The Bulletin

Newsletter of the Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club Inc # 831 May 2023

Upcoming Trips & Events

✶ *WEEKENDS* ✶

✶ West Matukituki Valley ✶

✶ *SUNDAYS & SATURDAYS* ✶

✶ Green Hut Site - Unveiling of Planned Improvements - in conjunction with the Green Hut Track Group ✶ Nyhon Track - Hoopers Inlet Track (loop) ✶ Government Track ✶ *McNally Track* ✶ Purakanui Inlet ✶ Nicols Creek to Booth Road (via McQuilkans and Jim Freeman / Ben Rudd's) ✶

Trip over the Karetai Track. Photo Credit Debbie Guthrie

OTMC Bank Account

The OTMC bank account with ASB is … 12-3150-0311684-00
Please include your name and the reason for the payment when using internet banking (which is the preferred option). Non-members must pay for trips when signing the trip list,members should pay before departure. Vehicle suppliers/drivers will normally not pay the trip fee and will be reimbursed fuel costs later (check with the trip leader or Treasurer Sharen if in doubt).

Gear Hire

OTMC has a large amount of gear available for members to hire.
NO hire charge for members for the first week!
See or phone our Gear Hire Committee member.

- Ice Axes
- Crampons
- Cookers & Billies
- Packs
- Tent/Flys
- Climbing Helmets

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Thursday meeting at 3 Young St, South Dunedin Doors open 7:30 for 8pm start, all welcome
Sign up to our email list: https://lists.otago.ac.nz/listinfo/otmc

MAY 2023

6 (Saturday) (100 Trips 053) Smaills Beach & Highcliff (Karetai Track) E Deb Guthrie

On an absolute Dunnerstunner, 19 of us set of 1pm from the club rooms car pooling to Smaills Beach.

We wandered past some sleeping Sealions on Smaills and then started up towards Karetai track. Some of the group chose the obvious track up the small beach cliff and onto the headland and others chose the road access to the start of this track. We regrouped at Pudney Cliff. Taking a breather here, many took the short track over the scrub for a look over the impressive drop off.

Heading back up Smaills, the views got more impressive and the weather stayed brilliant. We stopped at the road end proper, under the big trees and had a break. Lots of chit chat and exchanging snacks. Always a win win.

Road walking beneath the monument. Photo Credit: Jade Pettinger.

Up onwards to Highcliff Road past the impressive transmitter tower and building. A bit of road walking along past Centre Road and to the Soldiers monument. Stunning views across the harbour and to the west, over Flagstaff and south, over Saddle hill.

Up to the monument and then straight down Peg 41 past some impressively large bulls in the nearby paddock. Again, the views from this track don't disappoint.

From the Tomahawk lagoon back over to Smaills and the cars. This trip took about 4 hours and lots of stops to take in the fabulous views.

Team shot! Photo Credit: Jade Pettinger.

7 (Sunday) (100 Trips 054) Nardoo Scientific Reserve M Antony Hamel

What is Nardoo? Where is Nardoo? Questions, questions, questions. Nardoo is a type of native Australian aquatic fern. It is also the name of a creek that flows into Lake Mahinerangi and the name of the reserve in the catchment of the creek.

In 1974 the government department Lands and Survey purchased the Waipori station. This 15,600 ha was to be developed into many separate productive farm units. This was part of a government funded farm development programme. Lands and Survey also had a responsibility of nature conservation. The department identified that the top 400ha of the Nardoo catchment should be preserved as a

reserve due to its unmodified tussock grassland and patch of remnant silver beech forest.

Sir Alan Mark and others questioned this decision. They wanted the whole catchment of 1000 ha preserved. The debate is covered in a chapter of Sir Alan Marks biography Standing my Ground. In 1985 after much debate the department did preserve the top 600 ha and proceeded to issue a statement of management intent.

For some reason this document was sent to the OTMC and Ross Cocker who, like everybody else, had never heard or visited the reserve. Ross proceeded to organise the first day trip on 4 May 1986. A one hour drive and short 400 meter climb to Little Peak looked simple on the map. However the exposed open tops made any adverse weather, be it wind rain or fog, unpleasant and often impossible walking.

The records of the club do not show how many trips failed. The first few at least. Some ended up on the Government Track where rain and wind were far less of a problem. Nasty weather seemed to follow Ross. Ross led a total of eight trips to Nardoo before his job transferred him out of Otago. A legend had been born.

Thankfully there was an intermission. I led three further trips into the newly created Te Papanui Conservation Park which incorporated Nardoo and was opened in 2003. I was interested in the tramping potential of the park but the exposure and rolling tops made for limited tramping opportunities. The current DOC brochure includes walking along with hunting, skiing, horse trekking, mountain biking and four-wheel-drive. It appears hunting is the most common recreational activity of the few parties that go into the area. There are only three listed official access points to the park which do not include the access road that Ross always used to the bottom of the Nardoo reserve.

This was the 13th trip into the Nardoo area by the tramping club. 19 people arrived at the club rooms at 8 o'clock and four cars went up Lammerlaw Road and parked below the airstrip. Currently the farm manager is locking the gate west of point 506m. On ringing them they agreed to unlock the gate for our group which avoided 4 km's of road walking.

I handed out Union Jack flags, got the group to practise semaphore with flags (a sadly rare skill used by the club) and proceeded to subject the group to descriptions of Sir Alan Mark's campaign to make the reserve larger, toasting the king and the trials and tribulations of Ross Cockers many trips.

Raise a flag. Photo Credit: Antony Pettinger.

It was a beautiful day. Calm and sunny. The last fire in the area was in 1977. The vehicle track to Little Peak can be just followed by careful navigation along the narrow tyre ruts. We did not attempt to go over to the beech trees or follow the water race on the eastern side of the reserve as the tussocks in the gully are at head height and make for slow going. The rocks around Little Peak are spectacular with Walrus Rock and its accompanying tarn through its centre particularly unusual. The view from G No2 979 m was undersold by the leadership so only 4 took the time to go to that high point. The return trip was fast and we were back in Outram for coffee at the cafe.

Antony Hamel May 2023

Jade Pettinger in the Nardoo Tussocks. Photo Credit: Antony Pettinger.

Nardo Trip report #2

Nardoo is an area which has haunted the OTMC for many years as, out of 12 planned trips to the scientific reserve, none were actually successful. There was always a reason - the weather was poor, high winds etc. Today was lucky number 13… and it was lucky! The summit was not only reached, it was done so in perfect conditions and on a day that felt more like summer than 3 weeks away from the official start of winter.

Despite the early start, 19 enthusiastic trampers were huddled outside the clubrooms at 8am on Sunday morning while the plan for the day was agreed upon. Piling into the cars, we set off in convoy for Nardoo - heading via Outram, Lee Stream and Lake Mahinerangi. Descending into Mosgiel we were greeted by the thick layer of morning fog for which the Taieri Plains are famous for. This wasn't ideal and we anxiously peered out of our windows, desperately searching for glimpses of the sun and crossing our fingers and toes that it would burn off before long.

Thankfully as we got closer to our destination the fog was burning off and the landscape around us was opening up to reveal clear blue skies and miles upon miles of tussock on the surrounding hills. The landscape was not the only thing changing however - the road changed from a highway to a narrow windy tarseal road to

gravel to a slightly less maintained gravel road to a farm track with hollows big enough to swallow a car. We were not going to let this stop us and after passing through some farm gates we soon found ourselves parking in a nondescript paddock.

Instead of the usual pre-trip briefing, our leader, Antony Hamel, gave us a crash course in flag semaphore. We were relieved there were no bulls in the paddock, as surely our eager flag waving would have sent the wrong message and we would have accidentally recreated the Pamplona Bull Run. Once our leader was satisfied we were well trained and equipped to use our flags to communicate vital information to our fellow trampers - think “my hovercraft is full of eels” - we set off.

After battling through near head-high tussock to reach the DOC sign that marks the beginning of the reserve, it soon became apparent that the theme of the day was going to be long tussock with no track. Well, everyone else was grumbling about no track… being at the back of a line of 19 people I couldn’t work out what the problem was!

One thing about tussock walking is it can be incredibly uneven and slippery, especially as the large clumps of grass were well above waist high in places which meant seeing exactly where you were putting your feet was impossible! Being so focused on staying upright, we were shocked when we stopped for a breather and turned around to see how quickly we had gained height without even realising it. The view was just opening up in front of us, with Lake Mahinerangi as the centrepiece, sparkling in the morning sun.

Turning our backs to the view, we continued plodding upwards, knowing the view would only get better the higher we climbed. The group was starting to spread out now and were no longer walking in a line, which meant I was now starting to understand what they meant when they said there was no track - there was NO track! It was very much a ‘follow the path of least resistance’ endeavour, which thankfully was straight forward enough and I soon found myself joining the others for a much needed morning tea break.

Plodding upwards. Photo Credit: Antony Pettinger.

On a previous trip, another member commented to me “you don’t get a lot of time to eat on these OTMC trips!”, which is true as I barely had time to sit down and open my lunch box before we were packing up again! Grabbing a handful of crackers to nibble on as we walked, I hurriedly followed as I had learnt my lesson to stick with the group so I could follow in their footsteps rather than find my own way through the tussock.

We were now heading to a group of large rock tors on the skyline, and although the climb was steady, it didn’t prove too difficult. Our only obstacle was a band of spaniards and more than one of us fell victim to the prickly plants hiding beneath the tussock. We were so engaged in our various conversations that in what felt like no time at all, we had arrived at the base of a ginormous rock.

Turning around to face the view - wow! The golden tussock contrasted perfectly with the deep blue sky, a true representation of Otago’s blue and gold colours. In front of us were miles and miles of rolling hills, from the tussock covered hills of the Te Papanui Conservation Park to the dark green native bush of Maungatua in the distance. Lake Mahinerangi sat proudly in the middle, all of us marvelling at how much larger it was than we had thought driving past earlier this morning.

Lunch was had with all 19 of us perched on a rock - yes that's how big the rocks were! As it was the day after the Coronation, it was only right that we toasted the King, as well as each of the past 12 trips to the area. Finally, our flags came to good use!

Those who had been to the area before were in awe of the weather conditions - not a breath of wind and close to 20°c. This is apparently very unusual for the area, and unsurprisingly no one seemed super keen to rush back down the hill. After lunch, we spent some time exploring the area. Some chose to keep heading up to the highest point while the majority of us decided to explore the rock tors.

One rock stood out in particular - Walrus Rock. I'm not quite sure why it's named that as it didn't look like a walrus to me but it certainly is magnificent. It was a large arch-shaped rock, with a small tarn in the middle of it. The day was so calm and still, which meant the reflections in the tarn were simply stunning. We all took turns getting creative and taking photos of one another through the arch while some of the more adventurous among us climbed up on top of the rock.

After having a good look around and taking the classic Instagram picture - a person on a rock with a gorgeous view behind them - we sadly had to begin our descent. Somehow the descent proved much trickier than the ascent as any semblance we had of a track on the way up was nowhere to be found!

After many tumbles, cries of pain from unexpected Spaniard attacks and nearly dislocating hips from the long strides needed to navigate over the tussock, we arrived at the bottom of the hill - Nardoo had been Nardone!
Jade Pettinger

13-14 (Weekend) (100 Trips 055) Rees Valley All Richard Forbes

We were expecting snow on this trip with an early week dump of snow with some roads closed and the ski fields happy
When we arrived on Friday night at Muddy Creek carpark we were surprised it was clear of snow and the snowline was well above the bush line. It was a very cold night in tents and in the morning, we were greeted with a massive frost on the ground. 8 of us headed towards Kea Basin and it was fresh with blue skies. The Rees was quite low so after an hour or so travelling the river crossing was straight forward. It was great to see the sun to thaw things out. We travelled mostly on the true right up to the Kea Basin track start negotiating electric fences as we went and some boggy sections.

Morning Frost. Photo Credit: Richard Forbes.

The Kea Basin track was in good condition compared to last time I went and after an hour or so we reached a bench section where the views of the Rees and surrounding mountains opened up.

Another half hour we called in to the old Earnslaw Hut which is very rustic with an open fire and sacking for bunks but would definitely shelter you from a storm. We reached Kea Basin after passing the bivvy rock and set up camp by the creek and five minutes later the sun was gone and the cold set in.

A large number of us continued further up to the snowline and upper bivvy rock for even better views. After a leisurely evening meal, the stars put on an impressive show and we turned in for the night. We even heard a lone Kea fly over us which is sadly rare these days. I was expecting another freezing night, but it clouded over and light showers came in which kept the frost away. It always sounds like a bit of rain in the tent but wasn't much having breakfast in the morning.

A comical group photo shoot with Rodger trying to beat the camera timer and back down the hill and over the Rees to see what is left of 25 Mile Hut (not much just a pile of chimney rock). This spot would be a great place the set-up camp and base

yourself there for day trips. We came across some guys who were going up to Kea Basin as a day trip using bikes on the 4WD track which made for very fast travel in the valley.
Thanks for a great wee trip with great company and conservation Richard Forbes for Philip Somerville, Deb Guthrie, Nathan Dawson, Rose Colhoun, Mark Stevenson, Michael Priestnall and Rodger Clarkson

Need a 12 second timer…. Photo Credit: Rodger Clarkson.

14 (Sunday) (100 Trips 056) McNally Track E Alan Thomson
McNally track (Milton)

Sunday morning - with a forecast for it to be quite a rainy day - we met at the clubrooms at 9am. So far so good, clouds all around us, but no rain and not looking too dark in the sky - yet. 9 of us were brave enough to give it a go. Split into 2 cars we're off on a nice scenic drive south to Milton. Carpark and start of the track just out of Milton town centre next to the cemetery.

According to the start sign and our pre-information we are off on an about 7km long roundtrip, 318 meter high, about 2.5- 3 hours return. At about 10 am we start our walk. Most of the track leads through private farmland following orange/pink markers. Straight away it goes uphill through the paddocks, typically New Zealand

we of course got sheep next to us. Through a couple gates uphill and we already have the first amazing view overlooking Milton township and the surrounding farmland. The higher we get, the more of the surroundings we get to see, all the way to the wind farm and hills in the far distance.

The track leads us gradually further up through farmland, steep at short times. We take plenty of breaks to catch our breath, enjoy the view or have a snack. Further up we follow the fence line and enter a nice nature walk through the bush. Always followed by a checky fantail talking to us. The weather is improving, more and more sunshine, even couple sun glasses get taken out of the backpacks. Few layers of cloth less we get out of the bush back onto open paddocks. For the ones of us that had been here previously this comes with a big shock! Huge amounts of originally paddocks now had hundreds of small pine trees planted, which of course will soon destroy the view!

Another couple gates and paddocks, last bit of steep uphill, and we reach the top point (318 m) just before noon. Perfect spot for a break! Lunchtime with warm sunshine, good chats and amazing view!!!! And of course the usual group photo. According to the sign at the top we have come up via the bush track, and will go back down via the main track which is a little shorter in distance.

McNally Track and team. Photo Credit: Jade Pettinger.

Our updated forecasts show rain at 1pm. We better get going quickly. A mix of trying to hurry a bit and only going downhill/flat, the return way feels much quicker. Again mainly farmland with a bit of bush in between. This time walking into the view of Milton, which is getting darker and darker. About 20 min before the end the rain starts. Heavy enough to put our jackets on. But nothing too bad by the time we reach the cars about 1.30 pm.

What an amazing trip that was! The views so amazing. Good company and laughs. Abd who would have thought to start of we would have lunch even with sunshine?

Sandra Holz for Alan Thomson (leader), Antony Pettinger, Debbie Pettinger, Jade Pettinger, Lucy Jones, Ruth Thomas, Leonie Loeber and Peter Loeber

20 (Saturday) (100 Trips 057) Buskin - Highcliff & Paradise Tracks, including Boulder Beach M Tony Timperley

I guess a rainy trip was bound to happen one day, in fact I think we have all been surprised that 56 trips have been completed with good weather so far. Waking up to the gentle pattering of rain on the roof I knew our luck had run out, and so ensued the mental battle of "do I roll over, snuggle into my warm bed and go back to sleep OR do I drag myself out of bed, don my wet weather gear and go tramping?". Obviously tramping was the winner, so despite the misty rain I headed to the designated meeting point, curious to see if any other OTMCers were crazy enough to join me.

Surprisingly by 9am there were seven of us huddled outside the clubrooms, which was six more people than I was expecting. We set off for Highcliff Road in good spirits, however these were soon dampened by the dense mist and relentless rain which only seemed to get thicker the closer we got to our destination. By the time we had disembarked the vehicles and got our gear sorted we were already a wet soggy mess.

The first kilometre or so of our walk took us along Highcliff Road to the start of the Buskin Track, which normally would give us panoramic views over the coast above Boulder Beach. However this was not the case today, instead we had our heads down battling through the stinging rain which felt like ice cold bullets hitting our exposed legs. We made record time along this section of road, reaching our destination in just over 10 minutes, motivated by the prospect of dropping down out of the wind and pelting rain.

This was one of those trips where those of us who need glasses were at a disadvantage, as it was impossible to see through wet, fogged up glasses yet equally

impossible to see without them. Whoever invents window wipers for glasses will make a killing…

You certainly needed good eyesight as the first section of the Buskin Track descends over some deceivingly uneven terrain, which coupled with long wet grass created quite the hazard. As we lost height, the cloud started to clear (or maybe we were just dropping out of the cloud) and the views started to open up. Boulder Beach stretched out in the distance, surrounded by the rolling hills of the neighbouring farmland.

The track we were following through farmland soon changed as we reached a small cluster of trees. We traded long grass for a boggy track with slippery planks of wood to help us over the worst of it. This was no obstacle for the mighty OTMC so we quickly skipped our way across with no mishaps.

Our respite from the rain under the tall pine trees was short lived as we were soon back out in the open, with the beach much closer and the terrain flattening out. From here was a short meander to a private cottage which marked the crossroads between the Buskin Track, the Paradise track and the short route to Boulder Beach. As the rain was holding off, we opted to take the short detour to Boulder Beach, which wasn't as straightforward as one would have thought.

There was no marked route onto the beach, but thankfully there was a track worn in by the multitudes of people who are sure to visit this remote beach each year. Some parts of this track involved pushing our way through thick, head high flax - if we weren't wet before we were absolutely soaked now. We had to watch our footing as there were troublesome vines hiding in the undergrowth which could easily trip you up if you unknowingly got your foot caught in one, which more than one of us did.

In order to stand on the sand of the beach, we had to slip and slide our way over the slippery boulders (more like rocks) that bordered the sand dunes, giving Boulder Beach its name. Once on the beach some of us went for a wee wander along the water's edge to see if any wildlife could be spotted while others took the opportunity to have a snack and drink. Although it wasn't raining on the beach, the wind was certainly chilly and we were mindful of the fact the weather was forecast to worsen in the afternoon so we hastily set off again.

Unfortunately, we had made a mistake in our excitement to reach the beach and did not take notice of where exactly we had exited the sand dunes onto the beach. However, it only took a short while of wandering around the dunes before we found the track we had followed and thankfully none of us stumbled onto any sleeping sea

lions! It was another quick stop in the shelter of the trees at the crossroads to re-energise ourselves before the climb up to Highcliff Road.

While the Buskin Track seemed to snake its way around the hills, the Paradise track took us straight up along the edge of some paddocks. Maybe it was the steeper terrain but the track up certainly seemed to be muddier, which made me glad we didn't descend this way as it would have turned into a bit of a slip n slide in places.

Before long we left the coastal views behind as we ascended back up into the cloud, which surprisingly was quite dry. We were all pretty soaked by this point so perhaps it was the thought of a warm shower and dry clothes that helped us to make good time up the hill - 30 minutes from the crossroads to Highcliff Road, not bad for close to 300m of elevation gain! Maybe it was wishful thinking, but the rain seemed to intensify once we were safely back in the vehicles heading for home. The loop took us 2 ½ hours to complete, including stops with 6.7km travelled.

Thanks to Tony for leading the trip which was very enjoyable despite the weather, it is always good to get out in the fresh air after a week of work.

Jade Pettinger for Tony Timperley, Antony and Debbie Pettinger, Deb Guthrie, Sarah Binnie and Sandra Divett.

Boulder Beach. Photo Credit: Antony Pettinger.

21 (Sunday) (100 Trips 058) Hermits Cave (Silver Peaks) M-F
OTMC Trip Sun 21 May 2023. Hermit's Cave. Leader Antony Pettinger.

The trip, number 58 of the centenary walks, to the cave once used by Ross Adamson, tax exile, back in the mid to late 50's attracted 12 people. And so there we were not much later than 8.30 all assembled in the Silver Peak carpark raring to go. Off we go then, past the 'evil' wallaby sign, along the recently widened track. A 'volunteer' has put in a lot of work cutting back the leggy kanuka that formally hemmed in the track. Walking here is now a much sunnier experience as a result but doubts are raised over the wisdom of this cutting; something is going to grow in that sunshine and it probably will be gorse. On the plus side the gardener has isolated some young cedar trees which will now grow better and be a fine feature of the track in future years.

We came across some small pointy mushrooms. Knowing they were from the west of England I quizzed our young visitors, Tom and Ella, about the possibility that they were of the psychotropic variety. Tom stepped up to the job and opined that the test was to snip the stem and see if the cut turned blue (or some colour) which he did. It didn't.

Our sense of reality unelevated then, we soon arrived at the Green Hut site and stopped for the usual breather, a chance to eat a banana and replenish caffeine levels where they had fallen dangerously. The new seats were widely praised – so nicely made, so level, so un-chainsawed. There was a group photo.

Beyond Green Hill with the foliage shorter, the views open up and we first felt the real nature of the day. It was cool and breezy, not to say wintery. The sky was that high wash of streaky grays that are a feature of that season though still offering the possibility of sunshine. It wasn't going to rain though and that was the main thing. People began pointing out the features to the people new to the Silver Peaks as they came into view. It's always nice to have fresh eyes on somewhere you know well and treasure – it makes you take a proper look again yourself.

Team Pulpit. Photo Credit: Rob Seeley.

We stop for a picture at Pulpit Rock before proceeding to the Rocky Ridge track, its turn-off unmarked, sidling under the bulk of 767 with its trig beacon. It had been a while for many of us since going along the Ridge track and it has become quite overgrown in places, no place for shorts without gaiters. The party strung out a lot here but the view was fine, Christmas Creek far below with the hut, the great dome of Lamb Hill and the Rock and Pillars showing above. Not far beyond the Cat's Teeth a descending ridge of great rocks, like the back of some huge Stegosaurus, marks the turn-off to the cave. Arriving there, the leaders were already descending, and we were met, oddly, by a trio of runners who seemed have come up from the hut stream.

Sandra decided that the top cave (the False Cave) was good enough for her and could see no reason to find another one especially if it involved an awkward descent of 100m or so. The rest of us plodded, slipped and swore down through the bushes and loose rock to, finally, the True Cave, the hermitage itself. Stefan decided to test out the sleeping mat that had been thoughtfully provided before the general invasion and outbreak of lunch-eating .

The cave actually is quite a good over-nighter for those wanting to bed-down halfway along Rocky Ridge. It seems quite weatherproof with a flat floor and attractive view; much nicer than ABC cave I think though water would be a problem.

An over-nighter maybe, but for a year?? the general feeling was that it is better to pay your taxes.
Debbie P and myself had earlier discussed the shear boredom Ross must have faced living alone in the hills for such a long time. Maybe his supporters had dropped off books and crossword puzzles for him as well as food. And probably launching his raids on the Silverpeak Station sheep and scoping the huts for left food would have occupied quite a bit of his of time. And maybe he honed his skill practising some raucous musical instrument like the trumpet or oboe where it wouldn't annoy anyone.

Photos Right to left. Descent down to cave. Outside cave. Photo Credit: Rob Seeley.

Antony called a halt to such to the feasting and frivolity as a leader must, and we started the plod back up to the ridge track. Ash and I brought up the rear and we reminisce on our adventures, some three years ago, on Raboh ridge that dominates the view to the right. And so back to the main track and the long return to the carpark that always seems much longer than it had on the way out. Laurence and I had to fix the flat his car had developed when we got there.
Our thanks go to Antony for stepping up to take over the leading of the trip – a very fine day in the hills on a chilly day.

So, folks, in conclusion, taxation is alas one of the two unavoidables of life unless you are very, very wealthy or living in a primitive tribe – or, in NZ, sit on real-estate while its value escalates insanely. So 'tis surely better in the end you shell out that fraction of your hard-earned, to render unto Caesar, to give according to one's means to the ever-hungry State to spend as it will. At least you get to sleep in a bed unmolested by possums and cave weta and the fine men and women of the Revenue - and have somewhere to plug in your phone.

Participants: Antony and Debbie Pettinger, Duane Plece, Laurance Prattley, Debbie Guthrie, Ash Flintoff, Tom Craner-Buckley, Ella Bulgen, Stefan Rolfe Sandra Divett, Michael, Rob Seeley (writer).

28 (Sunday) (100 Trips 059) Pine Hill Road - Leith Valley Road (via Cowan Road, Three Peaks, Cloud Forest Track) M Antony Pettinger

Eleven of us met at Woodhaugh on a calm overcast morning, and instead of the usual car-pooling to start a day trip, set off walking straight away from the George St bridge. We headed through the gardens along the banks of the Leith up to the bridge at Malvern Street. A stretch of road walking along Malvern Street was a good warm-up to the hill climb that was the follow, but not before some of the group tested out the slide at the Malvern Street playground. The climb started soon after, as we headed up Patmos Avenue, and the route thereafter only got steeper and steeper. Patmos Ave winds up the hill to eventually cross over the motorway on the overbridge. We paused to admire the views over Dunedin - views that you don't normally have the chance to stop and enjoy when whizzing down the motorway.

The route continued up the hill via Maxwellton Street and onto Pine Hill Road and Cowan Road, with Mt Cargill's transmitter not too far away by the time we paused at the turn-off for the 3 Peaks Track for a snack (aka 'first lunch'). The short section of bush track popped us out at a wider track, and we were soon rewarded at the crest of the hill with a glorious view north to Blueskin Bay and Warrington. Although it was a cloudy day, the outline of the Silver Peaks were clear. It was great to spot Pulpit Rock and the Gap, where some of us had walked just a few trips previously.

After a team photo opportunity, we headed into the Cloud Forests of Leith Track. This was trickier underfoot, and the conversations paused while we concentrated on where to place our feet. The sections of boardwalk and steps were appreciated, and although nature is doing her best to reclaim the track, the path is still easy enough to follow and well worth the effort through a beautiful bit of native forest. The track eventually drops down to Sullivans Dam, where we stopped for lunch. The return to Woodhaugh via Leith Valley Road made for easy downhill walking, and a gradual

return to civilisation as the road flattens out at the bottom of the valley. A great 18km circuit, completed in around 5 ½ hours.

Helen Emerson, on behalf of Antony and Debbie Pettinger, Jade Pettinger, Debbie Guthrie, Laurence Prattley, Lucy Jones, Mark Stephenson, Jennifer Andrewes, Tina Anderson and Mandie Lungley

Trip 59 Team Photo, with Blueskin Bay in the background. Photo credit: Antony Pettinger

Cloud Forests of Leith track. Photo credit: Helen Emerson

Greetings From the Ben Rudd's Team,

Another successful working bee at Ben's place, weather made working conditions pleasant.

We had 5 eager beavers at the Skid Site, Sue, Caitlin, Leonie, Penny and myself, work was completed by 1330.

All of the 20 flora were planted, plus, we installed the hare guards, see attached photos.

Thanks to Sue, for organising another successful working bee.

Also, nice to see Caitlin.

Thank you all.
Kind regards

David

Photos by David McArthur

Upcoming Trips

OTC / OTMC Centenary - 100 Trips for 100 Years
Celebrating 100 Years of Tramping and Mountaineering - 1923/2023

JUNE 2023

3 (Saturday, King's Birthday) (100 Trips 060) Green Hut Site - Unveiling of Planned Improvements - in conjunction with the Green Hut Track Group (90 years to the day since the OTC opened the Club Hut) E Antony Pettinger

5 (Monday, King's Birthday) (100 Trips 061) Nyhon Track - Hoopers Inlet Track (loop) E-M Debbie Pettinger

11 (Sunday) (100 Trips 062) Government Track M Dave Bunn

17 (Saturday) (100 Trips 063) Purakanui Inlet E Antony Pettinger

18 (Sunday) (100 Trips 064) Nicols Creek to Booth Road (via McQuilkans and Jim Freeman / Ben Rudd's) M Debbie Guthrie

24-25 (Weekend) (100 Trips 065) West Matukituki Valley All Richard Forbes

25 (Sunday) (100 Trips 066) Taieri Mouth Track E Sandy Webb

http://otmc.co.nz/tripcard.html

As a reminder you must pre-register on the Weekend Trip Lists at the club rooms (or contact the leader direct) before the closing date (normally two weeks before the trip start). Members must pay before departure, non-members upon registering (non-members pay $13 more than the members fee shown below.Vehicle providers may be exempt from the fee (check with the leader).Trip organizational details will follow by email.You are responsible for your gear and medical / first-aid needs (also see Gear Hire). (E)asy, (M)edium, (F)it required.

Note from the editor

The 100 year OTMC anniversary trips are finally here!
Get yourself on a trip to be a part of our great history

We will be running close to monthly bulletins during this time so please **email your trip reports** for the next issue to caitlinr007@gmail.com **within a week after the trip**. This is due to the shear volume of reports.

The trip leader does not have to write the report so put your hand up to take some load off their shoulders! If you include a photo or two, please note appropriate captions (names of people pictured, names of land features, etc.)

A BIG THANK YOU TO ALL THAT CONTRIBUTE!

Our Club - the Highlights

Celebrating everything and everyone OTMC. Send your favourite hiking photos to the editor. I may even choose it as the front cover!

Boulder Beach. Photo Credit Antony Pettinger.