

OTAGO TRAMPING AND MOUNTAINEERING CLUB (Inc.)
P.O. BOX 1120
DUNEDIN

BULLETIN

DECEMBER 1991
BULLETIN NO. 505

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TRIP LIST



- DECEMBER 15 OTAGO PENINSULAR (E) Justin Calder 476-1235
An easy walk to finish the year off.
- DEC 26- STEWART ISLAND Elspeth Gold 453-0644
JAN 5 If you're not already signed up, Mike Floate 473-9780
you're probably too late.
- JANUARY 19 CYCLE TRIP (M) Julie Lord 4544043
For those who still can't walk after New Year - try cycling.
- JAN 25-26 DUNCAN STREAM - MCKENZIE STREAM (Ben Ohau)
Ken Mason 476-2494
A rarely visited area with great views assured. Start your
1992 tramping in style.
- JANUARY 26 NUGGETS (E) (5am start) Mary Clark 476-4725
- COMING UP: MARATHON - start training now FEB 1
MATUKITUKI - LOCHNAGAR - Waitangi weekend FEB 6-9
(Book your day off for Feb 7 now)

OBITUARY.

It is with the deepest and saddest regret that the O.T.M.C. must inform its members of the tragic death of JOHN WILLIAM POHL.

John who died on November 29 1991, is lovingly survived by his wife Alison and son Andrew.

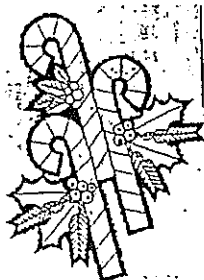
John was a quiet but prominent member of the O.T.M.C., spending a year as president and having involvement in the Outdoor Recreation Group.

John's memory will live with the club for many years to come. We will miss you John.

A full Obituary will be printed in Outdoors 1992.



EDITORS DIARY



Christmas is nearly upon us again, with only about one and a half weeks to go. For most of us this means time to spend with the family and relatives, time for a much needed break from work and of course time to do those extended tramping trips.

The Christmas trip this year is going to Stewart Island for eleven days and is being led by Elspeth Gold and Mike Floate. This promises to be a good trip, I hear they've even booked us some good weather, and of course there will be some great trip reports to come out of this.

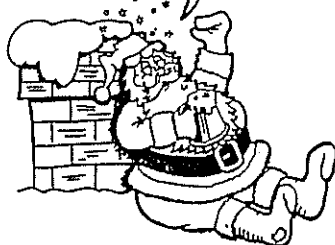
Mark Planner is currently putting together the next Outdoors Magazing, and is looking for trip reports and articles to print, which faces me with some competition, but this I can cope with.

An action packed year is planned for 1992, with Bushcraft just around the corner, and as usual we are looking for instructors and people to help out at Tirohaunga, and party leaders for the Silverpeaks weekend. The optional trip this year is going to Ohua, where ever that is (Lake Ohau).

Other trips planned for 1992 include trips to Matukituki - Lochnagar, Manapouri - Mt Titaroa, the Eglington and Hollyford Valleys, there is a Skink hunting expedition planned by Graham Loh, Pam Cocker plans to do some Pinus Pulling on the Maungatuaas, there's an Easter trip to Arthurs Pass, a new area for some of us, and there is even a Marathon for the FE trampers (that's if Arthur gets back from chasing his Polish maidens in time).

I'm on holiday next month, so the next bulletin will not be out until February 13 1992 and will contain lots of Christmas trip reports and stories. But for now, HAVE A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS AND AN EVEN HAPPIER NEW YEAR.

HAVE A MEE...R
HAVE A M...M...M
HAVE A HAPPY
CHRISTMAS!!!



...HAPPY TRAMPING

Santa Claus

SHORTS & SINGLET WEATHER

Mt Olympos (2,917 metres) situated on the east coast of the mainland in Greece is Greece's highest mountain.

For the past seven weeks I had been a real bum, lazing about on the islands enjoying the sun, sand, and a life of not having to work. So I decided it was about time to battle the heat and do a bit of exercise, and this was something worth the effort.

It was in September of this year. I had left Meteora, early morning on the bus for Lithoro, nearest township to the mountain. By the time I had found somewhere to leave my excess luggage, and bought food, it was almost 1.00pm. I had already decided I was only going as far as Prionia (1,100m) and unfortunately also a car park (that is if you had a vehicle, but, for me it was going to be a four and a half hour walk).

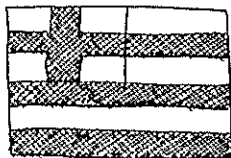
Lithoro is situated three kilometres from the coast at an altitude of 300 metres and Mytca's (Greek name for Mt Olympos) summit is 2,917m. I was short of time, and had only aloud myself one and a half days for this adventure.

I had only begun and not far down the way I meet a wee guy from Czechoslovakia, his name was Ondrej. We carried on together for company, although conversation wasn't much, as his english was little. It was a hot day, the hills were covered in pine trees which proved shade, they were steep and quite rugged so the tracked meander high then would drop often, almost back to the clear waters in the river.

Over half way we came across a Greek, who took this venture to Prionia as a day trip, he to joined onto our growning band of merry trekkers. Two thirds of the way we came across Ag Dionissigs montastery which is now in ruins. Just prior to that situated under a large overhanging rock a wee church, where at the back holy water flows. Arrived Prionia, quite tired, both Ondrej and I carried on slightly further to find somewhere quiet and out of the way to pitch my tent.

Following day up early as I knew it would be yet another hot day. It was a slow constant plod as the track wove it's way up through the pine trees. The refuge was reached after a two hour climb, then from there it was another two hours upwards, and out from the pines, the landscape, was dry, barron and lots of crumbly rocks to clamber over. Views were also fantastic, at this stage couldn't see very far as low cloud hovered against the mountain. Skala (2,866m) is the peak before where most trekkers end as further on the rock becomes very crumbly, and steep with share cliffs on either side of the narrow ridge. Even I was dubisus.

Reached the summit midday, by now the views were 360° and with almost clear skies, felt as though I was onto of the world, as nothing matched it's hieght. Ondrej was not only a physical Education teacher, but, done alot of rock climbing and he was really feeling adventurous. I agreed as it would mean a round trip. So off we went, straight down the main face, it wasn't sheer and with lots of little steps about, I still felt terrified. At the time I wished I hadn't decided to follow. Made it safely and felt relieved. Ondrej expression seemed quite unperturbed about the whole thing. I myself would of prefered to have had a rope.



Trip back from the refuge was an easy, and fast walk to Prionia, arriving 4.15pm. Cheated here, both Ondrej and I hitched a ride back down to Litchoro.

In conclusion, I found trekking in Greece to be much easier, and with less preparation than needed in New Zealand on this trip. I had hidden my pack, and all gear close to Prionia, after camping. Climbed to the summit 2,917m, in a pair of shorts, singlet, and without any other clothing, with just my camera and waterbottle slung over my shoulder. At certain times of the year, weather never changes, you can bet on hot, rain free days until October-November. As in New Zealand, you know yourself even on a half day trip, all warm and wet weather gear is taken.

Michelle Williams for those who like trekking light.



Unfinancial Members.

The following members are unfinancial as of the 12th December 1991:

Catherine Allen
Annabel Boyes
Mike & Liz Eccles
Darcy Espie
Bruce Fairhurst
Irene Firestone
Anton Fitchett
Russell Godfrey
Don & Yvonne Greer
Mark & Marina Ranger
Graeme Harford
Graham & Alison Johnston
Basil Jones
Tracy Lineberry
Chris Mansefield
Joan Merrilees
David Palmer
Tony Perrett
Barbara Pettinger
Bill Provan
Ralph Stablein
Kris Strang
Mona Taylor
Simon Thomas
Christopher Wild
Rosemary Wood

Should your name appear on this list and you believe it shouldn't, or if you wish to update your membership please contact me by phoning 464-0325.

Dean Petersen
Membership Secretary



The Storming of Fort Craig.

After camping overnight at the Roallan Burn on the shores of Te Waewae Bay the forces commenced the weekend operation by foot slogging along the sand to the western end of the beach where we entered the bush. An hour or so of Bush, crossing a high bridge over Flat Creek, then we dropped down to the beach which we followed for another hour, crossing a couple of small headlands as well. A perfect morning, calm green seas but no sign of any Hectors Dolphins.

Lunched at the next side creek after which we followed another party to do some bush-bashing practice. We soon tired of this so returned to the creek and took the inland track to arrive at Fort Craig around 5pm. The other party are too be commended for their perseverance in bush-bashing practice as they arrived at camp about 2 hours after us, having attempted the beach at high-tide, which is probably unwise unless you happen to be a H.D..

The Engineering division of the "Khaki Cowboys" had commandeered the Fort so we added our tents to the colourful array already pitched.

Sunday we followed the tramway to the viaducts, and what marvellous feats of engineering they are. Wandered down to the creek bed for a different angle on the Percy Burn viaduct then pushed on to the Edwin Burn (been there, seen that) before returning to the P.B. to sit and watch the antics of the K.C.'s working on the restoration of some of the less sturdy beams under the bridge.

Returned to Fort Craig (hands up those who never tripped on the tramway spikes) and spent a pleasant half hour sitting on the beach watching the world go by. Did a spot of fossicking near the beach track and found numerous interesting artefacts including various shaped metal bits and pieces, a wayward pair of blue underpants, and a very impressive example of what Jonette identified as the remains of a giant prehistoric Hectors Dolphin, a lucky find indeed.

Treated ourselves to sauteed Paua and steamed mussels and catseyes for supper. Hilarity galore around the bonfire that night with eloquent yarns, sterling spiels, filthy jokes and a good old sing-song to the accompaniment of the K.C. guitarist. And then it blew and rained. It was still blowing and raining at 2am, 3:30am, 4:30am, dawn and most likely all the time in between. We packed up in the rain, cooked breakfast in the lean-to of the hut and ate in the woodshed.

Returned along the beach route amid sculptured reefs and caverns and pretty soon it was a glorious day. Mussels for lunch and after an ankle breaking fight among the rocks over the final beach section at high tide we arrived back at the vans.

Excellent trip, excellent company, heaps of laughs.

Brenda Mc Alpine, for Laurel Dunn,
Jonette Service,
Barb Norris.





Ball Pass Revisited.

As a weekend trip this is a good one. For those not very confident in snow this is a good one to build up that confidence, not so steep that it scares, and the alpine scenery is terrific. Snow conditions on Sunday were perfect for crampons. Sorry we weren't able to give some self-arresting exercise on Saturday, the alpine breezer made things a little difficult, and also added some spice to the weekend.

Most impressive display award goes to Pete, our Social Sec. who due to a mechanical failure went through Ball Pass and down the Hooker side with one crampon, Great display of confidence for someone learning the ropes. Michelle also experienced some mechanical failure. A plug for the O.T.M.C. gear hire, hire your gear from us.

Michelle gets second prize, laughing at the gale thats doing its damndest to flatten our tent, about 3am. How the hell could anyone laugh at that! Special thanks goes to Paul Bingham and Russel Godfrey who had to abort their trip to help Heideki, who was suffering bad cramps, back down to Ball Shelter. Sorry your weekend was stuffed up guys. Thanks Sharon and Michelle for staying with the tail-enders and encouraging them along. Thanks leaders for your contributions to the success of the weekend, I've changed my mind, I think Ball Pass Is an "FE" trip, and that will allow for adverse weacher and snow conditions.

Doug Forrester

Great Lines...



"Forgive your enemies
but never forget their
name."
JF Kennedy

LOST-AND (NOT) FOUND

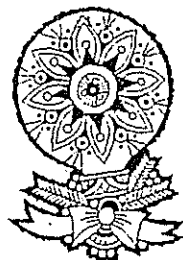
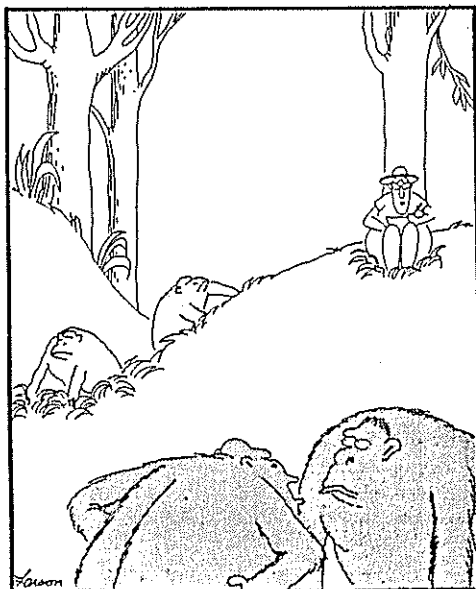
1. One old buggar,s torch at Crumb Hut.
2. One other old buggar,s torch at North Borland

(If found, please return item 1. to Doug Forrester, and item 2. to Ross Cocker.)
3. Lost one watch and swiss army knife on Humbug Spur, Landsborough River. This item was lost on Easter 1989. If found please return to the Editor.

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THIS SPACE FOR RENT...

YOU CAN USE THIS SPACE or more if you need it, for your news, views, trip reports, drawings and information. And the best bit is it's free. So...



"Don't shush me — and I don't care if she IS willing in her little notebook; just tell me where you were last night!"

Loony Lymericics

by Elspeth Gold.

THERE IS AN OLD FELLA CALLED DOUG
WOMANS LIB HE WANTED TO PLUG
OF COOKING AND CLEANING,
FOR A MAN HE FINDS DEMEANING,
THAT'S WOMANS WORK, ISN'T IT DOUG

HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT THE LECTURER CALLED FAYE
WHO WEARS HIS UNDERPANTS IN A PECULIAR WAY
THE PICTURES ON HIS SKANTS
HE WEARS OUTSIDE HIS PANTS
WHEN ASKED WHY ? HE'S LOOKING FOR A COMMENT HE'D SAY

THERE IS A TRAMPER CALLED ANNE SCHMACK
GIVING PEOPLE A HARD TIME IS HER KNACK
I HEAR THERE IS A MOVE AFOOTE
TO GET HER BACK GOOD
SO IF I WAS YOU ANNE I'D WATCH MY BACK



HAT'S ON WHAT'S ON WHAT'S

SOCIAL PROGRAMME

DEC 5 FMC/MSD Meet the committee night.

Mike Floate will tell us about the FMC including current issues - changes in hut designations etc.. After which we invite YOU the members to meet, quiz and generally bring up points you wish to address to the attentions of the committee.



DEC 12 Xmas BBQ/BYO Clubrooms.

DEC 19 Wine and cheese at the clubrooms. As Christmas is upon us and you may need a quiet, safe haven for a few hours, join us for a wine and cheese evening, BYO of course.

1992

JAN 16 Bring photos and slides - get together for a chat after Xmas.

JAN 23 Chris Stewart, DOC. Local, field issues. Come and discuss with the local DOC field manager.

JAN 30 Mary Clark - tramping in Southland.

FEB 6 Waitangi Day - NO MEETING.

FEB 13 Photography competition. Get your prints and slides ready.

May/June Home brew AND WINE MAKING competition. Point taken about the wine Hugh - not a deliberate omission I assure you. Wine will certainly need to be made fairly soon to have a reasonable chance!!

*We wish all a very Merry
Christmas and a Happy New
Year!*

