



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

BULLETIN

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DECEMBER 1987

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Merry
Christmas

The Editor Speaks

Well, another year is almost over; it is a blustery, overcast December day in Dunedin and an opportunity for a little introspection and self-appraisal. Why do I tramp? What does tramping give me?

I find it very hard to answer those questions; looked at objectively, it seems crazy that I should sometimes slog for hours with a heavy pack and in the pouring rain. Who of us hasn't asked at times "Why am I doing this when I could be warm and snug at home?"? But we do get out there, we do share our naked flesh unashameably with the sandflies, we do get sore shoulders and, in the van home, are forced to listen to interminable, boring jokes by the verbose, self-proclaimed wits upon us.



However, all that notwithstanding, I know that the main, and most important, reward for me is a spiritual one. And when I talk of the spirit, I mean that part of me that recognises an affinity with, and I a part of, the natural world around. The bush is my cathedral; a tumbling brook, my prayer wheel and the snowy tops, a canvas on which are sketched the minuteness of my life and the enormity and grandeur of the universe. I have sat there and felt intensely that there is a unity to, and a power in, the universe that stretches out far beyond me and with this, I can cope with the superficiality and cruelty of the world. And I have felt the same amongst the shadowing trees, beside a ragged bubbling creek and crossing the fertile, rich river flats. As we walk down the crowded streets, especially at this time of year, and suffer the worst of commercial "hard-sell", it is easy to lose any sense of a deeper meaning to our lives. The spirit is crushed. But out in the hills, I feel the presence of God (in however many different ways we may experience Him) that nourishes my soul and enables me to face the rigours of my everyday life.

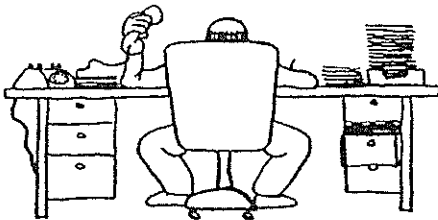
In the midst of change, I need some constancy. I need to know, to feel, that the mountains and valleys existed long before I did and that they will be here long after I have moved on. The hills are a refuge, a sanctuary away from the turmoil and tumult of life in a highly-technological and increasingly competitive world. And the immensity of the sky and the solitude of the bush bring a touch of humility to my soul. There is a time for being noisy and having the hi-fi high and there is a time for serenity and tranquillity. Tramping gives me that time.

But, of course, there is also a physical side to tramping - sometimes painfully obvious! Any strenuous physical activity can bring you closer to your own body - feeling the blood pulse through the arteries and veins, the lungs gulping air and the sweat and dirt wiping us clean of pretentiousness and artificiality. And, at times, feeling really buggered but carrying on as a challenge to oneself

and the knowledge that it will make all the more exquisite that dream-for moment when the pack is shed and one is, literally, walking on air (Quite masochistic, eh?). We take the working of our bodies so much for granted and it is only when it is stretched that we really appreciate the magnificence and beauty of our frame. There is a need to achieve, to struggle that may be peculiarly human. If we so chose, we could fly to the tops by chopper but I am sure that our appreciation of the scene would be but a shadow, a ghost, of that we feel following a long sweaty grunt through the trees, across the tussock and up the scree. There are many different stairways to heaven but they all involve some sweat and tears.

And, above all, there's the people - my fellow trampers. Tramping encourages me to take the world and people as they are; socially-proscribed barriers disappear when we're all squelching through the same mud holes and getting drenched by the same rain. On tramps I have felt a closeness to people that is often lacking in our usual day-to-day activities. Sharing that first billy of tea after pitching the tent cements friendships and is the stuff memories are made of. In every party that I've been in, I know that I can trust the others absolutely and that if any of us got into trouble, we'd all work together to overcome the difficulty. And if one of us does knock the billy over and there goes tea well, sure, we'll be hungry but it doesn't really matter all that much. Tramping is as much about co-operation and understanding as scaling hills and crossing valleys.

So, what am I saying? I am saying that tramping makes me feel good, that the people I have met and the places I have been have given



me memories that will never fade. As I sit at my desk during the week, I can dream about those weekends away and the sharp cool air and bitter-sweet mountain streams. Some days throw one's whole life into sharp relief and all you can say to others is that "You should have been there!" Above

all, tramping is fun; the water fights, the laughter, the cursing of the sandflies, the burnt custard cooked to a microwave recipe, Susan Harding falling down the loo - you've all got your stories to tell. My only regret so far is that there's so many members of the club that I haven't tramped with yet but there will be time, there will be time.

And I will end this piece by saying that even with all its crass and unwelcome commercialism and its shallow and superficial gestures towards the ideals of love and peace that surrounds Christmas today, I still welcome this time of year and I get stuck into the mince pies and the (odd) glass of wine and, even though I will not be doing much tramping for a while, it is still a good time of year. And so, from me and all the Committee, BEST WISHES FOR THE SEASON - go get out there and have a whacking good time and I'll be back in the New Year with my body and mind refreshed and lots of new ideas as to how the club should be improved, and how we can change things so that (Oh! Shut Up Peacock!) Okay! okay! - best wishes and see you all later!

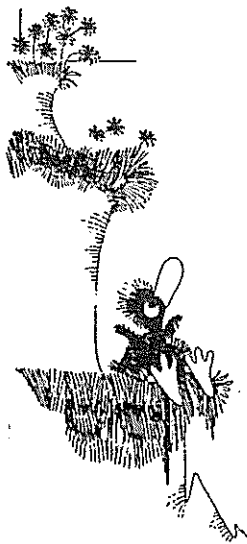
EARNSLAW EXPEDITION
LABOUR WEEKEND

It was an earlyish start on the Saturday morning as we rose to a mild day and one van load short. While Barry and his team drove back looking for them, our team headed off up the Rees behind Antony's party. While they waded up on the true left, we decided to take the easy way out and go the true right, thinking that we might miss all that bog, but no such luck.

After a short rest at Lennox Falls, it was a steady climb up to Kea Basin where, after a quick lunch in the drizzle and a suss at the weather, it was decided to camp there by all three parties.

Sunday came quick as it was an early rise at 5-20 and away by 6-15am. As seven of us climbed out of Kea Basin and onto the ridge, the sun began to rise dawning a new day.

It was a long slow climb up to Wright Col and down to Esquilant Biv in the dense mist. As we arrived at the Biv, we were greeted by five Alpine Club members who kindly gave us a hot brew shared around by two enamel mugs, which was greatly appreciated at the time.



While waiting there for the weather to clear, it was avertrou and gloves on. Only an hour after we had arrived, the weather had cleared just nicely, so it was decided the climb of Earnslaw was on.

As we began to plough on up through the deep but softish snow, it became in places quite firm and crisp. So it was crampons and bash hats on.

As we climbed it began to get steeper and steeper. If it wasn't for Chris, I don't think that every body would have carried on due to the conditions and the sheer steepness of the snow on the mountain. While climbing up what felt like a sheer cliff, from down below we heard what sounded like three bellows of "Help".

As we arrived at the top, the mist came in and the temperature dropped to a cold freezing. While on top, eating and waiting for the mist to rise, it began to hail. So it was decided to head quickly on back down. Barry was minus his bash hat due to trying to rescue a loaf of bread (What from? - a fate worse than death - a free trip through Barry's alimentary tract. But I don't suppose it's all bad, they do say there's a light at the end of every tunnel. - Ed).

As we descended back down, the mist began to clear and soon

all was revealed on Mt Leary where a climber from the Alpine Club had fallen to his death.

As we arrived back at Kea Basin to the excitement of a chopper, it was tea-time. Boy, had it been a long 12 hour day! We all seemed to be real hungry and ready for our well-deserved cheese-cake and boysenberries, minus a spoonful thanks to Bill.

Monday was just a short walk out, although we arrived back at the vans minus one party. At 4-00pm, no sign so one van went home and ours stayed on behind to search and bellow up and down the Rees valley. But still NO sign by 8-00pm. By this stage, it was beginning to look as if we might have to stay the night and have a SAR first thing in the morning. But, lucky for us, as we went to pick up David and Anne-Marie from Earnslaw burn, the missing Bill Robertson's party was there. Safe and stuffed by the looks of them.

Arrived home at 3-30am - never mind it was a fantastic week - thanks to all!

Michelle Williams for Graham and Chris
Bill, Barry, Simon and Arthur
THE CONQUERORS

* * * * *

ROCKY 1 or THE ART OF THE DIRECT ROUTE
by ANDY BEECROFT



So the snow has all melted and you've rung up your skis, or whatever it is you do with them for yet another year, or maybe like the rest of us you've survived the forces of hibernation and are now ready to meet the onslaught of summer tramping with all its associated hassles and woes.

WELL, WHAT'S THE ALTERNATIVE?

Quite simply put your ski fitness to the test or drag out your winter lethargy and give it a stretch as a group of us did at the beginning of October and go to the beach for a day. That doesn't seem too strenuous or demanding and it wasn't until we started climbing the cliffs that is and learning all sorts of new skills and the deeper meaning of words like fear and trust! Initially the new skills were those of the technical side of climbing, such as knots and the varied equipment.

Although there has been little change in the knots used over the years, there have been great developments in technique and the equipment available. It is no coincidence that these two aspects have occurred together, the new gear has enabled ascents to be made that were previously considered too difficult or dangerous. Whereas once the climber was more dependent on the equipment as an aid in the actual climbing process, now the trend is more towards a free-style approach using the gear only for safety (= protection). The practice of banging all manner of hardware into the rock is now also discouraged as the damage caused by this activity in the past has left some of the more popular routes virtually unuseable or, at

least, lacking their previous appeal.

With this shift of emphasis to using one's gear only for protection, the style of climbing has also altered to the point where some have rather foolishly abandoned their equipment altogether in the search for idealistic purity. Such philosophies were certainly not apparent shortly before lunch as the practical or "hands on" got under way. Top ropes were set up, people were paired off and the instruction style gradually became less formal as the day continued. As this day was principally for novices, the amount yet to learn was clearly demonstrated by other groups around and the high standard of their climbs. This need for further instruction can be aided by more day trips and, of course, the Wednesday evening jaunts out to Long Beach now that daylight saving has returned.



There comes a point where formal instruction gives way to a natural accumulation of experience working as a "second" to a more experienced climber and gradually developing from there to lead climbs of one's own. This one-to-one concept should eliminate many errors and prevent the development of dubious practices later. Also, rather than just scrambling over the rocks all the time in the hope of becoming proficient, it is advisable to check out the climbing section in the public library where, although some of the material is a little dated, the books are still good value.

For those interested in trying some climbing, there is a telephone contact list on the walls of the clubroom which will be updated periodically and circulated to all those on the list. Of course, the best way to start is to actually come along on a Wednesday evening trip which usually leaves at 5-30pm from outside the Wilderness Shop on Lower Stuart Street, weather permitting. See you there!!

Andy Beecroft

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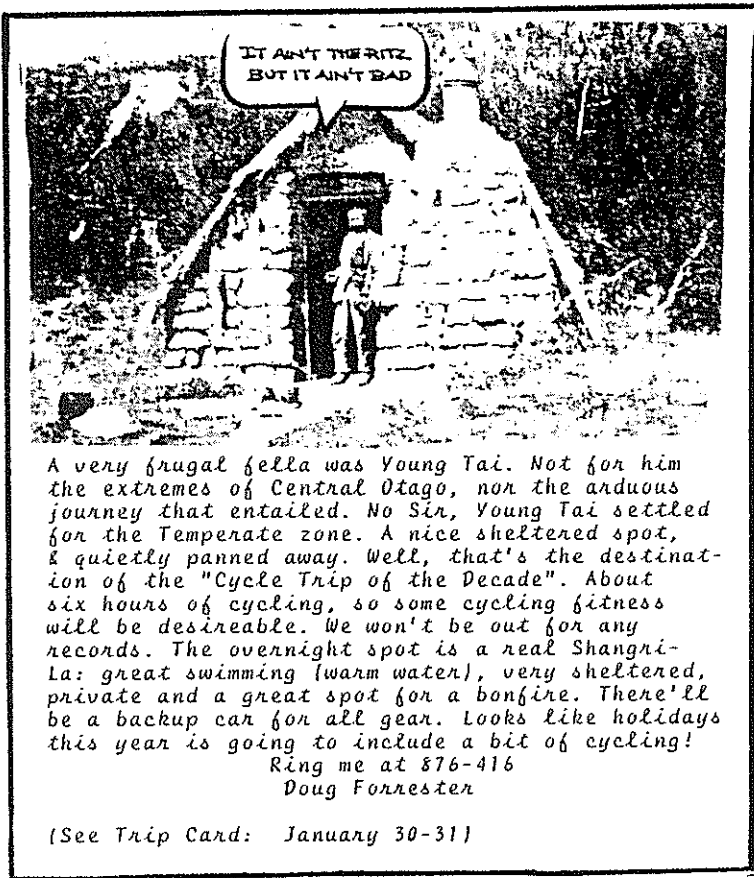


BUSHCRAFT

BUSHCRAFT 1988 *****

BUSHCRAFT 1988 *****

Barry Wybrow (737-895) would like a Deputy Coordinator to give him a hand and learn all about the organisation of bushcraft. It will be a great learning experience and he's not a bad bloke to work with. Please give him a ring ASAP.



A very frugal fella was Young Tai. Not for him the extremes of Central Otago, nor the arduous journey that entailed. No Sir, Young Tai settled for the Temperate zone. A nice sheltered spot, & quietly panned away. Well, that's the destination of the "Cycle Trip of the Decade". About six hours of cycling, so some cycling fitness will be desirable. We won't be out for any records. The overnight spot is a real Shangri-La: great swimming (warm water), very sheltered, private and a great spot for a bonfire. There'll be a backup car for all gear. Looks like holidays this year is going to include a bit of cycling!

Ring me at 876-416

Doug Forrester

(See Trip Card: January 30-31)

MINUTES OF THE SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING HELD IN THE SMALL ROOM AT THE EDITOR'S PLACE ON 1st DECEMBER 1987.

PRESENT: The Editor, his 2 cats, a DCC Meter Reader and a cardboard cutout of the Treasurer (Spent available at no extra cost).

MOTION: That the assets of the Club (i.e. Money) be transferred to the Editor's Bank Account for Safe Keeping.

DISCUSSION: None

Motion passed unanimously

MINUTES OF THE SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING HELD IN THE PUBLIC LAVATORIES IN THE OCTAGON ON 7th DECEMBER 1987.

PRESENT: The Treasurer (in person), an inflatable blowup Spen, an irate membership. Apologies: the Editor.

TOPIC: Where has all our money gone?

DISCUSSION:

Q: You gave all our money to the Editor?

T: Yes (in a monosyllabic grunt)

Q: And he's run off with it?

T: Yes (with Downcast Eye)

ALL: The slimy, no-good, two-faced B*****D (Tut, tut!)

T: But he had such a nice smile and soft mournful eyes. (Hear, hear!)

(Bye, bye! - Ed)

7 Stages of Tramping

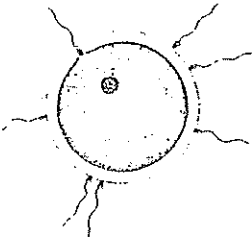
(with apologies to Bill Shakespeare)

1) ovulation

DAY 14

FIRST TIME OUT. Knows that the OTMC exists and where the clubrooms are. Has been on one day trip and stands by the trip lists on Thursday night trying to look busy and hoping that one of those people who all seem to know each other will say "Hello".

2) fertilisation



THE RANK BEGINNER. Has survived 1-4 day trips and 1-3 weekend trips. Knows only those people who were in the same tramping parties. Knows President and Treasurer by sight, has a rough idea about Gear Hire person. Only a vague idea of the geography of South Island mountain ranges and is happiest when the trip leaders seems to know the way back to the vans. Owns boots, non-trendy pack, a hand-me-down sleeping bag, track-suit pants and fair-isle patterned acrylic gloves. Is beginning to know the best places to travel in the van and where the greasy shops are.

3) parturition



THE KEEN TRAMPER. Has acquired nylon shorts, gaiters (with chained instep), stripy polyprop longjohns, bright new sleeping bag, waterproof parka and matching zip-up overtrou, bivvy bag, Swiss Army knife with everything and is thinking about a Goretex parka. Goes on every weekend trip. Has found kindred spirits and spends each trip playing practical jokes on them and every Thursday night looking wide-eyed and innocent. Has written one trip report, full of innuendo and gossip that only the above-mentioned kindred spirits understand. Draws red lines on a growing collection of inch-to-the-mile maps; looks at scenery only if there are mountains to spot. Knows the best places to sleep Friday night. Makes a mean packet cheese-cake.

4) infancy



THE PARTY LEADER. An instantaneous transition for the erstwhile KT. Has just bought a primus and the Trip Leader (that mysterious being who makes vans appear out of thin air and struggles with the problem of whether 26 people/4 experienced leaders = 6 safe parties) happened to know it. Quickly buys both Moir's and is seen appealing to older PL's for guidance. Often resorts to following the tail-end of the party in front, or bushbashes because couldn't find the start of the track. After first catering efforts received with polite sympathy is now learning how to make edible macaroni cheese.

5) childhood



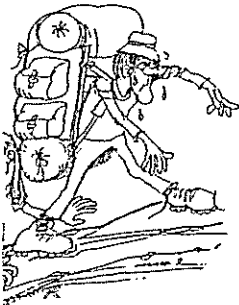
THE COMMITTEE MEMBER. Was heard to utter an opinion about how the club is run and press-ganged onto committee. In shock for three months from initial confrontation with minuting, bulletin posting, gear stocktaking, correspondence approving, financial reporting, van driving, SARExing, FMCing, MSCing, ORGing. Intends to get new members, get older members, get fundraising, get publicity, transform club into a revitalised, virile, animated, and psychologically-balanced asset to society but ambitions shot down in flames every time by past CM's who say it's all been tried before. Still manages to go on one weekend trip a month but is getting sick of always being a party leader.

6) adolescence



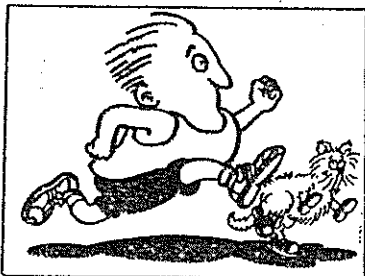
THE CLUB POLITICIAN. Second year or over on committee. Knows past history and gossip of club. Is rumoured to have done a BIG TRIP to the Olivines, Landsborough, darkest Fiordland or wherever. Discovers that has to explain to present KT's just who the older members turning up on the odd Thursday night are. Spends spare time buried under a heap of OTMC files and is surprised when club members invariably criticise the results of these labours. Club nights are used for arranging private trips with friends down at the pub.

7) past-it



THE FORMERLY ACTIVE MEMBER. Has developed Other Interests, such as supporting a mortgage and washing nappies. Two categories: those who keep paying a full sub every year for old time's sake and those who change to Postal Membership and will probably resign if they don't get their money's worth and where are the Outdoors for the last three years anyway? Have been known to reappear in the club. Partially active FAMs are invaluable for helping lost CMs out of administrative straight-jackets and for whiling away long, cold evenings with stories of times when women where women and men knew their place.

ANON



Mmmarathon

OTMC MARATHON February 13th (SATURDAY)

Brainchild of Antony Pettinger (stillborn). May be run competitively - or on legs, if you prefer. Great way for the men to be separated from the boys and for women to give the men a run for their money. CLUB PICNIC next day to recover. Give Antony a buzz (879-440) and be there!

MISTAKE CREEK/HUT CREEK
OCTOBER 9-11

Twelve of us (including Bill Provan) left Dunedin in good time on Friday night, had tea in Gore, and ran into continual snow falling from Mossburn. Luckily we had arranged to use the ANC's Larsden Lodge, 15 minutes up the side of Lake Te Anau, for the night. There is not room in these pages for an account of the overnight happenings in that hut, but if Outdoors is published next year, the tale could be told.

When we set out on Saturday at 7am it was snowing again, with snow lying on the ground but only in patches on the road. An hour later we had parked, crossed the Eglinton (high but clear) on the 3 wire bridge and taken the right track in our 3 groups of 4. Open ground was covered with several cm of snow and even in the bush, there was snow lying on most surfaces. It took us a little over an hour to reach the quite easy crossing, and to be overtaken by the other groups. The track through the ferny, scrubby section was deep in snow and not too easy to follow, so we were all together from there. Then up through the last bush climb and into deep snow on the junction flat.

Some of the stronger ones made steps among the water holes and meandering stream and we stopped for lunch at the bush edge, still perhaps 200m from where the stream from U Pass emerged from its bushy valley.

Dollops of snow dropped from branches as we ate and some of us were quite cold. As soon as we decided to return downstream rather than push on, it stopped snowing and our fingers and toes warmed up and we made good time downhill. A thaw had set in, so that 6 minutes from the Eglinton we were able to set up camp on a dry grassy site by the stream with no snow near. Barry and others got a good fire going - very pleasant to sit round and chat. We decided to walk up Hut Creek on Sunday.

This was another calm day with the thaw continuing. Our group rose at daylight and reached the main flat by 8.30. Barry made a track through the snow across the slope to the right and later both other parties followed it. We almost took another 1½ hours to reach the top bush, and then milled around a bit before finding the markers, perhaps 100m to the left of the stream. The snow in this bush was so deep that only the markers really showed us the route. At the bush edge in the top basin we had an early lunch (10.30)



GOINGS ON IN
LARSDEN LODGE

before Bill Houston and Barry walked on up towards U Pass, and Elspeth and I retraced our track down valley.

This time we stayed by the creek and soon met Bill Robertson's party but not the one with Chris, Graham, Michelle and Bill Provan. It turned out that they couldn't tell where our footsteps led at the entry to the top bush so they bashed through it by the stream and eventually met up with Bill Houston and Barry in the top basin.

There was quite a lot of sun that day, so the tents were dry when Elspeth and I got back. We were able to have a brew ready for the others returning, were on the road before 4, and home by 9. Though we didn't get over U Pass, we had a good luck at both valleys in conditions that were absolutely beautiful.

Ian Sime for: Bill and Heather Robertson, Craig Miller, John Nicol, Chris Pearson, Graham Johnston, Bill Provan, Michelle Williams, Bill Houston, Elspeth Gold and Barry Wybrow.

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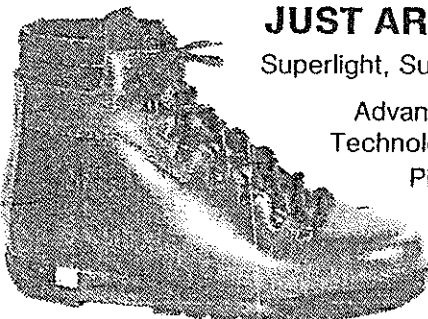
ASOLO

THE ULTIMATE IN HIKERS FOOTWEAR


JUST ARRIVED

Superlight, Superstrong

Advanced Italian
Technology Using
Pirelli Soles



SUPER SCOUT: \$178	SPECIAL
HORIZON K: \$193.00	\$156.80
HORIZON S: \$222.00	\$169.70
	\$196.00



WILDERNESS

MOUNTAINEERING • SKIING • RAFTING SHOP

101 STUART ST., DUNEDIN TELEPHONE 773-679

Dear Sir (nee Madam)



Sir, Can I make a request for more people to volunteer as drivers for club trips? It always seems to be the same few people behind the wheel. I can't see any reason why anyone who regularly goes on trips, is over 21 and holds a licence can't share the burden. And where are all the female drivers?

And now onto other issues - the idea of a few "open forum" style meeting is a good one and I think that we should give it a go. It would be interesting to see what sort of turnout there would be. To ensure its success, it would be important to see that the committee was well represented, particularly those whose tasks are less visible to the "rank and file" members (eg the treasurer and ORG convenor).

I feel that the non-member surcharge should stay. At times in the past when the surcharge has been low or non-existent, we have encountered a fair few bludgers who can see no point in paying subs when they can participate in all respects except a vote at the AGM (even collecting a spare Bulletin on Thursday nights) at no cost. I have even heard the odd unscrupulous member talking of resigning and bludging in this manner. Further it should be remembered that trips that make losses are a financial burden to the (subs paying) members but that any significant profits are distributed to all participants, non-members included.

Two possible improvements to the system would be to allow a rebate of the first year's subs for an amount equivalent to the non-member surcharges paid on the two trips necessary to qualify for membership or to abolish the joining fee.

Your third point (October editorial), regarding "new member trips" is another good one. While I feel that Bushcraft fills this function to some extent, having one weekend trip at the start of summer designated and Introductory Trip could be worthwhile. Perhaps the non-member fee could be waived for such a trip. One or two day trips could also be so designated.

Incidentally, the idea of one day trip a month graded easier than Easy ("Walk") covering the likes of the Pineapple Track and catering for absolute beginners was tossed out by the club a few years back. I think that this was the right move and that the Introductory trips should be set at a level within the normal range of the Club's activities.

On the topic of "Married Members", I should mention that I am one (or is it half?) of these strange creatures but wouldn't change my view if I was a Swinging Single. As the Postal Member sub is supposed to be the cost of the Bulletin and the elusive Outdoors and the Married Member sub is 2 Full Member subs less one Postal sub, I think the system is very fair - noone loses. I would dispute your suggestion that most married trampers are reasonable affluent. Many have one income, two mortgages

and three kids. On the other hand, many single trampers have no commitments, few other interests and are fairly dedicated to their sport. And we already have a Junior sub (for school kids).

I'll give your typist a break and not comment on part five. Here endeth the lesson.

The Alexandra exile,
David Barnes

(I am the typist!!! - Ed)



Social Calendar

New Year

- JANUARY 21 - Informal
- JANUARY 28 - Bring your own slides. Let's see what you've been up to. Social gossip session.
- FEBRUARY 4 - "WATER SLIDES" at Moana Pool. Get 'em off and show your all; Meet at the Club.
- FEBRUARY 11 - "The Outdoor Recreation Committee"
Mark Hanger speaking on current issues concerning all of us i.e. the natural environment.

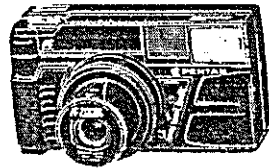


PHOTO COMPETITION RESULTS

Best Photo: Ross Cocker

Photos

*General Section: Ross Cocker
 *Landscape: Ross Cocker
 *Portrait: Michelle Williams
 *Humorous: Michelle Williams
 *Nature: Michelle Williams

Best Slides: Mark Hanger

Slides

*General: Jane Bruce
 *Landscape: Jane Bruce
 *Portrait: Antony Peltinger
 *Alpine: Jane Bruce
 *Nature: Mark Hanger

Trip Report by Ross Cocker

NARDOO III Sunday, 1 November 1987
or A DAY AND A HALF TRIP
or THE LONG WALK (with apologies to Slavomir Rawicz)

Hooray, 3rd attempt, weather goodish, at least better than for my last two attempts at Nardoo. Arrived at the clubrooms to find 8 bods waiting for me, picked up Kelvin on the way. Out thru Outram, turned off at Black Rock Road, past Waipori fishing village, left into no exit road signposted "Cemetery" and arrived at the road end at 10-15, near Trig U, pretty windy up here, westerly, don't recall this on the morning forecast. To get out of the wind, we headed off around the hills following one of the many water-races in the area, reminders of gold mining days gone by. Arrived at a large patch of remnant beech after 20/30 minutes having probably gained only 15cm in height, very hot out of the wind. Into the bush, we followed the Nardoo Stream a way and then onto a steep ridge, the illusion created by the bush was most refreshing. Back into the wind, we headed on up the same ridge now out of the bush to stop in an almost-sheltered spot for lunch. Peter managed a brew which we all shared. Back into the wind and on up the hill, didn't quite make it to the top. Rested in the tussock, lying down to keep out of the wind, checked the view from the Hokonuis in the south to the Kakanuis in the north. Monday's O.D.T. reported the wind as gale force at Balclutha; we wouldn't dispute this and decided that we would turn back and check out the old stamping battery and tunnels at the Cosmopolitan Battery on the Lammerlaw Creek. Peter able to give interesting rundown on its operation to the many questioners in the party. Time to head back to the cars, sky blackening threateningly, slight geographical error, we had headed more or less straight back south instead of in a westerly direction from the battery, result was that when we should have been back at the cars, we could see the airstrip they were parked at the top of, about 4kms west of us. West, I hear you say, that's back into the teeth of the gale! yep, that's right and were we feeling good when we got there! Rain started about 15mins before we arrived at the cars, not a very pleasant way to end what had been a windy but at least a sunny day, for the most part. Back at the clubrooms 7-15pm, a big 7 hour day, well done team, thanks for the company.

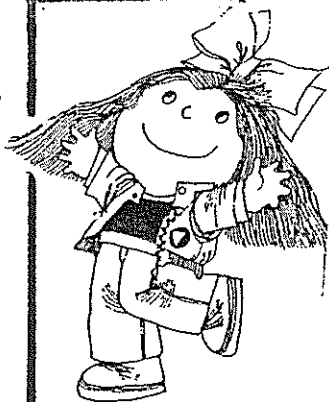
Ross Cocker for Kelvin Liggett, Nick Buick, Jeanne Mason, Peter Mason, John Robinson, Garry Dixon, Chris Pearson, Anne Stevern and Jan Burke

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Seasons
Greetings

From all of us!



Tracy says "Gudday" to

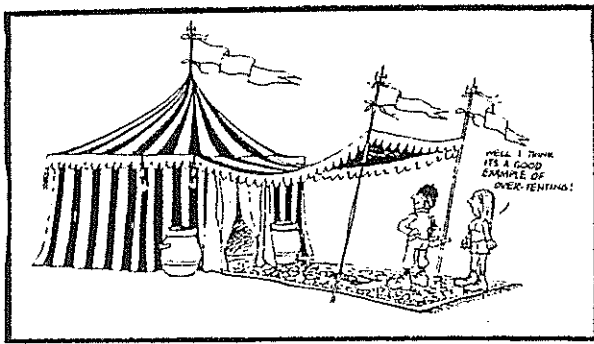
- *Edward Tuohey, 53 Greenhill Ave, Dunedin
64-743
- *Geoffrey Norman Brookes, 5 Lucan St., NEV
730-442
- *Therese Egan, 17 Opoho Road, Dunedin
730-351

May you have tremendous tramping with
the Club. Welcome!

BALL PASS IN NOVEMBER

Without a doubt, one of the better trips into the mountains. 50 minutes walk on Fri night had us all at the Ball Shelter, a good over-nighter. Misty in the morning but clear enough to let us see where we were going. Ten minutes out from shelter and we cross the foundations of the old Ball Glacier Hut, a huge hut of many moons ago. Our route is on a ridge on the edge of Ball Glacier, a big drop down to the glacier though, reasonable good going and, not long into the day, through the breaking mist we start getting glimpses of the mighty Caroline Face of Mt Cook. Wow, that is quite a sight! It made for a lunch hour with a difference. Middle of the afternoon and we get a glimpse of Ball Pass in the distance. Close to white-out conditions by late afternoon but enough experience in the party to give a fairly accurate estimation of where we were when we made camp (right under the Pass, well done guys, spot on!). The sight that confronted me in the morning when I zipped open the tent is still very clear. Clear and calm, the whole of the Caroline Face, The Minaretttes, straight up the Tasman Glacier, Heikel, Hamilton, Malte Brun, wowie!, and right there just above us, Ball Pass. The cameras were internally haemorrhaging trying to get going. So it's up and over, beautiful views of Sefton, Hooker Valley, Hooker Glacier and Copeland Pass. Tricky working our way down. A bit of rope work. A dislodged rock during a scrogging stop had Graham Hopkins with a badly torn finger and a very painful walk out. Plenty of first-aid equipment available and Graham's day ended with a lot of stitches. Across the moraine to Hooker Hut, a quick bite, then a fast trot back to the old Hermitage site. Sunday on the Ball Pass trip is a big day. Sitting on a rock in the sun making reflections and I ask Bill (of Aorangi fame) "What was the worst part of the trip, Bill?" With no hesitation, "That bloody sun!".

My thanks to Arthur Blondell, Bill Provan and the other two tent
fulls of guys that made it a great trip - Doug Forrester.



MAUNGATUA TRAVERSE
November 15th

My office window at Invermay looks out across the Taieri and up to the Maungatuas. I have often thought that a traverse along that skyline would make a good day trip - so that was why I volunteered to lead one when the last trip card was being prepared. At that time, of course, I could have had no idea what the weather would be like, but when the time came the day dawned fine and clear on Sunday, 15th November.

Even though Doug had a weekend trip away to the Ahuriri at the same time, there was a good turnout of 15 people; there were comments like "Look what the sunshine has brought out of the wood-work!". The number included two friends of mine from the Over Thirties Club (OTC) and Steve and Frank were to be our guides for the day. Both know their way around the Maungatua much better than I and, despite his pretence to the contrary, we were more or less convinced that Steve could and would lead us to the best point of entry into the bush above Woodside Glen without fighting gorse or too much scrub. We duly left one car at Woodside Glen and took everyone to Wesleydale Camp for the start of the climb to the Three Kings Rocks, there by 11-00am and I thought we were going well - but Spen and Jane were there about 15mins ahead of the main party. Another hour or so of much more gentle climbing - just as well because it was only the breeze that kept us cool - then those in front picked an idyllic lunch spot beside a tarn and within 15 mins of the summit trig. Most people were reluctant to leave their comfortable possies among the Draeophyllum but at 1-15 we set off again for the summit ridge. After this, Steve led us from one massive rock outcrop to the next around and above the head of the gorge leading down into Woodside Glen. With some careful navigation, we were led to the top of the bush - still a very warm and cloudless day - and down into Woodside Glen. The route was steep and clearly used by animals but probably not too many trampers know the way as well as Steve and Frank. About 5-30 we reached Spen's car and after a short panic about keys, we were able to return to Wesleydale for the other cars. I certainly enjoyed the day and actually went much better than I had expected, having done little or no tramping since early September. I think everyone else enjoyed the day too and we all enjoyed the company of Steve and Frank - many thanks for showing us an interesting route.

Mike Floate for the 15
who traversed the Maungatua