

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

**always**

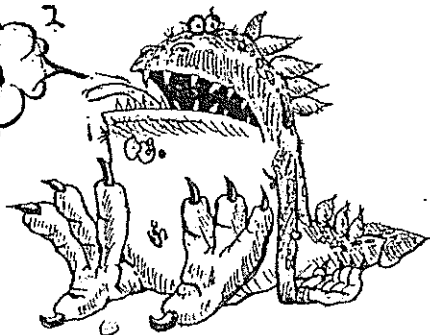
***Catering for every man's wants  
and for every woman's needs***

May 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



**May 24:** *BRUCE MASON SPECIAL!* Bruce Mason 67-509  
What can one say? What can anybody say about these Bruce M. Specials? Amazement! Surprise! Go where nobody has gone before. Find out for yourself.

**May 23-24:** *WORKPARTY WEEKEND AT JUBILEE HUTT* (m) Peter Mason 775-237

Another one of these social events of the year with some painting thrown in (mostly on the Hut walls I hope!) Maybe some repairs to the outside and a general clean up before winter sets in - and a great social time.

NOW  
THIS IS WHAT  
I CALL A  
W... PARTY!



**May 30- June 1:** *QUEENS BIRTHDAY - ARROWSMITHS* (m-Fe) Bevan Blackmore 36-125

Discover the Arrowsmiths, Canterbury's best kept secret, situated between the heads of the Rangitata and Rakala Rivers. Start at Lake Heron and venture up Canteron River to the Cameron Glacier. A climbers paradise with at least 12 peaks ranging from 7000-9000 feet - snowfields and small glaciers at 5000-6000 ft. Bevan has more to say about this trip later in the bulletin.



**June 7:** *POWDER HILL* (E) Allison McPherson 73-7910

This delightful walk starts from Whare Flat and climbs steadily up Powder Hill towards the Chalkies and Boulder Hill beyond. Great views of the Silverpeaks from the South Side and the Taeri towards Lake Waiholo.

**June 7-6:** *INSTRUCTORS WEEKEND* Michelle Metherall 63-215

The Dunedin Mountain Safety Committee is holding this course with the aims of helping people experienced in outdoors to become confident and effective instructors - ideal for the training of future Bushcraft instructors or talking to other tramping groups. Numbers of applicants are strictly limited so if at all interested contact Michelle a.s.a.p.



*June 14:* **SAWMILL TRACK(E)** Ian Sime 36-185 3.

As the name suggests, this old track, once a bush tramline, was a popular alternative to the Burn's track for entering the Silverpeaks. A few relics may still be found including a steam winch, several long viaducts and tram track formations. Promises to be an interesting tramp.

*June 13-14:* **HEAD OF THE LINDIS RIVER(m)**. Allstair Metherall 63-215



This area hasn't been visited for many years - access is via the Tarras side of the Lindis Pass. Easy valley travel through bush and tussock, several huts (ex NZFS) are located in and up side creeks. A possible round trip would be to drop over into Timaru River and out via Mt Prospect (5800 ft). Sign up now for this pre-winter warm up tramp.

*June 21-22:* **CATLINS AREA (E-m)** Wayne Hodgy 738-390  
More on this trip in the next bulletin.

#### MEMBERSHIP

Welcome to the following new members

Debbie Williams	2 Trafalgar St., NEV	Ph. 737 814
Kay Hickey	575 Castle St.,	741 324
Syd McARA	52 Young St.,	55742
Anne Steven	112 Pinehill Rd.,	738 300
Paul Ryder	83 Norfolk St.,	877 006
Tony Maru	16 Peel St.,	35 479
Steve Bramley	624 Castle St.,	777 544
Dorothy Brown	323a High St.,	774 641
Patricia Grant	9 Kellas St.,	761 576
Elsbeth Gold	68 Grove St.,	51 245
Carolyn Bird	46 Tyne St., Mosgiel	7449
Kevin Allison	143 Victoria Rd.,	871 156
Basil Jones	536 Leith St.,	779 403
Harry McConnell	PO Box 291, Dn	871 434
Rhonda Robinson	8 Gillespie St.,	738 142

#### Change of address:

Tony Bunting & Allana Bell  
128 Chelmsford St  
Invercargill.

L & J Davies  
6 Jacquinet St  
Te Rafa  
Hamilton.

And also anyone wishing to write to Richard Pettinger the address is  
c/- 61 Russley Rd  
Bramcote  
Nottingham  
NG93JF  
England (Till end of May?)



Antony Pettinger (Membership Secretary)



# Trip Reports

5.

HECTOR MOUNTAINS: March 28-29

This was a Clayton's cross-country skiing weekend- the ski-trip you go on when you're not going skiing. We even drove up the Remarkables ski-field road, and followed the ski-tow before continuing on to the saddle and into the "wilds"- a huge basin inhabited by hardy and sure-footed sheep that somehow glean a living from moss, rock, and the occasional stringy tussock.

Our imaginations coated the slopes in snow, and it looks as though there will be a few trips back there this winter. It's great tramping country too, however, with impressive rock faces, ridges everywhere, and already, icicles and some early snow.

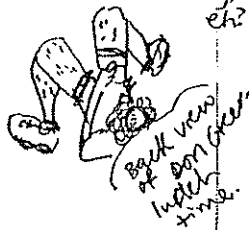
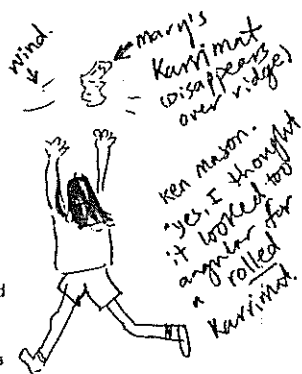
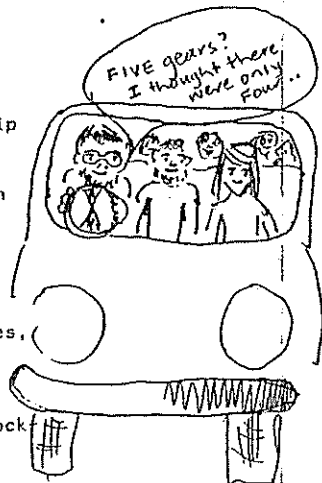
We decided against the round trip that encompasses Lake Hope, and set up tents and flies on the only flattish, relatively rock free ground we could find. Quite scenic, too, with miniature lakes on either side. This left us with a bit of time for an afternoon hike to the ridge overlooking Lake Whakatipu, and everyone enjoyed a bit of climbing, scree-hopping and general scrambling around.

Dinners were cooked, and some rather threatening weather came across from the South West as we retired. Winds rose to gale force during the night, and our flat campsite turned out to be something of a wind tunnel. Mary and I had a tent and fly: the fly had to be removed in case it lost contact, and the tent had to be re-pitched countless times. We eventually slept through its contortions and woke up with the nylon billowing in our faces. Spen's tent fared little better- the tabs holding the poles in place came adrift and the whole party moved en masse to the shelter of a craggy rock at about 3am. Dave L had a good tent, but the wind proved too much, and it split open to admit views of scudding clouds in a black sky. The only structure to survive was Bruce M's Olympus fly- the skill, Bruce explains, is in "wind inside = wind outside". Just go tramping with him one weekend and he'll demonstrate.

The wind had subsided a little on Sunday, and we returned to the Remarkables ski road, visiting the Lake for lunch on the way. The lake is only 20 min walk from the road end, and well worth a visit. It freezes over in winter and provides a good run-out for cross-country skiers on the surrounding slopes.

But, with skis or without, it's a great place to be. Hurry, hurry, before the first winter landslides close Mt Cook's road...

Molly Sorensen for Bruce Mason. Mary Hewinson, Barry Wybrow, Don Greer, Bill Proven. Spen Walker, Jane Bruce, Ken Mason, Dave Levick, Kevin ?



The stride of the trumper is halted  
By a friend with a camera in hand,  
His technique can seldom be faulted,  
But some of his prints should be banned!

ANON - no wonder!

My old mate, Gerry Essenberg, now up at Timaru rang up to see if I was fit for a climb. I made Timaru on Thursday afternoon and set out in the evening with Gerry in his old Landrover for Tekapo. We picked up a couple of trampers, Ian & Lyndall at Fairlie, drove past Lake Tekapo and had an uneventful crossing of the McAuley river and reached Lillybank Station late evening and got the landrover stuck in the last ford before the "road-end", the road gets progressively more difficult to find as you head up-valley. We had a comfortable nights sleep despite the 15° tilt and the odd rocks rolling around under the floor. Some deer stalkers heading up for an early shot towed us to safety. We parked at the road end and set off ½ hours walking to Wodley Hut - Gerry and I carried on up Fitzgerald stream, had lunch on the glacier and started digging a snow cave at about 7000ft. We started it but neither of us had the motivation to finish the thing, it was a fine night anyway. Early next morning we set off up a rock butress on the NW ridge then made our way along a long broken rocky ridge until close to the main peak. We negotiated a 60ft deep notch and did a few hundred feet of cramponing up frozen snow slopes to the summit. A few hogsbacks were homing in towards us, so we beat a hasty retreat. At the notch Gerry led but I had trouble following since my crook knee wasn't up to Longbeach type climbingstunts I climbed up another way, fell off when the outcrop I was holding on to gave way and pendulumed round on to the proper route, just above the bit I hadn't been able to climb. We retrieved sodden sleeping bags from what was left of our snow cave, the roof fell in during the day, raced off down and made the morrain on Fitzgerald Stream by 10pm. It rained that night, we felt a bit miserable but still slept well despite it all. We headed out with Ian & Lyndall after a 2 hour dash down to Godley Hut and made it out in time for a feed of greasies at Fairlie.

Dave McLean for Gerry Essenberg.

#### GREENSTONE/CAPLES WEEKEND

After a comfortable sleep in the van (well, by half our party) it was time to hit the track. A rather noisy party (echoing everything said at least four times) made its way along the track until it was decided by Kay it was time to stop and fix some blisters. Giant Licorice Alsorts were handed around before setting off again. A close watch was kept on the other partys across the river as the thought of a race to the mid-caples hut was considered. A few camera stops, however, slowed us down so that idea was dropped.

A stop of at least five minutes at the bridge across to the caples hut was had as we all thought of good places to take a photo for mum (look mum no ground). Onwards to the upper caples after lunch and a restful stop at a creek on our way. A fast dash inside the upper caples hut as the sandflies homed in on our bare legs. A gourmet tea was made by our very able bodied cook and leader consisting of soup for starters, followed by a vege base and pork in a sweet and sour sauce (otherwise known as Pork Aulait Antony) with cheesecake, boysenberries and flake as dessert. After dinner mints and coffee to finish. Then off to bed in our fly outside.

Kevin foiled some very thirsty sandflies in the morning by setting up a smoke screen that actually did work, but it was a unanimous decision to escape the beasties and have breakfast inside the hut. On the track by 9.00 and at the mid-caples hut too early for lunch so on to the homestead. The walk down the other side of the river was easy and Kay gladly exchanged boots for gym shoes and a new game was started, keeping Kay's feet dry. Need I say more . . . Kay ended up with not one but two wet feet.

Up the last little (?) grunt to the vans only to sit for an extra two hours before arriving home by 2 a.m.

7  
MAUNGATUAS DAY TRIP

I was rather hoping that no-one would show interest in going up the Maungatuas so that I could have a nice sleep in after the Easter social. Unfortunately, some people rang up the week before wanting to go!

Sunday morning was fine, I'll grant you that. At this stage the traverse had changed to an up and back, partly because of doubts about the number of cars but mainly because of sheer laziness. We picked up John at Outram, and parked at the gate at the end of Munro Road. I had arranged access with the manager of Wesleydale Methodist Camp (Mr H. Hodges ph 63039) who said that the track was a bit overgrown. I've just found out that they don't own the farmland you go over, so if you do this trip there's a bit more research to do!

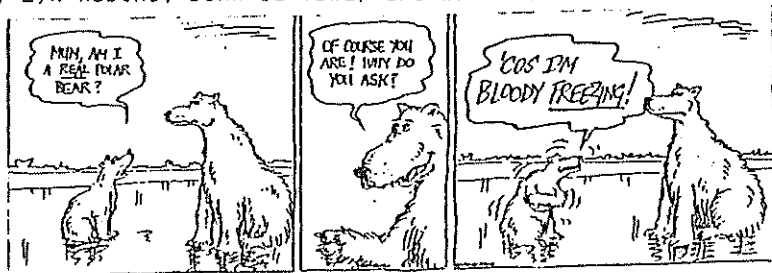
From the gate we went through a couple of paddocks and up the right hand side of a field of turnips. The track starts exactly where the Mosgiel map says it does- at the top corner of the field. Apart from a bit of gorse at the start it was in good condition, and led us right up through the manuka, coming out behind a windfall on the true right of the fence. We paused for a chat while the men took their shirts off, I took advantage of that and changed into Spen's shortsleeved top, and Yvonne took off her spectacular stripy longjohns.

Following up the fenceline we had lots of excuses for view stops, with an especially long one at Three Kings Rocks. At fifteen seconds to twelve loud cries of "Lunchtime" began, so we staggered as far as the next bump and had it. Kelvin had acquired some yummy fruitcake and muffins leftover from the social, and distributed these around.

Onward to the summit! Up the top of the Maungatuas it's pretty flat and the going was easy as long as we were on farmland. A herd of a dozen glossy black and white goats watched us from a nearby outcrop- wonder whose farm they escaped from? Partway along, we climbed over a fence into the scenic reserve and the tussocks were suddenly thigh high. Lots of thick resilient alpine shrubs with gentians growing in the gaps between them, bogs covered with moss and cushion plants so perfect we hardly wanted to step on them. Very handy- if you don't want to stop for a rest, you can always stop to admire the vegetation.

Another long stop at the top, with everybody disappearing into the depths of a tussock and enjoying the sun. Then lots of exercise for our knees- downhill all the way back. Icecreams at Outram made it all worth while.

Jane Bruce for Spen Walker, Yvonne Greer, Kelvin Liggett, Syd McAra, Lyn Robins, John Galloway and Ian Seque.



The van dropped us off at Cameron Flat picnic spot late on Thursday night, we set up camp next to the only building in the area. Friday morn awoke us to a cold frosty reality, as breakfast was devoured to the accompaniment of a motorhome of tourists using the longdrop toilet next door!

Mid morning we set off in high spirits towards the first gorge, the track gentle at first, soon sidled around bush clad ledge 400ft above the creek, all ood! and ahed! at the spectacular waterfalls, sheer gorge sides. Such sights to-be had overcame the apparent lack of track beneath our feet, although the trees were well marked and blazed. Lunch was held after two hours and our first river crossing. The river was generally low, just over knee-deep, and we basked in sunshine until it was time to move on. A further 2½ hours of steady climbing through bush brought us into right branch of Cameron Creek and a hut amidst a small tussock flat. This hut afforded us a very comfy night, with four bunks, three stools, fully lined walls and ceiling, and spick and span tidiness I had not seen in such a hut before. Last visitor was 1 month ago and the place had only seen 30 parties in four years. Much conjecture raged in the hut book as to the best route to the upper Cameron, some mentioned being benighted by going above bush line, others gave only scant details of the next gorge. We chose the gorge!

Saturday morning was cool and clear as we entered the upper gorge, the sun soon lost as we criss-crossed, climbed under, over and around various obstacles including 50ft waterfall, teetering on its brink at the top to clamber over a large smooth boulder. If the river was higher than thigh level, this crossing would make the gorge impassable. Two hours and two kilometres later lunch was had in an open rolling tussock valley, and pleasant couple of hours was spent strolling towards the saddle into the high burn which drains towards the Hunter Valley. After some discussion about a possible route up onto the McKerrow Range (then down to Makarora village) we retreated down valley to mouth of gully for Saturday night.

During tea we were entertained by two local keas, whilst our thoughts turned towards the gully in front of us. Sunday morning arrived with the tent covered in ice. Soon we began climbing up the steep frozen scree, around the chunks of avalanche debris, scrambled up alongside immense boulders only to be halted by a smooth slab with no feasible alternative routes. Bill tried his utmost to gain foot or hand hold, but not having a 15ft reach or bionic fingertips, he slid back down to safety. Our hopes for access to the tops and tarns for that night were dashed, and with the aid of my length of nylon cord we lowered our packs down the vertical pitches and descended down valley for lunch.

So it was back down the Upper gorge, this time improving our route finding around the large waterfall, via the scrub on the down stream side, avoiding the steep slabs (something to do with the mornings' experience). Just short of the hut, Bill not only cut his arm and hand on splinter of rock, but demonstrated wet slab travel into the river face first (with the aid of a mossy carpet and 15ft of vertical drop) fortunately no broken limbs! After a change of clothing and wound dressing at the hut we continued downstream to main river valley for a camp spot, being rather dark when we stopped.

Monday was overcast, some low cloud, the first we had seen in nearly four days of fine weather. On the way out we took more care of where we placed our feet and ignored the view downwards and with Sarah full of youthful enthusiasm galloped back down to Picnic Spot, where I was able to arrange a lift back to Makarora to collect the vans. What tremendous valley we had just been up, sadly undergrated or visited, I'll certainly be going back!

Peter Mason for Sarah Stratton and Bill Robertson



I headed down to the clubrooms on Thursday evening, all ready for a nice, quiet, peaceful weekend, lounging around in the sun with picturesque scenery - well I got the sun and scenery but .... so much for the rest! As I arrived, Susan came up to me and asked if we would like to climb Mt Awful on Sunday, seeing as we were planning on having time on our hands. "Why not?" was the enthusiastic reply as we leapt into the van.

After a few hours and a much-enjoyed stop at "The Golden Cobweb", we were dumped in a very lumpy field with a herd of cows for the night. Then it was up the next morning, Easter eggs (care of Dave Peacock who was attacked by a sudden bout of goodwill towards us), Easter buns and cold feet - we decided to cross the Makarora ourselves as it wasn't deep.

We wandered up the Wilkin and then headed up into Siberia, a slight grunt but we used one of our "direct routes" and found the track, I mean reached the top relatively quickly - then camped just down from the hut for the night.

The next morning we were very impressed by the hospitality of the locals, as we were kindly herded by yet more cows half way up the valley. We reached the head of Siberia and were greeted by magnificent views. A quick look at the map seemed in order and then it was back down the valley again to find the correct turn-off to Gillespie Pass. Stopped for lunch half way up where we spent a ¼ hour looking for Stuart who had decided to go 'exploring'. Anyway, on up to Gillespie, choosing at the top a slightly more 'direct route' (just for a change) and arrived minus a track at (what we thought was....) the pass.

Nevertheless, we had one of the most beautiful campsites I've ever slept in, on the top - an incredible panorama; (and cracking the ice on the tarns to wash my face in the morning was an experience I won't forget in a hurry).

Sunday dawned bright and clear again and we thought, seeing as it was so nice, that there was no hurry to get down to the river valley, so we spent a few hours exploring the hillside and taking our time (7 hours in fact); we ambled on down. We took another 'direct route' (reminiscent of the Fiordland trip), and reached the South Young at 4 pm where we decided to stop for lunch!!!

We thought we'd head for the Forks and stop at the next available campsite. (which happened to be a pretty little glade situated at the side of a muddy rock slip at 8 o'clock (in other words - night). Lovely, comfortable nights sleep (at least ½ an hours worth). In the morning we ran down to have breakfast with the other slobs who were just waking up, at the Forks. Then it was a pleasant couple of hours out to the road and a very unpleasant journey back to Dunedin, due to a certain 'Purple Packed Pest'!!!

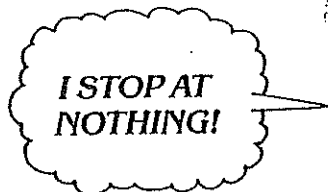
Many thanks to Sue - I had a great trip (with all its detours).

Polly Stupples on behalf of Susan Harding, George Palmer, Stuart Thornicroft.



PS What happened to Mt Awful Sue ???

Sue



# Major Exercise<sup>10.</sup> In Punishment

Why do they do it?

What attracts 270 entrants to a two-day event that involves transporting yourself across the South Island — a 26-km mountain run, canoeing 67km and cycling, in three sections, a total of 150km?

And whatever could have possessed 40 more to try to complete the coast-to-coast race in one day?

The one-day attempt at self-destruction is called the Steinlager Longest Day, and was run for the first time last Saturday.

The answer to all the questions is that not many of the competitors know.

A glance down the comments column of the entry sheet gives a fair idea, however.

Remarks like "masochist at heart," "haven't found my straitjacket since last year," "insanity is addictive" and "only way to prove I'm not a wimp" are all too frequent.

Russell Prince, the winner of the Longest Day, has some serious words of explanation.

"It was really a race not so much against the other competitors but against yourself," he said after the race.

That sort of attitude brings people back year after year.



The Saga of the Longest Day.

The logistics of the race are not as simple because of the variety of equipment, clothes and food required at different stages and because of the necessity for rapid changeovers. I was fortunate to have Michelle, Dave, Irene, my sister Margaret and my parents helping as support crew. The Coast-to-Coast starts at Kumara on Thursday night with a sumptuous meal, prepared by the local community, followed by Judkins pre-race briefing. He is serious about the safety aspects but he still manages at least a laugh a minute. We camped alongside hundreds of others at the Kumara racecourse, but unlike most others we slept easily. The 40 Longest Day competitors had another day to relax and organise their gear while the 150 individuals and 60 teams of two were up before dawn to be ready for their 7.00am start. We found it a pleasant change to watch the cyclists stream through Kumara, go for a jog on the beach, lie in the

sun, talk to the other competitors and support crew, and spend another day eating. Our alarms were set for 3.30am and I consumed the first 1000 calories of the 10,000 that we had been told would be necessary to sustain us through the day. Lining up on the beach I had a similar feeling to that 4 years previously when 75 individuals and 13 teams lined up for the very first Coast-to-Coast. I knew that the other competitors and I were soon to begin an endurance race of a greater distance than most of us could imagine. Judkins was there for a handshake and a typically sarcastic comment. Floodlights cast eerie long shadows on the surf. A shotgun blast signalled the start and as I ran along the first kilometre of road to the cycles I once again wondered why I was there.

# ultimate challenge of body and soul

The Longest Day added a new dimension to the first cycling stage: Darkness, lights and no drafting. In actual fact it was much easier than the big bunches of the two day race because we spaced out in two long lines behind the lead car. It was easy to see the other bikes but potholes were potential hazard. I stayed with the front bunch periodically taking my turn in the lead. At about 30km one competitor made a break and gained a sizeable lead but the rest of us were content to pace ourselves knowing that there was a long way to go. It was quite light by the time that we finished the first 60km at the Deception footbridge and were greeted by support crews eager to provide a quick changeover. A few ran straight on but I had chosen to stoke up my energy reserves with a high carbohydrate meal of flaked rice.

I was in 6th place as I began the 26km mountain run. I quickly gained a couple of places but then a bunch of about 7 caught me up. The river was moderately high but crossing places were readily found. Positions leapfrogged as one route choice proved to be a little faster than another. I had forgotten how much I would use my arms scrambling up and over the huge boulders in the Deception River.

I stuck with the pace until the upper reaches of the Deception River. I didn't want to be exhausted before the kayaking and I also wanted to eat some of my chocolate and bananas. I gradually dropped off the bunch and as I pounded along the boardwalks on the top of Goat Pace I could only see a few runners ahead. I was soon on the forest track going down the Mingha Valley. Careful footwork is essential to run over roots which criss-cross the path. However disaster struck when I momentarily relaxed my concentration on an easier section. I tripped and fell heavily against a small stump, wrenching my shoulder in the process. I picked myself up, sat on the side of the track to regain my breath and realised that paddling a canoe may now be difficult. I jogged on, slower than before but nobody caught me up. As I finished the run I was told that I was in 11th place and 28 minutes behind the leader. I told my support crew that I may not be able to do the kayaking, but that I wasn't going to stop until I had to. I didn't slow down for the 18km cycle leg, but it hurt to even reach down to change gears.

After I handed over my cycle and began the short run down to the river I could see all the kayaks lined up. I knew that I could not finish the Longest Day and a wave of disappointment hit.

With great thanks to the support given by Michelle, Dave, Irene, Margaret, Mum and Dad.

Alister Matherell.

Barry and Susan were out tramping and got lost in the bush. Susan said, "Now we must keep calm." Barry agreed, "You're right, I read that if you lost you should shoot 3 times into the air and someone will come and rescue you." So they did this, but nothing happened and they did it again, and still no help came. They repeated this several times without results. Finally, Susan said, "What are we going to do now?" And Barry replied, "I don't know, were almost out of arrows!"

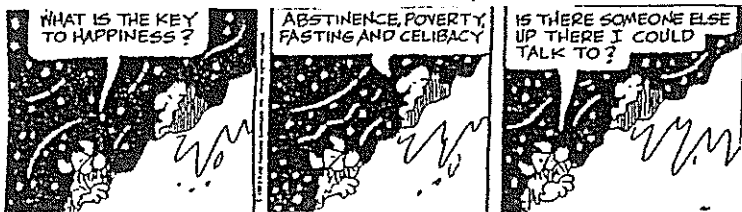
Chris Stewart has resigned from the Committee. All matters related to hut maintenance are currently being handled by Peter Masca.

NEWS FLASH! - I hear Susan Harding was REALLY in the S... during the Luxmore weekend!

The Cass Valley is one of those lesser known areas, lying between the Godley Valley, above Lake Tekapo, and the Murchison, an offshoot of the Tasman. I made Timaru late on Thursday and met up with Gerry and Rob Moffat, a friend of Gerrys and a keen Canterbury climber. We had a few beers at Fairlie, crashed (figuratively) at Tekapo, and headed up the Cass the next morning. We parked the landrover opposite Memorial Hut, threw packs on and headed up the West Branch and up on to the rocks at the snowline where we camped at about 6,500ft. After a chilly night in sleeping bags we got off to an even chillier start at 5am, and made the summit ridge by sunrise. We traversed north and bowled Mt. Hutton before 9am. We traversed along and down after a rest and climbed the next 9,000ft summit, an unnamed bump on the ridge towards Ronald Adair. We had incredible views of Cook, Sefton and Malte Brun, just a stones-throw across the Murchison. We had second thoughts about climbing Ronald Adair as time was getting on, but decided to try a different way back. We dropped down to Rankin Pass and followed the valley below down, underestimating the distance we were nearly back at the landrover before we came back into the valley which our camp was at the head of. We went down to Memorial Hut and feasted on two boiled eggs, two slices of bread and two easter eggs each. We had another night without sleeping bags, except this time we were in the valley with our bags up the mountain. Next morning Gerry and Rob went up to the high camp and brought the gear down to the West Branch while I trailed the field, the old knee was grumbling a bit. We headed up to the head of the West Branch and camped Kehua Pass, and bowled Tamahi just in time for sunset photos of Mt. Cook. Next morning we set out at a lazy hour, 9am, over the pass, and had a casual attempt at Lucia, which looked like a stroll to the top. Lucia beat us. We hadn't bothered with rope or crampons, and met up with a jinosaurous notch on the ridge, which we admired from a safe distance. The only way round was up a steep frozen snow chute on the Ailsa Stream side. Maybe next time. We headed down Ailsa Stream, and landrovered down the valley chased by a Norwester which didn't quite catch up with us, lucky again!



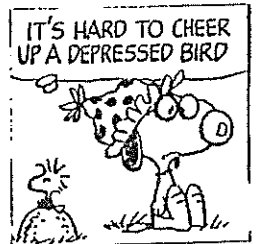
Dave McLean for Rob Moffat and Gerry Essenberg.



If you have never sat on the top of a bush-clad hill and watched the glinting sun go westering down, and thought the world well lost for this one moment out of eternity, you're not a tramp.

If you have squatted down in a dripping parka, cherishing an obstinate spark to flame with bits of sodden bracken, and, if you're lucky, shavings from a candle; when it's been a long day's tramping and you're tired, and the rain hisses in the bush and trickles down your neck, and it's a fine art taking something out of your pack without getting everything else soaked, and you finally swing the billy and it tips over and puts the fire out, and you can still talk with enthusiasm about the next tramp, then you are one of us, and we belong to that happy band with far-distance in our eyes.

**OUTDOORS**  
**Contributions Wanted!**  
 Articles, poems, etc  
 Deadline - End of July  
 Give to Pam or  
 Ewan.



PYRAMIDS AND PIPIKARETU : SUNDAY 29 MARCH

By just after 9.00 on Sunday morning eleven happy trampers set out from the clubrooms to the Peninsula. It was good to have about half of them present as recent Bushcrafters. On the way we picked up Pat at Macandrew Bay so that made a round dozen on the trip.

The day was fine and quite warm as we left the cars at the end of Dick Rd on Okia Flat. A brisk walk along the flat to the first of the pyramids and all enjoyed scrambling to the top, exploring the cave, and examining the geometric basalt columnar structures in the rock.

From here we made our way along the sand dunes and up the cliff, where the breeze began to get stronger, and we started crossing fences. Over several more fences and down to Ryans beach where we met the first seals of the day. Two of these just sat on the rocks and allowed themselves to be surrounded while others rather lazily flopped into the sea. Further along the beach to the wreck of the old "Humua" and at the far end we were lucky to find a couple of yellow eyed penguins.

It was too breezy there for lunch so we retreated to the gully and fed <sup>14.</sup> in the shelter of the lupins. In the afternoon we continued over Quair Head - where the wind was quite strong but not such a gale as the previous time I was up there. The view from the top is great and it inspired us to go on to visit both Pipikaretu and Reids Beaches - where we met, and sometimes disturbed many more seals in various states of repose on the rocks and on the grass too. Crossing fences seemed to be a major activity in the afternoon and I think some of the party thought they were on an obstacle course rather than a tramping trip.

Hopefully we did no damage to the fences and indeed did one or two small repair jobs en route. Many thanks to the farmers Bob Clearwater and Howard McGrouthers who kindly gave us permission to cross their property.

On returning to the cars all agreed that it had been a good trip and it was a pleasure for me to have the company of such an enthusiastic and appreciative group of trampers.

Mike Floate for the 12 who went on the Pyramids Trip.

#### Hut Books.

Nothing is more vexing than reading a hut book full of jottings about; the hut weka, the superiority of one tramping club over another, the domestic habits of deerstalkers, and 500 scores. When the real intention of the hut book is often ignored.

#### Some Dos:

1) Record the condition of the hut, and the adequacy of its facilities. A good example is Bruce Mason's ubiquitous entry "This hut needs a toilet."

2) Enter any interesting sightings of flora and fauna. This enables the authorities to gauge the successfulness of their conservation, or game management policies. Ignore sandflies, as they are assumed.

3) Enter that your party has reached the hut safely, and your intended route. Not only does it enable usage of the hut and areas to be assessed, it could also be very helpful if you were to become the subject of a Search & Rescue. Sue Harding is exempt, as she never goes (finds) the intended route. Although it could be useful, in so much, as it eliminates one part of the search area.

4) Information on the way you have used to arrive at the hut, particularly if you used an unusual route.

Could people start recording more details on the following

i) Specific details on the route taken, using true left etc.

ii) Travel time and the pace of the party

iii) Weather conditions, and especially if it affected the travel time.

Mention river crossings if relevant.

iv) Suitability of camp sites.

v) Any other useful tips, eg. where the track begins, the presence of bluffs, etc

This last bit <sup>(4)</sup> on route information is the one that is currently being overlooked, and what has spurred me to write this article. Not only does it enable you to plan your next day, it can also give other people inspiration when they come to plan future trips.

#### Finally, Some Don'ts:

1) Frivolous Entries. This one was found in a hut in the Makaroa.

1.3.86 W Provan and G Hormann off to attempt to climb Mt. Brewster, and probably out Pyke creek. The only thing right about that entry was the word pyke. For those of you wondering, they weren't even in the right valley.

2) Giveaways. More frequent since the advent of higher hut fees.

"Been raining the last four days. Going to camp half an hour up valley."

Barry Wybrow



Midnight Thursday: dumped onto a roadside cowpat near Makarora, and all four huddled into the three-person tent we'll call home for the next nights. Close encounters, anyway, especially with the lumps below.

Friday morning: quick breakfast and a refreshing dip in the Makarora River; then a quiet ramble up river flats (that hoar frost was cold!). Stop for lunch and the sandflies came for theirs - Dave Barnes & Co. were just moving off, so the beasts got two helpings. Some interesting scrambles over new and old slips by the Young River South Branch followed, so there was general relief when we found a reasonable campsite about 3.30. This set the pattern for the trip: pitch camp soon after 3, cook dinner before it's dark (great food - thanks Maureen and Kathy), bed by 7, and a reasonably early start.

Saturday was the big one: Up the valley, call on the crowds in Young Hut, and follow the mobs to the foot of Gillespie Pass. Maureen got hot on the way, but a quick dip in a rock pool fixed that.

We had a variety of techniques demonstrated for dealing with the Gillespie Grunt: Bash on and get it over: two steps forward and one back; sit back and imagine the summit is coming to you. Still, the top, and lunch, were reached at last - but who put Dave Levick up there? And what was he grinning at?

The descent was longer and even more interesting: Syd first sent his water bottle on ahead, and then tried sky-diving, without a canopy. And all the folks we met on the way! Camp in a beautiful and obviously popular spot by the bushline - the keas came in like harpies when we stopped. So though we didn't show it, we were actually quite pleased to see Antony Pettinger's party from Siberia: their tame(?) Peacock was more than a match for the keas.

Siberia valley early on Sunday morning matched its name: a drear expanse of forest under the mist. Packs hidden, and away upstream for as far as we could get by lunchtime. Great views of Mts Doris and Dreadful took our minds off the lunchtime sandflies, then back down the smiling green sun-drenched valley. Past Siberia Hut and camp, very early, where the track re-enters the bush. A ranger called in, with good advice on the best way down the Wilkin next day.

Pre-dawn start on Monday, and we were on our way by 7.30. Quite a grunt up through the wood over the shoulder into the Wilkin Valley - I wouldn't like to drive the cattle over, or to meet them. Two river crossings interrupted the peaceful stroll down the river flats, but the sun soon dried us. Finally the Makarora again, broader and swifter than where we crossed on Friday. We approached it with caution, and didn't even get our shorts wet. Then the slog up the road, to toilets, icecreams, Peacocks and other diversions.

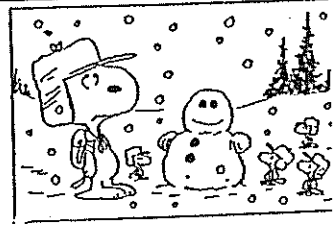
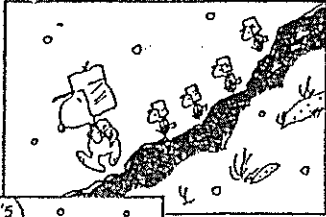
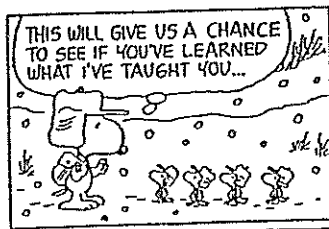
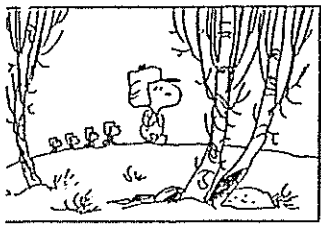
A glorious weekend: ideal weather, wonderful scenery, good company - and I mustn't forget Maureen's pillow, the secret of happy tramping. Thanks Leader Kathy (Woodrow), Caterer Maureen (Schmelz), odd job man Syd (McAra).

Chris. Ehrhardt



TRIP REFUNDS - Hectors & Caples Trips

There are REFUNDS of \$7.00 to the people who went on the Hectors trip, March 28-29, and \$7.00 to people on the Caples trip of April 4-5. 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 in by the 26th of June 1987.



Have you ever wondered what those mysterious creatures, the Committee Members, spend their time doing (apart from all that mutual grooming on club nights)? Well, if you're a full club member you are able to come to the committee meetings which are held on the first Monday of the month at 7.30pm, usually at the clubrooms (check with the secretary Pam Hodgkinson for changes), and see them in action. You will be mentioned in the minutes as 'also present' and in line with normal meeting procedure you are not able to vote, and cannot speak unless you are invited to. Because sensitive matters are sometimes discussed, you should declare any conflict of interest which may arise.

The meeting starts with matters arising from the minutes of the last committee meeting, then Pam goes through the letters received and sent over the last month, Jane gives the financial report, Peter gives the Chief Guide's report, and the Members in charge of Hut Maintenance, Gear Hire, Membership Secretary, the Social Convenor, the Editor, ORG, MSC, etc, etc, all give the committee a rundown on what has been happening. Throughout the meeting John makes sure that the agenda is followed, and Pam makes notes for the minutes. A copy of these is pinned on the notice board downstairs for club members to look through.

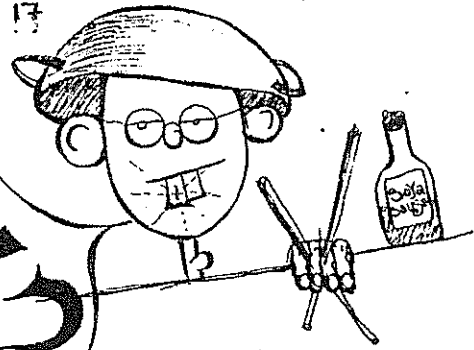
The final part of the meeting is 'general business' where anything else of importance to the club is brought up. Any club member can come along and ask to be heard on any matter that they think should be discussed. And someone usually brings supper, which we all need by the time we finish!

So if you have nothing else to do on the first Monday of the month, come and see how the OTMC gets run. We may even get you interested enough to go committee yourself next year!



# Woks News

萬白福



Rumour has it that one of our more vocal members has been paying alot of attention to a certain new bushcrafter. She must be a great influence on him as he turned up to the Pre Easter Social dressed to the nines.

\*\*\*\*\*

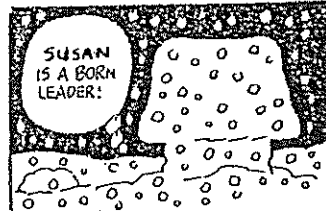
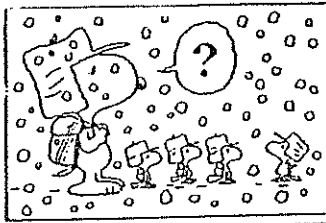
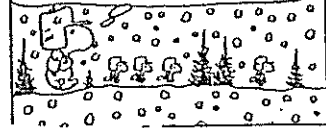
Some malicious gossipers have been impolvo that I. Susan Harding, managed to get my party lost over Gillespie Pass at Easter time. This is quite Untrue! The reason we went my way was

a) to discover the ultimate in new routes (which I must warn you should only be traversed by the most experienced & gun trampers - Climbing experience would be beneficial also).

b) to avoid certain disruptive elements such as, ... (the 2 parties going the same way as me). So that they couldn't mislead the young, gullible teenagers in my party. So you malicious gossipers I wish for a formal apology in writing to appear in the next bulletin.

Signed:-  
Susan Harding.

OKAY, WE'LL ALL FOLLOW SUSAN .... SHE SAYS SHE CAN LEAD US TO THE PERFECT SPOT TO SPEND THE NIGHT...



### "The Pre-Easter Social"

The evening started for some at the Mornington Pub - just to get our "spirits" in the right frame of mind. We then made our way (some more willingly than others) to the Mornington Presbyterian Hall where our social was to be held. It started off slowly but once the OT's arrived all hell broke lose. At about 10.30pm our cute Easter Bunny accompanied by his two assistants came onto the scene handing out scrumptuous chocolate eggs. After several dances we stopped for the much needed supper. Supper demolished we got back into the dancing with renewed vigor. Around midnight people started leaving and finally myself at about 1am. A great evening (had by me anyway). However I was a bit disappointed on the turnout of helpers on the Sunday morning - one solitary helper. However, thanks to those that did help with the social.

Your Social Convenor  
Susan.





An alarming message has been brought to my attention. Two stirring elements namely Hermione Binnie and Dave Peacock have joined forces. They plan to take over the OTMC and ultimately the world. What I want to know is what the poor, honest, hardworking stirrer is supposed to do. If you can help please contact me through the "HSP" column.

Signed,  
"A Desperate Stirrer"

DEAR HSP,

I am a very handsome young man with an incisive intellect, wonderfully witty, nauseatingly nice and with a pungent purple pack. Alas, however, I have no money, and so young lady, this is where you come in. If you have enormous sums of the latter commodity and would like to share it with I, your humble servant, in exchange for my peerless, priceless, princely presence then please write to "Purple Pack" (care of this column) enclosing \$500 (cash, no cheques) as a gesture of good faith and I will lovelify your life.

**NEXT IS FASHION**

If you wish to be one of the select, elite & trendy trampers, well then this column is essential reading for you.



It was quite noticeable at the Easter Social that blue (particularly psychedelic as modelled by our treasurer) is still an "in colour". However you must be careful not to deviate from the range of blues into shades of purple, as seen by one rather outspoken tramper who stuts around with a gross purple pack.

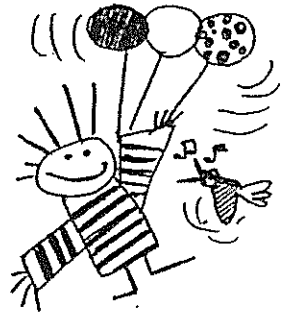
Reds & Pinks are quite acceptable for the tramper who doesn't want to stand out but wishes to be that little bit more stylish. Very becoming for the professional or the older tramper.



However the more trendy trampers will be seen wearing yellow this season preferably with green poka dots. Packs in this colour scheme are trendy! But the ultimate in trend must be the blue & white bunny suit as seen worn by one of our more dominant trampers. I hope to see the Rock & Pillars littered with skiing bunnies this season. (Antony can recommend that they are very warm and girls find them rather cute). So come on you guys out with the bunny suits this winter.

Watch carefully for this column in the next issue. Trendy tramping till next time.

Your Fashion Consultant  
Mademoiselle Tramper.



# Letters to the Editor



Dear Editor,

All right, you win. What is it that every man wants and every woman needs?

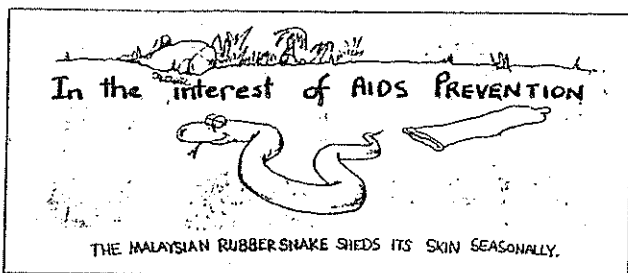
I remain, sir, etc  
"concerned Club Member".

The Bulletin of course! - Ed.

Dear Editor,

I notice that in your last editorial you mention the recent epidemic of Tramping Aids. Don't be too concerned - the matter is being taken care of by the Dunedin Mount in Safety Committee.

Yours faithfully,  
"Antibody Positive".



Dear Ed,

I feel it is very fitting that the three gossip columnists have chosen "The Mafia" as a nom de plume. As this name is associated with a criminal organisation, which possesses a self deluding image of respectability, and preys on the weak and the innocent.

Innocent but not so weak.

Gear Hire. by Antony.

The clubs gear hire has tents, flies, packs, iceaxes, crampons, a four pint billy, a climbing helmet and even an umbrella available for hire. Recent acquisitions include six new flies, a set of crampons and the helmet (very kindly donated by Lori's parents) and two packs.

With GST prices (with everything else) went up. They are now:

	W/E	Week
Pack	3.30	6.60
Tent	3.30	6.60
Fly	3.30	6.60
Ice Axe	3.30	6.60
Crampons	4.40	8.80

(Still cheap at the price)

The gear hire rules are:

1. Hirers are liable for loss and damage to gear.
2. Gear hire hours are 7.30pm to 8.00pm Thursdays.
3. Gear hire officer may demand a deposit on gear if considered necessary.
4. Gear hire officer may charge callout fee for people wanting gear on other than Thursday nights.
5. Impose an extra charge on those who do not return gear
6. Gear must be returned in good condition and defects reported.
7. Tents and flies must be refolded NEATLY with item's No. visible.
8. Hirers pay for gear in advance.

# SOCIAL PROGRAMME. <sup>20.</sup>

- MAY 21** "Quiz Night" - come and rack your brains, you might even learn something about your club.
- MAY 28** Come and hear a professional talk on XC skiing. Goltelieb Von Braw should be very interesting as he's done extensive skiing throughout Europe. Note Venue - Public Library 7.30 pm start.
- JUNE 4** To be announced at club.
- JUNE 11** Special meeting - See page 4 for details.  
BYO to follow - so dig out those slides!
- JUNE 18** (to be confirmed). Snow craft talk,
- JUNE 25** Lloyd Godman speaking on Photography.

This is my last bulletin as the intrepid, aspiring lad has at last returned - Welcome back Ewan! Sorry this edition is a week late but his was due to unforeseen circumstances due to a weekend trip turning into a 4 day experience, nightmare, or whatever when the bulletin would have been being prepared, but that's another story!-- Excuses, excuses!

Trust everyone had a good Easter in the hills or wherever - wasn't the weather great! Its good to see the good patronage on recent weekend trips - we can now all look forward to Winter; some of us will keep tramping but many will be preparing themselves for the XC ski season. Whatever, I hope its a pleasurable experience.

Bill Provan



PS Thanks for all the contributions and help while I have been filling in as Editor.  
Bill

