

# OTMC TRIP REPORTS

## 1987

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Sourced from the 1987 OTMC Bulletins



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## INTRODUCTION

Judging by the number of trip reports, 1987 was a big year for the OTMC. Bushcraft 1987 attracted an increase in participants, a trend that continued until the 1991 course. This led to good numbers on our trips, and subsequently an increase in trip reports.

The 1986/87 Christmas trip to the Nelson Lakes area attracted a large number. The Christmas trip had traditionally been a popular trip but the Nelson Lakes trip turned out to be one of the last Christmas trips run by the club. Parties visited the Lake Angelus and Travers / Sabine area, with two parties of five completing a through trip from Lewis Pass to Lake Rotoroa via the St James Walkway and the Matakita and D'Urville valleys.

Rockclimbing at Long Beach was popular, with outings most Wednesday nights and the occasional weekend. Top roping was the pre-dominant method used, and many routes on the rock outcrop on the northern end of the beach were completed.

Forty-eight trampers combined for the optional Bushcraft weekend to Fiordland in March, with Bushcraft participants and their leaders spread out in the valleys and ranges between the Earl Mountains and Falls Creek, not far from the Hollyford turn-off. Two great days of fabulous weather made up for being very late into Dunedin, thanks to a grumpy bus driver who left one party behind (mine – we were only five minutes late!)

The Easter trip was to the Makarora Area, and three van loads of trampers visited many different valleys, including both directions of the popular Wilkin / Young circuit. One report in this collection outlines how one party had a map-reading error and headed over a lower pass about 2km south of the actual Gillespie Pass. On reflection, this was a serious descent into the South Young. The report may appear to trivialise the seriousness of this alternate route, but there was definitely genuine concern for the missing party at the Young Forks that night – I can still remember the relief when the party turned up the next morning, after being benighted on the track not far above the open flats at the Young Forks.

A trip we don't do now was a visit to the Mt Luxmore area – this was when the Kepler Track was being constructed, and the track to the tops was much closer to the Control Gates (and straight-up, probably gone completely now). We visited the caves, and the new hut which was massive even then (it is even larger today).

Average trip cost in 1987 was around \$26, and only one trip was cancelled (a February trip planned for the Ahuriri) – this still went ahead as a private trip and is reported in this collection.

Successful socials such as the Picnic, Tirohanga Barndance, Pre-Easter Social and the Xmas Barndance made for a very successful year for the club.

Antony Pettinger

January 2021

**Cover Photo: Young River, Mt Aspiring National Park. The wider Makarora area was the destination for the OTMC Easter 1987 trip.**

**(PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

## ROCK-CLIMBING

### 1986-1987 Summer Rock-Climbing Season

**Author: Polly Stupples and Hermione Binnie**

Published in Bulletin 453, March 1987

Smashing your head against a rock wall; hanging over a precipice (head down) with a rope round your ankle; gripping by your fingertips to a sheer cliff, while the sea pounds at your feet - these are the sort of thoughts that can go through our minds, as we crawled up the hill to Long Beach for the first time. Much to our disappointment we were proved wrong.



Simon Thomas rock-climbing at Long Beach, early 1987 (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Rock-climbing with the Club takes place during the Summer, using the advantages of daylight saving. A group of mad enthusiasts meet at the Wilderness Shop at 5.30 on Wednesday evenings; jump into one of the available cars, and speed off to Long Beach for a spot of good light hearted climbing.

After a quick jog across the sandy and very seaweedy (!!) beach (which of course caused some particularly nasty scenes) we arrived at "The Rock", picked the seaweed out of our socks, shoes, hair, packs, pockets; in general, everywhere (thanks Susan), and prepared to climb.

And rock-climbing is fun, as well as a great way of exhausting yourself beyond the level of can hang off them all. As well as Wednesdays, we had a few weekend picnics; which were also very enjoyable (despite throwing the sausages in the sand, and getting thrown in the sea!)

All in all, rock-climbing was really great and we can't wait to get back there next year. Heaps and heaps of thanks are due to our esteemed "instructors" who we couldn't have survived without i.e., Garry Nixon, John Robinson, John Pohl and Andy Beecroft.



See you all next year!



**Arthur Blondell rock-climbing at Long Beach (route known as 'Yes?'), early 1987 (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**



**Rock-climbing at Long Beach – L-R Simon Thomas, Michelle Williams, Antony Pettinger, early 1987 (PHOTO by Debbie Williams)**



## TRAMPARAMA (OTMC PUBLICITY EVENT)

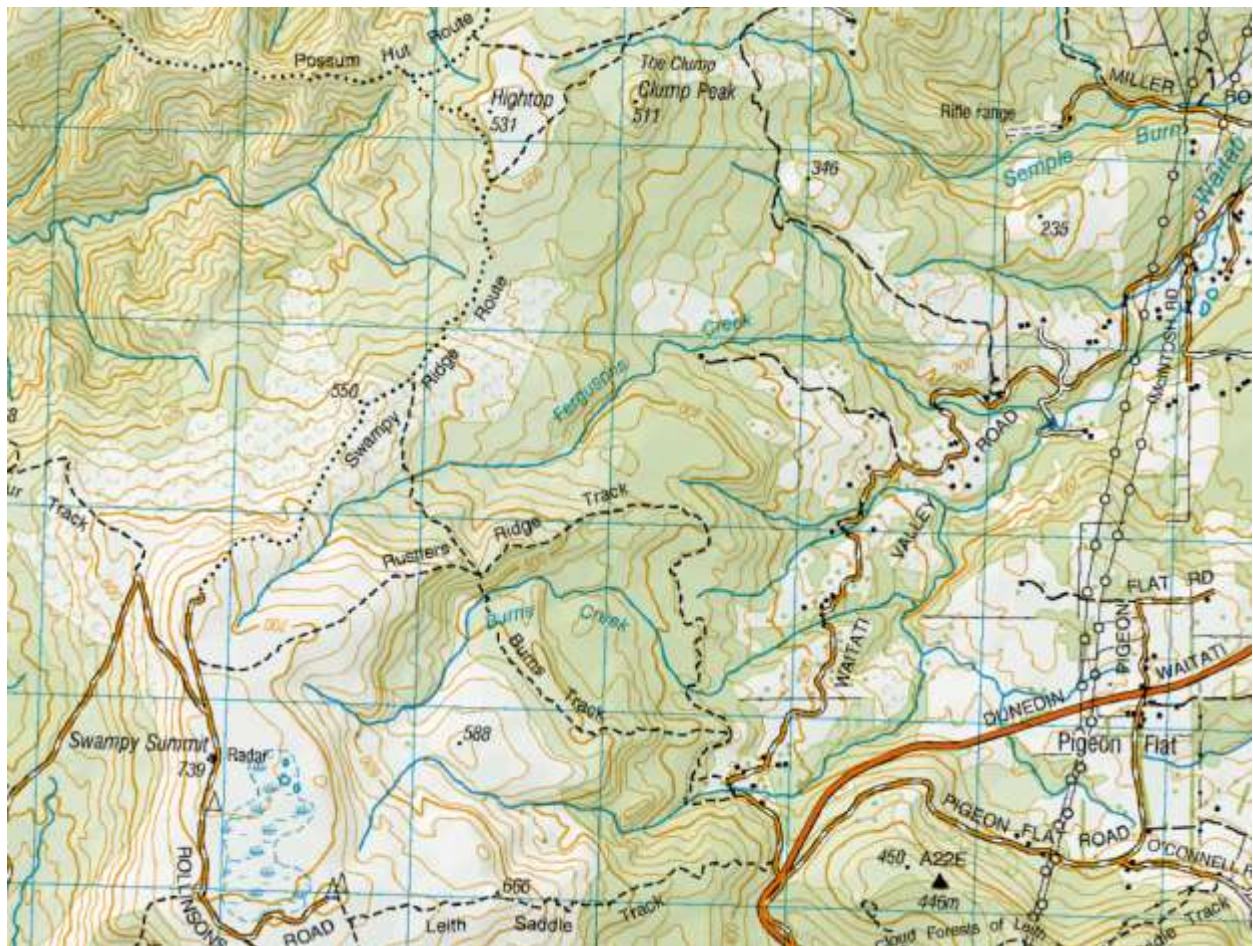
**February 8, 1987**

**Author: Peter Mason**

Published in Bulletin 453, March 1987

9am Sunday morning, myself and Mike Farrell wait in the bus at Dunedin's Visitors Centre for the booked passengers, and soon we leave for Leith Saddle, where to my surprise I find I have got as many guides as public.

Polly and Hermione have been busy with the information stall and soon groups of 6 are assigned 2 leaders and then the half day walkers are away (Leith Saddle to Swampy Summit and return).



At 11am the bus returns from town with the all-day trampers (Leith Saddle to Swampy to Flagstaff and Pineapple track). Again, more leaders are assigned to small groups. By the time the first half walkers arrive at Swampy Summit, they will find a cup of tea or coffee and biscuits waiting - mysteriously the 'toffee pops' are the first to disappear. Rumour has it, there was an electric range installed in the tent as well, what a strange impression must have been created of 'rough it' trampers in the hills.

Where was I, sitting on Leith Saddle so with my trusty 'CB' Radio I ordered some coffee and a packet of 'toffee pops', I duly arrived ½ hour later. The radios were invaluable that day, I was able to keep in contact via relay on Swampy Summit to 2 other mobile units, one away with the group towards Flagstaff. By 4pm, the bus was waiting at Booth Road, and everyone had left Swampy Summit and met the bus here as well. The whole day was wrapped up by 5pm.

Thanks go to the following:

**Radios:** Ross & Pania Flamank, Tom Adamson, Murray Kennett.

**Teamaking:** Bevan Blackmore and Jeanne Mason.

**Information stand:** Polly Stupples, Hermione Binnie and Chris Stewart.

**Leaders:** Mike Farrell, Spencer Walker, Jane Bruce, John & Alison Pohl, Bill Robinson, Michelle Williams, Pam & Wayne Hodgkinson, Ross & Pam Cocker, Kelvin Liggett, George Palmer, Stuart Mathieson and family, Anita Lesinski, Margaret Caulfield.



## CHRISTMAS TRIP – 1986 – NELSON LAKES

**December 26, 1986 – January 4, 1987**

**Author: Mike Floate**

Published in Bulletin 453, March 1987

On Boxing Day 1986, some 22 people converged on the Lewis Pass from as far afield as Nelson and Ohai. After camping in the area overnight, 2 parties set off up Cannibal Gorge to the Ada Pass through the Spenser Mountains while 2 other parties went to Lake Rotoiti. These parties were headed for a round trip up the Travers and down the Sabine to Lake Rotoroa.

Mike's and Bruce's parties travelled more or less together (we became less unsure as the trip went on whose party Bill was in: he was always there when food was on the go!). We camped the first night in the basin below (and south of) Ada Pass. Meanwhile Muriel and co. took the spare cars around to Lake Rotoroa and organised the Water Taxi for the return trip out from Sabine – en-route they had day trips to Lake Daniells and the Lyall Creek Walkway.



Mike Floate in creek between Ada Pass and Three Tarn Pass, OTMC Xmas Trip 1986-87 (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

At first the weather was great, and those of us who crossed the first pass (6,300 ft) on the second day enjoyed clear views all around - but a day later - up the E. Matakitaki - it was a very different story. By that time the rain had started and continued all day Monday and Tuesday with snow down to 3,000 ft and around the hut. Clearly, we were not going over the next 6,000 ft pass yet and spent the time in the hut and / or pit considering alternatives and possible escape routes.

Meantime most other parties were hut-bound in the Sabine or Travers Valleys. However, Dave McLean and Co. had already climbed Mt Angelus (Dave with his trusty crutches!).

Hut book information told us that there was a better crossing at the head of the East Matakutaki than the known David Saddle route - an unnamed pass some miles to the east. This we made use of on the next day when clear skies and brilliant sunshine rapidly cleared most of the recent snow. About 700ft of snow climbing - led by Bruce plugging steps - brought us to the saddle by early afternoon and a fine view down the D'Urville Valley. After a steep descent on mean snowgrass, and narrowly avoiding a huge rock which tried to bowl me into the D'Urville, we camped near the top Biv.



**Head of the East Matakutaki River (our route to the D'Urville), OTMC Xmas Trip 1986-87 (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

From there our trip down the D'Urville was enjoyable in real Summer conditions. New Year was spent in the bush, under Bruce's balloons, and beside a great campfire - which later saw the ceremonial burning of Dave's decrepit and crutchless shorts! Dinner came in about 5 courses and was accompanied by A-D mints, Bailey's, Dram etc. etc. - it really is amazing what OTMC members are prepared to carry over 2 high passes to enjoy New Year's properly!

Unfortunately, the tentative plan for all to gather at Blue Lake for New Year was foiled for us by the weather, but we understand that similar party spirit prevailed in the Sabine Valley where all the parties gathered.

With the aid of some friendly fisher-folk at the Morgan's Hut we were able to convey a message to the others at the Sabine hut. This meant that the Water Taxi which Muriel had arranged was able to divert to the D'Urville hut to pick us all up from there on the final Saturday morning.

At this stage we caught up with news from the other parties and learned, among other things that Dave and Ian had climbed Travers the hard way, and that Glenda had made it to Blue Lake despite having a real bad time with blisters.

The final tales were exchanged over beers in the Hammer Springs pub, and in the pools in the evening: a fitting end to a memorable trip.



**Lake Rotoroa from below Mt Misery, OTMC Xmas Trip 1986-87 (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

Mike Floate for the 22 people (OTMC members and friends) who enjoyed the Christmas - New Year 1986-87 trip.



## EARNSLAW REVISITED

**February 5-8, 1987**

**Author: Bill Provan & Barry Wybrow**

Published in Bulletin 453, March 1987

Barry and myself set out for the Rees on the Thursday night of Waitangi weekend. Stopped in at Queenstown to try to persuade Andrew Powell to join us but when he found all we planned to do was the East Peak of Earnslaw, expressions like "it's a piece of p--" and "it's just a dawdle" left us in little doubt to his decision, so just the two of us carried on down the Glenorchy Road. We arrived at the Rees Road end with no mishaps. This was directly in contrast to my last visit here when by this time I'd run the car into a bank and at three in the morning had come across the varsity tramping club's bus hanging precariously over a bank blocking the Rees Road.

Friday morning dawned overcast and not too bad, so we had our fingers crossed that the expected clearance may be on its way - could we be so lucky?

Lunch at Kea Basin bivvy - "Looks like a nice sport to spend the night Barry!" "Provan you piker, there's no way we'll spend the night here!" Earnslaw was looking pretty clagged-in from Kea Basin but as we were only heading for Esquilant Biv we carried on. Onwards and upwards into the crud - soon it was raining, hailing, sleeting, snowing and whatever, with spindrift blowing into our faces. Reduced visibility made navigation very difficult - "Do you know where we are Bill?", "Not a by clue, but I think we're going in the right direction"



**Ewan Paterson near the summit of Mt Earnslaw in 1986, overlooking the head of Lake Wakatipu (PHOTO Doug Forrester Collection)**

Better check the map ... Oops, ... it was about this time we discovered I'd left the maps behind! We carried on the same direction but conditions worsened and if we didn't find the Biv soon we were going to spend a most unpleasant cold night out in this storm. (clearance indeed - we should be so lucky!!)

Memories of my last visit to this area came to mind, being caught out for the night just below the summit of Earnslaw with no gear or food.

It was about that time we made a hasty retreat back down to Kea Basin. Unfortunately, the bivvy had filled up somewhat since lunch time when we had had it to ourselves. Everyone had the sense not to carry on when they saw the crud above.

Earnslaw didn't look any more inviting on Saturday morning, but we set off in the hope that the promised clearance may eventuate. Quite deep snow had been dumped in the area over the last couple of days, so it made for quite a plod. (realised we had turned back only about 15 mins from Esquilant the previous day.) After arriving at the biv a bit of a clearance showed Earnslaw plastered with snow and ice and not looking at all inviting. Even the Alpine Club members were piking on the 'easy' route as the rock was so iced up.

Barry should have known better than to ask a wimp like me what I thought we should do. He overruled me of course, so we followed some of the others up the snow slope on the eastern side. The snow on the ice was exciting though, but when we got up to the iced up rock where everyone was having fun (a euphemism for s----g oneself), it was time to pike as we hadn't brought a rope with us. It was about this time that Andrew came under fire with his remarks being recalled - "It's just a dawdle."

Great views of the crevasses on the lower slopes on the descent, as believe it or not, the weather had finally started to clear and it had come out quite pleasant.

Back down to Kea Basin where we were entertained by a 7-year-old giving us a frame by frame account of 'Crocodile Dundee', the accuracy of which was confirmed the following week when I went to the film.

Barry hid his disappointment of not getting to the top (I's used to it) by eating cheesecake and drinking very weak tea (tea bags were rationed).

Of course, Sunday was brilliantly fine for the walk out. After a personal tour by Andrew through the new high class tourist condominiums past Arthurs Point, it was homeward bound with the promise to return in the not-too-distant future.

Bill Provan and Barry Wybrow

# THE ORIGINAL TRAMPARAMA

**Author: Not listed**

Published in Bulletin 453, March 1987

"A great round trip" we all agreed at the meeting to arrange Tramparama. Up the new Leith Saddle Walkway, across Swampy and back down the Burns Track.

Settled! A couple of weekends before, we realised no one had actually checked it out, so keen for an easy wander minus the bluffy horrors of Xmas Pam, Wayne, Alister and Michelle met for lunch, gathered up Andrew fresh home from the Streets of London Town and Michelle's Dad, a "retired\* tramper of days gone by.

After meeting a fine collection of Dunedin who's who entrants in the parking area we finally made it on the track. The gradient is gentle, the bush left natural and so far no gravel, just old fashioned mud. Great views from the tussocky tops before we arrived at the Post Office building for a gourmet afternoon tea, Just Juice, chocolate, Moros and home baking etc... must be getting luxurious in our old ages. Now the real business. How to get these bods on to the Burns Track without getting them lost. Round the road, down the fence line then drop off into the saddle. At this point our neat formation collapsed with Albie and Pam on the saddle below while the rest floundered in head height flax and undergrowth. Now most of us had legs well hardened from Xmas trips but Andrew's fresh from England were reintroduced to gorse, lawyer and Spaniard in the space of a few minutes. Meanwhile our "retired" member plunged off over the horizon in search of the elusive Burns Track. We knew where we wanted to go but a slasher or two would have come in handy. Great for a Bushcraft party but kiddies on Tramparama??? What relief to reach bush line we thought and escape the gorse. But alas there was still the hook grass!! Us puttee-less people edged our way gingerly down the track holding day-packs in front of our legs!

Home to tea a little later than anticipated and a few phone calls to Peter and Chris to let them know the Tramparama round trip was up the new Leith Saddle walkway and down the Pineapple track.

P.S. For the real trampers amongst you it's still a worthwhile day trip -in o'trou.



## BUSHCRAFT '87 – A RUNNING REPORT

**February – March 1987**

**Author: Spen Walker**

Published in Bulletin 453, March 1987

So far so good, except for the double booking at the clubrooms on the final evening meeting. An apology to Bushcrafterees and club members for the mix-up and to the Alpine Club for delaying their talk. It was good to see that some Bushcrafterees could get to club on Thursday to hear Bruce and Ken.

The response to Bushcraft '87 from the public has been good with 51 people enrolling, of whom 14 are school pupils. 7 sponsorships were offered (three from the Alexander McMillan Trust, one from Nancy Munro, two from East Dunedin Rotary Club and one from Trustbank Otago) which were divided among the eligible people.



**Bushcraft 1987 – Instructors and Participants at Tirohanga Camp, February 22, 1987 (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

Last year's successful format with three evening meetings, Tirohanga weekend and Silver Peaks weekend was followed again this year. Tirohanga was blessed with the only fine weekend in February - hiring a church camp has some excellent fringe benefits! The barn dance on Saturday night was a great success, with some Bushcrafterees 'dead anting' and 'elephant walking' until one in the morning. Sunday's map and compass exercise was most enjoyable - we may not have found all the markers, but we got plenty of mushrooms.

The Silver Peaks weekend looked like a good weekend to stay in bed. Leaving town Saturday morning it was still raining and we were almost envying those people with stomach bugs who had to drop out. People were generally well equipped, though, and most groups had no problem getting their trips done. One person was unfortunate enough to come down with the lurgy on Saturday night, but had had the foresight to have both a doctor and nurse in the party! The trip leader walked out to the nearest farmhouse and the runholder, Mr. Perriam,

very generously took the party out in his land rover. The weather cleared on Saturday night and we got good views from the main ridges. The parties leaving via Green Hut found a hungry dog lying in wait for their spare food and ended up by taking it back to the SPCA. He got picked up there by the owner, who had left the family pet with a friend while going on honeymoon, and the friend took the dog pig hunting and lost it!



**Bushcraft 1987 River Crossing Day – Outram Glen, March 8, 1987 (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

The river crossing day trip attracted over 30 people. The Taieri was up, so instead of crossing we used our mutual support methods to walk in to chest height and back out again. Most people also tried pack flotation, and then we had lunch and dried out in the warm sun.

The Fiordland weekend is coming up next with a full busload of Bushcrafters and OTMC'ers, so I will sign off now and go and arrange the weather for us.

Spen Walker

Bushcraft 1987 Coordinator

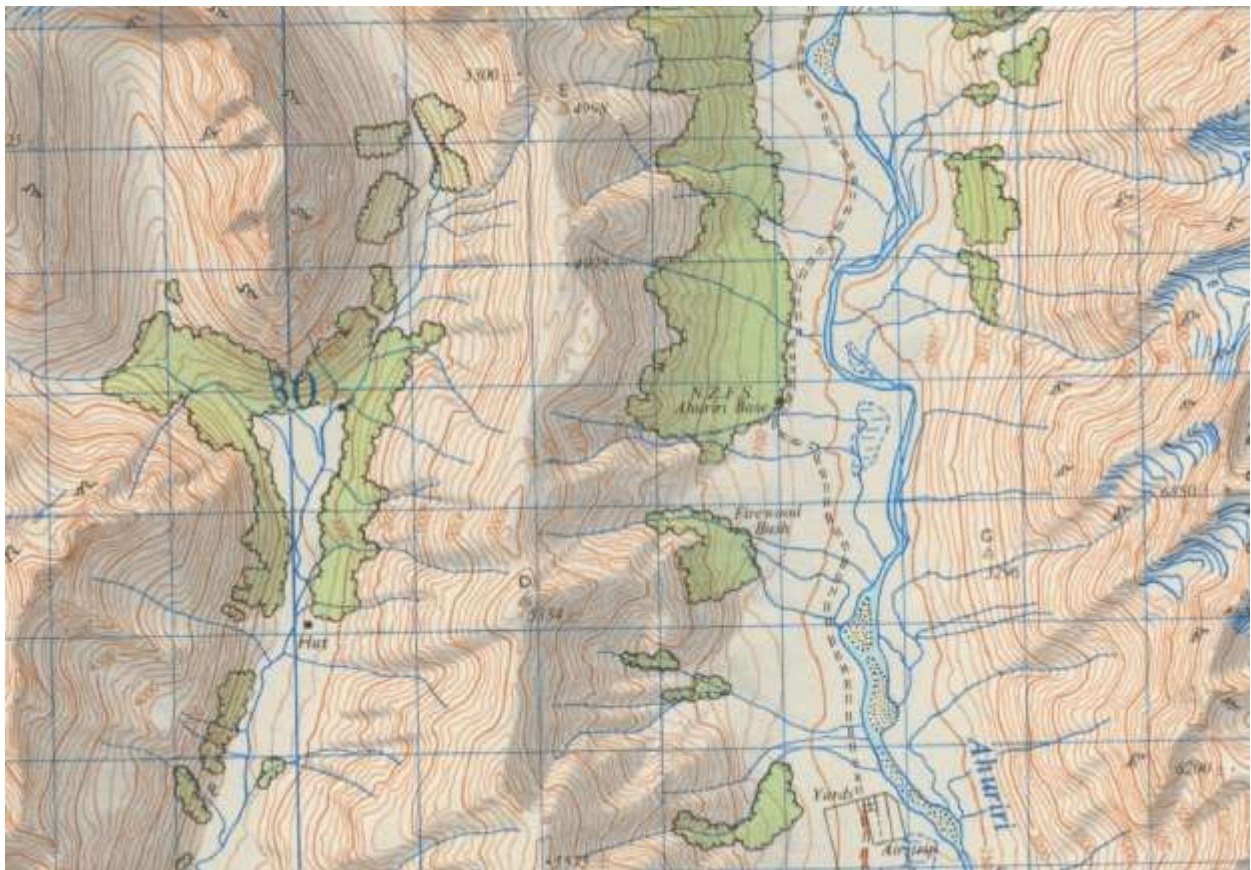
# AHURIRI

**February 14-15, 1987**

**Author: Doug Pagel**

Published in Bulletin 453, March 1987

The trip to the Ahuriri Valley was uninteresting and we encountered no trouble at Birchwood Station. The view from the tent on Saturday morning didn't seem too promising. Breakfast finished and with light drizzle moving up the valley we left the vicinity of the Ahuriri Base hut, a NZ Forest Service 6 bunk, for the ridge above. We walked on up through the open floor beech forest until we reached the open tussock and the ridge. A bonus not counted on were the ripe white-coloured snow-berries - delicious. Our objective was somewhere below us and through the mist and light snow the bush was visible in the Dingleburn Valley. However, it was sometime before we actually found the wide flattish face to walk down to the hut.



The Top Dingleburn hut was another NZ Forest Service 6 bunk model, situated on the edge of the wind thrown bush but was actually further south than located on the map. As the snow & rain still persisted, we relaxed for the rest of the day, not venturing further than the wood heap and spent the time sharing experiences. Sunday, a completely different view with the clear tops and to the south peaks draped in fresh snow. The objective for the day - a climb to the pass into the Hunter River, flowing into Lake Hawea. Our direction of travel was the true left of a tributary of the Dingleburn but the going was slow in the wind-damaged forest especially about the valley floor. Above the bush, it was spectacular and scary to observe the freeze and thaw



action eroding rock precipices. No wonder screes develop as they do. Unfortunately, upon arrival at the pass we barely caught a view before the mist rolled back down to eat lunch in the sun below.

On the return to the Ahuriri Valley we were blessed with a wonderful view of Mt Barth, to the north, Ken's destination on a few occasions but still beckoning him. An old bulldozer track slightly down valley from where we reached the ridge the previous day allowed for an easy trip to the car beside the Ahuriri Base hut.

Doug Pagel on behalf of Ken Mason, Mike Farrell & Philip Jenkins.

## LOUD BURPS AT LONG BEACH (CLUB PICNIC)

**February 15, 1987**

**Author: David Peacock**

Published in Bulletin 453, March 1987

After a very wet Saturday, it was a delight to wake to a Sunday promising fine weather. A rushed three-hour breakfast and then a rollicking trip in Susan Harding's stunning Starlet to the beach. We, Susan, Polly Stupples, Antony Pettinger and yours faithfully, arrived at about 11-45 being met by Doug and Glen Forrester and Hermione Binnie. With two barbecues, hundreds of sausages, salads and other assorted goodies we skipped lightly along the beach to the Rock.

So for the next couple of hours all of us, now including John and Alison Pohl, gambolled around and over the rock with mixed cries of success and frustration. About two o' clock, Antony and I threw caution to the wind and fearlessly battled sharks, rips and enormous waves to have a paddle. Then out with the barbecue and a welcome feast of crunchy sausages (they fell in the sand) and other delectable delights.



Typical (for 1987) antics by the OTMC – L-R Kevin Allison, Antony Pettinger, Sue Harding, Polly Stupples at Long Beach (PHOTO Debbie Williams)

This was followed by more rock hopping, a game of tip-it-and-run (Polly is appalling), several unscheduled and unexpected swims (fully clothed) and then a leave-taking at 6-30.

A great time was had by all. My only disappointment was that so few people turned up, it was such a glorious day that it was a pity there was such a poor turnout. But that doesn't detract from the fun had by all present and we look forward to the next picnic.

David Peacock



## **BREAKING IN (MT COOK TRIP)**

**November 22-23, 1986**

**Author: Lutz Beckhert & Graeme Black**

Published in Bulletin 454, April 1987

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 neon, 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 muesli was consumed by the kilo, so preparation for the day's work began; and then truly the men were separated from the boys. The Mueller party, packs neat and solid, crampons and ice-picks at the ready, marched away purposefully. Then we strolled off, with sun cream, 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 Copland 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 snow. Excitement, undulled by turning back, infected even our "father figures" who rode on ahead down the scree, far further 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. (What 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 draughty. 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. Draughty 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 desserts 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 Pagel, Mike Farrell, Graeme Black, Carole Dixon, Lutz Beckhert.*

# I SURVIVED AN OVER THIRTIES CLUB DAY TRIP

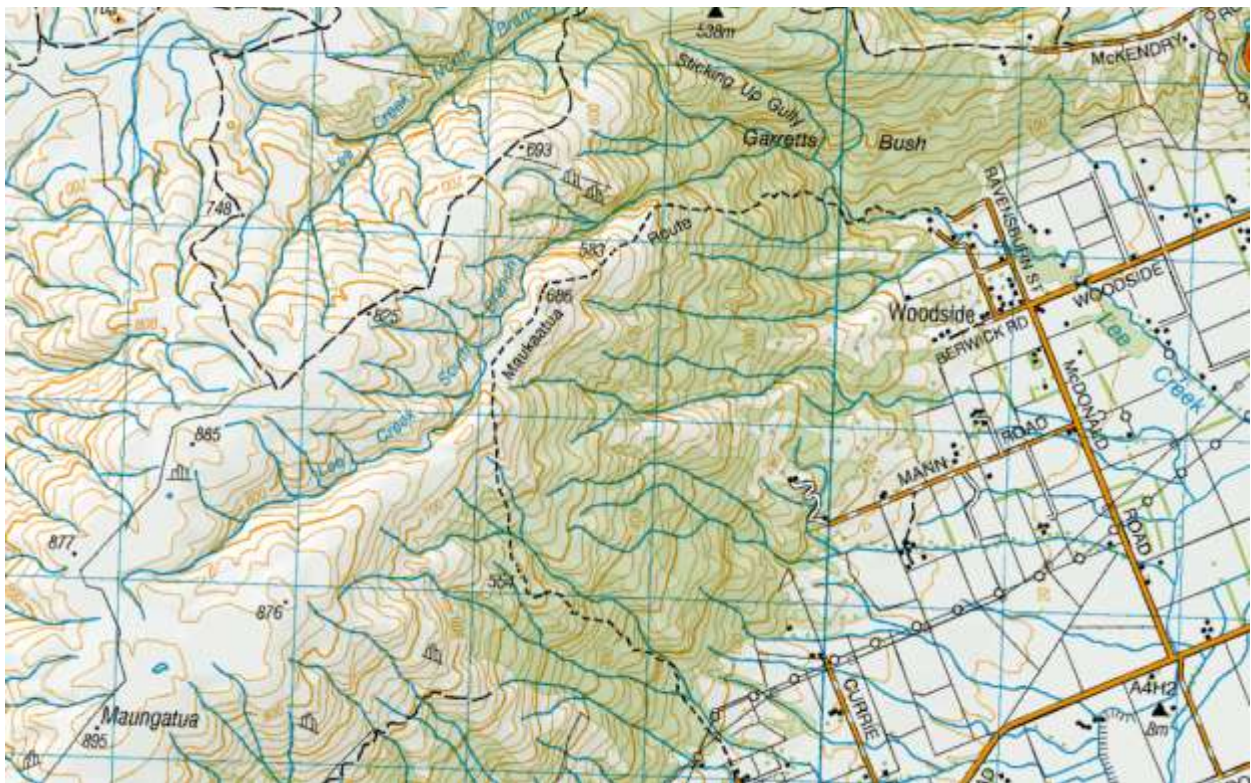
**Date not given**

**Author: Jane Bruce**

Published in Bulletin 454, April 1987

Possibly you, like me, have wondered what the OTC is. It is 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 Maungatua 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 bushed spur to the bush line. 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 Maungatua 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 Taieri right over to Lee Stream 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 farmer's 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!

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

Jane Bruce

## **BUSHCRAFT OPTIONAL WEEKEND - FIORDLAND**

**March 14-15, 1987**

**Author: Bill Provan**

Published in Bulletin 454, April 1987

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?



**Rhonda Robinson beside terminal lake in the heads of Falls Creek, Fiordland – March 14, 1987  
(PHOTO Doug Forrester Collection)**

A combination of Antony's party late out and a stropky bus driver meant that his party was left behind as the driver insisted he had to be in Te Anau by 5pm 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 Levick's 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.



**Key Summit, looking towards the Lower Hollyford Valley, Bushcraft Optional Weekend to Fiordland, March 15, 1987  
(PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

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 (CASCADE TO KEY SUMMIT)**

**March 14-15, 1987**

**Author: Jenny Breckon**

Published in Bulletin 454, April 1987

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 5.53 pm Friday night. I looked around and thought "Hey isn't this a Fit party - Oh s--t", but I had no food, so off I went.

12.00am 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).



**Antony Pettinger and Jenny Breckon creek-crossing in Cascade Creek, Fiordland, March 14, 1987  
(PHOTO Debbie Williams)**

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).



**'The Other Three' having a drink, Livingstone Mountains, March 14, 1987 (PHOTO Debbie Williams)**

Had lunch just above the bush line 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 breath-taking, looking down on the Greenstone Valley and Lake McKellar and at the Alisa and Darren Mountains.

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



**Tent fly set up with only one pole, Livingstone Mountains, March 14, 1987 (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

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 of arriving 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.





**Stephen Swallow studying the map, overlooking the Greenstone Valley from the Livingstone Mountains, March 14, 1987 (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

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!

## **JOURNEY TO THE SOURCE OF FALLS CREEK**

**March 14-15, 1987**

**Author: Rhonda Robinson**

Published in Bulletin 454, April 1987

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 hashing, & 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, and 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 sand-flies away for a half-mile radius.



**L-R Michael Phillips, Kay Hickey, Rhonda Robinson, Bill Provan in Falls Creek, March 14, 1987  
(PHOTO Doug Forrester Collection)**

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, (me 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 the instance of the two cheesecakes we managed to eat for tea.



**Glacial remains in the head of Falls Creek, March 14, 1987 (PHOTO Doug Forrester Collection)**

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 Moro 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 view Lake Marion. The 1 1/2 hours' climb was made well worthwhile by the view, & upon descending to the road again we found the bus driver had thoughtfully come to meet us, maybe to congratulate us on our heroic efforts?



## **BUSHCRAFT 1987 (KEY SUMMIT – LIVINGSTONE RANGE – HOWDEN)**

**March 14-15, 1987**

**Author: Pat Grant**

Published in Bulletin 454, April 1987

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 worthwhile 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 bivy bag and Barry made unintelligent 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.



**Tarns near Key Summit – Livingstone Mountains (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

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 Polly's 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 childhood 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.



**Greenstone Valley from the Livingstone Mountains, with Duck Creek in centre (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

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 Antony'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 1 1/2 hours late.

Thank yo, 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.

## FIORDLAND WEEKEND

**March 14-15, 1987**

**Author: Elspeth Gold**

Published in Bulletin 454, April 1987

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 muesli fans eating muesli 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 you're 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 breath-taking. A well-deserved lunch break was taken (minus the Salami which was still on Pam's bench) on the Livingstone's.



**Key Summit from the northern end of the Livingstone Mountains (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

Pam decided to show us the real Fiordland bush by taking us bush bashing down to Lake McKellar. The bush probably bashed us more than we bashed it, but a good time was had by all. As we came out at the bottom we were surprised by Pam's 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.



**Earland Falls, between Lake Howden and Lake McKenzie on the Routeburn Track (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

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 Earland Falls. I didn't think the human body (this one in particular) could move so fast up hills. Earland Falls were 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 Hodgy, Bill & Heather Robertson & Joy Crawford

# ADVENTURE IN FALLS CREEK

**March 14-15, 1987**

**Author: See below**

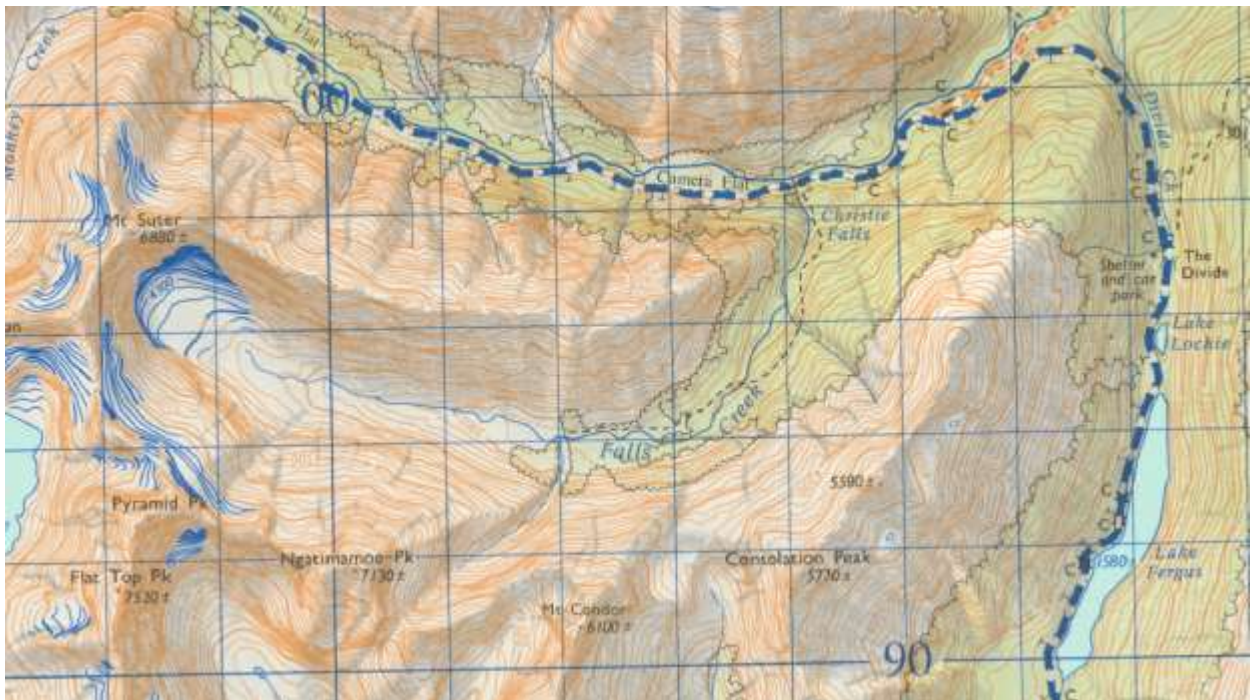
Published in Bulletin 454, April 1987

*By the Famous Four, formerly The Gang of Five.*

Friday night is a scratch time to start, rush and rumble, grundle grundle ... to the bus in time. Phew! all in and off we go. Down Taieri, 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 any day, 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 sphagnum, 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 weekend, were Koa and Ka Kea and cousins - 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 11 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 Callachan, Ruth Brown & Wayne Hodgy.*

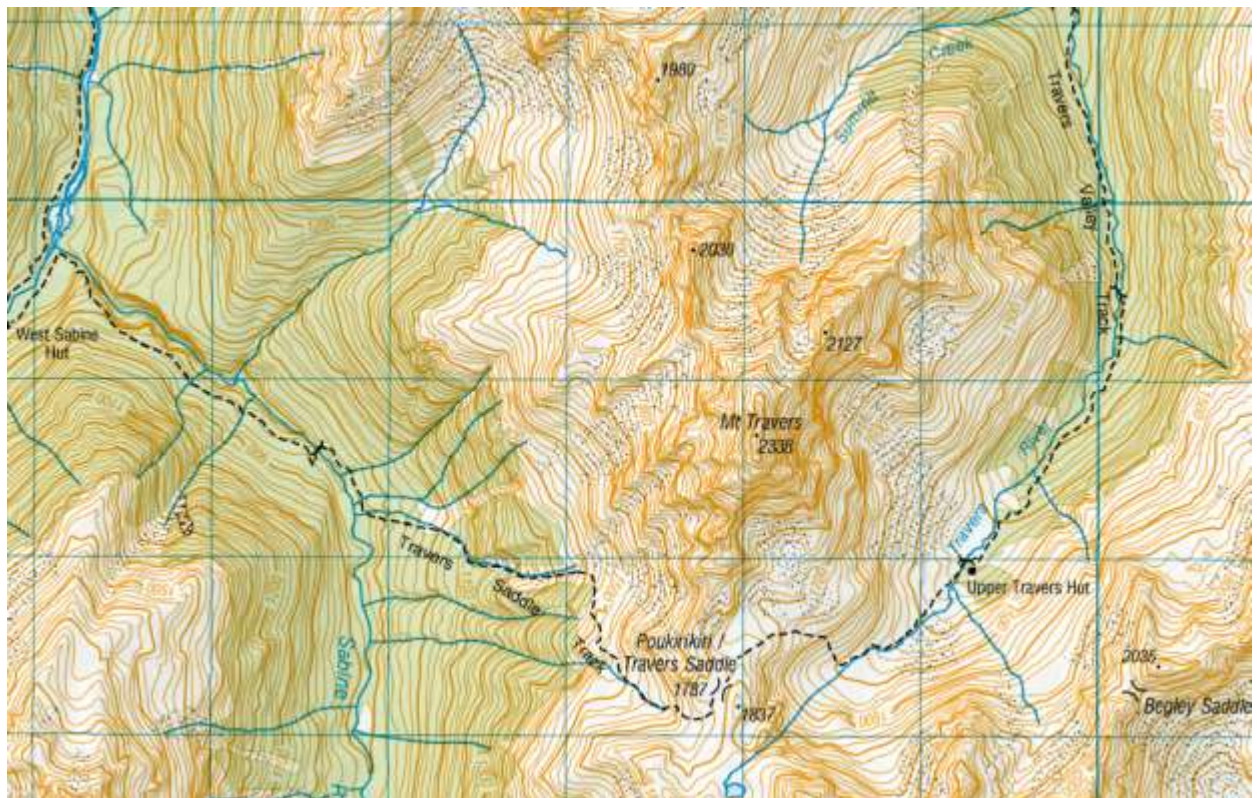
# CHRISTMAS TRIP: ROTOITI - ROTOROA

**December 26, 1986 – January 4, 1987**

**Author: Dave McLean**

Published in Bulletin 454, April 1987

The drive through from Ohai 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. Arnaud 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 Hukere 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 a trip over from Travers Hut should drop down close to bush line on Sabine side, leave gear, then 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 two 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 is cracked up to be - magical lake, beech trees and grasses. 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 its bouldery landscape. We met up with the intrepid Traversers 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.

# HECTOR MOUNTAINS

**March 28-19, 1987**

**Author: Molly Sorenson**

Published in Bulletin 455, May 1987

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 Wakatipu, 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 Provan. Spen Walker, Jane Bruce, Ken Mason, Dave Levick, Kevin Allison



# WAITANGI DAY WEEKEND: D'ARCHIAC

**February 5-8, 1987**

**Author: Dave McLean**

Published in Bulletin 455, May 1987

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 Land Rover 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 Land Rover 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 night's sleep despite the 15° tilt and the odd rock 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 Godley 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 buttress 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 Long Beach type climbing stunts,

so 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 moraine 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 (UPPER CAPLES)

**April 4-5, 1987**

**Author: Debbie Williams**

Published in Bulletin 455, May 1987

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 all-sorts were handed around before setting off again. A close watch was kept on the other parties 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.



**Old Birchdale Homestead (true right of Caples River, below Mid-Caples Hut) L-R Kevin Allison, Kay Hickey, Antony Pettinger – April 4, 1987 (PHOTO Debbie Williams)**

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.



**Caples Valley, looking upstream from near Mid-Caples Hut (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

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

Debbie Williams for Antony Pettinger, Kevin Allison, Kay Hickey.



# MAUNGATUA DAY TRIP

**April 12, 1987**

**Author: Jane Bruce**

Published in Bulletin 455, May 1987

I was rather hoping that no-one would show interest in going up Maungatua 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 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 short sleeved top, and Yvonne took off her spectacular stripy long-johns.

Following up the fence line 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 Maungatua 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. Ice creams at Outram made it all worthwhile.

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

## EASTER '87 IN CAMERON CREEK

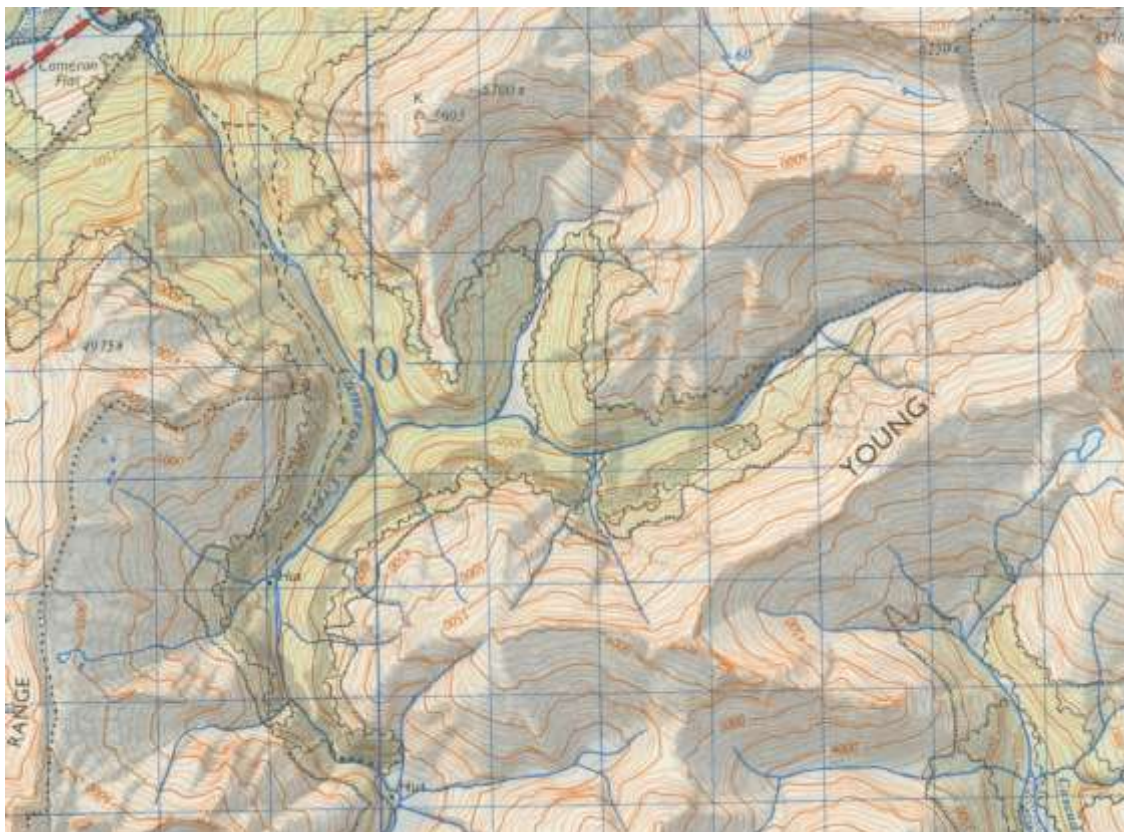
**April 17-21, 1987**

**Author: Peter Mason**

Published in Bulletin 455, May 1987

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 long-drop toilet next door!

Mid-morning we set off in high spirits towards the first gorge, the track gentle at first, soon sidled around a bush clad ledge 400ft above the creek, all ooed! and ahed! at the spectacular waterfalls and 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 two hours of steady climbing through bush brought us into the 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 one 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 crisscrossed, 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 downstream 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 a tremendous valley we had just been up, sadly underrated or visited, I will certainly be going back!

Peter Mason for Sarah Stratton and Bill Robertson

## THE HARDING EPIC (WILKIN – YOUNG CIRCUIT)

**April 17-21, 1987**

**Author: Polly Stupples**

Published in Bulletin 455, May 1987

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.



**Looking across the Makarora Valley towards the Wilkin and Mt Aeolus, April 17, 1987 (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

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 an hour looking for Stuart who had decided to go 'exploring'.



**Looking south-east from just below Siberia side of Gillespie Pass, April 20, 1987 (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

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.

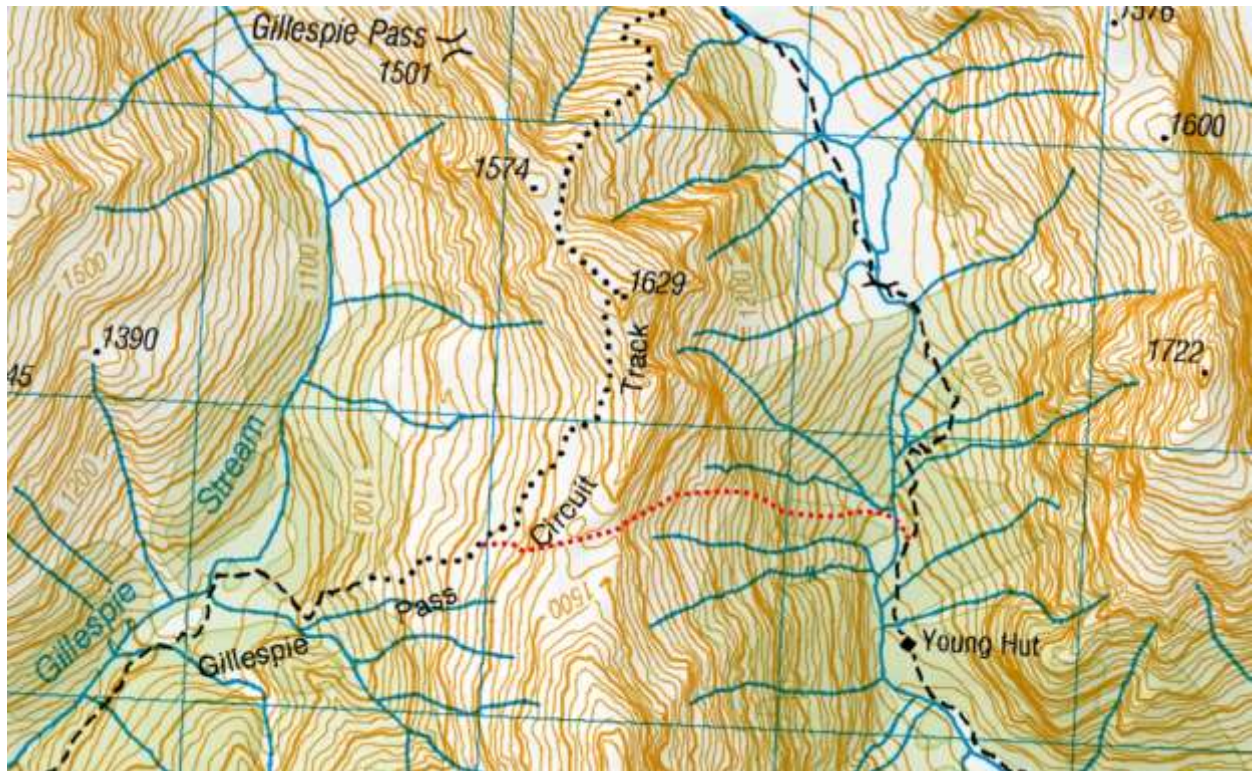
Nevertheless, we had one of the most beautiful campsites I've ever slept in, on the top - an incredible panorama (and cracking the ice on the tarns to wash my face in the morning was an experience I won't forget in a hurry).

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 4pm 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 night's sleep (at least an hours' worth). In the morning we ran down to have breakfast with the other slobes 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.



Presumed route Sue's party took, a low saddle 2km south of Gillespie Pass – very steep on the South Young side



Saddle traversed by Sue's party – photo taken nearer Gillespie Pass (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)



## EASTER TRIP 1987 (WILKIN – YOUNG CIRCUIT)

**April 17-21, 1987**

**Author: David Peacock**

Published in OTMC Outdoors, 1985-87

The trip started off normally enough, I was dispatched to travel in a different van to the rest of my party. It was very democratic - four to one against us travelling together! However, the company in my van was so much more refined as nectar to cod-liver oil. Be that as it may, Dave Levick was not impressed at the witching hour when he discovered me on my lonesome and the rest of my party camped several miles back down the Makarora road. So, they had to run a special shuttle service just for me to return the little lost sheep back to my mates' bosom(s).

And so, our playgroup, Antony, Debbie, Bill, Geoff and David, set off the next morning to ford the mighty Makarora and tackle the waging Wilkin. Debbie and Antony couldn't resist having a pirouette in the knee-deep mud and the rest of us were panicking in case they went down together with half the food. Fortunately, the food was saved and we had a leisurely stroll up the Wilkin to Kerin Forks. Just to make it interesting, we crossed the Siberia Stream before camping (in a carefully chosen spot to catch the morning sun) so we'd have the pleasure of re-crossing it first thing in the morning. During the evening I dried my socks, burning holes in three out of the four, and Antony was sick.



**Wilkin Valley, looking towards Kerin Forks, April 17, 1987 (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

A Saturday morning slosh in the Siberia before a pleasant climb through the forest to the Siberia Valley proper. It is a magical sight as the valley unfolds ahead. The weather was magnificent and during lunch at Siberia Hut we lay and basked in the warmth. But before one



could say “gudday” in Sanskrit, it was time to move and we soon covered the two miles to



**Siberia Stream / Valley, looking towards the Wilkin, April 18, 1987 (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

Gillespie Stream junction (with Bill pondering the problem as to how the cows got up into the valley and me pondering how to surreptitiously relieve Antony of his Bailey's). But before either problem was resolved it was decided to climb a thousand feet to the Gillespie flats before camping for the night. It was a hard climb and we passed David Barnes' party descending and several other people. The flats however provide marvellous campsites and we shared one with Kathy Woodrow and her delightful party. There were lots of keas present and they are such characters that it is impossible not to love them. Another treat on this trip was that we had a campfire every night - lovely for burning socks and things. Antony was still sick.



**Mt Awful from Gillespie Pass, April 20, 1987 (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

It was about nine o'clock when we broke camp the next morning after being delayed somewhat by curious goings-on inside Bill's gastro-intestinal tract. However, that notwithstanding, we made good progress on our two-thousand-foot climb. The first half hour is in bush and then into sub-alpine scrub and tussock. It is a reasonably hard slog but very invigorating and it is great to gain height fast. Once again, the weather could not have been better and we had good views everywhere. We reached the pass about noon and lounged in the sun for over an hour while our gear defrosted. Geoff must have been carrying a kilo of ice on his tent from the very cold previous night! After this long rest, we began the descent to the South Branch of the Young. It is a very steep descent, and I wouldn't be too keen on it in bad weather. It took an hour of concentrated foot-work to reach the river and lunch. The tramp from here to the forks was pretty easy going but I believe we were all relieved when we arrived at the river junction about 5.30 and partook of a delicious cup of tea provided by Dave Levick and his merry crew.



**L-R Geoff Brookes, Debbie Williams and David Peacock on Gillespie Pass, April 20, 1987 (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

We were somewhat concerned to discover that Sue Harding's team had not arrived, but we shouldn't have been worried as they appeared fit and well the next morning having pioneered a new route from the Siberia to the Young. Antony had recovered. The only item of note about the walk out of the Makarora is the final crossing of the Makarora. Having watched Dave's mob cross we thought we could find a shallower spot. Of course, it was not to be and we ended up wading across the Young and then the Makarora and experiencing the unmistakable tingling as the cold water reaches your crutch. I hold Bill responsible!

Thanks for a good Easter trip Antony and I'll be in your party anytime.

David Peacock

# THE SAGA OF THE LONGEST DAY (COAST TO COAST)

**February 7-8, 1987**

**Author: Alister Metherell**

Published in Bulletin 455, May 1987

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 change-overs. 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 prerace 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 AO 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 cyclist's 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.

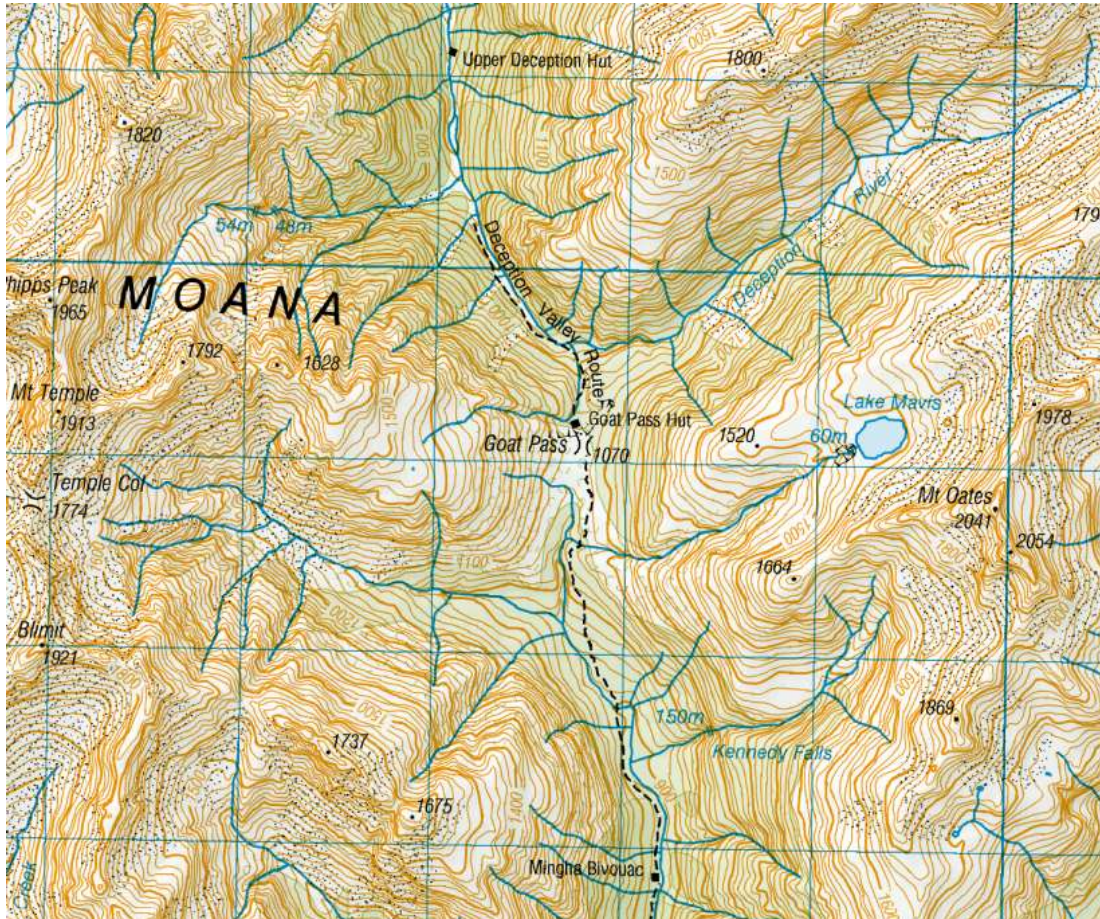
Our alarms were set for 3.30am and I consumed the first 1000 calories of the 10,000 that we had been told would be necessary to sustain us through the day. Lining up on the beach I had a similar feeling to that four years previously when 75 individuals and 13 teams lined up for the very first Coast-to-Coast. 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.

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 Pass 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 Metherell.



## EASTER IN THE CASS

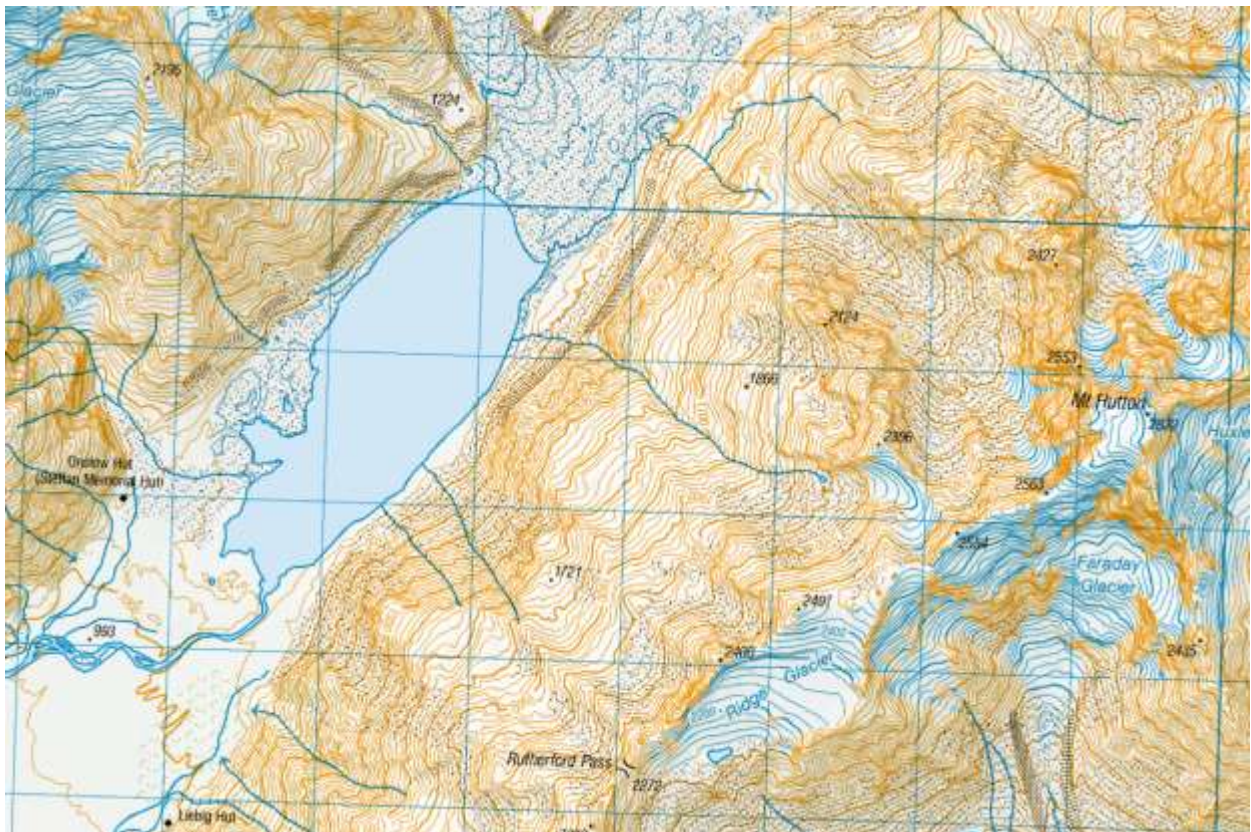
**April 17-21, 1987**

**Author: Dave McLean**

Published in Bulletin 455, May 1987

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 Gerry's 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 land rover 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 land rover 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 on 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 ginormous 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 Nor 'wester which didn't quite catch up with us, lucky again!

Dave McLean for Rob Moffat and Gerry Essenberg.



## **PYRAMIDS AND PIPIKARETU**

**March 29, 1987**

**Author: Mike Floate**

Published in Bulletin 455, May 1987

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 Bushcraft participants. 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.



**Pyramids, from beach side (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

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 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.



**Victory Beach and Te Whakarekaiwi (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

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

**Author: Barry Wybrow**

Published in Bulletin 455, May 1987

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 (4) 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 Makarora.

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

Date	Name	Address	status?	
22/4/14	William Alchibated	Dunedin	N	Come for lunch
22/4/14	<del>John [unclear]</del> (John?)	China Hatla NJ	N	Come for lunch
25/4/14	WALDEN THOMAS + BLAIR JENNICK	MIDDLEBURY + DUNEDIN, STAYED THE NIGHT, Woke up to snow!	Y	HUNTED BUT SAW NOTHING!!
2/5/14	Daniel Parkinson	Wellington	N	Nice wee
3/5/14	Campbell Parkinson	I	N	run up to the hut (lost views)
4/5/14	Alan, Genie, Ray + Jill	LEARNING LODGE TRUST	N	MAINTENANCE TRIP
4/5/14	Gary + Ben Mitchell Adrian Crompton, Isabelle Gensburger	Dunedin	N	Passing thru - nice at
11/5/14	Kelly Weston, Chris Pearson Sue Bruce, Glen Walker Katie Warburton, Chris Hindley	Dunedin	N	Day Trip
1-6-14	David Barnes	Dunedin 	Y	To Big Hut, then back not for night
1-6-14	Kelly, Craig + Hsieh Baker	Geraldine	N	Day Trip. Beautiful
	Dan + Jacqui Ginoth	Macraes	N	that!!
2-6-14	David SPANES	DUNEDIN	↑	Back to Kinross after supper at South Bay
2-6-14	Erica, Heidi + Karin Jensen	Mosque	N	day walk
22/6/14	Ran + Denise	Milton	N	trip from Big Hut out did
27/6/14	Nancy Baxter	Ranwellan		Ran from Hamilton down hill then back up - none to Pat
	left 12-45			

## **A BRIEF VISIT TO SIBERIA (EASTER 1987)**

**April 17-21, 1987**

**Author: Chris Ehrhardt**

Published in Bulletin 455, May 1987

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 the river flats (that hoar frost was cold!). Stop for lunch and the sandflies came for theirs – David 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.



**Lower Young Valley (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

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.



**Siberia Stream (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

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



## THE PRE-EASTER SOCIAL

**April 11, 1987**

**Author: Susan Harding**

Published in Bulletin 455, May 1987

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 OTs (over-thirties) arrived all hell broke loose. At about 10.30pm our cute Easter bunny accompanied by his two assistants came onto the scene handing out scrumptious chocolate eggs. After several more dances we stopped for the much needed supper. Supper demolished we got back into the dancing with renewed vigor.



**OTMC Pre-Easter Social – April 11, 1987 L-R Debbie Williams, Bunny, Sue Harding  
(PHOTO Antony Pettinger Collection)**

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

## LAKE HOPE OR BUST!

**March 28-29. 1987**

**Author: Jane Bruce (? – no author listed)**

Published in Bulletin 456, June 1987

Bushcraft was over, so a group of hardy souls decided it was time to relax and check out the Hectors before the ski season started. We camped Friday night at the Arrowtown Chinese ghetto... nice flat grass and a few empty beer-cans. Saturday morning it was up the Remarkables road. We kept peering up the walking routes, remembering the autumn trip 3 years ago... those spurs are really as steep as they look! We wondered whether the road was actually open, but drove past the toll-gate without anyone there to take our money. Further up the road there was a running debate on the engineering of the road as we negotiated slips and rockfalls. Bruce was keeping an eye out for any tussock-planting that had survived the slumping. Up at the carpark (about the same place as our campsite last trip!), we decided that the chairlifts weren't going to run this day, so we plugged our way up to Wye Saddle, eyeing the best routes up Double Cone. After a photo stop, we crossed into the flat upper-Wye basin and so over into the right branch of the Doolan. People who had skied here gleefully pointed out the best slopes. The sidling began here - chunks of rock and lumps of snowgrass - and a few basins later we found a tarn to have lunch by. The next basin looked a bit steeper, but the runholders' sheep were also on the tops, and we just followed the queues to find the easy way round. Once over on the next spur we were into the Left Branch of the Doolans, and beyond that the country looked much less inviting... so we named the middle tarn of the basin 'Lake Bust' and all 3 groups picked out campsites around it.

The Hokonui party following us kept to the ridge at this point, still aiming for Lake Hope, but ended up dropping down to the Wye to camp. We went for a scramble up to the ridge for the view, and after various peak-bagging exploits we trickled back to camp and made tea, huddling inside our tents to shelter from the wind.

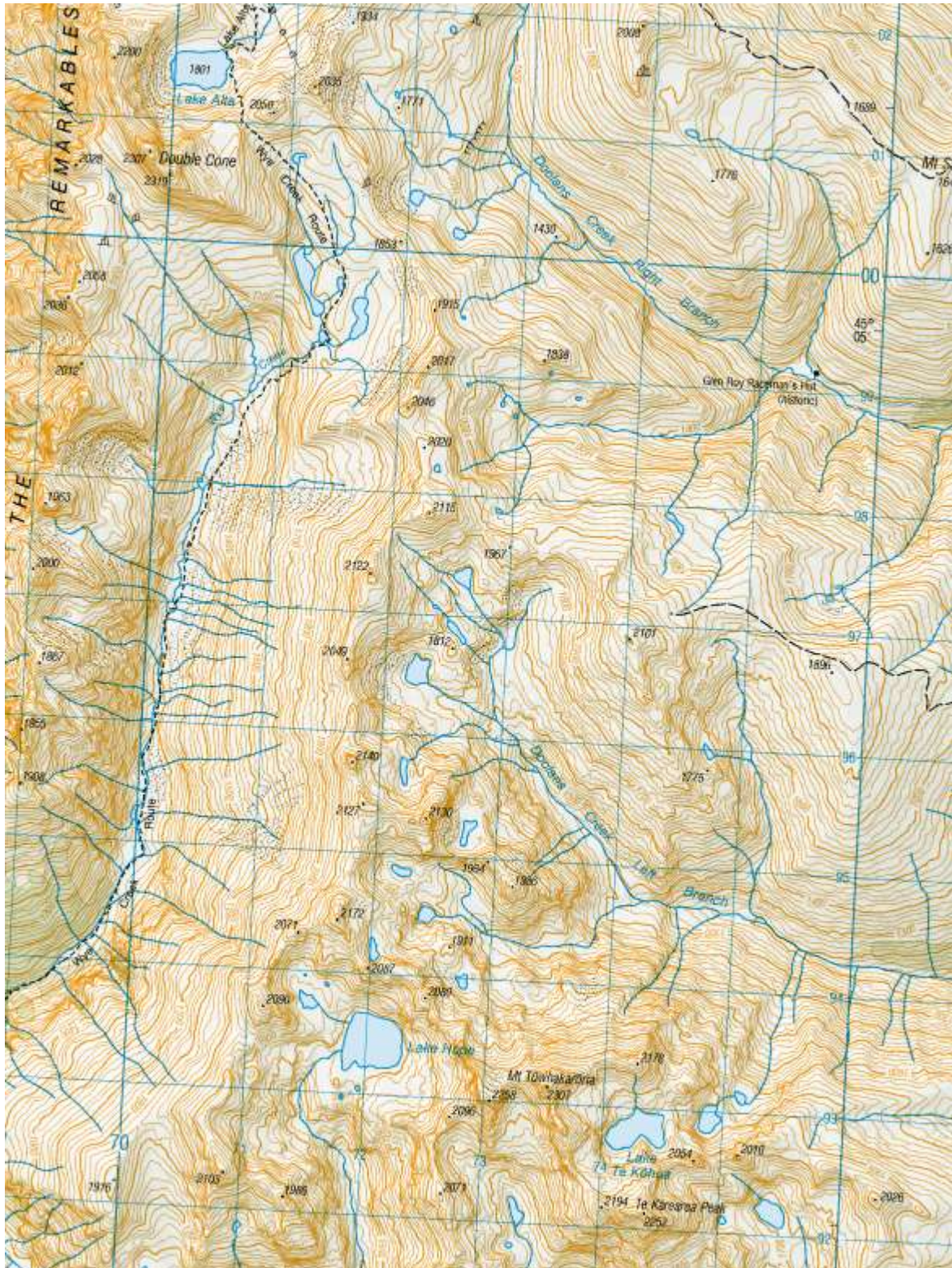
After an hour or so of trying to sleep, we tightened the guys to stop the tent flapping and went back to erratic dozing. Another couple of hours and another couple of trips outside to check the tent-pegs - a friendly occupation since everyone else was making little journeys too. I believe it was at this stage that Mary wriggled out of her tent and came nose to knee with two pairs of hairy legs surmounted by two pairs of underpants. She retreated.

About 11.00pm the first pole went through the reinforcing leather at the top of the tent. After trying to sleep without poles and being smothered by the wind pressing the tent around us, we put the tent poke back blunt end upwards. 1:00am; the 2nd pole went through and was duly reversed. We weren't even trying to sleep anymore... just listening to the wind rumbling like a train around the tops and waiting for a gust to hit us. At 3:00am both tent-poles went through the eyelets again, so we decided that since Spen had found a sheltered rock earlier that evening we would go for it. And we had a lovely 4 hours of sleep - 500 sheep weren't wrong.



It was reassuring to find that one tent had ripped at 5:00am, another had snapped its poles, and the last had developed s-shaped hoops and a torn zip. And the blue thing on the other side of the valley was a karrimat. We clearly decided to not try any different routes on the way back, and headed for an early lunch and long siesta at Lake Alta.

Those on the trip; Bruce Mason, Barry Wybrow, Molly Sorenson, Mary Hewinson, Dave Levick, Kevin Allison, Bill Provan, Don Greer, Spen Walker, Bill Robertson, Ken Mason, Jane Bruce.





## **POWDER RIDGE WORK-PARTY**

**May 17, 1987**

**Author: Doug Forrester**

Published in Bulletin 456, June 1987

A couple of weeks before the work party on Sunday, and the signs weren't good. The Mt Luxmore caving trip on the same weekend had a pretty healthy trip-list, which meant losing out on a lot of support. Not to worry! Fingers crossed...Sunday morning arrived with the weather a bit scratchy, but I'm off to the clubrooms with a fine array of weapons in the boot.

By 9.00am four people were there – GREAT! Away we go! The undergrowth was very wet after overnight rain, which meant we were fairly wet when we arrived on the job. Last years track-clearing work looked good as we passed by.



**Powder Ridge from near junction with Long Ridge, looking towards Flagstaff (2019 photo)  
(PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

We are pleased to be able to report that the four of us were able to complete the clearing of Powder Ridge Track, and we are sure trampers will find it a much easier track to negotiate now. Thanks to (the new) Department of Conservation for the use of their slashers, and to those keen souls who did the work: Steve Cathro, John Pohl, Arthur Blondell, and of course Me! Special mention should be made of Arthur Liggett, who was keen to come but had to phone from his sick-bed that he couldn't make it.

Trip report by Doug Forrester.

## FIORDLAND TRIP (MT LUXMORE AREA)

**May 16-17, 1987**

**Author: Doug Pagel**

Published in Bulletin 456, June 1987

Our intention was to reach a hanging valley some six hours beyond Mt. Luxmore Hut. However, a leisurely beginning to the day, and an uphill climb, knocked our enthusiasm for continuing even though it was cool.

Instead, we knocked off the smaller rocky knob N.E. of Mt. Luxmore because we could not see the highest point through the mist and low cloud.

The camping spot was just big enough for the tent - slightly smaller than desirable. Once the sumptuous meal began (in light mist), all the struggles of the day were forgotten. Soup - a real mixture of types, delicious meat-balls and a variety of fresh vegetables to follow; and sweet and hot Milo really topped the day. Sleeping was cosy to say the least, but at least it was dry.

Sunday morning was in complete contrast with Saturday - clear sun shining and a fantastic view. It was like being on a deserted island in the sea, with heavy, thick mist enveloping the surrounding lowland. Breakfast was short, but it was superb sitting in the sun having meaningful discussions on a variety of interesting topics. Again, we began the day at a respectable hour, strolling to the top of the smaller rocky peak of Mt. Luxmore, about 1hr walking distance from Mt. Luxmore proper. The view was grand - mountains standing like soldiers above the sea of mist below - it gave us the feeling of being on another world.



**Jackson Peaks from near new Luxmore Hut, May 17, 1987 (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

We saw the 'Palace' - the new hut for the Kepler Mountains track. A closer inspection revealed the huts' wonders; hot water heated from the stove wet-back, showers, gas lights and at least 40 bunks. Give me a tent any day!



**Mt Luxmore from near new Luxmore Hut site, May 17, 1987 (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

The return to the vans via the track we walked up was pleasant but cool, with the trees still damp from the heavy mist in the Te Anau basin. A real bonus to see a pair of parakeets close to the track. We were able to observe them for a few moments and see their attractive plumage. A great weekend!

Diane Williams, Ross Cocker, Ann Stevens, Don Greer and Doug Pagel. (Trip report by Doug Pagel)



## **ARROWSMITHS (QUEENS BIRTHDAY)**

**May 30 – June 1, 1987**

**Author: Simon Thomas**

Published in Bulletin 456, June 1987

After Dave had discovered that he had forgotten his karrimat (and having to buy one in Oamaru), and Barry and Sue hurriedly photocopying Dave's map in the Public Library (having realised - after some argument - that no-one in their party had brought a map), we finally arrived at Lake Heron late on Friday night. We all clambered out of the bus only to be greeted by a bitterly icy cold winters wind. Having emptied the bus of our gear we wandered around aimlessly in the dark trying to find a suitable site to pitch the tents.

Saturday morning and up with the birds. After a relaxed breakfast of muesli & peaches, and a hot cup of tea, Arthur and Dave pondered over the maps deciding where we were. After accomplishing this relatively simple task, with a few exchanged glances - a "hum" and a "ha" here and there for effect; we sorted out the food and piled back into the van. Up a very bumpy track to the Cameron River. After a quick discussion on routes and times to be back on Monday, we were off up the Cameron with a rugged days tramping ahead (countless Matagouri and "Spainards".

We arrived at Cameron Hut about 5:00pm Saturday, to find it well equipped - all it lacked was a fire. After we had sorted out our gear and changed clothes, we were greeted by Antony Pettinger's grinning face in the doorway, with the rest of his party pushing and shoving behind him to get in out of the cold. Tea was served up by our competent chiefs Arthur and Dave, and after a hot brew and a chat about the days' events we finally hit the sack.



**Cameron Valley following southerly storm, June 1, 1987 (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

Sunday morning was quite mild; a lot of snow had fallen on the peaks overnight. We left Antony's party behind in the hut about 9.00am and headed off down the river to try and get over one of the many ridges and down through Bush Creek to make a round trip of the weekend. By about 12.00am the weather had gotten a bit rough and cold; it was raining heavily, and we not yet found any shelter to have lunch. We decided to carry on and stay warm. About  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the way to the top we still had not had any lunch and it was snowing heavily now. We stopped for a "Moro break" (Arthur had heaps stashed in his pack), and then pressed on for the top. I pulled up beside Dave on top of the ridge to be greeted by the words "Bloody Hell" whilst I was muttering under my breath. It was a sheer drop straight down into a white nothingness; and visibility was not the best. After pondering on top for 15mins or so we decided that there was no way we could get over, so it was back down to the hut for some food. Dave was the first one in the hut door and told Antony that the rest of the party were all dead! (Thanks a lot Dave). We dug out the food and pigged out.



**Head of Cameron River and Arrowsmith Range, June 1, 1987 (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

Monday was a great day and the best weather all weekend, apart from some early morning wind. An easy tramp out. Altogether a great weekend with a rather humorous leader; thanks Dave.

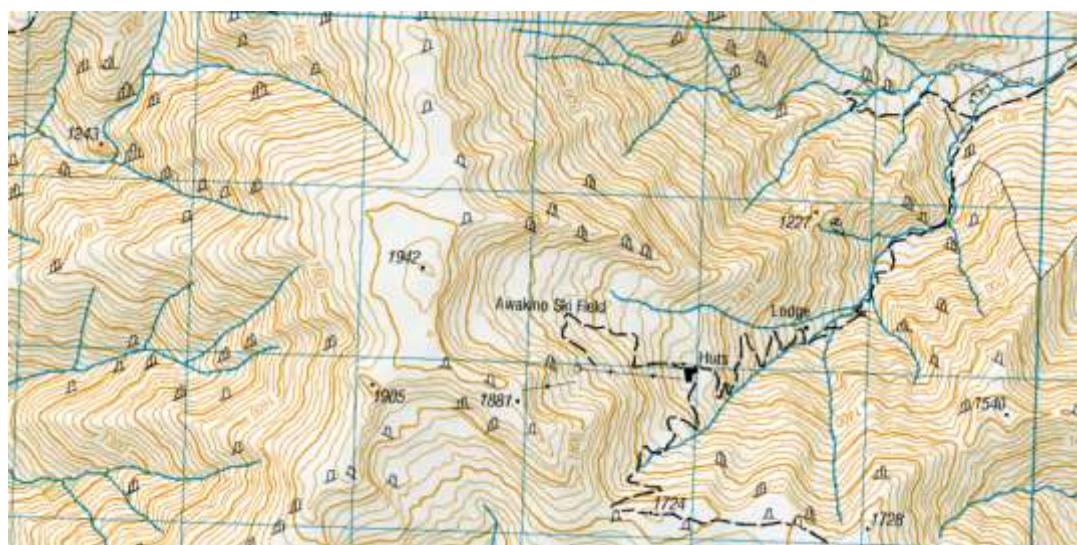
Dave Peacock, Arthur Blondell, Hunter Andrews and Simon Thomas.

**Author: Not listed**

Awakino is that club ski field just in from Kurow. Most of us went on the trip because we were curious to see just what it was like. We drove up Saturday morning, arriving at the carpark in good time and stacking ourselves into the ski field four-wheel drive. We waited for the driver to arrive and the truck to be filled with petrol, and watched in stunned disbelief as B.... M..... begged crumbs of peanut slab from a completely strange woman. A bumpy ride up a road littered with skeletons of trucks that didn't make it got us as far as the hut. We left our gear where we could - the week party had only just got out of bed - and walked and skied up the road ourselves - the whole upper tow was a straight 45-degree face. Some of us puddled happily round the edges all afternoon, and the rest bought tickets and showed off their style in the slush. Back at the hut the kitchen was taken up by people preparing food for the next ski week, so we sat around our primus as Mary prepared a delicious fettuccine. We picked out possible traverses on the map - maybe next year with more snow. Potbelly stoves in the bunkrooms gave us a warm night's sleep.

Next day everyone with skins was keen to go off the ski field, so we followed the ski field road up to the ridge and above the cloud. Turning east we had a long trudge up to Kohurau - Nick on downhill skis and feet went as fast as some of us skinning up. We had lunch on top, with views of Domett and Little Domett east, Hakataramea Valley north, Cook incredibly close, the Ida Range southwest and a glimpse of the R&P's. Skiing down was mainly icy and with rocks waiting to jump out at you to make you care. The last steep descent from the saddle was soft and deep, and even if you couldn't turn in it, it was fun trying. Back to the ski field and a pleasant walk back to the cars. Lovely country - wonder what it is like in summer?

Spencer Walker, Mary Hewinson, Chris Erhardt, Nick Elvitch, Bruce Mason, Neil George, Rachel Noble, Jane Bruce, John Robinson, John Pohl.





## **SOUTH – NORTH TEMPLE**

**September 12-13, 1987**

**Author: Polly Stupples**

Published in Bulletin 460, October 1987

Friday 7.40pm, minus one van, in the torrential rain (with a forecast quite worthy of Bill!) we headed happily off towards the wilds of Ohau! Yahoo!!

We arrived around midnight and threw some mattresses into the Temple Shelter. All would have been well .... but Bill decided to strangle me with my sleeping bag cord (unsuccessfully regrettably - Ed), then Doug on my other side got quite irate searching for his cord - only to find that it was on the other side of his sleeping bag. Finally, after being threatened with spending the next night with three real men (whatever that might mean) and being asked to warm two back at the same time, I dozed off.

Up the next morning, down the South Temple to the hut for 'morning tea' where Doug made himself at home - throwing a packet of Krispies all over the floor (good one!). We carried on up the valley, arriving at it's head for lunch where a change of plans seemed in order, and we decided to head over the pass (6000ft) that night.



**Snowball fight – L-R Polly Stupples, Therese Egan, Bill Provan, Barry Wybrow, below what is now called Gunsight Pas, South Temple side, September 12, 1987 (PHOTO Doug Forrester Collection)**

Accompanied by a couple of resident keas, Doug gave us an avalanche safety talk (images of me swimming like crazy towards the side of a torrent of ice and snow while trying to keep an eye on everyone else and also my beloved pack, came to mind). Barry insisted on having a snowball fight before we set off and denied starting it for the rest of the trip (never mind - we must humour him).

Anyway - onwards and upwards - not all that easy in the softish snow. A bit nearer the top we met Antony's party sliding down. The news wasn't good - at least two hours down the other side - some ice and lots of rocks - hmmm. Time for another change of plan - we decided to head back down a short way into the basin for the night while Doug and co. carried on over.

We camped in the snow beside a rock and I found out what real men are really like. Basically if you can stand the humour, you can lie back in the pit and watch various dishes being prepared and passed to you for your consumption - not bad! One mistake - don't offer the use of your karrimat as a kitchen bench - that is unless you can't think of anything nicer than having rice, stew, cheese cake, Tang - amongst other things - permanently embedded in it.

Up about 6.30-7.00am the next morning - bright-eyed and bushy-tailed needless to say - and on top of the pass by 9.15am in cloudy but fine weather. We put our self-arresting skills into practice a few times on the way down and arrived at the hut for lunch at about 11am to find the others had just finished breakfast and heading off down the North Temple. After lunch and a number of unsuccessful attempts by Arthur to bash his brains out on the door frame - we followed.

Back at the shelter we dumped packs, had some Tang (yippee!) and wandered around in circles waving our arms - we were in fact trying to get away from sandflies but a carload of innocent day-trippers gave us some pretty weird looks! Then we wandered (grovelled) up to the lookout, leaving our coats at the signpost. Further up the hill, we turned and watched and waited till we could see Doug's party who (as we had expected) pounced on our gear and ran off with it into the trees (never mind . . . we must humour them).

Hmmm . . . this report's dragging on - anyway, eventually we ended up heading back to Dunedin in the van accompanied by Barry's beautiful sense of humour?! Suffice to say that we nearly got kicked out of the Golden Dragon in Oamaru but ended up not too much the worse for wear back at the clubrooms.

Thanks to the three real men who made up my party - it was a good trip.

Polly Stupples on behalf of David Peacock, Arthur Blondell and Simon Thomas

## HOPKINS & HUXLEY RIVERS

**September 12-13, 1987**

**Author: George Palmer**

Published in Bulletin 460, October 1987

A fairly unremarkable but pleasant trip, if you don't count having the van bogged down in the early hours of the morning, sleeping in the van when there was a 40-bed hut only 100 metres away, slogging along the Hopkins road for two hours to Monument Hut, we spent a very enjoyable Saturday night at the Huxley Forks hut in company with Chris Pearson's party.



**Heading into the Huxley River (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

Sunday we had a short trip up the South Branch before setting off back to the van. As the river was low, Rhonda and I kept down at river level, crossing twice, whilst Keith kept his feet dry and raised a sweat on the high track. After the lunch stop, we teamed up with Chris and his party for the final part along the road. Well worth the walk! The snow on the tops made the scenery most spectacular.

George Palmer for Rhonda Robinson, Keith Roberts



## **SPRING X/C SKIING**

**September 26-27, 1987**

**Author: Jane Bruce**

Published in Bulletin 460, October 1987

We weren't sure that we'd be going skiing at all until the Thursday night, when Bruce rang round and announced that he was arranging snow on the Rock and Pillars.

We left town at the relatively civilised hour of 7am Saturday morning and parked in the paddocks at Glencreag Station just beyond Middlemarch. Luckily, we had several cases of flu in the group, so it was a nice sedate walk up to the University hut and a leisurely lunch.

The snowline was 20 yards from the hut and, once waxed up, we sidled round the east side of the trig onto the plateau on the other side. A short glide past Castle Rock brought us to the Boundary run (the nice spur just north of Leaning Lodge which fence-line runs down) - the snow reached about two thirds of the way down to the Leaning Lodge access road. We dropped packs and had a few runs then skied (or slid or walked) down a convenient snow gully to Leaning Lodge. The rest of the afternoon we luxuriated in the continual brews interspersed by excursions to the steep runs above the hut.

Tea was organised on the 'bring something and bung it all together' principle - mixed soup, entrée of kipper fillets followed by spaghetti-mince and greens and two cheesecakes with instant pudding artistically (?) decorated with boysenberries and cream. It took all night to sleep it off.

A leisurely start on Sunday of course (we must wait for the snow to soften) and then we sidled over to the Boundary Run and played around on it until lunchtime. We discussed R&P Wetas and our friends' habits and then moved on to Sowburn and found some nice snow and gentle slopes/cornices according to fancy.

We dribbled back to Leaning Lodge and more brews and trotted off down the old poled track leading from the hut down the ski tow and across to the spur. The farmer has recently burnt this area and the wind was blowing us off balance, so it was quite a relief to get back to the cars and head to Middlemarch for ice creams.

Jane Bruce for Bruce Mason, Ken Mason, Chris Pearson, Bill Provan, John Robinson, Mary Hewinson and Spen Walker.

## NORTH – SOUTH TEMPLE

**September 12-13, 1987**

**Author: Graham Hopkins**

Published in Bulletin 461, November 1987

The Ohau area has always been a favourite of mine, one of my first trips with the Club was to the South Temple. I had therefore looked forward to revisiting the area for some time.

On Friday night, the omens were all bad - rain, one van misplaced and a late start. However, the ride up was the most luxurious I've ever had with the Club (thanks Bill!).

Saturday was overcast and showery but with patches of blue sky. We decided to make a dash up the North Temple and down the South the following day. (The other 2 parties making the opposite trip).



**Graham Hopkins and Debbie Williams at the old North Temple Hut, September 12, 1987 (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

An hour and a half from the picnic ground saw us at the North Temple hut. The snow was quite low in the valley and the tops were obscured by misty cloud. We stopped for lunch at the bottom of the pass about ½ hour from the hut.

It was quite a grunt getting up the pass, the snow being waist deep in places with a lot of avalanche debris heaped up here and there. We took turns plugging steps with plenty of rest stops. Every now and then, we would hear a rumble and a small avalanche would come down the cliffs alongside the pass. The final part was quite icy which I found easier going than the earlier deep snow. We reached the top of the pass at about 3:15 and, after the obligatory photo stop, bounded down the other side to meet the other two parties slogging it up from the

South Temple. Our party pitched tent in view of the pass and spent the rest of the day in our sleeping bags. We watched one party go over the top and then had a pleasant meal.



**Debbie Williams, Bill Allcock, Graham Hopkins on what is now named Gunsight Pass, September 12, 1987  
(PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

The next morning, we watched Dave's party going over the pass while having breakfast followed by a pleasant walk down the valley (except for the sandflies).



**Campsite in the head of the South Temple, L-R Graham Hopkins and Bill Allcock, September 12, 1987  
(PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

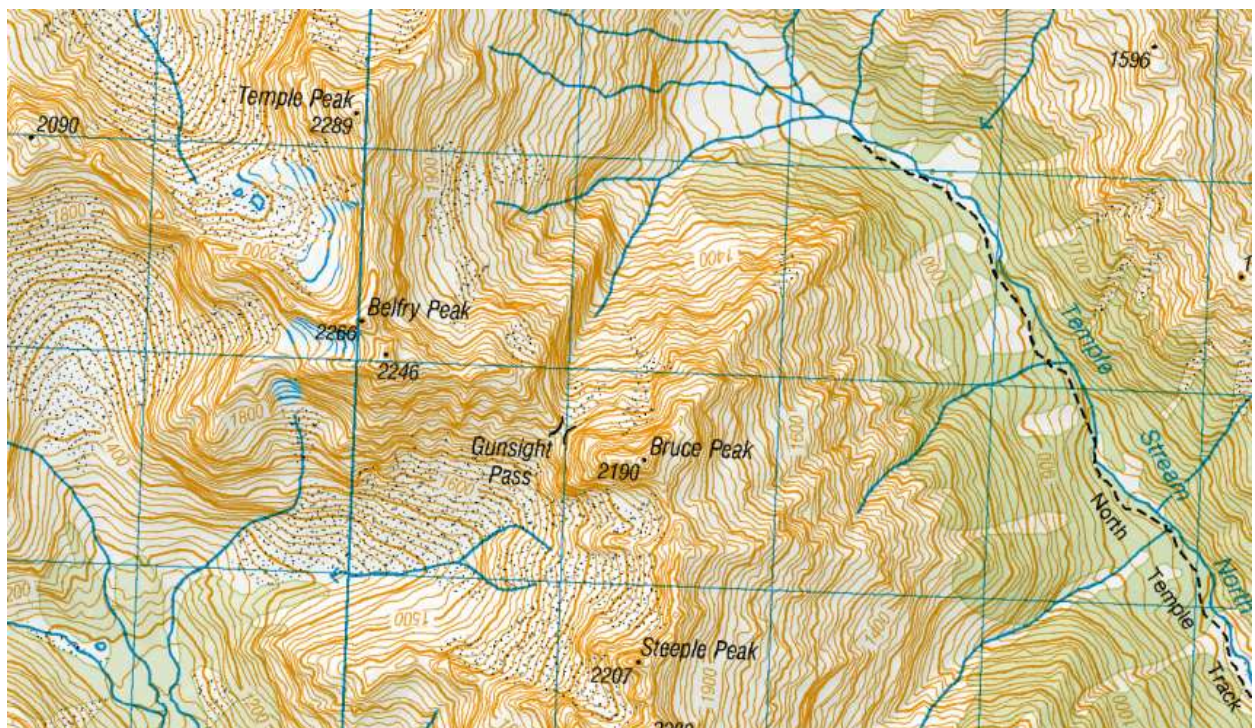


An hour or so from the South Temple hut we had lunch and then back to the picnic ground. The weather broke just as we were loading the vehicles but I, for one, didn't mind as our party was travelling in comfort again, it was, in fact, the perfect end to a perfect trip which just goes to show that you shouldn't take any notice of omens!

Graham Hopkins for Bill Allcock, Antony Pettinger and Debbie Williams.



**Gunsight Pass (left of photo) and Bruce Peak, with Steeple Peak on the right, September 13, 1987  
(PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**



## HERMIT'S CAVE

**October 5, 1987**

**Author: Bill Robertson**

Published in Bulletin 461, November 1987

Most club members know roughly where the Hermit's Cave is but have never actually found it. That is still the case as there was only 5 people on this trip.

The day started off nice and warm but about the time we got to Green Hut the clouds rolled over. There were lots of people about but no one else went along Rocky Ridge.



**Indicative location of the Hermit's Cave, as viewed from the Devils Staircase – route is from Rocky Ridge, north of the Cat's Teeth (rock formations) (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

The Hermit's Cave is near the bottom of a series of large rock bluffs on the western side of the high point of Rocky Ridge (about 45 mins from the track to Jubilee). We went down the south side of the bluffs, but it is probably better to follow the track for a few more yards and then drop down to the north side of the bluffs.

The cave is a comfortable size for about four, but I wouldn't like to be in it during a sou'wester storm. We had to eat our lunch at the cave to give us the strength to scramble up to Rocky Ridge. While eating our lunch, we enjoyed a good view of people struggling up the Devil's Staircase directly across the gully.

On the way out, the leader suffered the embarrassment of struggling to keep up with his party - too much of a good time on our recent holiday, perhaps. We took about 3 hours each way which included going up Silverpeak No 2 on the way home.

Arthur Blondell, Lois Mead, Philip Jenkins, Heather & Bill Robertson (and the 'ermit).





**Hermit's Cave (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**



**View from Hermit's Cave – Cave Stream with Jubilee Hut visible in the upper right of photo  
(PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**



# LENNOX PASS DOUBLE CROSSING

**October 24-26, 1987**

**Author: John Galloway**

Published in Bulletin 461, November 1987

Friday 23 October was a splendid day, still warm when I was picked up by the OTMC near Waiholā, but the windscreen wipers were going at Queenstown on our way to the Earnslaw.

What am I doing here; around midnight in the rain, with 2 people I don't know much about and a tent I know a lot less about? when I could have spent the evening sleeping in my lazy boy in front of the TV with the \$40 trip fee still in my pocket!

Next morning, Bill and Heather Robertson and I, with packs aboard headed up the east side of the Earnslaw Burn Valley along a well-marked track through the beech. By early afternoon we were two-thirds of the way up the valley and beyond the bush. A secluded yet majestic valley terminated abruptly by the south face of Mount Earnslaw and its impressive glacier. The thundering crashing ice and snow is spectacular by day and eerie at night. All around are myriads of waterfalls. We went on to a moraine to take a closer look at the Gilkinson falls and the avalanches while a kea took a closer look at us.

The upper end of the Earnslaw Burn is indeed a unique campsite.

I never believed that people could fly unaided by an aeroplane or at least a hang-glider, but when I took my pack off on Saturday, I just about became airborne.

That was one of the good things about each evening; the other was the meals. Soup, followed by tasty billy cook-ups of mince, rice-risotto, carrots, onions, cauli and to finish, sponge, apricots and whipped cream - yes, whipped cream. Delicious food, Heather!

Day two, and we were on our way up to Lennox Pass. About 300 metres from the top, I discovered why I was carrying the gadget looking like a combination crow-bar, adze, pick and bottle-opener. Bill gave me a crash course in snow with an ice-axe. I don't think I did very well but having one of those things strapped to your pack lifts one's status and ego - in my case, quite undeservedly.

At the top, we "wowed" at the view, took the photos, and were just beginning to reward ourselves with a snack when the mountain weather's sadistic humour sent a hail shower.

But the view was magnificent; up the Rees to the pass, across to the Richardson Mts, particularly Lochnagar, 25 Mile Creek and the two Devil Creeks opposite.

And so down to the Lennox Stream.

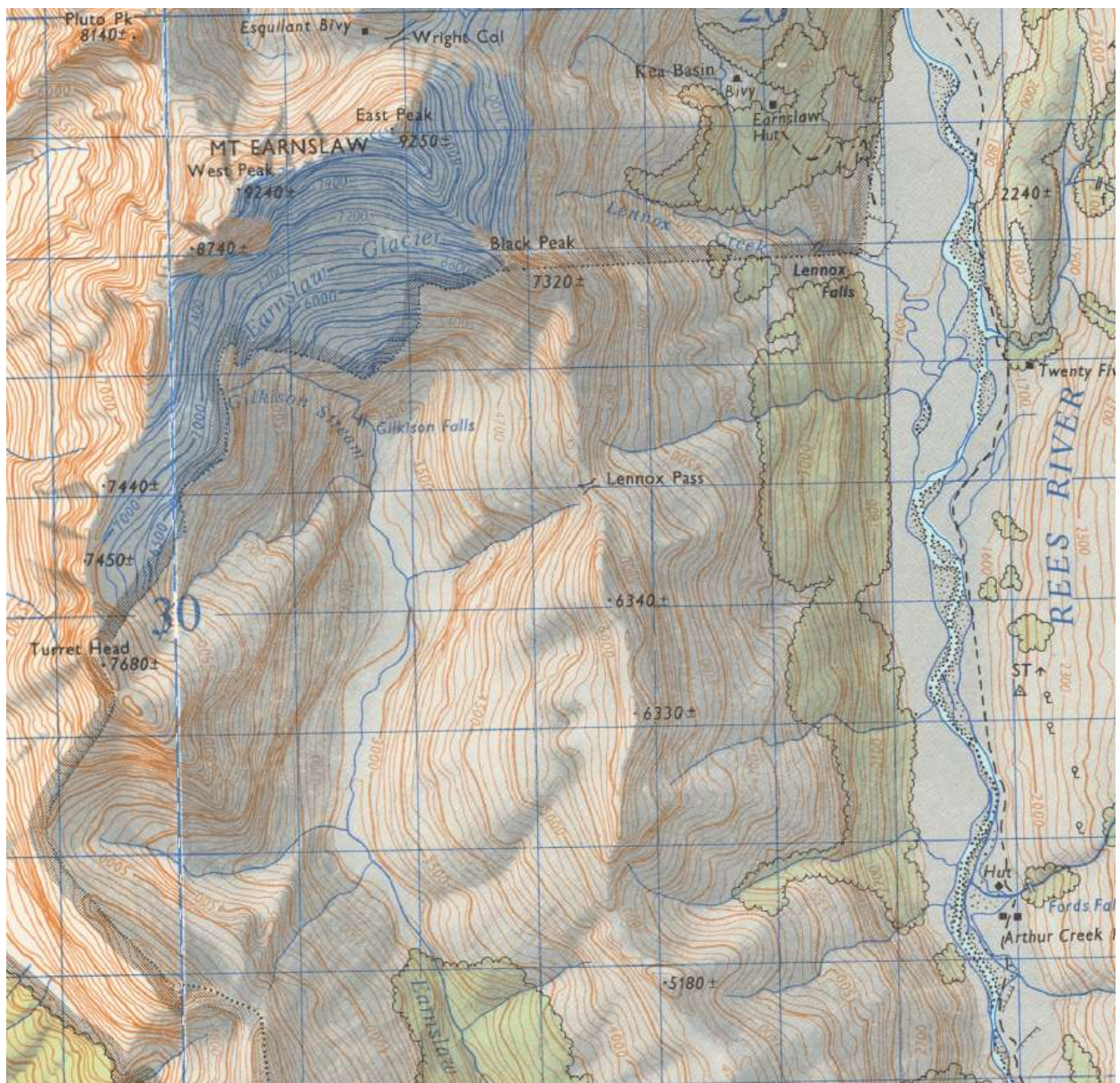
Now our story is that we found it such an easy amble over Lennox Pass that we decided to go back over to fill-in the weekend. However, as a reader of the "Bulletin", you are about to learn the true story - that we "chickened out" at Lennox Stream.

Some of the club's mountain goats told us the "Lennox Stream crossing is 200 metres above the falls". "Well" you say, "that's simple, surely!"

But "Crossing" to them doesn't mean a swing-bridge, with steps and a handrail on the approaches. With the spring thaw of that weekend, the Lennox was a very generous "stream". And "the falls"? Which falls? Depending on your minimum specifications for "falls", there are 6 to 10 falls from where the Lennox emerges from a huge flow of snow and ice below the glacier, until its final majestic plunge into the Rees Valley. The big one can't be seen from the true right side.

For a new-chum trampler, with an ample pack, no rope, on the wrong side of 50, my trying to cross the Lennox Stream Canyon would only benefit the Superannuation Fund by having one less potential claimant.

We spent Sunday afternoon (plus an hour's Daylight-Saving Time) unsuccessfully looking for the "crossing" before setting up camp and brooding over this frustration.



A message to fellow-beginners; - if you ever leave home with a pack on your back you must, must, must take one of those excellent Lands & Survey 1:50000 detailed contour maps. Besides being useful for interpreting the view, they were essential in our predicament. Contours are incredibly accurate and with careful study and good eyesight, you can plot routes or, as in in our case, eliminate them.

There was no alternative but to go back over the top.

Next morning (Monday) after 4 hours sweating and groaning, we were back on the pass again. Magnificently clear right through to Aspiring. Two hours down the other side was relatively easy following our upwards tracks in the snow. I'd done so many crazy things this weekend, why not another? So took a quick waterfall shower before we forged on down the valley.

As we re-entered the bush in the Earnslaw Burn Valley we should have been boarding the van in the Rees. But, when we hit in the road about four hours late, would you believe it, an OTMC van was still waiting for us.

Given careful nursing and recuperation during the next 3 or 4 weeks, I hope to be foolhardy enough to put my name on either the Ahuriri or Mavora trip with "M" grade well underlined, "M" meaning "medium fit" not "madly masochistic" - you could have fooled me!

It's been a wonderful experience joining that crazy illogical band of people who, after enduring the five B's of tramping: being bushed, bluffed, bruised, blistered and absolutely bugged, say, with total sincerity "had a fantastic time".

Thanks a million, Bill and Heather, for a great introduction to tramping and a special thanks to Barry Wybrow and the climbers who waited and looked for us. In the mountains, you have got great mates!

John Galloway (Farmer John)



## EARNSLAW EXPEDITION – LABOUR WEEKEND

**October 24-26, 1987**

**Author: Michelle Williams**

Published in Bulletin 462, December 1987

It was an earlyish start on 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.



**'Base Camp' at Kea Basin, Rees Valley – October 25, 1987 (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

After a short rest at Lennox Falls, it was a steady climb 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 5.20am 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 overtrou 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 everybody 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 hear what sounded like three bellows of 'help'.



**Members of the climbing team on Mt Earnslaw, East Peak, October 25, 1987 (L-R Barry Wybrow, Bill Provan, Chris Pearson, Arthur Blondell, Graham Hopkins) (PHOTO Michelle Williams)**

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 teatime. Boy, had it been a long 12-hour day! We all seemed to be really hungry and ready for our well-deserved cheesecake and boysenberries, minus a spoonful thanks to Bill.





Head Peak and Mt Head, Forbes Mountains from above Kea Basin, October 25, 1987 (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Monday was just a short walk out, although we arrived back at the vans minus one party. At 4pm and no sign of them, one van went home and ours stayed behind to search up and down the Rees Valley but still NO sign by 8pm. 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 we went to pick up David and Anne-Marie from Earnslaw Burn where we also found the missing party, safe and stuffed by the looks of them.

Arrived home at 3.30am - never mind it was a fantastic weekend. Thanks to all!

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





## MISTAKE CREEK – HUT CREEK

**November 10-11, 1987**

**Author: Ian Sime**

Published in Bulletin 462, December 1987

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 AMC's Larsden Lodge, 15 minutes up the road from 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.



The Earl Mountains surrounding the head of Mistake Creek (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

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 nearby. 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 1 ½ hours to reach the top bush, and then milled around for 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) before Bill Houston and Barry walked on up towards U pass, and Elspeth and I retraced our track down the 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.



**The top 'flats' of Mistake Creek, looking downstream (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

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 look 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.



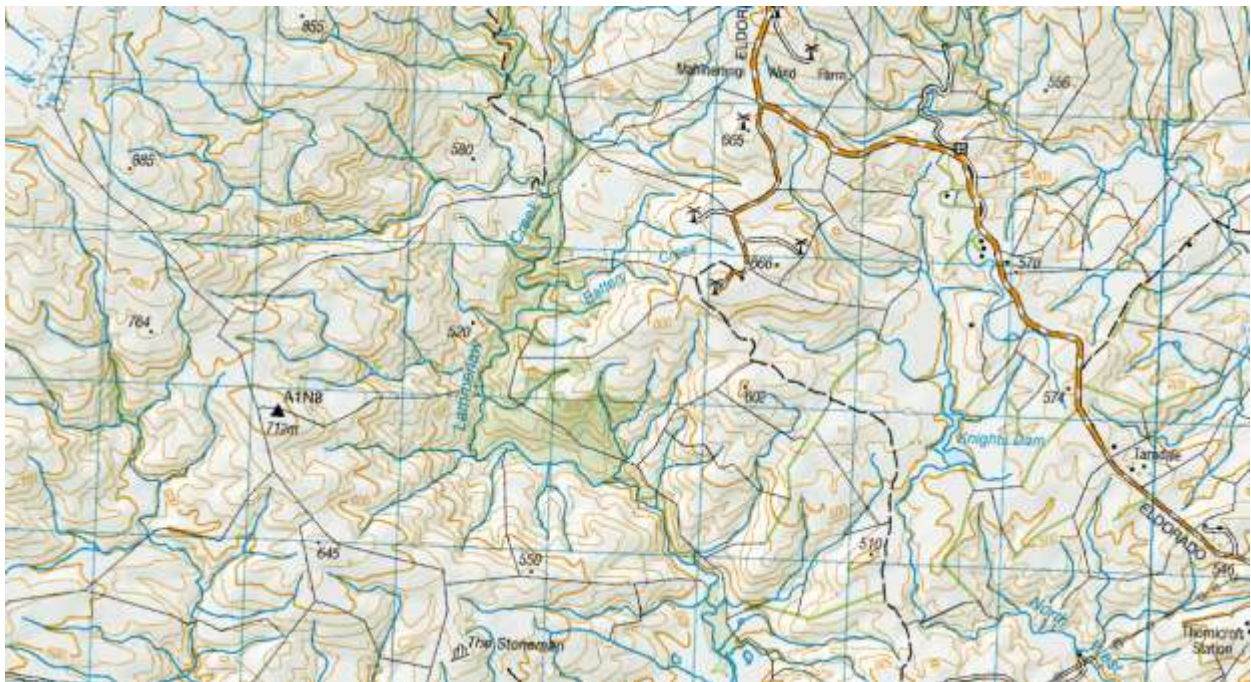
# NARDOO III, OR A DAY AND A HALF TRIP, OR THE LONG WALK

**November 1, 1987**

**Author: Ross Cocker**

Published in Bulletin 462, December 1987

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 a no exit road signposted 'Cemetery' and arrived at the road end at 10.15am, 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.



**The Earl Mountains surrounding the head of Mistake Creek (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

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 Hokonui's in the south to the Kakanui's in the north. Monday's ODT 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 was able to give an 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 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

## BALL PASS IN NOVEMBER (SNOW III)

**November 7-8, 1987**

**Author: Doug Forrester**

Published in Bulletin 462, December 1987

Without a doubt, one of the better trips into the mountains. 50 minutes' walk on Friday night had us all at 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 the 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 the Ball Glacier, a big drop down to the glacier though, reasonably 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!)



**Campsite below Ball Pass, Tasman Side, November 8, 1987 (PHOTO Doug Forrester Collection)**

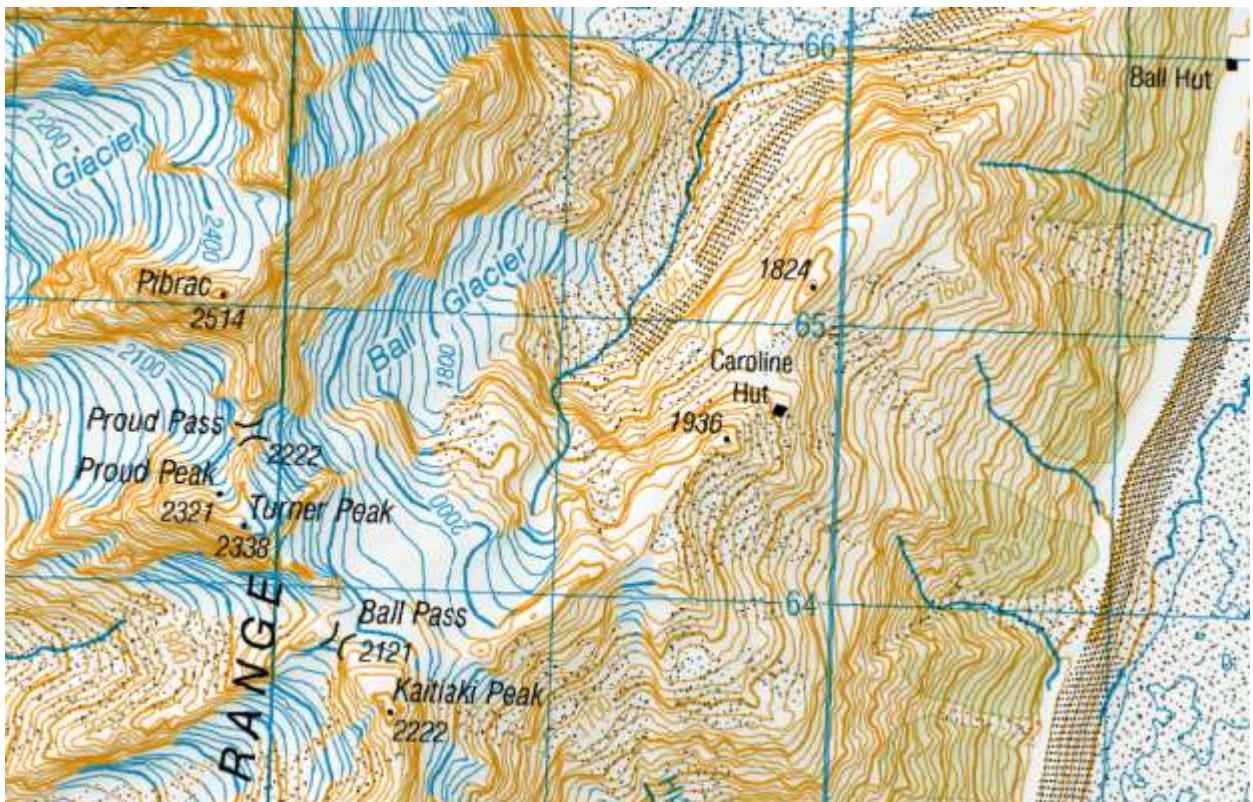
The sight that confronted me in the morning when I zipped open the tent is still very clear. Clear and calm, the whole of the Caroline Face, the Minarets, straight up the Tasman Glacier, Haeckel, Hamilton, Malte Brun, wowee! And right there above us, Ball Pass. The cameras were internally hemorrhaging trying to get going. So, it's up and over, beautiful views of Sefton, Hooker Valley, Hooker Glacier and Copland Pass. Tricky working our way down. A bit of rope work. A dislodged rock during a scroggin 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, and then a fast trot to the old Hermitage site. Sunday on the Ball Pass trip is a big day. Sitting on a rock in the sun make

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 tentfuls of guys that made it a great trip – Doug Forrester



Bill Provan with the Tasman Glacier beyond (PHOTO Doug Forrester Collection)





## MAUNGATUA TRAVERSE

**November 15, 1987**

**Author: Mike Floate**

Published in Bulletin 462, December 1987

My office window at Invermay looks out across the Taieri and up to Maungatua. 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 woodwork!". 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 knew 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 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 15mins of the summit trig. Most people were reluctant to leave their comfortable posies among the Dracophyllum 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 knew 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 fifteen who traversed Maungatua.



## **OTMC COMMITTEE (1987-88)**

**President** – Spencer Walker

**Vice President** – Ian Sime

**Secretary** – Bill Robertson

**Treasurer** – Jane Bruce

**Chief Guide / Transport** – Antony Pettinger

**Bulletin Editor** – David Peacock

**Membership Secretary** – Mary Hewinson

**Social Convenor** – Susan Harding

**Day Trip Convener** – Philip Jenkins

**Day Trip Convenor** – Simon Thomas

**Gear Hire** – Michelle Williams

**SAR** – Stuart Mathieson

**Bushcraft 1988** – Barry Wybrow

**Property & Maintenance** – Peter Mason

**Mountain Safety / FMC** – Mike Floate

**Immediate Past President** – John Pohl

**Outdoor Recreation Group** – Mark Hanger

**Auditor** – Barry Wybrow

**Hon. Solicitor** – Antony Hamel

**Family Group** – Lyall Campbell

**Family Group** – George Palmer

**Over Thirties** – Neil Donaldson

**Over Thirties** – Muriel Mason

**Over Thirties** – Eric Brodie



## OTMC TRIP PROGRAMME 1986

January	25	Rocky Ridge	Antony Pettinger
February	1	Club Picnic (Pipikaretu)	Molly Sorenson
February	1	Maungatua (Family Group)	Steve Aimes and George Palmer
February	8	Tramparama - Swampy Spur	Michelle Metherell
February	15	Silver Peaks	Pam Hodgkinson (Cardno)
February	15	Taieri Mouth (Family Group)	Ken and Val Allen
February	14-15	Ahuriri Valley - Canyon Creek	Doug Pagel
February	21-22	Bushcraft 1987 (Tirohanga Weekend)	Spen Walker
February	28-1	Bushcraft 1987 (Silver Peaks Weekend)	Spen Walker
March	1	Gap Ridge via New Track (Other 30's)	Neil Donaldson and Jim Anderson
March	8	Bushcraft 1987 (River Crossing - Outram Glen)	Spen Walker
March	7-8	Nevis Valley - Joint Club Trip	Peter Mason
March	15	Jubilee Hut	Kathy Woodrow
March	15	Deep Stream from Dunstan Road	Lyall Campbell and Rosemary Clarkson
March	14-15	Bushcraft 1987 (Optional Fiordland Weekend)	Spen Walker
March	22	SAREX Exercise	Stuart Mathieson
March	21-22	Exploring Goldfields around Cromwell (Over 30's)	Muriel Mason and June Ferguson
March	29	The Pyramids	Mike Floate
March	28-29	Hector Mountains	Bruce Mason
April	5	Mystery Trip	Bevan Blackmore
April	5	Mt Watkin - Scratchback (Over 30's)	Cliff Donaldson and Bill Laureson
April	4-5	Caples - Greenstone	Antony Pettinger
April	11	Pre Easter Social	Sue Harding
April	12	Maungatua Traverse	Jane Bruce
April	12	Tunnels to Yellow Hut (Family Group)	Ron Keen and Bob Clarkson
April	17-21	Albertburn - Wilkin - Siberia - Young Valleys (Easter)	Peter Mason
April	26	The Gap	Arthur Blondell
May	3	Moonlight Silver Peaks II (Night Trip)	Wayne Hodgkinson
May	3	Mt Charles (Over 30's)	Mary Billington and Olive Gray
May	2-3	Moonlight - Moke - Lake Luna	John Pohl
May	10	Rustlers Track	Spen Walker
May	9-10	Wainakarua Scenic Reserve	Chris Stewart
May	17	Powder Ridge Workparty	Doug Forrester
May	17	Kuri Bush Scenic Reserve (Family Group)	Marie and Gordon McDonald
May	16-17	Caving - Mt Luxmore	Don Greer
May	24	Bruce Mason Special	Bruce Mason
May	23-24	Silver Peaks	Peter Mason
May	30-1	Arrowsmiths (Queens Birthday)	Bevan Blackmore

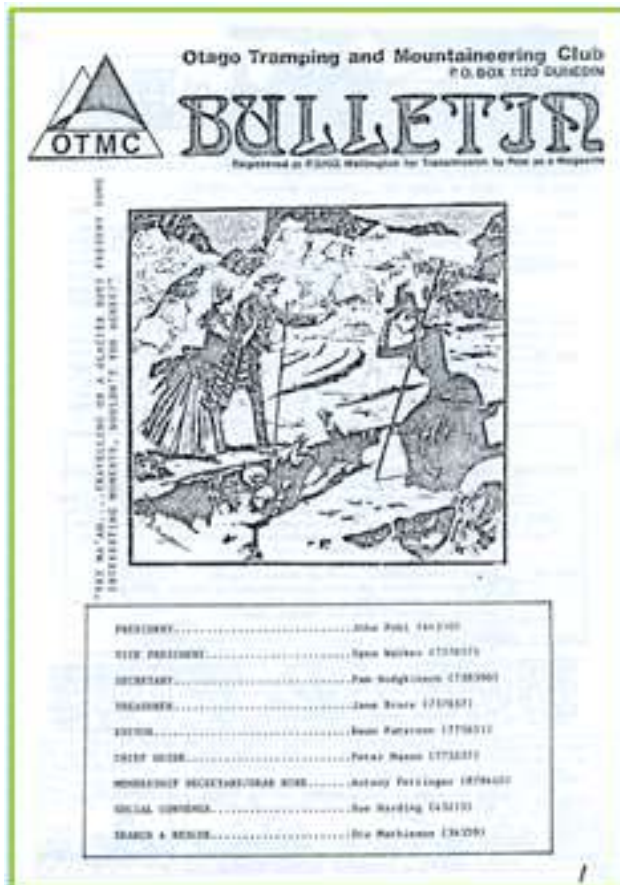
June	7	Powder Hill	Alison McPherson
June	7	Craiglowan Falls (Over 30's)	Gordon Ralph and Joan Schoon
June	6-7	Workparty - Jubilee Hut	Committee
June	14	Sawmill Track	Ian Sime
June	13-14	Head of Lindis River	Alister Metherell
June	21	Mt Cargill - Organ Pipes	Ross Cocker
June	21	City Trip: School, Ross, Nicholls Creek (Family Group)	Marie McDonald
June	21-22	Catlins Area	Wayne Hodgkinson
June	28	Rustlers Track Workparty	Chris Stewart
June	27-28	Snow I: Homer / Darran Mountains (Snowcraft)	Ewan Patterson
July	5	Otago Peninsula	Mike Farrell
July	4-5	West Matukituki Valley	Arthur Blondell
July	11-12	X/C Skiing	Spen Walker
July	19	Sandfly Bay Rock Formations (Family Group)	Ron Keen and David Brooker
July	18-19	Jubilee Hut Winter Dinner	David Peacock
July	26	Possum Hut	Kevin Allison
July	25-26	X/C Skiing Instruction (Old Man Range)	Dave Levick
August	2	Mt Watkin - Eldorado	Ian Sime
August	1-2	Winter Routeburn (Falls Side)	Henri Rawlings
August	9	Town Belt	Doug Pagel
August	8-9	X/C Skiing - Rock & Pillar Range	Bruce Mason
August	16	Ben Rudd's Shelter (Family Group)	Nancy Strang and Bob Staples
August	15-16	Snow II - Snowcaving (Old Man Range)	Spen Walker
August	23	Otago Peninsula	David Peacock
August	22-23	Awakino X/C & Downhill Skiing (St Mary's Range)	Ken Mason
August	29	Annual Dinner	Committee
September	6	Just Another Day Trip'	Doug Forrester
September	13	ABC Cave	Arthur Blondell
September	12-13	Huxley - Hopkins	Antony Pettinger
September	20	Little Mt John Hut	Debbie Pettinger (Williams)
September	20	Sawyers Bay to Grahams Bush (Family Group)	Lyll Campbell and Pat Brooker
September	27	Michelle's Mystery	Michelle Williams
September	26-27	Spring X/C Skiing - Rock and Pillars	Bruce Mason
October	4	Hermit's Cave	Bill Robertson
October	4-5	Basic Rockclimbing	Climbing Section
October	11	Green - Jubilee - ABC - Rocky Ridge	Antony Pettinger
October	11	Chalkies Workparty (Family Group)	George Palmer
October	10-11	Mistake - Hut Creeks	Ian Sime
October	18	Silver Peaks	Michelle Metherell
October	18	Three Kings Rocks (Family Group)	George Palmer and Harold Nixon
October	17-18	Somewhere In The Silver Peaks	Susan Harding

October	24-26	Earnslaw Burn - Ress Valley (Labour Weekend)	Barry Wybrow
November	1	Nardoo	Ross Cocker
November	8	Jubilee Hut	Kathy Woodrow
November	7-8	Snow III (Basic Instruction)	John Pohl
November	15	End to End Traverse of Maungatua	Mike Floate
November	15	Hindon to Blacksmiths Creek (Family Group)	Paddy O'Neill and Margaret Enright
November	14-15	Ahuriri - Dingle Valleys	Doug Pagel
November	22	Fraser Gully	Peter Mason
November	21-22	Mavora Lakes - Uperkeroa River	Bill Robertson
November	29	Tramparama - National Parks Centennial Event	Committee
December	5-6	Skippers - Mt Aurum	Peter Mason
December	12	Pre-Christmas Social	
December	13	Blackhead	John Pohl
December	26-3	Paparoa's (Christmas Trip)	Spen Walker





## OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (JUNE TO OCTOBER)





OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (NOVEMBER & DECEMBER)

