

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

BULLETIN

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

THE OTAGO TRAMPING AND MOUNTAINEERING CLUB
MEETS SOCIALLY EVERY THURSDAY
7:30 pm
AT 3 YOUNG STREET (Clubrooms)

DECEMBER 1992
BULLETIN NO. 516



1992-93 OFFICE BEARERS

PRESIDENT	Antony Pettinger	473-7924
VICE PRESIDENT	Peter Mason	473-7636
SECRETARY	Sue Levick	473-8427
TREASURER	Eric Lord	454-4043
CHIEF GUIDE	Rhonda Robinson	473-8142
EDITOR	Debbie Pettinger	473-7924
MEMBERSHIP SEC.	Dean Petersen	473-0648
GEAR HIRE		
SOCIAL SEC.	Neville Mulholland	479-1061

TRIP LIST

NOTE: NO DAY TRIPS ON EITHER DECEMBER 6th OR 13th (CHRISTMAS SHOPPING DAYS)

DECEMBER 12-13

CHRISTMAS SOCIAL - MT FORTUNE

Only one and a half hours drive from Dunedin. Bring friends and family. Come for all or part of the weekend. See Peter Mason for details and last months Bulletin for a map of how to get there.

CHRISTMAS TRIP

RAFTING DOWN THE CLARENCE RIVER

Justin Calder has this all organised - rafting from Hamner Springs to Kaikoura down the Clarence River.

JANUARY 24

THE NUGGETS - CATLINS (E)

ELSPETH GOLD 4667-402

A car pool will leave the clubrooms at 9 am meeting Elspeth at Kaka Point (pink place on the hill). This soon-to-be marine reserve contains a wealth of wildlife ie: hooker sealions, elephant seals, yellow-eyed penguins A truly magic spot.

JANUARY 30-31

MT FORTUNE (E-M)

DEAN PETERSEN 4730-648

If you were too intoxicated to explore during the Christmas social, come back and have a look now. Similar terrain to the Silverpeaks with lots of scope for day trips or circuits.

JANUARY 31

THE CRATER (E)

PAUL BINGHAM 4667-402

Located near Middlemarch on the Taieri Ridge, this meteorite crater is worth a look.

COMING UP:

FEBRUARY 6 - THE MARATHON

FEBRUARY 12-14 BUSHCRAFT TIROHANGA

FEBRUARY 20-21 BUSHCRAFT SILVERPEAKS

EDITORS RAMBLINGS

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR!!

I thought I would open this month with the traditional Merry Christmas!!! Be merry, eat lots, drink in moderation and in general have a wonderful time. I know most are eagerly planning their Christmas trip and to those, I wish you all the best. Where ever you may be this Christmas, take care and do enjoy yourself so on your return you can put pen to paper and write a report of whatever you did or where ever you went for the humble pages of the Bulletin or the glossy pages of Outdoors. YES!! - There will be an Outdoors early in the New Year but remember Outdoors can only survive if members support it by contributing articles, poetry, etc. Every one wants to see an Outdoors come out but that can only be achieved with your help.

This Bulletin is rather large which is good to see as it means the club is still very active and everyone is still enthusiastic about the hills. In these pages I hope you will find plenty to hold your attention. Plenty of trip reports to encourage us to get out and experience it for ourselves, other interesting articles and of course the all important up coming events in the club calendar.

I hope you can find the time to come along to some of these events with the Club picnic at Pipikaretu Beach being the highlight. With plenty of notice this date (28 Feb. 92) should be in all your calendars.

As I am running out of room I had better sign off so till next timeHappy tramping

Debbie

DEBBIE PETTINGER

CRYSTALS BEACH - QUOIN POINT

NOVEMBER 1

Nine o'clock on Sunday morning at the clubrooms and eight keen folk turn up for a good day out to the beach.

Most headed down to Taieri Mouth but the leader got talking and ended up by taking the main road south. A small detour over the hill and Waihola and everything was once again alright. After leaving a car at Quoin Point we drove on Crystals Beach for the round trip. We started out by climbing Cooks Head and here we stopped for some great views in both directions. Taking our time to admire some of the more interesting rock formations, we slogged along the soft sand of the beach. It was an enjoyable walk around the rocks to Bull Creek where we found a lovely sheltered spot up the creek to have our lunch.

With lunch finished, it was off up the coast again, exploring all the nooks and crannies along the way. On reaching Quoin Point, we were lucky to witness the seals doing some very special water ballet movements.

It was a quick trip back to the cars and we left for home. Icecreams at Taieri Mouth were a must and were much appreciated.

Mary Clark for Liz Petch, Jonette Service, Nick Rasch, Trevor Pullar
Nick Thompson, Wendy Bond and Ray Duncan

TALE OF A TRAMP

AS PRINTED IN MAY 1950 OUTDOORS, I HOPE YOU ENJOY THIS SORRY TALE.

This is not in any way an account of an unusual trip, but just one of those ordinary trips which are so typical of the Club's activity between Christmas and other longer trips. It was an ordinary Sunday trip, and it had two essentials to make it almost completely typical - first the leader did not turn up, and secondly we did not go the proposed trip.

We were supposed to start at Kaikorai at 9 am and when I arrived at two minutes too, we had a total of four. This, however, was clearly too unusually early for most of our folks.

The leader on this occasion lived in a southern suburb, and by mutual consent we decided to give him 20 minutes. At 9.20, with some ten keen types straining at the leash and at the insistence of a certain gentleman (minus car on this occasion) we moved off. When we reached the Power Station we looked for the local strong man, but it being only 9.30 he also had not yet been seen.

Around about here we managed to get away from the scheduled trip, in that we went up the road past the pig farm, whereas we should have gone up the bridle track. This is where we put our leader wrong when, only half an hour late, he puffed and panted up the official route. After an hour or so we were on top of Flagstaff and although fine and sunny to the east, Swampy and Co. were covered with the well-known fog. Our consciences were easily persuaded that it would be rash to proceed to Red Hut and Waitati under such conditions, and, of course, there was only one other place to go. At 11.30 we stopped for a leisurely lunch.

Eventually we remembered that we had some new members with us, and that we must get moving; so with George's blessing we headed down the Club track with Lake Whare as our first objective. I don't know how everybody else finds it, but after reaching the creek I never seem to go the same way twice; eventually, however, we reached the lone pine tree and looked down on the lake, which on a good day doesn't look too bad, but on this grey day it looked most ordinary.

Another boil-up was indulged in under the tree at Rollinson's and then we set off for McIntyre's, via Donald McQuilkan's, observing as we went past that there is such a thing as official vandalism as well as the ordinary variety. In the late afternoon sun, however, McIntyre's made a pretty sight, and a further pleasant half-hour was spent here. Then on to Laing's Track and the bridle trail, and so home after a most delightful day. The leader, poor soul, completed the official trip. What a lot of effort he would have saved himself if he had only been ON TIME.

THE EDITOR NOTED ON THE BOTTOM OF THIS REPORT 'NOT THAT WE SUGGEST THAT THE LEADER IS ALWAYS LATE, BUT THE STORY HAS ITS MORAL FOR US ALL!!'

STEEL CREEK TRIP REPORT

Th trip up was uneventful except we were ASKED to set the Earnslaw adrift for a late night cruise over to Mt Nicholas Station. We bivied out under the stars at the road end (Elfin bay) and then it was up for an early start. We walked (quickly) up the Caples valley stopping briefly at the old homestead. Then it was up (pausing for lunch and breath) and over Steel creek pass.

Coming down the other side of the pass we found ourselves in quite good snow and so we thought ourselves quite clever leaving our ice axes in the van. However halfway down, we hadn't bothered to put our overtrou on, the snow turned soft and in bare legs it was not always fun sinking up to mid thigh (for some). It would have been much nicer to glisade!!! We made camp at the first available site ending a 10 hour day that was very pleasant. We showed Doug a thing or two about what one can eat out in the bush and had a thoroughly entertaining evening telling jokes etc.

The gummies learn't a thing or two that night as it froze and E and Fee had left their boots and socks outside. I tried to thaw my socks around my coffee cup in the morning and failed. And so everybody was left in no doubt about the pain and discomfort we were in as we tried to hit the mis-shapen socks into the shape of our feet before putting frozen boots on.

The second day we wandered down Steel creek and were fortunate to see 20 deer and about 4-6 chamois. The walk out along the Greenstone was lovely, however not as picturesque as the Caples valley, and we contemplated the scene from a knoll with a monorail included. The rest of the trip out was long and I think it was about a 9 hour day. I think it is one of the loviest trips I have done. The trip was long but not difficult and the company was superb with our two parties travelling together (Elspeth, David B, Doug, and Judy).

My thanks to Paul and Eric for an enjoyable weekend. Fiona

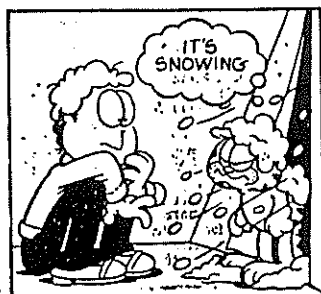
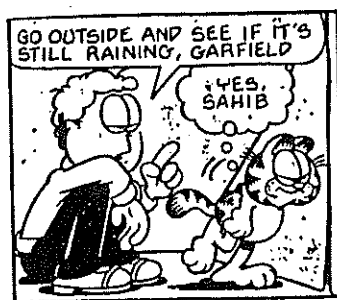
WANTED

ONE OR MORE KEEN PERSONS TO COLLECT ADVERTISING FOR THE UPCOMING EDITION OF OUTDOORS. THIS IS NOT AN ENORMOUS TASK, AS SOME OF THE GROUNDWORK HAS BEEN DONE. IT IS ESSENTIAL WE GET ADVERTISING SOON, SO AS WE CAN WORK TO OUR MARCH/APRIL 93 DEADLINE . ANY OFFERS TO ANTONY PETTINGER PH. 4737924 ASAP.

SEARCH AND RESCUE EXERCISE 18th Oct

I arrived at the police station at 6:30 Sunday morning clear headed (ie. non hungover for some reason much to everyones surprise) keen to participate in the exercise. We were organised into teams and away from the police station within 3/4 of an hour. The scenario was 6 elderly people who were in Dunedin for a reunion of their university tramping days and had headed to the Silverpeaks their stamping ground some 30 years before. The search controllers 1 of whom was David Barnes sent us off to our respective search areas. Our team divided up at the Bullring 2 walked the track and 2 the road deviating to the Ben Rudds and Jim Freeman Tracks meeting up again where the track and road meet to head up to Swampy Summit. Time for coffee and biscuits then we were bundled into an army truck (the only vehicle ever designed with neither comfort nor speed in mind). Our team were dropped at the start of the Sawmill Track: destination work up to the Clump and await further instruction. The Sawmill Track was slightly overgrown but a lovely walk thru bush, flax, ferns and tussock. At the start of the track we walked thru what looked to be a private junk yard with all sorts of interesting bits of junk that only a true collector would be interested in. Lunch beside a stream was a welcome break, trust us to be away from the caravan at lunch time. Once we reached the Clump we were told to wait for further instructions, about 3/4 of an hour later we were told to head back to base. On the way back who should we find but 2 of the missing ladies, who thru a bit of a mix up in instructions decided to head back to their base while we were told to stay put. Once we caught up with them we were told not to lose sight of our find and we managed to escort them back to base. When we were almost to base Neil Georges voice was heard on the radio claiming a find of 2 grinning individuals, this put the search controllers into a turmoil as they thought all had been found. Please identify the individuals came over the radio "well ones called Trevor Pullar and he'd like to be found by a search dog" was the reply. Apparently Trevor wanted his ears licked which I thought Neil was capable of so they didn't need the dog. At about 4pm the exercise concluded with a debrief then an invite to the police club (no I didn't go). All in all an enjoyable day meeting alot of different people and learning a bit about a search and rescue. Our team was Lynne a policewoman (team leader), Whippy, a possum hunter from the Catlins (Pathfinder) Bruce from OTMC (radioman) and myself (Rearguard). The day was a valuable learning exercise and it would be great to see more club members involved in SAREX, you never know when you might need their help, Im pleased there is a group of committed individuals who are prepared to give their time voluntarily to aid people in the hills, why not discuss the possibility of being on the search and rescue list with David Barnes.

Elsbeth Gold



BALLROOM OR BUST

On our holiday up the West Coast, we called in to visit Ross and Pam Cocker at Westport and deciding not to waste a beautiful sunny day, we packed our packs and headed off to the Ballroom up the Fox River.

On arriving at the beginning of the track, we were confronted with a sign proclaiming "Pack Track". About this time, everyone began muttering innuendo's about a certain female not carrying a pack and as a result couldn't come along. Ignoring these comments she continued anyway and up the pack track we headed. It was an enjoyable walk, with frequent stops to identify different trees and some amazing views of the valley's steep walls. The track climbs reasonably high above the river which was a shame as some of the swimming holes looked inviting. We stopped for lunch, in a sunny spot before heading off again. A photo stop proved painful for Ross, who was practising his "Look Mum, No Hands" act but no serious damage was done and up the river we headed.

The Ballroom was a good place to stop and investigate all the lime stone shoots that have been worn away by the constant water flow down them and after a few compulsory photo's it was time to head back. This proved more difficult than first thought as Antony started the game, 'Hit the stick as it floats away'. Pam and I were keen to join in while Ross looked on in disgust. Eventually we reached the forks and after debating whether to wonder up Dilemma Creek and deciding against it we headed straight out to the car.

The trip out was uneventful but again the views were impressive and forest walk was enjoyable. At the car Pam miraculously provided a good hot drink which was much appreciated by all.

A truly enjoyable day and I look forward to next time.
Debbie Pettinger for Antony Pettinger, Ross and Pam Cocker.

OUTDOORS 1990-92

Our annual(?) magazine, which last appeared in 1989, is planned to be produced early next year.

Ten articles are already written, and a good number of members have been invited to contribute specific topics. However material is welcome from any OTMC people who care to provide it: trip reports, articles on matters of concern, verse, photos, line drawings, anything - the greater the variety the better. Please hand your contribution to me on a Thursday evening or post to Outdoors, P O Box 1120, Dunedin.

Since I intend to work on them over the holidays, please have your material in by our last club night.

Later articles will provide the basis for the next Outdoors, planned for the end of 1993.

Ian Sime ph. 453-6185

CAPLES GREENSTONE 6-7 NOV

The weather forecast was great, most of the snow had melted over the previous few days so it was looking like a magical weekend for us to do Steele Creek. A new record was set, we were away from the clubrooms at 6.05 pm and at road end Kinloch at midnight. The van resounded to Monty Python Sings on the way up to Queenstown (courtesy of David Barnes). 16 people were on the trip 9 headed to the upper Caples Hut and did side trips from there and 7 of us headed over Steele Creek. It was a big decision which way to do it from, get the long haul down the Greenstone over with on Saturday or tackle it from the Caples side. Most decided that steep ups were more pleasant on the knees than steep downs so we opted to do it from the Caples side getting over the pass on Saturday. We got away from road end at 7am and headed along the true right of the Caples we were at the Steele Creek turnoff at 11.20 so it was a 40 minute grunt up the hill before it was time for lunch. After about 4 hours of very steep going we were on the pass. We sat for quite a while admiring the spectacular view before plunging into the snow covered slope on the Greenstone side. It was slow going thru the snow and we realised how treacherous it would have been going up the snow on Sunday morning if we'd opted to do it from the Greenstone side so there were murmurs of we made the right decision. Below the snow there was a bit of bushbashing which was taxing on a tired mind and very sore on slightly sunburnt legs. The search was on for a campsite, about an hour down from the saddle we found a great one it was the only clear flat area we had seen. It was on with the serious business of food and setting up the fly. A warratah came in handy for a pole and Doug was dispatched with a swiss army knife to locate a suitable branch for the other end (mans work). Tea of soup and papadons, salmon fettucine and brandy log intermingled with Dougs sherry and Judys rum was a pleasant way to end a perfect day. Coffee and a few stories later we retired to bed under a full moon, no need to use our torches at all. Away at 7.20 the next morning we'd planned to leave by 7 but didn't seem to be able to organise ourselves as well as the day before. Could have had something to do with the frozen boots for those silly enough to leave them out (Fiona and Elspeth). Fi set a new record for slowest and noisiest into the boots followed a very close second by myself. It was a most pleasant stroll down Steele Creek looking to see where the next campsites may have been, it was a full 90 minutes before we saw a campsite which would have been suitable for us. So we were all glad we had decided to stop when we did the night before. On one of the river flats on the way down Steele Creek we came across a herd of 20 deer grazing, we also saw the odd chamois and a couple of single deer in the valley. We came out to the Greenstone valley at about 10.30 and sat for a full 20 minutes just admiring the view, it was down to the Mid Greenstone Hut for a drink and toilet stop then lunch was had about 40 minutes further down the Greenstone. Then it was in to the long haul on the gravelled track back to the van, the Greenstone is an awfully long way and the track awfully hard on the feet. We arrived at the carpark after pausing to watch a trout being played in from a large pool (a spectacle put on just for us the fishermen assured us) at about 4.15. Everyone was hungry so we decided to have tea in Frankton and we arrived back in Dunedin at 11pm happily exhausted after a truly magical weekend. Steele Creek is a great challenge for a weekend trip with 19hrs tramping over the 2 days we all felt like we had achieved something. A magical trip in great company thanks team lets do it again some time.

QUOTE for the weekend came from Eric " Coming from one who looks good from behind I'll lead."

Elspeth Gold for Doug Forrester , David Barnes and Judy Maguire.

A DAY IN THE SUN

ROCK AND PILLARS, SUNDAY 22 NOVEMBER 92

Nine of us travelled the 100 km to Neil Grant's "Glencreag" in a car and van. From the heights above Sutton, the top half of the R&P's seemed to be cloud covered, but once we dropped onto the Strath Taieri plain we found that the cloud had been near us, and the mountains were clear, but with snow patches at the top.

since we planned to walk up to big Hut, along to Leaning Lodge and then down to the road, we took the van to O'Connell's and brought the car back to Grant's.

Ken Mason's route guide was very helpful. Not only did it show us the features to follow, but it also gave us an idea of how we were progressing. The stile over the fence by the cairn, where we had a rest, turned out to be the half time point of the climb, 75 minutes from the car.

We lunched at the stream crossing, where the snow started. Jane was reading Neville Peat's "Falcon and Lark" which is based on that area. She intended to get it autographed by Neville, who spoke at the Club the following Thursday.

It surprised us to be at the hut only 15 minutes from there. It was in good condition, and warm, but the tank top quarter was concertinaed and some guy wires snapped by the heavy winter snows. The hut book's most recent entry was two weeks old, and earlier descriptions told of deep snow. A pair of paradise ducks in the swampy area behind the hut complained of our presence.

At this stage, about 2.15, we discussed whether to continue as planned. This would have seen us home no earlier than 8 pm, so we decided to retrace our path to the car. But as a compromise two fit members went to summit Rock, and three others to the ridge top, to get inland views. These were extensive, and unobstructed by cloud. Jane continued with "Falcon and Lark", others sunbathed on convenient rocks.

The total downhill time was 85 minutes including ten minutes at the stile for afternoon tea. Before the bottom, a couple of us were really feeling the downhill strain, and at the car it was obvious who had been foolish enough not to use a sunblock or wear a wide brimmed hat.

We collected the van from O'Connell's, chatted with them and the Grant's and were back at Young Street by 6.40.

A great day for Jane Cloete, Hugh Dickson, Laurel Dunn, Colleen Lyons, Trevor Pullar, Andrew Shand, Alan Thompson, Simon Underwood and Ian Sime.

MOUNTAIN SAFETY, SEARCH AND RESCUE UPDATE

Hi! The New Zealand Mountain Safety Council operates in town as the Dunedin Mountain Safety Committee. The committee in Dunedin is in reality an extension of the local mountain clubs of which OTMC is one. At the local level we organise training programmes for schools, scouts and organisations wishing to know about safe and enjoyable use of the outdoors.

Mountain Safety provides manuals, training video's and has an instructor system. Almost all of our instructors and assistant instructors belong to clubs. During the last two years the MSC has introduced an outdoor training and scheme which is a basic training programme for members of the public. Other courses include Outdoor First Aid, Mountaineering, abseiling, firearms, teaching methods, risk management and Advanced Bushcraft, and Avalanche Awareness.

INSTRUCTOR SYSTEM

The instructor system has been in existence for nearly 26 years. To become an instructor you need to keep a record of your experiences in the hills and show an interest in leading and instructing. The Dunedin Mountain Safety Committee appraise people before they are accepted as assistant instructors. Before an assistant instructor is granted full instructor status they must show a willingness to instruct on Council programmes, attend a number of training programmes and pass an assessment course conducted by MSC. Training is provided free to approved persons.

If you have the required experience and are enthusiastic about instructing and keeping up to date, then you could become a Bushcraft or Mountain craft Instructor.

Mountain Safety is in the process of bringing in graded courses in Bushcraft. Bushcraft 1 equates to Outdoor Training Scheme level, Bushcraft 11 equates to OTMC Bushcraft course. Bushcraft 111 and 1V are structured to train people to run expeditions in alpine valleys and to cross from one valley to the next, eg, the Matukituki to Arawata.

SEARCH AND RESCUE

Mountain Safety and Search and Rescue are very closely related in some respects. MSC train people so they won't become Search and Rescue casualties while SAR trains people in Search and Rescue techniques. The Search and Rescue organisation was established by FMC in the late 30's. Search and Rescue is a non-professional organisation coordinated by the Police and supported by trained volunteers from various mountain clubs in land Search and Rescue. An equivalent system operates for marine rescue and in some cases both arms of Search and Rescue combine to facilitate a rescue or a search.

TRAINING

The local SAR committee hold field exercises or SAREX's to train people in search control, team leading, searching techniques and radio use. OTMC provides

an advisor, field controllers, team leaders and search team members.

ALPINE AND CLIFF RESCUE TEAMS

In Dunedin we have an Alpine and Cliff Rescue Team which can be deployed locally or in the Alps to assist in Searches.

DOGS

There is a move to have trained dogs involved in Search and Rescue. This is a new departure so we could be competing against dog power - just joking!

NEW TRAINING MANUAL

Next month a new Search and Rescue Training Manual will be launched. The manual will be loose-leafed to make it easy to update. It should be compulsory reading for all those involved in the hills.

Mountain Safety and Search and Rescue are two organisations that exist to heighten our enjoyment of the outdoors and should not be seen as separate from club life but fully integrated into it. The OTMC has an excellent record of involvement in both so please keep up the good work.

TREVOR PULLAR
OTMC LIFE MEMBER
SAR ADVISER AND CHAIRMAN, DMSC

BUSHCRAFT 1993

AN UPDATE ON BUSHCRAFT 1993

Pre course planning for the Club's annual Bushcraft course is now well and truly underway, with more headway being made this year than at the same time in previous years. By the time you read this the course fee will be approved by the Committee, allowing us to start the advertising process. It is planned to distribute posters (which are on hand) shortly, as well as having another strike in the new year, ready for a start date of the course on the 9th February. A caterer has been obtained to cook at Tirohanga, as well as a Barndance caller. These last two are important as they have always seemed to be the hardest to find. What we do need are some keen members to start volunteering for some instructing, leading and organising the likes of advertising, first and last nights etc. The course format will be exactly the same as previous years, with the main instruction taking place at Tirohanga camp. For this course to be a success, we need your help, not only in assisting with the running of the course, but also in spreading the word around that the course will be happening early next year.

Any enquiries to Antony Pettinger, Course Director - Ph. 4737924.

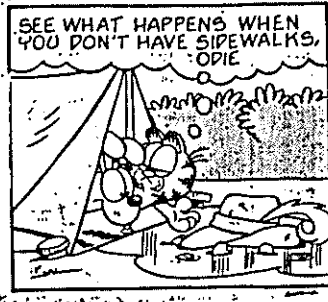
SNOWCRAFT COURSE

(alias - some call it bumsliding but it's actually glissading)

6 am Sat morning we arrived awake alert and ready for action (honest), after a relatively uneventful trip up, some making it in a van nearly all the way to the ski hut, (without the other van realising), we relaxed with a cup of coffee while the van caught us up.

The chairman of the Awakino Ski field was there to welcome us, the water was boiling and coffee etc waiting for us, it was very welcome after the some 10 minutes trudge up the hill. The rest of the crew arrived, they had walked from the carpark 40 mins down the hill, and it was off up to the tow hut to begin the lessons. The hut was nothing short of bloody luxury, with power, a range, beds, armchairs, radio, TV and a phone. No one used the radio or TV after all this was tramping. A quick lunch and it was off up the hill to learn the finer points of self arrest. The snow conditions were far from perfect but much confidence was gained under the watchful eyes of Arthur, Mark and Antony. Arthur was heard to comment that Teresa was a snow plough (or was it cow) could this be the latest term of endearment? Dennis and Fi were pelted with snowballs and faceplanted many times much to the amusement of all, it was good to have people like that on the trip otherwise we would have started picking on those who didn't deserve it. After a walk around the ridge learning functional funny walks in snow it was a bumslide down to the valley and back to the hut for tea. It never ceases to amaze me how 16 people can organise to cook and eat tea in such a confined space without treading on each other. Everyone settled fairly early only to be woken by the phone twice during the night. Next day it was a walk in the snow around the ridges practicing self arrest and the functional funny walks, another mammoth bumslide down to the valley, lunch in the sun and back to the hut. Once back at the hut everyone except Debbie, Antony Fiona and myself took off parkas and overtrousers, (if you noticed us giggling away sneaking off in the opposite direction from the others wouldn't you get just a little curious and follow to see what we were up to?) No one did, so as the rest headed off on foot down the road we headed to the top of a valley that Antony had noticed came out right at the ski hut below. So it was a synchronized bumslide all the way down, (if you get 4 people lined up you can get up a bit of speed), we got down to the hut in no time at all, so concluded the private lesson. Overtrousers etc came off and we walked down to the van, an icecream in Kurow and back to Dunedin. Thank you Arthur, Mark and Antony for a great instructional weekend.

Elsbeth Gold (because Debbie told me to) for Fi, Trev and Kath.



THE 1971 SILVERPEAKS EXPEDITION
or I'VE BEEN TO FIDDLERS GULLY
(REPRINTED FROM OUTDOORS 1970-71)

It was rumoured that the Silver Peaks continued beyond Lamb Hill - that monster mound on which Homestead Hut is found - so one May of a Sunday saw three people - Julia Davies, Dick Pettinger and Ross Davies (me) - struggling up the aforementioned hill with huge packs and in a strong southerly wind. Once on top we found a ridge which took us down to Three O'clock Creek where we found what we think was Orbells Cave. The cave is big, the floor slopes and it stinks. We slept in a tent.

The next day the wind still blew but we made a trip to Fiddlers Gully which is a side gully of Three O'clock Creek. On our way to the derelict stone hut in Fiddlers Gully we passed a tree. You may think 'Big Deal', however, it was the only tree we saw in three days. Besides the acute shortage in trees, another feature of the area is the open tussock flats in the valleys, some 100 yards across.

The following morning was misty and windy, so it was declared a sack morning and it wasn't until nearly two o'clock that we left for Bendoran. That night was spent in the woolshed there with a 'possum and two kittens for company. By eleven o'clock next day we were on our way - a strong southerly we did brave. Lunch was had at A.B.C Cave, a pause at the Gap for bowling rocks, then on to Yellow Hut where we took off our socks. You know, after five days in the same pair of socks...

Breakfast was early the next morning and then to aid digestion, we went back to the sack for five hours. Finally we dragged ourselves into the wind bound for Possum Hut which we reached via Rongamai Ridge just as darkness fell.

The weather cleared that night but by next morning it had clouded over and was - surprise, surprise, blowing from the south. All day from the Waikouaiti Valley, from Swampy, from Flagstaff we could hear a roar in the direction of town. Sure enough, it finally turned out to be little old Dunedin. We had, during the week, grown unaccustomed to the constant noise from the City and it seemed strangely loud.

That night we camped at the top of Flagstaff and had a mighty view of Dunedin, the lights and all that. It wasn't until next evening that we finally left the top for home. It had been an enjoyable and interesting week.

So we turned our backs on the sun setting over the Rock and Pillars and headed down to the city, the bright lights, the noise, the concrete jungle and the Wakari Fish and Chip shop.

(How about visiting the Silverpeaks over the Christmas break yourself?)

AHURIRI-DINGLE BURN TRIP REPORT

We arrived at Base Hut after negotiating the farmers house, and the fords in the dark. Well done to the drivers - Elspeth and Rhonda. The night was starry bright and hence our team decided "the night was but a pup" and star gazed. Looking for satelllites (only one was observed) and pointing out our star consellations to the boys (Kim is from Korea and Richard from Germany).

We had a reasonably early start in the morning with croissant and jam to fuel our way up and over into the Dingle Burn. A wee bit of snow was on the saddle for a friendly snow fight or face plant. We bush bashed our way down to the valley floor and had lunch at the Top Dingle Hut. We then had a casual stroll down the Dingle Burn valley in search of what we were mis-informed to be the "Speights Hut" (on one of the many posters).

On the way we observed a Paradise Duck with a broken wing. Some of us immediately thought "duck or dinner" while the more astute thought it was probably a ploy to keep us away from her ducklings and sure enough we found the ducklings (and very nice they were too!!!). On a feet cooling episode in the river, two brown trout were disturbed but unfortunately we were too slow to repond.

The "Speights hut" turned out to be a disappointing Muster's hut with a substantial rubbish dump beside it. We decided to camp down by the river. Justin's group (Kay, Ulla and David) found a lovely wee campsite. We made a wee fire that our group cooked over and then it provided the hypnotic attraction that fires normally hold for most people. An early start again in the morning - a slow wind up to achieve the ridge that would take us up and over. However, the ridge had eroded badly to prove potentially treacherous. So it was decided to head back down and back the way we had come.

I heard someone say "WE DID THIS FOR KICKS? WITH PACKS ON!!" So it was supposedly a quick trip back along the valley and then up and over into the Ahuriri. We had too, however, take time out and rehydrate a person. Many thanks to Ulla and David who had rehydration salts with them. The results were very impressive. I will definitely be carrying them in the future. Consequently we were a bit late out. But on the whole it was a marvellous trip.

Many thanks to Kim, Richard and Elspeth for a memorable trip. Fiona

ROCK AND PILLARS - 22 NOVEMBER

Nine of us ventured out with our leader Ian Sime to climb to Big Hut in the Rock and Pillars. Ian provided glorious weather and was a hive of information. Ken Mason had drawn up an easy to follow map of how to reach the top. With a fresh coating snow earlier in the week the Rock and Pillars looked even more inviting. It was a bit of a slog up the hill. We stopped for lunch by a snow fed stream not too far from the top. The cushion plants and rock formations are really worth the trip to see plus the terrific uninterrupted views with the Maungatuas and Saddle Hills wee dots on the skyline. Big Hut was in good repair thanks to Tramping Club members. Not too many visit so you'd always be sure of a bed and it's a good spot as a base for exploring the rest of the range. The heavy snow had snapped some of the cables and flattened the water tank a bit when it had slid off the roof.

Thanks Ian for a good trip.

Laurel Dunn for the rest of the group.

NORTH WEST NELSON NATIONAL PARK PROPOSAL

You may recall a couple of Bulletins ago about the proposal by the Department of Conservation of creating a new National Park in North West Nelson. Well since then, the Club's Outdoor Recreation Group has sent a submission supporting the idea. Recently, DoC has released a report on the submissions received. Overall 80% of submissions supported the proposal. 1038 submissions were received, with the largest opposition coming from the commercial area's surrounding the Park, due to obvious economic implications. Generally, more people away from the district support the proposal, with 98% of Christchurch submissions supporting it. This Club was very much in favour of creating a Park. The area under investigation contains more than 500,000 hectares, stretches from Farewell Spit south to the Little Wanganui, Matiri and Mt. Owen area's, and includes many important natural features.

Although ORG wrote a submission on your behalf, you can have your say on this or any other Outdoor Recreation matter by coming to monthly ORG meetings, or by writing to this Bulletin. For us to write on your behalf, we need your input.

(Thanks to Ross Cocker for supplying the figures on the submissions)

DOOR AND SUPPER CHARGES ON THURSDAYS

The Committee would like to remind all members of the 50 cent door charge for all Thursday evening meetings. As this money is used to pay for supper, and offset Clubroom expenses, it is in all members interests to pay, otherwise these expenses will come from the subscription take, resulting in higher subs.

SOCIAL PROGRAMME

DECEMBER 10

PRE CHRISTMAS BARBECUE/BYO

Start the wind down to Christmas early, bring some barby food and what ever you like to drink and relax. Have a chat in good company.

DECEMBER 17

LAST CLUB NIGHT FOR 1992

Get yourselves into the holiday mood, bring some drinks and perhaps a plate to kick off the festive season.

1993 BEGINS ON 21 JANUARY FOR OTMC

JANUARY 21

FIRST CLUB NIGHT FOR 1993

Come along and have a chin wag, catch up on what others have been doing in their holidays and catch up on the gossip. No speaker for this night, an informal night to start things rolling again.

JANUARY 28

TO BE ARRANGED

FEBRUARY 4

TO BE ARRANGED

FEBRUARY 11

RICHARD & TRACY PETTINGER - ASIAN INSANITYS

An interesting look at Asia and some of the wonderful sights and places. Richard and Tracy have some good slides and promise a good night.

OTMC 1993 MARATHON

FEBRUARY 6 1993

Yes, it is time to start your preparation for the next Club Marathon. This year we are considering running two different courses: one will be the traditional 60 Km route, involving over 3000m of rise and fall, and the other one will be a sort of half marathon, following the main route to Powder Hill, and then shooting along Long Ridge to Pulpit Rock and back out over Swampy, for example. The Committee insist that the 'official' rules be followed, the main ones being that all participants wear tramping boots (unless you can provide a doctor's certificate excluding you from this), and carry enough food and clothing to stay out for the night, (the night after you start in other words.) Further details including route description will be available at Club (including trip list) or by ringing Antony Pettinger on 4737924.