patterson, Spen Walker and Gabrielle Oswald.



*Rock and Pillar Range in winter (photo Antony Pettinger)*

## **INSTRUCTORS TRAINING WEEKEND MK II**

**(Ewan teaching 12 hopefuls in the art of Snowcraft instruction)  
(date unknown)**

**Author: John Robinson**

Published in Bulletin 437, August 1985

Off to Cook, at last leaving Dunedin at 7.30 p.m. - dinner in the big O, and a flat tyre up the Waitaki Road. However, we arrived at Cook around midnight, spending the night in the shelter.

A visit to Cook HQ's in the morning and a look at conditions. Sixty-80 cm of new snow had fallen, and high avalanche danger was predicted everywhere, including our objective, Mueller Hut.

We stuffed around, eventually heading up to the Mueller glacier to look for some ice to crampon on. We had an abortive attempt to find some ice, then the weather began to pack-up. A beer in front of a log-fire at the T.H.C. Hermitage sounded very attractive - the more intelligent portion of the party chose that option, whilst the others toiled on to eventually find a hunk of ice to crampon on. Meanwhile, Mt Cook disappeared under cloud, and the wind and rain increased.

Dinner was cooked over a purring primi in the shelter, with after-dinner socialising at the T.H.C., then retiring back to the shelter to sleep. The noise of rain, avalanches and wind (both types!) kept some people awake.

Still wet in the morning, so we left for home (we thought!). Immediately on leaving the hills, the weather perked up. Obviously, it was still bad at Ohau Ski field, but what about Tekapo? If only we could get up to the snow somehow! Tekapo was closed, so we continued to Fairlie and contacted people up at Dobson. The field was closed, but we were welcome to drive up if we could.

We hired chains, and quickly back-tracked to Dobson. It was snowing and was very windy - already a drift had formed across the road, so we went no further. Out we got and attacked a handy snow-slope, but conditions were hopeless for learning and we mutinied, and sought the shelter of the van.

Then the van got stuck turning around under whiteout conditions - everyone out again to push. The road was so icy, that in places it was impossible to stand upright. Back down to Fairlie and a welcome lunch at a very nice health-food cafe - highly recommended by us all'.

On the way back, we learnt a new game - called "Tickle Bill (Amadeus) Probin" - highly entertaining. but do wear a full-face-crash helmet!!

Full marks to Ewan Patterson for the time and effort put in - I hope SNOWS 1,2 & 3 get a good turnout.

J.R. for Ewan and the 12 disciples.

## **SNOW 1 (SNOWCRAFT INSTRUCTION)**

**20-21 July, 1985**

**Author: Lori Meyer**

Published in Bulletin 437, August 1985

What a great weekend! Not just in terms of a lot of fun. but the really good instruction given, and the opportunity to shock the 'ski bunnies' by hitting the ski slopes!

One flat tyre later, we arrived at the camping ground, delighted by the luxury of cabins, complete with heaters. Some from the other van had made a mad dash for the larger cabin with the double bed!

Windy conditions and soft snow at Cardrona greeted us on Saturday. We snow stepped up a slope over the back, but were asked to stop making holes in the thoroughfare, so moved on again. Some better snow was found For a bit of self-arresting, Many thanks to Miriam, who' when told in confidence that it was my birthday, immediately broadcast it to everyone, who then proceeded firing untold snowballs at me!! (She was forgiven later on however, by the magnificent meal with lots of yummy fresh salads and a banana loaf with candles - what a sweetie!}. In the afternoon we found a steepish slope for (sort of) cutting steps, self- arresting, etc. A nice mellow time was had that evening back at camp and the Wanaka watering hole ....

But Sunday's snow and warm sun at Treble Cone was even better, and they didn't seem to mind us there (we'd been granted permission at Cardrona too!). The almost 2:1 pupil/instructor ratio meant a great deal was learnt, including cramponing, ice axe belay (unfortunately, only halfway in. due to the snow depth), arid yet more self-arresting, etc. Oh. and the advanced technique of snowball fighting procedures!

Just a caution here - if you're in Ewan's car/van, and chains are necessary, be prepared to get your hands dirty - he doesn't like to!!

And for dirty jokes. Doug's the man! Bill, of course, has the 'best laugh and farts award' for the weekend (Jenny will second that, having been in the same cabin!).

Lori Meyer for Miriam Vollweiler (great instructor!), Elspeth Girvan and the rest of the snow mols.





## **GRAHAMS BUSH – MT CARGILL (FAMILY GROUP)**

**21 July, 1985**

**Author: Dave Ferguson**

Published in Bulletin 437, August 1985

Sunday 21 July saw no fewer than 51 souls - large and small - turn out for the monthly sojourn, (Grahams Bush, Organ Pipes, Mount Cargill), Indeed, the fair preponderance of 'Young Uns', not to mention a few New older faces, made it a truly representative family outing, which augurs well for the group in the future.

With the sun shining spasmodically and a cool nor-easter blowing up from Taiaroa Head, the multitudes ambled off from the assembly point, Hall Road, Sawyers Bay, at 1:10 p.m.

Barely 10 minutes up the track and the signs of jackets and gloves being discarded was in evidence. The Walkway - extremely good under foot - has been much improved, and with the bridges, stairways, etc., is a credit to the workers involved. The bush, undergrowth, and birdlife gave great pleasure, as did the peninsula views, which were all one could have hoped for. Our merry band arrived at the Organ Pipes in time to break out the afternoon tea goodies and scroggin. To call it breezing would be a true understatement, thus only a handful elected to partake in the 'final dash to the summit', where yours truly covered some added distance in pursuit of his beloved Beannie!

The group arrived back at the vehicles via the same route at around 5.00 p.m., happy, and from all accounts with no broken bones, cuts, sprains or abrasions, which makes this scribe - and trip leader for the day - justly satisfied. Cheers.

Dave Ferguson



*View from the Organ Pipes (photo Antony Pettinger)*



## ROTEBURN WEEKEND

**21-22 September, 1985**

**Author: Gaylene Wait**

Published in Bulletin 438, September 1985

There were glow worms along the banks of the Routeburn track to the Flats Hut, when we walked in at midnight. We arrived at 2 am, waking the two occupants who thought that the torchlight was the hut on fire. We fell into a bunk, and later woke to a glorious fine day.

We planned to walk up to Harris Saddle, and if conditions were suitable to climb Conical Hill. With only a day pack to laden us, it was three quarters of an hour to the Falls Hut. Continuing on we found ice and snow on the track above Lake Harris as it skirts to the right and round to the Saddle. The day was calm as we reached the shelter on the Saddle at 11.30am.

After an early lunch, and leaving Julie with a book to soak up the sun, we set off to investigate the possibility of climbing Conical Hill. Mary had experience in climbing in the French Alps, so we trusted her judgement of snow conditions. We were lucky there were footsteps already and another couple had gone on before us, and the snow was good and firm.



Ocean Peak and Lake Harris from Conical Hill (photo Antony Pettinger)

We reached the top quite easily, calling and waving to Eric Lord's party who were at the edge of Lake Harris. We spent about an hour on top, in the sun, with no wind and a wonderful clear view all around. We watched the progress of Bill Provan's party on their way up Mt Erebus. As



we left they were level with Lake Wilson. Once down we chatted with Jane Bruce and her party, sunning themselves on rocks at the Saddle, and then started back to the Flats Hut, watching Ewan's party climbing their peak as we went.

We had the Flat's Hut to ourselves that night. Another fine day dawned on Sunday and we set off up the North Branch of the Routeburn. After half an hour we emerged from the bush to a tussock hollow enclosing a tarn in which there was reflected the surrounding mountains - later wind ruffled and dispersed the peace of this beauty.

An hour later the track came to a halt among bush and boulders, so we decided to stop and soak up the sun before returning. From here we had a lovely view of the North Col, behind which is Lake Nerine. We retraced our steps for 10-15 minutes and discovered Jane and her party among the sunny tussock having lunch - we stopped here for lunch. After more lazy enjoyment of the sun, we headed back to the Flats Hut - I with a firm conviction that this valley is quite charming.

It was time now to walk back out to vans, all of us satisfied with our weekend's tramping.

Gaylene Wait for Iain Middleton, Gavin Smith, Mary Ockington, Michelle Williams and Julie Reidy.



*Harris Saddle and the Darran Mountains above the Hollyford Valley (photo Antony Pettinger)*

## ROUTEburn – THE EASY WAY

**20-21 September, 1985**

**Author: not listed**

Published in Bulletin 438, September 1985

We all squashed into the vans on the Friday night and sweated it out, well for a little while, then dropped into our beauty sleep until we arrived at the road shelter.

Being the last party up, leaves you with the whole bench for breakfast, (A new discovery.) The morning couldn't have been better sunshine, bush, clean air and freedom.

It was on with the boots and packs and off to Routeburn Flats for a look (and a breather) before the climb to Falls hut. Once we arrived at Falls hut it was down packs and food out (for Karen) and lunch. After lunch we wandered up to Lake Harris. The picturesque scene had the cameras clicking rapidly. Then we slumbered back over the soft snow to the track. With all that energy burnt out it was only natural to hogg into the chocolate and cherrie biscuits. On a full stomach there's nothing better than lying back and basking in the sunshine.

Back to the hut for tea and the cheesecake competition (well not really, we won by far.)

Sunday we saw the easy going descent to Flats hut. Once again it was drop packs and a quick change into lighter (summer) clothes and this time off along the North Branch for an hour or so (tramping.) We found a sheltered isolated spot near the river. A picnic lunch, in the sun, was on the menu with ample time to digest both the food and sunshine.

Unfortunately, Graeme reminded us of our departures and so it was back on with the socks and boots and back to Flats Hut where we rejoined others to walk out to the shelter.

Julie Cadzow, Eric Lord, Pam Cocker, Graeme Grant and Karen Andrews



*North Routeburn looking towards the North Col (photo Antony Pettinger)*



## DAY TRIP TO POSSUM HUT

**15 September, 1985**

**Author: Michelle Williams**

Published in Bulletin 439, September 1985

The time was already 8.45 am and seven people had turned up, with no car between them. By 9-00 am, 17 people had arrived, three of them had cars and mine made four (a sigh of relief).

Piling out of the cars on Semple Road we were greeted by gusts of wind and a very fine fog. After Spencer Walker, Philp Jenkins, Antony Pettinger, and myself had debated on which route to take, we headed on down the first ridge we came to, striking the track first time.



*Possum Hut in the headwaters of the South Waikouaiti River (photo Antony Pettinger)*

We had no trouble in finding Possum Hut where we set about having a late morning tea. After everyone taking photos and such we headed up towards Green Hut. After a slight grunt up, we arrived at Green Hut in amongst the mist, then unanimously decided it was lunch time. No-one felt like braving the cold wind and fog to head up to Pulpit Rock, so we just headed back to the cars to turn the heaters on. Then just back home to clean our gear.

Apart from the weather everyone seemed to have enjoyed it.

by Michelle Williams



## **MOON TRACK TO SWAMPY SPUR**

**3 November, 1985**

**Author: Gabrielle Oswald**

Published in Bulletin 440, August 1985

Sunday dawned fine (the way it usually does when you've had a hard night out, too much food and a hangover) which is okay-except when you're leading an O.T.M.C. day trip. So, nothing less than a holocaust is going to stop this one - might as well get up.

Seven bods thus headed up to the top of Leith Valley to where Nicols Creek is. Once packed and booted we headed off up the track till it went in one direction and we decided to follow the creek gorge. A pleasant surprise was to come with a steep, high sided bushy gorge which in places was a most enjoyable grovel till we reached the falls and the track proper.

Ruth was heard to say "And this is a 'E' trip!, along with John Bevin who was recovering from his broken leg who declared -"That it was good that we did what we had just done as I certainly wouldn't have done it on my own" or something like that.

A mixed day of gorse grovelling, tussock tripping and bush bashing was accomplished during our circ round Swampy to Swampy Spur (lunch) and down thru bush to the edge of the motorway.

Two fellow bush walkers hitched two of us back to our cars to save a four-mile road walk. We returned (lucky for them) just as the rain started to fall on the others.

It was back to town and for two of us a booze up, tea at the Palms and a double feature at the Civic.

HERE'S TO GETTING UP EARLY

Gabrielle for Phil Jenkins, Ruth Brown, Jean Pettinger, John Bevin (the big cheese), Steve Cathro and Richard Pettinger.

## YELLOW HUT

**24 November, 1985**

**Author: Irene Pow**

Published in Bulletin 441, December 1985

The 24th turned out to be a day and a half - turned the corner to what seemed like heaps and heaps of bodies waiting to be led up the garden path (What better person to fulfill that role). Well, organising cars was the first obstacle - it took ages! At least we had enough cars to fit the 24!!

The day wasn't the best weather wise but at least there wasn't rain in the air which kept the moans at bay.

Up the Tunnels Track at a very impressive pace had us too early for lunch at Yellow so we were forced to move onto the Gap. THANKS FOR THE MUFFIN DOUG.

The weather was the deciding factor for the return trip home - some via A.B.C. and others the way that they had previously trod. All returned safe and sound feeling the better for the wander. Hope the cars O.K. Gabrielle, and that the running shoes cleaned up O.K. Katherine. I'm not jinxed believe me.

Many thanks to those that really enjoyed my day,

Cheers and heaps of smiles,

BUGS



*Yellow Hut in 1986 (Photo Antony Pettinger)*

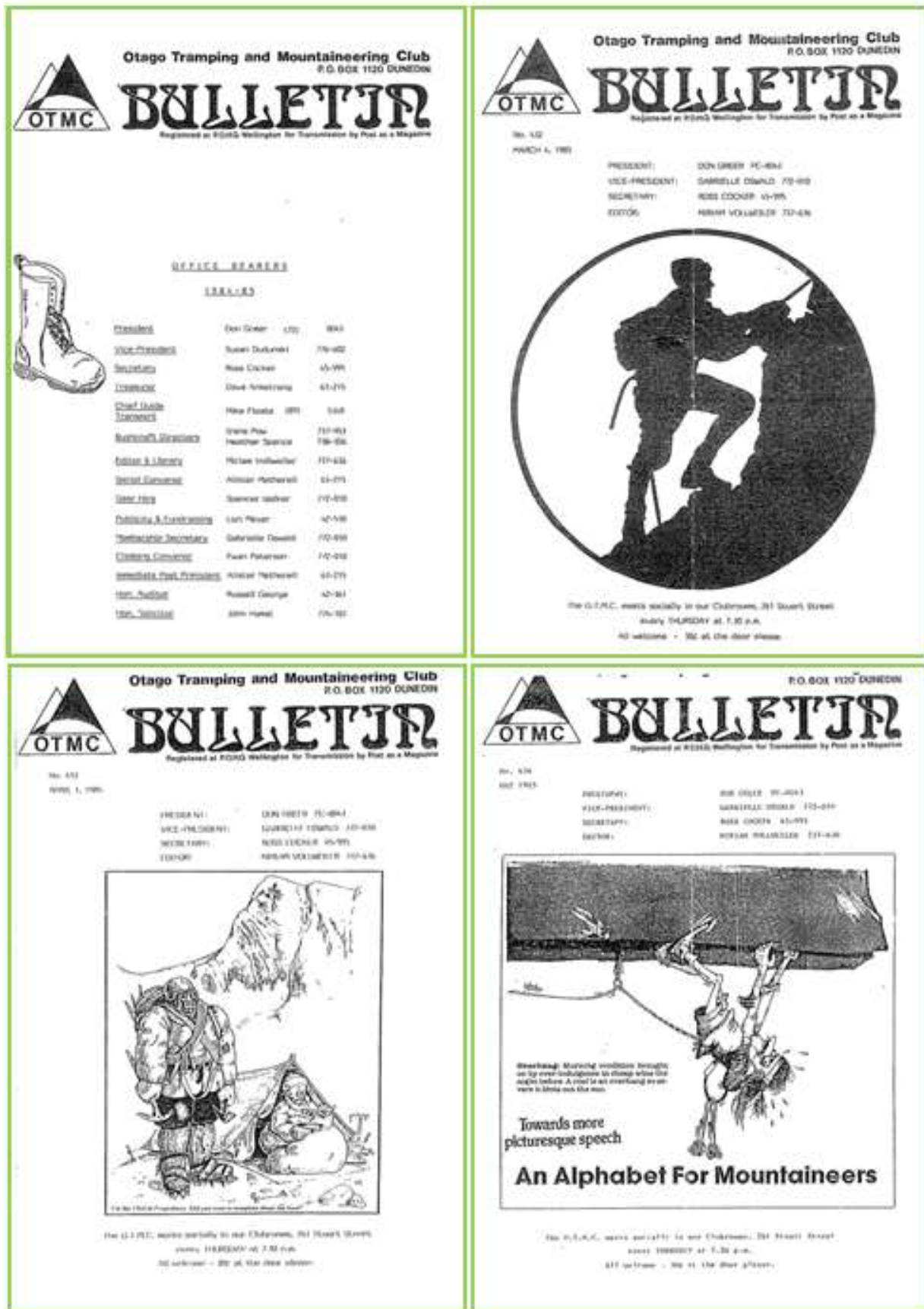
## OTMC TRIP PROGRAMME 1985

January	19-20	Eglinton - Hollyford - Darrans	Ross Davies
January	27	Swampy Summit	Tony Bunting
February	3	Possum Hut	Neil George
February	2-3	Waikaia	Bruce McKinlay
February	10	Club Picnic (Pipikaretu)	Jan Hudson
February	17	Taieri Mouth (Family Group)	Lyall Campbell
February	17	Silverstream	Rodger James
February	16-17	Bushcraft 1985 (Tirohanga Weekend)	Heather Spence & Irene Pow
February	24	Silver Peaks	Joan Schoon
February	23-24	Bushcraft 1985 (Silver Peaks Weekend)	David Barnes
March	3	Rocky Ridge - ABC - Jubilee - Green	Doug Forrester
March	2-3	Wangaloa - Kaitangata (Family Group)	Marie McDonald
March	2-3	Joint Clubs Trip (Wanaka Area)	Paul Olsen and David Barnes
March	10	Maungatua	Martin Connell
March	9-10	Bushcraft 1985 (Ohau Weekend)	Spen Walker
March	17	Silver Peaks	Bob Stables
March	17	Swampy Track	Heather Spence
March	24	Heyward Point	Gaye Davies
March	23-24	Eyre Mountains	Dave Crow
March	31	Rabbit Island - Goat Island	Linda Mehrstens
April	5-8	Stewart Island (Easter 1985)	Don Greer
April	14	SAREX (Flagstaff)	Stuart Mathieson
April	14	Beaumont Railway	Kathy Woodrow
April	21	Mt Charles (Family Group)	Ken Allen
April	21	Silver Peaks	Mike Drake
April	20-21	Matukituki (West)	Mike Floate
April	28	Jubilee Hut	Julie Lord (Cadzow)
May	5	Evansdale Glen	Jan Hudson
May	4-5	Dansey's Pass	Stuart Mathieson
May	12	Mystery Trip	Ian Sime
May	19	Maungatua (Family Group)	Nancy Strang
May	18-19	Takitimu's	Richard Pettinger
May	26	Silver Peaks (Homestead – Jube – Mt John)	Ian Sime
June	1-3	Waitutu (Queen's Birthday)	David Barnes
June	9	Big Stream - Chalkies	Ross Cocker
June	16	Signal Hill (Family Group)	Marie McDonald
June	16	Parakeet Ridge (Rosella Ridge)	David Barnes
June	15-16	The Catlins	Mark Hanger
June	23	South Waikouaiti River	Graham Johnston
June	29-30	Snow 1 (Snowcraft)	Spen Walker
July	7	Lower Taieri River	Ross Davies
July	14	Jubilee Hut	Janice Fitzpatrick

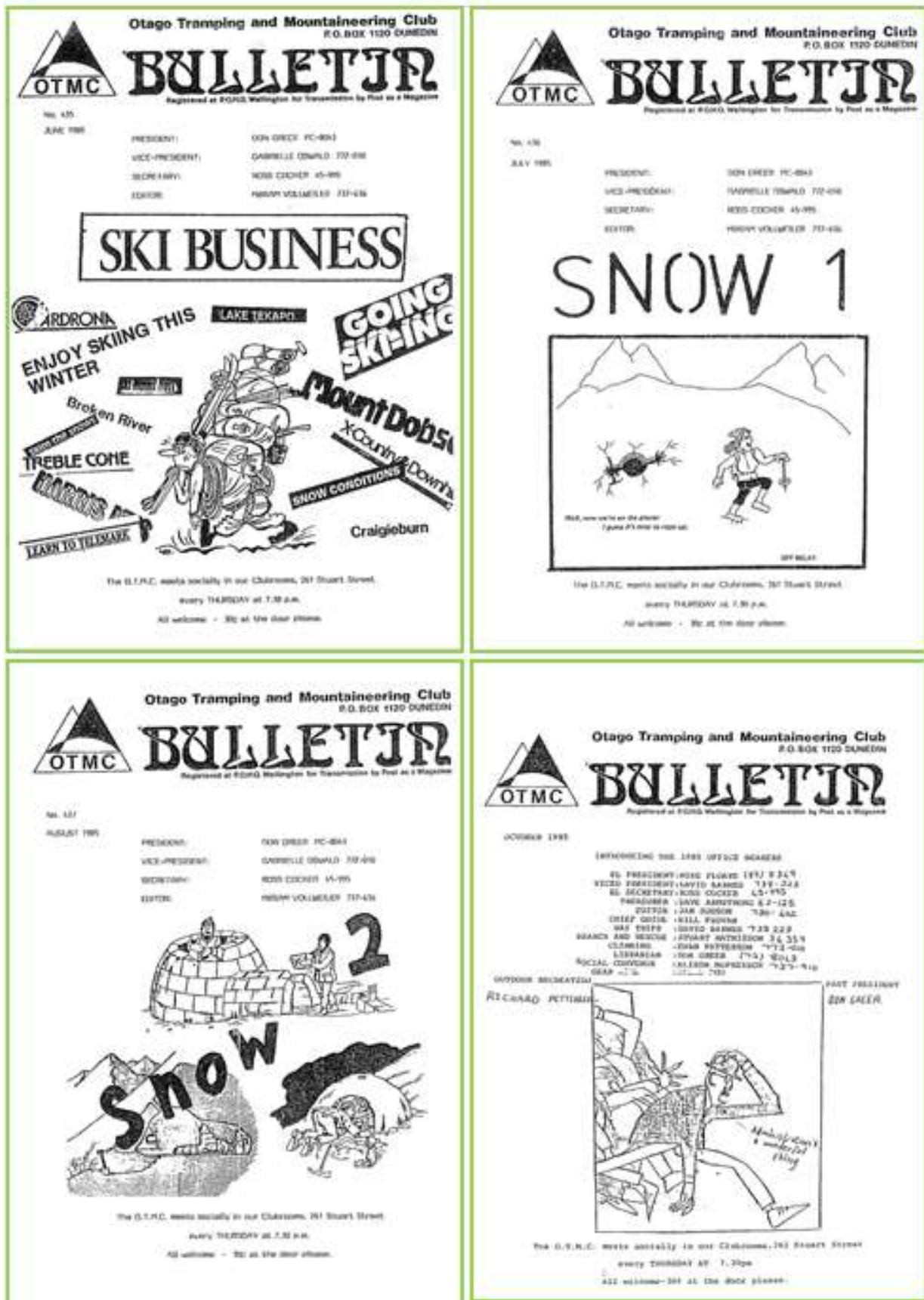


July	13-14	Herbert Forest	Mike Floate
July	21	Silver Peaks	Graham Johnston
July	21	Graham's Bush (Family Group)	Jane Fergusson
July	20-21	Snowcraft 1 - Rock and Pillar	Spen Walker
July	27-28	Downhill Ski Instruction (Cardrona)	Alistair Metherell
August	4	Evansdale Glen	Mike Floate
August	11	Rocky Ridge	Antony Pettinger
August	11-17	Ski Week - Cheeseman	Greig Hormann
August	18	Pineapple - Swampy - Green	Doug Forrester
August	18	Ben Rudd's (Family Group)	Lyall Campbell
August	25	Otago Peninsula	Michelle Green
August	24-25	Snow II (Snowcaving - Old Man Range)	Peter Egan
September	1	Flagstaff	Gaye Davies
September	8	Waitahuna Hill	Peter Mason
September	7-8	X-C Ski Instruction	Dave Levick
September	15	Possum Hut	Michelle Williams
September	15	Orokonui (Family Group)	Lyall Campbell
September	22	Maungatua	Dave Armstrong
September	21-22	Routeburn	Bill Provan
September	29	Silver Peaks - ABC Cave	Peter Egan
September	29	Work Party (Family Group)	Marie McDonald
October	6	Burns - Pulpit Rock	David Barnes
October	13	Rustlers Track	Gaylene Wait
October	12-13	Snow III (Homer - Gertrude)	Ewan Patterson
October	20	Painted Forest (Silver Peaks)	Philip Jenkins
October	20	Silverstream (Family Group)	Lyall Campbell
October	27	Berwick Forest	Muriel Mason
October	26-28	Rees - Dart (Labour Weekend)	Mark Hanger
November	3	Moon Track - Swampy Spur	Gabrielle Oswald
November	2-3	The Catlins (SAREX)	Stuart Mathieson
November	10	Powder Ridge	Rob Archibald
November	9-10	Matukituki	Ken Mason
November	17	3 O'Clock Stream	Graeme Buchanan
November	17	Burns Saddle (Family Group)	Lyall Campbell
November	16-17	Mt Cook	Lori Meyer
November	24	Yellow Hut - Gap	Irene Pow
November	30-1	Temple - Maitland	Ross Cocker
December	1	Organ Pipes - Graham's Bush	Yvonne Greer
December	8	Mystery Trip	Graham Johnston
December	7-8	Hollyford - Darrans	John Pohl
December	14	Pre-Christmas Social	Jan Hudson
December	15	Round the Peaks	Ross Davies
December	26-7 Jan	Arthurs Pass to Lewis Pass (Xmas Trip)	Bruce McKinlay

# OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (FEBRUARY TO MAY)



## OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (JUNE TO OCTOBER)





## OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (NOVEMBER - DECEMBER)

