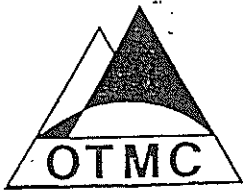


Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club  
P.O. BOX 1120 DUNEDIN



# BULLETIN

Registered at P.O.H.Q. Wellington for Transmission by Post as a Magazine

"MAY 89"



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

# TRIP'S LIST

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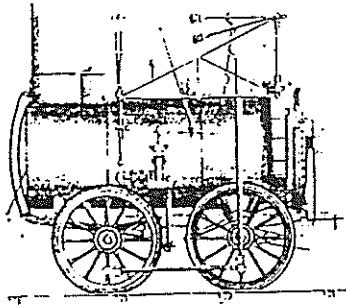
MAY 14 ABC CAVE (M) Arthur Blondell 897-633  
An interesting day trip into the Silverpeaks and visiting one of the landmarks, ABC Cave. Depart Clubrooms 9.00am Sunday.

MAY 20-21 LAKE ISOBEL (M FE) Doug Pagel 774911  
The following is reproduced with permission...  
"MAY...Lake Isobel/Mt Creighton. Few club members seem to even know where this superb spot is, let alone have been there. Nestled amidst the mountains immediately above Glenorchy-Queenstown Rd. Lake Isobel has a high basin on the upper slopes of Mt Creighton. For medium, fit or fitness essential there is great scope for mile high swimming, discovering the Twelve Mile Creek gikd mines, not to mention the terrific views of the entire Wakicipu region from the summit peaks. Trip list closes 11 May.

MAY 28 TOWN BELT (E) Doug Pagel 774911  
Did you know you could go 'tramping' in the town belt? Well, you can and Doug is going to lead an interesting trip leaving the clubrooms at 9.00am.

JUNE 3-5 QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY W/K Antony Pettinger 737924  
REE'S-DART-ROUTEURN AREA  
Grades-(m-fe)\*and climbing.  
Although this trip is being loosely organized to have drop off points at the Ree's, Dart and Routeburn/ the final drop off points will depend on the number of people on the trip. This trip is a good chance to use the available 3 days to do longer round trips, involving some of the lesser visited valleys and passes in the area. As the trip is in winter, and snow will be encountered, the grades available are from medium (4-6 hrs tramping per day), upwards. It is also preferred for people to have had tramping experience. If you have any questions about drop offs and possible trips. or if you are a new person, please see me at club or give me a ring-(737924).  
TRIP LIST CLOSES 25th MAY...

JUNE 11 THE GAP (M) David Barnes 44492  
Have you ever driven along the Kilmog and looked towards the Silverpeaks and seen a big bite taken out of a ridge? Well, that is called the Gap, and here is a chance to go and see this a bit closer.



# Presidential by P Doodles



## A NIGHT IN A SLOT

We abseiled over the last rock outcrop to drop onto the emptiness of the Bonar Glacier. It was approaching 11pm and with confused feelings I watched Glen retrieve the rope from around the ice bollard; the steep part of our descent off the mountain was over but we still had the long trek across the broken glacier and the Quarterdeck ahead of us. Having the use of two ropes and Glen's expertise had been of immense value in getting this far safely and confidently.

Our headlamp beams skidded and flickered over the ice as we snaked our way across the snow. Graham and I were linked by a ten-metre rope length, in the dark and cold he seemed a long way away. A tight rope is essential for glacier travel and I trudged through the vast icy wasteland keeping time with Graham. Cracks and crevices brimming with darkness scoured the surface. The five of us edged our way amongst the slots that hemmed us in like walls. I was getting tired, we had already been on the move for about 23 hours. My weariness stretched out before me across the glacier shroud and grew fatter with each footfall. We could waste so much time fumbling our way amongst the slots which buffeted and impeded us like the jostling of an angry crowd.

We slogged on uphill with our tracks washing hesitantly at the crevasse edges. After a short while, we were following a finger of snow bracketed by slots on either side. The four ahead stopped and swapped despairs; the finger ended in a snow bridge with the exit masked by the darkness. I joined the others. It wasn't sensible to carry on, to blunder blindly through the crumpled river of snow. It was time to find a bivvy for the night. The outlook didn't look very promising, all the crevasses so far fell away into blackness. And then, unbelievably, after only about fifty yards, we came across a small slot only five or six feet deep. Admittedly we scoured the face above with some trepidation when we realised that its shallowness was due to the presence of a great deal of avalanche debris. But, no matter, this may be it.

Mark belayed Glen over the edge to test the soudness of the floor. He crept out from the edge caressing the bottom with his boot before applying his full weight. Then, confidence growing, he began to jump around; the surface was firm, this was it.

Within a few minutes, the place had been transformed. The walls were like display boards in gear shops; axes, hammers, ice-screws rammed into them. Crampons off, packs emptied. We only had bivvy bags - no Karrimats or sleeping bags. Graham laid out our wet rope as some sort of mattress; I padded my portion with my empty pack. All five of us squeezed into the smallest possible area and we drank the last of our water. And then, inside our bivvy bags, trying to sleep.

It was so cold. Like a razor it sliced through our thin covers. It crept and crawled around and over our cramped bodies like a leech that drank warmth. The minutes froze. We huddled with folded arms, each of us shuttered in our own thoughts. We talked, we tried to laugh, we held on for dawn. And then, ever so slowly, the night melted away, the darkness paled within our bags. Zippers chattered open, bags crackled and creaked. We looked around our small icy shell and then at each other. Nobody spoke.

In the distance, two climbers from Colin Todd were slowly making their way towards Aspiring.

# Letter's to the Editor..

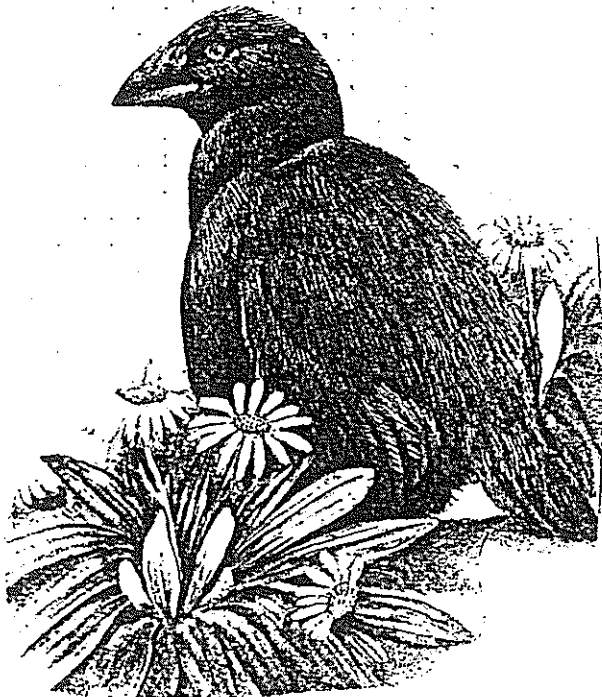
Dear Editor,

I wish to reply to a presidential doodle in the April journal where David asks for suggestions as to the cause of bushcrafterees fading away.

I was a bushcrafteree od 1988. The course was wonderful, a real highlight for me. I made new friends and learnt heaps. Enthusiastically and sincerely I joined the club. The club meetings felt different, I didn't feel unwelcome but it did feel difficult to "break into". So many of the members are long time friends with a shared history. If I has stuck at it I would have acquired some history too, but I couldn't maintain the pace of folk with fewer committments than I.

My interest is still strong. I always read all of the newsletter, it's good for a laugh and a reminisce.

Anne Marris.....



BEN RUDD'S.....Some options for the future.

Now that the Club has nearly successfully disposed of the trees on our property, I feel that the time has come to consider what we want to do with the land. At present the committee has wisely decided that the money received from the trees should be held in a "Ben Rudd's Restoration Account" and used for weed control and encouraging the return of native vegetation. This work is important and has already started. Weed control is however a potentially bottomless pit, and care should be taken to see that it doesn't become one for us.

So, assuming we successfully knock the weed problem on the head, where do we go now? Do we want to own our own Scenic Reserve? I think not. But I don't want to see another pine plantation there either. I feel that most members would like to see the area preserved in a scenic format. there are several options which enable this to happen;

1/ Maintain OTMC ownership. Club members maintain land in a scenic manner.

2/ Sell the land, and 'tag' the title as to its future use. It would be difficult to find a buyer on the open market if there were restrictions on the land use.

3/ Sell the land to the authorities responsible for the adjacent scenic areas, i.e. DCC or DOC. It would be quite practical to 'tag' the title of this option was taken. The management plan for Silver Peaks Scenic Reserve indicates that DOC would actively pursue the purchase of any suitable land on the wider area for addition to the reserve. The Ben Rudd's property is in this area.

4/ Have the land declared 'protected private land'. In return for the Club agreeing to manage the land in a way similar to a reserve, it is possible to receive grants in lieu of rates. In some cases money is also available for fencing, weed control, track work etc. this scheme is administered by DOC.

Some people have stated (in the recent debate on clubrooms), that we are a tramping club, not a property owning club. I feel that owning an asset that is of benefit to the members is worthwhile. The club should now consider what benefits accrue from ownership of Ben Rudd's, and what benefits could result from disposing of it. I feel that the club should look closely at options 3/ and 4/.

What do you think? Write to the Editor, tell a committee member or come along to the next "Moans and Groans" night.

David Barnes.

I hope you enjoy this month's bulletin. I can see by the number of trip reports coming in that there have been numerous interesting trips taking place. The winter's fast approaching so I guess it will soon be away with the tramping boots and out with the Xcountry skis. Hopefully there will be snow this year!

A reminder; anyone may contribute to the bulletin and it doesn't have to be just trip reports. I'll accept any of your literary works with pleasure.

Hope to hear from you soon!!!

SUE.....

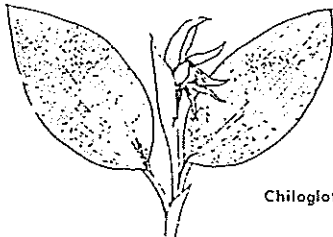
MAUNGATUA TRAVERSE 2.4.89

Sunday morning dawned cool, windy and cloudy. Let's cancel this day trip and get some more beauty sleep. Can't do that, the phone rang all yesterday with interested day-trippers. So, by 9.00 am at the Clubrooms we arranged 14 people into two cars and a van and headed for the Maungatuas collecting Doug at the Wine Shop and meeting Kathy and Chris at Outram in their car. One car was parked at McKendry Eoad and three went on with all trampers aboard to Wesleydale Camp at the Southern end.

On and up through the bush with a couple of sightings of Strikemasters in training at Momona. As soon as we left the bush it was on with the wind-proofs and up again. Good views of the Taieri River and Plains in the earlier stages but the cloud ceiling, wind and cold made our stops very brief and cameras remained packed away. Our lunch stop in a bushy patch near the highest trig was also short and sweet. The *Pinus Contorta* that were growing on the tops were sorry we hadn't cancelled the trip. Passed a couple of tarns, not very inviting, and as we dropped at the Northern end views inland towards Middlemarch and Mosgiel area made it seem as though we had covered a greater area. A 4-wheel drive road has been pushed through and was easy to pick up and follow down to cross the stream on a new bridge. A short map and compass exercise ensured we were on the right ridge to McKendry Risd. (The road marked on the map does not meet up with the new 4-wheel drive road.

As we dropped the weather changed to warmth and sunshine and we rested in the grass at the end of McKendry Road while our drivers collected the vehicles parked at Wesleydale. Permission to cross land was obtained from Donald Phillips, a trustee from Wesleydale and Ken Harrex of Horsehoof Station.

Pam Cocker (leader) for Glenda Swift, Neville Mulholland, David Barnes, Eric Callaghan, Laurie Parker, Sharon St-Clair Newman, Garth Brown, Angela Pearson, Chris Rodley, Doug Forrester, Kathy & Chris Pearson and the "Ones who ran away"-Ross Cocker, Megan Park, Lindsay Aitcheson and Ken Mason.



*Chiloglottis cornuta*



MUELLER HUT, MOUNT COOK 8-9 APRIL 1989.

We headed off on a drizzly Mount Cook day up the Mueller track. Driving sleet necessitated us wrapping up well. We stopped for a brief look at the Sealy tarns on the way up. On the ridge, the wind was very strong, but the views of Sefton with the occasional avalanche made up for it, and we battled onto the hut. Darcy, Peter and myself then headed up onto Oliver for the first views of Hicks, Malte Burn and the Minarets although Aoranagi was still engulfed in cloud. We picked our way down a rock chute and headed up as far as a snow pocket for some self arresting etc practice. The light was failing and so we returned to the hut which was packed with 16 people in total that night.

Strong winds and the occasional snow shower persisted until the early hours of Sunday morning and the new day greeted us with clear skies and crystal clear views of the alps. We refrained from the urge to spend the day there basking in the sun and enjoying the view, and instead, returned back down the track the way we had come. The views of the Hooker Valley and beyond were superb and we finished our Mount Cook sojourn with an easy stroll up the Hooker as far as the glacier lake.

Garth Buown for Darcy Espie, Jane Caldwell and Peter Swarbrick.

## COPLAND AT EASTER

Friday we woke in a lovely dry shelter at Pleasant Point Picnic area on the West Coast in low mist. From here we had a two hour drive to the start of the Copland Valley. It was a chilly start as we crossed the first creek at 9.50am, the start to our trip.

Throughout the day we wandered throughout beautiful bush, of lush green native cedar and southern rata trees, and rock hopping along the Copland River.

Along the way there are many slippery tree stumps, over one I decided to take diving lessons, head first. Landing with my feet up in the air and on my head. Everyone else thought it was funny, except me.

Lunch was had in the sun beside the Copland River, followed by Sue's squashed easter eggs.

Arrived at Welcome Flats after an enjoyable stroll at 4.30pm, here we set up camp on the old unused airstrip. Lovely tea by Sue, then it was off to the the hot natural pools for an hour in the drizzle covered night.

Saturday morning we waited for the rain to stop before venturing on at 9.50am. Weather cleared slowly as we meander along Welcome Flats, we had amazing views through the low cloud of the surrounding freshly covered snow peaks, and of the Lyttle Glacier.

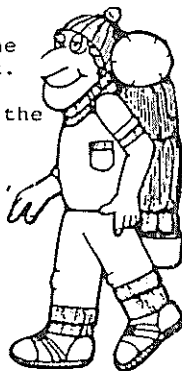
Arrive Douglas Rock Hut in time for lunch at 12.30pm. From Douglas Rock the track drifted it's way upto the base of the Copland River, where is asended steeply through tussock and Rock.

6.30pm we all got quite cold and hungry, so it was decided to build a flat camp spot there at 5.100ft. After a warm and cosy night, we rose early to mist and drizzle, after a good weather forecast (typical weather man). So we decided from there it was a no go, as we packed up and raced back down to Douglas Rock Hut, then onto Welcome Flats, where we met Peter once again.

Fitched our tent then spent the rest of the night with the Unniversity Club in the natural hot pools, by candlelight.

Sunday it was for some of us a four hour stretch back to the cars, and off home.

Thanks for a rest full weekend Sue Harding, John Roberson, Kerstin Mueller, Peter Mason, and Michelle Williams





CASCADE CREEK-LIVINGSTON MTS- KEY SUMMIT-LAKE MARION  
WAITANGI WEEKEND 89.

Having heard horror stories of badly marked tracks, and knee deep bog up the East Eglington, being faint-hearted and lazy, I amended our initial route and we were unceremoniously dumped at Cascade Creek late on Friday night, to wake seven hours later to the constant roar of works trucks going by every 90 seconds to the depot at the end of the road!

Start up the creek on true right past the generator and along the pipeline track crossing the creek on the pipe at one point, until the water inlet is reached. From this point we spent some time in the creek bed, and found new plastic markers in the areas where the track went through bush. We reached the forks in under 1½ hrs, and crossed the South Branch just up from the junction, bushbashing up the ridge to gain the trail again above the blue cliffs visible from the forks. John spotted the old axe blazes, now well grown over, on some of the older trees along the ridge, and we followed them ever upwards and out of the bush. We lunched in the rain and swirling mist, grabbing the map each time the mist rise momentarily, and planned our route.

After a side trip attempting to look into the East Eglington (the saddle is wide and boggy at the base, we stayed high but couldn't see very far) we headed up towards the Cascade Saddle - a slow leisurely potter, gradually uphill, through some soggy, boggy areas and tussock and scrub. The weather gradually improved, and our stops became more frequent to admire the view and snooze in the sun, and discuss the meaning of Waitangi Day, explain the treaty to our American companion... Once on the saddle, the views into the Greenstone and over the McKellar saddle were spectacular, despite a strong cold wind. We tucked away in a little hollow just on the Greenstone side of the saddle. Pam did champion work cooking tea in a billy whose sides cooled as fast as the bottom heated! There is not a lot of shelter near the saddle, and we kept our options open as to whether we would head down Williamson's track into the Greenstone; despite waking up in the clouds the next morning, we decided against going down.

To avoid the bluffs beside the saddle, we climbed higher almost to the top of the ridge on the Eglington side and meandered back and forth across the Livingstons, looking down into whichever valley was clear as the day went on. When the weather is clear there are some wonderful vantage points and views from either side. As you get closer to Key Summit there are good sized tarns with views either way. We picked up the track from Key Summit about ¼ hr from the end and (after John and I decided that the plane table must be wrong because we couldn't find Hidden Falls Creek) descended via Pass Creek track to the Hollyford. There are not many places to camp along the Hollyford Rd; we found a small meadow just short of Gunns Camp.

Monday dawned cloudless and we meandered up to Lake Marion for swimming and sunbathing, somewhat disturbed by a low fly-over by the Helicopter Line! Rhonda's party having stopped for their hot showers at Gunn's camp made the pick-up a little late. They then threatened mutiny unless we stopped for food in Te Anau!! (Gastronomic Note; Te Anau pie cart is very slow!)

Congratulations to all those who survived my driving!

Teresa Wasilewska for Pam Bardsley, Dan Hummel and  
John Galloway....

Bushcraft Huxley Weekend. March 11 13

By Neville Mulholland for David Peacock, Tiffany Hague and Sharyn Hellyer.

It all started with one small rain drop. We met in the usual place on the usual day at the usual time for the usual reason. The single rain drop (unfortunately) multiplied and spread, and multiplied and spread.

The bus, on the way to Lake Ohau, was just as wet on the inside as it was on the outside, due to the condensation. We dropped into Qamaru to embarrass the locals, then off to the Lake Ohau road end we went. Surprisingly enough, the rain was still falling when we joyfully left off the bus and into the cold darkness.

Almost as if over night, a small city had been formed around the carpark. Next morning, still in the rain. We got up really early (7.30am), and after doing the necessary house calls, we packed our gear up and roared off to Monument Hut. Unfortunately we were pursued by a very noisy party consisting of an elderly gentleman and three young ladies.

By this time it had stopped raining, and the rain stayed stopped until we got to Huxley Forks, when, while we were having lunch (outside the hut) it started really pissing down, so my deputy (David P.) said that since this was a bushcraft trip, we weren't to use the hut. We finished our lunch then off up the North Huxley we went, to a campsite which David knew was 10 minutes from the bridge. We camped and were in bed by 3(pm) as the weather did not really encourage the thought of more tramping. By the next morning David P.'s summer campsite had become a leaky waterbed, with half a foot of water under the tent floor.

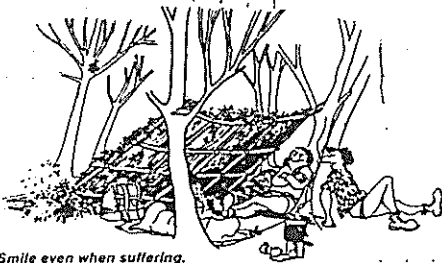
We packed and made a very hasty retreat to Huxley Forks Hut only to find the track cairns had moved about five metres into the river so after going up and over the large land-slide. At the hut we found a group of L.P.H.S. people, so after greeting Bill R.'s party we made for Monument Hut, only to be confronted by raging torrent, which was only a small side creek the day before. We nearly lost our dear president before deciding to turn back for the hut.

After returning to the hut, along with Bill R. and Les S.'s parties, we had a well appreciated hot brew then went off to attempt to cross the side creeks again. We managed to cross the first stream, but then spent an hour trying to out wit the second. Eventually, as everyone was very cold, we returned to the hut and resigned ourselves to the weather. By that time we only had half an hour to get to the bus, and had decided that we were spending the night there. Later that night while we were having what there was of an evening meal, Arthur B arrived from Broderick, where he had left his party. We spent the night in an over-crowded hut, with wet clothes and wet sleeping bags. Next morning at 4.30 Arthur returned to Broderick to collect his

party.

By now we were very late. The weather had cleared and the creeks had gone down, so we more or less made a run for it. We got to the Huxley river bridge in an hour and a quarter, instead of the two and a half hour on the sign. Those of us who were expecting a very long walk out to Omarama were quite surprised to see the bus and everybody else at the carpark. After a bit of relaxation, we piled on the bus and went to make our pickups. When we got to Maitland we were mildly concerned to find that Mary H.'s party had not shown up. They were eventually found and brought out to the bus. On the road again, we went, but this was not the end of our fun, because, about ten minutes from Omarama the bus tyre blew out. We got to Omarama, where, at last we had lunch (4pm). Off home we went to waiting parents and families. Despite the weather and unexpected extra day, I enjoyed the weekend, with the great company. Thanks people!!

HAPPY TRAMPING!?



Smile even when suffering.

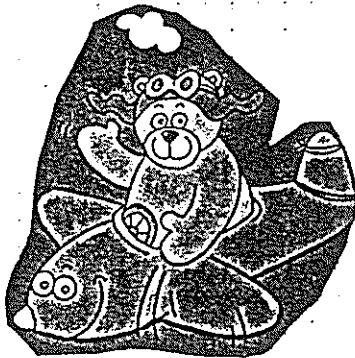
## Congratulations

Congratulations goes to Gaye and Ross on the arrival of their baby son. We wish you all the best from the Tramping club.

# SOCIAL PROGRAMME....

## THE SOCIAL PROGRAMME.

- MAY 4th; John Darby, "The Yellow Eye".  
They are doing a wonderful job ensuring the  
the survival of these little ones.
- MAY 11th; Practical First Aid with Bevan Blackmore.  
Keep the panic situation out of the mountains.
- MAY 18th; The MOST hazardous and arduous trip I've ever  
done. Barry Wybrow will speak on his interesting trip to the  
Garden of Eden. Sure to be a good one!!!
- MAY 25th; I've been asked to organise a tramping group,  
panic!!! what do I do. Ian Sime will be speaking on this  
topic.
- JUNE 1ST; "What you Trample on." Weeds, Wild flowers and  
Fungi with Bill Houston. An interesting subject and the slides  
will be top class.
- JUNE 8th; Practical First Aid with Bevan Blackmore.  
This is the second of three nights. Don't  
miss it!!!
- JUNE 15th; Peregrinations by puffin a Kayak Odyssey along  
Abel Tasman National Park. (Phew!) by Stu Mathieson.



### FOR SALE....

Sony synthesizer receiver ICF-2003  
Computer controlled tuning, battery powered,  
adapter plug supplied.  
(my brother's unwanted gift from the US!!)  
a bargain at \$600!!

Thelma-rest 3/4 size sleeping mat. \$60.

Thelma-rest 3/4 size sleeping mat, ULTRA-LITE. \$80.

RING TERESA- 776685.