

# OTMC Bulletin

Bulletin Number 646, November 2004

**Newsletter of the Otago Tramping  
and Mountaineering Club (Inc.)  
P.O. Box 1120, Dunedin.**

**The OTMC meets socially at 3 Young Street  
every Thursday - doors open at 7.30pm,  
programme begins at 8.00pm.**

## **4 November**

Gary and Heather and the OTMC quiz - bring friends and family too and have some fun!

## **11 November**

John Leader is one of the scientists who use our Leaning Lodge - what do they do up there?

## **18 November**

Wolfgang's Delicious Dried Foods - instructions on how to make your own dehydrated food, with yummy tastings included!

## **25 November**

B.Y.O. - photos, slides, images from Matukituki, Macetown,, Rock & Pillars, Maitland, daytrips, and even private trips.

## **2 December**

Walk to the Albatross Colony with Wolfgang. Leaving the clubrooms at 7 pm. Friends and family welcome, warm jacket advised.

Any ideas, and contact names in particular, are welcome for the Thursday evening activities. Please contact Fiona Webster (Social Convenor) if you can help - see the Committee member list.

**Visit us on the Internet at:  
[www.otmc.co.nz](http://www.otmc.co.nz)**

# PRESIDENT'S PIECE

**T**he year is quickly drawing to a close; it's hard to believe that this is the November Bulletin already. The new committee has settled in and the club is running very well. One of the issues continuing to be discussed by the Committee is the future of Leaning Lodge on the Rock and Pillar Range. We have received a further letter from DoC seeking our intentions for Leaning Lodge in particular. The department's view seems to differ markedly from those who are keen to save the hut. The OTMC has contacted a large number of groups who may have an interest in retaining the hut. We feel we will be in a better position to respond to DoC after we have received and collated the replies on this hut. It appears to me that we now need a qualified opinion on whether the hut is as bad as DoC are saying, or whether it can be brought up to standard without too much burden on the OTMC. Our first weekend trip in November is headed to this very hut, so for those who haven't visited the area it will be an excellent opportunity to see exactly what we are talking about.

At our October Committee meeting we discussed the current email list – in short there will now be one OTMC email list instead of the previous two. Everyone who was on the former list are still on the current list. If you aren't on the list and want to be, send an email to: [otmc@otmc.co.nz](mailto:otmc@otmc.co.nz) and I will forward it to Paul Bennington. Currently we use the list for announcements such as the social programme, some trips, and general discussion.

The video projector we purchased earlier this year is working out really well and has proved a great asset. We can now play videos through the projector, making them easier to watch. Also, you can connect your digital camera directly to the projector for those BYO nights – everything looks even better on the big screen!

Regards  
Antony Pettinger

# Trip Reports

KIWIBURN

14 August

We decided to meet at Tony's place. Rob turned up late having been keen to leave early. Still it didn't matter as we scrolled through a heap of maps all over the South Island for a destination which was avalanche free yet with off track exploring opportunities and scenic. In the end we decided for somewhere south of Gore and to settle on a more exact destination as we drove, or we wouldn't get anywhere. Bruce as usual packed everything into the boot of Rob's car rather than into his pack.

We let Bruce look after tea for the entire trip and he had the pizza place in Alex programmed into the cell phone to make orders if we went that way, or the new Thai place in Gore. Thai it was. Bruce was consistent with forgetting something. This time it was his wallet, at least he didn't forget his boots like last time. We enjoyed some nice hot (in both ways) Thai food. They only bought out one bowl of rice, but

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said we could have as many top ups as we wanted, fools. They shut down as we left because they had run out of rice. Rob joined in with the Gore hoons as we did loops around the roundabout. He relived the days when they used to cram up the roundabouts with a group of cars doing circuits and not letting any traffic in

We had a debate which turn off to take to Mavora Lakes. After a look at the map Rob used technical engineer triangle talk about sign and cosign and decided on driving one side of the triangle of roads rather than both. The fresh air outside the car was appreciated more than usual, thanks .... sorry, no names as I'm sworn to secrecy. Basically they didn't understand the allocation of wind we allowed per person per weekend. Must be those vege sausages, who makes sausages out of vegetables anyway! We arrived at the swing bridge over the Mavora River and decided to walk into the Kiwi Burn hut rather than set up tents.

We left some time after 11pm on a nice night. I found snow on the other side of the bridge and got Tony's help to chuck snow balls toward the two lights (Rob and Bruce) stalled half way across the bridge. A yell counted as a score, first one to five won. It was strange in the open beach forest in unknown terrain. We struggled to follow the muddy track, initially ending in a cliff over the river - that can't be right?!! Rob and I were ahead a little so we decided to stop by a fallen tree blocking the track and hide to give Bruce and Tony a fright. Boy, was it dark when our torches went off - there was no way they would see us in this thicket of young trees. Unfortunately we were foiled by my new vest with tiny reflective strips which stood out seemingly like a beacon. Bruce and Tony laughed at our unknowingly pathetic effort to hide and give them a fright, still I blew my whistle and Rob yelled anyway.

The Kiwi Burn was high and we had to cross. Rob threw his pack from the top of an eroded riverbank onto a gravel island and followed with a jump making it without wet feet, impressive. We moped around in the dark to find a under calf deep crossing, planning on momentum and gaiters to keep dry feet. I went in first nearly running, but the water suddenly went over knee deep and wet boots it was. Bruce and Tony tried the same, with water splashing to head high highlighted by their torch in the darkness and cries of anguish. We reached the 12-bunk hut at 1am and took two bunks in each 6 bay sleeping area, spreading our gear out with glee.

We awoke to rain and some fresh snow below the bush line. The valley looked great with lots of red tussock. Getting to the top of Snowden peak was out. Despite this we were all keen to still try to get in some adventurous off-track tramping so we carried ice axes. Within 300m we were in water and bog and that was the one constant for the day. Oddly the ground had frozen and water had pooled on top not being able to drain away. One step would be soft in bog and the next arrested by solid ice so we walked up the valley like drunks. What a pleasure! At the head of the Kiwi Burn we saw a kaka screeching parrot talk at us, then went down the other side toward an opening marked on the map for lunch in the persistent rain. Tony brought his cooker and billy to make up a brew of tea, great idea. We later found out as we drunk our nice hot tea that Tony had got the water from the stream Rob peed by!! It was so wet my mug of tea filled up quicker than I could drink it. After lunch Rob and Tony headed back, while Bruce and I decided to go further down to the Whitestone River

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and up valley toward where I had planned to camp.

It was a really nice walk in the lovely bush-fringed red tussock valley. Bruce lost (how unusual, not like Bruce at all!) his wire gaiter strap. We looked all around our lunch spot and decided it was lost, but two steps upon leaving I found it! On the way back the rain got even heavier, thundered more, the mud deeper, the undergrowth wetter along with us. It was quite cold and miserable as the valley continued, but a positive attitude and a hut made it almost pleasant in the end. If only the forecast snow would come we would be drier and warmer than this near freezing rain. Nearing dark the hut was spotted with smoke out of the chimney - our master plan had worked, they had the hut heated up for our arrival. But Rob and Tony were smiling a little too much, something is wrong. My eyes led to a pile of chairs and broom braces by the door. They had shut us out!! After a long 10 minutes of barter we got in. They had spent the last two hours in the lounge chairs by the fire sniggering to each other like school brats about what they had set up for our arrival.

Bruce got to use his new cooker and had perfected lighting it even if he said so himself. We allocated time for each course - noodle soup, Thai chili chicken, more hot drinks. Rob made an improvised oven with a shovel and frying pan from the hut to bake his apricot pie on top of the potbelly stove. We had a great night and hardly stopped laughing to eat. I mentioned I was good at making omelettes, unbelievably Tony came across 4 eggs in the hut!! They were 2 weeks past expiry date but didn't float in the water test so didn't seem to be off. Damn. I tried to get out of it as I would need a flat pan and oil, but both of these items were found in the hut!! Fortunately Rob was too full from the Thai meal in Gore not to mention all we ate during Saturday. We had two cookers going off and on plus heating water on the potbelly stove, if it could burn we burnt it and the hut became a sauna. Everything had something hanging on it to dry, it was a Chinese laundry as they say. Bruce had left his camera in an unzipped jacket pocket and it was dripping wet, when he tried to take photos it made a loud popping noise.

We awoke to 10cm of fresh powder snow outside and still snowing. With no time or appropriate weather to get to the ridge tops for adventure and views and only a 2 hour walk out we went back to sleep. At 9am I heard a yell from the bunkroom on the other side of the hut. "Paul! Where is my omelette, kitchen b#\*~^~h!" It was Rob demanding his breakfast. That got us all roaring with laughter. I went in and started to pull him defenseless in his sleeping bag off the top bunk, but took pity on him as he started to cry (not). In the end we ate what we carried in to make our packs lighter and I got out of making the omelette. The sky turned blue and the sun came out. We spent a few hours cleaning the hut floor; mopping out the water and putting back three fold the amount of wood there was. Once packed I decided to instigate a snow fight. It all turned around on me and I ended up stuck on the balcony of the hut dodging snowballs from everyone at once. The whole frontage of the hut looked like a war zone, I and it had taken a pounding.

The snow was beautiful, especially in the sun, and everything except areas of water had delicate powdery snow on it, awesome. The trees had icicles hanging off them too. There was impressive rapids and rocks under the swing bridge which we hadn't

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seen on Friday night tramping in. We changed at the car (2pm) into clean clothes as another outbreak of snow started. We got out through some small snowdrifts and decided to go on a detour to Te Anau for more food and some beer. Tony and Rob grabbed a 2-person leather couch by a fire, again beating Bruce and I to it, we had to settle for chairs. Outside the snow set in from across the lake and it looked pretty and bleak as the snow settled. We didn't want to go home and sat in a trance watching the fire or the snow falling, each as memorizing as the other. About 4pm we left. Unfortunately Rob got caught speeding just over the limit by an oncoming police car. There was snow in smaller amounts all the way by the roadside home and I noticed a sheen on the roadside so warned Rob of ice. The stars behind us were gone as a band of snow moved. I watched a satellite and a weak aurora, which with the snow was quite a night. We reached Tony's place at 7:30pm and found our cars frozen solid. I drove carefully home and was in bed by 10pm.

We awoke to 10cm of snow to sea-level on Monday at home. A few days later in the paper it was suggested a monorail be built up the Kiwi Burn! What is wrong with these people - they should be putting in wind farms as well all over the Southern Alps and cell phone towers so we have coverage everywhere just in case an unwary visitor trips over a pebble and has a nasty accident.

## WILLS VALLEY 11 SEPTEMBER

My New Years resolution to undertake one tramp per month this year seems to have been overtaken by other events and in fact I admit that I haven't been tramping since the club's Rees Valley trip some months back. So last month I decided to shake of my lethargy and get tramping again. The Wills Valley trip caught my eye as I haven't been there before and this was an opportunity to explore another part of Godzown.

The trip date caught up with me fairly quickly and with about three days to go I started checking the weather forecasts. RAIN, RAIN and more RAIN. By Friday the forecast was still RAIN, RAIN, RAIN and I was showing the first signs of a cold. With my wife Shona already suffering from a bad bout of the dreaded "Flu" I was starting to get a bit nervous.

Friday evening rolled around and I was still a bit "stuffed up" but really looking forward to going bush for the weekend. The usual start at the clubrooms and we set of in one van and two cars. Fine weather all the way, UNTIL we reached Hawea, when the first rain drops started to splatter against the car windscreen. Discretion being the better part of valor we decided to spend the Friday night in cabins at the Makarora camping ground. A good thing too as it rained cats and dogs for most of the night.

Unfortunately I wasn't the only one with a touch of the "flu". Terry D woke up the next morning in quite a bad way and decided to spend the day in bed in recovery mode so we started Saturday with one short. We reached the Gates of Haast shortly



after 9-30 and stepped out of the car in a light but steady rain. With raincoats and packs donned we set off as one group. This can be particularly annoying if you are at the back, as you tend to get a stop / start effect. However the groups soon split up into parties and we were on our way.

Apparently the initial part of the track was formed for horse and cart transport to carry goods from Haast to Central Otago and there are short stretches at the beginning where this is quite evident by the width of the track. However you would not get a horse and cart into the Wills Valley today and I can see why DOC had erected a WARNING - TRACK DAMAGE sign at the road entrance. The track soon turns to a marked route and is straightforward to follow.

However the terrain is difficult with slips, tree falls, mud and slippery rocks making it a trampers paradise. Care does need to be taken, as there are spots where a slip could be tragic. At the edge of one of the slips DOC have installed a ladder in order to scale a small rock face. While not natural, it is an interesting feature and everyone seemed to think a photo was appropriate. With the continued concentration of having to carefully place ones feet, the 4-5 hours taken to negotiate the initial gorge section, time slips (excuse the pun) by quickly.

Once through the gorge one emerges from the bush into the wide-open spaces of the Wills Valley. Being protected by the gorge one could imagine finding a surviving species of Moa or a lost tribe. But not this trip, although there was plenty of sign of deer about. However mans hand is soon evident in the form of an airstrip (marked on the map) and a comfortable 4-bunk hut (with potbelly stove).

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Crossing the Wills River was a concern but even after a night or two's rain we managed to find a spot where it was safe to cross. Although reasonably swift it was never deeper than just over my knees. Anyway it was a good chance to practice our river crossing skills. Once across we located a spot on a terrace just below the bush-line to erect our tent flies. This was preferable to sharing the small hut with seven others. By this time I wasn't feeling the best so thought it wisest to dry off and climb into my Bivvy Bag while the remainder of my group wandered on up the valley to visit the hut dwellers. A couple of panadol and 20 minutes kip did wonders and I was feeling much better once the others returned. We cooked in the fly, and after a cup of hot soup and a good nosh, I had a smile back on my dial once more.

On Sunday morning Gary Moss and I went back up to the hut for a look-see but found it had been vacated. We had missed the other parties who had headed back down stream on the flats. We carried on a little further up to a small bluff and encountered the three occupants of the two tents left standing near the hut. They had been out for a morning constitutional. Back to our campsite to collect our packs and then a repeat of Saturday, only going the opposite way. Two jets whooshed overhead and we thought either Terry is out looking for us or the Aussies have invaded. Perhaps we still have an air force?

Although we didn't get the sunny weather, the rain was reasonably light with intermittent breaks and nothing to really worry about. Despite the weather (and the "flu") it was a great weekend and the tramping was superb with all seeming to enjoy the experience.

Greg Powell for Anthony Pettinger, Pete Stevenson, Barry Atkinson and Ann Burton



# ROUTE BURN 28 AUGUST

Once upon a time, three **Jolly Intrepid Trampers** named **Jill**, **Ian** and **Tony** (get it?) went on a **Journey** (of) **Incredible Tenacity** (still get it?). They were fortunate enough to be able to leave Dunedin at 2.30pm on the Friday afternoon, in the middle of a hailstorm, with headlights full on and crawling along a southern motorway that was covered several centimetres deep in hailstones. Having faith in the weekend weather forecast, which was fine for inland Otago, our trio headed westward, skirting ominous black clouds to Alexandra, which then gave way to clear blue skies all the way to Queenstown.

By some miracle we (I will now write in the first person in an attempt to make this story more “personal”) found a parking space right outside a café and after an excellent repast, we drove into the quickly gathering dusk towards the head of Wakatipu. The lake was still, and it was not long before an almost full moon was perfectly reflected in its waters. A great weekend beckoned.

The deserted streets of Glenorchy were pulsating as, good little **JITs** that we are, we signed the Intentions Form at the DoC centre. Our road illuminated by the moon, we arrived at the start of the track by 8.30pm. But what was this? The track sign said, “Flats Hut – 3 hours.” How could this be? A source of impeccable reputation (Ian Sime, no less) had told us that it would take us only 1 1/2 to 2 hours to reach this hut! So, trusting Ian more than we trusted DoC, and feeling **Jaunty**, **Invincible** (and) **Tough** (not again!), we donned our headlamps and packs and headed along the track, lit in turn by the moonlight and our beams. For the **IT** duo of our trio, night tramping was a new experience and was fully enjoyed, especially when our lamps picked out the glinting icicles dangling at the side of the track.

Ian Sime was correct (did we ever doubt him?) and we arrived at an empty and cold Flats Hut in 1 3/4 hours. After a warm cuppa, we snuggled into sleeping bags and dreamt of clear blue skies and lots of snow.

Next morning at 9.30, as we headed up towards Falls Hut, there were some clouds but they were parting – it was looking good. Little did we know that our problems would come not from above, but at our feet! Think of “the Routeburn” – one of the “Great Walks”- a two lane highway. And here we were on a steep, uphill section and faced with a track of solid ice! At first we felt a little **JIT**tery. However, it was not for nothing that the **IT** duo had done the Snowcraft course two weeks’ earlier, and we soon negotiated this

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and similar obstacles.

We reached the Falls Hut after an hour, and after a quick look around at the comparative luxury, we headed above the falls and into the real snow. We saw that a group from Falls Hut must be ahead of us, and as the snow was relatively soft in parts, we were able to avoid those holes where they had sunk up to their thighs. Some of the holes were so deep that we felt obliged to check that nobody was stuck at the bottom of them. (It doesn't always pay to be first!) Sometimes snow poles were visible to mark the track, only the top couple of centimetres in some cases, sometimes they were not and we had to pick our own route with true **JIT** determination, across the vastness of the snowy wastes.

Just as we were nearing Lake Harris, we saw four figures approaching. One had a large icicle impaled in the top of his head. As they greeted us we realised by their accents that they were British and that this would explain the stiff-upper-lip demeanour of the one with the icicle in his head. They said that they had been to the Harris Saddle, and that there were no problems getting there. However, the one imitating a unicorn warned us of falling icicles under the bluff by Lake Harris.

They continued their return to Falls Hut and we dropped down to a frozen Lake Harris, where, after some vigorous testing by **I**, we decided it was safe to walk on. We were puzzled why we could not see any of the preceding Brits' footprints on the lake. Then we looked to the near side and saw by their tracks that they had done tar and chamois proud in negotiating the steep bluffs some of which were covered in large hanging icicles. It seemed as though they had gone to dangerous lengths to avoid putting even a toe on the lake, which had us wondering if we were doing the right thing – until a large icicle came crashing down. No, we didn't want to join the unicorn club!

Just past the bluff we climbed a steep, wide, snow-filled gully which gave out to the broad Harris Saddle. By veering to the right we soon came upon the twin shelters which were almost completely covered in snow. The view was magnificent, with the Hollyford Valley below us, the Darrans directly opposite, dominated by Mount Gifford. The sky was blue, the snow was white, and, despite the cold wind, we were a **J**oyful, **I**ndomitable, **T**rio. (No, I haven't finished yet!)

After a quick snack washed down by hot tea, we dropped down back into the warmth of the Harris Basin and began to retrace our tracks to Falls Hut. Just above the falls we met various other OTMC members who were pottering around in the snow. We tried not to sound too smug and superior when we answered the "How far did you get?" question. We had a late full lunch at Falls Hut (which appeared to be filling rapidly) before heading back to Flats

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Hut. We were glad to see that the icy patches, which could have caused problems in descent, had melted, making our return much easier.

We arrived back at the hut at 4.30, having been out seven hours almost to the minute, feeling **J**ubilant, **I**ndefatigable (and) **T**riumphphant! (No more!)

Tony Timperley for the **JITs** team: **J**ill McAlicie, **I**an Timperley, **T**ony Timperley.

P.S. The guy with the icicle in his head? Nah – just a figment of our imagination. The rest of the report is true though (mostly).



Υ Ν Ε Ξ Π Λ Ο Ρ Ε Δ  
Σ Ι Λ ς Ε Ρ Π Ε Α Κ Σ

### “Ten ten oh four: The Silverpeaks to explore”

I couldn't believe it. I was ready for a trip, sure, - I needed the exercise, but it was raining. 8.30 AM: I had chucked together some gear, but went to the clubrooms thinking no way would anyone show up. Or if anyone did, it'd be all over by 10 AM when some fool and I would drag ourselves out of the sodden bush and go home. I wished I'd bothered to put some lunch together, when, on arriving at the clubrooms, there were ten expect-

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tant trampers - all keen as mustard and laughing at the rain like a bunch of deranged masochists. I tried to say “this is NOT ‘Silverpeaks for Masochists’. That is SO 90s. This is a different thing, a new theme, ‘unexplored Silverpeaks’ where we might follow tracks none of us had been on before. With some kind of gentlemanliness, that is, no sodden discomfort.” But they laughed at *me*, instead.

So, we set to and found somewhere that fit the bill. On the previous Thursday night, our esteemed honorary solicitor Antony Hamel had told us about the “Peppertree Track”, which he’d found and followed. So, since he wasn’t there, we took off towards it before he could turn up and force us to find somewhere else to go. There was, as it happens, a distinct feeling that we shouldn’t venture *too far* from cars and home...

Peppertrees were *everywhere* alongside the upper Pineapple. But the Peppertree *Track*? This not famous track apparently goes down into Nichols Creek catchment off the Pineapple, near the steep bit. It goes in a big sweeping contour, from a very obscure start point. We couldn’t find it. Kathryn and I did a search up the scrub edge from where Antony said we should start looking, to where he said we could stop. Phil went further on up. But, although we were entirely in the scrub for about 60 metres, we found no markers, just some animal tracks and (admittedly) easy going. Which we ignored because Ross had found a good track on the spur where any self-respecting track would be. So we followed him. At ten on the tenth of the tenth. It was a lovely track, but although there were untold peppertrees, it was called, as it turned out, the Nichols Creek loop. However, none of us had been on it before, so it was kosher for this trip. It’s a nice track with gooseberry bushes, campable clearings and nice creeks. You could overnight on one of these clearings and still be at work on time. You could live the life of a part-time hermit!

At a signposted junction, we went down the Moon Track. We weren’t the first! Someone had been there before us, and built a fence. We went to check out one of the Nichols Creek waterfalls, before climbing back out to enjoy lunch, with Ross’s MSR providing a cuppa, under some Moon Track macrocarpas. This was near where we saw Mr and Mrs Shrek disappear into the bush to continue growing their several seasons of fleece and long sheeptails (Actually, I was astounded to see flocks of sheep wandering in the water reserve. Bad enough all these trampers, wandering in flagellant, flatulent –sorry, Phil-, floundering flocks...) And we were delighted to see the pile of huge boulders that would work well in a

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Lord of the Rings type movie.

Upwards and onwards on the Moon Track, we topped out on the Swampy Ridge track. Then, because it wasn't raining at the time, we had a vote about going straight home, or going down into the Silverstream catchment. Voting was actually a big topic of discussion as it happens, as the city that day, 10/10/04, was still waiting for the results of the mayoral and other elections. Ross was a candidate, for the Chalmers Community Board, and he was checking his cellphone all day for text messages from Gaye. Still no results, so on we went, down to the Possum Hunter's track. Kathy led the way, an old hand, but the rest of us were exploring. A shower passed by, but it lasted about 70 seconds. We didn't see Lake Whare, despite a detour and sending Phil off as a scout. Basically, we kept taking left turns, confident that we'd hit the Jim Freeman Track. I was upset by the amount of elderberry trees and Darwin's Barberry, not to mention the Himalayan honeysuckle, on the Possum Hunter's track. But, once we hit Freeman's track, we saw no more barberry (strange that?). Just the rhododendrons in spectacular flower (white, almost scented ones) and a few honeysuckle by the Douglas seat, which Ross and I began to pull out...

Then off up to the shelter, a sit on Linda M's seat, and then it was onto the main ridge, over a bit of the Walkway, followed by branching off down the Davies track, where Ross and Michael had some ancestral connection moments. Back at the cars we realised we'd been on the go for eight hours (not counting our short lunch stop) and we hadn't been slacking around either. Phil thought it significant that, out of the ten of us, half were 18 years or under. Bloody keen types, not one of us wishing we'd stayed in bed.

It was a neat trip (as always), with only two of the forecast "showers". Thanks, Mr Hamel, for being absent and letting us do this particular exploration!!! This trip was lawyer-free except for a few sections of the bush variety.

Thanks for coming, everyone: Phil, Megan and James Somerville, Ross and Michael Davies, Kathryn Jeyes, Joe Donnelly, Brad Abarneth, Frances Gallagher and **Richard Pettinger**.

# Triplist

## CHIEF GUIDE COMMENT

### **LEANING LODGE (ROCK AND PILLARS (ALL))**

**6-7 NOVEMBER**

**FIONA WEBSTER 487 8176**

As Leaning Lodge received much support at the special meeting regarding the future of OTMC huts, we have decided to run a weekend trip to the area. If you have never been to the area, here is a good opportunity to visit the hut as well as explore further along the Rock and Pillar range. It is hoped that a preliminary inspection of the hut structure can be made so we can move forward in line with the OTMC's decision regarding the future of Leaning Lodge.

### **MAITLAND/FREEHOLD CREEK AREA (ALL)**

**20-21 NOVEMBER**

**PETER STEVENSON 454-4118**

The destination for this for this trip is Dumb-bell Lake, located on the western side of the Ohau Range. This is a great area for weekend trips but for some reason the OTMC hasn't been here much over the years. There is a bit of climbing involved to get to the best bits, but the views are well worth the effort. Once in the sub-alpine basins there are numerous tarns, campsites and rock outcrops (and speargrass!)

One way to access the lake is to climb up either Sawyers or Freehold Creek, over the top of the Ohau Range, and along to the lake. Travel along the tops here is relatively easy going, with little/no bush and good views.

It is possible to make a round trip for the journey home, either by the creek not visited on Saturday, or perhaps further north via the ski area. There is an option for fit parties to complete a through trip via the Maitland Valley.

The trip into and out of Dumb-bell Lake via Freehold and Sawyers Creeks is moderate grade and will make a great early summer tramp.

Trip closes 11 November

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**MOERAKI CHRISTMAS CAMP  
(SOCIAL WEEKEND)  
11-12 DECEMBER  
ANTONY PETTINGER 473-7924**

This trip is being run informally, much like the previous trips to Naseby in 2001/02. We are staying at the motor camp, and you are welcome to come along anytime it suits you. There are lots of walks around Moeraki, or you can just laze around on the beach or at the camp.

As Moeraki is relatively close to Dunedin it makes sense to leave Saturday morning, but you could leave on Friday night if you wanted to. Saturday night will be a BBQ/Social night at the camp.

Bring the family and enjoy a pre-Christmas wind down with the OTMC. There is a list up in the clubrooms to gauge interest.

Regards,  
Antony Pettinger

**Committee Members 2004-2005**

President	Antony Pettinger	473 7924
Vice President	Greg Powell	454 4828
Secretary	Jenni Wright	454 5061
Treasurer	Ann Burton	476 2360
Imm. Past Pres	Terry Casey	454 4592
Chief Guide/Transport	Antony Pettinger	473 7924
Membership Secretary	Ian Sime	453 6185
Gear Hire	Greg Powell	454 4828
Daytrip Convenor	Cathy McKersey	455 0994
Funding	Greg Powell	454 4828
Publicity/Library	Wolfgang Gerber	453 1155
Social Convenor	Fiona Webster	487 8176
Clubrooms Officer	Alan Thomson	455 7878
Bushcraft	Antony Pettinger	473 7924
Committee	Sandra de Vries	473 7224
Committee (outside committee)	Peter Mason	455 7074
Bulletin Editor	Robyn Bell	488 2420
Conservation/Advocacy	David Barnes	454 4492
SAR Contact	Teresa Wasilewska	477 4987

Contributions (limit of 1000 words) are welcome for the November Bulletin, deadline is 14/10/04, publication 28/10/04. You can submit material on floppy disc (PC not Mac please), email 'rbell@pooka.otago.ac.nz' (without the quotes), or post to Robyn Bell, 8 Roy Crescent, Concord, Dunedin. Thanks.

# DAYTRIPS

## **Trotters Gorge (E/M) 7 November**

Come and enjoy this native forest at its best, with unique native birds etc.  
For more information contact the leader Ken Powell 488-3395

## **Rosella Ridge (M) 14 November**

Back to the Silverpeaks again! We'll go up Green Ridge from Mountain Rd. Just past Green Hill we turn right and go along the up-and-down Rosella Ridge. About two thirds of the way we turn right and drop down to the Waikouaiti River Valley, then climb back to Mountain Road along Hunter's Track. The walk should take 5-6 hours, with some great views! Meet at the clubrooms at 9 am.  
Bill Wilson 477-2282

## **Spiers Rd/Davies Track 21 November**

Hedonists' Delight:

An easy wander up the Spiers Road track onto Flagstaff, then join a picnic at the Ben Rudd's hut site, then a look at some flowers (if you can be bothered) then back home down the Davies Track to town. Just the trip for newcomers or you oldies who want to go on one more OTMC day trip! Do it, people!!

Richard Pettinger 487 9488

## **Silverpeaks by Moonlight Saturday 27 November**

This is a walk in the moonlight so bring your partners and a torch. We'll leave the clubrooms at 7pm and go for a stroll up to Swampy, getting back to the clubrooms around midnight.

Note: If the weather is unsuitable on Saturday night, this trip will be transferred to Sunday at 9am.

Alan Thomson 455 7878