

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

BULLETIN

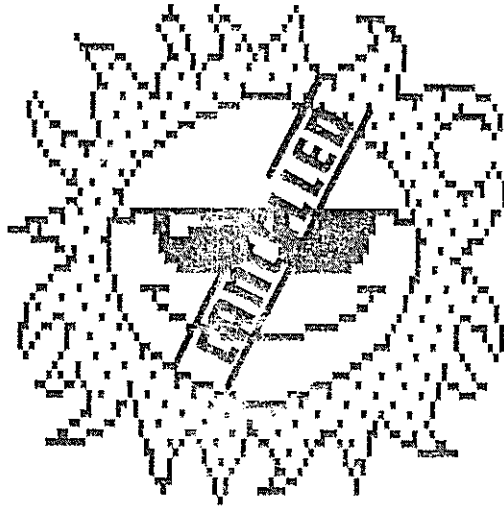
Registered at P.O.H.O. Wellington for Transmission by Post as a Magazine

April 1988



BUSHCRAFT

FIORDLAND



TO THE

TO THE

WEEKEND

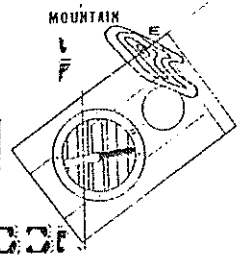


ILLUSTRATION BY MARC WHEELER

Bushcraftes reveal all!

Mr Bushcraft reflects

Fifty-four people enrolled on this year's course and we had a waiting list of five. The diverse range in age, fitness and previous tramping experience reflected this year's theme that "TRAMPING IS FOR EVERYONE".

Now that it is all over we have had time to reflect and, for me, I am glad that David has allowed me this opportunity to express my gratitude to all the people who contributed to the success of this year's course, particularly the people who helped out at short notice. Although it is dangerous to name individuals, I feel that not to do so in the case of Stuart Mathieson would be inappropriate. Not only did Stu organise the Tirohanga weekend, but acted as a sounding board for my ideas, thereby ensuring that they remained pragmatic - my heartfelt thanks to him.



The evaluation forms and feedback received from the bushcrafters will be passed onto the appropriate speakers and leaders once I have completed the analysis. I would encourage any member who has any suggestions to make for future courses to contact me.

I hope all Club members welcome those who decide to tramp with the Club and continue their education by agreeing to be leaders on Club trips. To those of you who love to "do your own thing", be aware that the Club exists and know that it contains trampers always willing to pass on their knowledge.

Now, Mr Editor, let us get on with the real purpose of this Bulletin, the Silverpeak and Fiordland trip reports now that blow-outs, broken-down buses, sandflares, "Fiordland sunshine" are all conveniently forgotten.

BARRY WYBROW - Bushcraft Coordinator

#####

Huey

gets his revenge!



John Galloway kindly sent an extract from the "Bulletin" April 1986 on the previous Bushcraft Fiordland weekend and I quote:



"Yes, we had brilliant weather but I can't 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 that Tuesday and Wednesday were the days of the floods in Southland and Central Otago) and then we snuck into Fiordland at the weekend without Huey noticing! Will he get his revenge." **HE SURE DID!!!**

THE EDITOR SPEAKS

Well, that was my first Bushcraft course and I went as a helper and not as a Bushcraftee although I know that some people think that I should have been in the latter category. My immediate response is admiration for Barry Wybrow, Stu Mathieson and all the others who, obviously, put in a great deal of work behind the scenes to ensure it ran as well, smoothly and quietly as a digital watch. Their achievement is even more remarkable when one remembers that a year ago some people were implying that there may not be a Bushcraft course this year, such negative thoughts should have no place in the Club. Admittedly, though, the next Bushcraft Coordinator will have a hard act to follow.

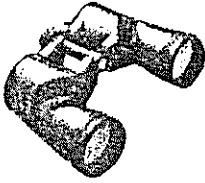


Personally, I enjoyed the course immensely but, I'll confess, that I was a little relieved when it was all over. It was a very intense four weeks but it was a very invigorating experience. Like Barry, I too was impressed by the diversity of the Bushcraftees and it is encouraging that the course appealed to such a wide range of individuals. And about the only complaint I heard, and which I agree with, was that the dance at Tirohanga should have had a wider range of music and dancing to cater for all tastes.

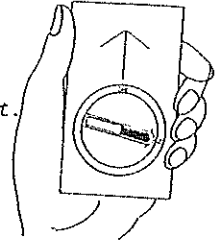
Bushcraft is important both for the Club and the community. I think that it may be particularly useful to some of the (dare I say?) older participants who may be trying tramping after many years of raising a family and/or with other commitments. It is a low-key and well-balanced introduction to tramping and the basic skills that a person requires to travel safely and comfortably. Now that there is such a wide range of outdoor activities to tempt people, it is particularly important that we point to the attractions of tramping and the hills. Trampers tend to be conservationists and that is one factor that surely we wish to encourage. And tramping is fun! I know that the proposition may be difficult to defend at times especially when I think of the faces of the people waiting for the bus at Mistake Creek in the buckeling rain on the Fiordland weekend. But we all forget the uncomfortable times and there are enough high points to make it all worthwhile.

It will be interesting to see how many Bushcraftees join the Club. Sure that is not the main aim of the course which is to assist people to enjoy the outdoors but, nevertheless, new members will be welcomed by all. I know that all the Club members involved in helping, instructing and talking to the participants did a great job and, my personal impression, is that the Bushcraftees were impressed and felt that they had got their money's worth. If that sounds like blowing one's own trumpet, well so be it, because I think it is true. I knew that I had a great time, particularly telling Barry what I thought of him during our Tirohanga skit, singing my heart out over Green Hill and covering in the pouring rain in Fiordland.

I will never forget my first Bushcraft course - thanks everyone!!



A Bushcrafter's View



Leader: *Barry's been very serious lately.*
 Bushcrafter: *Really? I thought he was always like that.*
 Leader: *No, I think it's the Bushcraft course.*

Leader: *Barry's looking perplexed.*
 Bushcrafter: *He often does, doesn't he?*
 Leader: *No, not usually, it must be Bushcraft.*

Bushcraft '88 began with a shock for me as I entered the Clubrooms for the first session of the course. I expected 20 participants at the most and was overwhelmed by a roomful of over 50 Bushcraftees and numerous leaders. My feelings about this initial Bushcraft session were good as first-time contact with those present was positive and easy-going and the unexpected and useful freebies included pack liners, copies of Safety in the Mountains and Bushcraft, a map of the Taieri and other bits and bobs accepted with surprise and sincere appreciation.

A weekend at Tirohanga was crammed full with an icebreaker/lecture/video on hypothermia-supper-sleep-breakfast talk on mapreading-tent pitching- lighting stoves-orienteeing-river crossing on metalled roads(!)-firelighting-lunch-barn dancing-talk about the weather-dinner-Terry Butts on hypothermia-sleep-breakfast-more orienteeing-bush bashing-lunch-limping campward-first aid-cleaning up and goodbyes; and not necessarily in that order. The weekend was one of serious but enjoyable busness and cooperation was, for me, a significant feature. On the first night, someone in my cabin or eight people asked if we had signed up on our own or with another; the majority answered "On our own" - "Aren't we brave?" was the reply to that. I found the other Bushcraftees to be open and friendly and sharing a common aim of knowing how to make the bush a temporary home in safety and relative comfort.



After this very practical instruction, our appetites were whetted to get into them thar hills and the following weekend in the Silverpeaks was quite satisfying. Not quite a "get away from it all" experience as parties could be seen swarming over the hills in the distance and there were 12 people camped in our little clearing at Green Hut, but we got the gist of the cramping lifestyle. Fiordland felt more like the real thing - hours of bus travel, fish and chips in Gore, stranded somewhere between Gore and Te Anau with a busted fan-belt and pitching our tents at 2.45am. Yes, this is more of what I was expecting. Wandering up beech-covered valleys (mine was an easy party), sleeping on moss (aaaaahh), going to bed at 7.30pm on Saturday night in a tent in the pouring rain in the middle of nowhere, talking to members of other parties the next day and finding out that they'd spent a similar Saturday night - how do I persuade the folks at work that I actually enjoy this?

The Bushcraft '88 course more than fulfilled my expectations. I feel we unarguably got our money's worth and the organisers should have few

Doug Forrester, Neil Brown
and Geoff Brookes



Our party of 5 had shrunk to 3 by Friday night and the late withdrawals caused problems with food and, although we off-loaded some, we ended carrying more than we needed.

Upon arriving at the road junction on Friday night, we walked a short distance to our campsite beside the Eglinton River. In the morning full of spirit and vigour, we crossed a wire-bridge and set out up the track on which obviously Mistake creek lay! After a long walk including several creek crossings, Doug decided to come clean and pointed out that we were on the wrong track. An hour later we arrived back at our starting point to find that the track we should have taken turned a sharp right at the wire bridge. It was an educational trip in more ways than one! Doug showed us how to attract native birds using a piece of polystyrene and rubbing it against the face of his watch. It actually worked, attracting bellbirds and bush-robins. (Or how to repel them - Doug takes all his clothes off!!! - ED) Anyhow the former technique may be useful for bush survival!

The tramp continued through Saturday in overcast conditions, by mid-afternoon we encountered the dreaded waterfall, the major obstacle of the trip. We attempted climbing it but, unfortunately, the rain came down and the mist descended and so we retreated to the base of the waterfall for the night as the waterfall in the sky opened up.



However, on Sunday morning, with brief appearances from

the sun, we set out and climbed the face; a sense of relief and accomplishment was felt on reaching the top. The head of the valley is like a large amphitheatre with steep sided rocky mountains surrounding, U Pass itself another five hundred feet higher. The pass is not more than 150 feet wide with impressive vertical cliffs bounding it on each side. The pass is simply a cleft between mountains towering thousands of feet higher on each side. Descending down Hutt Creek was straight-forward but with a lot of boulder hopping and sore feet at the bottom.

We had lunch on the valley floor followed shortly after by the rain coming down again and it persisted for the rest of the afternoon following us out to the road. What a relief to get into dry clothes again when the bus arrived!!

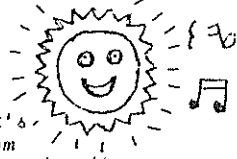


*If you get tired, I'll share your load,
And if I grow cold, you'll give me warmth
And then, if the hills shed their mistspun cloak,
We'll see our way clearly to follow
The ragged brook through snowstruck tussock and
Alone, together, we'll leave all regrets behind.*

David Peacock

SILVERPEAKS Hightop/Mountain Road (M-F: More moderate,
Blair Donkin less fit!!)

Over to Green Hut for morning tea singing "I'm H.A.P.P.Y, I'm H.A.P.P.Y!" although you would not have thought so from the way it was sung. As an exercise, we took a bearing on Pulpit Rock which we then climbed. I've never been there before and the view was panoramic. The Painted Forest did look as if someone had taken a brush and painted it on the landscape. Practising our compass work revealed that Silverpeaks Trig No. 2 is not the one visible from Pulpit Rock; the lesson to be learnt is not to make assumptions and trust your compass if in doubt. Rather than go round Mt John, as originally intended, we decided to go to Jubilee via Devil's Staircase. We had lunch at the bottom and, while Darcy slept (the younger generation!), Debbie went off to find her great campsite (before Michelle got a hold of it!). Afterwards, we walked to Jubilee Hut to place our mark in the log book (which has almost run out). Whilst cooking tea, we discovered that we had plenty of moo juice - about 15l courtesy of Darcy!



On Sunday, we were away by 0840 for the grind to Hermit's Cave and, a short stop, and then on to Rocky Ridge. From here we could see the other groups as coloured flecks in the distance. Before walking to the Gap, we met Michelle's group and some of us went on to the GAP and ABC caves where we refilled with H₂O although with comments about the bits floating in it; at least they didn't move of their own accord! We joined Doug's group for lunch and then to Yellow Hut and the River - oh, what a welcome sight.

Why do we go tramping? To outsiders, they may think to get sunburnt, scratched, stabbed by gorse, hot and sweaty. But, for me, it is the sense of accomplishment; to look back over the route and say "I did that!".

Silverpeaks was sunny!!

Blair Donkin for Debbie Williams, Simon Thomas, Darcy Espre and Kelly Thompson.

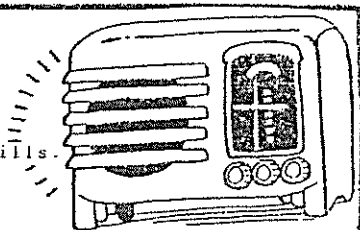
Social Calendar

APRIL 25th - No meeting ANZAC Weekend

MAY 2nd - Dave Crow talking on the Red Hills.

MAY 9th - BYO slides on the Easter Trip.

MAY 16th - Visit to Beverly Begg Observatory. Please sign the list at the Clubrooms if you wish to go. Say if you can take a car and how many passengers. Dress warmly and \$2 plus a little extra for your driver. If wet, will be postponed, so bring slides. Meet outside Clubroom at 7pm!

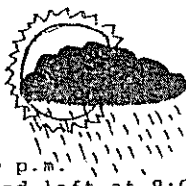


Don't be backward

(or slow). GET THERE ON TIME!!! To the clubrooms; meetings start at 8pm SHARP. We don't want people gaining access to our new rooms at 14 Dowling Street through Les Mill World of Fitness. They are not happy about that and we've got a good deal at the moment so let's not blow it!

REPORT FOR TRIP TO FIORDLAND

Leader: David Peacock
Co Leader: Bill Robertson
Bushcrafters: Helen Dawson
 : Les Smith
 : Marc Wheeler



Friday night

Left clubrooms in DUNEDIN at 6:20 p.m.
Arrived in Gore at 8:30 for tea and left at 9:00 for Te Anau. About 20km out of Mossburn we had a mechanical failure and had to have another bus bought to us from Te Anau. Apparently part of a bearing had broken loose and was starting to burn. Our group was dropped off at the Divide at 1:35 on Saturday morning and we were all asleep by 2:32. Bill Robertson slept in a bivy bag under the shelter porch as it was full. The rest of us slept in the tent.

Saturday morning

After a hearty warming breakfast we started up the Routeburn track to Key Summit. Our group left camp at 8:17 just as a misty shower started. On arrival at Key Summit we found that it was still hissing down and decided to go back down and then onto Howden Hut. At Howden Hut we ran into Mary's group and left the hut 30 minutes later after them. At this time the rain was still quite persistent. By the time we got to the Caples-Routeburn junction the rain had stopped and the sun had started to shine. On arrival at McKellar hut we decided to have lunch there and afterwards set off up the True Right side of the creek that runs nearby. After passing a black polythene bivy we continued for about 15 minutes till we found a site on the opposite side of the river.

Saturday afternoon

After setting up camp it was decided that we go for a walk up the True Right of the creek on the ridge to the bushline. This we achieved, but were knocked back to camp when a shower hit. This shower lasted for the rest of the night till about 2:00 on Sunday morning.

Saturday night

After a cuppa the tea was started with a lovely main course of a rice, wheat, sesame seed, and mushroom risotto. This was followed with a kiwifruit cheesecake and hot drink. All of which was made by Helen our cook for the night and cooked by David. Afterwards we told jokes and had a cuppa after about 10 tries in which David nearly burnt down the tent. Bill, David, and Helen slept in the tent while Les and Marc slept in bivy bags under a fly by the river.

Sunday morning

After our last enjoyable breakfast we started down the creek to the bridge across it. We departed camp at 8:10 and on the

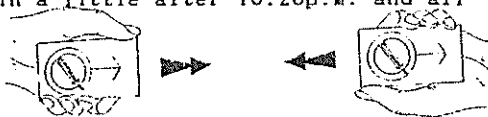


way down Marc lost his balance and toppled over a bank landing about 1 foot from the river's edge. We progressed to walk along the track till we got to a creek about half a km from the Caples-Routeburn track. At this point we were pushed to our limits as we "Bush-bashed" our way up 1100ft of bush. At the top of the Livingstons we decided to stop, but our leader, David was relentless in not giving us a rest and so we plodded on for nearly another km before we stopped and had lunch. Nearing the end of lunch it started to hiss down again and some strong gales got up. At some points along the way the wind was strong enough to cause some of the party to loose balance for a few seconds.

Sunday afternoon

We travelled further on to Key Summit and the down to the Divide. Once there it was time to get dry clothes on and soon we were invaded by many other parties coming in out of the rain which was now beating down. The bus arrived but we were unable to leave as Sue's party hadn't arrived. Later at the State Creek we picked up more of the groups and then started for Gore. Nearing Gore we came upon the van which had Michelle's and Diane's groups in it . The van had had a blowout and the tyre was in a mess. We got to Gore and had our tea. Arrived in Dunedin a little after 10:20p.m. and all dispersed for home.

WRITTEN BY MARC WHEELER



MOONLIGHT SILVERPEAKS TRIP

The day trip for May 1st is leaving fourteen hours early - at 7pm on Saturday, April 30th. Other than that, it's a pretty standard day trip, 6 or so hours wandering around the Silverpeaks. It is a moonlight trip, not a torchlight trip. Once your eyes adjust, you'll see a lot more that way. A full moon is assured.

In the unlikely event of bad weather, I will take a more conventional (i.e. 9am Sunday) day trip.



DAVID BARNES ph 44-492

TRAMPING CLUB
DISCOUNT
10%

ALP SPORTS

DUNEDIN
60 PRINCES ST
PHONE 776 681

**CAMPING, TRAMPING, MOUNTAINEERING, CANOEING,
CAVING & OUTDOOR CLOTHING SPECIALISTS**

HIRE EQUIPMENT — PARAPENTES

Bushcrafters to Fiordland are sent,
To learn the feel of a leaking tent.

The weather here isn't what you'd seek,
A brief shower will last a week.

Sandflies, too, can ruin your pleasure
Swotting them off will take all your leisure.

It only stops raining so sandflies can feed,
They say they're all females that breed, breed and breed.

We linked up arms and gave river-crossing a go,
But then the Tutuko was relatively low.

To Leader Falls, a dry creek was our way,
Not a "DRY" creek, did I hear you say?

That splendid pic on Moir's Guide
Should be seen from the other side.

It rained and rained and the river rose
Giving concern and rather grave woes.

The Taieri's Glen is a tranquil rill
Compared to the Tutuko running fill.

Rolling boulders make an awesome sound,
As we Bushcrafters certainly found.

Rumbling down throughout the night,
Sleepless we and full of fright.

That long wet evening discussion ranged far,
From the ever-rising river to a polyprop bra.

Mod cons under tent fly, we had not,
Running water aplenty but not cold and hot.

A waterbed for four wasn't what we needed
But just about happened afore the water receded.

We snacked on the bridge under our fly
In our constant endeavours to try to keep dry.

Michelle looked in at the Milford dryer,
Had they caught her they'd have wanted to fry her.

Wearing the only dry clothes he could save,
Barry gave us the Fiordland wave.

"Love Hertz" they say; well do if you can
But loving them is not for those in our van.

With fumes, puncture and a rather flat spare
Not a good vehicle to go any where.

After numerous misadventures all ended well
For Helen, Rhonda, John and Leader Michelle.

But when we next go tramping, let's hope for a drought,
All sunburn and thirst, parched tongues hanging out.



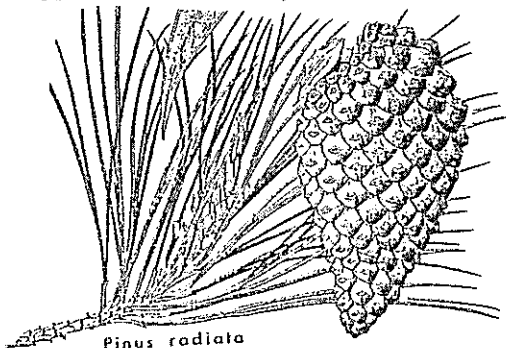
Pinus plantationus

What do you know about the pine plantation belonging to the Club? Some years ago, members planted about one hectare of pine trees around the Club property at Ben Rudd's shelter on the north-western side of Flagstaff. Since joining the Club in September 1986, some of my spare time has involved contacting appropriate people in an effort to effect a suitable conclusion to the plantation that is now considered a burden. The result to date has been a stalemate and the following is a brief report of the various avenues followed in attempting to dispose of the timber.

Early 1987: A meeting between an Odlin's Timber representative, a D.C.C. Engineer and members of the Club for an export sale of the timber. Odlin's contractors were to be responsible for the felling and transportation of the logs to the port. The preliminary investigation revealed about \$10,000 worth of timber, however a suitable road needed to be developed up the hill from the Bullring off Flagstaff Road for vehicular access to the plantation. OUTCOME: The deal failed because the cost of the proposed road would be greater than the proceeds from the log sales. The D.C.C. Engineer would not commit ratepayers' funds for the minority use i.e. the proposed road development through D.C.C. land.

Mid 1987: I contacted various organisations:- D. McCleod's portable sawmill and he inspected the plantation. OUTCOME: the trees were too small in diameter for the portable mill to efficiently saw the logs.

The Salvation Army where I was referred to the Salvation Army Community Trust. Their aim was to provide needy folk with firewood as well as teaching young people in forestry skills. One of their supervisors inspected the plantation. OUTCOME: They did have the equipment for the actual felling but the transportation to the Bullring on Flagstaff Hill ruled out any further pursuing of this option; they would fell the trees on site for \$300.



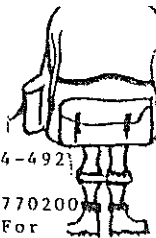
Pinus radiata

Late 1987: An advertisement for tender was put in the ODT. Two replies were received. One was a definite NO - lack of finance to transport the logs out; the second, a dedicated and through investigation of the plantation again indicated a \$10,000 value for approximately 260 cubic metres of timber. OUTCOME: not possible because of lack of suitable finance to purchase equipment to transport the logs to the Bullring.

Early 1988: Choice of either Salvation Army Community Trust or second tenderer to fell trees and leave on site (which will create a fire hazard and encourage noxious weed growth through increased light in the plantation).

I can see one further alternative, as yet not investigated but if, after reading this summary of events, you have some suggestions not already covered, please contact me prior to mid-June as I shall be unavailable from then to August. My Objective is to see the trees removed from the site even if the outcome is only a small profit. At present in some of the fringes of the plantation, a number of native plants are growing which is to be encouraged.

Trip Programme



- May 1st MOONLIGHT SIVERPEAKS (see page 9) David Barnes 44-492
- May 8th OTAGO PENINSULAR BICYCLE TRIP (N) Mary Hewinson 770200
M The continuation of Doug Forrester's is planned. For now, Mary plans to visit the newly-opened aquarium at Portobello and have a pleasant day cycling. Bring your lunch, repair kit and \$2 admission fee.
- May 15th WORK PARTY - details later Peter Mason 775-237
- May 14/15th MAVORA LAKES/EYRE MOUNTAINS (ALL) David Peacock 779855
 Come for a pleasant relaxing trip with the cream of the tramping club to an area of not-too-high hills and pleasant lazy rivers. (Fare \$33-00).
- May 21/22nd LAKE ISOBEL (ALL) Mark Hanger 739-149
 Apparently Mark is one of the few people who know where this place is. Anyway should be a great w/e in the Moonlight, Lake Luna area. Sign up by May 9th or give Mark a call. (Fare \$33-00).

NOTE Weekend trips will leave from the Otago Polytechnic carpark just up from the old Clubrooms at 6pm. Sunday daytrips will leave opposite the new clubrooms at 14 Dowling Street at 9am.

Weekend Trip Lists will come down on the Monday night 12 days before the trip leaves. If you haven't got your name up by then, you can ring the Trip Leader up to the Thursday following (but no later! Make it easier for him/her).

New TRIP CARD is in production, give Simon Thomas a call if you have any ideas.

The MILAIR process.

New Wave
Fabric Technology

Water

Outer Fabric

Wind

Sweat

THE WILDERNESS
 MOUNTAINEERING SKIING RATTING SHOP
 101 STUART ST. DUNEDIN, NEW ZEALAND
 TELEPHONE 773 679

Your garment is made from fabric treated with the MILAIR process. The fabric is tested for water resistance, breathability, and also resistance to abrasion and delamination.

Your garment has been manufactured to standards approved by the MILAIR QA labelling programme.

The MILAIR fabric and garment control programme is your guarantee that the most rigorous quality standards have been applied to all aspects of manufacture to ensure serviceability and long life of your garment.