



Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club
P.O. BOX 1120 DUNEDIN

BULLETIN

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Bushcraft



1989

APRIL

TRIP'S LIST

APRIL 23rd: HINDON TO THE REEFS (M)
Peter Mason 775-237

Do you know where the reefs are. Well apparently many people don't, so why not join them and come on this trip. Departs 9am at the Clubrooms.

APRIL 22-23: AHWIRI-DINGLE VALLEYS
Arthur Blondell 897-237

Here's a trip to an area the club has'nt been to for a while. There are some great trips with nice views to be seen. New members can talk to Arthur on club nights or give him a ring.

APRIL 30th: PAINTED FOREST- SILVERPEAKS
Doug Forrester 876-416

A nice day trip into one of the unique features of the Silverpeaks. Doug says it is going to be a great trip.

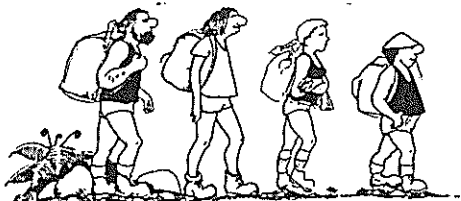
MAY 7th: LAST OF THE SEASON'S ROCKCLIMBING
Andy Beecroft 739-262

This day trip is prefabably suited to people with some rock-climbing experience, and is the last chance to go climbing before the winter. Give Andy a ring for further info and what gear is needed.

MAY 6-7: MATUKITUKI
Ian Sime 36-185

There are a lot of possibilities for every grade on this trip. Vans will drop people off at the East or West Branch and parties can do their trips from there.
Trip list closes 27 April.

A WORD FROM
THE
EDITOR

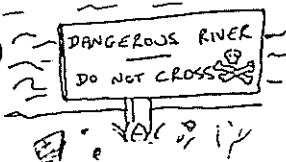


Fastest at back - Slowest in front - Leader at front controlling speed and direction.

Thanks to all those Bushcraft participants who contributed to this month's bulletin. I really enjoyed reading those articles particularly those describing the 'epic' Ohau weekend. Thanks must also go to Doug for organising the wonderful Easter Social. I for one really enjoyed myself. Please keep those articles rolling in.....Sue.

Presidential doodles

by



So Bushcraft is over again for another year. It went without any major hiccups and I hope, and believe, that most people were satisfied with the course. Bushcraft should also be a learning experience for Club members and we should evaluate our own contributions and make our own suggestions for improvement. The perfect course has never been run by anyone.

What does Bushcraft mean for Club members? Although there has been some discussion and disagreement about the timing of the event, most members seem to agree on its importance. It is our most visible contribution to, and participation in, the community. It is also a focus for the club itself; it gets people together and allows us all to chip in and get involved. It gives us a chance to meet new people and most of us have a good time. However, although Bushcraft is not a membership drive as such, the number of new members is a useful barometer to how well we have presented tramping and the benefits of joining a Club. It does appear interesting that many of the people who joined the Club after last year's course seem to have faded away. Any suggestions as to the cause? Should we be concerned about the situation?

So, what about the Ohau weekend? Many of you will have heard how the majority of parties were delayed by flooded creeks and, also, the bus could not get through to the pick-up point. Well, as a member of one of the stalled parties, I can tell you that the weekend was an eye-opener. What did I learn? Well, although I have known about the hassle of flooded creeks for a long time, it is the first time that I've been stopped by them. When my party arrived at the first creek, down the Huxley from Forks Hut, I stupidly waded in and was promptly swept of my feet. It was a rather disturbing experience and one that I would not wish to repeat. After dragging my sodden body back to the bank, I reflected that this creek may cause us problems. Our group attempted to cross at the mouth but I decided that we should turn back. So we returned to the hut. Later, in the company of two other parties, we tried again and successfully negotiated the first creek only to be stopped by the second. After a number of forays into the water, shaken, soaked and shivering, we decided that the crossing was not on. Back to the hut again for a crowded damp night. And the rain stopped! One hell of a relief and the speed with which the creeks and rivers dropped was almost unbelievable. Crossing them the following morning was little more than a paddle.

I know that there will be debate as to whether or not we could have crossed those creeks. Some people may feel that they weren't too high but, in the end, such arguments are meaningless. Sure, some people could have crossed but, when the other party members are new and inexperienced, it's a case of either everybody crosses or nobody crosses. I can't bear to think how I would feel if we'd lost somebody. The most difficult decisions are always the borderline decisions. I have no doubts that the decision to turn back was the correct one; some people were getting cold, tired and plain scared. Enough said?

Finally, thanks to Heather Robertson as our great, hardworking SAR contact. Good job they don't charge for local phone calls!

Lake Ohau Optional Bushcraft Weekend - Huxley Valley



After a damp bus trip we stumbled off in the dark to set up our tent at the road end. An uneasy nights sleep was spent by all with the tent billowing and flapping in the driving rain. When we crawled out for a leisurely breakfast around 8.30 am, we realised that we commanded the best view in the carpark, and the most exposed campsite! Just one of the hazards of setting up camp by torchlight. Fortified by breakfast and preceded by all the other parties, we set off up the valley over the riverbed toward Monument Hut. The views left a little to be desired being mostly obscured by a lowlying misty cloud layer. The track was well marked, not only by the usual trail markers but also by a profusion of Minty and Barleysugar papers. As we drew closer to the Forks area we came upon a flock of Canada Geese, but didn't see many other birds. We forded the North Branch of the Huxley easily and set up camp about 1pm. A light rain began to fall as we ate lunch, but enthusiasm undampened, we set off up the North Huxley track with the aim of visiting Broderick Hut and it's inhabitants. Two hours later we were very wet, the rain was still falling and we still had an estimated 15 mins to Broderick hut - including a couple of old avalanche chutes which were developing into terrific torrents! We did the sensible thing and went back to camp for tea! We hit our 'pits' early that night and played a few rounds of cards.

On waking in the morning a loud thunderlike rumbling could be heard, and it was still raining! The rumbling was large boulders travelling down the river - which had risen several feet overnight. An empty four litre billy that we'd left out overnight had filled almost to the brim in 12 hours. We chomped through breakfast, and decided to flag our excursion up the South Huxley Valley. Leaving out campsite was quite different to arriving there in that the track was now covered by 6-8" of water in places! We chatted with a few other parties at the Forks Hut before meeting some damp and discouraged people coming back from the first 'avo' chute which had become a stroppy little stream. After some discussion we decided to put our newly acquired rivercrossing skills to the test. Bill handed us a good sized log and checked our holds and we were off. The crossing was actually much easier than it looked but the really disconcerting thing was the number of pieces the log broke into when we dropped it on the other side. We showed the pieces to Bill and thanked him! Unfortunately about five minutes further on we encountered another stream - slightly larger and swifter than the first. We trudged quite a long way upstream before we found a halfway possible crossing. Having been persuaded to try it inspite of a few misgivings, we were all rather proud of ourselves when we arrived safely on the opposite bank. Credit to our leader! and mini Moro bars all round. The rest of the trudge back to Monument Hut was fairly uneventful except for my ability for finding the deepest mudholes in the creeks to fall into!

At the hut we found a note from the bus driver to say he was'nt able to get through as the roads were badly washed out - and that he would try again next day. We were joined by three other parties just as wet as we were but we all warmed up and dried out once we got the fire blazing. A lot of the things I had heard about instant spud, I found were true but faced with no alternative it actually does the job of

filling you up. A cosy night was spent by all and most of us were much drier when Monday dawned clear and sunny - a pleasant surprise. After a little conversion and some hard labour on the roads we were on our way home. Just so that the trip home could'n't be called uneventful the bus blew a tyre a bit before Omarama. The fine weather deteriorated steadily as we came down the coast - tea in Oamaru (the Golden Dragon beats the Pie Cart hands down!) - and eventually back in steady rain to Dunedin.

Even though this trip turned out to be an excellent one for checking the water repellent (or otherwise) qualities of our gear - our enthusiasm for being 'out there' hasn't been dampened!

Suzanne Mackay, for John Cox, Tim Moore, and Brynley Crosado.



THE EXTENDED OHAU WEEKEND.

We left on Friday night in the pouring rain and it didn't look good for the weekend. We had our normal feast of fish & chips at Oamaru.

Our group consisted of Rosemary, Les, Lisa and myself, a good mix between experience and amateur.

Falling off the bus on our arrival, we spent further time finding a decent camp site. As we were sleeping under a fly it was necessary to find "A Dry Spot", sheltered from the wind. When this proved impossible we camped on open ground.

Next morning as the weather had cleared we moved up the Huxley Valley. We crossed a swing bridge, open ground, streams and walked through beech forests until we decided that our walking was done for the day. We set up camp and prepared tea. The weather changed.

Suddenly our inspiration of a peaceful and relaxing evening was shattered by 11 shrilled chattering voices, a group of 6 Formers who were doing a Bushcraft course.

As I had been over enthusiastic on my cooking quantities we shared some food with the others.

During the night weather conditions became worse. Because of the driving rain the fly leaked, we were drenched, our equipment was wet and we were kept awake for the rest of the night. At 7.30 on Sunday with no change in weather, we arose and packed our gear and headed back to the carpark, where the bus was going to meet us.

We met up with David's party who had attempted to cross one of the rivers with no success. We successfully crossed the first river but were not so lucky with the second. Feeling depressed we turned back, as I slid down the gravelly bank. I watched 'Batman', (David) and 'Robin', (Bill) come to the rescue. We all hibernated into Huxley Hut for the night.

Our spirits were revived by the sunshine, despite, being very hungry. We walked out.

From my point of view I experienced many emotions... fear, happiness, wet, cold and hunger but have come out looking forward to my next experience, hopefully not so dramatic. Many thanks to Rosemary for leadership qualities which made for a successful trip.

Megan Park....

Resignation:

Russell Dawson has resigned from the OTHC.

Changes of address:

Helen Dawson, P. O. Box 6121 Dunedin North. Ph 30524.

Helen Jones, 66 Walton St, Dunedin. Ph 779509.

Antony Pettinger, 11 Watkins St, Pine Hill. Ph 737924.

Reda Powell, 24 Strathearn Avenue, Wakari. Ph 63230.

Sue Stockwell, 27 Preswick St, Dunedin. Ph 777266.

We welcome these new members:

John and Christine Cochrane, 184 Evans St, Opoho. Ph 738753.

Jill Moore, 191 Forbury Rd, St Clair. Ph 879355.

These people have been struck off for non-payment of 88 89 subs:

Kevin Allison	Kay Hickey
Paul Barton	Ian Hills
Carolyn Bird	Geoff Jackson
Tony & Allana Bunting	Syd McAra
Mike Crashley	Harry McConnell
Bill Crowe	Andrew Powell
Peter Dymock	Paul Ryder
Gerry Essenberg	Maureen Schmelz
Jane Forsyth	Matt Sillars
Pat Grant	Sarah Stratton
Cindy Grant	Polly Stupples
Jenny Greene.	Stephen Swallow
Graeme Harford	Mike Woodley

If one of your friends is listed here and you think that they did intend to pay subs for the current year, please ask them to contact Michelle Williams at 737-603 as soon as possible.

	COMMITTEE...	
PRESIDENT	David Peacock	779-855
VICE PRESIDENT	Heather Robertson	877-519
SECRETARY	Ian Sime	36-185
TREASURER	Mark Hanger	739-149
CHIEF GUIDE	Antony Pettinger	737-924
MEMBERSHIP SEC.	Michelle Williams	737-603
SOCIAL SEC.	Doug Forrester	876-416
EDITOR	Sue Harding	738-659
DAY TRIP CONVENOR	Debbie Williams	737-814
GEAR HIRE	Simon Thomas	741-444

BUSHCRAFT '89
DIRECTORS REPORT...

The Bushcraft Course is now over, and once again the course was a roaring success. 51 people participated in the course which is about the same as the past couple of years. We had 11 school students who were partly subsidised by AMP Perputal Trustees and the Family Tramping Group. I would like to extend the club's gratitude to these organisations.

The course would'nt have worked if it was'nt for the great help and dedication of all club members who instructed, led etc, so they all deserve a BIG thank-you. I would also like to personally thank David Peacock for Tirohanga, Peter Mason for the Silverpeaks, Bill Robertson for Ohau, Mike Floate for Rivercrossing and Ross Cocker, Stu Mathieson and Debbie for all their help, advice and encouragement since last October.

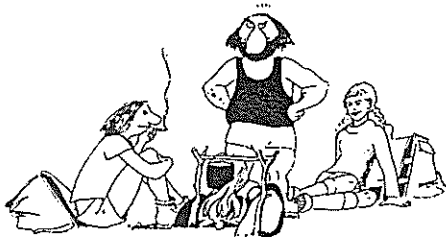
I enjoyed co-ordinating this year's Bushcraft and I wish Ross Cocker all the best for next year and hope he will get the same level of club members involvement as I did.

Course Director,
Antony Pettinger.

JULY-DEC TRIP CARD

The trip card is presently being compiled for the July-December half year. I would like more members to volunteer themselves to lead a trip, be it, a Weekend or Day Trip, because it will save me asking you anyway. So why not think about where you would like to go and give me a ring (737-924).

Antony Pettinger.
(Chief Guide)



Letter's to the Editor.

Dear Sue,

I have been following the debate on whether the club should buy clubrooms with some interest. The club has agonised for many years over what to do with it's growing Transport..cum Clubrooms fund with no conclusion as yet.

As a member of the club for almost 20 years, and now a member of two other tramping clubs I would like to make a couple of observations.

1/ The O.T.M.C is a tramping club in the truest sense of the word. It has always been true to its constitutional objectives and most of the club's energies go into fostering tramping and other matters concerning the outdoors. This is not true of all clubs, mainly those that own property. A lot of time, energy and money can be spent on managing and maintaining property and this is often at the expense of the more primary objectives of the club.

2/ The Thursday night meeting is a very important part of the O.T.M.C's activities. Few clubs bother to meet this often, but in the case of the O.T.M.C the Thursday night meetings are always well attended and are a vibrant meeting place at which trips and ideas are hatched.

It is because of observation two that I support the club purchasing its own clubrooms. The club being the owner and manager of a "Dunedin Outdoor Centre" would be a suitable roll for the club to take. However because of observation one this is tinged with a little caution.

I would therefore like to make the following recommendations.

1/ The clubrooms must be able to fund themselves in terms of any mortgage repayments. These must be paid for by door takings or hire to other organisations either on a one off or ongoing basis. The membership may wish to undertake fund raising for a special project, say reroofing, painting or alterations. However fund raising to pay mortgage payments would rapidly become a big bore. Also members subscriptions should not be taxed. This could rapidly become a big burden and a hindrance to new members joining the club. Selling Debentures to members may be a good way to raise some of the capital funds needed.

2/ The management of the clubrooms should be left to a special subcommittee with its own bank account and freedom to coordinate any subletting and spend money earned by the clubrooms on the clubrooms as it sees fit. I think the main committees job is to organise trips, Bushcraft courses, and get involved in outdoor recreation issues. I'd hate to see the club committee agonising over clubroom maintenance and bookings at 2am in the morning on its monthly meetings. These jobs need to be delegated to a subcommittee, preferably with expertise in property management.

In conclusion, the O.T.M.C is, in my opinion, the most successful club that I belong to. It has introduced hundreds of Dunedin people to the mountains through its Bushcraft courses, its members have tramped in all parts of the world. It has always remained true to its objectives during my 20 years of membership. There is no reason why such a strong club cannot accept a new challenge, that of owner and manager of a "Dunedin Outdoor Centre". Just make sure it is done right - that's all.

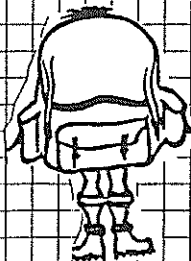
Pete McKellar

OUTDOORS 88/89

This your more or less annual magazine. Keep those contributions rolling in - trip reports, articles, poems. Photos will be requested later.

We are still looking for someone to sell the advertising. No advertising means no "Outdoors", If you feel you've got the necessary talents, or you know of a possible volunteer let us know.

Anne-Marie & David Barnes ph 44492



NEW ADDRESS...

George Palmer
15 Boston Avenue,
Hornby
Christchurch.

NEW FAMILY GROUP CONTACT...

Dave McArthur
211 Brighton Rd Westwood.
Phone 811478...

CLUBROOMS

The Special General Meeting in November directed the committee to look for suitable buildings to consider buying. If you know of any likely possibilities, let me know.

David Barnes ph 44492

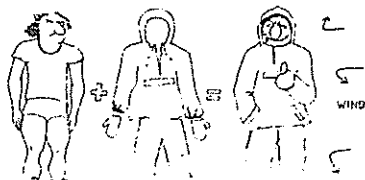
A Geriatric Grovel, 10-13 March

First, so I heard, there were to be four on the trip; then three; finally we were down to two - perhaps we shouldn't have gone. Both of us are in our fifties, and neither had led a trip before (we still don't know who led this one). Still, we arrived with about twenty others at the Temple shelter, and rather than fighting for a few inches of concrete we set up a tent and passed a comfortable night. On Saturday morning we were - appropriately enough - the last to leave. The idea was to follow South Temple Stream to its most southern point, follow the valley which flows south-north into it there and cross the range into the Maitland valley, and come back out down the Maitland Stream. On the map (NZMS OHAU S99) it looked simple enough.

At the stream junction, the easiest way seemed to be up the east (true right) side ridge, rather than the creek; the mist at about 3500 feet hid the tops. There was, in fact, no difficulty, though the upper slopes were often loose and gravelly, and we felt cheated that we had climbed (with great effort) to over 5000 feet and got no view at all. We had aimed rather too far east, and reached the crest at almost its highest point, 5291. From there we went first southwest and then south along the long spur pointing to the Maitland valley, before turning south east and reaching the valley at about ref. 497770. We walked a short way along the valley, crossing the stream twice, looking for a camp-site, and, by great good luck, found one on the left bank. By now the rain was falling heavily.

On Sunday morning, it was still pouring, and the creek we had twice crossed the previous day was a furious river. After about 150 yards along a cattle track, we had to climb up out of the bush, and keep on climbing to get past the head of a creek running down a deep and wide ravine - that took us to about 3700 feet (the valley floor was 2100). After crossing a second creek, we made our way down to the valley again (in places dropping practically vertically, or so it seemed, from one matagouri bush to the next) because the map suggested that it would be easy going for about half a mile by the creek, and then we would have to climb a couple of hundred feet to reach open slopes for another mile and a half. How wrong can a map be?

We went along the valley floor for about a quarter mile, crossed a big shingle fan, then came into bush and met a creek in steep eroded ravine. So we climbed up the side, expecting we would soon be high enough. Once



above the bush line, and with the mist fortunately clearing for a while, we saw that the hillside was totally blocked by two deep ravines; the only way was to climb above them. So back up to well over 3000 feet again - and the contours on the ground bore very little relation to those on the map. In all, there are five long and deep ravines on that stretch of hillside, none of them marked on the map. The first three have to be circumvented; the other two can be crossed some way below their tops. So altogether, what should have been two and a half miles along the valley, took us six hours of hard work. It would have been better to have stayed up high all the way - and we might have profited from studying aerial photographs, rather than relying only on the map.

Moir says that the best way along the Maitland is high up on the right bank. We kept looking over there, whenever the mist allowed, and the track is very clear; but it also seemed clear that it would be almost impossible to reach it from anywhere along the valley floor. So if we had happened to camp on the right bank of the stream, we might have had a very long and damp wait till the creek subsided!

The rest of the story - how we came to a motel, provided warmth, shelter and cups of tea to over a dozen soaked trampers, and finally returned to Dunedin on the Monday by bus and thumb - is irrelevant to tramping. Thanks, Brian, for your company and support, and sincere thanks to Trevor Pullar, who organised the food, and our sympathy that he couldn't be with us.

Chris. Ehrhardt, for Brian Laws, too.



You can repeat many appointments but get only one funeral. Don't rush decisions.

Our 4 "man" party for this weekend comprised our leader, Michelle (Mountain Goat) Williams, and three "Bush Crafties", Lindsay Aitcheson, Chris Wild and Mike Jaket.

Our pre-tramp meeting lasted two hours. We discussed the tramp, while downing some of Lindsay's well known home brew. That set the atmosphere for the tramp proper.

On Saturday morning we were dropped off on the motorway at Leith Saddle and walked up the new Leith Saddle Walkway to Swampy Summit.

The weather was perfect with brilliant sunshine and a very light breeze.

On Swampy we picked out a few landmarks and set off along the track passed High Top and round to the clearing at Green Hut where we stopped for lunch and discovered our first oversight. No one had brought a decent knife, excluding the two centimetre job on Lindsay's pocket knife. Not a problem.

The only possible problem I could see was that Michelle ran the risk of drowning in her honey sandwiches if she wasn't careful.

On the climb to Pulpit Rock the party was showing definite signs of wear and tear and slowed up a few times for air and to cool down, while being badgered by our intrepid leader (the one with the yellow brolley and the sharp point) to keep going.

We dropped the packs on the track just below the top and walked up to the peak. Arthur Blondell came bounding up the hill and caught us in about four strides. At the top we were covered in flying ants which were harmless enough but there were too many of them for comfort. They were flying from the highest peaks on all the hills.



From Pulpit Rock we made our way past The Painted Forest and down The Devils Staircase. At the bottom we turned right up the valley and pitched our fly under a stand of large Manukas / Beech Trees.

After a walk past the other campsites to Jubilee we got down to cooking tea while taking advantage of the chilled refreshments that had been cooling in the stream. Later on that chocolate cheese cake went down well too. We spent a couple of hours swapping stories and telling jokes. If you get the chance, ask Michelle to tell you the real story of Cinderella and the Pumpkin.

At night a few glow worms lit up on the far bank and two of us decided to sleep out in the open. One hardy soul in our party didn't even bother to take a sleeping mat. Next time I'll know better.

Glancing at the map the first day looked to be the long one and Sunday's trip seemed fairly easy. Should have used those bushcraft skills and had a closer look at the contour lines. We got underway about 8.30 am and worked up the far side of the valley to the Hermits Cave - "worked" and "up" being the two operative words here.

Even Michelle was complaining of sore balls by this time - it's all true, believe it or not. (PS she had sore feet)

Once up on the ridge we headed north. Any query on direction was met with the standard "Don't ask me, I'm following you guys". Our only hint was when she stopped and stood still. After a while we would realize someone was missing (the chatter had stopped), turn back, and reassess the situation.

We left our packs on the ridge and did a quick inspection of The Gap, down to ABC Caves and back to the packs for lunch.

From there we set a good pace down Yellow Ridge, but were passed by Alistair Metherall's party who were virtually running.

We cooled off down at the Waikouiti Stream where Lindsay "Never dare me to do anything" Aitcheson then picked up our intrepid leader and, despite her protests, dropped her bus first in the middle of the pool. And she reckons we gave her a hard time.

After all posing in the stream for a photo we headed of up the other side to meet the bus, still with half an hour to spare. This turned out to be a really enjoyable weekend with a good solid tramp, warm weather and good company. When's the next one.

Here's a bit of what Elspeth Gold is doing overseas...

Katmandu 17/2

Hi all. I'm in Katmandu, can't quite believe it, it's just wonderful.

Met up with some Hutt Valley Tramping Club members in Singapore, one of them is doing the same trip as me, rest were doing an assault on Annapurna. We were late getting to the airport as two of the members were late down to their complimentary breakfast and wouldn't go without.

Stopover at Calcutta... weren't allowed off the plane. Guards with Lee Enfields stood at the bottom of the steps to ensure that.

The Katmandu airport was a couple of concrete sheds. All the NZers on the plane teamed up to get a minivan into town, heaps cheaper although nothing here is expensive. The black market exchange rate varies from 27- 32 rupees/ US\$ whether it's in cash or TCs, large or small bills.

Teamed up with an Aussie also doing the Top Deck tour, went to Rum Doodles bar for drinks. Nepal beer's not bad. A meal is 50 rupees, accomodation 50 rupees and a large bottle of beer 40. Sounds expensive but converts to only \$1 or \$2.

Found Durbar Square on four occasions last night and just look and photograph. The streets, the cows and the cars are all a bit overwhelming. The people are really friendly, although if you stand still too long the money changers and hash dealers descend on you. One even offered try before you buy!

Found a great restaurant last night, have had no ill effects from meal. They have a higher class of t-shirt here, not just printed, embroidered. I'll be the talk of the town back in Dunedin. Could spend a fortune here but there is a long way to go and a small pack so I'll resist temptation.



The pies and desserts here are mind-boggling. Don't think I'd trust them though, lots of fresh cream that's probably been sitting all day but they are nice to drool over.

Varanasi, India
Hi all, have hit India, am most impressed so far. We're like a travelling circus, whenever we stop people crowd round to watch us and press their noses up to the bus windows.

A couple of people have got the dreaded lurgy already, my turn is yet to come. Something to look forward to.

Chitwan park was lovely, saw three rhinos close up. Trekked through heaps and heaps, I mean heaps of rhino poos, ankle deep in some places.

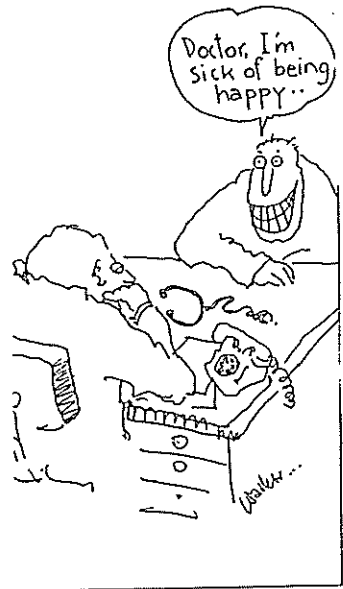
Changing money in India is an experience. I reckon they minted it specially for you as it took 1 1/2 hours to change a travellers cheque.

Am getting used to the Asian squat, positioning and all. Haven't had a hot shower since Singapore but that's half the fun.

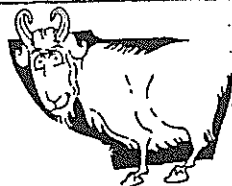
We tried a new route from Chitwan to Varanasi yesterday. Got halfway there and found that the bridges looked suspect so Roger and Bob (driver and courier) went for a walk to see what lay ahead. They parked the bus beside a group of huts so we went to find a convenient bush to squat behind and as far as the eye could see the bushes were cannabis plants, acres of chest high weed. So many photos were taken wallowing in it, I think the locals thought we were mad.

On the agenda in Varanasi is a rickshaw ride round the city and a dawn tour on the Ganges. Tea at a hotel tonight, the hotel has a swimming pool so a few beers and a swim will go down well.

Thinking of you all, no really I am.
Cheers, Elspeth.



BUSCRAFT LAKE UNAU FWB DAY TRIP
THREE



LEADER Michelle (Mountain Goat) Williams
CO LEADER Russell Godfrey
PARTY Mike Arnott, Mike Jaket, Lindsay Aitcheson

The bus arrived at the end of the road at approx 12.30am. Unlike the other parties who camped where the bus stopped, Michelle talked us into walking to Monument Hut and camping there. So off we go in the rain and the dark of night. I think she found the hutt more by good luck than good management. We pitched our fly, tying one end to a Bar B Que table in front of the hutt.

We were awoken in the morning by a dog who came alone to have a good sniff. We set off for Elcho Hut at about 8.30am. It was a waste of time putting on dry socks as they only stayed dry for about 30 seconds. At Elcho Hut we pitched our Fly in what we thought was a good dry spot, and headed off for a walk up Elcho Stream. We walked for half an hour through beech forest across a swing bridge, then on till the track disappeared. By this time it had started raining. Lunch was had under a rock overhang, trying to keep dry. The rest of the tramp was rock hopping up the side of the stream sometimes on avalanche debris. We came across two climbers who were also sitting under a rock waiting on the weather to clear (They would have had a long wait). Through a gap in the cloud we managed a glimpse of the glacier at the head of the valley. We returned to Elcho Hut at about 5-30 to be met by Dave Levick and Doug Forresters parties. Who offered us a new treat Hot raro. Tea was cooked in the hutt with the three parties trying to out do each other. By this time the rain was bucketing down. It came time to hit the pit. Michelle said 'anyone sleeping in the hutt was a wino' so armed with bivvy bags out our party goes. It was hosing down and in the dark we had trouble finding the fly. I had visions of wandering around and valley all night looking for it. I have become a fan for these Goretex bivvy bags (made by a texan living in Gore so Dave Levick reckons). Its hard to go to sleep with drips off the fly landing on your face. My sleeping bag did get a little wet but I didn't mind as I would be back in my own bed the next night or so I thought.

In the morning we had a creek running down both sides of the fly and a dam behind us. Russells boots were full to overflowing, so back to the hut for breakfast. Rondas rivercrossing at Tirchanga on the road came in handy only this time for real. What a change in the rivers the rocks rolling down the huxley what a eerie sound.

Back at Monument Hut the bus driver (Brian) had been in on a 4 wheel drive tractor and left a note saying the bus was unable to negotiate the wash outs on the road and we would have to stay the night at the Hut. How intimate seventeen in a six bunk hut. Doug or the OLD BUGGER as he seems to be known in tramping circles started playing these silly games, which seemed to fill in hours. Time for bed, by double bunking with five on the floor(it looked a bit like sardines) but we all fitted in. The OLD BUGGER tried to burn the hut down with his cooker. He was the guy talking about safety with cookers at Tirchanga.

Monday was spent waiting on other parties to come out. Bill Robertson looked a lot happier when Stu Matherson arrived in his 4 wheel drive with the last of them.

The two words to describe the trip would be WET & LATE. But a very enjoyable and educational end to the buscraft course. Thanks to Michelle Mountain goat Williams. Russell and the members of the tramping club. I'm looking forward to my next trip.

SOCIAL PROGRAMME....

THE SOCIAL SCENE....

APRIL 13th: C.P.R. with Bevan Blackmore.

C.P.R. is Cardiac Pulmonary Resuscitation.

This night is a must. Be there!!!

APRIL 20th : Multi-Peaks Touring, with Graham Hopkins.

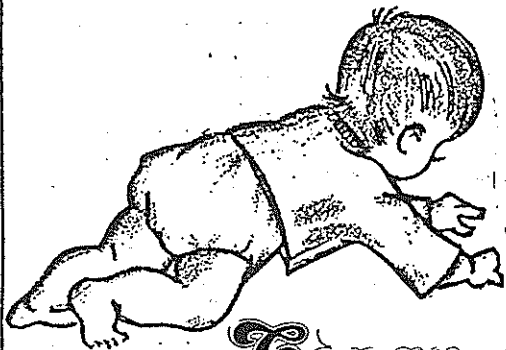
Graham joined the OTMC after Bushcraft '83 then drifted off the scene for a couple of years, came back and has become a very active mountaineer, one of the few in the club to have climbed Mt Cook. Has also climbed Mt Aspiring and Brewster, just to name a few. Keep this night free as it'll be a good one.

APRIL 27th: Informal. I've had a few requests for a night like this, occasionally. We'll listen to OTMC business, move around in small circles, have a cuppa and biccys and then shoot down to the "Clare" for a quick one!

MAY 4th: John Darby and the "Yellow Eyed Penguin". This team is doing a wonderful job. Need I say more!!

MAY 11th: Partical First Aid with Bevan Blackmore.

Bevan will tell us how to treat accidents in the mountains. This is the 1st night of several over a month or so. Next one June 8th.



Congratulations

Congratulations must go to Alison & John Pohl on the arrival of little Andrew, a chubby 9lb plus.... sounds like he'll be a future tramper??

FOR SALE

MacPac one person tent - Carted all around Europe and used only once - Ph Gary 53569