

# OTMC TRIP REPORTS

## 1986

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Sourced from the 1986 OTMC Bulletins



# CONTENTS

<b>Introduction .....</b>	<b>3</b>
<b>Rosella Ridge (Silver Peaks) .....</b>	<b>4</b>
<b>The Dasler Pinnacles – Hopkins Valley .....</b>	<b>6</b>
<b>Mountain Madness (Club Picnic and Race) .....</b>	<b>7</b>
<b>Glacier Travel with the OUTC .....</b>	<b>8</b>
<b>Hi-Oh Silverstream.....</b>	<b>10</b>
<b>Optional Bushcraft - Fiordland.....</b>	<b>12</b>
<b>Five Go Loopy About Skippers.....</b>	<b>14</b>
<b>Skippers.....</b>	<b>17</b>
<b>Nardoo (Or More Correctly, Government Track).....</b>	<b>19</b>
<b>The Peak .....</b>	<b>21</b>
<b>1986 Jubilee Mid-Winter Social (I).....</b>	<b>22</b>
<b>1986 Jubilee Mid-Winter Social (II) .....</b>	<b>24</b>
<b>1986 Jubilee Mid-Winter Social (III) .....</b>	<b>25</b>
<b>The Evansdale Glen Connection .....</b>	<b>26</b>
<b>Mt Kettle Day Trip .....</b>	<b>27</b>
<b>Trip Report By Way Of Verse Monowai / Borland.....</b>	<b>29</b>
<b>The Crater.....</b>	<b>31</b>
<b>Danseys Pass Area .....</b>	<b>33</b>
<b>Makarora Excursion .....</b>	<b>36</b>
<b>Brewster – Third Time Lucky?.....</b>	<b>39</b>
<b>At Last...A Fine Weekend On The Rock And Pillars.....</b>	<b>40</b>
<b>Powder Ridge Workparty .....</b>	<b>42</b>
<b>Danseys Pass Area .....</b>	<b>43</b>
<b>Cross-Country Ski Instruction Old Man Range .....</b>	<b>45</b>
<b>Pineapple – Burns Track Day Trip .....</b>	<b>46</b>

<b>Rock And Pillar Cross Country Ski Trip .....</b>	<b>47</b>
<b>Snowcaving – Old Man Range.....</b>	<b>49</b>
<b>Fraction Too Much Friction Old Woman Range X/C Skiing .....</b>	<b>51</b>
<b>Winter Routeburn .....</b>	<b>52</b>
<b>Snow 3...Or A Wild, Wet Weekend at Lake McKenzie .....</b>	<b>54</b>
<b>Snowcraft Instruction .....</b>	<b>56</b>
<b>Matukituki .....</b>	<b>58</b>
<b>Winter Routeburn .....</b>	<b>60</b>
<b>OTMC Committee (1986-87) .....</b>	<b>65</b>
<b>OTMC Trip Programme 1986 .....</b>	<b>66</b>
<b>OTMC Bulletin Covers (February to May) .....</b>	<b>68</b>
<b>OTMC Bulletin Covers (June to September).....</b>	<b>69</b>
<b>OTMC Bulletin Covers (October &amp; December).....</b>	<b>70</b>

## INTRODUCTION

Upon compiling this collection of OTMC trip reports from 1986 I would say that they fairly express the vibe of the club at the time. It is true that a prominent member failed to climb Mt Brewster because he started in the wrong valley, and that this same member must have upset the weather god (Huey) as he was exceptionally unlucky with the weather on most of the trips he went on (although to be fair I remember many stunning sunny days on multiple trips with Bill).

As can be seen with the included list of trips for 1986, the Silver Peaks was still a major tramping destination for the club, with 12 out of the 83 scheduled trips heading there. There were also other Silver Peaks trips not listed on the programme run. One I can recall is the painting of Jubilee Hut by four of us in March 1986. A memory that still stands out from that trip is that Don Greer carried a large watermelon in for the weekend – this isn't something you see on tramping trips very often.

This was the last major painting of the hut, and it was during this work-party that it was decided to run a mid-winter wine & dine at Jubilee. As you will read, this was a great success, with two completely different days weather-wise – we certainly appreciated the shelter provided by the now removed Green Hut after battling the ferocity of a southerly along the tops.

The Queen's Birthday trip to Green Lake was interesting, as Alana alludes to in her poem, three parties of four somehow crammed into the original 4-bunk A-Frame Green Lake Hut. It was a case of one party cooking their dinner, while the others squeezed into the bunks until it was their turn.

1986 was one of the strongest years for Cross Country Skiing, with three successful trips held – one to Big Hut (Rock and Pillars), one to the Old Man Range from Roxburgh, and one to the Old Woman Range. The Old Woman trip stayed at a hut that the OTMC had an arrangement to upgrade, and the club had installed a new toilet during the autumn.

As with the 1985 trip reports, this has been another pleasant trip down memory lane. Thanks to those who put pen to paper at the time, and I hope this collection provides some pleasant memories for those who were there, as well as providing a glimpse for others of what the OTMC got up to in 1986.

Finally, a note to Ross Cocker – I really hope that my party on the Mt Domett trip weren't as bad as implied in your report – I'm sure I tried my best, but they were a tough bunch to control, especially that Old Buggar. As I recall, that was the last trip (literally) for my old not-so-sturdy tent fly.

Antony Pettinger  
December 2020

**Cover Photo: Livingstone Range looking south – Greenstone Valley to the left, Eglinton Valley to the right  
(Photo Antony Pettinger)**



## ROSELLA RIDGE (SILVER PEAKS)

**January 19, 1986**

**Author: Richard Pettinger**

Published in Bulletin 442, February 1986

It was a strange morning, with blue sky sneaking through billowing low cloud. Seven people turned up for this first trip of the year, and we were soon ascending into total whiteout at Semple Road, a fog that persisted wherever we wandered for every moment we were there. We wasted no time at Green Hut and on up towards Pulpit Rock. A real wilderness experience up there, despite the track – it would have been shattered had we climbed high enough to the road. Before we reached the road, we turned sharp right and began to descend Rosella Ridge. It was definitely eerie – at times no wind, and the sun was up there somewhere – we cooked – so this turned into a most unusual trip.



**Central section of Rosella Ridge and Blueskin Bay from high-point 400m north of Pulpit Rock  
(2019 photo Antony Pettinger)**

Following the distinct animal track, we encountered schist tors looming out of the mist and an oppressive silence only rarely agitated by the calls of the birds we alarmed. Among the thickly regrowing shrubs were some of the largest snow tussocks I've ever encountered in the Silver Peaks. Evidence off the lack of fire damage to this particular piece of the Silver Peaks for maybe ten years now. The scrub (and particularly these tussocks) held litres of water to saturate us as we passed. Unexpectedly among the scrub we spotted a lone young silver beech

close to the ridge crest. We must have walked right past that intruding pine tree that has decided to grow on this ridge - although we had no difficulty finding the patch of gorse! (Interestingly enough the patch of gorse is made up of numerous seedlings - all of much the same height (knee height) and no smaller seedlings occur on either side of it along the trail. This tends to suggest to me that an animal, (rodeo horse?) or some such beast had come to this spot and deposited a load of imperfectly digested vegetable matter). We found a spot for lunch where the ground was almost bare, out of the breeze and began to feel the heat of the sun. A short distance away, just on the limit of visibility, sat a bird in a mountain cedar tree, observing us. Now this was either a very small tree close up, or a very big one with a very big bird. It was further than I could biff a stone. Kelvin got worried "if that's a bird, we are in trouble" he said. Eventually it flew away. It was probably a very fat wood pigeon with a long tail. As we sat, a startled wood pigeon flew over us - probably on automatic pilot. We hope so 'cos they have enough trouble dodging trees and branches when it's a clear day. We saw none of the Easter Rosellas (a parakeet) that the ridge is 'famous' for.

On into the soup we went, passing on outwards where a pretty little mingiming with small leaves grew, turn to bush and then to tall Kanuka forest. The going got steadily rougher, but still it was quite easy especially with Kelvin (and Trevor) out in front. we came to an eerie bit of forest where the kanuka was tall and straight with thick trunks (don't tell the Forest Service).

Here the floor was stuck up for many metres in every direction by the efficient ploughing of the local prop - not a piece of greenery was evident on the forest floor. We descended through the forest wondering what amazing sight would greet us next, when suddenly, at the base of the cloud, we saw a hillside with funny green stripes running down it: the Silver Peaks State Forest. A little track took us down a steep pinch into the self of the Waikouaiti. We were pleased to reach water again. Trevor was keen to bash upstream (literally), so we climbed up through the little bouldery gorge towards the flats below the Possum. However we hadn't gone far before we gave it away and climbed up the pine tree faces onto a NZFS Feeder Rd which took us ultimately to the cars. A little more time and we may have done the entire trip without seeing a road (except for the one the car was parked on!) Anyway, we had a splendid walk and didn't get scratched, which I'd reckoned on. We saw no views (still don't know where we were!) but we always stayed on route. We had no sun but got a good dose of sunburn. We tramped in the Silver Peaks, but scarcely walked on any bulldozing's! We saw some marvelous bits unaffected by Man. A truly special trip and a truly special place.

Thanks for coming, Trevor Pullar, Philip Jenkins, Lyall Campbell, Kelvin Liggett, Alison McPherson, Antony Pettinger, Richard Pettinger.



# THE DASLER PINNACLES – HOPKINS VALLEY

**Author: Rod Dickson**

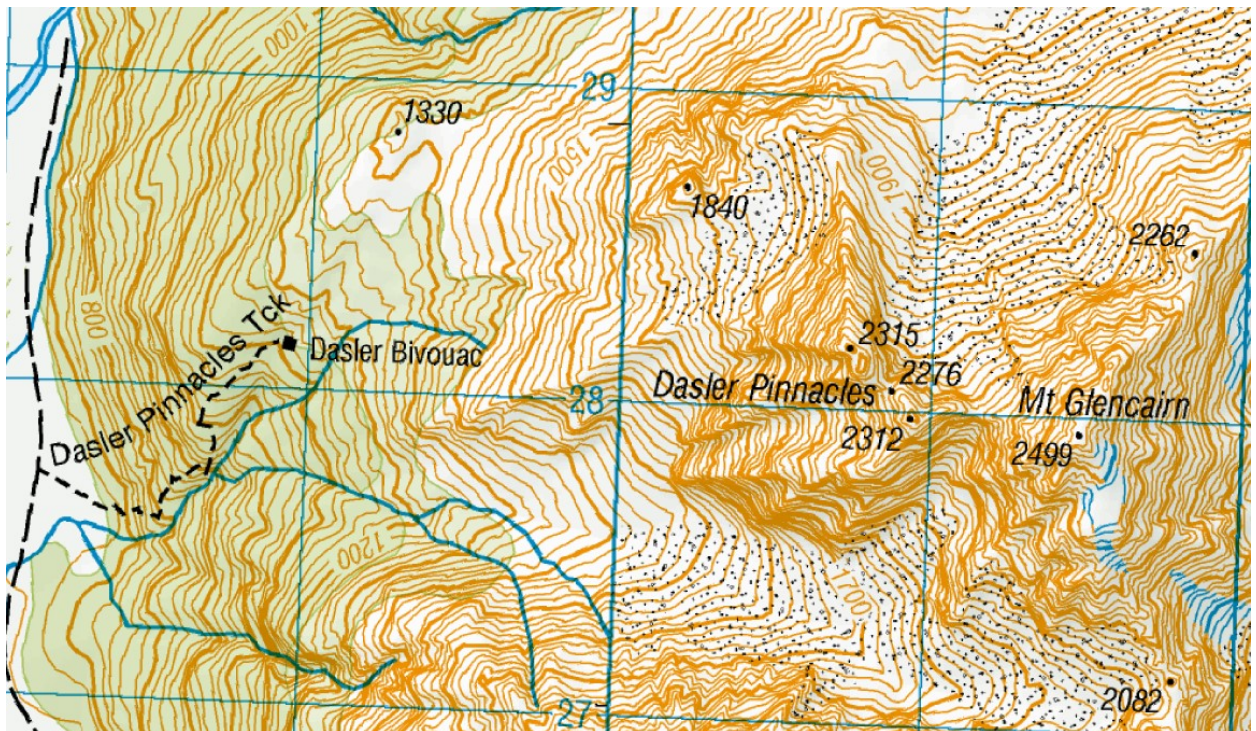
Published in Bulletin 442, February 1986

An early start saw us heading up the valley before the sun was over the Neumann Range. A quick stop to sign in at Monument Hut allows us to catch our breath. Tom was clearly fit and he set blistering pace up the valley. One hour's grunt and sweat from the valley floor and we were at Cullers Bivvy, a two bunk Forest Service hut. This hut is well placed, just on bushline and complete with a small stream for water.

Another early start and uphill all the way! A couple of hours work on tussock and scrub and half the climb was done. The long north ridge now lay ahead. From the comments in the hut book this was meant to be 'hands in pockets' stuff with running shoes on. The higher up the ridge I got the less 'hands in pockets' it was. Some short steps are moderately exposed but not too difficult. From time to time we waved and shouted to Tom, who was climbing the west face solo.

As usual the others reached the top before I did. We lunched on the summit and were treated to the sight of a pair of rock wren bobbing about on the rocks near their nest. Our climb was over, now the only path led downwards.

Rod Dickson for George Edwards, Steve Ranford and Tom Bomfield.



The Dasler Pinnacles are accessed from the true right of Hopkins Valley, about 4km upstream from Red Hut



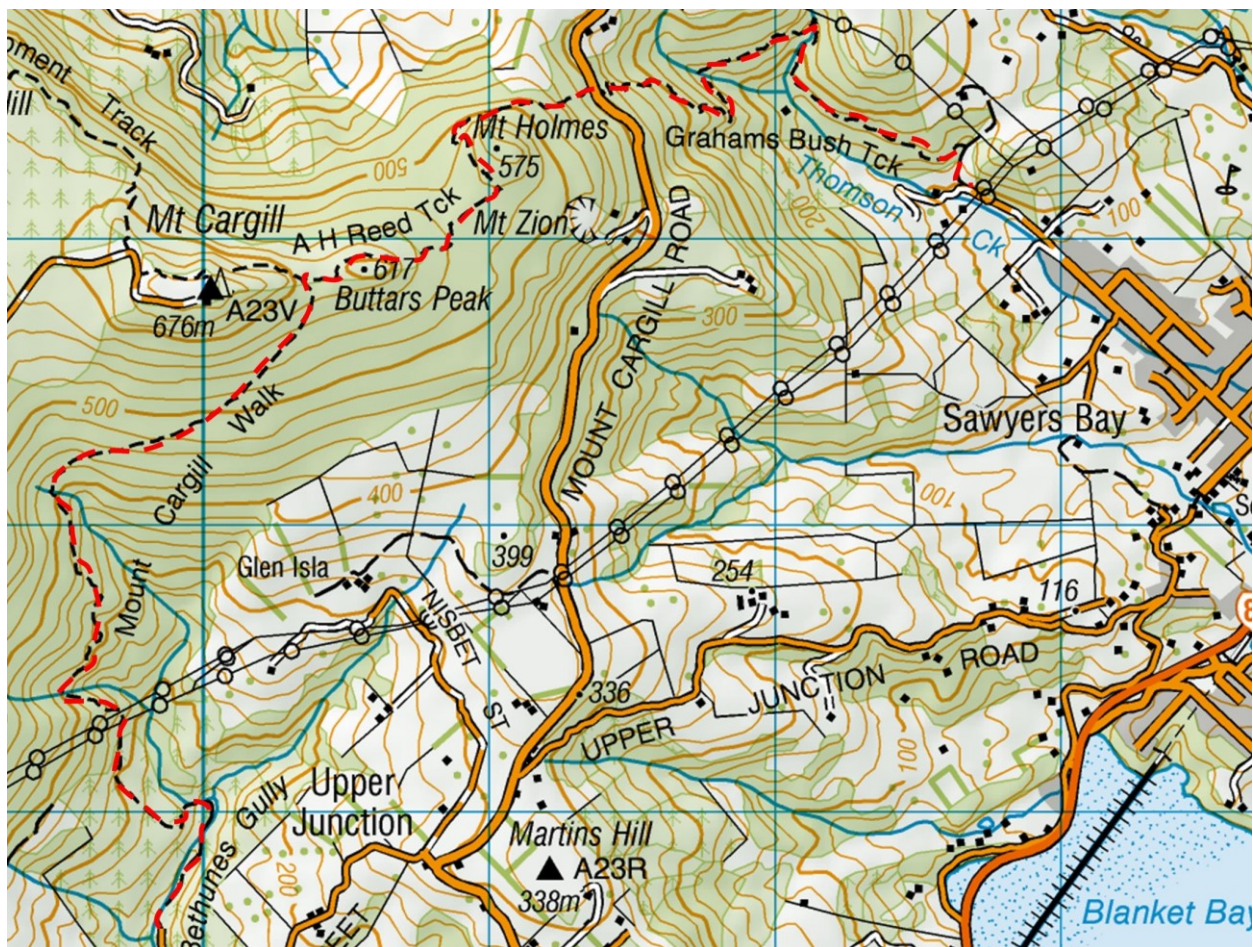
## MOUNTAIN MADNESS (CLUB PICNIC AND RACE)

February 2, 1986

Author: Not known (*most likely Jan Hudson, Editor*)

Published in Bulletin 442, February 1986

A fine day for a picnic, but a bit hot for a run. About 11 entered the 'marathon' type event – a tramp (or run) from Bethunes Gully to Graham's Bush and back. The winner was Antony Pettinger, taking some ridiculously short time. Following this nonsense about 40 or so joined them for a delightful picnic at the third clearing up – a great place for frisbees, drinking, sunburning, but not for flying kites. You should have seen the mob crawling across the lawn on their hands and knees. This was another event in the lunatic tradition. Spencer won the event, and Graham Ibbotson got a prize for losing the most knee. Champion loonies they were. After several hours of frying a group went to the beach for a swim.



The inaugural (and only) Mountain Madness Race started at Bethunes Gully traversed the flank of Mt Cargill right through to the far end of the Grahams Bush track in Sawyers Bay and back. Fastest time was something like two and a half hours for the return trip.

# GLACIER TRAVEL WITH THE OUTC

**March 15-16, 1986**

**Author: Bill Provan**

Published in Bulletin 444, April 1986

Dilemmas with tramping trips start even before heading away for me, the main question to ask is, what is the weather going to do? Before the trip I had been in the hills for 18 days, with 17 of them being wet ones, hence the concern with the weather.

Back to the trip. Four O.T.M.C.er's joined the O.U.T.C. recently to go on their glacier travel course to be held at Homer – it was just a bit unfortunate that this trip clashed with the optional final weekend of Bushcraft. We got away about 7pm – they even leave later than us, and of course the first stop was Gore for greasies from you know where.

I always hate going to Gore when heading away as this also causes a dilemma. It must be the only town in N.Z. that has a Men's and Boys toilet and I'm never quite sure which one to use. There is no substance to the rumour that to get out of this predicament that I use the Ladies.

No more predicaments occurred between Gore and Homer, if they did I slept through them.



**An earlier OTMC Advanced Snowcraft trip to the Gertrude Saddle area – ascending Barrier Knob (November 1984, photo Doug Forrester)**

The next day dawned clear and fine. I wandered round aghast, amazed and in a state of shock as I couldn't believe it wasn't raining. There's not much snow around Homer at this time of year so it was quite a trek up to the permanent snow a fair way up the slopes of Talbot above



Gertrude Saddle. A great day was had by all putting newly acquired glacier travel skills to the test.

More excitement was to come though, a large piece of the existing ice fall above us decided to dislodge and large hunks of ice inundated the area where we had been doing our thing, much to the consternation of the four leaders who were still in the area.

Three of them took off uphill to avoid the avalanche of debris, but one of the more sporting leaders started uphill, changed his mind and darted downhill. It was a bit like a rabbit running out in front of a car and darting from side to side. Surprisingly, he didn't get hit but rumour has it that he had to change his underwear when he back to the hut.



**An earlier OTMC Advanced Snowcraft trip to the Gertrude Saddle area – looking from Barrier Knob towards Milford Sound (November 1984, photo Doug Forrester)**

It was overcast the next morning and in a short time it had started to rain quite heavily. It was no day to head up to the snow so at 10am it was decided that one van would head home. We should have known nothing happens sedately with the O.U.T.C, the drivers seem to think there is something wrong if the vans are not going flat stick.

One flat tyre is tolerable on a trip but two is just a bit much...especially when the spare is flat in the back. Three of four hours a lot of hitching later we were back on the road and heading home....

Thanks O.U.T.C. and Lori, Mike and Jane for an enjoyable weekend.

P.S. By the way, my average is improving...I now have a record of two fine days out of twenty in the hills



# HI-OH SILVERSTREAM

**March 23, 1986**

**Author: Eric Lord**

Published in Bulletin 444, April 1986

While many of you were suffering from hangovers of the Pre-Easter Social, eight hardy souls set off on a day trip up the Silverstream. Warm, sunny weather greeted us as we followed the old water race. This was a wide track that followed the contours which was easy going, but took a long time to get anywhere. After an hour we came across a two-bunk hut which looked comfortable apart from the zillions of dead flies lying on the floor. We stopped there and out came Julie's fudge – most welcome.



**Maybe the remains of the hut mentioned in this report? as seen in November 2019  
(photo Antony Pettinger)**

From the hut the track deteriorated, but was still passable until we reached the weir, from which the water race originated, about half an hour later.

We continued to follow the Silverstream along a track which eventually became a bush bash. The decision came to backtrack uphill...higher and higher we went until our stomachs couldn't take much more and we sat down amongst the manuka to have lunch and try and sort out where we were.

Five minutes on from our lunch spot we came out of the manuka and into the scrub. Luckily for us we stumbled onto an old track, partially overgrown, cut through the scrub. This track followed a ridge which led us to the Swampy Road.



**The Silver Peaks as viewed from Raingauge Spur (photo Antony Pettinger)**

There was enough time to have a sunbathe, and to look at the Silver Peaks from a different perspective. Then came the long trudge down the road into Whare Flat, broken by a few interesting minutes spent at the Whare Flat pottery, but watch out for the dog.

Eric Lord for Julie Lord, Philip Jenkins, Graeme Wilson, John Bevin, Roger Conroy, Brett Dawson and Sylvia Bell



## OPTIONAL BUSHCRAFT - FIORDLAND

**15-16 March, 1986**

**Author: Mike Crashley**

Published in Bulletin 445, May 1986

After the big plan of a gentle stroll to Lake Marion, followed by a charge to a Livingstone - Cascade Creek tramp I was told as we got off the bus on Friday night, 'Oh, Mike it's been decided to lengthen the walk and give you a bit more of a challenge'. That was probably the understatement of the weekend. The other highlights of Friday evening were the 'a la carte' dining in Gore, and the midnight grunt to Key Summit - now I know why we carry torches, the advantage of being first to the top is you get to choose the best 'posy' for slinging the fly. The disadvantage of it is that if you have a large fly the other group behind you claim 'squatters rights'. Unfortunately for our squatters, we wanted to be away early and they didn't. But by the time they realised ground sheets and fly had vanished the sun was thankfully shining on them.

The early morning view from Key Summit is more than worth the midnight grunt, particularly on such a clear Saturday morning.

We set off heading magnetic South along the Livingstone Range and eventually lunched at above 5,000 feet in elevation, east of Lake Gunn.

The sun shone and rapidly dried the sweat off our backs. Despite Doug's willingness we did not eat the mouldy loaf that our 'provisions manager' (who me?) managed to bring along. Fortunately, the other loaf was O.K.

It was over lunch that one member of our party started talking about scree slopes and how you can leap down these slopes. We weren't long in finding one, and while the other three descended rapidly yours truly performed a sliding/hopping sidle. Perhaps next time, A welcome rest at the bottom in Cascade Creek where we managed all of seven minutes before our leader had us on our way again. Such obedience from the team.

Up the southern arm of Cascade Creek, going up the true right found us at the head of the valley in the saddle area after which becomes the catchment for the East Eglington River.

We then followed the true left of the East Eglington probably a little too high on the eastern side...some gorge!

By the time we had reached the flats we were tired, and although we wanted to camp out at the southern end close to a tarn, after half an hour of fairly easy terrain we gave it away and elected a campsite close to the river. We all collapsed into an early bed and awoke at 6.30am to the sight of Doug with the billy on...sweet nectar. Then away again for another 8 hours of unknown surprises.

The wind at our backs made for easy going and at the end of half an hour we had covered more than twice the distance we would have covered the previous evening ... over the same ground that is.

Up the ridge at the southern end of the river flat, keeping close to the bush line. This helps to keep the rain off that had just begun.

It was down the other side and a little practice in our aim to get separated from the rest of the party. With the aid of a couple of Doug's famous wolf whistles the situation was rectified and the lost sheep returned to the fold.

The second river flats were crossed, and we encountered the track close to where there are signs of previous campfires. From here we have about 4 and a half hours of slog along the muddy track to the road.

Mike Crashley for Doug Forrester, Graham Johnston, and Karl Bennett



**On the Livingstone Range, looking towards the East Eglinton. Cascade Creek, from the Milford Road meets the range from the valley to the right above the trampers (photo Antony Pettinger)**

## FIVE GO LOOPY ABOUT SKIPPERS

**10-11 May, 1986**

**Author: Jane Bruce**

Published in Bulletin 446, June 1986

Friday night...our carload slipped in behind the 'no camping' sign at Arrowtown picnic ground and spread our fly. According to the noticeboard we chose the site of the old Chinese settlement outhouse. In the morning, one of the inhabitants came to inspect us.

We fed him stale fish from the Alex fish & chip shop, but when Mary passed her leftover muesli to Bruce instead of him, puss gave up on us. We rendezvoused at the Skippers saddle plane table and went over the road in convoy - a good way of finding whose exhaust is dragging. At 10.30 we finally started walking up Skipper's creek, past the old hotel and dam and then mounds of tailings left by a modern dredge. Everyone had lunch at the forks, where we found a mining claim application notice - better get in quick if you want to see the creek branches in a fit state to recreate in.



**Modern (circa 1986) mining in Skippers Creek, downstream of the main junction – May 10, 1986  
(photo Antony Pettinger)**

We turned up the left branch and followed the pack-track up onto a terrace on the true right. We all spent 3/4 hr looking over the hydro station - the first in N.Z. - commissioned in 1886. Water was carried in a race to the cliff-top, then channelled' through 2 pipes to water-wheels at the bottom which drove the dynamo. Electricity was taken over the ridge to the Bullendale workings in the right branch of the Skippers.



After a shower of rain and a great deal of reluctance to leave the Dynamo Hut, we went on to a patch of beech on the other side of the creek. Bruce took us all on a guided tour of Curry's Workings and gave us a lecture on how the stamping-battery worked. Quartz from the mine was sorted and chuted down to the battery by the creek, where it was crushed by the stampers, and the resulting slurry flowed over a mercury-coated plate. The gold and mercury reacted to form amalgam, and both were recovered later by retorting. Apparently, mercury poisoning was an occupational hazard of goldmining.



**Mary Hewinson and Spen Walker at Dynamo Flat and Hut, site of New Zealand's first hydro-electric scheme, May 10, 1986 (photo Antony Pettinger)**

After that we still had enough daylight to go on up to the Aurum basin, a marvellous silent expanse of golden tussock. Here there are a couple of modern miner's huts, and Bruce's favourite battery - a cute fellow only 6ft high, which still works if enough people put their shoulders to the wheel.

Back to the beech to look for a campsite. Our party found a cosy spot and had our fly half up when Mike arrived.... OOFs! We had just jumped his claim. We set about making tea in the dark, which led to us having hot milk instead of custard with our, pudding, sorry folks. After that we sat around other people's fires and watched their 'prunes & ginger nuts & cheese-cake out-of-mugs' before bed.

Sunday morning Spen was up bright and early. The rest of us persuaded him to get us up the easy way - with a bowl of muesli and several cups of tea. When he took the fly down so that we got dripped on by the trees we finally got up. The mist was rising and the sun shining as we walked back past Dynamo Hut to the forks. We left our packs there and splashed up the right branch, with a bit of a scramble through a hole by a waterfall at one point.





**Small stamper beside the historic Archies Hut, May 10 1986 (photo Antony Pettinger)**

We decided that Bullendale would be a horribly cold place to have lived. After looking at the hotel bedheads, frying-pan, old bottles and the remains of the stamping-battery, some went up to see the remaining house. This even had wallpaper and 1898 newspaper pictures of "the Pasha's men shouting execrations at the Imperial Troops". Antony and the younger, fitter ones went right up to the ridge for a view, while the rest went to look at the mineshaft, and back along the pack-track.

We had a leisurely lunch at the forks and then walked down Skippers Creek again, past the dredge still pumping out diesel-fumes, and the mess that modern miners leave behind them.

The sunny day and an ice-cream at Arrowtown completed a really nice, touristy, getting-to-know-the-country trip.

Party members; Antony Pettinger, Mary Hewinson, Spen Walker, Jane Bruce, Bruce (Hysterical Guides Ltd.) Mason

## SKIPPERS

**10-11 May, 1986**

**Author: Philip Jenkins**

Published in Bulletin 446, June 1986

What a great way to start a weekend, camping 500m from the Arrowtown pub on Friday night, so we couldn't resist a visit.

Saturday morning on up to Skippers Saddle and down the famous dare devil Skippers Road but we were right in the hoon-mobile.

We all started off from Burkes Terrace and followed the four-wheel drive track up the Skippers Creek, passing a modern-day gold mining operation, until we came to the Left Branch where we continued onwards. We set up camp at the second hut before we headed up to Aurum Basin Hut. Bruce Mason gave us an interesting and informative rundown on the water-races, quartz-crusher, as well as the lifestyle of the miners themselves. Then back to the camp for an evening campfire.



**Dynamo Flat and Hut as viewed from where the water to drive the electrical generators dropped from  
(photo Antony Pettinger)**

Next day we all headed back down the Left Branch to the river junction and carried on up the Skippers Creek to Phoenix Battery where the miners had driven a tunnel into the hill to extract quartz and crushed it using the battery to expose any gold from the mineral.





**Goldmining water-races high above the left branch of Skippers Creek, May 10, 1986 (photo Antony Pettinger)**

Virtually everyone headed back along the Bullendale Track while Mary, Antony, Michelle and I headed up to, and followed, the Southberg Spur viewing spectacular views along the way. We all had lunch back at the river junction before we headed back to Burkes Terrace.

The weather was generally fine but our feet were wet almost continuously as we crossed the river over 160 times, so yes, in a manner of speaking it was a wet trip under foot at least.

I thought it was great how the whole group stayed together so we could all learn about the rich history of the region.

Then ... off into the sunset in the hoon-mobile.

Thanks Alison, Dave and Michelle for an enjoyable weekend.

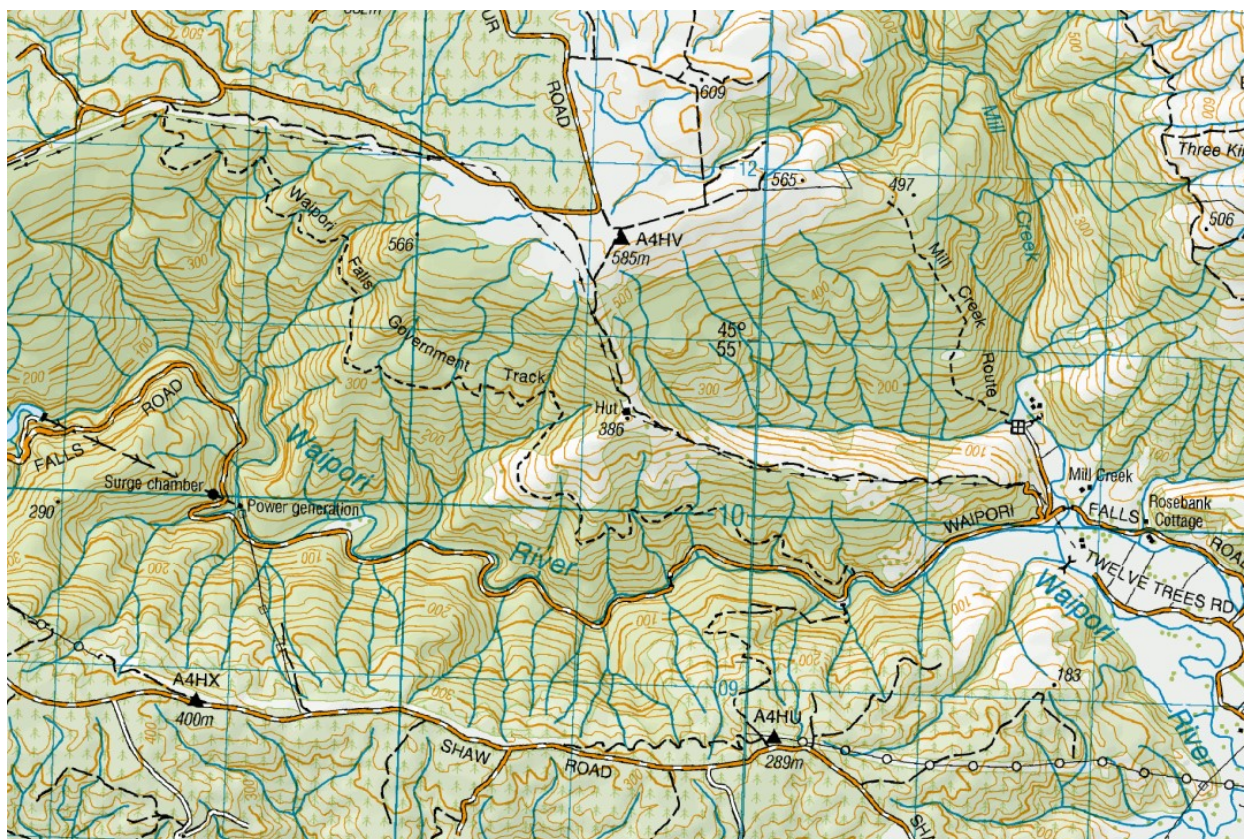
# NARDOO (OR MORE CORRECTLY, GOVERNMENT TRACK)

**4 May, 1986**

**Author: Ross Cocker**

Published in Bulletin 446, June 1986

After an impressive two week build up I was really enthusiastic about the number of people who had indicated that they would be going to Nardoo. Numerous phone calls at home on Saturday continued to spur my enthusiasm to the point where I was becoming concerned about transport logistics. Saturday drew to a close as a mild balmy Autumn evening; weather report reasonably encouraging. I woke Sunday at 6.00 am. to the sound of wind and rain lashing the windows. None of my family were even interested in looking outside let alone getting up to come tramping with me. Phoned the Met. office, not good, they forecast gale force Southerlies over Fiordland spreading into Southland and Otago bringing rain, hail and the possibility of snow down to low levels. Then the phone started ringing with apologies. I breakfasted, packed all of my warmest gear, and set off for the Clubrooms; on the way the radio announced the temperature at a cool 7 deg C. The "M" (for Madness) part of OTMC was evident as at 9.00 am there were 7 of us ready to tramp.



Due to the exposed nature of the Nardoo area I decided to head for an area with more cover and opted to tramp the Government Track which is the old track that runs from the mouth of the Waipori Gorge up to the tops and down to the old Waipori Township which is now under



the waters of Lake Mahinerangi. By 10 am. we had entered the bush above the road on the true left side of the Waipori river and were truly pleased to be out of the wind. After an initial zig-zag the track settled down to a steady, barely noticeable climb and continued this way till we cleared the bush at 600 metres. The track was constructed over 100 years ago and is still well maintained, wide enough to walk two abreast over about 90% of it as it follows the map contour lines in and out of all the gullies all of the way. It passes through a variety of native bush from kanuka to kotukutuka (fuschia) and beech. There was one open patch of about 3/400 metres where we traversed around a broad grassed ridge.

Very cold there but good views of Waipori Road, Lake and River below.

It took us two hours to reach the tops which tied in well with our lunch stop. We settled down on the track, out of the wind in a rare patch of sunshine for a casual lunch. Within 15 minutes the sun had gone, and we were being "entertained" by a few small dancing flakes of snow; 5 minutes later we had been forced to pack up and were on our way, driven on by thick flurries of snow which had completely covered the ground around us. All of a sudden, extremely cold, my fingertips screamed the message to me as I tried to do up the zip on my parka.

We hurried down into the relative shelter of the bush and made a fast trip back to the road. The trip down was uneventful except for our renegotiation of the open ridge where we were buffeted by the high winds, not to mention the snow and sleet, fortunately at our backs.

The ODT reported the temperature at 4deg. C. at 1pm at Dunedin Airport; we can confirm that it was considerably less than that where we were, even without taking into account any windchill factor. Everyone was in good spirits back at the road at 2.15pm with only Philip interested in doing something else for the rest of the afternoon. Needless to say his vote went unheeded and we were all home by 3.30pm.

Ross Cocker for those who obviously prefer the cold hills to their warm beds, namely, Philip Jenkins, Sarah Stratton, Brett Christmas, Ian Middleton, Gaylene Waite and Graeme Wilson.

P. S. Nardoo trippers .... see the new trip card' and mark your calendars now.

## THE PEAK

**May 25, 1986**

**Author: Doug Forrester**

Published in Bulletin 447, July 1986

Yes Sir! We made it, all the way to the top no sweat; guts and drive, that's the name of the game. When the going gets tough, the tough keep going. A great day for the tops, sunny and calm, everywhere we looked...peaks.

The Chief Guide suggested it might be beyond me. So it was with quiet determination that I led 7 keen bods away from the clubrooms. Winter temperatures as we left the creek-bed and plugged our way up the ridge, becoming a bit overgrown as we get further up the ridge, very few stops (on account of the determination to succeed). Lunch is in the sun, with  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the ascent behind us. The decision is made to dump the packs to assist with the final push to the top. HOOP DE DOO, we are here, no doubt about it. A great place to be...Pulpit Rock on a Sunday. Plenty of time, a nice leisurely stroll retracing our steps down Powder Ridge. Out to the cars about 5.30pm.

Thanks for coming along team.

Doug Forrester for Michael Casey, Philip Jenkins, Joan Schoon, Gordon Ralph, Kelvin Leggitt and Linda Miles.



**'The Peak' (Pulpit Rock) from Long Ridge (photo Antony Pettinger)**



## 1986 JUBILEE MID-WINTER SOCIAL (I)

**June 14-15, 1986**

**Author: Graham Johnston**

Published in Bulletin 447, July 1986

15 keen minds dragged 15 not-so-keen bodies on this epic trip, which is destined to be an annual event together with Birthdays and Christmas. We eventually managed to stuff all the packs, (complete with specialist gear) into the awaiting transport, which took us to the beginning of the marathon trek, which tested our endurance to the limit... (for an hour at lunchtime!) After an hour or so basking in the sun on top of the summit (of Silver Peak), we had gathered enough solar power to descend the dreaded staircase to our palace for the night. This took a considerable amount of joking and laughing, but we finally made it to the bottom for a deeply philosophical argument about nuclear war! Henceforth, delete any reference to the real world - this is a fairytale trip....



**Fifteen trampers in the six-bunk Jubilee Hut was a squeeze (photo Doug Forrester)**

On arriving at the palace, all the Cinderellas and Princes removed their glass slippers (muddy tramping-boots) and proceeded to decorate the ballroom with bright garlands (crepe paper) and crystal chandeliers (balloons). About 4.30 King Michael had had enough, so he changed into his courtly garb and proceeded to the wine-cellars. From then on it was downhill all the way, as the nectar of the Gods was quaffed in many forms, including a delectable hot variety with yummy bits at the bottom.

After several hours of imbibing and capering to the tunes of such courtly troubadours as Talking Heads, Dire Straits, The Beatles, and guys with the tight trousers (thanks to Sir Antony 'Stomper'), we were all sufficiently jolly to proceed to the banquet, which was an enormous multi-course affair with many exotic dishes prepared by equally exotic cooks. (Needless to say, the fluid uptake was maintained during all this).

The capering continued until late at night, but the jollity could not be maintained, and most of the Kings, Queens, Princes, Princesses and hangers-on (including the big rat) collapsed well before the witching hour. Nevertheless, when Sir John Ironleg broke his last lance, Princess Molly White-Bloomers, Sir Antony Stomper, and the court fool were still staggering around and around the ballroom floor. However, come midnight the pumpkins turned back into carriages, and the court turned into a bunch of snoring, muttering sleeping-bags. This left free reign to the rat, who raided the stores later in a very noisy fashion.

In the morning (late) King Michael arose to collect water for the breaking of the nights' fast. (Actually, his bladder was troubling him). On his return he gleefully announced that the Gods had dumped several inches ( $\times 2.5 = \text{cm.}$ ) of white stuff all over the kingdom. Sir Ross then elected to clear the way and discovered that the toilet-seat was also covered in snow (has your voice dropped yet?). We were finally kicked and beaten into venturing outside and doing battle against the combined forces of the elements. After much puffing and grunting, and chewing of snow, we made it up Satan's Stairway into the full force of nature rampant. Fortunately, the snowdrifts were deep enough so that your intrepid narrator could occasionally walk along on the lee side and thus avoid the gales. This low-visibility, high-velocity barrage was an exhausting, but also awe-inspiring and truly majestic example of nature's capability.... great fun!

After a few snowball fights, we slid the transport home and spent the next few days recovering and looking forward to next year's festival. Thanks to Arch-Wizard Donald for conjuring up the idea, and to everyone for the great fun and yummy food.

P.S. Tactical hint.... never take on more than 4 opponents at once — I did, and got turned into a snowman

## 1986 JUBILEE MID-WINTER SOCIAL (II)

**June 14-15, 1986**

**Author: Don Greer**

Published in Bulletin 447, July 1986

Well, it was a real giggle. Winter tramping the way that it should be and was always meant to be.

A short stint.... well fairly short, between car and hut; a bed for everyone, well nearly everyone; plenty of time to decorate the hut with streamers, balloons, and other pretty things; a souped-up stereo and lots of tapes; bright lights per courtesy of Maui Gas Corp. There was heaps and heaps of delicious, delectable, succulent, sumptuous and otherwise good-to-eat type food; lubricational beverages in ample sufficiency; and 15 lucky people to enjoy it all ... some even dressed up! And then the snow blanketing the landscape the next morning, adding to the sense of occasion, and providing the topping to a really good weekend.

Pleased to be there were: Molly Sorenson, Doug Forrester, Graham Johnston, John & Alison Pohl, Kathy Woodrow, Mike Floate, Michelle Williams, Philip Jenkins, Antony Pettinger, Ross Cocker, John Bevin, Debbie Pyle, Don & Yvonne Greer



**L-R Yvonne Greer, Mike Floate, Debbie Pyle, Antony Pettinger, Kathy Woodrow, Philip Jenkins, John Bevin (rear), Graham Johnston (front), Don Greer, Michelle Williams, Ross Cocker – outside Jubilee Hut, June 15, 1986 (photo Doug Forrester)**

## **1986 JUBILEE MID-WINTER SOCIAL (III)**

**June 14-15, 1986**

**Author: Debbie Pyle**

Published in Bulletin 447, July 1986

"GREAT STUFF, SNOW..."

I saw snow on the Dunedin hills for the very first time on Friday night, and to a fresh-faced Aucklander it was exciting to think that the ski-season was so close. "But not yet," I thought, "...it's tramping I'm doing this weekend, not skiing."

It was with some surprise, then, when we set off into the Silver Peaks on Saturday morning, that it was patches of snow we were walking through, and ice on everything else...what the Met Office euphemistically described as a 'hard frost'. It was a beautiful clear and warm day, however, which made for a pleasant contrast, the ridges were duly followed, (Mike was not, when he took a 'shortcut' through some bush-lawyer), and the gorse avoided for the 4 hours to Jubilee Hut, where the 15 hardened trampers cleared a hillside of firewood, (and John practiced javelin-avoidance), decorated the hut in tinsel and crepe paper, then broke out the wine, pate, and crackers. It took them 9 years to discover what Auckland University Tramping Club has known all along - this is the way tramping should be.

The meal was an extravaganza of courses; appetisers, entrees, mains, deserts, supper, snacks, and drink....and with continuous dancing, despite Don and Antony's difference in musical tastes. The Highland Fling was flung, thanks to Yvonne, plus all types of rocking and bopping. All in evening attire that befitted the occasion, and all in the best possible taste - except for Doug's apron!

Sunday dawned...well, not really - we didn't see the sun all day; it had snowed about four inches overnight, blanketing everything in soft, dry powder., It looked very picture postcardish, especially the way it kept snowing for most of the day. Thrashing about in knee-deep snow filled tracks and walking 30 degrees from vertical in howling winds were but trifling matters to the worrying problem of not bursting our balloons....

Off the tops, with a chance to look at the view; it was quite beautiful, especially the way the cars had been buried in a perfect cover of powder, "Told you we wouldn't need chains," said Mike, land-crabbing his way up the hill. "No worries," added Don, in his 4-wheel drive. "Help" we cried pitifully, as they left us behind to push Kathy's car back onto the road when it strayed, and person-handled it up the hills.

Great stuff, snow... just the... thing for.... tramping in....!



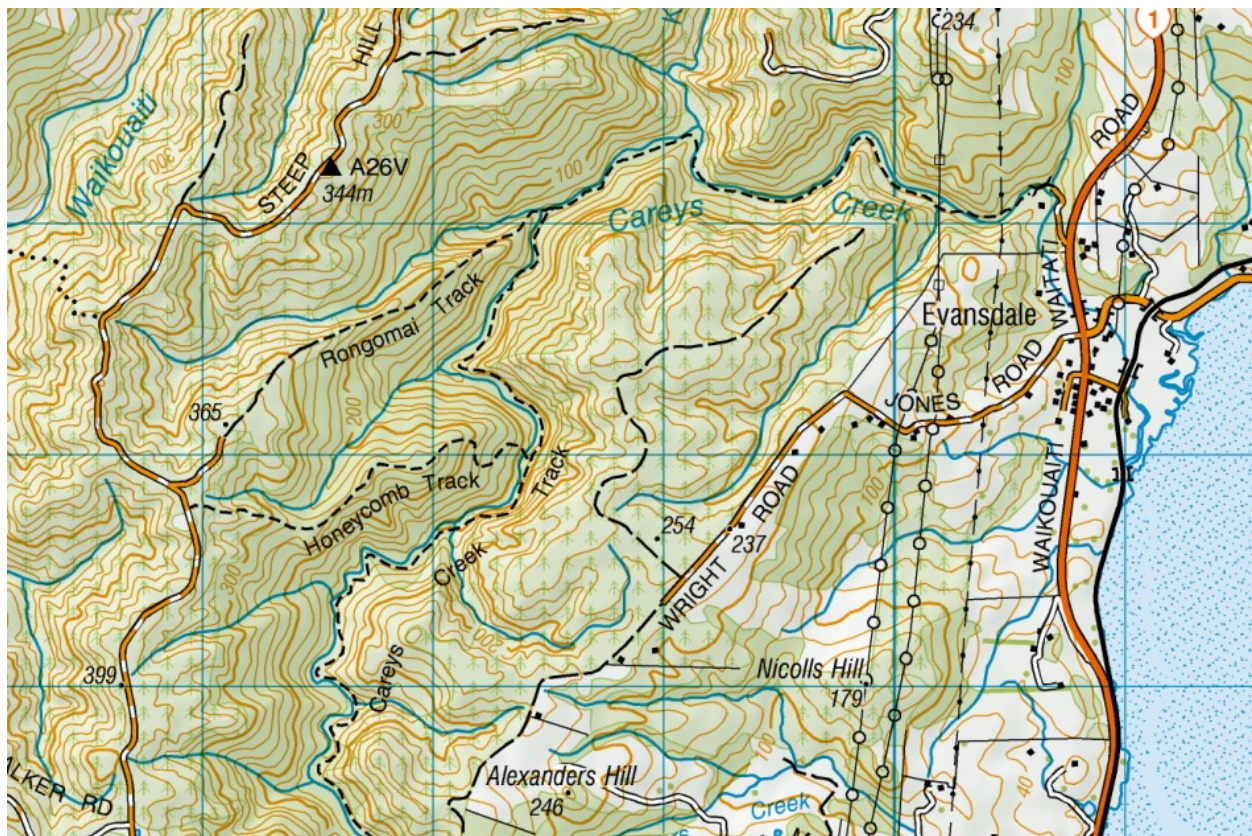
# THE EVANSDALE GLEN CONNECTION

**May 11, 1986**

**Author: Eric Lord**

Published in Bulletin 447, July 1986

Beginning at Evansdale Glen on a fine but cool Sunday morning, we followed Careys' Creek up, as it meandered through the hills. After a good hour or so the track entered native bush, where it follows a derelict pipeline. Interesting rock formations caused by the flowing water provided an added attraction to that pestering fantail. A fork in the track had a sign showing "Honeycomb", but the position of the sign left us confused as to which way "Honeycomb" was, and anyway, what is "Honeycomb"? We decided to head up the hill for a view, and 20 mins, later, high up on a ridge, we got our view and several well-deserved Cadbury's Chocolate Caramel biscuits.



It soon became obvious that most of the area between Careys' Creek and Mountain Road, marked on the map as exotic plantation, was native bush and scrub. Back down into the creek, we continued to follow it up further, until my stomach cried for help. After lunch, because Julie and I wanted to get back early, we saw a quick escape-route up through burnt scrub and onto Wright Road. Half an hour later saw us covered from head to foot in soot and confronted with not-so-friendly steers with sharp horns. What a relief to make it past the gate. A quick stroll down Jones Road completed the round trip back to Evansdale Glen.

Eric Lord for Julie Lord, Graeme Wilson, and Steven Cathro.

## MT KETTLE DAY TRIP

**June 8, 1986**

**Author: Michelle Williams**

Published in Bulletin 447, July 1986

At five past nine we were on our way, with twelve innocent people not knowing what was ahead of them. We headed up the old Mt. Cargill road to the water-trough, where we started on what appeared to be an easy walk until 100 metres in the track petered out! Upon deciding that the track was on the other side of the creek, we descended into a rough, tree-stricken creek, and scrambled up the mossy rock-face to where we then discovered another track. Thinking this was wonderful, we quickly moved along to discover that it branched off into two petered-out tracks. Some decided to scramble on up through the ferns, while others took the hard way climbing the moss and slippery fallen trees through the creek. Next, I heard a voice from ahead yell "Here's another track" only to be re-discovered as the last one!



**Buttars Peak and Mt Cargill, June 8, 1986 (photo Antony Pettinger)**



On arrival at Mt. Kettle, after hours bush-bashing tracks going nowhere, we finally arrived at a view that was breath-taking. Seeing that there was no way down the other side of Mt. Kettle to Green Rd, we decided to head over to Mihiwaka, if we could find an easy way; otherwise, we would only go to reservoir. After reaching the saddle between Mt. Kettle and Mihiwaka, we could see that there was no way that we could continue on, so we headed down to the reservoir, where upon we found two derelict stone houses, where we had lunch. Moving around the reservoir and over a fence, we agreed that we had had enough bush-bashing, so we headed off into the pines and discovered yet another track.... (some nameless person saying - "where have I heard this before?") It went down into a gully where once again it ran out.



**'The Tallest Tree' in New Zealand, June 8, 1986 (photo Antony Pettinger)**

Eventually we got back to our cars - after a lot more slipping and sliding. With time in hand, we called in at Orokonui to visit "The Tallest Tree"

Party members - Marie & Gordon MacDonald, Debbie Williams, Philip Jenkins, Antony Pettinger, Ian Middleton, Gaylene Wait, Spencer Walker, Jane Bruce, Michael Casey, John Bevin, and Michelle Williams.

## **TRIP REPORT BY WAY OF VERSE**

### **MONOWAI / BORLAND**

**May 31 / June 2, 1986**

**Author: Alana Bell**

Published in Bulletin 447, July 1986



**Island Lake and the Cameron Mountains, June 1, 1986 (photo Antony Pettinger)**

We set off down to Monowai  
Bill on our excursion  
It rained, it poured, it bucketed down  
With snow a pleasant diversion

Our leader's party booked the van  
To protect them from the weather  
But at Monowai we refused to vacate  
Which had him at the end of his tether

We marched on into Green Lake  
Snow up to our knees  
Twelve wet people in a small A-frame  
T'was a bit of a squeeze



Some of us had a brilliant sleep  
Some of us could have slept better  
Next day on to Island Lake  
And the prospect of better weather?

After trudging through luscious snow  
We stopped to have a snack  
The scroggin was good, the view not so...  
Bill, buttocks bare, down the track

When they pointed to the saddle  
I thought 'hey, what's the story?'  
If we had gone that way, I thought  
We would have ended up in Manapouri!

T'was all in all a brilliant trip  
The views and company were neat  
So to you all who chose to stay at home  
You really missed a treat!



**The original Green Lake Hut (4 Bunks), shortly before removal in 2006 (photo Antony Pettinger)**

# THE CRATER

**July 13, 1986**

**Author: Jane Bruce**

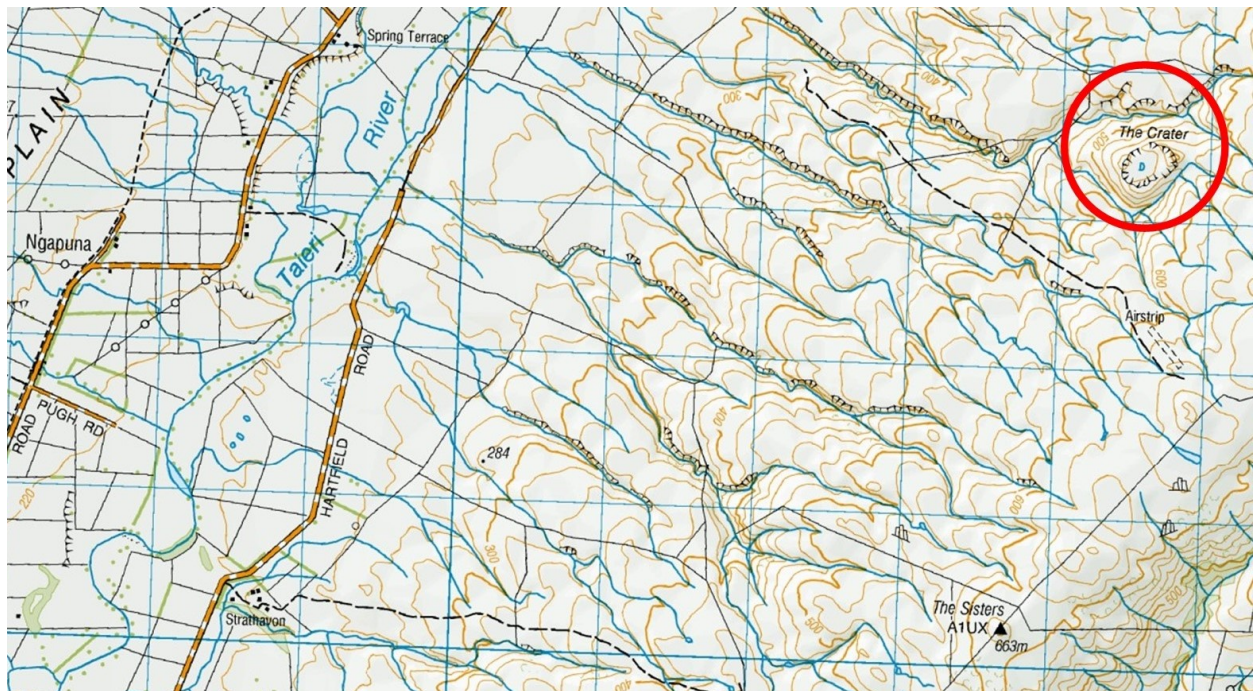
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We'd seen it from the Rock & Pillars but never been there, so July 13th was a good day to go and find it.

Bill must have stayed in bed, because we had a clear sky and warm sunshine.

We drove through Middlemarch and turned" onto the road along the other side of the Taieri and stopped at what we thought was the correct farm road.

If anyone fancies the faster route, drive over a small bridge, past the house on the left and the 4-wheel drive track is through the next gate on the right.



We strolled up the spur for a couple of hours, interspersing the exercise with stops to take off layers of clothing and admire the kowhais.

A final dash up a steep conical hill took us to a trig (one of the Two Sisters) and lunch. From there we had a view of Maungatua capped with snow, the Silver Peaks, and The Crater further along the ridge.

We walked along the ridge-top for an hour, enjoying the half-inch of crisp snow remaining on the ground, and came down behind The Crater. From this angle it was quite impressive, with a steep cone rising from the gully, and a jagged wall of scoria boulders around the rim. The Crater floor is smooth grass and about 300 yards across, with a frozen pond in the middle. Like the other ponds we had passed, this one didn't stay iced-over for long.



A scramble down the side of the Crater took us back onto the 4-wheel drive track (the one we had expected to come up) and we followed it down, passing the farmer who had driven up with his family. At the road another local farmer was passing, and we accepted his offer of a lift back to our cars. And he solved the kowhai problem.... they grow only mid-way up Taieri Ridge because of the snow on the tops and the frost in the valley. Those finding their way were:

Spen Walker, Phillip Jenkins, John Bevin, Gaylene Wait, Iain Middleton, David Barnes, Anne-Marie Barnes, Ian Hills, Phillip Heseltine, Trevor Pullar, Jane Bruce.

## DANSEYS PASS AREA

**July 19-20, 1986**

**Author: Ross Cocker**

Published in Bulletin 448, July 1986

Hi ho, hi ho, it's off to the snow we go.... after weeks of hard sell, ten of us set off in the van just after 6pm to assault Mt. Domett. A quick trip to Oamaru, where we had a ritual tea of fish 'n chips, then on to the road-end at Domett Road off Otiake Road, between Duntroon and Kurow, where we arrived just after 9.00 pm. A 5 min. walk took us to a barn where we spent the night on the concrete floor, after getting rid of the two opossums who were so unhappy about being evicted that one of them returned later in the night to clamber up and down the barn's girders and keep us awake. Saturday dawned cloudy but promising; the forecast hadn't been as bad as recent weekends.



**Philip Jenkins, Doug Forrester & John Bevin on the ascent of Little Mt Domett – looking out over the Waitaki Valley, July 19, 1986 (photo Antony Pettinger)**

After some discussion, and considerable references to the map, we finally agreed upon the direct on of travel. We left the barn late, at 9.00am. Up we went to the first saddle, the other party leading; a right turn now, and up a broad ridge - wish that I'd done more training - up and up; we followed their steps like sheep. Oops, wrong ridge....my fault. I still haven't worked out why, I was at the back of the second party; Down we dropped into Lone Creek; easy to see where we had to go now.... up again! And up....and up.... until finally we stopped for lunch; then on again; not so bad now, the ridge is flattening out and the 'F' party have plugged well-spaced steps in the snow. Thanks team! We carried on, until we could see that they had



stopped to put their crampons on. Our party, not having any, were stopped 20 metres below them; at about 5100ft. So, we had a bit of basic instruction in the use of ice-axes, fed up on scroggin and other goodies, and set off at 3.15 down the snow-covered ridge and it's lee, to the valley floor about 3000ft below.

We camped by a small pine-plantation near the yards in Lone Creek, at about 6.00pm. The other lot arrived, rowdily, about 6.30pm, with the rain; they had made it to Little Domett. After some time, it became obvious that we were not going to get any peace from them tonight. After starting by using our pegs to assist the erection of their fly, they next came grovelling for some water; the next thing we knew their stove would not work, so could they possibly use ours? Not content to just use the stove, they heated soup then proceeded to cook their main before returning it to us so we could cook ours. Some justice was seen to be done when Antony tripped on a guy-rope and ripped part of his flysheet.



**Campsite in Lone Creek, July 20, 1986 (photo Antony Pettinger)**

Who was first to wake on Sunday making all the noise? You guessed it.... They decided to walk down Lone Ck. and the Otiake River to meet us for lunch at the main road. We watched the fiasco of their packing-up (what a mess) and left an hour after them ... it was so quiet.

We returned to the van and called on and thanked the lessee of the land we had been on and were at the Otiake River bridge on the main road at the appointed time.... you guessed it again.... they weren't there. I was all for just tooting once, giving them 5 mins, and then heading off, but the rest outvoted me; we drove up the road by the river looking for them, but all we found was a nail.... in our left rear tyre. Changed the tyre, still no sign of them. We had lunch, then 2 hours later we could see them way up the valley.

Finally, we were all-aboard; we stopped briefly to view the Maori rock-paintings near Duntroon, then returned to Dunedin via one small, sentimental, though somewhat rowdy side-trip past my

old school in Oamaru (they just don't understand). All in all, another good weekend trip, spent (for the most part) in excellent company.



**Mt Domett (left) and the St Marys Range from the rock-drawings near Duntroon, July 20, 1986 (photo Antony Pettinger)**

Ross Cocker for Alana Bell's party of Mike Crashley, Ian Seque, and Mike Conway; and that other lot of Antony Pettinger, Michelle Williams, Philip Jenkins, John Bevin, and Doug Forrester.



## MAKARORA EXCURSION

July 5-6, 1986

Author: Alana Bell

Published in Bulletin 448, August 1986



**Philip Jenkins and John Bevin in the upper Makarora Valley, about 30 minutes below the hut, July 5, 1986 (photo Antony Pettinger)**

We headed down to Brewster  
With Bill on our excursion  
It rained, it poured, it bucketed down  
With snow a pleasant diversion  
(so what's new, Bill?)

Actually, that's not how it was  
A million stars were shining  
Perhaps Huey would be kind to us  
For dry clothes we would not be pining.

We rested our bones at Davis Flat  
Bill's party went to another  
Along with my car, my carry-mat, and Sunday's breakfast!  
(Which we had yet to discover....)

We settled down to get some sleep  
Crisp frost and peace abounding  
When out of the darkness with lights biasing  
Came skiers with horn resounding.

They scratched around and put up their fly  
And eventually went to bed  
In the morning they waved goodbye  
"Cross-country skiing" they said.

Took us a while to get to the hut  
With lengthy photo stops  
Of frozen waterfalls and icicles  
There were numerous brilliant spots.

Makarora Hut we found  
Was a brilliant place to rest  
Four trampers to four beds (and a fireplace)  
A five-star hotel at its best.



**Some of the icicles in the Makarora that hampered our progress (due to multiple stops for photos...)  
July 5, 1986 (photo Antony Pettinger)**



Well Huey thought that one fine day  
Was enough for us to bear  
On Sunday it was piddling down  
And snow was in the air.

We headed out at Pettinger pace  
Nose down, bottom up, legs moving  
I had some trouble keeping up  
My fitness needs improving.

Alana Bell for John Bevin, Antony Pettinger, and Philip Jenkins.



**Icicles and pools in the upper Makarora, July 5, 1986 (photo Antony Pettinger)**

## **BREWSTER – THIRD TIME LUCKY?**

**July 5-6, 1986**

**Author: Bill Provan**

Published in Bulletin 448, August 1986

You may remember our first attempt.... we'd rather not!

It helps, when you want to climb a mountain, to first approach it from the right valley! And secondly, to take your own crampons, (not someone else's' that didn't fit, and to get some luck with the weather - not 3 days of it persisting down.

Chances on our second attempt seemed somewhat brighter. Two carloads set off on what appeared to be a fine weekend.... lots of stars and a good forecast. We only broke down twice (once on the way up, and to balance it, once on the way back), but thanks to Alana's' skillful manipulation of the ignition-lead all was fixed - like I always say, a woman's' touch makes all the difference.'

The first party stopped at Davis Flat for their expedition, up to the Makarora Hut. We carried on to the top of Haast Pass, which was glistening with frost and quite slippery, but we didn't hang out the back of Alana's car too often. Dossed down under the trees....it was freezing, but at least I had a sleeping-bag this time - and Alana's carry- mat. We thought of the other party as we breakfasted on their homemade muesli bars which they had left in the car - most delicious!

Our attempt on Brewster was really a non- event... as soon as we struggled out of the bush the snow was very deep, falling through up to our crotches (ouch!) at times. Brewster? Hell, we couldn't even find the little shelter! Pretty demoralising when a group of cross-country skiers had since arrived and were making good progress across the snow on their skis. Late in the afternoon, it was obvious that there was a front fast approaching from the west, and the going wasn't getting any easier, so contrary to the song "When the going gets tough the tough get going", we wimped out and headed back down the hill, to camp only about 50 metres from where we stayed the first night.

It poured down during the night (unusual on my trips), and the next day. Later on the Sunday, the rain gave way to snow. We started to get a bit worried that the other party wouldn't get out of Makarora Hut before the road became impassable, but Antony and his merry men, and Alana, duly arrived, and so it was back to town through a snow-covered Central Otago.

Brewster? Maybe next time....

Bill Provan for Andrew Milne, and Daryl Thorburn.



## **AT LAST...A FINE WEEKEND ON THE ROCK AND PILLARS**

**August 16-17, 1986**

**Author:**

Published in Bulletin 449, September 1986

At a quarter past dawn on Saturday the 16th August, a convoy of cars headed for Middlemarch. Mark was deputised to ask permission from Glencreay Homestead, and we parked near the hut the Otago Ski Club used to sleep in on Friday nights. Tying our skis onto our packs, we clutched our photocopied maps and headed straight up the hill.

The next 2000ft sorted the sheep from the goats, and the overexposed from the overheated. We regrouped at the snowline and made the final assault up the fence line and following a line of snow stakes leading right across a small gully to the hut.

The Otago Ski Club had it's heyday from the Second World War to the early 1960'S, when the first chairlifts were installed at Coronet Peak. The hut had bunks for 60 people, a generator, and hot water. Now it is rundown, but the OUTC has recently done some maintenance on it.



**Cross-Country Ski Tracks on the Rock and Pillars (above Big Hut)  
(photo Antony Pettinger)**

A bit more exercise shovelling a snowdrift from one bunkroom and we paused for lunch. The bog was unfortunately drifted over. By Sunday it was gruesomely evident that Toilet Training Lesson 1 (go in the lee of a rock) had been grasped by all, but lessons 2 and 3 (go a reasonable distance from the hut and cover your leavings) had not! Bruce got us moving with a relay on skis, and then we wandered around trying different types of turns, until we ended up

on Summit Rock. We bombed down for afternoon tea before going out again. There were people in and out all evening, tempted by moonlight skiing, while others enjoyed cards and dirty jokes, and yet others crawled into bed.

Sunday was another clear, calm day, Peter Mason and Bevan Blackmore turned up at breakfast time, en-route for Leaning Lodge. The group split into 2 parties: one going to Museum Rock and the gullies around there, and the other going further South to McPhees Rock and back along Styx Creek.

The snow was absolutely perfect, with tempting untracked slopes, spectacular rock tors, and good company combining to give a perfect day.

Everyone arrived back at the hut by 3.00pm to rehydrate and pack up. Then, leaving behind 4 people who were to traverse North to Hyde on Monday, people shouldered packs and bombed or wobbled the slopes back to the cars. Thanks for arranging the snow, Bruce....is this the start of the next ice-age?

Those skiing the slopes were: Bruce Mason, John Robinson, Linda Mehrrens, Jane Bruce, Spen Walker, Cathy & Euan Kennedy, Lori Meyer, Ken Mason, Roger Conroy, Hermione Binnie, Mike, Graham Johnston, Alison McPherson, Carolyn, Andrew Milne, John Pohl, Mark & Marina Hanger, Gary Nixon & Liz.



## POWDER RIDGE WORKPARTY

**August 17, 1986**

**Author: Doug Forrester**

Published in Bulletin 449, September 1986

Nine keen trampers turned up on Sunday morning for my work party. A slasher each, one or two small pruning saws, a fine day and we were away. As it was the top part of Powder Ridge, it was late morning before the slashers started singing. It wasn't easy work, on account of the springy nature of the growth, but each member's presence helped generate enough enthusiasm to keep going. At the end of the day I guess about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the track is now cleared. Powder Ridge is a lovely walk, and 9 weary bods felt very satisfied at having contributed to its upkeep. On behalf of all those who use the Powder Ridge Track, my thanks to Antony Pettinger, John Bevin, Doug Pagel, Piotr Swierczywki, Stephen Cathro, Kelvin Liggett, Dad and Antoinette (can outrun Dad) Cocker, and special thanks to Lands & Survey Dept.

Trip Report....by Doug Forrester



**Doug Forrester (L) and Ross Cocker (R), Powder Ridge work-party, August 17, 1986  
(photos Antony Pettinger)**

## DANSEYS PASS AREA

**July 19-20, 1986**

**Author: Philip Jenkins and John Bevin**

Published in Bulletin 449, September 1986

We sure like those short van-trips, arriving at the destination by 10pm after a leisurely stop in Oamaru, trying to beat the record for ordering the largest variety of greasies and other things in one shop (well done J.B.)! After removing the residents of a local barn, most of us ditched on a cold concrete floor, while the two wisest chose the unparalleled comfort of the van.

We awoke next morning to a magnificent sunrise, giving us a small urge to do something. Breakfast and packing was next, with a debate about which mountain was the right one. Once Antony had finally fetched everything that he had forgotten from the van, we set off. 1/2 an hour and some hasty repacking later, we had our first stint of hill, and it was up! But once you are up you must come down, so down we went! The other party still followed blindly....

But, not deterred from defeat, we went up again! It wasn't long before the going began to slow us down. We gained a 4-wheel drive track and followed that for a while, before taking a windswept ridge which led to the top (hopefully). Lunch was had after a unanimous decision - or lack of any further energy.

It wasn't long before we got ice-axes out as the snow got better. We put crampons on for the last section of Little Domett, which was good steep hard snow. We got to the top of Little Domett at about 3.30pm. Here we had several decisions to choose from, eventually deciding to return to the valley floor, flagging visions of Domett away. Much to our joy we found a very steep snow-chute leading to where we wanted to go – it was tense at first, but as confidence increased, so did the tempo. After Antony self-arrested some of the way down, losing 1/2 a crampon, the rest of us continued downwards. Once in the valley it was back into knee-deep snow (the kind where you only fall through every second step), and growing darkness.

We decided that since it was growing dark we had better look for somewhere to camp. We came up with this great idea while sitting on our packs... eating. While sitting there, we saw a signal being flashed from down in the valley. Knowing that it could only be Alana's party, we walked down there, ending up camping right beside them ... much to their anguish and despair. John and Philip set off to get some water, after being told it was 10 - 15 minutes away. It wasn't until about an hour later that we started to get worried about them not returning.

We were about to go and look for them when we saw their flashlights coming towards us. Soon stories were being spun about matagouri trees, fences, bluffs, and lost water-bottles. Half an hour and a box of matches later we had to abandon our Optimus and settle for the neighbour's 8R. Unfortunately, that meant tolerating their banter, ably led by Ross Cocker. We ended up half cooking our main before them (sorry Ross), before our time on the 8R ran out.





**Philip Jenkins, Mike Crashley (did we swap Mike for Michelle?), Doug Forrester and John Bevin, Otiake River, July 20, 1986 (photo Antony Pettinger)**

Their abuse continued through to the next day when we had to go a different way from them just to keep our sanity! We arrived at the road to find them complaining that we were three hours late!

We set off for Dunedin at 2.30pm, stopping at the historic Maori rock-drawings. John Bevin provided us with a raving scientific outlook of the site. We arrived in Dunedin at 6.00pm, after a very pleasant weekend with lots of laughs.



**Philip Jenkins, Doug Forrester and Doug Forrester, Gards Road – looking back at Little Mt Domett, July 20, 1986 (photo Antony Pettinger)**

# **CROSS-COUNTRY SKI INSTRUCTION**

## **OLD MAN RANGE**

**August 2-3, 1986**

**Author: Dave Levick**

Published in Bulletin 449, September 1986

After a highly popular trip last year (18 people), this year was even bigger and better. 2 vans and 2 cars.... Alister & Michelle, and Wayne & Pam being semi-independent.

After dropping gear off at Roxburgh Motor Camp, we were soon stopped from driving up the road, even with chains on, by large snowdrifts at 3000ft. Leaving the vans with light snow falling, we all got to the first continuous snow just below the snowcaving site. For the rest of the day all the basic techniques were taught by the intrepid instructors, then practiced at different levels of ability. Most of this was done on one slope, due to the respectable snowstorm that lasted most of the day. John Robinson led 'the Guns' off into the murk but came back with stirring tales of skiing in the white-out. Meanwhile, John Cox took off at high speed after one of his party's skis (safety-straps are a good idea). Advanced stopping techniques were practiced by Polly Stupples and Mike Crashley, and Karl, while Anne was trying to ski with shoes 4 sizes too big for her. All this while El Pres, was following her around the slope as if she was the Pied Piper.

Then time to head down for a debrief at the Shingle Creek Pub.... the only way to ski!

That night a few made it to the pub in Roxburgh, but advanced exhaustion claimed most.

The next day was fine, sunny, and calm. Up the hill - rearranged a few parties... then the instructors were seen leading people all over the Shingle Creek catchment, and even over to Potters. Huge amounts of snow with people having a great time. All too soon it was back to the motor camp to repack, and a safe trip home.

Dave, for all 32.



# PINEAPPLE – BURNS TRACK DAY TRIP

**July 27, 1986**

**Author: Spen Walker**

Published in Bulletin 449, September 1986

Eleven assorted bods on a cold and overcast day set off from Nichols' Creek, via the first waterfall, and made their -way to the Pineapple Track by devious route finding, then on to the Flagstaff-Swampy saddle for lunch. From there the party split with Jane and Penny going via the Pylon Track, and the others over Swampy to the Burns by the traditional route off the Swampy - Hightop walkway. The Burns track was negotiated with ease (if you know where it is) and some people learnt a new way to the Silver Peaks. Short work was made of the descent to the motorway and the awaiting limousine, which brought us back together at Nichols Creek.

Those on the trip were: John Bevin, Penny Wilson, Ian Hills, Philip Heseltine, Ron Oakley, Russell Dawson, Steve Cathro, Jane Bruce, Spen Walker



## **ROCK AND PILLAR CROSS COUNTRY SKI TRIP**

**16-17 August, 1986**

**Author: John Robinson**

Published in Bulletin 449, September 1986

For the first time this winter, the weather forecast was for 'fine'. This was great news for the 20 plus eager cross-countryers who had signed up on Bruce Mason's Rock & Pillar trip.

The convoy assembled at the base of the range Saturday morning. The first 2000ft was steep and hot. Snowline was around 3000ft.—real low. At lunchtime, the Varsity ski-hut appeared on the horizon. What a welcome sight; A heap of snow around the hut; the toilet was well buried too! The snow was excellent. A whopping firm base with 2-3cm of light frosted powder on top. Violet wax. After lunch, Bruce had us playing games on skis, skiing without- poles; before long we were attempting telemarks. We skied until dark, and after a great dinner did some night-skiing with the aid of the moon.



**The summit of the Rock and Pillars – pristine skiing conditions (photo Antony Pettinger)**

Sunday. Up early, with a choice of 3 tours. Most chose to go South to Museum Rock, or further to McPhee's Rock. Great weather and great snow. Light wind and a cloudless sky.... everybody had a fantastic time, despite sunburn and sore muscles. I'm sure there will be many converts to the sport.

Most left about 4.00pm Sunday, but Spen, Jane, Linda, Bruce, and I stayed on to ski out Northwards on Monday. As it was, a gale got up in the night, blowing all the powder away. Linda kindly went down to drive the car up to Hyde, and us four klistered-up and headed North. From the top it was downhill all the way.... fairly quick going. At 3500ft we ran out of snow but

found a snowed-in water-race that got us a bit further. Linda picked us up about 1km South of Hyde.

Thanks due to Bruce for the organisation, and thanks to all those on the trip.



## **SNOWCAVING – OLD MAN RANGE**

**August 23-24, 1986**

**Author: John Bevin**

Published in Bulletin 450, October 1986

Not having snowcaving before I was a bit concerned when John Pohl made me trip-leader, but he assured me that Antony had, and it wouldn't take long to learn.

The early Saturday morning start got us to Roxburgh in time to have breakfast and wake up. A few miles later and it was time to leave the vehicles and walk up to a small gully where the snow was promptly attacked by an array of implements. The snow proved to be very hard and we had to rotate the 6 of us in the 2 tunnels. The afternoon had gone before we had finished, however we had a platform, enough to squeeze the 6 of us into.



**The two access tunnels to the snowcave, August 23, 1986 (photo Antony Pettinger)**

We had (it was suggested) built the wrong type of cave for the conditions, and my aching shoulders agreed. I was surprised to find just how warm it was inside, and vigorous pounding from the outside demonstrated its strength (in fact it resisted destruction the following day). As Antony and Michelle prepared a gastronomic delight for tea, we slipped wearily into our sleeping-bags, our steaming breath filling the cave so that Michelle could not see Philip on the far side of the cave.

After a very comfortable night we awoke to the lurid blue of the cave, refreshed and ready to have some fun.... we fooled around in the snow with our ice-axes for a while, before getting down to serious landscape modification so that we could slide on our bags (and avoid the waterhole). Mucking around like this seemed to fill the day, and all too quickly it was time to return, having first noted the various construction techniques of the other parties, for future reference.

John Bevin for Michelle Williams, Antony Pettinger, Phillip Jenkins, Polly Stupples, and Sylvia Keller.



**Packing up over a relatively comfortable night, August 24, 1986 (photo Antony Pettinger)**

## **FRACTION TOO MUCH FRICTION OLD WOMAN RANGE X/C SKIING**

**September 20-21, 1986**

**Author: Molly Sorenson**

Published in Bulletin 450, October 1986

"I can't get any bloody glide at all in these things" – Mike Floate, cross-country ski trip, 20-21 September, on the Old Woman Range

Being inexperienced in snow jargon. Let alone cross-country skiing, I can only say that the weather was excellent, and we all enjoyed ourselves immensely. In some ways it was typical trip, with Mike Floate worrying that perhaps he's lost his billy lid, and someone's klister bursting... but the weather! No wind, lots of sun, blue sky, and long evening. We reached the hut for an early lunch on Saturday and headed off 'on tour' to Mt Black and along the ridge; there's nothing like BEING THERE! Return to the hut was an easy downhill cruise, the soft snow unrelenting until the hut was reached, where it had iced up, proving a real trick for young players as we overshot the mark and balanced precariously on the steeper slope. A big thank you to all the volunteers who installed the Loo with a View – it was much appreciated, and in fact was the Loo with a Queue for most of the weekend.

We spent a cosy Saturday night batting balloons around the hut – no moon light skiing as the snow was really icy, which (shame!) meant an early start on Sunday was impractical. There was a fraction not enough friction for some of us slithering about the next morning, but a bit of sun soon put that to rights. We skied to the head of the Bannockburn – highly recommended! Zipping down the burn is well worth the climb to the ridge at the end. We were sorry to be leaving, but it was a great weekend. Many thanks to all those involved, and special thanks to Huey for his unreserved benevolence.

Molly Sorenson for Bruce Mason, John Robinson, Peter Dymock, Spen Walker, Jane Bruce, Lori Meyer, Bruce McKinlay, Alison McPherson, Mike Floate, Ross Umbers, Mary Hewinson, Dave Levick, John Pohl, Alister Metherall, Michelle Metherall, Wayne Hodgy



## WINTER ROUTEBURN

**September 27-28, 1986**

**Author: Mike Farrell**

Published in Bulletin 450, October 1986

We left Dunedin at 6.20pm Friday in brand new vans. Heaps of room to stretch out and sleep if you are less than 5ft tall. Weather; warm and clear. The van was great.... quiet, plenty of windows that opened and closed, and lots of room. Just out of Milton lightning began to strike in the distance, and Bill began to quietly but earnestly mumble things to the bloke arranging the weather. Later on we managed to sneak past the other van, although I don't think any of them noticed .... but at least we woke their driver up! Stopped at Alexandra for petrol and greasies, and what do you know but every cop south of Christchurch was sitting in the main street at a drink/drive checkpoint. We got through but most people were stopped. Weather deteriorating.... lightning gets more spectacular, and solid rain sets in just before Queenstown.

We had to pick up someone at Frankton, so stopped at the store (the wrong one), and at Bills' insistence almost picked up the wrong bloke! So onward to the Shotover Store and the right bloke sitting patiently in the rain. Now on to Glenorchy, in the rain, naturally. An uneventful stretch apart from the Land Rover that threatened to ram us and the bridge. Arrived at the Routeburn shelter and crashed for what was left of the night. The second van arrived with more commotion, then finally sleep.



**L-R Trevor Chew, Mike Farrell, Debbie Williams, Hermione Binnie in the Routeburn Basin below Ocean Peak (photographer unknown, Debbie's camera)**

Saturday morning.... weather OK. We were the second group away and began our walk to Falls Hut via Flats Hut, arriving at our destination in time for lunch, after one of the longest ascents from the flats (due to the authors' inability to climb hills!) We decided to climb closer to Harris Saddle, but turned back, as did all the others, because of the avalanche risk. So we settled for a look at the small lakes behind Falls Hut, and slowly worked our way down to the hut for dinner. This consisted of four courses; soup, spaghetti, cheesecake, or nothing! We all chose the first 3, and nearly didn't get choice #3 as Bill hid our cake outside and wouldn't tell Hermione where it was until she promised to tie-dye four pairs of long johns for him and his mates! After dinner the others played cards while Bill just played up.



**Looking from Lake Harris over the Routeburn basin towards the Dart Valley and Mt Earnslaw, September 27, 1986 (photo Antony Pettinger)**

Sunday....weather GREAT! We casually worked our way down to the shelter. Hermione, Trevor, and Debbie made a small detour up the Sugarloaf track, and once they arrived back, we went up to the lake with the others. All parties were out by 4.00pm.

Thanks to Bill Provan for organisation (but not for hiding our cheesecake), and our esteemed leader and provider of food, Hermione.

Mike for Hermione Binnie, Trevor Chew, Ian Seque, Debbie Williams, and Mike Farrell.

# **SNOW 3...OR A WILD, WET WEEKEND AT LAKE MCKENZIE**

**November 8-9, 1986**

**Author: Hermione Binnie & Polly Stupples**

Published in Bulletin 451, December 1986

Snow 3....or A Wild, Wet Weekend at Lake McKenzie.

Well actually it wasn't - the weather was fantastic!

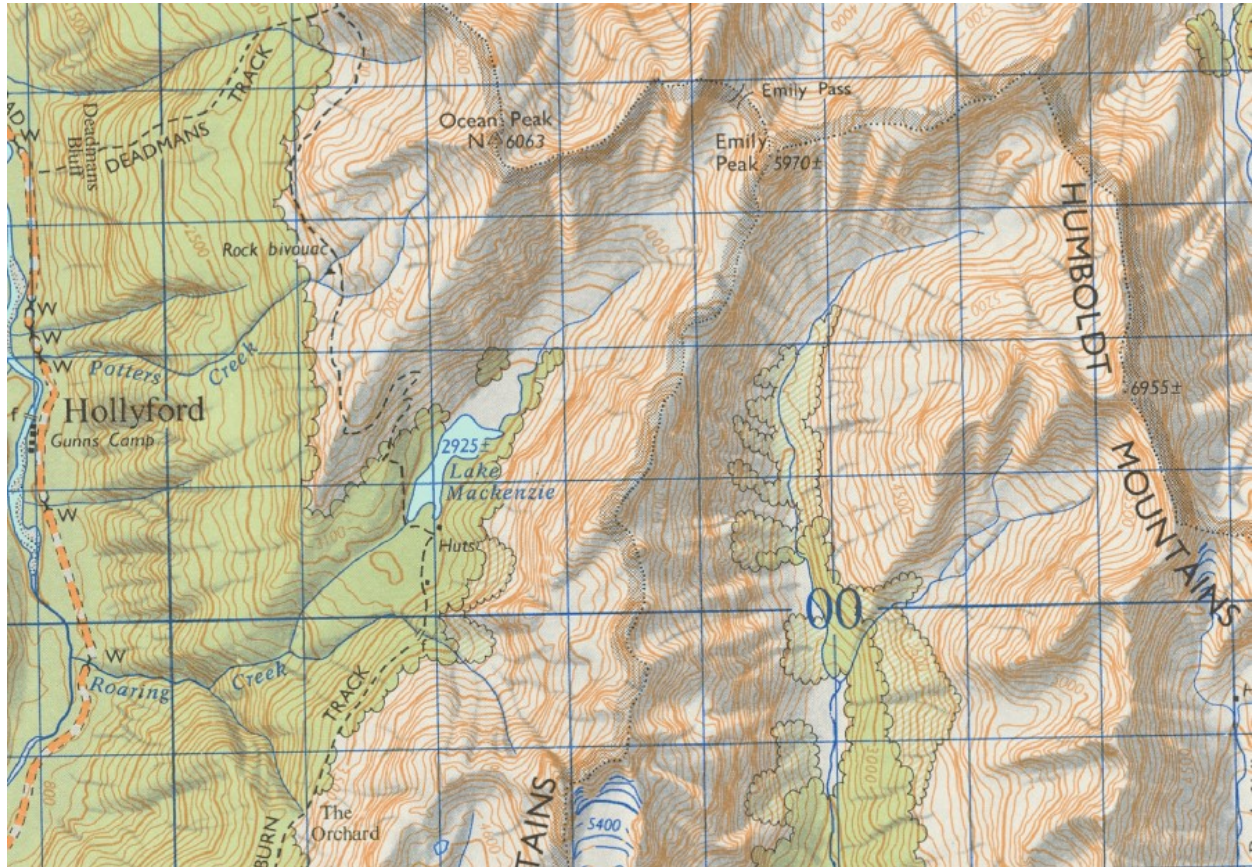
The snow could have been better, but that didn't matter; all you need is something white, wet, and not rock. We left late (of course), but only 20 minutes. The local Mountaineering Expert (the Gore Pie- Cart waitress) cordially informed us that we were DOOMED (as the pie cart floated down the floodwaters of main street Gore!). We discovered that we shouldn't have taken her years of experience so lightly, as we crawled into the dripping Routeburn Shelter for the night. The grey, misty morning brought no hope to our dejected spirits, especially when Hermione and I discovered that we were the only imbeciles to bring unadjusted crampons....5 sizes too big! Typically, the sun appeared as we were 1/2 way to Key Summit, stayed out until we reached the top, and disappeared just as we descended to the sunny (?) Howden Hut. After a quick shower at Earland Falls, we arrived at McKenzie for lunch, then Emily Basin for the afternoon - with SUN! Picture this.... you are at the top of a beautiful snow slope .... nice image? But WAIT! On your back, headfirst down the slope!! Held only by our two trusty, sympathetic (?) instructors Wayne and Ewan. Ewan was a great encouragement as he announced that it only took most people about 5 courses to get this particular self-arrest right. But what happens when it's wrong? This thought is one you definitely ignore as you look into the deep blue sky and speed off down the slope. After 3 enjoyable (yes, you can have fun at this!) hours, we headed down for a late tea, while Dave tried to boost his finances by betting on his iron-man characteristics.... that's right, he swam in Lake McKenzie on a twilight November evening!

His hut fees, unfortunately, remained unpaid because of a certain scoundrel who claimed that he could not be thrown into the lake because he was an old man (ay, Grandpa Pete?). A delightful instant pudding "drink" (with too much milk-powder, made in a dirty stew-pot) was downed by all, to our amazement.... we made it! The next day Craig and Andrew successfully climbed Emily Peak, while a certain slob (Tony Preston) slept in the hut wardens' quarters (greaser!). The harder snow eluded us, so our crampons were useless, however throwing ourselves down a steeper slope with packs on, and an iceaxe dangling in one hand, proved challenging enough. Then came the wet part of the weekend.... we would like to state that Peter started the Mammoth McKenzie Water Fight, while Ewan was the chief ringleader, and any billies of water that happened to land on him were justly deserved; not like the rest of us, who were innocent victims! By the time we left McKenzie Hut, none had escaped the dreaded firehose.... but it didn't matter, because the sun was shining brightly for the second day in a row.



After the second pig-out in Gore (the first was at Te Anau) we crammed all 13 of us in the van and spent a thrilling evening with the National Programme. We arrived back in Dunedin with memories of our kindly instructors' sadistic laugh floating down the slopes as we attempted to self-arrest with our noses! Overall, a great weekend, really useful; heaps of fun and a definite for anyone next year.

Hermione Binnie & Polly Stupples for; Ewan Paterson, Wayne Hodgkinson, Pam Hodgkinson, Susan Harding, Kathy Woodrow, Peter Vollweiler, Andrew Milne, Craig Freeman, Tony Preston, David Peacock, Sylvia Keller and Mary Hewinson



# SNOWCRAFT INSTRUCTION

**November 8-9, 1986**

**Author: David Peacock**

Published in Bulletin 451, December 1986

Our intrepid party left Dunedin at about 6.15pm for a smooth ride to the Divide, with one small hiccup at Milton to collect Peter, and a somewhat larger one at the ubiquitous pie-cart in Gore. It rained heavily for part of the way, and people exchanged somber glances which were later returned to their rightful owners as the weather began to clear. We spent the night in the divide shelter, arriving there shortly before Saturday.

Saturday woke slightly overcast, but it lazily shook the clouds from its' eye as the morning progressed, to augur a magnificent day. Our heterogenous group removed itself from sleeping bags, partook of several robust breakfasts, and committed itself to the first stage of this Incredible Voyage at around 9.15am. This first part of the Routeburn Track is easy; perhaps somewhat overdeveloped, with a gentle rise of 1000ft to the Key Summit junction, followed by a slightly steeper fall to Lake Howden hut. At this stage some of us felt that our bodies doth protest too much, and that Lake Howden is such a beautiful place, and why were we...but to no avail, and the second part of this Magnificent Journey began after the 10 o'clock intermission.

It was a pleasant walk to an invigorating shower at Earland Falls, with some good views of the Darran Mountains to the west as we skirted the bushline of the Ailsas. A yummy lunch at Lake McKenzie, but then we cast our eyes nor 'easterly across the lake (but fortunately not into it) towards The Slopes. Thus we donned our armour and betook ourselves of the third section of this Mighty Expedition (all except Craig and Andrew, who scampered around the bluffs overlooking the lake instead). Kathy led our party through the bush on the edge of the lake, and then we boulder-skipped up the creek and across scrub to the snow at the head of the valley.

And now the True Grit of this Fantastic Tour.... self-arresting on the snow. We started on a gentle slope with the rocks a judicious distance away. Ewan gave us excellent instruction in the extremely important art of self-arresting with an ice-axe. Everyone had fun but tempered with the understanding that this skill is a very important, and possibly lifesaving, part of snowcraft. We all then moved to a steeper slope to have more practice. I for one did not find the techniques particularly easy, but practice is the key. As we took of down the slopes in varying positions, the mountains echoed to the refrain of...."YIPPEE!" and "AAARGH!" and I distinctly remember Hermione crying...."I don't believe this!" as she shot down the slope on her back, in one run. All through this Ewan and Wayne gave us help, assistance and encouragement. And so, late in the afternoon, we made our way back to the hut; exhilarated, tired, and wiser. There was a promise of frost overnight, and so we resolved to be up earlier the next morning in the hope of catching some firmer snow.

However, 'twas not to be, and Sunday arose to a warm caress; but still with light hearts we broke out on this section of our Superlative Saunter. It was unfortunate that the snow was still



soft, as we could try neither self-arresting on firmer snow nor cramponing. But still, we had an instructive time, particularly as the slope had a bump in it, which caused many of us to do undreamed-of aerobics. One unnamed member of the party even disposed of their ice-axe, obviously regarding it as superfluous, and giving us all a good laugh (but note; in a real emergency, that could be fatal!). And so, in the late morning, we made our way back the couple of miles to the hut, with many water-fights (originally instigated by Peter - at his age!!).



**Emily Pass and Peak from the Routeburn Track (photo Antony Pettinger)**

Lunch was followed by more water-battles until, regrettably, it was time to start the final stage of our Terrific Tour. Andrew and Craig had re-joined us after independently scaling one of the un-named peaks in a very respectable time considering the soft conditions.

With many a wet shirt we regretfully stepped out our return to civilisation. Susan set a cracking pace as we proceeded teaward.

Susan, Sylvia, Mary and myself made a brief foray to Key Summit for the view, and we arrived last at the van at about 5.00pm.

So finally, I speak for all of us when I give our thanks, and a bucketful of water, to our Legendary Leader Ewan Paterson.

Those on the trip were: Mary Hewinson, David Peacock, Sylvia Keller, Kathy Woodrow, Ewan Paterson, Pam & Wayne Hodgkinson, Susan Harding, Polly Stupples, Hermione Binnie, Peter Vollweiler, Andrew Milne, and Craig Freeman.



# MATUKITUKI

**October 25-27, 1986**

**Author: Philip Jenkins**

Published in Bulletin 451, December 1986

Away we went... three van loads of us at Labour Weekend, heading to the Matukituki on Friday night.

We were up early Saturday morning to be greeted by clear sky and what we hoped would be a fine, warm day ahead of us. We made our way through a flat valley floor of farmland, up the East Matukituki branch into native forests. We finally came to a place where the river branches off up to Aspiring Flat, so Michelle, Ross and I went up there to find the Rock of Ages bivvy, while Mike waited at the river-junction for us to return. While Mike was waiting, he saw a party crossing the river to the other side. They went to great trouble to hide their packs in the bushes, checking from every angle to see that they were hidden, so that they could head off on a daytrip. Mike, almost directly across from them, was watching all the time!



**Aspiring Flat and Turnbull Thomson Falls (photo Antony Pettinger)**

After having lunch at the river-junction we headed for Ruth Flat. The track climbed above bush line for a short time, then back into the bush. It dropped steeply in places, while seeming to disappear or run off in several directions at other places... crossing a very steep chasm that we had to jump, and a recent massive landslide threw us into confusion as the contours on the

map showed no sign of the small gorge the slide had caused. Finally, at the end of our 10-11-hour day we set up camp at Ruth Flat.



**Looking towards the West Matukituki and Sharks Tooth from the Bledisloe Gorge track (photo Antony Pettinger)**

The next day we turned back and beaded towards the river-junction through showery weather (the DOOM forecast which we heard from the previous two parties the day before had eventuated). We were the only party in the East Matukituki who were at risk by getting trapped by rising rivers, so food-ration precautions were enforced. At the river-junction, by linking arms we had no trouble in getting across. We set up camp on the other bank. That night at about 12.00am I heard the rustling of plastic hags between the tent and fly. I had a fairly good idea it was an opossum getting at the food, "YAH! YAH!" unfortunately waking everyone up! Michelle scared the opossum away for good as she turned on the super-bright torch.

The next day we went back to Aspiring Flat where we met Johns' party who were still up the East Matukituki because they also had a tent, while the rest of the parties with flies had to clear off up to Aspiring Hut in the West Matukituki. We set off towards the waterfall at the head of the valley before returning back to the campsite to pack and head out to the van.

An enjoyable weekend. Party members were; Michelle Williams, Ross Umbers, Mike Farrell, and Philip Jenkins



## WINTER ROUTEBURN

**September 27-28, 1986**

**Author: Doug Forrester (1986) & Antony Pettinger (2020)**

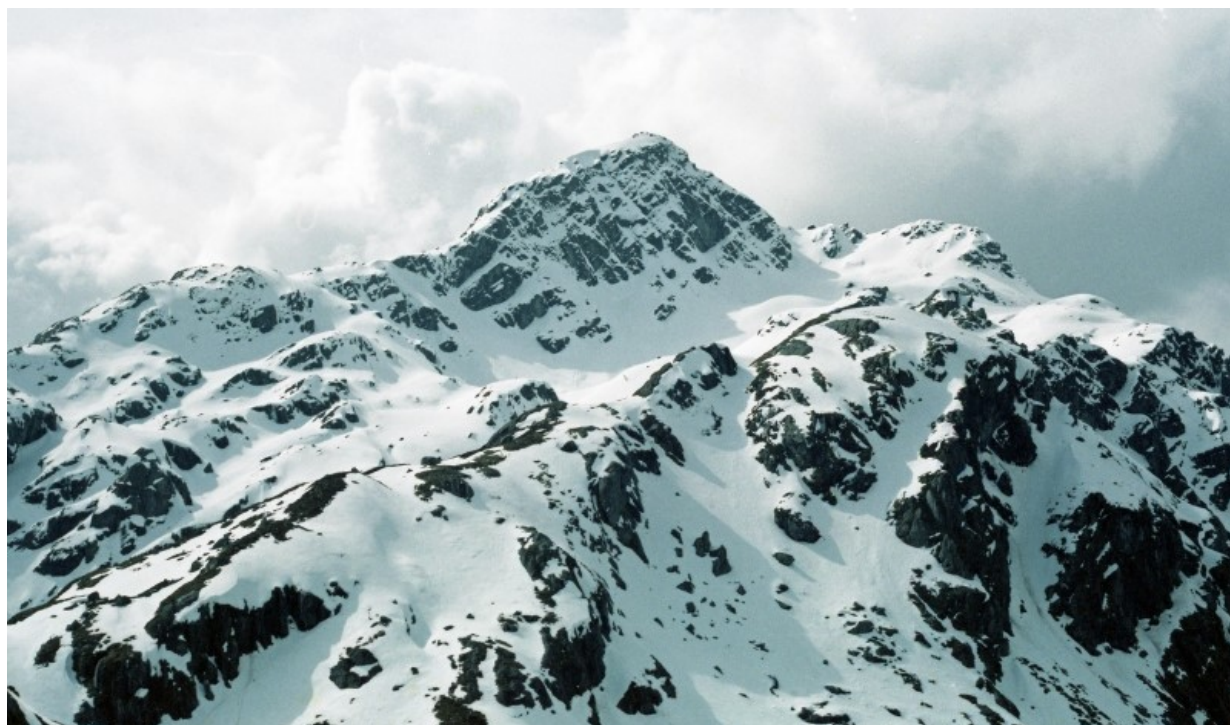
Contemporary Report – December 2020

As I was putting this 1986 collection, I came across the following letter to the Bulletin Editor from 'The Phantom' (aka Doug Forrester). Whilst obviously a bit of 'tongue in cheek' in line with the times it did bring back memories of the trip, my recollection of the trip is still relatively clear so I thought I would record my memory of the trip. This is The Phantom's letter:

*Dear Sir,*

*Hi Ed - say, went on a beaut trip into the Routeburn last weekend with mine host Billy 'Sunshine' Provan; great weather - 2nd year in a row he's picked it right, made 2 great discoveries - how to get Billy to stop laughing.... one is when he is asleep, and the other is to put him on a steep snow-slope with a high avalanche risk. ...no laughing then.' My complaint: if he hadn't arranged so much heat in the sun the avo risk wouldn't have been there and we would have achieved our objective, Regards.... 'The Phantom'*

A few of us had decided that we wanted to climb Mt Erebus on one of the annual OTMC 'winter' trips to the Routeburn. In those days the Routeburn trip was just another trip on the programme, and not the social trip it later became.



**6274, now known as Mt Xenicus, as seen from the track below Lake Harris, September 27, 1986 (photo Antony Pettinger)**



Erebus was first seriously attempted by this bunch of people in 1985 but we were unsuccessful; Doug Forrester, Philip Jenkins and Bill Provan reached what they called 'Little Mt Erebus', a prominent knob on the Erebus Ridge. I was in a party with Ewan Paterson and one other (who I can't remember) – we chose to climb 6274 (now Xenicus) from the Routeburn Shelter on the Saturday and Erebus on the Sunday. We did get to the top of 6274 as planned but passed on trying Erebus on the Sunday (thinking back now it was a pretty ambitious plan!)

Fast forward to 1986, and this time I was in a party with Doug Forrester, Bill Provan and Tony Preston. It was a quick walk into Flats on the Friday night for a few hours sleep.

Any trip with Doug was always an early start, and this was no exception. We made good time to up to Falls where we stopped for a photo-stop. Above Routeburn Falls, we were greeted by a lot of deep soft snow in the basin, and given the trip was in late September we didn't expect Lake Harris to be frozen (a lot of time can be saved if you can cross the frozen lake).



**Looking towards the Lake Harris basin, September 27, 1986 (photo Antony Pettinger)**

We reached the outlet of Lake Harris around 11am and started to head up the track amongst the bluffs that leads to Harris Saddle. Not far from the lake, we heard, and then saw the first of several small avalanches crashing down onto the narrow track before continuing down into the lake. Bill and I were quite keen to stop there and then, and my memory is that it took a bit of convincing to get Doug to turn back. In the end we didn't go any further and retreated back down to the lake for an early lunch.

The afternoon was spent catching up with the various other parties in the area before we went to the tarns above the Falls Hut and spent an hour or two admiring the view over the flats, and no doubt trying to solve the world's problems.



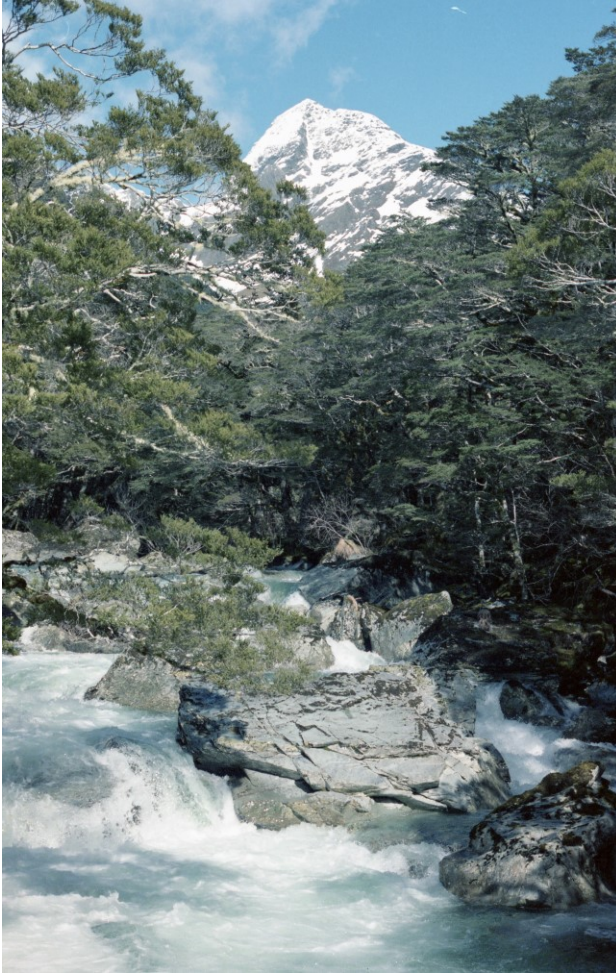
**Bill Provan and Doug Forrester overlooking Routeburn Flats (left) and the lower North Routeburn (right) September 27, 1986 (photo Antony Pettinger)**

We spent the night at Falls Hut, and yes, some elements in Mike Farrell's trip report on pages 52 & 53 regarding cheesecakes rings a bell.

Sunday dawned fine and sunny, so we had a leisurely walk back down the Routeburn. As we still had half a day to fill in, we shot up to Sugarloaf Pass for the view into the Rockburn, and over the Dart Valley and the head of Lake Wakatipu. A fast descent to the shelter followed to meet the standard 4pm deadline.

Still a great trip, and it was always a pleasure to share a trip with Doug and Bill – it was characters such as these that made the club what it is.





**At an earlier version of the swing-bridge across the Routeburn below the flats – Bill Provan crossing with Tony Preston waiting, September 28, 1986 (photo Antony Pettinger)**





**At Sugarloaf Pass, looking over and up the Rockburn Valley, September 28, 1986 (photo Antony Pettinger)**



**From Sugarloaf Pass, looking over the Dart towards Mt Alfred and Glenorchy through to the Richardson Mountains, September 28, 1986 (photo Antony Pettinger)**

## **OTMC COMMITTEE (1986-87)**

**President / Library** - John Pohl

**Vice President / Bushcraft 1987** – Spencer Walker

**Secretary** – Pam Hodgkinson

**Treasurer** – Jane Bruce

**Chief Guide / Transport** – Peter Mason

**Bulletin Editor / Climbing** - Ewan Paterson

**Membership Secretary** – Antony Pettinger

**Social Convenor** – Michelle Williams (resigned)

**Social Convenor** – Susan Harding

**Day Trip Convener** – Philip Jenkins (resigned)

**Day Trip Convenor** – Antony Pettinger

**Gear Hire** – Michelle Williams (resigned)

**Gear Hire** – Antony Pettinger

**SAR** – Stuart Mathieson

**Property & Maintenance** – Chris Stewart (resigned)

**Property & Maintenance** – Peter Mason

**Mountain Safety / Past President** – Mike Floate

**Outdoor Recreation Group** – Bruce Mason

**Auditor** – Russell George (resigned)

**Auditor** – Barry Wybrow

**Hon. Solicitor** – Antony Hamel

**Family Group** – Lyall Campbell

**Family Group** – George Palmer

**Over Thirties** – Neil Donaldson

**Over Thirties** – Muriel Mason

**Over Thirties** – Eric Brodie

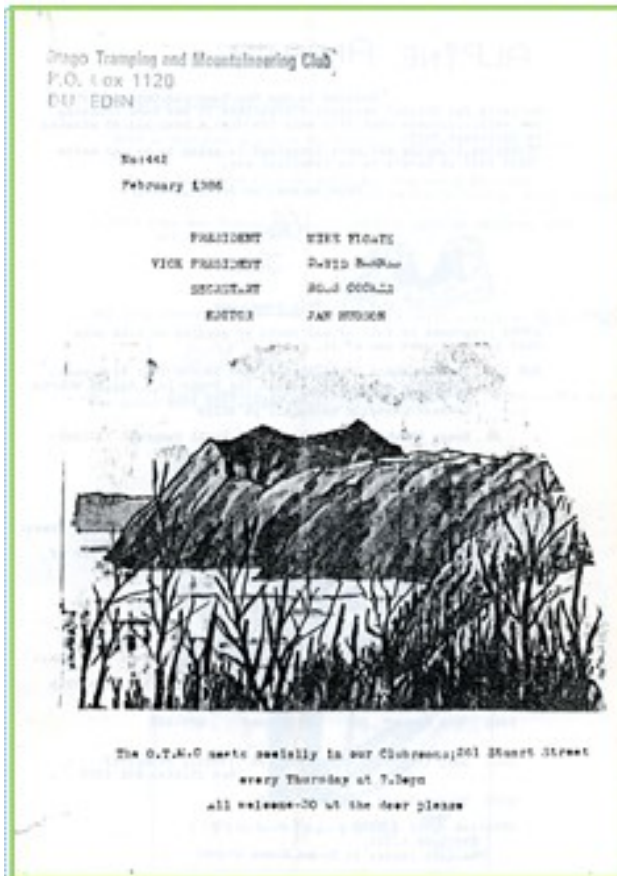
## OTMC TRIP PROGRAMME 1986

January	19	Rosella Ridge	Richard Pettinger
January	25-26	Routeburn - Caples Area	Bill Provan
February	2	Mountain Madness and Club Picnic (Bethunes Gully)	Richard Pettinger
February	9	Silver Peaks	Martin Connell
February	8-9	Garvies	Spen Walker
February	16	OTMC Silver Peaks Marathon	Michelle Metherell
February	16	Ryan's Beach (Family Group)	Lyall Campbell
February	15-16	Hut Work Party (Jubilee)	Don Greer
February	23	There and Back	Muriel Mason
February	22-23	Bushcraft 1986 (Tirohanga Weekend)	Spen Walker
March	1-2	Bushcraft 1986 (Silver Peaks Weekend)	David Barnes
March	1-2	Hokonui's (Joint Clubs)	Bill Provan
March	9	Lower Taieri River	Philip Jenkins
March	16	Who Knows'	Jan Hudson
March	16	Deep Stream from Dunstan Road	Bob Stables
March	15-16	Bushcraft 1986 (Optional Fiordland Weekend)	Bill Provan
March	22	Pre Easter Social	Alison McPherson
March	23	Silverstream - Long Ridge	Eric Lord
March	28-1	Westland (Easter Trip)	Bruce Mason
April	6	Possum Hut	Bill Provan
April	13	Otago Peninsula	Mike Floate
April	12-13	Mavora Lakes - Eyre Mountains	Eric Lord
April	20	South Waikouaiti River	Graham Johnston
April	20	Saddle Hill to Scroggs Hill	Ken Allen
April	25-27	Homer (Tramping and Snowcraft I)	Ewan Patterson
May	4	Nardoo	Ross Cocker
May	11	Evansdale	Ross Davies
May	10-11	Skippers	Mike Floate
May	18	Maungatua	Kathy Woodrow
May	18	Akatore Forest Walk (Family Group)	George Palmer
May	25	Powder Ridge	Doug Forrester
May	31-2	Monowai - Borland	David Barnes
June	8	Mt Kettle	Michelle Williams
June	15	Sawmill Track	Ian Sime
June	15	Outram Glen to Lee Stream (Family Group)	Nancy Strang
June	14-15	Jubilee - Wine & Dine	Don Greer
June	22	Nicholls Creek - Swampy	David Barnes
July	6	Mystery Trip	John Bevin
July	5-6	Makarora - Brewster	Bill Provan
July	13	The Crater	Spen Walker
July	20	Evansdale	Jan Hudson
July	20	Big Stone Road to McLaren Gully Road	Marie and Gordon McDonald



July	19-20	Dansey's Pass (from Waitaki Valley Side)	Ross Cocker
July	27	Pineapple Track - Burns Track	Jane Bruce
July	26-27	Downhill Skiing	Alistair Metherell
August	3	Silverstream - Powder Ridge	John Bevin
August	2-3	X/C Ski Instruction (Old Man Range)	Dave Levick
August	10	Nenthorn and Tunnels	Graham Johnston
August	10-16	Ski Week - Cheeseman	Greig Hormann
August	17	Powder Ridge Workparty	Doug Forrester
August	17	Ben Rudd's (Family Group)	George Palmer
August	16-17	X/C Ski Instruction and Tour - Rock and Pillars	Bruce Mason
August	23-24	Snowcaving - Old Man Range	John Pohl
August	24	Swampy Spur - Rustlers Track	Gaylene Wait
August	30	Annual Dinner - Glenfalloch	Alison & Graham Johnston
August	31	Peninsula	Mike Floate
September	7	ABC Cave	Antony Pettinger
September	14	Jubilee Hut	Philip Jenkins
September	13-14	Ohau	Lori Meyer
September	21	There and Back	Wayne Hodgkinson
September	21	Carey's Creek - Honeycomb Ridge (Family Group)	Paddy O'Neill and Margaret Enright
September	20-21	Spring X/C Skiing - Old Woman Range	Bruce Mason
September	28	Possum Hut (the hard way)	Neil George
September	27-28	Winter Routeburn (Falls Side)	Bill Provan
October	5	SAREX	Stuart Mathieson
October	12	Gabriel's Gully	Bevan Blackmore
October	11-12	Ben Ohau Range - XC Skiing and Tramping	John Pohl
October	18-19	Moonlight Silver Peaks (cancelled)	David Barnes
October	19	Pineapple Track (Booth Rd) to Swampy Summit (Family Group)	Nola Steel & Audrey Woods
October	25-27	Matukituki (Labour Weekend)	Spen Walker
November	2	Nardoo	Ross Cocker
November	9	Evansdale	Alison McPherson
November	8-9	Snow III (Lake McKenzie)	Ewan Patterson
November	16	Painted Forest (Silver Peaks)	Dave Levick
November	16	Green Hut (Family Group)	Rosemary Clarkson & Harold Nixon
November	23	Round the Peaks	Pam Hodgkinson
November	22-23	Mt Cook	Jane Bruce
November	30	Peninsula Cycling Trip	Bill Provan
December	7	Bruce Mason Special	Bruce Mason
December	6-7	Takitimu's	Dave Levick
December	13	Pre Christmas Social	Committee
December	14	Hermit's Cave	John Pohl
December	26-4	Nelson Lakes (Xmas Trip)	Mike Floate

## OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (FEBRUARY TO MAY)





# OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (JUNE TO SEPTEMBER)

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

**BULLETIN**  
Registered at F.G.M.S. Wellington for Transmission by Post as a Magazine

BULLETIN No. 446  
JUNE 1986

**COFFEE HOSTES**

Many thanks to those people who have volunteered to organise and prepare coffee/tea and supper on club nights. If you are keen and enthusiastic, or just willing to help, please add your name to the list in the Clubroom.

Those that are helping so far:

JUNE 19 Irene Fox 26 Pete & John Mason	JULY 3 Doug Forrester 10 Stephen CARRIS 17 Glenda Swift 24 John Pohl
AUGUST 4 Kathy Woodrow	




ANNUAL DINNER ANNUAL DINNER ANNUAL DINNER ANNUAL DINNER  
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To be held this year in the chalet at Glenfalloch. Please sign up on the list in the clubroom, and pay the treasurer (Seven Blackmore) before AUGUST 21.  
Starts 7.30pm to eat at 8.00pm  
Any enquiries? Then contact.....Graham Johnston (36817)  
Allison McPherson (727910)

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BULLETIN No. 447  
JULY 1986

**FROM THE EDITOR**

Hi Peter - you may have noticed that we didn't sign our name to the last bulletin...well, since we have had quite a lot of feedback (and most of it good!), we have decided to sign up to this one. A word about the cost of bringing this publication to you - Budget Prior (Bella Trevor Payton) 23 charges \$13.00 per page of this bulletin, so it doesn't make much sense to calculate that on a 5 page issue costs the club \$104.00, and 12 pages run out at \$156.00. As editors, Bill & I do our best to have as much informative, news, and good trip-reports on each page, to make maximum impact and get good value from each \$13.00 per page. However, because of the club's present cash-flow problems, we can't appear to have enough money to sustain any more 12-page bulletins, which means that the bulletin cannot act as the pipeline of news and views that it should be. Certainly the power move to increase the club subscription fee by a whopping (??) \$5.00 per person would have meant that this cut in the service performed by the bulletin would not be necessary. However, the old maxim "You only get what you pay for" is now in effect.

Now about some letters received in your issue....after all, it's your bulletin. Thanks for the contributions this month. Any articles, trip-reports, photos, news, etc. are greatly appreciated, and welcome over here to give them a go. The deadline for these is the last Thursday of the month.

Bill Provan & Ewen Paterson  
101 Lakeshore Rd  
Phone 710554



**Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club**  
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BULLETIN No. 448  
AUGUST 1986

Trip Report....by Jane Bruce

THE CRATER

We'd been in from the South & Filling but never been there, so this trip was a good day to go and find it. Bill must have stayed in bed, because we had a clear sky and warm sunshine.

We drove through McDermott and turned onto the road along the other side of the lake. At what we thought was the correct farm road, we drove over a small bridge, past the house on the left and the 4-wheel drive track is through the next gate on the right. The farmer to contact is S.J. Hewitt, of the Indian Rd, phone Middlemarch (034 24) 735.

We strolled up the road for a couple of hours, interspersing the exercise with stops to take off layers of clothing and admire the bush. A faint dash up a steep conical hill took us to a trig (one of the Two Sisters) and back. From there we had a view of the Mountaineering capped with snow, the Silver Peaks, and the Crater further along the ridge. We walked along the ridge for an hour, enjoying the half-inch of crisp snow covering the ground, and came down behind the Crater. From this angle it was quite impressive, with a steep cone rising from the gully, and a lapped wall of scoria boulders around the rim. The Crater floor is smooth grass and about 300 yards across, with a frozen pond in the middle. Like the other ponds we had passed, this one didn't stay ice-over for long.

A scramble down the side of the Crater took us back onto the 4-wheel drive track (the one we had expected to come up) and we followed it down, passing the farmer who had driven up with his family. At the road another local farmer was waiting, and we accepted his offer of a lift back to our car. And he solved the snow problem....they grow only mid-way up Tiers Ridge because of the snow on the tops and the frost in the valley. Those finding their way were:

Irene Walker, Phillip Jenkins, John Sevin, Gaylene Wolf, Ian Middleton, David Barnes, Anne-Marie Barnes, Ian Rilla, Phillip Hestline, Trevor Fuller, Jane Bruce.

John Archibald and Lynn Dalton have bought a house at 16 Berkeley Ave, Hillcrest, Hamilton, ph 43472 (home) or 56139 (Rob's work). OTMC friends are most welcome to stay; they have a spare bedroom, and plenty of tent-space outside for the purists!

Have you paid your SUBSCRIPTION yet? They are due now, and if paid by 31 August you avoid paying a \$2 surcharge (for late payment). Unofficial members will be struck off on this date. The July bulletin contained the red renewal form.

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BULLETIN No. 449  
SEPTEMBER 1986

At the Annual General Meeting of Thursday 18 August 1986, the OTMC took great pride in bestowing the honour of LIFE MEMBERSHIP on 3 long-serving club members. Long may they continue to be active and hearty members of this club.

Congratulations and best wishes to:

Ian Nelson  
Bruce Nelson  
Richard Feilinger





## OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (OCTOBER & DECEMBER)

