

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

BULLETIN

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



*Catering for every man's wants
and for every woman's needs*

APRIL 1987



President	John Pohl	44-310
Vice President	Spencer Walker	737-657
Secretary	Pam Hodgkinson	738-390
Chief Guide	Peter Mason	775-237
Membership Secretary/ Gear Hire	Antony Pettinger	879-440
Social Convenor	Susan Harding	43-215
Treasurer	Jane Bruce	737-657

TRIP PROGRAM



April 12: *Maungatua Traverse(m)* Jane Bruce 737-657
 What better way to wear off the effects of the Pre-Easter Social of the night before than this jolly jaunt up through tussock and sub-alpine scrub to gain splendid panoramic views at the top. And who better to lead it!



April 17-21: *Easter (ALL)* Peter Mason 775-237
 Your last chance to sign up for at least 4 days tramping in any of the following valleys: Albert Burn Wilkin, Siberia, Young Valleys or why not wander up Camerons Creek or to the headwaters of the Makarora - easy access to the tops from here. Great Scenery. Jet boat transport is available up the Wilkin and/or across the Makarora River at an extra cost of \$30 per head for a 1 hour trip up the Wilkin to Herin Forks. Can the fine weather of the last 3 Easters prevail!



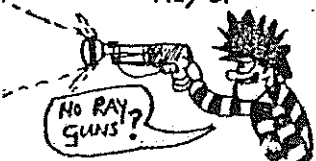
April 26: *The Gap(m)* Arthur Blondell 897-633
 Have you seen this remarkable 'gap' on Gap Ridge from afar, or used it as a reference point - here's your chance to stand between the rocks and experience the reverse views of the Silverpeaks.



April 25-26: *Workparty Weekend*
 Here is your chance to put something back into the hills, maybe painting a hut or clearing a track - see a Committee member for details. By the way, these weekend work parties are really just an excuse for a sociable get together in the hills.



May 3: *Moonlight Silverpeaks II(m)* Wayne Hodgkinson 738-390
 These moonlight jaunts are really catching on. I'm sure Wayne has ordered a full moon for the occasion. Join Hodgdy for this madness experience on the Saturday night of the 3rd May and return on Sunday. PS: no torches or candles will be allowed!



May 2-3:



Moonlight-Moke-Lake Luna(m-f) John Pohl 44-310
Round trips possible, starting at Moke Lake and finishing at Mt. Creighton Station passing en route gold and copper mines, Moonlight Creek water race and steel fluming remains, various ghost settlements and old huts. Lake Luna is at the head of Moonlight Creek. See John for further details.

May 10:



Rustlers Track (m) Spen Walker 737-657
Promises to be another thoroughly enjoyable day in the bush and scrub, opening out into hidden gullies and crisp cool streams, sounds like paradise! Discover where with Spen.

May 9-10:



Wainakarua Scenic Reserve (ALL) Tony Perrett 67-510
Few people have heard of this newly formed reserve just north of Hampden, extensive bush clad valleys and tussock ridges and tops ranging up to 2907 feet (Mt. Miserable). Easy graded tracks in the valleys and moderate to fit routes in upper valleys of middle and south branches of the Wainakarua river so a weekend suitable for all grades. Superb views north eastwards over the coastline to Oamaru and beyond.



There is a REFUND of \$8.00 to the people who went on the Nevis trip of March 14-15. You can claim your money by filling out a yellow claim form (kept by the clock in the clubrooms) and handing it to the treasurer, or by writing to the treasurer, O. T. M. C., P. O. Box 1120, Dunedin. All claims must be handed in before the 15th of May 1987.



BRIC A BRAC AUCTION

Everyone who were not at the club night on 26 March for the Bric a Brac auction missed a good night. I understand Bric-a-Brac is Irish for Chinese and hence the name change from other years. Everything was there from the first pair of crampons to be used in the Dunedin region to Bruce's very used, trusty umbrella which I think he brought himself!

Bruce Mason was the Auctioneer - anyone who can sell anything to tramping club members who are traditionally pretty stingy, has got to be good! Bidding was more brisk from some people compared with others with Jane getting carried away and bidding against herself on one occasion, saying she was sick of missing out! Club members with old cars identified themselves by buying tow ropes (the old club ropes had to be handy for something). Keep away from Doug F. on future trips; he purchased a large quantity of the freeze dried TVP mixture (or wotever) which is sure to clean out even the best constitutions and clear a club van within seconds!

All in all a good night with about \$130 being raised for gear hire and most items being sold with Bruce not having to buy too much himself.

Bill.

pre easter social

FEATURING

*** LOST IN THE BUSH... The down-home Australian bush-band that have been a household name in Tramping Club circles since the epic Christmas Social. For those of you at the Bushcraft Barndance, you ain't seen nothing yet!

*** Real Live Easter Bunny, handing out Easter eggs.

*** Pot-luck supper.

*** THEME *** Red, White and Blue
- Dress for the occasion using any combination of the 3.



BRING: *Your own liquid refreshments- no alcohol please! wct!!
-The condition on which we got the hall. (You'll be too busy dancing to drink it anyway...)

*An Easter egg for the E.B. to distribute

*Contribution to a pot-luck, supper

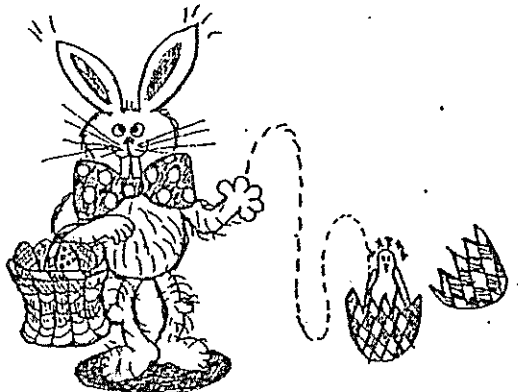


VENUE: Mornington Presbyterian Church Hall
(Corner of Brunell and Laurie St, near the P.O.)

TICKETS: •Cost \$9 + an Easter egg each. (Just an Easter egg for under 12 yr olds)
•Available from Molly Sorensen or Jane Bruce at meetings, or phone Molly at 30 432.
•(Available at the door for \$10 + easter egg)

There will be an informal rendezvous at the Mornington Tavern at 7pm. The Social starts at 8pm.

SATURDAY NIGHT THE 11th OF APRIL...KEEP IT FREE!!!



Trip Reports

5.

"BREAKING IN"

I knew no one as I nervously climbed onto the bus and sat prim and proper amongst the mattresses and sacks, silently awaiting what was to come. Suddenly a body threw itself into the middle of us and began talking. Incredibly he was still talking as we approached our shelter at Mt Cook.

The surprise of that Southern night sky, seen for the first time unhindered by noon, as it shimmered and sparkled above the snow, remains with me even now. Like children we hung our heads in awe, spotting our favourites, gleefully delighting in shooting stars. Thus released I could sleep content beneath this jewelled heaven, then awaken to find a sky transformed, now watery and pale, and the peaks' crystal crowns gleaming red in the early sun.

As the cookers flared and mussels was consumed by the kilo, so preparation for the days work began; and then truly the men were separated from the boys. The Mueller party, packs neat and solid, crampons and icepicks at the ready, marched away purposefully. Then we strolled off, with suncream, shorts and sand shoes towards Hooker.

Mt Cook stood proudly above us, gleaming blue and clear, leading us on. Almost immediately, it seemed, we came upon the hut. Then the third meal of the day, a well earned (?) lunch. The secret of light packs is one thing at least that we could teach the experienced climbers: not for those unfinished sacks of food to give away on our return.

All were buzzing with energy, too excited to stay still. Inspired by sun, uplifted by the majestic surroundings, we burst forward towards the Copeland Pass. Once over a decaying gully, sides sheer, rock loose and crumbling, we once more forgot all fear and set off upwards. Carole and Lutz skipped on ahead like mountain goats, as if born to the mountains. Carelessly we played snowballs and threw each other in the the snow. Excitement, undulled by turning back, infected even our "father figures" who rode on ahead down the scree, far futher than they needed.

With achievement, so the group knitted together and a sense of closeness grew. We talked more freely. Jill was confident enough to ask Mike for a hand back across what was for all a more than untrustworthy ravine. Barriers broken, our fiendish German cookie eater could now scavenge his weekend feed. I went out to play, while as if by magic, tents went up and meals were prepared. (Who are team leaders for, after all ?) Cards for some, crosswords for others, lateral thought for yet more. Jenny, expert murderer, discovering the simplicity of snowmen.

The weather broke and the storm approached. Graeme, bless him, wondered which of the huts bunks would be most draughtly. Dave et al. prepared for a sure night beneath canvas proven to withstand the Gods worst. I was ordered to my fly, exposed and pitiful by the immense glacier.

"Who forgot the tent?" - "Too heavy to carry." Doug assured me.

The fly bounced up and down in agreement. Draughtly admittedly, but protection at least against the rain? No problem for Carole, snuggling up to the warmth of Graeme and Lutz on either side. I had few complaints, except sleeping on my back, which likened to sleeping under a shower, while slapped in the face with a wet flannel. Not so for Mike and Doug, kindly sleeping in the rain to protect us at either end. In the grim night, physical closeness mirrored our feelings, which continued back to deserts at Governors and beyond. We laughed at our situation - my summer holiday - mocking complaints of dampness and wondered at the wisdom of sleeping beneath a hang glider in those conditions.

The morning was unrelenting, but we could now face it and smugness grew when we realised the other fortress / tent had disappeared early in the night. The kitten had indeed stolen the cream. The hut, now claustrophobic, was far too crowded for real men to eat breakfast, so we stayed in our little haven. Later, by the vans, Dave called: "Come over here and pay hut fees."

"Hut fees? - What hut fees...!"

Lutz and Graeme
for Doug Regal, Mike Farrell, Graeme Black, Carole Dixon, Lutz Beckert.

HELLO AGAIN FROM THE TREASURER

Most new or intending members will have already identified the club treasurer, Jane Bruce. She's the person who sits up front before club every Thursday, collecting your money. Rumour has it that sometimes she even pays money out! Here she spalls out the various rules to follow when you pay for a trip. This is to ensure that new members know what is expected of them, and to remind the older members! A copy of these rules is kept on the noticeboard by the trip lists- check it out whenever you feel forgetful.

A MESSAGE
FROM THE
TREASURER



PAYMENT FOR TRIPS

(1) Trip fares can be paid only to the treasurer. The treasurer is at the clubrooms on Thursday nights between 7.30 and 8.00pm. If you can't make it to club, post a cheque to The Treasurer, O. T. H. C., P. O. Box 1120, Dunedin.

(2) Non-members must pay before the trip. There is a non-member surcharge of \$6.60 (incl GST). The trip leader is responsible for ensuring that non-member trip fares and surcharges are paid.

(3) Members may pay after the trip, but a late fee of \$2.20 (incl GST) is charged, with a further surcharge of \$2.20 per month for as long as the fare remains unpaid.

(4) Any person withdrawing from the trip after the trip list has been taken down (eight days before the trip) is liable to pay the full trip fare, unless they can find a suitable substitute.

(5) Application for a refund of the trip fare (in cases of illness, for example) must be made in writing to the committee.

(6) Claims for expenses (eg petrol for the van) must be accompanied by receipts/tax invoices, or the claim WILL NOT BE PAID. Claims are to be made within two months after the trip.

(7) Refunds are made to everyone on a trip if the profit from that trip exceeds \$5.00 per person. Claims for any refund can be made by filling in a yellow claim form (kept by the clock in the clubrooms) and handing it to the treasurer, or by writing a letter to the treasurer. Refunds must be claimed within 1 month of publication in the bulletin.

(8) The trip leader is responsible for collecting any HUT FEES. Party leaders should advise party members to take extra money with them if huts are going to be used on the trip.

(9) On day trips where PRIVATE CARS are used, the charge per person is twice the petrol cost divided by the total number of people in the car (including the driver). The trip leader is responsible for ensuring that the correct car fare is charged.

Possibly you, like me, have wondered what the OTC is. It's an informal walking group that started off as an OTMC splinter group 15 years ago and now consists of about half and half old trampers and non trampers. I turned up at their February day trip to the Maungatuas and this is what it was like:

We met at 8.30 am (9 am in winter, apparently!) in the Dowling St carpark- that's the one just up from Queen's Gardens. I knew only a couple of faces, but a lot of other people were also on their first time out with OTC and the regulars were nice and chatty. There were a handful of people under 30, including a couple of children, and the rest ranged from "early middle age" to "the older they are, the tougher they get". We shared cars out to Grainger Road, which gave me a chance to get to know some people; one had been walking with the Phoenix Club before, and the other two were regulars who delighted in telling me how long their last trip was. Some more people were waiting at the road end, making 30 in all- an average turnout.

There are two leaders on each trip, who share responsibilities. George Palmer was leader in charge of the uphill part, so he led off up a farm road past a swimming pool and teahouse that used to be used by a Sun Club. Then a lightly marked track took us up a bushy spur to the bushline. We straggled up to the top of the ridge where the faster groups sat for half an hour, wrapped in parkas and chewing chervil, while the second leader herded the back end along.

By this time it was 11.30 am, and the walk along the top of the Maungatuas to the trig took us until 12.30 pm and lunchtime. This area is Scenic Reserve and is well worth a visit- lovely tussock and alpine plants, and even a couple of tarns. The views are magnificent, from the Taeri right over to Lee Steam and the Rock and Pillars.

On the way back we changed leaders and followed Steve Amies northwards along the ridge on the true left of the Maungatua Stream. An electric fence with a very slow but powerful jolt provided some entertainment- further along we found the solar cell which ran it. We had afternoon tea by a rocky outcrop overlooking Woodside Glen.

The route from here was a bit complicated, especially since some of the beginners were feeling tired by this time. We bashed down to the lowest point in a tongue of head-high scrub, then into the bush and sidled left to avoid bluffs. Then we got onto a spur that takes you right down to the Woodside Glen stream, crossing the Maungatua stream on the way. A rimu marks the spot where you join the stream. From here it would be easy for a smaller group to follow the stream, but we used an old water race on the true right which used to supply a sawmill. We dropped back down to the stream at a grove of totaras (or if you go too far, at the farmers fence) and right onto the Woodside Glen track. We reached the Glen at 5 pm, just as it began to rain, and the drivers were driven back to pick up the cars and return.

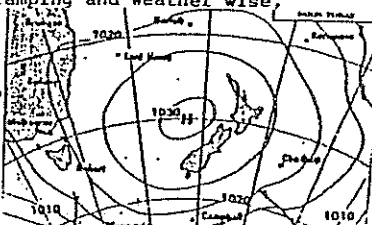
A satisfying trip- I'll be going away again with the Over Thirties. Especially when I turn over thirty myself! ~~can't be by!~~ Ed

P.S. Who's coming on my day trip to the Maungatuas on April 12th? Since it will be the day after the Pre-Easter Social, I won't take you down that way!

Jane Bruce

47 of us headed away to Fiordland for the optional weekend of Bushcraft to what turned out to be a brilliant weekend - both tramping and weather wise, and not without its excitement.

Yes, we had brilliant weather but I can explain this - I contacted Huey with the dates of the trip as the Tuesday and Wednesday prior and asked him to organise the weather accordingly (you may recall the Tuesday and Wednesday were the days of the floods in Southland and Central Otago) and then we snuck into Fiordland in the weekend without Huey noticing! Will he get his revenge.



A combination of Antony's party late out and a stropky bus driver mean't that his party was left behind as the driver insisted he had to be in Te Anau by 5 to get a puncture fixed. Managed to contact Antony at Cascade Creek and after borrowing a car (thanks to Anthea) in Te Anau I went and picked up the 'missing' party.

Everyone, except Cindy - no not because she was in Dave Levicks party!, but 'cos she got sick', had a fantastic time and the Fiordland trip seemed to be a very fitting end to a successful bushcraft. Thanks to all the leaders and participants who made it so.

Thanks to Doug Forrester and rest of party for putting up with me at such short notice. Quote of the trip has to go to Doug who was overheard saying: "There's only one thing better in life than a cheesecake" Doug wouldn't mention what it was, but he assured me it wasn't two cheesecakes!

Bill Provan.

FIORDLAND WEEKEND

BY: Jenny Breckon

Well it seemed as though our party had all the right elements for an adventurous weekend. Due to circumstances beyond HUMAN control our original party leader Bill was unable to take us, so Debbie and I were flogged off to join Antony and Steve's party (seemed to be prearranged to me eh Antony), this was at 5.55 pm Friday night. I looked around and thought "Hey isn't this a Fit party - Oh s---!", but I had no food, so off I went.

12.00 pm Friday night - last one's off the bus (bad sign) at Cascade Creek. Slept under a fly and had quite a good sleep apart from the b----- keas and the fly falling down in the night.

Saturday morning dawned misty and not very promising, but the mist soon lifted and it was a beautiful day. I awoke keen and enthusiastic, pulled down the fly even though there were still some people under it (won't mention who Antony).

We set off (some hand in hand) at 9.00am up Cascade Creek - knowledge of rivercrossing techniques was essential as we zigzagged up the river, I mean creek, could have fooled me. Then we went up the side of a waterfall, (well some thought they would like to try and go through it).

Had lunch just above the bushline and then continued upwards and onwards and that was the theme of the day.

5,000 odd feet later we stopped, all the pain (for me anyway) was well worth it. The view was breathtaking, looking down on the Greenstone Valley and Lake McKellar and at the Aillā and Daran Mountains.

4

Now our next trick was setting up a fly with one pole, no problems and thank God no wind. We all crashed about 8.00pm that night.

Sunday morning dawned another glorious day and we set off up (of course) and climbed another 500ft. From the top we had a panoramic view of the mountains. This was the buzziest moment for me "I would like to think that I was the first person from Taupaki (where's that) to get up here." Steve fell in love with Christina (the mountain) and couldn't stop taking photos.

From there it was down (yes finally) to Key Summit. We decided to make up a new game called let's find Key Summit - it was only a minor joint mistake. On our way down to it we met another person (our first all weekend), dinky shorts and scarf tied Rambo style round his head, straw between his teeth and you guessed it American accent - "Oh Yeah Key Summit's way over yonder". From here Antony set off at a now you see him, now you don't pace down to catch the bus at the Divide. Unfortunately Antony missed it by 5 minutes, as you all know.

In despair we prepared to walk to Cascade Creek, but help was on its way. Along came "the Magic Bus", lucky we had Steve with us, who caught the American Bus Driver's eye and offered us a ride to Cascade Creek.

Within 5 minutes at Cascade Creek Bill rang and was on his way from Te Anau to pick us up. While waiting we had a few liquid refreshments (thanks heaps Steve), and ate an abundance of chocolate. Kea's were very keen to put on a show and had set their minds on dismantling our gear and they consumed the rest of our raisin bread.

It was a great weekend with excellent company, thanks a lot Antony Pettinger, Debbie Williams and Stephen Swallow. I have a lot of good memories of the South Island to take back home to TAUPAKI (somewhere near Auckland), but extra special one's with the O.T.M.C. I may be back someday so look out!

FAREWELL JENNY.

Even though your stay has been short, we'll miss you. You've made a great job of typing many of the articles for the last couple of bulletins. GOOD LUCK UP NORTH!

JOURNEY TO THE SOURCE OF FALLS CREEK. 14.3.87

The 'F' team consisted of Doug 'early riser' Forrester who was our energetic leader, Bill 'baked beans' Provan, our unofficial 2nd in command, Kay 'ace navigator' Hickey, Michael 'mole' Phillips, & myself, Rhonda 'are we near the top yet' Robinson.

Our trip was to the glacial lake which feeds Falls Creek, which took us about 6 hours - 3 of which were straight up, 1 of which was bush bashing, & a couple of hours of boulder hopping. Apart from scratches & bruises there were no injuries, rather a shame really since there were 2 leaders, a nurse & a physiotherapist in the party - Michael said he felt very safe; just as well as he spent most of the time falling down holes, & it soon became good form to walk behind him so as to avoid obstacles! Walking behind me was a bit of a trial for the rest of the party as I had my super-insect repellent on, guaranteed to keep sandflies away for a 1/2 mile radius.

Doug soon showed us why he's leader-material - he's so tough he sleeps suspended from a 6" nail behind the door! That's probably why he thought our campsite was luxurious, while the rest of us had a sleepless night trying to accommodate our bodies around the hard lumps in the ground, (we thinking fondly of my waterbed & certain others thinking of those they mysteriously had access to.) Doug was awakened to the concept of healthy eating by the rest of the party & spent the rest of the trip reading the ingredients off the food wrappings to everyone, just so's we'd realise how much goodness there was in f'instance the 2 cheesecakes we managed to eat for tea.

Bill, being unofficially with us, came with food supplies of : one loaf of raisin bread & a cheesecake, which is why we let him along, though funnily enough everyone refused his supply of vintage chocolate (have you ever seen a flat more bar with the caramel on the outside!

Despite having Bill along it didn't rain, & everyone was so keen (or was it just Doug) that having 3 hours to wait on the bus on Sunday we took off up to veiw Lake Marion. The 1½ hours climb was made well worthwhile by the veiw, & upon descending to the road again, we found the bus driver had thoughtfully come to meet us, maybe to congratulate us on our heraic efforts?

OPTIONAL BUSHCRAFT WEEKEND

Our trip to the Divide was going nicely till about 10 minutes before drop off when someone suggested to walk up to Key Summit and camp there for the night. What a shock to the system when I was just dreaming about falling off the bus, pulling out my sleeping bag and crashing.

The walk up in the dark was fantastic; with the moon out the view was superb, it was really worth while doing.

Sue and Barry confirmed the site, the fly went up in no time, a weird shape but soon we were all bunked down, 6 inside, Sue and Barry outside. In the morning it was cold cold cold. Sue had ice on her biv bag and Barry made un-intelligent sounds when spoken to.

The two parties split, with Barry's group leaving first. About an hour out we met up with a Japanese gentleman, he wanted to know where Key Summit was.

We walked along the ridge for the first couple of hours but Polly and Sue seemed to prefer to be off the track and on the side of the mountain - holes and scrub included.

With Brian and Pollys long legs they didn't seem to fall into quite so many holes as Sue or I. We kept climbing until about 2 when we stopped for lunch. We saw Barry's party and Sue, Polly and Brian ran up to meet them, I fell asleep in the sun.

Sue, Polly and Brian went and looked for a way down as we all decided no more climbing - descent time. They found a drop which didn't look too bad.

Three hours later we got to the hut. What a fantastic time. It was like going back a child hood and doing crazy things. Bush bashing, bum sliding (with Matagouri stops) walking down creeks, falling in holes (till only head and shoulders showed). It is something I will always remember but boy was that hut a welcome sight.

Fly up, tea prepared and early to bed. One of these days I will learn to sleep on the ground.

Easy day out Sunday to Howden. Sue, Polly and Brian went up to the Falls, once again I sunbathed.

Then more excitement Cindy arrived looking really crook. Stand by I might have to go with her in the helicopter. Thank god she walked out, I don't like helicopters. Halfway back it was realised Anthony's party wasn't with us, so we had a prolonged stay at Te Anau. Mini golf with Barry and Elspeth with Dave keeping score.

A very quick trip back to Dunedin only 1½ hours late.

Thank you Sue for being a fantastic leader and giving us a truly memorable weekend.

"Polly I would really love to have your lovely legs". (Wouldn't we all! - Ed).

Pat Grant for Susan Harding, Polly Stupples & Brian Lowther.

//
TRIP REPORT - FIORDLAND WEEKEND

BY: Elspeth Gold

We got off the bus at the Divide. The Shelter certainly isn't the most comfortable place to spend the night (for an unhardened bushcrafter), but the flush toilets made up for that. After a restless night we rose (a bit early for Pam I think) and started to make noises like we were ready for action. Watching people who aren't museli fans eating museli was the highlight of breakfast.

First stop Key Summit. The way the track was designed they lulled you into a false sense of security, with a gentle gradient to start with, just when your starting to think nothings a bother, they hit you with the big ups. We had plenty of rests on the way up with me wowing every five steps and saying I need a photo of that stop everything. I ended up wearing my camera around my neck most of the time. The views were breathtaking. A well deserved lunch break was taken (minus the Salarmi which was still on Pam's bench) on the Livingstons.

Pam decided to show us the real Fiordland bush by taking us bushbashing down to Lake McKellar. The bush probably bashed us more than we bashed it, but a good time was had by all. As came out at the bottom we were surprised by Pams camera, best time to catch people she said. After a quick rest and a shake of the t-shirts to remove the bits of the real Fiordland down our backs.

We dropped our packs and headed up to the McKellar Saddle. After eating most of Pam's chocolate at the top we headed back to our packs to make camp.

Tea and bed were next on the agenda. We had a sleep in on Sunday and a leisurely breakfast. Next stop Howden hut. We decided a long lunch break was in order at the hut.

When we arrived at the hut there was a few other parties with the same thing in mind, so it was quite social. Barry volunteered to take anyone who was interested up to Tailand Falls. I didn't think the human body (this one in particular) could move so fast up hills. Tailand Falls was spectacular and well worth the effort. Thanks Barry. We arrived back in time for lunch then on to the Divide to catch the bus.

Mini golf in Te Anau was an added bonus. Thanks everyone, I'd be keen to do it all over again.

Elspeth for Pam Hodgey, Bille Heather Robertson, & Joy Crawford.

13th - 15th March 1987

by the Famous Four,
formerly The Gang of Five.

Friday night is a scratch time to start, rush and rumble, gruntle grumble ... to the bus in time. Phew! all in and off we go. Down Taleri, water to left and right, below and raining down ... we've forgotten our snorkles. A notable OTMC leader was overheard to say, during our stop-over in Gore, "Gaw! if I had a car, I'd go home right now". There were automobiles parked everywhere. Bushcraft must be light on conversion.

Darkness lengthened towards midnight and after three broken-down buses, all looking remarkably alike, we arrive at the shelter. Resident wekas and bush-rats, till then lodged without complaint, heard us coming and went to ground. Such a concrete marvel beats a waterbed anyday, at least for Frankenstein ... but be truthful, agony racked till frosty dawn when some beggar in red shorts perked up and crowed, "Don't ask for whom the bell-bird calls, it tolls for thee...".

Breakfast to the hiss of little stoves busy boiling and the babble of the Hollyford River ... then up the road towards Homer as the sun thawed our spirits, and at the foot of the track, a bridge with fine stonework, and cascades and rockpools where taniwha lurk. Onwards and upwards, reddening faces sweated and wheezed by. Across the gorge we spied huge boulders, one white and rectangular like some discarded washing-machine in a giant's tip. Through groves of bitten makomako, native orchards, and fernlands, upland peat and mossy carpets, we came in time to a chosen site amid tussock and hebe. Like old tent-dwellers, we anchor our fly, yellow rather than black. And how good is a fly, we discover.

Sun and sky, buff-headed robins and a solitary morepork, variegated flax and spagnum, daisies and edelweiss ... and, would you believe, somewhere not far off, a Billy bleated among the boulders. The shadows crept across the valley as we climbed the primeval glacier. Then it was good to settle into camp, light a fire with the incense of dead herbs and enjoy hours of food and fellowship ... and a visitor who teased us with trifles.

Our hosts for the time, and perhaps highlight of the week-end, were Koa and Ka Kea and cousies - Kaha, Koha & Kehua ... may their iwi (tribe) increase. They chatted with us in the moonlight and again at daybreak and spoke to us of heights and peak experiences, and nests in crags. "Kia kaha", they chorused. "Kia manawa nui", we enjoined. "Haere ra a tatau". "E noho ra, e noa".

Next morning we sauntered down in easy style, bathed in sunlight and feeling at peace with each other. The waterfall thundered in majesty, blue and misty and garlanded in rainbow. We returned to the shelter in good time and large in spirit, a most enjoyed experience. I think I'll be a kea. Our thanks to Wayne for his friendship, obliging leadership and the easy way he stayed with us. Thanks to Shirley who prepared the weekend's eating impossible to please everyone, yet she did!

Shirley & Peter Callacher, Ruth Brown & Wayne Hodgy.

Spen Walker, the clubrooms minder, asks that those people who have taken maps from upstairs return them.

The drive through from Ohari to Hanmer on the first day was the easy part. The effort of will required not to succumb to a wave of inertia and further slumbers when the alarm went at 5:45 am after a strenuous Christmas day's lounging around, being fed copious quantities of food and opening and exchanging presents was a phenomenal drain on the system. Anyway, I picked up Allison Barbour in Balclutha and Ian Seque in Dunedin and made Hanmer that evening in time for a dip in the hot pools and an early night in the AA campground. We picked Ian Hill at the Lewis Pass and saw the intrepid parties off on their start near the St. James Walkway. Lunch at St. Arnolds where we met up with Jenny then it was packs on and off up the lakeside. We made the lakehead late afternoon, crossed the valley and set up camp at the Huhene Junction. Next morning, the beginning of another fine and sunny day, we set off for Lake Angelus, an idyllic little lake set amidst tussock and scree, just below the Travers Range. Allison, Ian Hill and I climbed Angelus while Jenny and Ian Seque headed back down. A mighty view from 7,000ft peaks and down valley, the length of Rotoroa. We made it back after a spell bluff-bashing down a hopeful shortcut. Next day was a walk in the rain, lunch at John Tait Hut, a detour to the Travers Falls and up to the overpopulated Travers Hut. The rain stopped the next day when the snow began, an excellent day for pit bashing and socialising. Life was far from boring with 30+ bods in a 16 bunk hut.

Ian Hill and I set off early next morning with mighty plans to skip along the Travers Saddle up the ridge on to Mt. Travers. We were foiled by a 50ft deep notch in the ridge followed by a climb up smooth shiny rock. We scree-bashed down the Sabine side, tried some hairy but pointless rock-climbing where I managed to drop my pack. Our descent to the pack led us to a traversing point across a rock ridge and on to a scree slope which led on to a couloir leading to the summit. We had a few minutes for scrog and photos on top then shot down, and back up 1500ft to the saddle for Ian's pack. We left the saddle just before 7pm, dashed down to Sabine Forks Hut just on dark.

In future anyone tackling Mt. Travers on trip over from Travers Hut should drop down close to bushline on Sabine side, leave gear there traverse a little to find the obvious couloir leading up to the summit. Take ice-axes!!

The three of us who decided not to tackle Mt Travers trudged on up to the saddle where we waved to the 2 intrepids up on the rocky ridge, little knowing we would not see them again till midday next day. The weather was improving all the time as we admired the views from the saddle into the two branches of the Sabine. We descended through the Chasm to the warmth & sandflies of the Sabine Forks. The day still had a few hours left, & it was New Year's Eve, so we carried on up to the legendary Blue Lake. This place is truly everything it's cracked up to be - magical lake, beech trees and grassees. A late dinner saw us in bed well before the New Year and we slept in until the hot sun became unbearable. A leisurely morning saw us sunbathing & wandering up to Lake Constance, a contrast to Blue Lake in the starkness of it's bouldery landscape. We met up with the intrepid Travers'ers for lunch and headed down the valley again. J.W.

Ian & I made Blue Lake in time for lunch, saw Lake Constance and headed down with the others, and spent the night in Sabine Forks Hut.

We had a pleasant stroll down to the head of Lake Rotoroa next day in time for a swim, set up tent fly and build a fire. Thanks to Jenny's organising of the food we had a feast right at the end of the trip, cheesecake & hot scones with jam! We got on the water taxi next morning and headed out along with the intrepid Lewis Pass trekkers. A most enjoyable trip.

Dave McLean for Jenny Winter, Allison Barbour, Ian Seque & Ian Hill.

III.
HAVE YOU GOT A PROBLEM?

Well, we'll answer that for you:

YES YOU HAVE!

But don't despair - the OTMC Advice and Gossip Column is here!

So: send any gossip, queries, malicious rumours etc, etc to the soon to be installed Post Box at the front of the clubrooms.

- And we give free advice and confession sessions.

THIS WEEK

A certain Mr B Provan Esq decided to employ professional help for the extensive grounds of his estate. When, however Bill did not pay his gardener the agreed amount, the employee reverted to violence!

The moral of this story is: "Don't be a cheapskate, or you will be rammmed.....by a RAM!!!



Is Mr Wybrow a Spy?

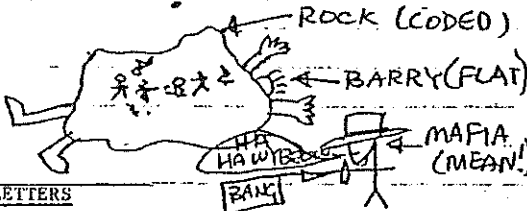
It has been brought to our attention that several vital messages have been hidden, in code, on humble Fiordland Rocks. Barry, however, does not want to be discovered with the evidence, so plants them in innocent bystanders packs.

WARNING to all people contemplating tramping with Barry - **DON'T** - the Mafia is after him!

!!NEWSFLASH!!

We have just recieved an anonymous letter:

Quote "Your socks or your life Wybrow"



LETTERS

Dear Spen,

As we Bushcrafters are, we're not quite ready to tackle Everest; so why the pressure to join the Alpine Club?

Signed,

A Puzzled Attendant of the 3rd Bushcraft Evening.

Congratulations to Hermione Binnie on becoming headgirl of Logan Park High School.

Molly Sorrensen is to be married in April and will then be moving on to "AUS".

The OTMC wishes you all the best for the future and thank you very much for the great big contribution you have made towards the club.

Who was the young bushcraft instructor who missed the bus back from the Fiordland weekend? Rumour has it that a certain young lady was responsible for that miscalculation.

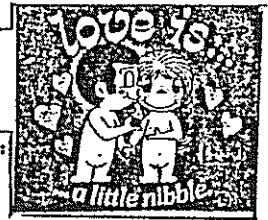
CONGRATULATIONS to Sue and our SYMPATHY to Gobbolo.

Yes, she has managed it at last - Sue Dodunski has got engaged to Graham Bolan. Only joking Sue - hope it all goes well for you both!

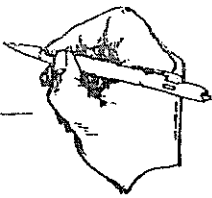
And remember to watch this space in the next issue for:

the OTMC Advice and Gossip Column.

Signed H.S.P???



Letters to the Editor



Hi Ed,

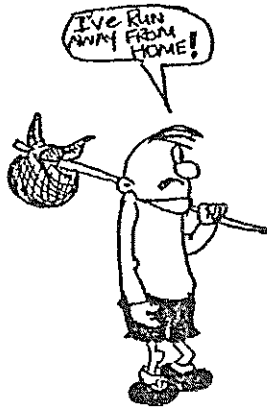
Well, wot-d-ya-know, young "Sunshine Billy" has done it again. A bus choka full of "Keenies" heavily dependant on the trip leader for a successful weekend in Fiordland and what he provide? two beautiful sunny and calm days.

While we are punching our way up one of the nicer valleys of fiordland with the suns rays forcing themselves through the beech forest we've got the boss out in front chuckling away to himself. Above bushline and he's loving it. Heatstroke will be no problem, I've got a nurse and physio with me. It seems Billy's got some hair brained scheme that fools Huey into thinking he's going into the mountains on other days. Rumours around the corridors have it that he's the "in" leader at the moment ed. so keep us posted on his intentions.

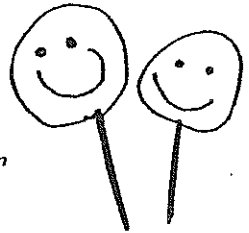
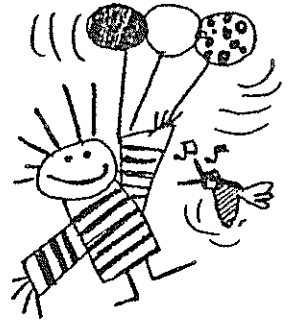
Kind Regards,
The Phantom.

Couldn't have said it better myself - Ed.

FAREWELL DUNEDIN



Here skies are wild, high, and wide,
The way I laughed,
The way I cried,
And grass is green
And growing, live,
The way we eager
Live and strive.
The hills are steep
-We always climb-
Always, always,
Lost in Time,
As one who ran
With seagulls, sand,
Stonewall walking,
Heedless surf ;
And snow, the snow!
On winter turf,
Lovers shouldn't live apart,
Nor Scottish City, steal heart.



Molly.
Best wishes to all of you
in OTMC, Happy Tramping,
skiing, and Rock climbing,
& hope to see you
again some time.
Luv,
Molly

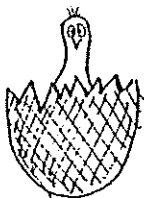




April 9: For those of you who couldn't get away to the hills last Christmas, Wayne and Pam Hodgy are putting together a slide show of their trip. Should be good.



April 11: Saturday night. PRE EASTER SOCIAL!! More on this in the Bulletin, but the theme is red, white and blue and there will be a cute Easter Bunny at your service (the mind boggles). The venue is the Mornington Presbyterian Church Hall and admission is \$9 plus an Easter Egg, if you pay before the night. Tickets available Thursday nights at club or phone Molly 30432 (home). See you there!



April 16: Day before Good Friday, so no official meeting.



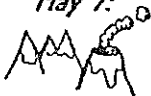
April 23: Mark Hangar will be speaking about Alpine plants and has some excellent slides to show us.



April 30: A chance to see the selection of tramping gear available as Don unloads half the Wilderness shop into the Clubrooms.



May 7: B.Y.O. - We haven't had a bring your slides night for sometime. So people must have hundreds from recent trips we haven't seen - we look forward to seeing them!



May 14: To be announced at Club sometime.

Note from Ed.

With Bushcraft over for another year we can all look forward to Easter which is nearly upon us.

Thanks for all the articles this month - they're great. Keep them rolling in - jokes, letters, trip reports, committee news, anything. The next deadline for bulletin material is the last Thursday of the month, 30 April - so get writing! Please give me bulletin material either at club or post to 161 Ravensbourne Rd.

Great job of the gossip column by the "terrible Trio". Thanks to those people turning up for bulletin work parties - they're not all that bad! Also thanks to Jackie, my flatmate, for doing the sketches.

I trust all good club members are taking precautions against the new disease threatening the extinction of the Club - Tramping Aids! Have a good Easter, tramping or wotever.

Bill Provan 710594.

