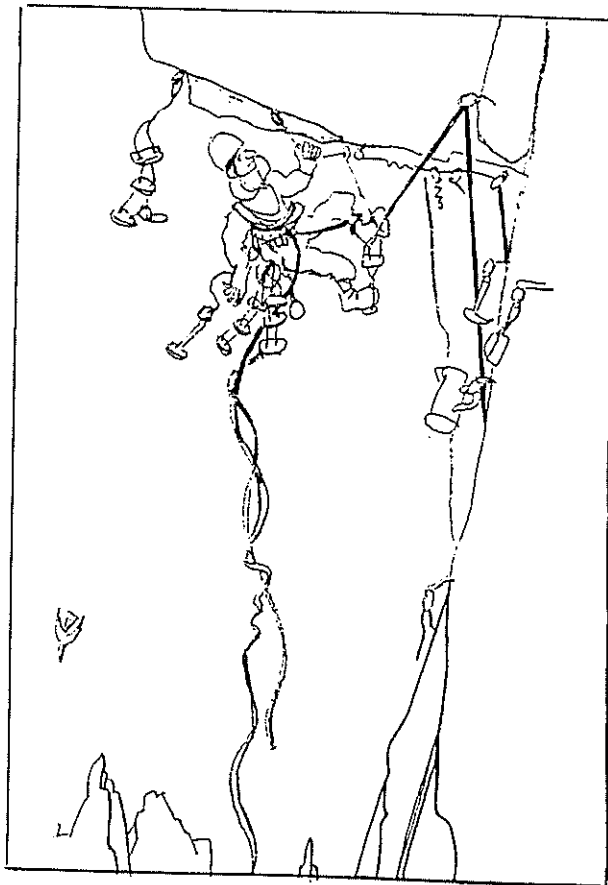


OTAGO TRAMPING AND MOUNTAINEERING CLUB (Inc.)
P.O. BOX 1120
DUNEDIN

BULLETIN

MARCH 1992
BULLETIN NO. 507

Registered at P.O.H.Q. Wellington for transmission by post as a magazine



THE OTAGC TRAMPING & MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

MEETS EVERY THURSDAY
7:30pm

AT 3 YOUNG ST
(clubrooms)

PRESIDENT	Elspeth Gold	477 1142
VICE PRESIDENT	Peter Mason	477 7636
SECRETARY	Anthony Pettinger	473 7924
TREASURER	Eric Lord	454 4043
CHIEF GUIDE	David Barnes	454 4492
EDITOR	Neville Mulholland	464 0187
MEMBERSHIP SEC.	Dean Petersen	464 0325
SOCIAL SEC.	Peter O'Driscoll	453 0593
GEAR HIRE	Sharon St Clair Newman	453 5317
ORG CONVIENOR	David Levick	473 8427

TRIP LIST



- MARCH 15 PINUS PULLING - SWAMPY SUMMIT (M) Ken Mason 476-2494
A chance to contribute something to the environment. DOC have a pine tree infestation problem, so we're going to help pull them out. Great views. 8am start.
- MARCH 21-22 MANAPOURI - TITOROA (M-FE) Ken Mason 476-2494
A quick jaunt to this spectacular view point in Fiordland. (No E or EM trips this weekend).
- MARCH 22 HUNTING FOR GIANT SKINKS (E) Graham Loh 487-6125
Graham Loh is not actually leading this, but one of his learned associates is, so come along and learn about Skinks. There is no limit on numbers.
- MARCH 28 & 29 NATIONAL WALK WEEK - Otago Peninsula (E)
As part of the "Walk a K a Day" promotion we're running guided trips on Dunedin's "Jewel in the crown", on both Saturday and Sunday. Come as a guide or a participant. Contact a committee member for details (The Silver Peaks Circuit trip is cancelled).
- APRIL 4-5 EGLINGTON - HOLLYFORD (ALL) Elspeth Gold 477-1142
Limitless variety of trips for all levels. Always a popular trip.
- APRIL 5 OTAGO PENINSULA (E) John Cox 477-9580
If you got a taste for the Peninsula with last weeks half day trips try an all day one.
- APRIL 12 BEN RUDDS REVEGETATION Richard Pettinger 487-9488
Plenty of work to be done here on the clubs own "lets create a scenic reserve" project. Includes building a loo, weed removal and seedling planting.
- APRIL 17-22 ARTHUR'S PASS (M-C) Paul Bingham 466-7002
Easter. First club trip to this area for many years. Paul, as an ex-Christchurcher (who's seen the light) is an expert on Arthurs Pass, so make the most of his knowledge.

NEW TRIP CARD IDEAS NEEDED NOW

Eglington Hollyford Trip 4-5 April

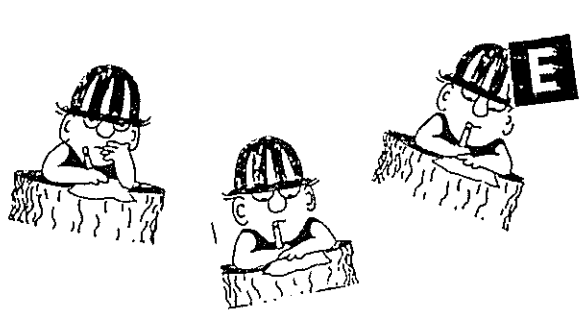
Come experience the granduer of Fiordland.

Drop off points anywhere along the Milford Rd as far as Gunns Camp (further along if the need arises).

Some of the options are, Mistake/Hut Creeks, Dore Pass, Routeburn, Caples, Livingstons, Lake Marion, Gertrude Saddle. (the possibilities are endless).

Trip List is up now so sign up.

EDITORS' DIARY



It's that time of the month again. Bushcraft has passed for yet another year and once again a very successful course. We would like to thank all involved, both instructors, leaders and participants alike, and hope that every one gained something of value from their involvement with the course. A special thanks also to those bushcrafters who found the time to write trip reports for the bulletin, this as always is very much appreciated.

It's almost time to go Great Maniatoto Tavern Treking again (3rd Annual), the date has been set for May 10th 1992 and this year we have a visitor from overseas, Ian McElhinney (Rat) will be coming across for the occasion.

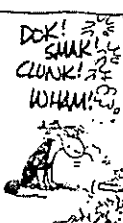
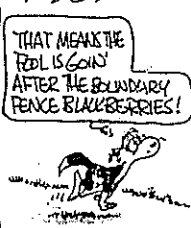
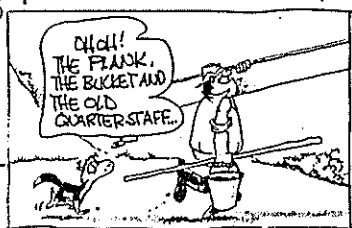
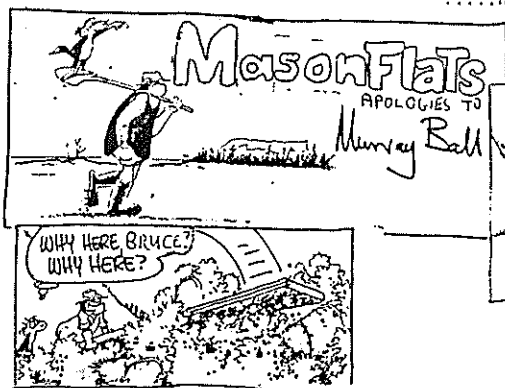
Daylight saving is almost at an end for another year, so the days will be getting shorter and the nights longer. The cross country ski season will also be close to starting up again - well another month or three perhaps.

David Barnes is planning the new trip card and is looking for new or pre-used ideas to fill in the months to come. Yours truly will be leading his first week-end trip - could be an experience to behold.

It's quite a full bulletin this month, but that doesn't mean to say that you need to hold back on the trip reports, cartoons, gossip, stories and pictures, etc., I need every little bit you can give me, particularly cover pictures, which are hard to come by. Aunt Hilda also needs letters to keep her busy, other wise she will keep nagging at me about my problems.

Oh well thats enough from me for another month, I'd better leave myself with something to write about next time. So.....

.....HAPPY TRAMPING



A Trip With A Difference!

Tuesday night was New Years eve, and the start to another adventure. Instead of a tramping trip we decided to try an overnight cycle trip, in the area of Borland and Manapouri, where by foot it's long blistering work, but, bikes were made for it.

New Years eve was spent in Te-anau, along with Liz. Then, early Wednesday off we headed. Arrived Borland Lodge around 9.30 am, wasn't long before JR had assembled his mountain bike, and all three bikes were loaded with panniers. The gate here no longer is locked so access by vehicle is easily accessible.

It was a gentle 3,000 ft cycle up to the Borland Pass where on route time was taken not only for rests and munches, but, to take in some of the views across the middle and northern branch to the Borland and up to Mt. Titiroa with it's impressive rock out crops which stand upon the sky line dominate. It had been a two and a half hour ride up to the Pass, where lunch was had. With a cool breeze and low cloud now covering the peaks in behind the Grebe valley. Three cars had stopped also for the same view then carried on down to the south arm of Lake Manapouri for a day trip. Just to think all that work, and energy used in getting here, To think we could of done it like them in style, in a third of the time.

Down the other side, a gentle zig zag, before high above the Grebe river the road drops steeply and sidles underneath the Hunter mountains down to the valley floor. The scenery now changes, into steep sided mountains, real Fiordland style carved out thousands of years ago. We took time out for a detoured walk into the Florence stream to check out it's shelter, set twenty minutes from the road. It's not been used much as it's in an area not only covered in millions of sandflies, but bog which also covers the valley floor up most of the Florence stream.

On the bikes and down we flew as speed carried us quickly along the gravel road. Next thing I knew Sue was off her bike still travelling at speed. Her bike had no damage to it, but, she was different, as her leg looked a mess. Between the three of us, for the first time, none of us had a first aid kit. As on a biking trip, room is scarce and it's something you don't consider as your travelling along roads. Toilet paper and water, that was it. Not much use in this situation. Thank god luck had just come upon us, as a 4x4 drive came pass. He too had no first aid, but, kindly took Sue and her bike down to South Arm, where a holiday fishing boat, helped her out. We ended up camping on the shores of South Arm, set beautifully as our view looked straight down the arm to the Kepler mountains.

After dinner JR and myself, decided to go for a ride up to Percy Saddle to check it out for future reference. With out panniers it was fast travel. The road climbed steeply up into the hanging valley of Percy. Looked a picturesque valley, except for those pylons which left an unpleasant sight. 1,500 ft the roads climbs up almost verticle. We left our bikes and carried on walking, walked until a clear view of Percy Saddle was seen.

Dawn brought clear skies and thousands of sandflies. We got away to a good start, although Sue was a bit of the stiff side, and quite sore. The ride back was hot and long, bit like a roller coaster until that final grunt back up onto Borland Pass. From there a swift ride back down the hill to the car.

Michelle Williams for Sue and JR

OTMC

It's 12.24 am, I'm sitting up in bed drinking milo, my feet are in agony. My big toe is white nailed and red skined. Six toe nails are dead, and two heels pink, one with a burst blister.

I've just completed a day of fun in the outdoors along with the OTMC. It wasn't the usual trip that leaves at 9.00 am, returning about 4.00 pm with a leisurely day of walking. No, not at all. It was the once a year OTMC marathon, A challenge for some to race and others just to complete. Covers a total distance of 60 km, where throughout the day height is climbed and descended of 10,000 ft.

The day of excruciating entertainment begun on a Saturday morning at 4.00am. There were a total of eight starters and five bods who got up to support us. A photo of the starters and sharp on 4.00 am we were away. Up through the bush on the pineapple track, head torches on. Russell got off to a running start and that was the last we seen of him. We soon split off into parties of two groups of threes, Russell ahead, and Mark slightly behind.

Were meet at the Bull ring at 5.00 am, by Peter, Antony and Debbie, before the long blistering walk down the forestry road into Whare Flat. Dawn broke as we begun our climb up the Chalkies onto Powder Hill. High cloud gave excellent route finding as we carried on around towards Long Ridge. Gorse was thick and over grown, a grovel lead by Arthur on hands and knees at one stage brought us higher up as to detour it. Around onto Long Ridge then a left down a short way before a right turn down into Big Stream. Munches time before the last hill, up and over to Popular Hut, and a welcome sight of Hugh where he had ready juice and a hot brew. More food, then the long and endless climb up over Mt John, which took us into the southern end of the Silverpeaks and down into Christmas Creek.

Wandered around to Homestead Hut, my feet were beginning to get quite tender now. Arthur too had by this stage sore toes. Trevor seemed OK, although times were getting tough as not only were his boots starting to fall apart, but, his sun hat had shrunk. Back down into Christmas Creek, and a steady climb up the peak on the true right of Christmas creek. Both Arthur and I knew it was a grovel if you tried to sidle, so both Trevor and myself followed Arthur, up and over the summit. Right at that point the skies darken, and we were soon battling against strong winds, rain and hail. Within minutes the three of us felt miserable, as we were cold, wet and tired. The only thing we were looking forward to was the happy site of Peter and his wind flatten tent, hot Early Grey, and chocolate biscuits, upon the gap. He too was accompanied by Antony, who then kept us company along Rocky Ridge, to Pulpit Rock and another passing wet spell. Down to the Green Hut, now an emptied site where four friendly faces awaited with water and juice.

It was now 4.00 pm, twelve hours later, energy was low, feet were sore. Still we had Swampy to tackle, switch the mind off and leave the feet and legs to it, was what it came down to. The hard road along Swampy Summit seemed long, before we crossed over to rejoin the pineapple track, where at the bottom that same welcoming committee meet us.

GARFIELD ITS
3.30am, time for
the O.T.M.C.
marathon

Marathon

I'm not in right now.
If you'd care to leave
a message,
wait for the
BEEP...



Michelle Williams for those seven other crazy bods: Arthur Blondell, Trevor McDonald, Russell Godfrey, Mark Planner, Mick Barrett, Shane Barrett and Ric Newland.

A SPECIAL thanks for the supports, who too took the early rise, and supported as completely throughout the whole day: Debbie and Antony Pettinger, Peter Mason, Helen and Ken Williams, Hugh Dickson, Fiona Buchanan. It was very much appreciated.

A hot brew and a beautiful day,
what more could you possibly
need?



A set of new feet!

SILVERPEAKS TRIP REPORT.

Group Members: Peter O'Driscoll (leader)
(easy medium) Ted Chirnside
Gary Bartlett

To start with it, it should be stressed that I was at no stage worried at the fact that our leader was an Irishman [I would be - ED] (NO offence Peter!?).

Our route took us along the same way as the six or so other parties who set off from Hightop, until Silver peak #3, where we turned off over Rocky Ridge. The rest continued on down into the raging metropolis of Jubilee Hut, while we enjoyed the solitude on the ridge.

After enduring the longest first day of any of the parties, we should have had a full nights beauty sleep. This was not to be. Instead we were forced to sit around a campfire (with the smell of singed socks in the air) listening to Elspeth and Brynley's bloody Shaggy Dog Tales.

Day two opened with a heavy fog hanging around the hills, but this soon lifted, and we were on our way again. A relatively easy day's tramp, with lunch at Yellow Hut with Peter Mason (on his way up), took us down to the river. Here Peter O'D, of his own free will, took a bath in the pool which everyone was drinking from.

Finally, a gut-wrenching trudge up the hillside to the road where the coach should have been. It arrived an hour late, during which time we all got a chance to try our perviously unused raincoats.

Special thanks to Peter for a great weekend.

A Fairy Tale-?!

Once upon a time, not so very long ago, far far away in the land of Silverpeaks there were three trampers, a leader and two Bushcraftees. Their names were Russell, Peter and Geri.

One day they decided to go for a meander in the hills, so on a sunny Saturday morning they left the OTHC clubrooms with a lot of fellow apprentice trampers and their leaders.

The bus stopped at the top of the motorway and the three got out. They were laughed at by their peers who thought it odd that any one would want to walk an extra two hours than really necessary.

The bus departed and breakfast was searved. Muesli bars (homemade of course) were on the menu. Pete seemed to find them awfully amusing and Russell thought that his party were a bit insane.

They started out, within two minutes the group were surrounded by non-discriminating person swallowing mud. A competition was held to find the person most stuck in the mud. Geri won hands down (or knees down to be more exact).

The rest of the day passed slowly. Lunch and afternoon tea were shared with various other groups punctuated with long map reading sessions in which it was discovered that Pete's compass was 12° different to everyone elses.

The "Happy" wanderers arrived at the bottom of the Devil's Staircase at approximately 5:30pm after leaving Green Hill at 3:00pm.

Camp was made after a lot of deliberation on tent sites. Members of other groups would come and visit at various intervals and comment on how much food they had. The explanation was that one member of the party didn't come at the last minute and all the food had already been bought and brought. ~~XXXXXXXX~~ (censored - ED) wanted to know exactly how heavy is a 1kg block of cheese. Answer: HEAVY.

Tea time arrived and Pete discovered that he had forgotten his plate and cutlery. Russell had forgotten his aluminium plate for the cheesecake and it was decided to make it in the box. Russell 'MacGuyver' Godfrey took up the challenge. He cut out one side of the box placed it in the bottom to reinforce it and proceeded to line it with a plastic New World bag, all taped together with blister tape. The base was pressed into the mould but much to everyone's consternation it was discovered that the piece of box used as a reinforcer actually contained the instructions.

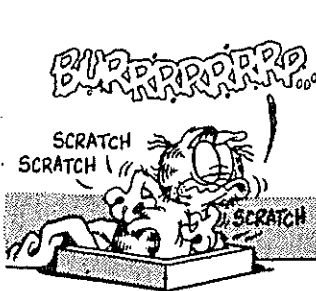
They discovered something very important that night. If you put twice as much water into the cheesecake than you are meant to it is very RUNNY.

The night passed peacefully for the three adventurers. Only one rock and one huge hollow were discovered (right in the middle of the fly as Murphy's Law would have it).

The next morning Jubilee Hut was visited along with the 'Room with a view' (I think it was the Muesli). Then the ABC Caves were on the agenda. Unfortunately they are not easy to find. Fortunately they were worth it. Along to The Gap for lunch (only 250g left of cheese). Down Yellow Ridge to a stream and up the steepest straightest piece of track the two novice trampers had ever encountered (with full packs) in their short lives.

The bus arrived, and home the weary travellers headed, into the sunset (OK OK it was misty and raining but fairytales are meant to have good endings!).

THE END.



SCHEDULE OF WALKS

DATE	EVENT	TYPE/FITNESS REQUIRED	MEET TIME	PLACE	ORGANISING GROUP	CONTACT
Sat 21 March	Ross Creek Walk	Short Walk Easy	Anytime 11 am - 4pm	Any entrance or parking at Polwarth Rd and Treatment Station area bring your lunch	St Kilda Rotary Club	Ross Smith 477 5790 (o)
Sat 21 March	River Crossing	Theory / Practical	10.00 am	Meet at Clubs and Societies Building, Then to Taiari River	Otago University Tramping Club	Jo Kispax 477 0358 (h)
Sun 22 March	Green Belt Walk	Short Walk Easy	10.00 am Start	Moana Pool (free swim for all participants)	Y's Walking / Moana Pool	Jim Paton 473 8575 (a/h) Les Bennett 476 3852 (a/h)
Sun 22 March	Government Track	Family Day Trip (Age 6 up)	10.30 am - 4.00 pm	Walpole Gorge Carpark - 4 km from Barwick corner Bring lunch, drink, snacks	Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club - family group	Dave McArthur 481 1478 (a/h)
Sun 22 March	Flagstaff Creek Walking Track	Easy 1 hour	1.30 pm	1.30 pm St Clair Presbyterian Church or 2.00 pm Taiari Lookout	St Clair Church Walking Group	Ken Turnbull 455 9679 (h)
Sun 22 March	Cedar Farm Reservoir	Short Walk Easy - Moderate	1.30 pm (approx 1 hour)	Scott Monument Blueskin Road (from Port Chalmers)	D.O.C.	Dave Blair 477 0677 (o) (limited space available in van from Dunedin)
Sun 22 March	Introductory Orienteering Logan Park	Short Route Easy	10.30 am 3.00 pm for map	Opposite Logan Park High School	Dunedin Orienteering Club	Ben Morrison 471 0555 (h)
Mon 23 March	Fraser's Gully	Short Walk Easy - Moderate	10.10 am (2 hours)	Meet 10.00 am at Monument at the Oval (or at 10.10 am corner of Fraser Road and Kaikona Valley Road)	60's Up Ramblers Group	W Rushbrook 455 2630 (h)
Mon 23 March	Historic Anniversary City Walk with Lois Galer	Easy one hour walk ending with morning tea	10.00 am at Church or 10.15 am (on steps Chief Post Office)	Presbyterian Church at the foot of Brunel St. (behind old Mornington Post Office 10.00 am).	Mornington Walking Group	Ian Sims 453 6185 (h)
Tues 24 March	Moanui - Tallest Tree Orokonui	Full Day Moderate	8.00 am	Meet at playing field opposite Botanic Garden then proceed to starting point	YWCA Tramping Club	J Fraser 455 7949 (h) M Garmousway 469 4627 (h)
Tues 24 March	Pipeline Track - Upper Waitai Valley	Short - Long Walk Easy (30 min to 4 hours)	10 am - 3 pm (bring mug and biscuit)	Northern Motorway Laid Saddle Parking Area or bus from Newlands Depot 10.00 am 1.00 pm	WEA Over 50's Tramping Club	Steve Ames 455 2378 (h)
Tues 24 March	St Kilda Community Walk	Short Walk Easy (2 hours)	10.00 am	St Kilda Community Club Rooms, 95 Victoria Road	St Kilda Community Club	Les Jackson 454 3889 (h)
Tues 24 March	Halfway Bush Rd	Easy (3 hours)	9.30 am	380 Taiari Road	Halfway Bush Womens Walking Group	P Ganth 476 2579 (h)
Wed 25 March	Taiari River up from Outram Bridge	Day Walk Medium - Hard (with easier alternative)	9.00 am	Glasgow Street carpark - Mosgiel	Taiari Recreational Tramping Club (45 years up)	Bob Heenan 489 4670 (h)
Wed 25 March	Beach Walk	Short Walk Easy (1 hour)	5.30 pm	Meet 5.10pm main entrance Dunedin Public Library, or 5.30pm Esplanade, St Clair Beach	Women Outdoor New Zealand - Dunedin	J MacKay 474 3516 (o)
Thurs 25 March	Botanic Garden Walk	Short Walk Easy - Moderate (1 hour)	10.00 am	Botanic Gardens, Gardens Corner	Dunedin City Council	J MacKay 474 3516 (o)
Thurs 26 March	Ben Ruddy	Short Walk Easy - Moderate (1 1/2 hours)	5.15 pm (car pool to Bull Ring)	OTMC Club Room, 3 Young St, St Kilda. Regular meeting and information night to follow 7.30 pm	Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club (OTMC)	E Gold 477 1142 (h)
Thurs 26 March	Highcliff Track - Buskin Rd Otago Peninsula	Short Walk Moderate	5.30 pm (2 hours bring torch)	DOC Reserve Karekai Rd off Highcliff Road	Royal Forest and Bird Society (Otago Branch)	Ken Mason 478 2494 (h)
Friday 27 March - Sun 29 March	Fiordland Tramps	All grades available	7.30 pm Fri - Sun evening	Otago University Clubs and Societies Building	Otago University Tramping Club	Phaedra Upton 473 7413 (h)
Sat 28 March	Taiari Mouli	Day Walk / Moderate - Hard	10.00 am start (5 1/2 hours)	Taiari Mouli - and Riverside Road	DOC	Dave Wilkins 473 9796 (h) Chris Stewart 477 0677 (o)
Sat 28 March & Sun 29 March	Tomanahau Lagoon Track - Sunnyside Peg 41	Half Day / Moderate	2.00 pm on Sat 9.00 am on Sun	Ocean Grove Domain	Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club	E Gold 477 1142 (h)
Sun 29 March	Jim Freeman Track	2 1/2 hour walk	1.00 pm or 1.30 pm start (2 1/2 hours)	Railway Station Carpark 1.00 pm (Car pooling) or Flagstaff Carpark 1.30 pm	Phoenix Club (Prevention and Rehabilitation of Heart Disease)	Alan Bevan 474 0156 (h) Rex Mathias 473 7919 (h)
Sun 29 March	Allans Beach	2 1/2 hours / Easy - Moderate	2.00 pm	Allans Beach Rd	Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club	E Gold 477 1142 (h)
Sun 29 March	Taiari River track at Taiari Mouth	Half Day Walk Moderate - Hard	12.45 pm return 5.30pm	Holy Name Church carpark 420 Great King St. \$2.00 for shared transport.	Catholic Tramping Group	Brian Laws 477 5090 (h)

Stewart Island Dairy

Boxing Day was brilliantly fine, giving a splendid overview of Stewart Island as we flew into Doughboy Bay. We ducked in through a low saddle, banked round at the head of the bay, and landed on the sand as smooth as a seagull. Three flights, and 11 trampers and packs were all on the beach around midday. Elspeth's party left for Mason's Bay, but we spent the day beach roaming, fishing, swimming, eating heavy tucker, and getting over jet-lag!

27th Tramped over to Mason's Bay. We looked in at the derelict Kilbride Farm at the south end of the bay. There we found a small mob of neglected looking wooly sheep; the males complete with tails and other accessories. Castration wasn't part of management, which was all the more surprising as the name on the gate showed the place was owned by a woman!

28th It was a wet morning at the Mason's Bay hut. Without Penelope Barr's forecasts, we had to resort to old British mythology as told by an old Britton who is not yet a myth. Mike Floate said "rain before 7, clear by 11", and it did just that on three mornings. The weather throughout was good; the dreaded Stewart Island mud was in remission, Bungaree Hut tank was empty, and the locals were talking "drought".

As the rain cleared we stomped over Mason's Head. Before Eddie Lyttle and the other Peg 41 Road Farmers start cheering; I have to explain that this was not the ginger haired, bespectacled Mason's Head, but a promontory to the north of Mason's Bay.

We caught up with Elspeth's party at little hellfire. Elspeth was hobbling around wearing numerous, very gaudy, swollen insect bites, and so they decided to, next day, take the direct route overland (via Freshwater) back to Oban for some R & R.

Therefore, as this was the last night we would be together; it was party-time!! Mike, dressed in red longjohns, red hooded parka, and natural beard, made an excellent Santa, dispensing party hats, balloons and buffoonery. In typical tramper campfire style we passed around a bottle, tried to sing OTMC songs, passed around a bottle, ate cheese cake, passed around a bottle, Neville punctured balloons, passed around a bottle, told stories, passed around a bottle, told naughtier stories, and emptied all the bottles. And the symbolic final act for that ripper of a party, and a poignant gesture to close a difficult 1991; was a vividly silhouetted tramper peeing into the western glow of the near sub-Antarctic mid-night sun.

29th On the way to Waituna, we visited Big Hellfire. Westerly gales blow sand from Big Hellfire beach up a valley and through a 220m (700ft) saddle. We ran from the saddle to the beach in 3 minutes - sandhills beat shingle slides for rate of decent. Big Hellfire is a majestic beach - sandy, big cliffs, caves, tunnel, and waterfall marred by enough fishing flotsam to equip a taiwanese armada. Ropes, nets, floats, plastic containers, fish boxes; and the local fisher folk have done their share of disposiotion as the fish crates with 'stolen from Orakou Fisheries' on them attest.

30th From Waituna over Raggedy Range, and North to East Raggedy Beach. Though not high, Raggedy Range has striking rock formations along its crest. The former hut site at East Raggedy provided a good levelled camp site, closer to the beach than the present small hut.

31st We lunched in Long Harry Hut. From the cliffs, fish could be seen in the clear water of the small bay below. Most days we threw fishing lines off the rocks, and caught a total of 18.

Our true New Years Eve was spent at Smoky (no 'e' on signs) Bay. Accommodation here was again a Manuka pole frame with tatters of polythene augmented with fishing cast-offs as cladding - fairly standard architecture for the west coast of Stewart Island - so we carried a tent and fly.

New Year's Day From Smoky Bay to Yankey River (where we looked in at the hut), then Lucky Bay, and Christmas Village where we stayed in the old hut.

2 Jan Up Mt Anglem (930m) which is the highest point on the island. Again a gloriously clear day, just as when we flew close by a week previously, only now more time to sit on a rock absorbing it all.

3 Jan Between Christmas Village and Port William we passed along more beautiful beaches - Murray Beach and Bungaree. I have to report to the OTMC expatriate Penguin, Teresa, that most Beaches were tested for swimmability; and passed.

4th Jan An easy amble out from Port William to Oban; with laundering of all clothes on Maori Beach. We spent the evening sampling the delights of Oban; fish and chips, and beer.

5th Another fine day for an early smooth crossing on the Foveaux Express.

Thanks to Dean Petersen (leader) and Neil Duncan, for all the good food, fine weather, and companionship on a memorable tramp.

HAVE YOU PARKED YOUR CAR
OUTSIDE THE FISH 'N CHIP SHOP OR
THE DAIRY ON PRINCE ALBERT RD, OR
IS IT IN THE FIRST 2 PARKS RESERVED
FOR THE DAIRY IN YOUNG ST ???
IF SO SHIFT IT NOW, (before it's towed
away)

These two business's are expressing
disatisfaction with our?? parking and will get
cars towed away in future, their livelihood
depends on the passing motorist being able to
find a park.
Please don't let it be our cars that cause it.

THANKS
ELSPETH

Hilda's Agony Page.

Dear Hilda,

I have been following your column in recent bulletins and must say I am impressed. How does a person come to gain so much experience in problem solving?

I too have a major problem with which I am so troubled that I can't sleep at night for fear of being haunted by the nightmares I have been struck by recently.

It all started about a year ago. I went on a nice quiet tramping trip with three close friends. We went to a beautiful valley called the Rockburn. Well, every thing went really well for the first day and a half. Then at about noon on the second day when we stopped for lunch, I took my pack off and opened it, and low and behold and much to my surprise, what do you think rolled out of it??, a big huge ROCK of all things. I looked up in complete astonishment, and saw one of my party members, who I used to call friend, running up the hill with a fearfully evil look on his face, that little s..., I could have stoned him. Particularly after all the things I have done and this is the way I get thanked. I have soughed revenge on numerous occasions, but failed dismally. Hilda, what can you do about a person like this?

I anxiously await your reply.

Stoned Crow.

Dear Stoned Crow,

Thank you for your kind praise of your opening statement. I can't divulge the secret of my vast knowledge in full for fear of competition. But I can say that I do read Fiona McCullum's column in The New Zealand Womens Weekly on a regular basis, and I have never missed an episode of Neighbours, or Flying Doctors, and I get keeps of practice at solving my flatmates domestic disputes.

As for your ROCK problems. I absolutely dispise people who rocks in other peoples packs. I think the lowest lowest form of life is the person who willfully puts rocks in other peoples packs. I honestly don't think that there's a lot that can be done to help a person like that that a bullet wont fix.

As for the nightmare problem. I think this will cure itself over time provided you let your feelings of vengence take their natural course and seek that revenge at it's full potential. Don't get back, GET EVEN. And ah, keep away from places where there are lots of rocks as this person may strike again.

M. L. L.

Dear Hilda,

I have recently been on the club's Bushcraft course and have now got the courage to ask for help with my rather embarrassing complaint. You see I come from the mother land and as a result have a rather pronounced accent. This however is not my problem.

I have very very very puny white legs and find it rather embarrassing to wear shorts. I always wear my green long johns bottoms with my red top and luckily some kind person lent me a pair of red gaiters. Well as I am sure you can imagine the sight I make, and as a result am the brunt of many jokes. I am now getting a complex about this but can do nothing to remedy this situation. My legs are far to white to handle the hot New Zealand (especially Dunedin) sun, and I detest using sunblock. To make matters worse, my knees are rather knobbly. Olny Recently I have a rather unsightly bruise on my thigh.

What can I do to stop all this senseless teasing and make my legs more acceptable to the tramping world?

Waiting impatiently for your reply...

[Before I let you read Hilda's reply to this letter I must warn the reader that Hilda, being of part Scottish and part Irish blood, does not have a very sensitive view of people from the 'Mother Land' ie POMs. So some of her comments in this reply may be highly damaging to pommy ears. Because of this I have had to censor some of her remarks to keep the peace. So read on - ED...]

Dear Waiting Impatiently (POM),

Firstly my deepest condolences and sympathies to you for having to come from a mother of a land. I can imagine that that in itself could be a pretty traumatic experience, especially the rather pronounced dicky accent, ick-oh.

Now to the matter in hand, or leg as the case may be. Lets see now, what solution can I suggest for a very very very puny white leg problem? I have never come across a problem like this before; being more used to sorting out marital disputes, sexual harassment problems, and mould on the kitchen ceiling complaints.

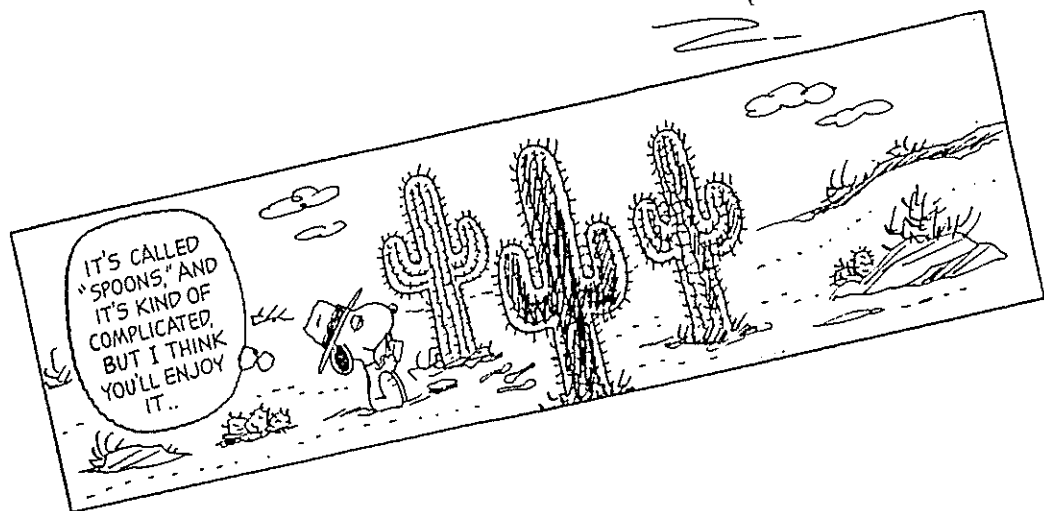
I have an idea, you could grow a third punt white leg, wear white shorts and plat for the Aussie cricket team as a set of wickets, God knows they need all the help they can get at the moment. Or if that doesn't appeal - oh wait a mo I see you don't like being the brunt of other peoples sick jokes; then I guess I shouldn't mention the one about wearing red shoes and hiding in a big match box; or ghosts. Perhaps you could tell people you're wearing a nice pair of white trousers.

If all things white don't appeal then maybe you might like to get a tin of tan shoe polish and regularly apply this to your skin on your legs. You could paint your legs blue and claim their extra skin tight denim jeans. And another thing. How did you get the bruise on your leg? Has someone been beating you up or something. Do you know if you had wall to wall bruises all over your legs you would probably have quite an interesting tan.

As for making them (legs) more acceptable to the tramping world, you could rub mud in to your skin as you're walking along - the only thing is, this sort of tan generally washes off in the shower.

Having tried best as I can to advise on your leg problem, I now turn to your country of origin problem. I am quite concerned about this, as I'm not sure if there is a lot I can suggest to help, I think what you have may be a birth defect. It is a pity no one picked up on this earlier, I must stop myself here, I could waffle on for hours and hours and hours.....

Hilda.



PREASTER SOCAL

BARN DANCE - Called by Bernadette
VENUE: UNDECIDED.
Entry by DONATION
SPONSORED By ARTHUR &
TERESA
ENQUIRIES PHONE Elspeth 477-1142
OR Julie 454-4043

please indicate your interest in attending to Elspeth or Julie

Hot Gossip

Could there be any truth to the rumour that a certain bulletin editor couldn't wait to get off the bus at Tirohaunga to grab a bed. It appears there was a hole in the wall looking into the next cabin full of female bushcrafters. (There is no truth in this rumour - ED)

Could this same editor be partly responsible for a loud explosion let off in the middle of town one Saturday night? And why were the Police so interested in another plumbers car that night?? And what did the French man have to do with all this?

[Yes the Editor in question was at this scene, but ONLY to do his duty as a reporter of the Press. Other than that I know NOTHING.]

LOST!!!! Does anyone know the where abouts of ABC Caves or is it true that most of the Bushcraft leaders at Silver Peaks just relied on their parties to get them there and they failed!! It is rumoured that more than one leader was slightly off the mark but no comment as to who.....EH 987\$666 [censored - ED]

What's this I hear about Eric handing out vegetables (Zucinnis) to all the ladies he works with, why did Fiond blush (could this have something to do with Fi cross-dressing)

[I'd just like to say it's all lies I wasn't even there Signed Elspeth.]

From the last committee meeting -- We were discussing spending money on a loo at Ben Rudds when someone asked

"Do we need to pass a motion?"

Trevor says the worst thing about going tramping is packing. But when an anonymous reply said "No its taking out the disgusting socks at the end." Trev replied to this "No Kath does that!!"

Must be womans work.

Barry's quote - "I know this balls-up was happening all around me, but I wasn't the cause of it!!"

Congratulations

to Russell Godfrey on winning the OTHC marathon for 1992. His winning time of 11 hours and 35 minutes was a good three hours ahead of the next man home.

Congratulations also to Michelle Williams for being the only female this year to enter, and yes she did finish.

While on the subject of the OTHC Marathon, there is a nasty rumour circulating about two young ladies who decided to try their bivy making skills while waiting at a check point. Just as a heavy thunderstorm approached they erected a black polythene shelter. Alas it only lasted five minutes and they spent the next 45 minutes sitting with it wrapped around themselves, rather wet and miserable. The only thing keeping them sane and laughing was a packet of Shrewsbury's. It must also be mentioned that these two females completed the tent and fly talk at Tirohanga. (Heaven help anyone who listened).

HATS ON WHAT'S ON WHAT'S

SOCIAL PROGRAMME

- 12 March Stewart Island BYO - Bring along those photos of Stewart Island, or if you didn't go there for Xmas, bring your holiday photos and slides we would love to see them.
- 19 March Brendon Nelson - National Yachting Associating - To tell us a few things about yachting and how to win an America's Cup.
- 26 March National Walks Week. - Walk leaving clubrooms at about 5:15pm. Car pooled transport to Flagstaff. For more info contact Elspeth Gold 477-1142.
- 2 April Quiz Night - David Barnes.
- 9 April Ken Mason - Olivine Ice Plateau, New and old approaches.
- 16 April Easter No Club Meeting.

COMING UP Home Brew Competition
Date still to be set for sometime in April or May.

Bushcraft

Just a quick thanks to all who helped without the dedication of the instructors each year it just would'nt be possible. You can all pat yourselves on the back for a job well done. The feedback so far has been positive and the participants enjoyed both the course content and many of the club personalities Thanks again

Cheers

