

May 1988

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

## The shape of things to come?

OTMC

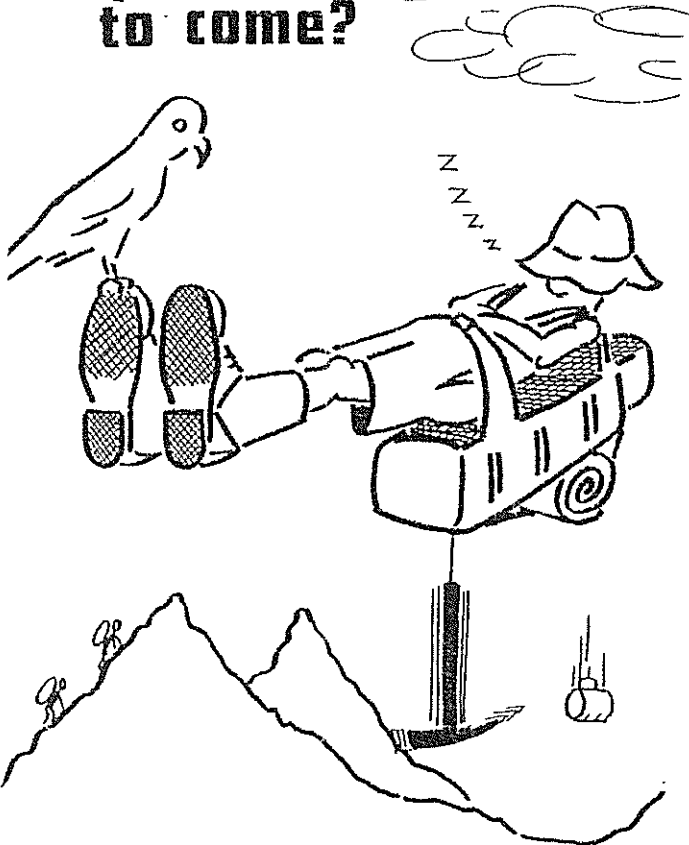


ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN GALLOWAY

BooTmaKers  
beware!

Totara



PRESIDENT	Spen Walker	730257
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EDITOR	David Peacock	779855
DAY TRIP CONV.	Simon Thomas	741444
SAR	Stu Mathieson	34-359



Mountain  
Totara

# THE EDITOR SPEAKS

Within the last year or so, there has been quite a resurgence of interest in climbing amongst members of the Club. Once such a mood gets momentum, it is infectious and the numbers of people involved, and the range of suitable trips, rapidly increases. This development has to be good for the Club; the wider the range of challenges offered, the more attractive the Club becomes. The only cautionary remarks I would like to make refer to the differences between tramping and climbing which I will now elaborate.

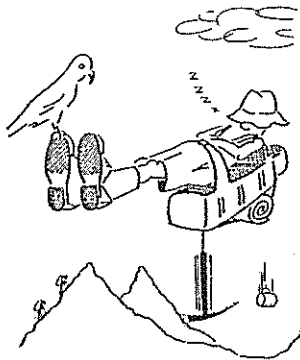


In the 1960's, there was, apparently, some active debate as to whether or not the O.T.C. should become the O.T.M.C. In those days, some people made a very sharp distinction between tramping and climbing. I do not know the details of the objections raised to the name, and focus, change of the Club but I would like to make one observation: tramping is open to everyone. New people come to the Club and, in general, it is fairly easy to accommodate them within Club trips for, as long as you've got two (reasonable active) legs and are not too round-shouldered (so your pack doesn't keep falling off), well you're in. But climbing is different; you cannot, and should not, take every Tom, Dick and Mary who puts their name down. So you have to be selective. Fair enough. Also, climbing is a much more individual, solitary thing than tramping. The basic units in climbing are either the individual (the solo climbers) or a rope of two. And, in the latter case, those two share a level of responsibility for each other's safety to a degree not usually seen in tramping itself. And so, justifiably when your life may depend on it, you like to climb with people you know and trust. Once again, fair enough except herein lies a potential problem. This tends to mean that the climbing group within the Club can rapidly become very "closed-in" and "clique-ish". This may lead to two unfortunate consequences: 1) new, inexperienced people may find it difficult to 'break-in' to the already-established group and 2) the climbers may start wishing to always climb together (i.e. one party) on Club trips. This would be fine except for one thing - it may lead to a shortage of leaders for the other parties. In an earlier editorial, I have referred to difficulties with the present party system and, I believe, the development suggested above would exacerbate the problem. We are all members of the same Club and part of being a member of a Club is that we all have responsibilities to the Club itself and the membership as a whole. To date, I do not believe that the problems mentioned above have arisen but I think it's important to air my concerns sooner rather than later. Further, I want to stress that I am not "having a go" at the climbers, I do think that climbing is an exciting sport and that it could lead to a revival in the Club but we have to ensure that no division develops between the trampers and climbers in the Club. One suggestion that I would make is that, perhaps, a couple of the climbers could, on each Club trip to an appropriate area, take a couple of keen, inexperienced people with them. The mountaineers could rotate this obligation amongst themselves but it would really open up the tops to the interested beginners and be a very exciting opportunity for those people. So, let's go for it and see if we can't make the Club a great place to be.

CAPLES TRIP - 6 & 7 FEBRUARY

Our route began at the Dart Bridge, up Scott Creek, over the Saddle, down Kay Creek, Caples and Greenstone Valleys to the road's end at Greenstone. Scott Creek is about 1km up the Routeburn Road from the Dart bridge.

First, a steep scramble through bracken before entering the bush and following the creek up to a veteran hut in Scott Basin. The route from this very old hut to an equally very old hut by Kay Creek is unmarked but obvious. Because the upper part of Scott Creek veers to the south, the view from the saddle isn't wonderful so with typical OTMC flair for the understatement, leader Bill suggested that "we pop up to the top and have a look around". "Popping up to the top" translated into 2 hours of slog up a scree slope (fortunately chunky stuff so not too much backsliding) topped off with a bit of rockclimbing! At one interesting chink in the rock, Bill climbed up first showing how it was done. Then with Bill pulling, Arnd pushing, and both encouraging and giving advice, I ascended. Oh, the humiliation - but then climbing is a team thing! Somewhere on the way up, Bill suggested a long weekend of levitation for trampers and our enthusiasm grew as we climbed. To encourage the Club Committee, we have begun a Trip List which is appended. (And what a drawcard for next year's Bushcraft!!).



On that cloudless, calm day, the view from the top of the Humboldts was superb. After too brief a stop, and a quick snow fight, it was back to the saddle and Kay Creek.

Upon meeting 2 upward parties in the Kay Creek area, we performed an OTMC ritual in which the group coming from the high ground collapses in a heap and, between puffing and groaning, tells of terrible terrain ahead. If, after a bit of this, the upward party remains perky, take a

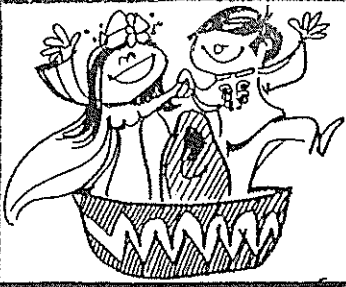
pencil to their map and "helpfully" draw a maze of bluffs, gorges and all those obstacles that make an already arduous trip memorable across their route ahead. Wilting stuff! Cheerful, smiling faces become apprehensive and bodies that were only slightly weary suddenly have less strength than mashed jelly.

We camped on the small flat beside Kay Creek.

The lower Kay Creek, Caples, Greenstone leg was easy going but takes time; allow 4 hours for the Caples Greenstone bit. We were pleased to show NZ's mountains to Arnd, our German doctor friend, and we know he'll have some tales to tell his countrymen of our mountains and the people who temporarily inhabit them. I think all (especially Mary Hewinson's party) would agree that the area is BIG country - I got a big M trip!

Trip List - Levitation for Trampers (how to get high without blisters or marijuana)

- |                         |    |                  |
|-------------------------|----|------------------|
| Bill Houston            | EE | (Ease Essential) |
| John Galloway           | "" |                  |
| (Mary Hewinson's Party) | "" |                  |
| Elsbeth                 | "" |                  |
| Jan                     | "" |                  |



# Congratulations

Our very best wishes to Debbie Williams and Antony Pettinger on their recent engagement. They are two very active and popular members of the Club and we hope that their love for each other mirrors the freedom, openness and freshness of the hills

## ACCESS TO ROCK & PILLAR BIG HUT AND LEANING LODGE

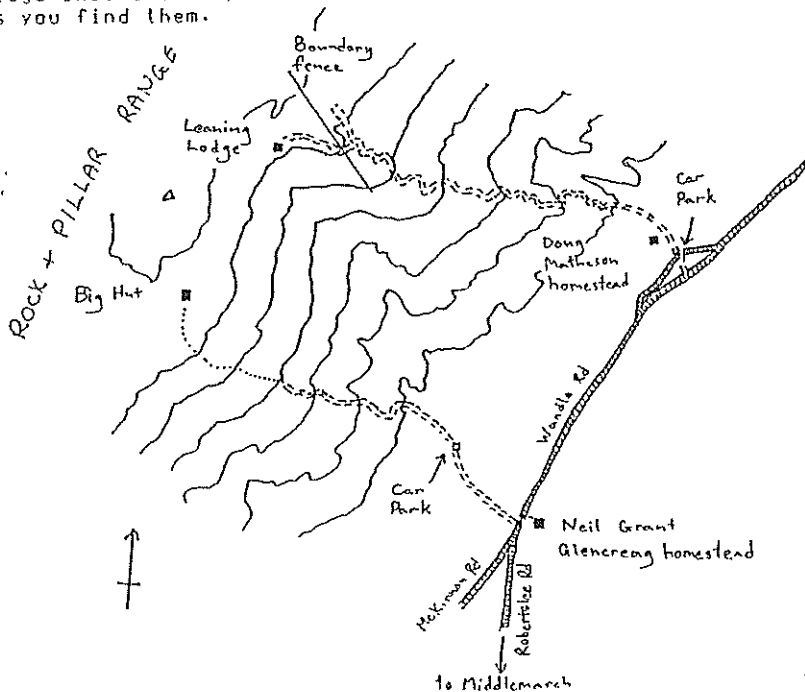
Neil Grant of Glencreag station (phone MDL-494) and Doug Matheson of Kilmory station (phone MDL-454) allow OTMC members foot access to the Big Hut and Leaning Lodge on the following conditions:

1) People must ring and ask permission before they go, giving their name and the number and description of car. This means that when the farmer sees people going up the road he knows from the car who it is.

If you aren't sure whether you will be going up, ring the evening before anyway and say that if the weather isn't good you won't be there.

2) If you haven't phoned, then call into the homestead in the morning and introduce yourself or leave a note on the door. If Mr Grant is already feeding out he would prefer that you look round the fields and speak to him personally if you see him.

3) We are asked to keep stock disturbance to a minimum. No dogs or firearms allowed. The gate in the boundary fence near Leaning Lodge should be kept closed, and of course all other gates left as you find them.



# THE NEW COMMITTEE

# A.G.M.



I know it's hard to believe but it's almost that time of year again - the Annual General Meeting in August. So start now thinking about remits - they must be in 3 weeks before the meeting. And, of course, the NEW COMMITTEE, all positions are open for nominations. But, instead of nominating, why not VOLUNTEER? The Committee needs active concerned people like you to promote tramping and help protect our beautiful land. Go on - GIVE IT A GO!

## Social Calendar

- MAY 23rd - Another "Moan & Groan" evening. The last was useful so let's get your views.
- MAY 30th - "Outdoor Recreation in Otago". Bruce Mason discusses his great new book.
- JUNE 6th - Chris Pearson in Alaska. (We should be so lucky!)
- JUNE 13th - QUIZ (Quiz? What Quiz?)
- JUNE 20th - Bruce agin on XC-skiing. How not to fall off, eh?

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### CLUB CARDS



The yellow card with your "Bulletin" is a sample. You may pick up more at the Clubrooms if you wish. It is meant to be handed out to anyone you meet who may be interested in coming to Club meetings or going on Club Trips. You may care to take one or two in your pocket when you're tramping and hand them to other trampers. Some of the information is already outdated - just change it.

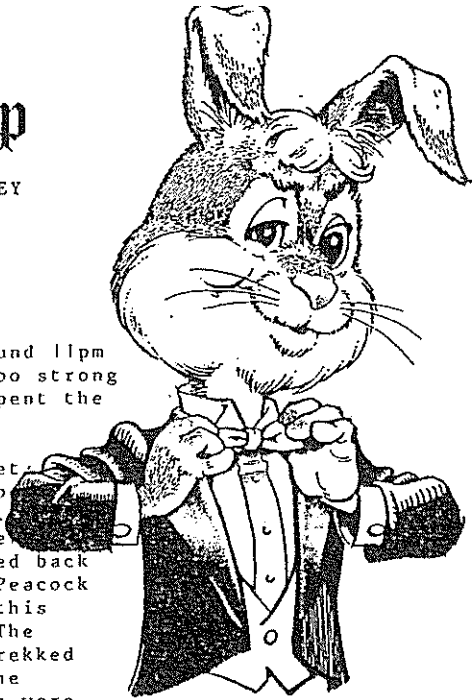
VISITORS WELCOME!

Ian Sime (Vice President)

# Easter Trip

“a great weekend”

MATUKITUKI VALLEY  
with  
Bill Robertson



Trip Report by ..... Marc Wheeler

Thursday Arrived at Cameron Flat at around 11pm and found a campsite but the wind was too strong and David showed us the barn where we spent the night.

Good Friday Left the barn at 8-30 and met up with several other parties waiting to cross the West Branch of the Matukituki. All followed Ken Mason, the magic crosse till we could go no further. So we turned back until we were kindly directed by David Peacock whose party had already crossed. After this drama, off to Junction Flat for lunch. The weather began to deteriorate and so we trekked to Aspiring Flats to camp. We visited the spectacular Turnbull Thomson Falls which were breathtaking. Later we discussed the route we were to take up Hector Pinney Creek to Dragonfly Peak. With the poor weather, this plan was abandoned.

Saturday Up early at 8-00am and off back to Junction Flat. The weather was changeable. We stopped at Glacier Burn (Snowy Creek) for camp. After lunch, we walked up to the fork near the head.

Sunday Left camp at 8-00 and back to the car. Crossing the river was easier as it had dropped quite a lot. We drove to Raspberry Flat where there was a lot of cars. We crossed the new bridge over the river and then up to the head of Rob Roy Stream and its glacier. Two of the group tried to get up the glacier but found it surrounded by sheer rock walls.

Marc Wheeler for David & Anne-Marie Barnes, Geoff Brookes.

=====

Trip Report by ..... Kathy Woodrow

We all set off from Dunedin with some of the others and had a reunion at the Shark and Tatie shop in Alex. Later, Cameron Flat was located in the gloom and, being first to arrive, we had plenty of room to spread out. Dave "Barns" arrived and, observing our efforts in the blustery wind, camped in his namesake. Geoff was delivered by Spen and Co. just as we were getting the house in order and he was first in the pit - nice timing!



Friday morning found us with some of the other parties wandering up and then down the West Matukituki trying to cross. While we were downstream, the Mighty Editor, Heather Robertson, Teresa Wasilewska and Jane Simpson marched in and crossed. So, eventually, we followed suite and crossed.

Aspiring Flats was far enough for us that day so we relaxed and enjoyed the late afternoon sun.



Saturday was a pit day but we did think of the other two parties that had packed up and gone - oh, the fun of setting up camp in the rain and having wet gear! During the afternoon, Kathy decided to read her 11b 12oz book while the others went for walkies.

Catherine, our alarm, woke us at 6-30 and soon the primus was humming. This turned out to be a day of new experiences for Gilbert, Catherine, Rosemary and Geoff. They now all know how to conserve energy while



walking in soft snow - don't be in front. If Moir's Guide advises against following streams down from Wilmot Saddle down the Rainbow, then it would not be a good idea to follow them up. From the saddle, the guide is almost certainly only a guide. Rosemary thinks that "sidling" is a misnomer, it should say "clutching for dear life and moving very slowly to avoid smearing the side of the mountain with blood and guts". A bit of snow on

the tussocks didn't make it any easier. We made it to a relatively flat area and, as time was pressing, we decided to camp at 5500ft in the snow rather than be stuck on the steep slope lower down. It turned out to be a wise decision as it took us 4 hours to get down to Ruth Flat. Before setting off, our boots had to be defrosted with warm water and placed in plastic bag glasshouses. Does anyone know of a route down from the Saddle that is easy (not including helicopters and the like)? But was the lack of scratches on one member due to experience or less weight that meant they didn't crash through the canopy so often?

We decided that the Bledisloe Gorge could wait another day, to recover from injuries, and so we set up camp at the last open area before entering the bush. While the others were setting up camp, Kathy went off to find where the track entered the bush and returned to say that she had found the word "track" nailed to a tree and some coloured discs.

The track leading past the Gorge turned out to be a breeze with Kathy being made to lead from the front rather than the rear which she prefers. It was then on to the last barrier, the West Matukituki which had dropped considerable. Spen and Co. were waiting for Geoff and Mary Hewinson hopped out of the car to tell us that we were 2 minutes late!

Liquid fuel consumed = 1l white spirits; 500ml cream; 300ml vodka;  
300ml Southern Comfort and copious quantities of mountain water, either on the rocks or flavoured with tea, coffee, milo or Refresh.

Kathy Woodrow, Gilbert (pronounced Gi-beer) Mingam, Catherine Soper, Geoff Aimer and Rosemary Goodyear.

BILL ROBERTSON had a very difficult trip to organise for Easter. Some people went for 4 days, some for 5; we used private cars and there were problems: Paul Barton missed out on his trip (bad luck, Paul!), Dave Levick was crook (hope you're OK now, Dave) and Bill was tearing his hair out. But he did a MAGNIFICENT job, good on yer!

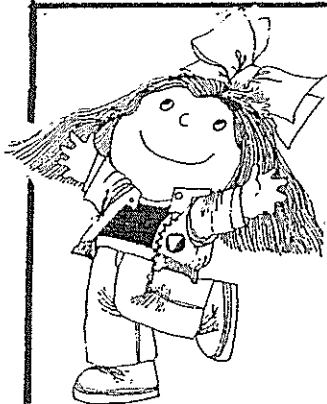
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## Tracy says "Gudday" to

Christine Annesen, Rocky Point, Pt Chalmers 727173  
Sue Day, 272 Hillingdon St., NEV, Dunedin 739454  
Blair Donkin, 117b Queen St., Dunedin 774909  
Glen Fallowfield, PO Box 1331, Dunedin MSI-7935  
Russell Godfrey, 15 Pencarrow St., Dunedin 878732  
Caroline Kenyon, 12 Elder St., Dunedin 776997  
Anne Marris, 25 Stevenson Ave., Sawyer's Bay PC8877  
Gilbert Mingam, 11 Cargill St., Dunedin 775461  
Leslie Smith, 14 Stirling Crescent, Mosgiel-7343  
Rob Sorensen, PO Box 1331, Dunedin MSI-7935  
Jillian Underhill, 19 Beach St., Dunedin 877532  
Teresa Wasilewska, 31 Kilgove St., Dunedin 777013  
Marc Wheeler, 38 Calder Ave. Nth., NEV 737907

For all of you who don't know who Tracy is then, of course, it's Tracy Trampler and she wishes all the above enjoy their stay with the club and she hopes to tramp with them.

NEW ADDRESS: Andy Beecroft, 299 Pine Hill Road, Dunedin 739-262 \*

## Best wishes

Well, once again, the Otago Tramping and Matrimonial Club has honoured its great tradition with the forthcoming marriage of Sue Williams and Dave Levick. Dave is an old, and Susan a new, member of the Club and we give hopes for a happy and fulfilling life together.





# We'll miss you, Bill

## DOSSIER ON A TRAMPER

With this Bulletin, we farewell one of the more colourful characters of the O.T.M.C., Bill Provan. Bill joined the Club in 1979 and has been an active and loyal member since. 1986/86 saw him as Chief Guide and he later did a stint as Co-Editor of this august journal. A special sort of fella is Bill, who else can stand in a crevasse near the top of Mt Cook at night without a pack (we won't go into that) or provisions, with a storm raging overhead, and keep laughing? Yes, Bill, we'll miss your jovial presence around the Club. It's been a hectic 6 weeks for you, those gatherings of trampers for partying, or teas, is an indication of our feelings for you. From us all, all the best in Nelson, Bill and quickly join the N.T.C. SO THAT they can also enjoy your company and knowledge of the mountains.

Doug Forrester for all of us.

And the Editor gets his oar in with:



There was a climbing man called Billy  
Who went where'er it was hilly  
But one day, up on Cook,  
His pack the wind took  
And blew it away willy-nilly.

and

Our hero of the noble name Billy,  
Packless, foodless and with a cold willy  
For one night on Mt Cook,  
His plans all unstuck,  
He slept in a crevasse that was oh, so chilly!

Barry Wybrow provided the following morsel

(bitIkinnafurt'lifeo'meseet'pointo'eet.)

ON DECIPHERING HEAVY FOREIGN ACCENTS: If someone speaks to you with a thick foreign accent, don't try to pick up every word. Instead, listen carefully for key words and phrases. The idea is to avoid the embarrassment of having to ask the person to repeat himself several times. To make sure you have accurately understood, repeat what you think the person said, thus giving him a chance to correct you.



## PARTICIPANTS ON TRIPS

As a reminder, Trip Leaders have an absolute right to refuse to take any individual on a Club Trip. I know that this sounds pretty officious and heavy-handed but it is done for safety and to try to ensure that trips run smoothly. This is particularly important on Climbing and "Fitness Essential" trips.

And a hint, particularly to newer members, don't overdo it. If in doubt, take it easy and put "E" instead of "M" or "M" instead of "F". Only when you're comfortable at the easier trip grade, move up one.

# the River

A dream in four parts  
by  
David Peacock

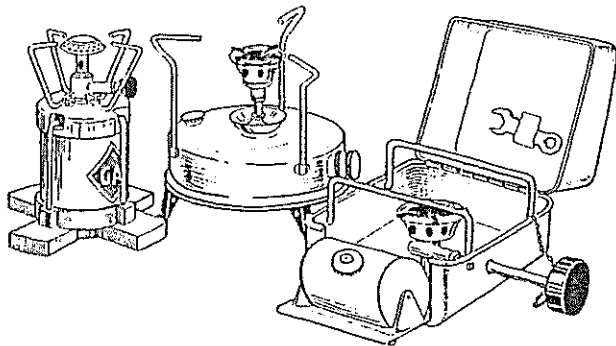
The river spun its sullen path through the grey pastures carrying the silt-laden wrack of the storm the night before. We rattled across the shingle approaches and washed against the bank, ebbing and flowing with indecision. Eventually Angela grabbed a large pole and moved out wrescling with the current. The water foamed around her legs and she was obviously struggling against the flow and the mud-blinded bottom. I watched. She moved ratchet-like, taking small steps and cutting a track to the other bank. The spate boiled against her thighs and I saw her shudder as it reached her crutch. Her pack was lifting slightly and she was struggling; each time that she lifted the pole, the flow grabbed it and attempted to twist it out of her hands. I worried. The river was too high but Angela fought on and the water began to trace a retreat down her shorts and legs. Her movements quickened and the spray scattered from her boots as she hit the shallows. She paused for a moment before dropping the stick, turning and smiling without humour at the river. And then, to me, a simple "Your turn."

I looked at the dirt-sodden water. "Bastard". I was not happy; I was scared. But, against all sound advice, we were going to walk this river to its head and the only decent route was on the other side. I found a pole and moved back to the waters' edge. After unbuckling my waist and chest straps, I took a few hesitant steps forward. Within a few feet the current was shuddering against my legs and I rammed the pole in hard upstream. Lifting my left foot and clinging tightly to the pole as I swung it forward. Fortunately, the river bottom was smooth as I blindly edged forward. I lifted ever so slightly onto tip-toes as the piercing water lapped my groin but then no point and, once again, my middles were baptised with fire. But that was the least of my worries, I was fighting the strangling flow that was tearing at my body. My pack shifted slightly to the left and my gut tightened a little. Every step was a battle, every frame one quantum of fear. The river was a live, malevolent wraith tugging and turning the pole in my hand. But then, suddenly, I knew it was all over, the force slackened, only trivially, but the worst was passed. For the first time I looked up from the water and across to Angela. She gave me a quizzical smile and then it was OK.

After emptying and wringing several gallons of water out of our boots and socks, we started our tour upstream. Alongside this early part of the route, the valley was grazed and the going was easy. The long grass stalks traced out the light breeze rippling along the valley. On this side of the river, the flats were perhaps four hundred yards wide before they climbed up the valley walls; on the other, the bush-strewn hills fell straight into the river bed with several scattered bluffs. This branch of the river was only about ten miles long but it had a reasonable large watershed. The river had risen a couple of feet with the recent rains and the clouds still crept around and over the hilltops. Neither of us had been this way before and it was also the first time that Angela and I had tramped together although we had known each other for a while. Both of us were in that void 'between marriages' and tramping was an escape from the harsh realities of singleness.

After about an hour, the surrounding hills began to crowd together and huddle around us. The bush tumbled onto the narrowing flats and ran down to the river. We walked, hushed, amongst the jumbled trees and through the ragged lazy ferns. The walls around us were closing and steepening and, suddenly, they collapsed into the gorge. The river quickened and darkened. I smiled at Angela. She looked back towards the open valley and then forward to the shadows. She looked at me. She smiled. The easy part was over.

(End of Part One)



CAMP STOVE

FUEL

(Reprinted with kind permission of Ewan Paterson)

Have you ever been sold cleaning fluid when you asked for white spirits? If so, read on.

The first thing to note is DON'T ask for white spirits! This term is now obsolete when describing stove fuel; each company now has its own brand name for the fuel which we all use.

<u>Name of Oil Company</u>	<u>Brand Name of Fuel</u>
Shell	Shellite
B.P.	Britolite
Europa	Cleargas
Mobil	Pegasol A.A.
Caltex	Callite

Probably the best way to avoid misunderstanding is to ensure that you are getting the correct fuel from a particular service station and then only buy from that outlet. Also, tell the attendant that you want to use it in a portable stove. It's not much fun to arrive at the start of your tramp and find that you've been given the wrong stuff (I know!!). To update that article by Ewan, I quote from "B.P." - "White spirit is a useful fuel in burners designed to operate on kerosene but great care must be exercised to ensure that it is not used in apparatus designed to burn petrol type fuels."

Clear gas, as it is commonly called, is the one you want; it evaporates readily and, if poured on the back of the hand, it will give a slight "chill" feeling; it is a form of unleaded petrol. The white spirit referred to by B.P. above, is denser and when poured on the hand, it will feel "oily" and need to be wiped off. (See the confusion!).

One last tip, shop around - there is a big variation in prices.

Doug Forrester

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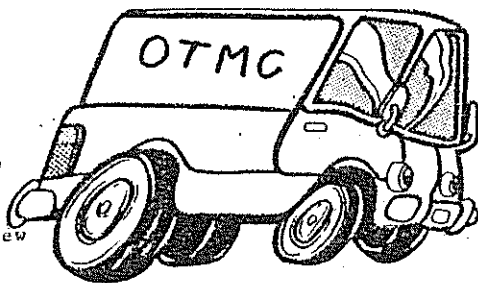
**SOME PEOPLE ARE JUST UNLUCKY!**

In mid-April, Heather Robertson and I went on an NZAC Climbing course which included a weekend at Long Beach scampering on the rocks. However, at one point, I inadvertently stood in a pile of excrement and proceeded, unwittingly, to smear this biologically-fascinating compound over many of the footholds. But that wasn't the funniest part, it really became hilarious when Heather following used some of those footholds as handholds! Cor, did she pong!?

David Peacock



# Trip Programme



MAY 29th MT ALLAN/MT JOHN (M)  
Jane Bruce 730-257

This trip is really a preview of the next marathon (and nostalgia for the last) and a good chance to check out the route and get some good views.

JUNE 4-6th WAITUTU (ALL) Queen's Birthday David Barnes 44-492  
The Waitutu Forest is on the south coast, west of Tuatapere. It's a great place for winter tramping due to the low altitude (height). Trip options include Port Craig - coastal tramping, historical relics and no hills; the Hump Range - extensive views and magnificent rock cors; and Lake Hauroko - New Zealand's deepest. There are four huts available. Rock climbers could find some interesting opportunities for bouldering on the Hump Range. If anyone is keen on the through trip from the road end at Hauroko to the Hump, we may be able to arrange it.

JUNE 5th CHALKIES/BOULDER HILL (Family Tramping Group)  
George Palmer 62-462; Berney Parker 883-217

JUNE 12th POSSUM HUT (E-M) Simon Thomas 741-444

JUNE 19th POWDER RIDGE (M) Arthur Blondell (89)7633


JUNE 19th LEITH SADDLE (Family Group) Bob Staples (89)5317  
Margaret Enright 42-066

JUNE 26th MICHELLE'S MYSTERY Michelle Williams 737-814

JUNE 18-19th DOUG'S EL CHEAPO CLIMBING TRIP Doug Forrester 876-416  
Don't know much about this but it should be a good one.

JULY 2-3rd MID-WINTER SOCIAL TROTTER'S GORGE David Peacock 779-855  
The traditional Mid-winter get together. Should be happy time with luscious food, witty conversation, music, dancing and other sensual delights (yes - I will be there!). MEN must wear a TIE and LADIES a DRESS. For those of you at last year's event, I will not be bringing kidneys nor will I fall out of a tree again, once is enough. Note the change of venue from the usual Jubilee Hut. It's to make access so much easier with all our extra victuals and upmarket-clothing etc. but there will be a Hut Fee of \$4 (\$2 for Students, Beneficiaries, people with initials D.P.). SEE YA THERE!!! Leave Otago Polytech at 9am Saturday.

JULY 9-10th MAKARORA/BREWSTER AREA Simon Thomas 741-444  
Easy valley access, good campsites, superb views of surrounding area including Mt Brewster. For all you rockclimbing guns, ample rock. Let's go for it!



The Club meets each Monday at 8pm (sharp) at 14 Dowling Street, Dunedin (Near Les Mill's World of Fitness). Slideshows, talks, quizzes, fun.  
NEW MEMBERS AND VISITORS WELCOME