

Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club

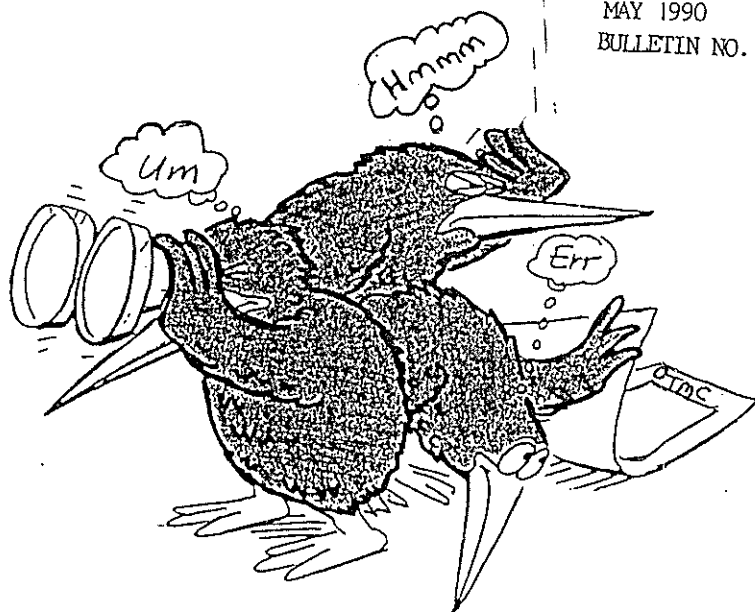
P.O. BOX 1120 DUNEDIN

BULLETIN

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MAY 1990

BULLETIN NO. 488



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SOCIAL SEC.	Elsbeth Gold	551-245
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The Otago Tramping & Mountaineering Club
meets every Thursday night at 7-30 pm
at the clubrooms
cnr Russell & Arthur streets

TRIP LIST

MAY 13 MT KYEBURN (8-00 am start)

Peter Mason 557-074

While it may be a longish drive to Mt Kyeburn, you won't be disappointed as this is a great area with good views promised and lots of enthusiasm. Please note the earlier starting time and meet at the clubrooms.

MAY 19-20 TAKITIMU'S (All)

Richard Pettinger 879-488

MAY 20 PENINSULA CYCLE TRIP (M)

David Peacock 530-595

A trip with a difference so don't miss this interesting day trip. What better way to see the the peninsula? Take your time and enjoy the views of the city. Meet at the clubrooms with your bicycle at 9-00 am

MAY 27 ROSELLA RIDGE (M-F)

Richard Pettinger 879-448

It's into Dunedin's own outdoor tramping area for this one. The Silverpeaks is a must for everyone to see and Richard will show you one of the more interesting ridges. No promises of seeing any rosella's but heaps of fun is assured. Meet at the clubrooms by 9-00 am

JUNE 2-4 QUEENS BIRTHDAY - THE HUMP/PORT CRAIG

An interesting place to go and especially with three days up your sleeve. Great views can be had from the Hump range and with good weather you may see Stewart Island. Port Craig it's self is an interesting place to go to. and explore.
Trip list closes 24 May 1990

JUNE 3 No day trip due to Queensbirthday weekend.

JUNE 10 PIPIKARETU

Stu Mathieson 534-359

Another good opportunity to explore a bit more of the peninula. Stu will show you this wonderful little beach, somewhere you wouldn't think it would be. Meet at the club rooms by 9-00 am

JUNE 16-17 SILVERPEAKS WEEKEND

Debbie Pettinger 737-924

The Silverpeaks are right on Dunedin's back doorstep and it is time more advantage was taken of it. Leaving Saturday morning, this trip will let you do almost anything you want to. Winter is here and for those who still want to go tramping but don't want to leave too many comforts at home then this trip is the one for you. Leaves the clubrooms at 9-00 am on Saturday morning.



EDITOR'S DIARY



I would like to thank all those who have contributed to the Bulletin and would also like to apologise for the lateness of these trip reports. The main reason behind this was that the April Bulletin was devoted mainly to Bushcraft and a copy was sent to all participants on the course. Some good feedback has been received as a result and I feel that it was a good idea. However I try to keep the articles up-to-date but this is not always possible. It must also be mentioned here that some trip reports are handed to me well after the trip has taken place (eh Neville- I'm still waiting for that December trip report). Remember I will print almost anything and all articles (within reason) submitted to me will get printed.

For those that attended the Easter Social, a good night out was definitely the order of the day. A further report will be in next months Bulletin.

Bulletin.

On to a more serious note now. In last months Bulletin, it was noted by the committee that leaders were slightly pushing their parties on some trips. The main reason for this, it seems, is because leaders are signing the trip list wanting to go to certain places while most other people on the trip list are signing for easier grades. With no leaders to lead them the easier people are either put into slightly fitter parties or when explained the situation decide for themselves to go into the fitter parties. After all they want to go on the trip or would not have signed in the first place. Either way the leader is unable to accomplish what they had originally planned.

I know that this is an old argument and will never be fully agreed upon. Is it fair to push new people beyond their limits and have them leave the club after one or two trips? Is it fair to expect a leader to pay \$50-\$60 to go away with the club and not do what they would like? If this should happen to often then we will have all the leaders leaving the club to do private trips of their own choice. I know that we all should be grateful and willing to lead the easier parties because we were all easy once but trips are not cheap to go on and is it fair to expect people who only go away three or four times a year to lead easy parties for most of these?

I feel that some trips should be designated for members only and have a grading of "M" and above only. This would allow people to do fitter trips but would also allow leaders to tramp with leaders, which is not possible on normal club trips. It may stop people leaving the club in search of fitter trips, I do not mean however that all trips should be run this way but once every two to three months for example. It certainly wouldn't solve all the problems but would help alleviate some of them.

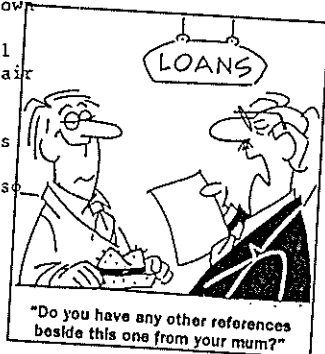
Please let me know of your feelings on the subject as it is the main result of most of the longer members leaving the club. Write a letter to me please.

Remember that these are my personal views on the subject and in no way are the general feelings of committee.

Make my day and write a reply, maybe you agree or disagree, let me know.

I think it is about time I signed off now and trust you will enjoy this bulletin as much as I enjoy putting it together. Keep those great articles rolling in and happy tramping till next time!!!

Debbie Editor



Mt Brewster Trip 9th-10th December 1989

while all the same members of the club were enjoying the Christmas Far Re Que. Four of the more touched members were on one of Arthurs epics. A two day trip to Mt Brewster.

We left from Arthurs at around 6-00 and drove to Haast, arriving at 11-30. We found a good camp site just off the road.

Russell was waving his torch around sometime just after 5-00am. 6-50 saw us crossing the Haast River (to early in the morning for wet feet so off with the boots). Then about 1 1/2 hours tramping through the bush and another hour to Brewster bivy. By lunch time we were pitching our tent beside the Brewster Glacier. We had lunch and decided to make for the summit, as the weather was good with just the occasional cloud in the sky. We decided on a route to the west, however when we reached the west peak we found it impossible to continue as we were bluffed out. So back down a 1,000 feet or so the way we had come. My first try at self arresting with my new ice axe FOR REAL, somehow managing to rip the leg out of my long johns. We sidled around to the N.E. side of the peak and tried this approach. Getting within about 400 ft of the peak. It was getting late so we made our way back to our camp site. It was around 11.00 pm when we finished tea and after 14 hours climbing for the day we didn't need any bed time stories to go to sleep.

Russell was up again bright and early (must remember to take some sleeping pills for him on our next trip). I thought a nice easy walk out to the road today, not a chance. Our third attempt at Mt Brewster. Today the weather was even better than yesterday, not a cloud in the sky today. The snow conditions were excellent which made traveling a lot faster we arrived at the spot we had reached the night before at about 10.00am. Arthur started getting snow stakes, ropes, harness and other assorted technical climbing gear out of his pack, I decided I would sit in the sun while the other three climbed the 400ft or so to the summit. The views from my spot in the snow were fantastic the sea out to the west, Mt Aspiring out to the S.W. and mountains as far as the eye could see.

Not far from the summit things took on a more serious note with Sharon being hit by a rock which had been dislodged from the peak and came crashing down gashing a hole in her forearm. Arthur with his First Aid kit climbed down to where Sharon was and fixed her arm as best he could in the situation. Now being unable to come down the only way they could go was up, which was slow going. It took till 7-00pm for the three of them to make their way back to where they had started at 10-00am. I had gone back to the campsite taken the tent down and made lunch or was it tea? ready for a quick get away. We started on our way down at 8-30pm, getting to the bush at 10-15. The track through the bush was reasonably well marked and with the aid of our four torches we managed to find our way back to the car at 11-30pm. Sharon even managed to crack a few jokes on the way down. ONE TOUGH DEE LADY (she thought I'd better leave the bit about size out).

It was 3-30am when we stopped at Clive Hospital to get Sharon's arm looked at. There was little they could do at that stage so on to Dunedin where Arthur took Sharon to the Hospital. Russell and I went home to bed. My head finally hitting the pillow at 6-00am. (Some Day)

That's right, the DCC gave us the parking concession so we now have a new and permanent clubrooms. While some work has to be done to the interior to make it habitable for us, we will hopefully be in them by the end of the month. A thankyou must be said to Peter Mason who has spent a lot of time, and effort in making it just right for us. We had only found out we had the building and Peter was assessing what needed to be done. Richard Pettinger also must be thanked for the effort put into our parking concession, without it we wouldn't have the building, and of course David Barnes who did a lot in looking for a suitable building over the past years. Congratulations OTMC we now have a home we can call our own.



Letters to the Editor

Dear Ed,

I have read the April edition of the Bulletin literally from cover to cover and would like to congratulate you on its high standard and attractiveness.

I would like to make the following comments on the articles therein--a sort of "Matters Arising", as it were:-

(1) Isn't the club lucky to have a social secretary who is so enthusiastic about drinking beer(!) but NO Thanks Elspeth I don't want to go on your Tavern Trek. Drinking beer makes me bump my head on low doorways and high ground at more or less the same time. Also, being shy and having a "Woolworths Bladder" don't go together-- you're sure to stop the bus where there isn't even a bush.

(2) I can see why some people might not like the Gossip Column, after all it is an established fact that only the Irish, Scots, and Jews have the ability to laugh at themselves and trying to keep oneself out of it would make Jack a very dull boy!

(3) In the article signed R.A.G.S. the references to Ross' "fumbling attempts to drain his fly" and also that to Neville and his "fly erection" makes one wonder just what sort of flies they are referring to!

(4) Refer the letter signed "Phantom", may I say that I believe we saw that party too. They exited from Silver Peaks, not via Hightop, but onto Mountain Road and were last seen heading away at a fast clip AWAY from where the bus was parked. I mean, with the high standard of map and compass instruction we had there can be no other logical explanation.

(5) My address is 11 McDonald St., MISTEL. I have built up quite an affable relationship with John Foster at 11 McDonald St., BROCKVILLE. Please don't strain it with a large influx of fan-mail!

Cheers,

Guy Gibson.

Snowcraft Snowcaving Trip.

20-21 August 1989.

By Neville Mulholland for Paul Bingham, Chaz Forsyth, Mark Planner Brynley Crosado and our leader in spirit Ken Mason.

At 7:00 on a rather cold Saturday morning, we all met at the clubrooms, most of us still half asleep. A few days earlier our leader in spirit, Ken Mason, rang to ask me if I would lead the party as he was going to be taken by the dreaded flu, so I did. While we were waiting for the vans it suddenly occurred to me that I had left my karrimat at home. We all piled into vans and headed off to the old man range to play in the snow. Although while we were travelling up State Highway 8 we were beginning to wonder if there really was any snow.

Well we found the snow, eventually, in fact Arthur got the van stuck in it when he tried to follow Stuart's 4WD. We rescued our van and then got ready to go walkies. It was when we were getting ready that I realised that my gaiters were still sitting at home on the kitchen floor where I had forgotten to put them in my pack. I spent the rest of the weekend trying to figure out what else I had left behind. That's what happens when you leave packing to last thing on Friday night.

After about 30 minutes of walking we found a decent drift of snow and after surveying it we marked out our territory. Then after assessing our man power and digging impliments, number one shift started work on the entrance tunnel. We took breaks every now and then to go and visit the neighbours who were trying to build an igloo.

We managed to keep ourselves fairly warm during the excavations as the sun was shining on us most of the time and we had Chaz keeping us supplied with cups of tea and goat meat sandwiches. We got our new home finished at about 5:00pm after about four or five hours digging.

After being inspected by building inspectors, our snow cave complete with letter box, shelving, steps leading to the front door and wall to wall carpet was ready to be lived in. Then we went and visited the neighbours. Arthurs party had built a cave almost as good as ours with separate sleeping quarters for men and women. As for Stuart's party, it was a good thing they brought a tent because they needed it after they aborted their attempts to build an igloo. Not good Eskimo material guys.

After moving into our mansion (with number 2 on the letter box) and having tea the truth finally came out with dream girl and wrestling posters being used to decorate the living room walls of our home.

The next morning after having breakfast while Chaz and Stuart went cross country skiing we went with Arthur and learnt to self arrest. We were going down hill forwards, backwards, on our front and back and sideways. Then we went and found a steeper slope and did the same again. Lindsay went for a slide on his karrimat. Who needs skis? I discovered that it is not a good idea to self arrest on my nose.

TRIP REPORT

CAPLES - KAY CREEK - SCOTT CREEK 23 - 25/3/1990

A good weekends weather report saw 2 van loads and one private car filled with OTMC members and leaving the Clubrooms for the Greenstone/Caples area.

Once over the beaten bumpy track tired sleepy bodies fell out of vans and into tents/flyies for a few hours sleep to wake to a clear crisp morning and the smell of John Galloway frying mushrooms for breakfast - YUM! (thanks John).

Packed and away at 8.45 a.m. we headed up the Caples, a very pleasant valley to be in, a beautiful river for those interested in fishing. Arrived at the Upper Caples Hut at 2.45 p.m., sandflies prevented us from settling there for too long, then over the swing bridge and onto a new track to climb the ridge to link with the original track up Kay Creek. We were lucky enough to catch sight of a deer moving quicker than we were down a spur towards the creek. The track is well marked as far as the Kay Creek Hut (fairly delapidated) just on bushline, ably sighted for us by Paul during a tree climbing exercise. We camped Saturday night near the hut and were treated to a tremendous meal prepared by Paul and Annabel, topped off by 21 full sized pancakes, drenched in maple syrup, we don't remember who ate the most. By nine o'clock four bodies were scattered about in bivvy bags, Doug inched in under the fly before the first drop of rain fell at ten o'clock.

Packed and away the next morning by 8.10 a.m. to head up the creek in fine boulder hopping style - anew experience for Catherine, at the head of the creek a good decision was made (by someone) to climb the true right bank to the saddle on steep tussock grass, a glorious day to be on the tops and well worth the side trip we made along the Eastern side of the saddle for great views of the Dart River, Mt. Earnslaw, Pluto and Posiedon.

Descended to Scott Creek and found Lauries party enjoying lunch in the brilliant sunshine near the Scott Creek Hut (worse than Kay Creek Hut). Joined them and enjoyed the last of our home grown tomatoes and green peppers (we almost had enough eh Doug!). Travelled down the true right bank of Scott Creek to emerge and scramble down a bracken covered slope to the river and roadside where we were picked up by the parties who drove up from Greenstone/Caples area to collect us.

Thanks to a great team for such an enjoyable weekend - Catherine Allan, Paul Bingham, Doug Forrester, Annabel Boyes and Pam Cocker (the Porridge Party and Tomato Team).

CAPLES GREENSTONE TRIP

This particular area is one of my favourite that the club visits, the scenery is spectacular and there is a variety of routes to cater for all tastes.

The last couple of trips I've had in the area have been real epics so this time an E-M trip was the order of the day. A quiet stroll up the Greenstone Valley was the game plan.

Saturday dawned bright and sunny, not a cloud to be seen, due to the overnight frost Kathmandu hats were in abundance (quite flash they were too).

John and Neville organised breakfast in style, they lit the barbeque and proceeded to cook up a feast of mushrooms of which we all partook in a morsel of. Paul was wandering around with a billy of Earl Grey tea, bloody luxury who said you can't have the finer things in life while tramping.

We were on the track by 8.30, Micheal had his fishing rod and was keen to catch the big one over the weekend.

Lunch of wholemeal rolls was enjoyed in an idyllic little spot beside the river, then it was onwards destination Mid Greenstone hut to camp then an afternoon trip up Steele Creek. Micheal and Geoff were sent ahead to check out the campsites and hopefully have everything set up when the ladies got there.

AND HERE THE STORY BEGINS-----

The hut was full of some real characters along with most of a supermarket and bottlestore, so it was a "TEAM" decision that socializing was the order of the day. Pat refused to move after she was offered a whiskey mac (stones green ginger and whiskey).

I'm sure it made the grunt up the hill worth it. I'll have you know I turned down a beer, (I've got witnesses).

The supermarket and bottlestore were bought in by helicopter along with 5 fishermen, 2 Americans and 3 Southlanders.

Pat, Cathy and Micheal opted for the luxury of a bed in the hut while Geoff and I settled for the fly.

THE FIRE WAS STOKED UP AND THE SOCIALISING BEGAN. By golly these people were characters, not sure what the several German and Swiss trampers made of it all but they were soon in with the spirit of it all.

A North Islander with amazing shorts (cut off denim only held together by threads, pardon me for drolling its shorts like that that make tramping worthwhile). Anyway to deviate back to the subject he wandered in to fill up his drink bottle and was handed a beer after that beer he still reckoned he was off to the next hut. Steaks at least 2 inches thick were produced from the pantry (if I hadn't seen them come out of a bag I would have sworn they killed a local cow). The North Islander produced a sharp knife and proceeded to demonstrate his butchering skills cutting the steaks horizontally, along with another beer of 'course We were suitably impressed. He made one more half hearted effort to move on and was still there the next morning.

I cooked our tea of sweet and sour vegetables and savoury rice, which was almost auctioned off for \$5 a plate we then relaxed before pudding to watch the spectacle of the fishermen's feast. One of them made a huge tossed salad in an old wash bowl which must have been 3ft across, steaks were cooked over a barbeque American style. Pat helped out, potatoes and vegetables were cooked and all in the hut sat down to a candle light feast.

Then it was time for our pudding, chocolate self saucing spongy pud, chocolate mousse, fruit salad and cream. The left overs were eagerly accepted by all in the hut the bill, full of mousse was passed round the table with a spoon.

The dishes were cleared away, cards came out, jokes were told, and we had a good old fashioned sing-a-long to a harmonica. The pub ran dry at about 9.30 so it was off to bed. Pat and Cathy had top bunks with no ladders and the whole place cheered them on with the difficult task of getting into bed.

The offer was made that if we left the billy out we would get an omelette for breakfast, so it was left in a very prominent place. A great nights sleep was had by all. To our dissappointment there was no omelette appeared in the morning so we settled for museli.

Just as we were packing up the offer of bacon eggs and tomatoes was made of which Micheal partook in. We had offers of copious amounts of food to tide us thru the day all of which was turned down due to the weight factor.

Micheal planned to do some fishing on the way back so it was a quiet stroll back to the vans. Micheal just missed the big one and the rest of us did a fair bit of brewing up eating and soaking up the sun on the way back.

The final comment when we left the hut was same place same time next year fellas, I look forward to it. All in all a pretty memorable enjoyable and entertaining trip. Thanks for the great company team.

Elspeth Gold for Pat Finney Cathy Berryman Geoff Aimers and Micheal Beazely.

DEBATE THURSDAY JUNE 14 AT OUR CLUBROOMS

O.M.T.C. VS UNIVERSITY TRAMPING CLUB

If you like the sound of your own voice and feel you could stamp some individuality on this debate then go for it. This is you BIG chance, any one in the club can speak!!

TOPIC ---- THAT WINTER TRAMPING SHOULD CONSIST OF WALKING TO THE NEAREST PUB WITH AN OPEN FIRE!

US -----AFFIRMATIVE ie we agree

THEM --- NEGATIVE

Think of the dangers of exposure, the uncanny way alcohol warms the blood, the dwindling supply of fire wood in the hills, (perhaps fires should be confined to pubs) The terror of the van sliding on an icy road (you don't get that when your walking) the uncanny way alcohol relaxes the system. Do you take mulled wine tramping?

is it more economically sensible to skip the tramping and go for the wine?? In the famous words of Herbert Ramsbottom, a not so famous mountaineer who never tramped in winter ----- "I'd rather have a bottle of Bourbon than an ice axe!"

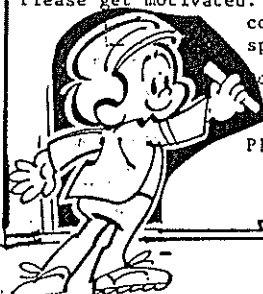
or in the words of Spike Milligan ----- "It's winter and bloody cold outside!"

Come on use you imagination, volunteer to be part of the debating team. There is a lot of people around to give you inspiration and to help with what you could say. All you really need is a bit of confidence.

Please get motivated. You might have an idea of a brilliant arguement but lack the confidence to speak, Yell out we'll soon con someone into speaking.

Do I have to BEG????? Show some Enthusiasm and Motivation or this could be another fatality of the I Couldn't Be Bothered Syndrome. If your in the least bit interested Please, Please Please tell me.

Elspeth
551-245



Mt Cerberus - The Official Version.

By Neville Markland for Sharon Heliyer, Carol Burke and Greg Simpson.

The trip started more or less in the usual way. We left the clubrooms at about 6:15pm, we had a dinner appointment in Gore for around 8:30pm then after that we headed to the Mavora Lakes. Not long after we turned off State Highway 94 and on to the Lake Mavora road we had a puncture and were forced to stop and fix it. We finally got camped by around 10:30pm.

Next morning after breakfast and after holding a directors meeting Ronda went and dropped off Mark's party while we went off following the Mararoa River to try and find the track leading up to Mt Cerberus. We eventually found the track and were joined by Ronda's party who had come from the footbridge further down the river we all headed up the ridge which involved a we bit of bush bashing. Once above the bushline we had lunch at trig point G 4363 where we had views of the valley below. We finally made camp at about 4.00pm near some tarns below Mt Cerberus where we had good clear views of Jane Peak and the surrounding peaks. I slept in my bivvy bag while the others slept in a tent.

The next morning I woke up at 6:30 with frost all around me just in time to watch the sun rise over Jane Peak. Once I was awake I decided the others should be awake also. We had left over cheesecake from the night before which I had for breakfast with muesli. After we had breakfast and packed up and headed over the ridge and on to the scree slopes below Mt Cerberus and followed the creek down to the Whitestone River. After following the river for about an hour we had lunch on a high terrace overlooking the river. After a short lunch we continued following the river until we came to a tributary which lead to a low pass into the Kiwi Burn which we eventually found after a short time spent backtracking. We found a track which lead down the Kiwi Burn and made for reasonably fast travel. After a while the track faded out so we followed the grass flats to where the Kiwi Burn meets the Mararoa River. Shortly after we passed the Kiwi Burn hut we noticed on the river banks several glow worms. We stumbled across the Mararoa River which we then crossed. We then walked out to the road and were picked up by the van. Arthur was very pleased to see us and we were pleased to see him.

On the way home we stopped to see Arthurs parents in Gore, and we called into John Galloways house where Doug felt that since he was the most senior and most diplomatic he should go to the door which was probably a good idea considering it was at 11:30am when we called. We all arrived back safe and sound in Dunedin at around 2.00 on Monday morning.

This report has been CENSORED in parts due to certain events which happened that weekend. Also the leader has wished his name to remain anonymous. Our anonymous leader would like to express his thank yous to his party members and others for their perseverance.

Sharon was admitted to Hospital, where she spent the next five days recovering, reading books on mountaineering and dreaming of her next trip (that is if her husband ever lets her go away again).

A special thanks to Arthur for his cool clear headed Leadership on this long but enjoyable weekend.

Lindsay Aitcheson for Russell (FITH) Godfrey, Sharon St Clair Newman and Arthur Blondel.

Committee Update !!!

When purchasing petrol for club trips, please obtain a proper receipt. VISA slips are not acceptable for GST purposes; and I have now been reprimanded twice for not having the **CORRECT RECEIPTS**. Please obtain the receipt or you may need a new treasurer.

All new members are asked to complete claim forms for refund of non-member surcharges, including the trips for which they have paid the non-members fees.

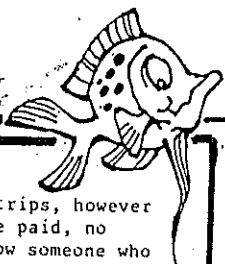
Who ever left three hankies in John Gallaway's pack at Mueller Hut can get them from the treasurer!! only if you tell her how they got there!!

NEW MEMBERS!!!!

Mary Keenan Waitahuna West RD 3 Lawe
Tracy Lineberry Purakanui Schoolhouse



"We've been refused planning permission!"



A NOTE OF GREAT IMPORTANCE FROM OUR TREASURER!!!

Trip refunds will be given out for the Ohau and Greenstone/Caples trips, however all outstanding trip fares **MUST** be paid first. Until all fares are paid, no refund can be worked out. If you think you may be a culprit or know someone who is then contact Teresa and she will gladly check it out.

REMEMBER that all trip fares **WILL** be paid prior to the trip leaving. If you don't pay then in future you're name may be left of the trip list until you do. Make the treasurer's job a lot easier and pay before the trip leaves.

OH TO BE A TRAMPER!!!

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

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





In Sympathy

ANNA LOUISE MATHIESON

2 July 1951 - 29 April 1990

It is asked of very few of us that we need face the extraordinary. Lifes' extremes, demands not from the many, a response unthinkable of in ordinary terms. Such a response though was demanded of Anna, Stuart, Gemma, Lucy and Holly.

In one brief instant all that was and had been was taken from them.

That they then did more than merely cope or manage, that they then found within themselves true courage, true fortitude and real depths of love and caring, each one for each one, gave us all much

cause for wonder and thankfulness.

We remember Anna before the accident; a person of such vitality, talent and energy and afterwards a woman of such great strength and resolve; one able to be beyond her own hurt, able still, and more to support those about her. We think of Stuart, of his resolute strength and of his determination to hold his family and not to yield to that awful despair that must surely have hovered, waiting, so often and so near.

That these things have now passed is proper cause for celebration. That our celebration is sombre still is but a measure of our own sorrowing.

Anna, Stuart, Gemma, Lucy and Holly, we call Gods' blessings upon you.

A.D.G.

Now the pain has stopped Anna, you can rest easily. We are all left to wonder at your strength. You will not be forgotten easily. Although I did not know you very well, I had a lot of admiration for you, the way you struggled to live as normally as was possible, the love you gave to your family and the smile that was never far. To Stuart, Gemma, Lucy and Holly, the future is yours to look forward to, but remember the past will not be forgotten. The suffering has now ended.

....Debbie

VIDEO'S FOR LEARNING

There are a number of video's available on tramping and safety.

The ones listed below are available through the Dunedin Visitors Centre, and those marked * can be borrowed from Ian Sime (Mountain Safety Council)

- Bushcraft Basic Bushcraft runs for 20 mins. made NZ in 1975
- * - Found Alive What to do when lost runs for 18 mins. made NZ 1989
- To Cross or Not To Cross runs for 15 mins made OUPE 1985
- Rivercrossing Introduction to techniques runs 15 mins. made NZ 1974
- Such a Stupid Way to Die Hypothermia runs 25 mins. made NZ 1971
- Outdoor First Aid runs 8 mins. made NZ 1987
- * - Ski Safe Skiing safety for beginners runs 20 mins. made NZ 1988
- Abseiling for Instructors To be used in conjunction with Abseiling handbook 1988 runs for 15 mins. made NZ 1988
- Somethin Ventured Series runs 21 mins each. made 1980
 - i. Kayaking/Hunting
 - ii. Rock climbing
 - iii. Scuba diving/ caving
 - iv. Ski mountaineering.

Then we had lunch and went back to the snow cave and had more lunch and packed up our gear and headed off back to the vans. We helped Stu get his van unstuck from the snow before heading down to Roxburgh for a compulsory ice cream stop then back to Dunedin. Over all I think we had a good trip with very good weather. Thanks guys for the great company.



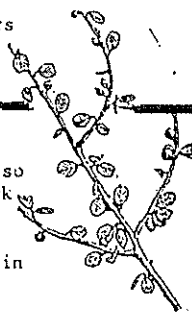
Letters to the Editor continued....

Dear Editor,

I hope the attached piece is suitable for magazine. I write with tongue in cheek about a certain school teacher, whom I've known since his school days. Even then he was hard to get rid off.

Keep up the good work as Editor, I enjoy reading about the members trips into the outback. The little drawings are a delight.

Trampers Mum.



Dear Editor,

I wonder how serious is the need to eradicate Old MANS BEARD? Also how many species are there? Recently as a group prepared for work one looked at the BOSS and said "Old mans Beard Must Go!" then slowly as only a weed could, came the reply "I think you better do a glossary for me". This type I know has entangled its vines in your club. Can a "BIC" dispose of this problem?"

Weed Killer.



I'm getting a bit disgruntled with consently having to try to motivate people for things to do with Social programme.

The supper roster is a classic example. Do you think I enjoy doing supper week after week?, hardly ever getting a break or being able to sneak away early sob. sob.

Hassling people to volunteer for things like the Debate, if you've got something you could speak about in club nights I shouldn't have to chase you. You should be approaching me! If you want the sort of social programme you've been getting to continue, get yourself motivated. Show a bit of individuality instead of coming along each week expecting it all to be laid on for you. If the supper roster was filed up next time I look, by golly I'd be eternally grateful.

It seems to me that it is easy for most of you to come along and enjoy the social programme but it's very difficult for you to put any effort into it. Think about it and act on it!!!

Your just a bit annoyed
SOCIAL SECRETARY

24-25 March 1990

Heading off from the carpark at 8-40 am we chose to cross and recross the Greenstone before heading up the true right side of the Caples. This meant we were out in the sun, unlike the other two parties who were on the true left and in the bush.

After visiting the old Birchdale homestead (another point in favour of the true right) we carried on to the Lower Caples hut, where we copied a sketch for Doug.



We headed on up to the flats stopping for lunch before pushing on to Upper Caples Hut. Crossing the caples, we ascended the well marked track over Kay Creek Gorge. After the gorge the track levels out and continues through the bush before reaching the flats. We reentered the bush and continued for another fifteen minutes before finding an ideal camping spot across the creek. The fly was erected (on the flattest spot I've camped on in years) and we set about organising our meal. Chilli Spaghetti Bolognese followed by Lolly Log and Mandarins (with cream) which was too much for us so we skipped the final course. About this time we noticed Laurie going past, whip in one hand, electric cattle prod in the other.

Overnight rain gave Dennis a chance to test his bivvy bag for waterproofing and snoring resonance. By

Sunday morning the rain had stopped. Setting out from our camp site, we followed the track for twenty five minutes before meeting Rhonda's party heading down the valley. Two minutes later we were at the rather grotty hut. At this point the track more or less peters out. After quarter of an hour in the scrub we opted for the creek bed. As far as creek beds go it is not too bad a route. At the fork we opted for a route over the cirque which involved heading up to the left to the bottom of a line of bluffs and then cutting right. Pam's party took a similar route while Lauries opted for a more direct route to the right of the creek. Coming down it would appear that our route

it's worth taking a little extra trouble to get the right angle."

would be easiest to find (ie: head right at the cirque lip, go down along the bottom of the bluffs, then cut left towards the flats).

Once atop the cirque wall, a short stroll across a tussock basin and up on easy scree slope took us to the pass. On a clear day the views of Earnslaw would be superb. The pass is overlooked by an imposing rock knob which we "named" Van Rothbard's Knob (after the bad guy in Swan Lake (GR 203001)). From the pass we followed the stream down a series of steps, wading through tussock and spaniard. None of the three parties could locate the track through the bush above the hut. At the hut we caught up with Pam's party (who were finishing their lunch). From there it was a steepish two hour descent through the bush to the road 100 m south of the bridge, not as shown on the map). All in all a great trip.

David Barnes for Anne-Marie Barnes, Les Gillespie & Dennis Price.

This is your Bulletin and to make it interesting I need lots of Trip Reports, Letters to the Editor, Recipes, Crosswords or plain gossip. If you have anything to contribute please hand it to either Debbie or Antony Pettinger at Thursday Club nights or post to 'The Editor' OTMC P O Box 1120 Dunedin: The aim of the Bulletin is to keep members informed on what is or has happened in the club.

OTMC Hot Gossip

Rumor has it that a certain few of the club members want to form their own "mile high club". Being good trampers, this means keeping their feet on land but membership is restricted to couples. Intending members are to see either Ross or Pam Cocker for further information, including first initiation.



Could the permanent smile on our vice's face mean romance is hot in the air?

Twenty years on and she's still not trained yet. Someone should have told this female what her potty was for, then maybe her nappies would have stayed dry all night!!

QUOTE OF THE MONTH:- Pam Cocker commentting to Lindsay Aitchieson about his flared trouser cuffs; "When you unroll them after supper tonight you can have a second meal".

LOST- One Gap ridge! Thought to be in the Silverpeaks area, exact whereabouts unknown. Any information regarding this, please contact the president.

Who is the only tramper that can end a four day tramp with his pack the same size as the first day in?

The Chief Guide may be able to add a bit of hieght to this one.

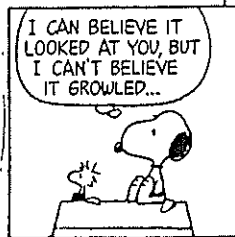
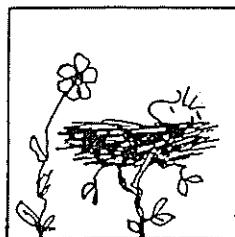


Our friend Neville couldn't wait to unload all the extra ballast in his pack at lunch on the first day of the Easter four day trip.

The reason? Three loaves of mouldy bread!!
What did the party survive on? Ask Mike Fay!!



There was a man called Dennis
Who thought he would be a meanace,
To the side of the track he did lean,
To play a new route with his head he did mean,
The only thing he did manage,
Was his head and chest he did damage.
Now to the rescue a party of two,
To tramp out and send a plane they had to do,
Our Dennis is a lucky man,
because of flying he became a great fan.
Friend Dennis looks to the future ahead,
Tramping he will not leave for dead!!



WHAT'S ON WHAT'S ON WHAT'S



SOCIAL PROGRAMME

MAY 17 COOKING COMP BEST 1 BILLY MEAL
BEST GOURMET MEAL
2 OF OUR FINEST CHEFS ARE JUDGES. PAM COCKER AND DOUG FORRESTOR (INFINATELY BRIBABLE).
NO FOOD TO LEAVE THE PREMISES UNEATEN.
BRING ALONG A BOTTLE TO LUBRICATE THE FOOD YOURSELF
AND OF COURSE THE JUDGES (SPEIGHTS DOUG???)

MAY 24 BY GOLL I'M SICK OF ORGANISING THINGS.
CLUB BUSINESS, BIT OF A GOSSIP SESSION AND AN EARLY NIGHT. OK FOLKS.

MAY 31 LYALL CAMPBELL GRAND CANYON
LYALL HAS RECENTLY VISITED THIS AREA AND HAS AGREED TO SHARE HER TRIP WITH US.

JUNE 7 WORD GAME YOU NEED A GREAT SENSE OF HUMOUR AND HEAPS OF IMAGINATION FOR THIS ONE
WHAT IS A WIBBLE, BEEN WUMPHING LATELY, JUST WHAT COULD N.O.O.F STAND FOR.
YOU MAKE UP THE WORDS, TEAMS ASSIGN DEFINITIONS TO THEM, ALL DEFINITIONS ARE READ OUT AND WE VOTE ON THE ONE THAT BEST SUITS THE WORD. POINTS IF YOUR DEFINITION IS PICKED AND A BRILLIANT PRIZE FOR THE WINNING TEAM. SO LETS COMPILE A NEW DICTIONARY. SOUND LIKE FUN. BRING ALONG QUITE A FEW BRAIN CELLS, A SENSE OF HUMOR AND HEAPS OF IMAGINATION.

JUNE 14 DEBATE YES IT'S DEFINATELY ON
TOPIC THAT WINTER TRAMPING SHOULD CONSIST OF WALKING TO THE NEAREST PUB WITH AN OPEN FIRE.
US AFFIRMATIVE (YES)
THEM NEGATIVE.
ALL I NEED NOW ARE SOME MORE SPEAKERS !!!!!
ROLL UP AND VOLUNTEER.

UPDATE ON THE TAVERN TREK

ITS DEFINATELY ON, DATES TO BE CONFIRMED IN THE NEXT COUPLE OF WEEKS
FLL BE RUNNING IT ASA PRIVATE TRIP. BUS IS 1/2 FULL ALREADY. IT'S NOW A DAY
EXCURSION. IF YOUR INTERESTED SEE ME.

CHEERS
ELSPETH 551245