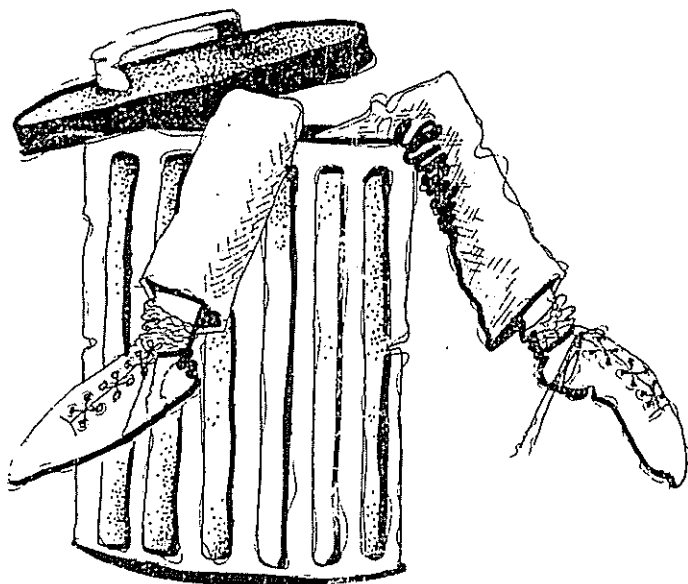


OTAGO TRAMPING AND MOUNTAINEERING CLUB (Inc.)
P.O. BOX 1120
DUNEDIN

BULLETIN

MAY 1992
BULLETIN NO. 509

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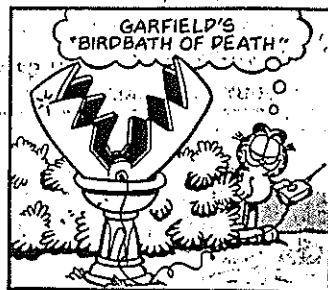


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THE OTAGO TRAMPING & MOUNTAINEERING CLUB
MEETS EVERY THURSDAY
7:30pm
AT 3 YOUNG ST
(clubrooms)

TRIP LIST

- MAY 17 POWDER RIDGE (M)
An old favourite of old Doug. 487-6416
- MAY 23 BEN RUDDS WORK PARTY (Saturday) Richard Pettinger 487-948;
Ross Chambers 467-948C
Beech replanting at Ben Rudds. As many hands are needed as possible.
Get involved in a well worth while club project.
3 hours light work in the morning only.
- MAY 24 SAREX (Search and Rescue Exercise) (M) David Barnes 454-4492
An introduction to SAREX methods - ideal for anyone wishing to get
involved with the club's commitment to Police SAR. Please sign the
trip list.
- MAY 30 --
JUNE 1 KEPLER TRACK (M) Eric Lord 454-4043
A good chance to do the latest tourist off-season. This trip looks
set to rival last years famed Droflim Track Trip.
- June 7 SILVERPEAKS (M) Mark Planner 473-7414
A romp in the clubs historical stamping ground.
- JUNE 14 LEITH VALLEY AS YOU'VE NEVER SEEN IT Ken Mason 476-2494
So you think you know Dunedin's environs. Wait till you've been let
loose with Ken.
- JUNE 20-21 TROTTERS GORGE MID WINTER BASH Elspeth Gold 477-1142
The trip card says E-FE. I suspect the tramping will be nearer E and
the evening activities nearer FE.
- JUNE 21 MT FORTUNE - RAZOR BACK (M) Peter Mason 473-7636
Yet another "Mason Obscure". May be able to team up with the Trotters
Gorge survivors. NOTE 8:00am START.
- COMING UP: Mt Domet July 4-5
Cross Country Skiing.



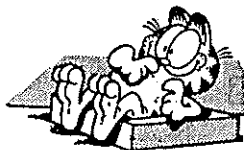


EDITOR'S DIARY

Well hello again. Another month has passed, and another closer to Christmas. The year seems to pass so quick. Only another three months to go and my first year as Bulletin Editor will be complete. As for whether or not I will run for a second term depends on a number of things at this point in time.

I recently recieved a letter from one Mr Peter M. F. Smith, a Director of Waitati Green Ltd. He is compiling a catalogue of Natural Shelters (ie, bivvy rocks) in the mountains of West Otago (mostly but not exclusively Mt Aspiring N.P., also including the Darrens, Hollyford, Ahuriri etc.). He says once this info. is compiled complete with photographic coverage, it will be put at the disposal of DOC (hopefully not to incur any User-pays type system?!). But anyway, the following list names the bivvy rocks Mr Smith has personal experience with, he wishes to know of any other Bivvys that you know of, and gives a phone number (03) 482-2832 for people to correspond with him over this rocky matter. So if you've crawled under any good rocks lately, why not give Mr Smith a call. The list so far:-Arawhata Rock

Arawhata Saddle Bivvy
Cattle, Dart Valley
Beans Burn, near Fohn Saddle
Upper Canyon Creek, Ahuriri River
Scotts Biv, W. Matukituki River
Forgotten River, on route to Forgotten R. Col.
Kea Basin, Rees River Valley.
Bonor Glaciel Terrace, Waipara Valley.
Lake Volta, Remarkables.
Simonin Stream, Upper Pyke



Another Mountain Matter that matters. FMC has brought our attentions to a matter of DOC's proposal of major restrictions over popular bac country tracks or favoured major rivers that people canoe on.

DOC's proposal is to have a Pass that would be purchased by the track or river user before the trip and displayed by the user at all times during the trip. It would not necessary guarantee a bunk in a hut. It is simply an access charge. More of User-Pays (loser-pays).

Other Implications of such a Pass are the excuse it presents to prohibit camping over large areas of Parks through which these tracks pass, and the ability to use these restrictions to control visitors and force them to use high cost huts and campsites.

The Pass is being proposed for three North Island tracks; Lake Waikaremoana, The Tongariro Track and the Wanganui River; as well as the South Island's Heaphy, Abel Tasman, Routeburn, Kepler and Northern Stewart Island tracks.

DOC's desire to extract money from park visitors appears to be obscuring it's traditional and legal duty to provide free access to our National Parks. As a result the public's freeright to walk and camp in the hills is at risk.

If you feel strongly on this matter, or even if you don't, why not put thoughts to paper and write to your local newspaper. You never know, you may help sway any decision on this matter which effects us all and our freedom in the mountains we love so much.

.....HAPPY TRAMPING, Yours..

Neville McKelvey



The HUNTER Valley

SEEN FROM A BICYCLE SEAT

We were rudely awoken early Good Friday morning to the sound of pitter patter on our tent. Weather forecast was wrong again! Didn't take us long for breakfast as we shared our food with those pesky wee buggers called the sandfly.

The bike ride into Dingle Burn Station up the east side of Lake Hawea was a cruise to the rest of the day, where the road was still negotiable by even a two wheel drive car. J.R. had lunch with us under the only dry tree we had come across, he and Sue said their goodbyes and off he went back to the car and the Wanaka Air Show tomorrow.

From here the road was diffidently 4WD and bottom gear on our bikes. Constant drizzle and rough riding with heavy panniers made it tough going. By the time we got to Green Bush hut it was 4.30pm and both Sue and I were stuffed. Quickly we made ourselves at home. An excellent feed, as we sat and watched the sun set over Lake Hawea. Even more so as the cloud too begun to disperse.

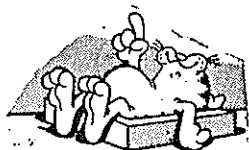
We had only begun to settle into our cosy wee beds when, up pulled a high ace, crammed with seven students and dozens of tinnies. No hut etiquette was used and the place was instantly over run. Sue and I knew that the night was going to be long and noisy so 8.30pm out we went and pitched the tent.

Next morning heavy due but clear skies, packed and away by 9.00 am. First task was to cross the Hunter river. Sue took the direct route straight across. Think though she should of taken a course in bike flotation as all I could see was Sue's head and her panniers bobbing about with a distress call for help.

Set camp up just short of Little Boundary hut, brew and a quick drying of gear before a cycle up towards the head of the Hunter, as far as Fergusson hut. Without panniers the going was much quicker. The road at times was across small creeks. Cycling was fun and quite a laugh as we struggled to keep upright over covered boulders.

The scenery was stupendous although hard to take it in as our eyes had to be glued to the route we were taking as not to get a puncher or worse damage the D-railer on our bikes.

Arrived back at our camp spot at 4.30pm to find the camp spot surrounded by cows.



LAND ROVER SAFARI!

ARTHURS PASS EASTER WEEKEND 1992

After a six hour trip in the comfort of the back of the van we finally reached Klondike Corner on SH73 where we camped on Thursday night. Malcolm and I pitched our tent barely three metres from the main road, and despite the loud thunder of trucks passing in the night (at all hours) we had a very good nights sleep, and were ready to rise at 7:30 on Friday morning.

Breakfast was enjoyed in the crisp morning air, carefully interluded with a thorough forensic search of the campsite for Mike's pofta pad valve, then pack up time and time to move on to new destinations. Mike carefully stowed his car just off the main highway and on foot we crossed the Bealy River at the Mingha Junction and delved into the Edwards Valley, an easy valley to walk up with its shingle river banks, except for one short break where we had to climb about 50 metres to gain about 20 metres distanc. Then another climb up a spur to navigate around two very nice waterfalls into an upper valley where we found a nice cosy hut and some slightly deranged Lincoln students. And an interesting group who claimed they were from the Landrover Club (the boys outfor a weekend away from their mums). A firewood hunting session and time to relax over a Gin before dinner.

Now at this point in our story I would like to say there was absolutely and under no condition any under-age drinking in our party. We had a very high police presence in our party through Lynn. And seeing as how we also had a youthful presence through a 16 year old Malcolm, we unanimously voted Malcolm an honorary 20 year old. So there was no under-age drinking.

A few games of 500 (cards) over dinner took us to bed time at the not too unreasonable hour of 9:30pm. The Lincoln contingent continued with their card games and partying. After not much more than 15 minutes of trying to sleep I went and joined in the activities, not at all influenced by the offer of a glass of Port, Malcolm saw the light (of the candle) as well and came to the party). As the saying goes if you can't beat 'em, join 'em. So we did.

The party went on for a bit with the passing of the Black Bitch (more cards). One of the Lincoln contingent, a man named Jack; who was a bit dubious at the soberest of times became quite an entertainment feature after a few drinks. Jack went out side for a wander just before bedtime and when he hadn't returned after 15 minutes his friends (all three of them) went searching for him. They found him asleep behind the hut. Jack came back in and started appologising to everyone for making such a scene and being such a worry.

Despite this weekend being a holiday there was no sleeping in or slackening around. So even on a Saturday morning it was another 7:30am rise. After checking out the Lincoln Hangover Situation and reading comments in the hut book about landrovers and Elephants and Giraffe sightings (none of which we added to) we headed up valley to Taruahuna Pass.

Taruahuna Pass was created when the side of Falling Mountain fell leaving a large deposit of rock between the Edwards River and the West branch of the Otehaka River. From Taruahuna Pass we climbed to Tarn Col which was a short but steep grunt which rewarded us with some grand views in all directions.

A break for lunch beside a tarn then a blast on in to the east branch of the Otehaka River via a scree slope (which of course we had to run down). Saturday night was spent on a great we campsite about two kilometres short of Walker Pass, beside a warm campfire. The evening of story telling was cut short by the rain so we retired to our respective tents.

You know it's really amazing who you run into when you think you're in the hills isolated from civilisation. At Christmas time on a little beach called Little Hellfire on Stewart Island we were visited by Santa Claus. And

on this Easter Sunday morning who do you think should visit us? It was none other than the Easter Bunny, in all his chocolate bearing glory. We too were surprised and astonished by this. Fancy being found by Easter Bunny. It certainly was a much needed moral boost. Sunday morning as a continuation of Saturday night was still raining, so we forced ourselves to stay in our warm cosy sleeping bags in the tents until a timely departure during a break in the weather at about 10:00am. We trekked up on to Walker Pass through the rather irritating sub-alpine scrub, with the odd snowberry and Mountain Totoro berry to nibble on.

Walker Pass and a tarn gave us a very privileged sighting of two little Blue Ducks. The Hawdon Hut book also makes reference to a Landrover on Amber Col and an Elephant drinking at a Tarn, but we only saw the two Blue Ducks, and for four or five people who had never seen Blue Ducks before, that was quite special.

On the other side of Walker Pass we were in the Hawdon Valley in a stream calley Twin Falls Creek, which was probably called that because it had two rather spectacular water falls tumbling side by side 20 metres over a beech clad bluff. Lower down in the Hawdon valley we were finally out of the clouds and rain, we were even warming up.

Hawdon Hut was a nice dry lunch spot. So much so that we stayed the night there. And so it was back to the 500 games (yep-cards again) (Malcolm 6 games, Neville 0, vengeance still to be sought) secure in the knowledge that we each had a bunk, while we watched the hords of people coming in, and oh - yes its our drunken friends from Lincoln. They looked relieved from not having carried those full bottles of Port, Bailey's, 3l wine cask, 1 doz tinmys, etc., from Edwards Hut. Actually they still had half a bottle of Bailey's which they wouldn't allow themselves to be bribed out of. Another, not quite so late this time, night, and time to sort out the snorers from the rest of us (I'm not allowed to mention Mike and Malcolm and snorers in the same story).

Monday Morning. God I love Monday mornings!! (when I'm on holiday that is!) Today I'm getting paid to tramp because it's a Statutory holiday, Good - Eh!? Still it's another early rise. Clean up the hut, and plod on down the Hawdon valley to it's Junction with the Sudden Valley Stream, where we had a lunch stop and hour long sleep in the sun, in the joyous presence of the sandflies (unfortunately some of the sandflies died, how horrible).

The powers of darkness were nearly upon us almost (the sun was sinking below the hills) so it was time to move up stream. Furthur up the Sudden Valley at a point where the valley had closed in quite considerably we were directed up a rather steep gut named The Devil's Shute, but misappropriately given another similar sounding but more offensive name. An hour long climb and sidle up valley took us to the top of a rather grand Barrier Falls. We stood at the top and took photos and looked over in awe. Then furthur up the valley again we found a wide open flat to camp upon in the disappearing sun.

We pitched our tents and went for a quick wander to the head of Sudden Valley to look for the Biv. Here again in the Biv book we found reference to Landrovers and Elephants.

Back at the campsite we got a fire going. It was a beautifully clear evening and a starry starry night by the campfire after another fine meal cooked by Mike, preluded by Loraine's Whiskey and Lynn's Gin and followed by a nice cup of coffee with my Rum, all around Malcolm's fire.

At about 8:30pm the early birds went to bed. It was about this time they discovered the icing in the cake, or rather the frost on the ground, boots, tents, socks and other gear. It wasn't just a light covering of frosted dew, the tents were stiff as boards, as were my socks, not to mention what our boots were like. And it was only 8:30pm. Shortly after, us late all-night partier remnants went to bed. I woke in the very very early morning to discover the foot of my sleeping bag frozen fast to the end of the tent.

Tuesday morning due to lack of any real warmth inside our sleeping bags we got up, (getting paid again as well), at the earliest time yet of 7:00am. Malcolm had the fire going again, which was very much appreciated by all

Continued on Page 10

BEN RUDDS

REVEGETATION PROJECT 11-12 APRIL

Two fine days marked this Autumn's work on our property at Ben Rudds. On the Saturday Eric Lord, Ross Chambers and I, accompanied by Tracy and Vincent, moved 40 beech tree seedlings from by Flagstaff Creek onto the former plantation site. It took 2 hours 20 minutes from start to finish to locate, lift, transport, replant the seedlings, and survey the areas for the following day's work. A very good morning's work.

The reason we have focused on beech is that last year's plantings of beech appear to have been of almost complete success. The spreading of manuka capsules and slash has led to scattered patches of thick manuka seedlings, like a carpet in some places. All very satisfying! Sadly, the replanted native forest species from the pine plantations seem to have been eaten, by hares perhaps? They were maybe a little too leggy, having been in a dark, windless environment, so the plantation site may have been a bit of a shock to them!

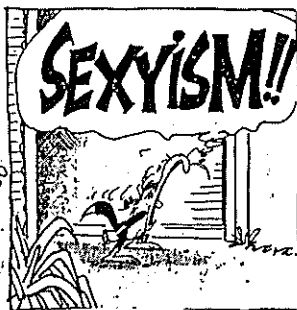
The Sunday saw Peter Mason busying himself with preparations for erecting the loo by the shelter, while the rest of us fetched and carried for him, and pulled up the many various weed species that were growing close to the path from the plantation site to the shelter. After doing that, we concentrated on clearing weeds from an area of the plantation site that had been targeted last Spring. This was quite effective, and we now have a good area ready for replanting in natives. There are some lovely potential picnic sites in clear areas all over that part. By late afternoon, however, we had arrived at the spot that has never been cleared, due to running out of energy on previous work parties. This spot marks the start of quite an extensive area (mainly blackberry) that now can only be dealt with by spraying, which is a great pity, as there are many natives under the weeds. Some beech seedlings mark the boundary of this bad area and, if the blackberry or spray drift knocks out those trees, it will break our hearts more than looking at the mass of blackberry did that Sunday afternoon! I should point out that the blackberry that we did not pull up last year was very hard to get out. It is only the new growth that seems to come out completely with little effort - (all that's needed is leather palmed gloves).

Unfortunately, there were not enough present to carry out the other work that badly needs doing, such as poisoning unwanted trees or stumps. Ken did some felling of trees above the shelter. On the Saturday, Eric spent some time assessing the results of last year's use of Ammate XL on larches (inconclusive at this stage). When we had had sufficient beer and back-patting, we headed home, leaving Peter and Ken to carry on until dusk, when Peter was preparing to spray some areas.

A decision was made to accentuate the positive (as they say) and plant some more beech seedlings in the appropriate types of places. Ross Chambers is going to organise this for us, and it will happen for about 3 hours on the morning of 23 May. If you haven't been on one of our project working parties, here's a good opportunity to ease yourself in.

On the Sunday 9.5 person days of effort went into the project. My thanks to the following: Murray Smith, Bruce Appleton, Jonette Service, Peter Mason, Gordon and Marie McDonald, Wendy Bond, David Barnes, Ken Mason, Don Cocks, Sue Levick, Rene Nol and Michael Nol.

Richard Pettinger



FIRST THERE WAS THE NAKED APE.
THEN CAME THE NAKED NUN ...
NOW - AT LAST - THE NAKED TRUTH!

IT'S EVERYTHING YOU NEVER WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT BEES - BUT WILL
BE STAGGERED TO HEAR!

TO BE OR, OR NOT TO BEE ...

There isn't any question.

As he sits there, comfortable and content, life simply has to
be good!

It's a warm summer day. He's just been fed. And the meal was
pure nectar. Humming a little, he watches the action, all
those workers ... hah. He's never done a day's work in his
life! But, then, why should he, when he's surrounded by
thousands of professional virgins with nothing better to ...

He senses something.

A scent, a vibration - don't ask him how, but he knows this is
it. He's just hit the jackpot.

She wants him!

He rushes to her. Yep! She's big and gorgeous. Yum! All
ready for him too. Watch out mama, here I come! No point in
preliminaries, he jumps straight to it.

And drops dead.

Like other drone HONEYBEES, our hero has just met the cost of
loving.

Fed and looked after by the sterile female workers, the sole
function of drones in the hive is to fertilise the queen bee.
When they do this, their sexual organs become so firmly
embedded in her body, they are wrenched off when the bees
separate. And, as a result, the drone dies.

But what a way to go!



Penguin Points!

HOT GOSSIP ...

Dedicated to the newly weds ...

EMPEROR PENGUINS are pretty keen parents too.

Especially the dads.

While the females swan off to sea, they stand all winter long on the Antarctic ice with an egg on their feet. <And their belly folded over it to keep it nice and warm.>

That's presuming the female presents them with an egg in the first place.

If she doesn't ...

They do the best they can with what they've got. And often gather a chunk of ice and try to incubate that.



Land rover Safari Continued.

present, including the Kea who visited later. Back to the good old days when our ancestors used to have heated rocks from the fire to put in their pockets to keep warm. An ancient art historically revived by Loraine and later practiced by us all except the Kea who didn't have many pockets. I thawed my frozen socks over the fire (over-thawing only one of them). We all took turns at thawing our frozen boots over and around the fire (I over-thawed both of mine in various places). Once the dishes were defrosted enough to wash we had breakfast. While dismantling Malcolm's tent we found enough powdered frost to have a small snow fight. Shortly before dismantling the well built fire I placed two sturdy logs across it and stood upon them to keep warm, this worked quite well except for the overheating of one boot.

We were off again (not surprising after 4 days in the hills) farewelled by a rather adventurous Kea (farewelled by Mike with a rock on behalf of his pack).

Back at the top of Devil's Shute Malcolm valiantly carried Loraine's pack for her to the bottom of the valley (a gentlemanly act which could well be exemplified by others of us). Once again on the Sudden Valley floor we took a short packless excursion up valley to see how close we could get to the base of Barrier Falls but were stopped only 50 metres short by the strength of the terrain.

An uneventful two hours and one lunch break later we (uneventful except for one electric fence bite) were at the Hawdon Valley shelter and carpark where we were met by our chauffeur named Paul who drove us to the main road and van. Oh and guess what we came across. Two Landrovers, no Elephants though, pity about that....

.....Compared to the weekend, the ride back was rather boring and uneventful - so I slept.

For a first time tramping in Arthur's Pass, I found the area to be a really nice place to go tramping. The location and scenery was enhanced even more by the tremendous company provided by the party who were Mike Floate (Leader, Chief Extraordinary and AKA Easter Bunny); Loraine Craighead (Co-chef and histopian); Lynn Donaldson (Law enforcement officer and Photographic records division); Malcolm Spittle (Chief Fire-Lighter, Honourary 20yr old, Card shark, Entertainment advisor, Late night party remnant and True Gentleman) and Neville Mulholland (Scribe, Co-fire-lighter, Late night party remnant and Electric fence tester).



HOT Gossip

What do Elspeth, Saturday nights and Riots have in common??
A- The gutter,
B- 50-50litre kegs,
C- Catholic Priests,
And what does the priest have to do with all this.

Why is Ian McElhinney coming to NZ, who is he coming to see, where's he staying and ~~is she~~ available? And has he cut his rats tail off???

What have Ian Sime, Hugh Dickson and Debbie Pettinger got in common??

Why was Peter M grovelling around EL's legs? And why did she go back for more??

When it comes to doing it why is Elspeth such a big wimp??

What did Pete O'D say to Deb that made her throw-up??

What club-member said pick me I desperately want to flat with two desperately available females. I didn't mention EL and desperate in the same line did I???

What goes around comes around.

There's many a true word spoken in jest!!!

Smile Bruce it's not that bad!!!!

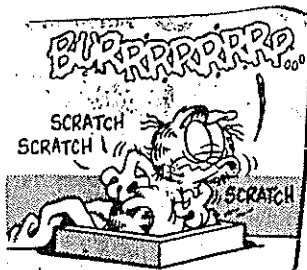
IT'S
TOO
PULL



WHAT'S ON WHAT'S ON WHAT'S ON

SOCIAL PROGRAMME

- May 14th Cooking Competition
 Best 1 Billy Meal
 Best Gourmet Meal
 Best Tramping Meal
 The Judges' Decision will be final!!
- May 21st Mount Aspiring - Barry Wybrow & Doug Forrester
 Why, how and when Doug got to the top of
 Mount Aspiring
- May 23rd (Saturday) Beech replanting at Ben Rudds. 3 Hours Light work in the
 morning. For more info phone Richard Pettinger 487-9488, or
 Ross Chambers 467-9480.
- May 28th The Wanderer Speaks
 Ian McElhinney is passing through and
 WILL give a talk to the club.
- June 4th Life before OTMC -Paul Bannister
 Paul describes his travels before he
 discovered the OTMC - Aussie, Europe and
 Fiordland.
- June 11th Painless Tramping - Rhonda (Robinson) Price
 Rhonda will take questions on the aches and
 pains which Spoil tramping.
- PLUS Moans and Groans Evening - anything you wish
 to discuss with your Committee in open Forum-
 Now's the chance!!
- June 18th Tales of Deepest, Darkest Africa - Michelle Williams
 The long awaited story of Michelle's travels
 - Part I
- June 25th Home Brew and Wine making Competition.
- Dates for your Diary
- July 23rd Club Auction - Start sorting the gear!!
- Aug 20th The President's Panto!
- Aug 27th AGM.
- Aug 29th Annual Dinner - Tapestry Restaurant (BYO)



Handwritten signature