

FIORDLAND WEEKEND – CASCADE CREEK – LIVINGSTONE RANGE

OTMC Bulletin, April 1987, (Pages 8-9)

By: Jenny Breckon

Well it seemed as though our party had all the right elements for an adventurous weekend. Due to circumstances beyond HUMAN control our original party leader Bill was unable to take us, so Debbie and I were flogged off to join Antony and Steve's party (seemed to be prearranged to me eh Antony), this was at 5.53 pm Friday night. I looked around and thought "Hey isn't this a Fit party - Oh s--t", but I had no food, so off I went.

12.00pm Friday night last one's off the bus (bad sign) at Cascade Creek. Slept under a fly and had quite a good sleep apart from the b----- keas and the fly falling down in the night.

Saturday morning dawned misty and not very promising, but the mist soon lifted and it was a beautiful day. I awoke keen and enthusiastic, pulled down the fly even though there were still some people under it (won't mention who Antony).

We set off (some hand in hand) at 9.00am up Cascade Creek - knowledge of rivercrossing techniques was essential as we zigzagged up the river, I mean creek, could have fooled me. Then we went up the side of a waterfall, (well some thought they would like to try and go through it).

Had lunch just above the bush line and then continued upwards and onwards and that was the theme of the day.

5,000 odd feet later we stopped, all the pain (for me anyway) was well worth it. The view was breath-taking, looking down on the Greenstone Valley and Lake McKellar and at the Alisa and Darren Mountains.

Now our next trick was setting up a fly with one pole, no problems and thank God no wind. We crashed about 8.00pm that night.

Sunday morning dawned another glorious day and we set off up (of course) and climbed another 500ft. From the top, we had a panoramic view of the mountains. This was the buzziest moment for me. I would like to think that I was the first person from Taupaki (where's that) to get up here. Steve fell in love with Christina (the mountain) and couldn't stop taking photos.

From there it was down (yes finally) to Key Summit. We decided to make up a new game called let's find Key Summit - it was only a minor joint mistake. On our way down to it we met another person (our first all weekend), dinky shorts and scarf tied Rambo style round his head, straw between his teeth and you guessed it American accent - "Oh Yeah Key Summit's way over yonder". From here Antony set off at a now you see him, now you don't pace down to catch the bus at the Divide. Unfortunately, Antony missed it by 5 minutes, as you all know.

In despair we prepared to walk to Cascade Creek, but help was on its way. Along came "the Magic Bus", lucky we had Steve with us, who caught the American Bus Driver's eye and offered us a ride to Cascade Creek.

Within 5 minutes at Cascade Creek Bill rang and was on his way from Te Anau to pick us up. While waiting we had a few liquid refreshments (thanks heaps Steve), and ate an abundance of chocolate. Kea's were very keen to put on a show and had set their minds on dismantling our gear and they consumed the rest of our raisin bread.

It was a great weekend with excellent company, thanks a lot Antony Pettinger, Debbie Williams and Stephen Swallow. I have a lot of good memories of the South Island to take back home to TAUPAKI (somewhere near Auckland), but extra special one's with the O.T.M.C. I may be back someday so look out!