

# OTMC TRIP REPORTS

## 1988

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Sourced from the 1988 OTMC Bulletins



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## INTRODUCTION

1988 was quite an active year for the OTMC, both with tramping and associated activities, as well as other activities such as moving our clubrooms twice.

In the 1987-88 tramping year, there were 24 weekend or longer trips planned, with only one being cancelled. Of the remaining 23 trips an average of almost 20 people went on each trip. Bushcraft in the late 1980's contributed to these numbers, with Barry Wybrow's 1988 course starting a run of four years where we had over 50 people on each course. Bushcraft back then was a huge undertaking, with a weekend camp at Tirohanga particularly requiring a lot of planning.

One trip featured in this collection of trip reports with a mystery cycling trip to East Otago. As it turned out, the destination was a little-known locality called Waynestown, situated on the banks of the Shag River not far past Dunback. The trip would be unrecognisable today as all but one bike was a ten-speed.

With a poor snow season in 1988, X/C skiing trips had reduced to one, and the bumper year of 1987 is now regarded as the last big year for this activity, which turned out to be slightly ironic as we had not long taken over ownership of Big Hut on the Rock and Pillar Range (the OTMC paid \$300 for the hut and sold it in 2004 for \$100).

At the start of 1988, our clubrooms were located at 261 Stuart Street – this site is now the OGHS tennis courts. We had occupied Stuart Street thanks to the goodwill of the neighbouring Otago Polytechnic, but had to vacate the building by the end of March. We found an alternate clubroom at 14 Dowling Street, but due to several factors including the fact the room was on the 3<sup>rd</sup> floor prompted the club to look for something better. We found this in the former Russell Street Sunday School rooms on the corner of Arthur and Russell Streets. The club moved here in July 1988.

There were two major discussions started in 1988, one was to do with the risk to our investments due to the economic climate at the time, and should we now actively look to purchase property (clubrooms) instead. The other was how to remove the exotic plantings on our Ben Rudd's property. Both were to be resolved over the next couple of years, but they certainly gave members plenty to think about.

Looking back, 1988 was a busy and enjoyable time in the club, and it has been quite nice to revisit the trips and people who were the OTMC then.

Antony Pettinger  
February 2021

**Cover Photo: Kay Creek Flats, looking towards the Caples River and pass that leads to Steele Creek, February 6, 1988 (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**



## EVANSDALE GLEN

**January 31, 1988**

**Author: Ian Sime**

Published in Bulletin 463, February 1988

A pleasant but uneventful trip on a scorching, calm day. 24km and half an hour to the Glen picnic ground. A 45min stroll, mainly through long grass, up Carey's Creek to the foot of the Rongomai Ridge. Short steepish climb to the spur, then easier going to where the Interpretive Walk links Rongomai with Honeycomb Ridge. A cool, well-formed walk around the valley basin in varied native bush, with some of the trees labelled, to lunch at the stream 2 minutes before the Honeycomb track. Delightfully cool sitting on the wooden bridge in the shade. Then more or less level for quite a way, before a very steep but well stepped drop back to Carey's Creek. Track downstream mainly in beautiful bush beside the creek to the Rongomai junction. 6 hours away from the car, taken quietly with lots of rests.

Ian Sime for Sandy Gordon, Evan Ley, Chris Godley.



A section of the Rongomai Track (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)

## ROCKCLIMBING 1987-88

**Author: Simon Thomas**

Published in Bulletin 463, February 1988

Ever since the rockclimbing instruction course last October, a group of us keen bods have spent as much time as we can down at Long Beach practising our climbing techniques.

The enthusiasm and determination I feel for the sport (which is shared by many others) would not have been made possible without the instructors, like John Pohl, who assisted me with my first climbs, John Robinson and Gary Nixon, who showed me the various knots and secure fastenings. I also firmly believe that my enthusiasm and interest into the more technical side of climbing have been nurtured under the guidance of Andy Beecroft, to whom I owe profound thanks. His patience, motivation and good advice have helped me a great deal in some of my most frustrating moments rockclimbing. I am sure that I also speak for the many others whom he has helped and with whom he has shared his knowledge and wisdom. He is a great teacher.



**Simon Thomas rock-climbing at Long Beach, early 1988 (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

More recently, I have become more interested in the more technical side of climbing, leading and seconding climbs, a rather dramatic change from top roping. Having to put in protection as you ascend is a much more complicated process. Not only do you have to consider the problem of your next move, but you also have to consider where to place your wedges (jammuts) to protect you in the event of a fall. When it is your own safety that's at stake, and your own responsibility, one takes particular care to ensure that everything is OK.



One gains a great sense of achievement after leading a climb and getting to the top in one piece. This is probably why some climbers get bored with top roping and find their greater rewards in leading climbs.

You may think that rockclimbing sounds very risky but, although some risk is inevitable, with sound technique it can be made very safe and become a very enjoyable sport and social event.

So, if rockclimbing sounds like your idea of fun, come on down to Long Beach on a Wednesday night or on a weekend and give it a go - you may really enjoy it!!



**Arthur Blondell, Sue Harding and Michelle Williams at Long Beach, early 1988 (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

## VISITING YOUNG TAI (GET ON 'YER BIKE)

**January 30-31, 1988**

**Author: Debbie Williams**

Published in Bulletin 463, February 1988

The day dawned hot. As I walked up to the top of the Old Mt Cargill Road I was soon caught up by 13 energetic cyclists. After a short rest, it was a fast, easy ride down to Waitati and a bumpy road to Evansdale where we had a refreshing water fight started by . . . guess who! From there it was a ride up to the top of Karitane Hill which gave us a superb view of the coast. A speedy ride down to Karitane and onto Waikouaiti with a short break before a hot but enjoyable ride to Palmerston, a stop for a mammoth ice cream and lunch at the park for all.

The rest of the day was easy with a flat ride to Camp Armstrong, stopping at a crib just past the camp. The heat was terrific so a cool swim at the crib was greatly appreciated, followed by a cycling photo stop (everyone certainly got to know that piece of road well!). Next stop was Dunback only 5 minutes down the road. While sitting outside, the shop owner opened his doors early and so once again, it was time ice creams all round again. Only 2kms further and we were at our destination - Waynestown!



Photo run-by on sharp corner before Dunback – L-R Simon Thomas, Andrew Houston, Antony Pettinger, Michelle Williams, Debbie Williams, Sue Harding, Spen Walker, Bill Robertson, Bill Provan, Doug Forrester, Heather Robertson

(PHOTO by Marie Forrester – Doug Forrester Collection)



After another refreshing swim, we had a great BBQ thanks to the male chefs and a quiet drink by the fire. Next morning, we were greeted by a clear blue sky and not a sign of wind. Amazingly enough no sore muscles either! It was a fast ride back to Palmerston and after a short rest, back to Waikouaiti. A short visit to Graham Hopkin's before it was onto the beach at Karitane. Afterwards a hard, slow ride back up Karitane Hill to the lookout and then down to Evansdale for lunch and onto Waitati. Before heading up the Old Mt Cargill Road we had a short dip in the Waitati School pool. On arrival at the lookout over Port Chalmers, it was unanimously decided that the ride up was easier than first thought. From here it was a pleasant ride back to town. Total riding time on Sunday was about 3.5 hours.

A pleasant soothing spa and pot-luck stir fry BBQ was enjoyed by all at Sue's place. Thanks to Doug and Marie for a well-organised and enjoyable trip. I know I can't wait for the next trip and I know others feel the same.

Debbie Williams for Doug and Marie Forrester, Spen Walker and Jane Bruce, Bill and Heather Robertson, Antony Pettinger, Michelle Williams, Geoff Brookes, Chris Pearson, Andrew Houston, Sue Harding and Bill Provan.



**Waynestown, beside the Shag River, January 30, 1988 (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

## CYCLE TRIPS ARE 'IN'

**January 30-31, 1988**

**Author: Bill Provan**

Published in Bulletin 463, February 1988

Doug was determined to turn on great weather for the weekend of his cycle trip so he invited me along - of course Huey obliged with a scorcher of a weekend.

14 of us gathered on our machines of varying ages and conditions. (The machines or the people? - Ed?) at the Gardens. This was to be a luxury trip with all our gear being loaded onto the Forrester trailer with Marie at the helm. There is nothing like a grunt to start so it was first gear up Mt Cargill Road. Sweat soon poured freely and we all wondered what the hell we were doing here, although some did not find it much of a problem and Antony, Michelle, Chris, Susan and Geoff were soon in a breakaway group. It was with relief that the top was reached and after a rest it was high speed down to Waitati. We then encountered an evil, very rough and rocky stretch of road where reconstruction was taking place - no problems for a mountain bike! Chris got the first puncture of the trip. The rest of us gathered at Evansdale and filled in the time with water fights started by Susan and terrorising a local kid on her wee BMX - she wasn't keen on swapping.

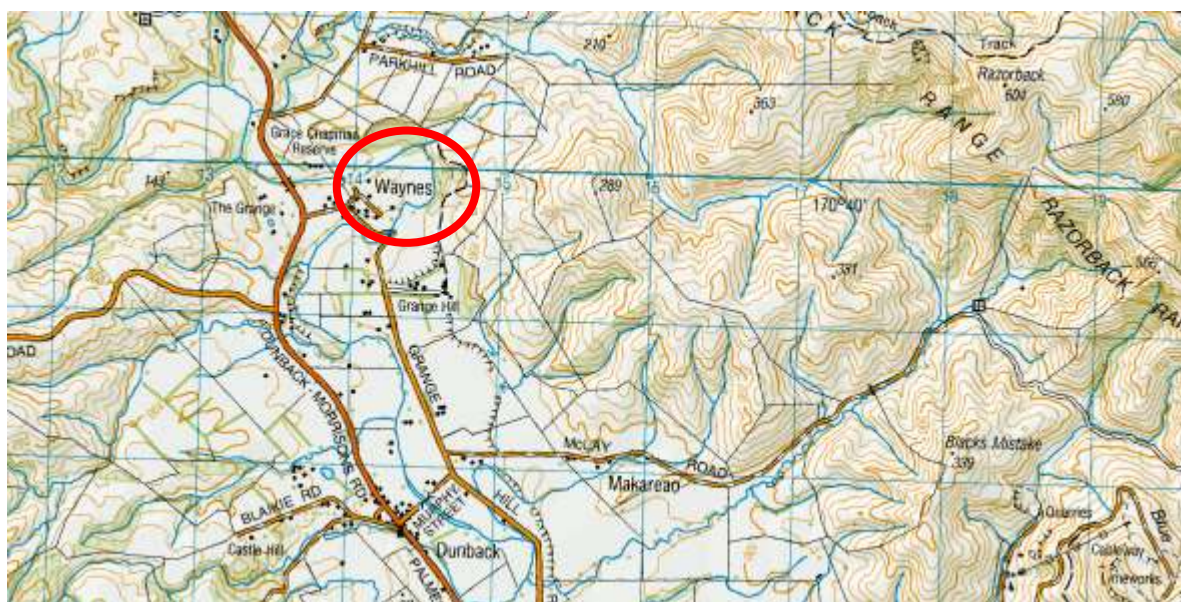


**Puketeraki Lookout (Coast Road), January 30, 1988 – L-R Marie Forrester, Bill Provan, Doug Forrester (obscured), Sue Harding, Chris Pearson, Heather Robertson (obscured), Geoff Brookes, Simon Thomas, Bill Robertson (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**



Another grunt over the coast road up to Seacliff. The lookout over Karitane was worth the stop before another 'speed' section down to Karitane and onto Waikouaiti. Although it was meant to be a leisurely pace between Waikouaiti and Palmerston, very good time was made on this section - it may have been due to the desire for ice creams! The flavours, however, left something to be desired - rhubarb and custard! Wot next?!

A leisurely lunch was enjoyed at Palmerston before heading to Dunback and we were all feeling the heat by the time we reached the crib where Debbie and Michelle's parents were staying, an idyllic spot on the banks of the Shag River. The swimming hole was very inviting - so good it was difficult to get motivated to carry on. More ice creams at Dunback before heading for our camping spot at Waynestown also on the banks of the Shag. It was a perfect evening of swimming, drinking and eating BBQ food in a most relaxing atmosphere. Doug led the joke session, some of which were even funny! My enforced drinking was not so enjoyed. A few pitched tents but many slept under the stars. Tranquillity was disturbed with the local hoons arriving at 3 am.



A leisurely BBQ brekkie the next morning and back on the road again. Good time was made to Palmerston and Waikouaiti, a quick visit to Graham Hopkins before heading to Karitane where some braved the surf voluntarily and I, involuntarily. The grunt up Karitane Hill was shorter than expected and lunch was enjoyed in the shade at Evansdale. The Waitati School swimming pool was welcome but we didn't stay cool for long with the long grind up Mt Cargill Road but, again, it wasn't as bad as we dreaded. Celebrated the success of the trip at the top with a wine cooler and then the quick trip down into NEV.

Thanks everyone for a most enjoyable and relaxing trip weekend which was finished in perfect style with a spa and BBQ at Susan's during the weekend and joining in the fun.

Bill Provan for Doug & Marie Forrester, Spen & Jane Walker, Antony & Debbie Pettinger, Michelle Williams, Bill & Heather Robertson, Chris Pearson, Geoff Brookes, Andrew Houston and not forgetting the Club's biggest stirrer - Susan Harding!



## TOUR D'EAST OTAGO

January 30-31, 1988

Author: Bill Provan

Published in Bulletin 463, February 1988

The following is the Official Prize List for the cycling weekend to Dunback on 30th and 31st January 1988.

### Sponsored prizes:

The **POPULAR MECHANICS** Award to Chris Pearson for a puncture and a broken gear cable.

The **ELIOT GOBLIT COOKING PRIZE** to Doug Forrester for his efforts with his with his gas powered barbecue work.

The **MINERAL DIETARY SUPPLEMENTS AWARD** to Heather Robertson for dropping half the vegetables in the gravel.

The **TIP-TOP PRIZE** shared by Michelle Williams and Sue Harding for causing an icecream shortage in Palmerston

### Main List:

**HANDICAPPERS PRIZE** for the most self-imposed hardships to Bill Provan for use of a mountain bike on a long-distance road trip, and for stirring so much that the rest of the party was forced to throw him into both the Shag River and sea at Karitane

**CONSERVATION PRIZE** to Jack Spruyt of the Waikouaiti dairy for his efforts in discouraging visitors to the area.

**GANNET PRIZE** to Simon Thomas for making sure there were no leftovers. (Previous title holder, Bill Provan, shower poor form by having to be prompted to finish a cheesecake)

**BEST / WORST JOKE PRIZE** to Doug Forrester for his dog biscuit and zebra jokes (Needless to say, neither are printable (Just try me - ED)).

**HARE AND TORTOISE AWARD** to Chris Pearson for starting most stages at the back of the field and finishing at the front.

\*\*\*\*\***FIRST PRIZE**\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\***FIRST PRIZE**\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\***FIRST PRIZE**\*\*\*\*\*

**FIRST PRIZE** to Doug and Marie Forrester, with mascot Jodie, the wonder dog, for organising a terrific weekend, for carrying all our gear by car, for the great swimming spots and even arranging the great, top weather.



At Waynestown – L-R Marie & Doug Forrester, Michelle Williams, Simon Thomas, Bill Provan and Sue Harding, January 30, 1988 (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)



On Mt Cargill Road – L-R: Simon Thomas, Bill Robertson, Andrew Houston, Heather Robertson, Geoff Brookes, Doug Forrester, Jodi (the dog), Marie Forrester, Chris Pearson, Spen Walker, Bill Provan, Sue Harding, Debbie Williams, Antony Pettinger (PHOTO by Michelle Williams)

# MMMARATHON

**February 13, 1988**

**Author: Antony Pettinger**

Published in Bulletin 464, March 1988

Date - 13 February 1988

Time - 4:30 am

Sound familiar folks? Yes, you guessed it, the OTMC marathon for 1988 - a gruelling 60 kilometre walk or run with a mere 10,000ft rise and fall. Not bad on a fine day - but on a wet one?

Well, despite the weather forecast, six of us set off from Booth Road (Pineapple track end) in heavy fog which seemed to clear as we approached Flagstaff. But it was only a short reprieve because a thunder and lightning storm struck around 5:00am with torrential rain. Needless to say, we all got drenched but we still pressed on, totally oblivious to the weather (the lightning actually showed up the track and surrounding area quite well). Soon enough, the rain began to ease and by the time we were approaching Powder Hill, it had virtually stopped but, although it was light, visibility would have only been about 30 metres. This was the testing part with the map and compass being required (I can only relate this part of the journey second hand as I travelled over an "alternative route"!!).



Saddle Hill and Mosgiel from Boulder Hill (photo not from Marathon Day 1988! (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)



From Powder Hill, the route follows a farm road to the west of Powder Hill running north. You then pass the old Pyramid Hut site and head for Poplar Hut (one poplar still standing although a road runs right past now). You then follow a farm track and head up Mt John, from there descending down the zigzag track to Mt John Hut. The route then takes you up Christmas Creek and on to the Homestead Hut. Continuing, it is up to ABC Cave and round to the Gap. Now I decided that this route was a bit boring and seeing that I had never been down to the Salisbury region, I decided to go there. I dropped off Powder Hill and promptly, but inadvertently, went south, visiting Ferny Hill (a hill with a long dead-end road). Following the railway line, I headed to Salisbury and over Boulder Hill. After traversing the hill, I walked along Long Ridge to Pulpit Rock.



**Rocky Ridge, looking south from Gap Saddle – this area is the northern-most section of the traditional OTMC Silver Peaks Marathon (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

Now the others took the “conventional” route and after a couple of navigational problems (eh, Bill) ended up at the Gap where to greet them were Peter and Ross. From here, they travelled along Rocky Ridge and the grind through Pulpit Rock, Green Hut, Swampy and back to Booth Road. We all arrived back in varying degrees of fitness between 4:30pm and 8:30pm. Not bad when you consider the poor visibility and all the map and compass work.

It was a good thing that the poor weather continued for another day because I doubt that any of us could have made it to the Club Picnic let alone rock climb. My thanks (& congratulations) to Arthur Blondell, Ian Sime, Simon Thomas, Bill Provan and Michelle Williams for doing the Marathon; to Peter Mason and Ross Cocker for providing moral support at the Gap; to Ken and

Debbie Williams for stationing themselves at Green Hut; to Jeanne Mason and Shirley Stuart for being there at the end and Mike Floate for his concern when some weren't back at 7pm.

So the next one is in November - see you there!!!!

Antony Pettinger



Looking towards the Mt John section of the Marathon Route from Pulpit Rock (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)



Poplar Hut, passed on the Marathon Route before the climb to Mt John (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)



## CAPLES, KAY & SCOTT CREEKS

**February 6-7, 1988**

**Author: Geoff Aimers**

Published in Bulletin 464, March 1988

Saturday dawned fine and warm but our party walked in the shade of the valley walls at the start of the Caples track; this continued for most of the morning. We followed and climbed a well-marked track up Kay Creek through scrub and, finally, tussock and scree. Death Valley taunted us so we boulder-hopped and finally grunted up a steep hill towards a saddle at the head of Scott Basin. After delicious fresh veges, some of us slept out under the stars. Next morning, we had time to spare so three of us climbed up to the head of Death Valley which looked quite accessible after all - the rest left their packs further on and four scrambled up a craggy peak in the Humboldt Mountains. Kathy's party caught up with us as we descended into Scott Creek and after a few false leads we headed out across farmland for a refreshing dip under the bridge. Overall, a "perfect" tramp which caught Heather out wanting a bivvy bag and Tony a wide-angled lens.

Geoff Aimers for Bill & Heather Robertson and Tony Perry.



Caples River, across from the Upper Caples Hut, L-R: Therese Egan, Bill Provan, (PHOTO by Michelle Williams)



## **CAPLES – KAY CREEK – SCOTT CREEK CROSSOVER**

**February 6-7, 1988**

**Author: Antony Pettinger**

Contemporary 2021 Report

Note: the reason I was prompted to write this report 33 years after the trip is to describe what a wonderful valley Kay Creek used to be. It is still a nice valley, but the big floods of 1994 took a lot of the charm away for me, particularly with the mid-valley flats.

It was always a relief to get to the Greenstone road end – in 1988 the tar-seal was a long way short of Glenorchy, and in summer it was a long and dusty van ride around the head of Lake Wakatipu to the road-end. There were 26 trampers on this trip, and I was joined in my party by Therese Egan, Bill Provan and Debbie & Michelle Williams.

The weather for this Waitangi Weekend trip was brilliant, and several parties opted for the Kay Creel / Scott Creek crossover, linking the Caples and Dart Valleys. As we planned to camp on the saddle at the head of Scott Creek it was early away, and a quick trip up the Caples. We opted to cross the Caples on the bridge and headed up the true right-hand side of the valley. This is open ground and seemed quicker than the track on the other side of the river. Before long we had a break at the Old Birchdale Homestead, about a kilometre below the Mid Caples Hut.



**True right side of the Caples, just upstream from Greenstone junction, February 6, 1988  
(PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

We arrived too early for lunch at Upper Caples Hut, and with the river nice and low splashed across the Caples to Kay Creek instead of using the bridge. The 1988 track stayed closer to Kay Creek than it does now, and it was very pleasant following the side of the creek to the lower valley flats. The flats are about halfway between the Caples and Kay Creek Hut, and were lovely grassy flats, with good views Ailsa Mountains and the saddle that leads to Steele Creek. In January 1994, ex-tropical Cyclone Rewa passed over the South Island and caused major damage to many tramping areas. One well known remnant is the 'big slip' on the Routeburn Track between the Flats and Falls huts. Cyclone Rewa also transformed Kay and Scott Creeks so much I struggled to recognise they were the same valleys three years later. The cyclone certainly removed much of the charm of these valleys.



**Outside the old Birchdale Homestead, true right side of the Caples – L-R: Geoff Aimers, Debbie Williams, Bill Provan, Tony Perry, Bill & Heather Robertson (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

After a short stop at the bushline (Kay Creek Hut) and a gaze over towards Death Valley, it was on and up to the saddle, where we planned to camp. This involves an easy creek-bash, followed by picking a route to the saddle while avoiding the bluffs (certainly easier to do going up rather than coming down).

I seem to recall arriving around 6pm after about 10 hours tramping. The weather was so perfect we didn't bother with the fly, and just bivvied out below the stars.

The good run of weather continued into Sunday, and as we thought it would only take 2-3 hours to get down Scott Creek we decided to have a look around the area. We packed up and headed towards Scott Basin, where we left Debbie basking in the sun. The rest of us scrambled up the Humboldt Mountains, hoping to get a good view over the head of Lake Wakatipu, and of course a better view of Earnslaw.



The route up was OK, and eventually we reached a small peak at around 6,000ft (shown on the modern map as pt 1855m). We were certainly rewarded with the views we had hoped for, and a bit of time was spent taking photos and soaking up the view.



The flats in Kay Creek, looking downstream, top photo L-R: Debbie Williams, Antony Pettinger, Bill Provan (PHOTO by Michelle Williams), lower photo – post 1994 flood (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)



Back down for lunch with Debbie, and a quickish trip down Scott Creek. This creek was also damaged badly by the 1994 floods, with the side creeks being blown out and now have deep ravines to cross – these were all innocent 'jump across' creeks in 1988.



**Lunchtime in Kay Creek, L-R Debbie Williams, Michelle Williams, Therese Egan February 6, 1988  
(PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

Out to the Routeburn Road before the appointed time of 4pm, and we had time to walk back to the Dart Bridge to meet up with the vans.

This was a trip that is still remembered fondly today. Antony P for Debbie & Michelle Williams, Therese Egan and Bill Provan.



**View from Kay Creek Hut, looking towards the saddle that leads to Scott Creek, February 6, 1988  
(PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**



**Scrambling up the Humboldt's, with Michelle Williams and Bill Provan heading up, February 7, 1988  
(PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**





**View from the Humboldt's, Lake Sylvan, Dart River, Mt Earnslaw / Pikirakatahi and through to Mt Aspiring / Tititeta, February 7, 1988 (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**



**Lake Wakatipu and the Richardson Mountains from the Humboldt's, February 7, 1988 (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**





Descending back to Scott Basin, February 7, 1988 (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)



Scott Basin and Mt Earnslaw / Pikirakatahi, February 7, 1988 (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)

## MAVORA LAKES

**November 20-21, 1987**

**Author: Simon Thomas**

Published in Bulletin 464, March 1988

After some commotion about who was going to go in which van, we finally left at about 6:15pm on the Mavora Lakes trip which was later to become known (by our group at any rate) as "Remembrance", in remembrance of those things forgotten. For some reason, whilst in the van, the topic turned to food whereupon we discovered we had 5 (5!) loaves of bread! How on earth were we going to eat 5 loaves of bread in one weekend? Anyhow, we arrived at the lakes at about 10:30 and bivvied out for the night.

Up early on Saturday morning (apart from the 3 young ones) and then we were dropped off by the van further down the road after deciding to leave 3 loaves behind. After travelling for 1 ½ to 2 hours, we decided that we had missed the turnoff to the track leading up a prominent ridge to the bushline. After backtracking for 10-15 minutes, Barry and I found what looked like the track, and after Barry had examined it from all angles, we decided that it was the track and that there was no shame in having missed it because of the lack of markers (which we later discovered was intentional). We left a few arrows for the other parties and I led the way. After a while we met Kathy's, Keith's and some other parties coming towards us. What the hell was going on? They informed us that they were coming from where the van dropped them off! No wonder we'd found the track unmarked, we were going the wrong way! Eventually, Antony found what seemed to be the right track and after a steep grunt and a little bush-bashing we reached the top in perfect summer weather.



At the bushline below Mt Cerberus, L-R Bill Houston, Simon Thomas, Barry Wybrow and Debbie Williams – November 20, 1987 (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)





**Looking up the Mararoa Valley through to Mt Earnslaw from the summit of Mt Cerberus, November 20, 1987  
(PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

A stop for a well-deserved lunch and then the cry “who’s got the other loaf of bread!”. It then transpired that we only started out with 4 loaves of bread, 3 were left in the van (Barry’s bright idea) and so we only had one left for the weekend! Bill was muttering “where did I get the idea that I’d bought 5 loaves?”.



**Campsite in the Whitestone, November 20, 1987 (PHOTO by Debbie Williams)**



After lunch, we climbed Cerberus and got some magnificent views of the surrounding area including Mt Aspiring on the horizon. We marched onwards, uphill for a while and then downhill all the way to our campsite. This via a 500ft scree slope leaving clouds of dust behind us and a final boulder-hop before pitching our tent after a long 10-hour day.



**Relaxing in the Whitestone, L-R: Barry Wybrow, Bill Houston, Antony Pettinger, November 20, 1987  
(PHOTO by Debbie Williams)**

Up early again the next morning and off down river where we met David Peacock's party just breaking camp. We decided to have a brew when Barry decided to put a huge rock in David's pack. We all bust ourselves whilst he packed his pack, apparently oblivious to the presence of the rock. We then parted company with David and all his little peacocks (They were all peahens - Ed). Debbie and I led, practising our map-reading, for the rest of the day.

We met up with Dave's party again later in the day and I asked him "how are the rock samples?". He did not seem to understand, and I thought this guy must be thick if he hasn't found the rock, but no - it was a TRAP! 3 full billies of water and Lisa "Thunderstorm" Scott and we were soaked. But Antony dropped his pack, grabbed David and into the river with him. (No hard feelings, eh Dave?).

Simon Thomas for Bill Houston, Debbie Williams, Antony Pettinger and Barry Wybrow.

## MAVORA LAKES (TAKE 2)

**November 20-21, 1987**

**Author: Elspeth Gold**

Published in Bulletin 464, March 1988

Awoke early Saturday to a peacock chirping and rare two-footed bill-bashing bird. Oh yum, muesli for breakfast with entertainment provided by David Peacock budging just one more cuppa off each party. Packed up and on our merry way. Bill Robertson's and Keith Robert's parties travelled together - 10 of us in all. We crossed the south lake and bush-bashed up the ridge. A lovely lunch above the bushline where we met Bill Houston's party (the big bread eaters).

Worked up the ridge in soaring temperatures until, just below Mt Cerberus, we found two lovely tarns - one just perfect for swimming. A perfect campsite. Heather headed off for a swim and Bill took advantage to hand around water pistols, party hats and silly whistles that sounded like ducks. We were all set to surprise Heather because it was her birthday. So there was much singing, silly noises and water-pistols ambushes. A yummy tea followed and then a compulsory gossip session over a bottle of Drambuie that Bill had thoughtfully brought. A good night's sleep was had by all.



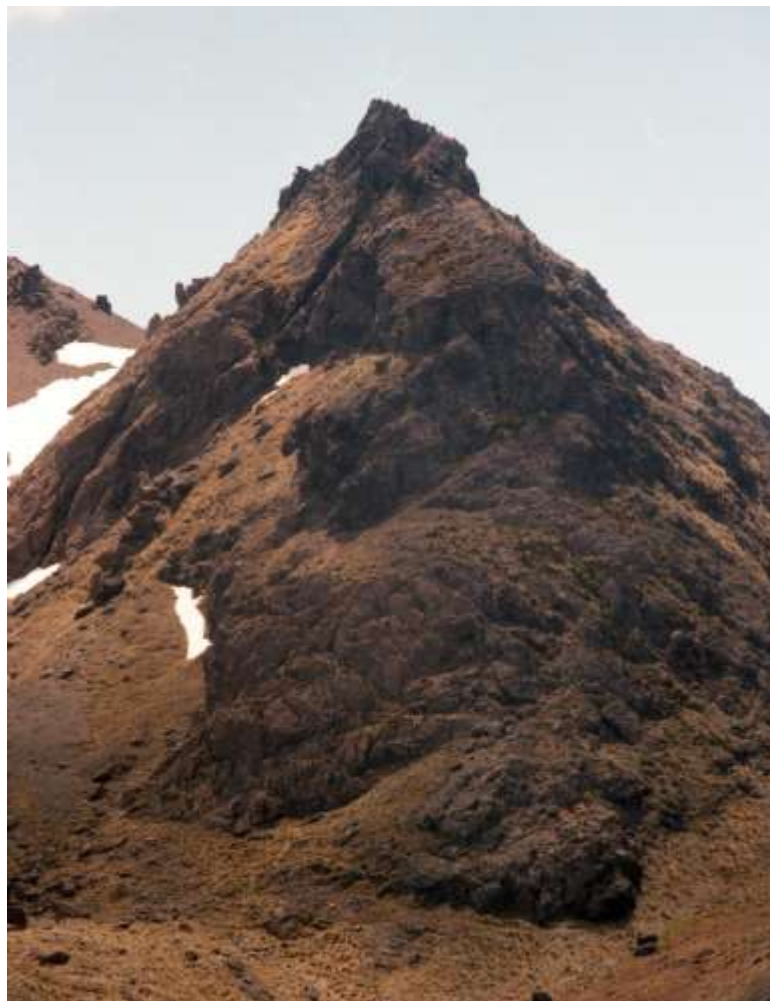
**Jane Peak in the western Eyre Mountains, from Mt Cerberus, November 20, 1987 (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

Next morning, some paradise ducks were attracted by our whistling and we had quite a conversation with them. Compulsory-loaded pistols and party hats were the order of the day. It was a quieter stroll down the north lake with lots of pistol refuelling stops. A very leisurely lunch with swimming and sun-bathing.



Went to pick up Jane and Spen's party, water pistols and party hats at the ready; ambushed them and onto the next victims. As soon as Barry saw us, he emptied his water bottle over us. A very enjoyable weekend, thanks to everyone

By Elspeth Gold



**Mt Cerberus (outlier?), November 20, 1987 (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**



## **BUSHCRAFT 1988 (MR BUSHCRAFT REFLECTS)**

**February – March 1988**

**Author: Barry Wybrow**

Published in Bulletin 465, April 1988

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 on 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 we remained pragmatic - my heartfelt thanks to him.



The evaluation forms and feedback received from the participants 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 Silver Peaks and Fiordland trip reports now that blowouts, broken-down buses, sandflies, 'Fiordland sunshine' are all conveniently forgotten.

Barry Wybrow, Bushcraft Coordinator

## **A BUSHCRAFTEE'S VIEW**

**February – March 1988**

**Author: Caroline Kenyon**

Published in Bulletin 465, April 1988

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 Bushcrafters 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 map reading-tent pitching- lighting stoves-orienteeing-river crossing on metalled roads(!)-fire lighting-lunch-barn dancing-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 business and cooperation was, for me, a significant feature. On the first night, someone in my cabin of 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 Bushcrafters 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 Silver Peaks 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 tramping 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 fanbelt 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 (ahhh), 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 that they had spent a similar Saturday night - how do I persuade the folks at work that I actually enjoy this?



**Bushcraft Silver Peaks 1988, February 27, 1988 (PHOTO by Michelle Williams)**

The Bushcraft '88 course more than fulfilled my expectations. I feel we unarguably got our money's worth and the organisers should have few qualms about raising the fee next year although I can only say that with hindsight, and we all know that hindsight is always 20-20. The seemingly infinite patience and helpfulness of the leaders and the efficient organisation of the course were impressive. Respect for New Zealand's countryside was evident in our tutors and the Minimum Impact Code was impressed firmly upon us well as the importance of being watchdogs over commercial enterprises which might exploit the land in a harmful and selfish way. It was a feather in the cap of the Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club and the Otago Polytechnic and of course Barry Wybrow.

Caroline Kenyon (Bushcrafter '88)



## **FIORDLAND (MISTAKE – HUT CREEKS I)**

**March 12-13, 1988**

**Author: Paul Barton**

Published in Bulletin 465, April 1988

My group hopped off the bus at 2am Saturday and tramped in the dark for 20 minutes to reach the Eglinton River where we had the daunting prospect of crossing a three-wire bridge in the dark. This was quite horrendous for me for it was the first time that I had ever encountered the beast. But it all went without incident and the five of us, 3 Bushcrafters, Ian Sime and myself, pitched our tent about 3am.



**3-Wire bridge across the West Eglinton (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

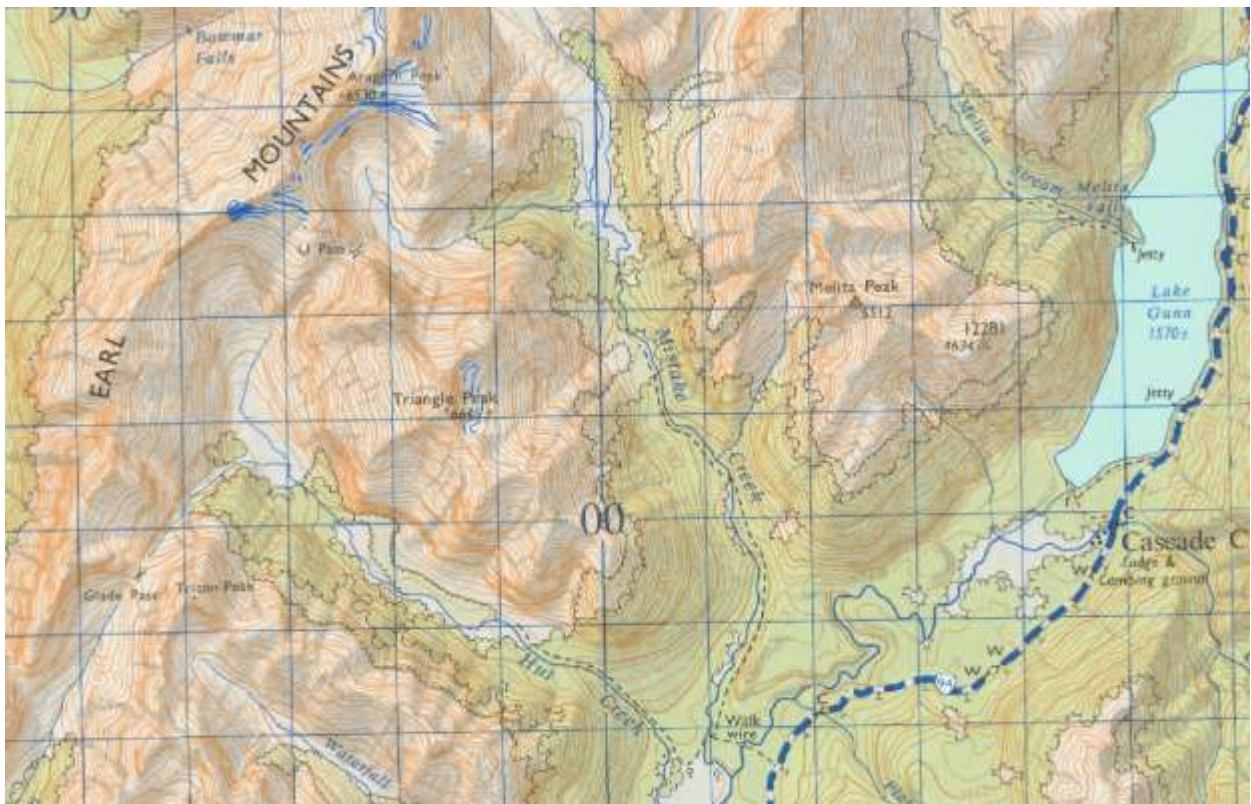
We decided to do day walks (no pack!) and on Saturday we walked up Hut Creek. Along through a couple of beech forests and up a rockslide before we reached the upper basin. There were some superb views of the approaches to U Pass as well as the fault line that runs up Glade Valley. By the time we had returned to the campsite, the rain had truly set in for the rest of the day. Unfortunately, Ian had forgotten to bring the attachments for the fly but an innovative Bushcrafter was able to improvise an attachment from the branch of a beech. In spite of the rain, we managed to have dinner and we were all in our sleeping bags by 8.30pm.

Luckily the rain had cleared by Sunday morning, we decided to walk up Mistake Creek. After reaching a ford in the creek, we split up into two separate parties. Ian and I walked as far as a clearing just before the beginning of the climb to U Pass. The scenery of Mistake Creek was not as good as that of Hut Creek. Nevertheless, I still managed to see some spectacular waterfalls running down the side of the valley.

One of the things that I enjoyed about the tramp was the wonderful birdlife in the Eglington valley. We could hear bellbirds in the trees and kea in the distance. We also saw tomtits and bush robins that came to investigate our campsite.

We packed up after 2pm and we were out by 3.05pm by the side of the road in the teeming rain. I would like to thank Ian on behalf of all the group for the work that he put into the tramp to make it enjoyable.

By Paul Barton





## FIORDLAND (MISTAKE – HUT CREEKS II)

**March 12-13, 1988**

**Author: Geoff Brookes**

Published in Bulletin 465, April 1988

Our party of five had shrunk to three by Friday night and the late withdrawals caused problems with food, and although we off-loaded some, we ended up carrying more than we needed. Upon arrival 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. Anyhow the former technique may be useful for bush survival!



U Pass from the Mistake Creek side, March 13, 1988 (PHOTO by Doug Forrester)

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 waterfall; 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 500 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 Hut Creek was straight forward but with a lot of boulder hopping and sore feet at the bottom.



**Head of Hut Creek and Glade Pass from U Pass, March 13, 1988 (PHOTO by Doug Forrester)**

We had lunch on the alley 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!

Doug Forrester, Neil Brown and Geoff Brookes



## SILVER PEAKS (HIGHTOP – MOUNTAIN RD)

**M-F – More Moderate, Less Fit!!**

**February 27-28, 1988**

**Author: Blair Donkin**

Published in Bulletin 465, April 1988

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 Silver Peaks 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!) Whilst cooking tea, we discovered that we had plenty of moo juice - about 15L courtesy of Darcy!

On Sunday, we were away by 8.40am for the grind to Hermit's Cave and a short stop, then onto 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 onto the Gap and ABC Cave where we refilled with H<sub>2</sub>O, 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!



**Hermits Cave rock-tors from Devils Staircase – in the late 1980's it was relatively easy to climb directly from Cave Stream to the cave and Rocky Ridge, the current vegetation has changed this (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

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!"

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



**Cave Stream in the late 1980's, looking towards Christmas Creek and Bendoran – original Jubilee Hut is just right of centre (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**



**Waiting for the bus, top of the Tunnels Track looking towards the Silver Peaks, February 28, 1988 (PHOTO by Michelle Williams)**



# REPORT FOR TRIP TO FIORDLAND

**March 12-13, 1988**

**Author: Marc Wheeler**

Published in Bulletin 465, April 1988

Leader: David Peacock

Co Leader: Bill Robertson

Bushcrafters: Helen Dawson, Les Smith, Marc Wheeler

Friday Night - Left clubrooms in Dunedin at 6.20pm. Arrived in Gore at 8.30pm for tea and left at 9pm for Te Anau. About 20kms out of Mossburn we had a mechanical failure and had to have another bus brought 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 1.35am on Saturday morning and we were all asleep by 2.32am. 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 heart-warming breakfast we started up the Routeburn Track to Key Summit. Our group left camp at 8.17am 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 minutes later after them. At this time the rain was still quite persistent. By the time we got to the Greenstone-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.



Greenstone Valley, looking downstream to Lake McKellar (PHOTO by Doug Forrester)

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 2am on Sunday morning

Saturday night - After a cuppa, tea was started with a lovely main course of 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. 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 to cross it. We departed camp at 8.10am and on the way down Marc lost his balance and toppled over a bank landing about one foot from the river's edge. We progressed to walk along the track till we got to a creek about half a kilometre from the Greenstone-Routeburn Track. At this point we were pushed to our limits as we 'bush bashed' our way up 110ft of bush. At the top of the Livingstone's we decided to stop but our leader, David was relentless in not giving us a rest and so we plodded on for nearly another kilometre 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 lose balance for a few seconds.

Sunday afternoon - we travelled further on to Key Summit and 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 Mistake 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 a mess. We got to Gore and had our tea. Arrived in Dunedin a little after 10.20pm and all dispersed for home.

By Marc Wheeler

## **FIORDLAND: THE BUSHCRAFTEE'S LAMENT**

**March 14-15, 1987**

**Author: John Galloway**

Published in Bulletin 465, April 1988

Bushcraftees 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 rivercrossing a go  
But then the Tutuko was relatively low,  
To the 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 sill  
Compared to the Tutuko running fill  
Rolling boulders make an awesome sound  
As we Bushcraftees 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  
Made cons under tent fly, we had not  
Runnin' 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 anywhere

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.



**Improvised shelter, historic Tutuko suspension bridge – L-R: John Galloway, Simon Thomas, Rhonda Robinson, March 14, 1988 (PHOTO by Michelle Williams)**

## CAPLES TRIP

**February 6-7, 1988**

**Author: John Galloway**

Published in Bulletin 466, April 1988

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 slog up a scree slope (fortunately chunky stuff so not too much backsliding) topped off with a bit of rock climbing! 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!!)



**Looking towards the Scott Basin from Scott Creek, February 7, 1988 (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

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

Upon meeting two 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 'helpful draw a maze of bluffs, gorges and all those obstacles that make an already arduous trip memorable across their route ahead. Willing 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.



**Flats beside Kay Creek, just above Kay Creek Hut (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

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 EE

*(Mary Hewinson's party)*

Elspeth EE

Jan EE

John Galloway for Bill Houston and Arnd Heyer



## MATUKITUKI VALLEY

**April 1-4, 1988**

**Author: Marc Wheeler**

Published in Bulletin 466, April 1988

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 8.30am and met up with several other parties waiting to cross the West Branch of the Matukituki. All followed Ken Mason, the magic crosser 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 breath-taking. Later we discussed the route we were to take up Hester Pinney Creek to Dragonfly Peak. With the poor weather, this plan was abandoned.



Heading across Cameron Flat – East Matukituki Valley (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)

Saturday - Up early at 8am 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 8am and back to the car. Crossing the river was easier as it had dropped quite a lot. We drove to Raspberry Flat where there were a lot of cars.



**Rob Roy Glacier from Rob Roy Stream, West Matukituki Valley (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

We crossed the new bridge over the river and then up to the head of Rob Roy Stream and it's 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

## EAST MATUKITUKI

**April 1-4, 1988**

**Author: Kathy Woodrow**

Published in Bulletin 466, April 1988

We all set off from Dunedin with some of the others and had a reunion at the Shark and Tatie ship in Alex. Later, Cameron Flat was located in the gloom and being the first to arrive we had plenty of room to spread out. David "Barns" arrived and observed our efforts in the blustery wind and 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 (David Peacock), Heather Robertson, Teresa Wasilewska and Jane Simpson marched in and crossed so eventually we followed suit and crossed.



**The West Matukituki at Cameron Flat – if the river can't be crossed here there is a bridge upstream at the OBHS hostel (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

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 1lb 12oz book while the others went for walkies.



Catherine, our alarm, woke us at 6.30am 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!



**Aspiring Flat, Kitchener Stream and the Turnbull Thomson Falls (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

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 550ft 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 four 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)? 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 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 considerably. 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 for Gilbert (pronounced Gi-beer) Mingam, Catherine Soper, Geoff Aimer and Rosemary Goodyear.



**To answer Kathy's question 33 years later, a good route to Ruth Flat is via this creek in the centre of the photo (head towards the head of Ruth Stream rather than Ruth Flat itself (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

## **MT COOK – ANZAC WEEKEND (OR ROCKY IV 3 DAYS)**

**April 23-25, 1988**

**Author: Bill Robertson**

Published in Bulletin 467, June 1988

The Murchison Valley is a side valley from the Tasman and separates the Malte Brun from the Liebig Ranges. This trip took us across the Tasman and up the Murchison Valley as far as the foot of the Murchison Glacier and back. The Guidebook says that you should start at Celmisia Flat on the Ball Hut Road; we started at the first convenient parking place 300m past the Celmisia Flat sign which was a mistake. After a 15-minute scramble onto the top of the lateral Moraine wall, we could see only one practical way down the other side of the wall which was a 300-foot-high pile of very unstable rubble. Geoff went ahead checking the way down a narrow gut. Every dislodged rock went down the same way, after Geoff was nearly hit, we were much more careful and only went down in small groups. Consequently, it took the 8 of us over 2 hours to reach the glacier.

The Tasman Glacier in this area is totally covered in a layer of rocks which are in heaped everywhere with occasional steep-sided melt holes where stones or small pieces of ice slide in from different sides every few seconds. After two hours of climbing over seemingly endless piles of rock we found one of a series of small ponds where we had lunch. After that break, it took another half hour to find a bridge over the Murchison which is marked on the map. Our pleasure at finding this was short-lived as, immediately beyond the bridge, there was a large bluff to sidle around before we reached the Murchison Valley. Having got around the bluff with the help of the wire ropes provided we were sure there must be an easier way into the valley. There was - and we returned that way on the Monday by crossing the Murchison near the mouth of the valley where the river is braided and little more than ankle deep.

As it was 4pm, we decided to camp on a creek fan about 2km past the bridge. This was a great spot in the weather we had because it gave an uninterrupted view of the Caroline Face of Mt Cook. While preparing dinner, we all spent time with the maps spotting peaks, glaciers and ridges we had heard of but not seen before.

Like the Tasman Glacier, the Murchison Valley is also covered in rocks. Fortunately, the valley floor is much more even because of the action of the Murchison Valley. The valley is about 1500m wide and almost totally devoid of vegetation - on the hillsides only Spaniards thrive. On the Sunday, we trudge up the valley for two hours to the Liebig Hut. We nearly missed the hut because it is tucked in against the hillside (a patch of bush marked on the map as being above the hut is only thin scrub). Liebig is a well-equipped 6 bunk hut with a "Penthouse". After Kathy and Gerard had read the "Penthouse" without looking at the pictures (it was in Braille! - GH) we sat outside for lunch and spotted more peaks - this time in the Malte Brun Range. It must have been about the same time as Barry Wybrow's and Mary Hewinson's parties reached



the top of the Aiguilles Range from the Beetham Valley, but we could not see anyone from our distance.

Some of our group then returned to our campsite and the rest of us walked up the valley for another half-hour to the foot of the Murchison Glacier which, like the Tasman, is covered in rocks for miles and miles. That night we had a fire, drank lots of cups of tea and coffee and played 'Bang, bang, you're dead!' and other brain teasers.

The return on Monday was easier because we avoided the bluffs and also went to a lower, easier part of the moraine wall almost opposite the Celmisia Flat sign on the Ball Hut Road. There was only one short awkward piece getting down to the road caused by Matagouri, lawyer and other vegetable nasties.



**Murchison Valley as seen from Caroline Hut (Ball Pass Crossing) (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

As a tramping trip, the Murchison Valley is somewhere quite different to go. A fitter party with more time could also have gone up from Liebig Hut into the Liebig Ranges. For me, the trip was made very enjoyable by brilliant weather, great views and good company, however we all got sick of walking on rocks (at the end of the trip, Blair kissed the first dirt we walked on for 3 days!) In bad weather, crossing the glacier and going up the valley would be quite nasty as both areas are very open and exposed.

Bill Robertson for Geoff Brookes, Kathy Woodrow, Catherine Soper, Rosemary Goodyear, Gerard O'Connor, Blair Donkin and Neville Mulholland.

## BUSHCRAFT SILVER PEAKS

**February 27-28, 1988**

**Author: Louise Potter**

Published in Bulletin 467, June 1988

Doug Forrester, Ken Williams, Rosemary Martin and I started out from the end of the road leading to the Silver Peaks and after an initial uncertainty as to which way to get onto the first small hill track, and therefore pushing our way through gorse and scrub, we followed the track through to Green Hut. A more strenuous climb straight after our rest but, once we had reached the highest level of the track, we enjoyed the view of the valley as we walked around the side of the hill. Climbing again to have lunch on Pulpit Rock. On our way to Jubilee Hut we took care down the Devil's Staircase and into the valley where we set up camp for the night.



**Green Hut in late 1987 – about eight months before it was removed (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

We were up early the next morning and started our climb past Jubilee Hut before the sun had crept around the hill. We managed to walk fairly high on the hill range to avoid having to climb up from the lower track later on. Above ABC Cave we took off our packs to climb down and visit them, then onto Yellow Hut. Earlier we had heard a dog barking and 15 minutes from Yellow Hut we were accompanied by a thirsty-looking pig hunting dog which followed us to the hut and then stayed with the next group. We then started our descent into the bush, the track being easy to follow due to the pieces of red tape stuck to a few trees at eye-level and relatively sparse tree growth. After climbing down to and over the Waikouaiti River the last climb of the day was back to the bus (it was getting quite sunny and hot by this stage). By the time we had reached the parked bus, the dog was sitting patiently in the back of a ute. Once on the bus, we sat and relaxed.

Louise Potter for Ken Williams, Doug Forrester and Rosemary Martin.



## BUSHCRAFT 1988 (MISTAKE – HUT CREEKS

**March 12-13, 1988**

**Author: Tim Dobbin**

Published in Bulletin 467, June 1988

"Fare thee well" bade a full complement of 55 Bushcrafters and some more experienced OTMC members to a soft Dunedin. The initiates were introduced to the oft-quoted Gore pie cart resplendent in its evening lights - where else a polished pie cart? Back to the bus and the weight of Gore fare collecting spread over a bus load of contented bellies proved more than the machine was prepared to endure. It was time to stargaze and enjoy the delights of southwestern air while a more resilient bus was summoned. On to Mistake Creek where the parties tumbled down to a maze of roots and mud and it was raining at 1.45am - to campsites beside the Eglington. We awoke to inclement weather and Antony Pettinger up bright and early to check on nocturnal activities - who was checking on you Antony? Dave Levick slept on. We breakfasted to feed the sandflies it seemed and left when they had had enough. Across the 3-wire bridge over the Eglington in misty conditions, and half an hour later we discovered what "turn right immediately after the bridge" meant. A morning of leisure as we became familiar with the damp beech forest and one another. We linked arms for a crossing of Mistake Creek - the emergency flotation method was shelved after hot debate. We clambered upwards along the banks of Mistake Creek; the beech forest sheltering sphagnum moss and ferns. What delight to have the accompaniment of the South Island robin.



Three Wire Bridge across the West Eglington near Mistake Creek (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)



Doug Forrester burst from behind (incontinence?), happy to be led by his charges Geoff and Neil. We deferred to their quicker pace only to find them behind us once more when we reached a sunny bank beside the tumbling creek. What does 'geographically embarrassed' mean? Into open country as the valley broadened to allow a braided Mistake Creek to wander, steep faces issuing waterfalls through beech forest interspersed with the semi-deciduous ribbonwood, like apple trees in a timber forest. Lunch was beside a quiet elbow of the circuitous creek. Antony's party raced away to a cave and a view of the tarn. Dave arrived with an ailing Sue and decided to rest his troops for the afternoon. We soldiered on towards the Ú. The mist condensed and we took to the stream to clamber up. The mighty falls cascaded before us. A quick appraisal of the left side route. How did the other party manage to get up? Wet snowgrass, slippery rock and yes, it is hard to say 'turn back' when enthusiasm mounts. Thank you, Kathy, for your humour and good sense. The U' remained for next time. Flat campsites below the falls - what better excuse to splash back down over the rocks. We pitched the tent midst sodden trees; we soon forgot as from Kathy's snow cave (tent) and continuing through the night came lasagne and more including spongy pud. What an effort! Thank you, Elspeth!!

The dawned clear. What better way to spend a Sunday than in the glory of a natural cathedral hewn out of solid rock at the head of the valley. Soft green light, hushed weather, pocked ice walls, broken boulders shared honours for the weekend with Elspeth's cooking delights. A view of the tarn from 200m up and then time to break camp. The celmisia flowers (daisy flower) and other beautiful plants - did you know that most species of NZ Alpine flowers are white to attract pollination by moths at night?

We rustled down Mistake Creek, the river leaping over the boulders. It rained and we returned to the car park and a warm bus for weary but happy faces. Thanks for organising a great weekend.

Tim Dobbin for Elspeth, Kathy, Kelly and Rob

## EASTER TRIP (EAST MATUKITUKI)

**April 1-4, 1988**

**Author: George Palmer**

Published in Bulletin 467, June 1988

Thursday evening, I arrived at the club rooms to pick Paul up only to find that I had left my boots at home so there was a detour before picking up Ken. Then it was down State Highway One to collect Ewan at Milton. Next stop at Alex to find Parry's full of OTMC bods and then on to Matukituki. As the fords looked high, I decided to save time the next morning by crossing the river at the OBHS bridge only to find there were no available campsites so back to Cameron Flat and the other happy folk.

Friday morning, we leisurely packed and moved down river to be joined by several other parties walking up and down the bank and sending Ken into the water at intervals to see if the water was any warmer. This action allowed David Peacock's (actually it was Heather Robertson's - Ed) party to cross first so we decided to use a pole and follow. After an uneventful stroll up to the junction, we crossed the Kitchener. After lunch, we climbed up the track next to the Hester Pinney Creek. Part way up Paul had a problem with his ankles so we decided to camp on the bush edge.



**Kitchener River and Aspiring Flat from the Hester Pinney Track – en-route to the Bledisloe Gorge  
(PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

Saturday dawned grey and blustery, not a time for the tops, so a walk up the Bledisloe Gorge was the order of the day. Paul's knee played him up down the gorge so being kind thoughtful

beings, we left him in a patch of scrub and continued to Ruth Flat. As the rain was horizontal, we soon returned to our camp where the weather was better.

Sunday morning the sky was clearing, so leaving Paul at camp, Ken, Ewan and I made for the Albertburn Saddle and then up to Dragonfly summit for some superb views. After lunch in the sun we returned to the camp and decided to move to Aspiring Flats that afternoon. We arrived there with daylight to spare and pitched camp.



**Albertburn Saddle and Dragonfly from Sisyphus Peak (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

Monday morning was clear and frosty as the three of us set off up Rainbow Stream, rock hopping over avalanche debris then sidling up to Wilmot Saddle. Approaching the snowline, we decided that without crampons it was too risky, so we decided to sidle across the face, in and out of gullies with Ken instructing us on how to ride scree. We finally made the saddle, then a short scramble to Syphilis - opps sorry! Sisyphus. We had intended to traverse the face and come down the bush face opposite our camp but as the shady faces were icing up we decided to return back down Rainbow Stream with Ken glissading down snow-filled gullies.

Tuesday was an easy day with a visit to the Rock of Ages bivvy and the Turnbull Thomson Falls, then back to the cars and then home via Telford to drop Ewan off. A very enjoyable weekend and thanks to Ken for the instruction and anecdotes.

George Palmer for Ken Mason, Ewan Wilson and Paul Taylor



## EARNSLAW BURN – LENNOX PASS (TWICE)

**October 24-26, 1988**

**Author: Bill Robertson**

Published in Bulletin 467, June 1988

Our plans for this trip were to go up the Earnslaw Burn, cross Lennox Pass, sidle over to Kea Basin and then come down and out via the Rees on Monday, but things did not go according to plan.

The track up to the Earnslaw Burn took us through bush for just over half-a-day before clearing the bushline. We set up camp about an hour later before the gully leading up to Lennox Pass and then walked up to the head of the valley for a closer look at the south face of Earnslaw. For those who have not seen it, the south face is spectacular. It is a couple of kilometres across and about 6000 feet high consisting of about 1500 feet of snow, 3000 feet of glacier and a 1500 feet rock cliff at the base down which avalanches could be seen or heard rumbling every few minutes.



**Lennox Falls, Rees Valley (in this trip report the party were trying to cross from the Earnslaw Burn (to the left) to Kea Basin (to the right of the falls) (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

On Sunday, we took four hours getting up to Lennox Pass from our campsite sticking to a ridge on the left-hand side most of the way except for moving into the creek bed for a short distance in the middle halfway up. The ridge brought us out on the skyline about 300m north of the pass enabling us to avoid the last steep pitch directly below the pass itself which was full of avalanche debris. After lunch on top with a magnificent view down either side and up to the

peaks of Earnslaw itself, an animal track on the Rees side took us back within 40m of the Pass where we had to cross a small scree slope about 20m below the ridge top.

We made good progress down to Lennox Creek and headed for Kea Basin. We could see a tent pitched in the basin and were expected to reach there by 5pm but we had not realised Lennox Creek could be a major obstacle. Moir's describes a crossing of Lennox Creek 170m up from Lennox Falls. The spot is marked with a cairn, but Lennox Creek is in a steep-sided gorge and although we could get down to the creek at that point, the crossing looked treacherous because of all the snow melt and the bank up the other side appeared too steep to us. We battled down to opposite the falls through thick scrub and back the mountainside but after four hours could not find any way across. Feeling totally stuffed we camped above the fork in the stream - too tired to bother making or eating our cheesecake.



**Looking towards Mt Earnslaw and the Earnslaw Burn from the DoC headquarters in Glenorchy, taken as we were looking / waiting for the missing party (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

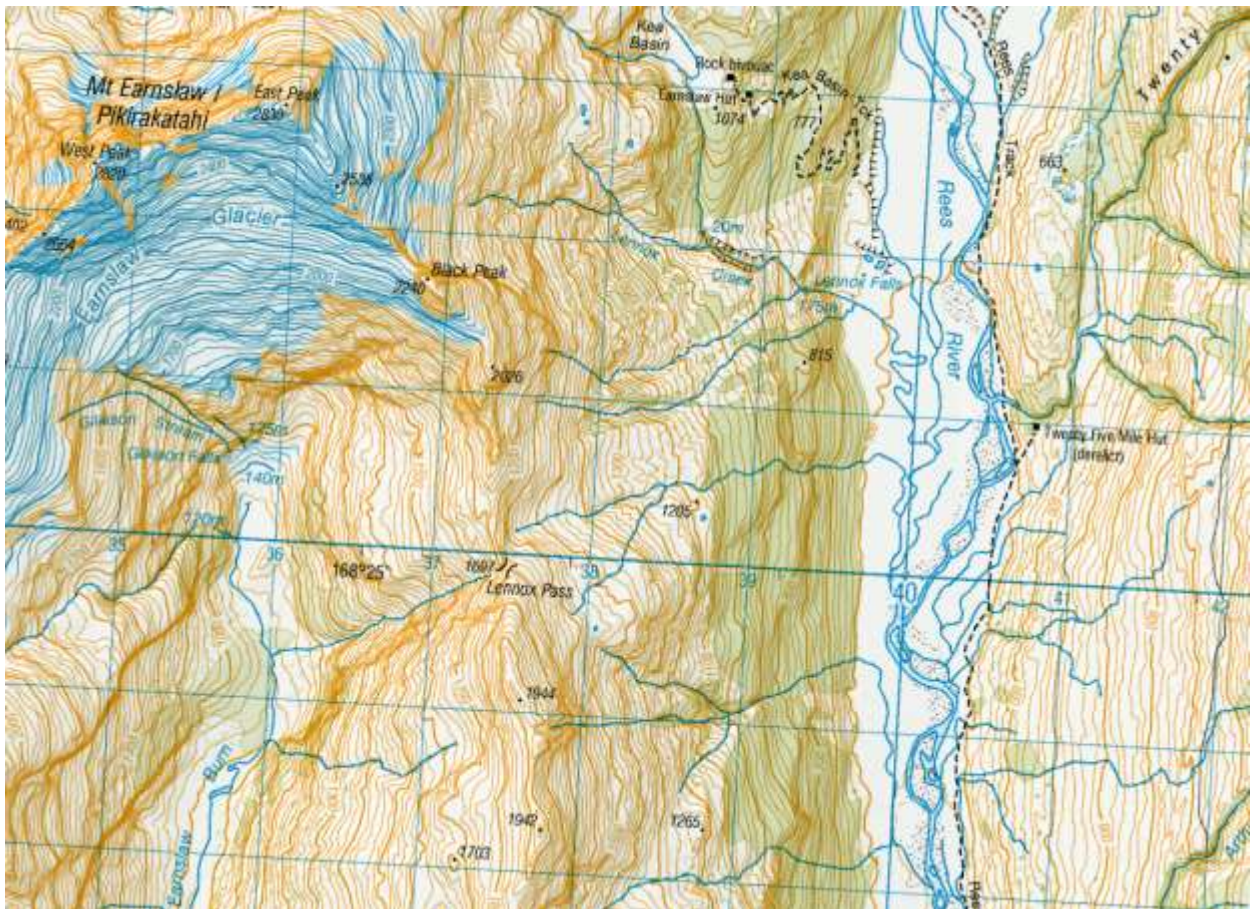
After much studying of the map, which reinforced our view that there were bluffs all the way along our side of the Rees flats and remembering the very thick vegetation we decided to sidle around the hillside for several kilometres to the south and try finding a way around the bluffs where there was a break in the bush (we found out afterwards that there is a route crossing under the waterfall and up through the bluffs at an angle). However, on Monday morning, after sidling for about an hour and seeing that the going would get much harder further on, we came to the difficult conclusion that the only definite way that we knew we could get out was by the way we had come in, even though we knew we would be late out. The climb back up to Lennox Pass was heart-breaking but we got up there at noon. After that, the going was easier. We stopped on the way back down the Earnslaw Burn every hour for a snack to keep



us going. It got very hot before we got into the bush and John had a quick shower under a waterfall of melted snow during one of our stops (he told us we had missed a good picture for the photo competition!).

We arrived at the road end just before 8pm (4 hours late) with aching feet and exhausted. We expected that the van would have been long gone by then, but David and Anne-Marie Barnes were waiting there. What a sight for sore eyes! One van had stayed behind with the others in it looking for us in the Rees. We were really grateful, and I CANNOT SAY THANKS ENOUGH TO THOSE WHO WAITED FOR US AND DID NOT COMPLAIN ABOUT GETTING BACK TO DUNEDIN AT 3AM. Thank you!

Bill Robertson for Heather Robertson and John Galloway





# BEN LOMOND

**January 1988**

**Author: David Barnes**

Published in Bulletin 467, June 1988

By holiday standards, we had an early start as Peter was keen to return in time for a game of golf. The track starts on the outside of Queenstown and heads up through a plantation on the Skyline Chalet's access road. We had worked up a bit of seat by the time we left the road and the track gradient began to ease.

Once we reached the bushline, we could see that the weather was deteriorating. After a short break at the pipeline, where there is a tap for trampers, we carried on up behind Bob's Hill, then onto the ridge and up to the saddle. By this time, the nor'wester was getting stronger and we could see rain in the headwaters of Moonlight Creek. We carried on up the steepening ridge then across the scree slopes and around to the west side for a view of Moke Lake. Two minutes later we were on top.



A cloud just in front of the peak obscured our view to the south (but soon blew away) and visibility in other directions was limited to about 10km. This was a disappointment to me as many of the peaks that were visible on my previous ascents were obscured. Many of those places were nothing more than names to me then (Aspiring, Earnslaw, Cook to name three) rather than key features of areas I'd tramped in. But it's still a great pace to be and we stayed on top for a while despite the weather. On the descent, we passed several other groups going

up, some of whom were surprised to see people going down so early i the day. As the altitude dropped, the temperature climbed and it was quite warm when we got to the bottom. Ben Lomond is one of my favourite day trips and a place I hope to return to many times.

David Barnes for Anne-Marie and Peter Barnes

## MISTAKE CREEK – HUT CREEK

**March 12-13, 1988**

**Author: Rosemary Goodyear**

Published in Bulletin 468, July 1988

The trip began under rather inauspicious circumstances. While dozing in the bus, we were rudely awakened when the bus broke down about ½ hour from Te Anau. We all piled out and watched our poor bus driver hitch a ride into town. For the next half hour or so, everyone stood around shivering being entertained by David Peacock's noble rendition of "Climb Every Mountain" and Caroline Kenyon and I singing our OGHS song. Sadly, no-one seemed to appreciate our efforts and we finally stopped after threats of being stoned. Eventually another bus arrived but this little adventure meant that we didn't arrive at the Mistake Creek carpark until 1.45am. We then had to walk down a track in the dark over numerous tree roots and through glutinous mud. Our party got the best campsite (Antony had raced ahead and claimed it) and we pitched our fly in record time. As we lay in our sleeping bags, we listened to the anguished cries of the party forced to cross the 3-wire bridge in the dark.



Ice cave in the head of Mistake Creek, L-R: Neville Mulholland, Rosemary Goodyear & Debbie Williams, March 12, 1988 (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)

Next morning, we were up at 7am and managed to leave first. Only Antony had been here before and he thought we ought to use our bushcraft skills to find the track ourselves. We crossed the 3-wire bridge after a few heartrending moments and continued down a well-worn track until we came to Mistake Creek again. Debbie then realised that we must be on the wrong track and we carefully retraced our steps. Imagine our frustration when we realised that the map was wrong and that the Mistake Creek track started right by the wire bridge. Later to our great satisfaction, we discovered that other parties had gone much further up the Hut Creek



track. We wandered up the track through intermittent sun and showers hoping that the sky would clear. Around lunchtime we arrived at the bushline and decided that after lunch we would go on a side trip before going up the waterfall.



**Head of Mistake Creek, March 12, 1988 (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

We dumped our packs by the river and boulder-hopped up the stream until we reached an ice-cave. This was a huge piece of avalanche debris underneath some sheer cliffs. At the top, it was pierced by a waterfall and a stream flowed beneath it. After admiring the cave, we scrambled up a steep scree slope above the ice-cave and climbed onto a ridge. The view from the ridge was breath-taking since we could see the glistening blue and white walls of the glacier which hung over sheer cliffs. Far below the cliff was a sapphire blue lake shaped like a bright square kite with a river running out like a long tail. Debbie and I sat on the ridge while Antony and Neville tried to see if they could roll rocks down into the lake.

By this time it was 1.10pm and Debbie (our leader) decided that we should return to our packs in order to climb the waterfall before dark. As we headed back down the valley, it began to rain and by the time we got to our packs and stopped to talk to Dave Levick's party, it was pouring. In consultation with him, Antony and Debbie decided that we should not attempt the waterfall that day and we pitched camp instead. Neville attempted to light a fire but it was so wet he gave up. We sat under the fly eating biscuits and decided to make tea at 4.30pm. It was so cold, we got into our sleeping bags and tried to avoid the drips which were coming through the centre seam of the fly. Everyone was tired after the previous night and so we decided to go sleep at 6.30pm.

During the night it stopped raining, so we decided to go over the pass. We bush bashed up the creek and managed to catch a glimpse of the dreaded waterfall in the distance. Through it looked difficult from afar, it turned out to be not too bad though not quite the 'piece of piss' that Antony had assured us. However I can't say I'd like to go down that way. At the top of the waterfall, the valley opened into a wide basin and from there, it was only 600 feet up to U

Pass. We reached the pass which was really like a U with the steep rock walls on each side. After a few minutes of watching keas and admiring the grader sign that some poor madman had lugged up from the Milford Road, we decided to leave. It was freezing cold so we moved as fast as we could down a steep rocky gut. After a few rocks were sent careering down the slope, we got to the bottom and caught up with the other party who had come over the pass.

After lunch in what seemed like Arctic temperatures, it began to rain and we decided that we'd better go. First we walked along a river bed and we searched for the Hut Creek track when we reached some bush. After about 20 minutes we found it, but it proved an awkward track to follow. At one point, about 20 dead trees had fallen across the track and it took many minutes of clambering over mossy and rotten tree logs to find the track again. After that we only missed the track again once and so we were able to make it to the bus on time. By the time we reached the bus, we were literally soaked through and seldom has an Otago Road Services bus looked so inviting. In spite of the inclement weather, it was still a very enjoyable trip.

Rosemary Goodyear for Antony Pettinger, Debbie Williams, Neville Mulholland

## MID-WINTER SOCIAL

**July 2-3, 1988**

**Author: Not listed (probably David Peacock)**

Published in Bulletin 468, July 1988

The mid-winter social was well attended with over 40 people present. With a roaring fire to warm us from the outside and fire-water to warm us from the within, we had a cracking good time. The stereo was provided by Barry Wybrow, the coal by Doug Forrester, the wood also from BW and the enthusiasm and good cheer from everyone. Trotter's Gorge is a far better venue than Jubilee and I hope we go there next year. We had a great game of volleyball which our side won convincingly (the other side took a great deal of convincing!) A great time had by all!



OTMC Social at Trotters Gorge, July 2, 1988 – L-R: Graham Hopkins, Rosemary Goodyear, Shirley Stuart, Bill Provan, Doug Forrester & Sue Harding (PHOTO by Michelle Williams)



# ADVENTURES IN THE DUNTON RANGE

**January 16-17, 1988**

**Author: Sue Harding**

Published in Bulletin 468, July 1988

The four of us, David Peacock, Michelle Williams, Chris Pearson and myself set off for what should have been an easy and relaxed weekend's tramping. However, we should have been forewarned of coming events when at the end of the road leading to Takaro Lodge, we came upon a sign saying "Trespassers will be prosecuted". Permission to cross the Takaro Lodge property may be obtained from either the Conservation Department or the Lodge caretaker (by the way, the caretaker's residence is 7-8km down the road, the only way there is by foot).



**On the Dunton Range, January 1988, L-R: Sue Harding, David Peacock & Chris Pearson (PHOTO by Michelle Williams)**

Our route involved crossing the Dunton Swamp which was a bit of a grovel, particularly annoying when, on the way back, we discovered that there is a track which bypasses the swamp; it is a short way up the Upukerora River on the true right. Once over the swamp we followed a well-marked track up the valley. However, it is quite misleading, for while it eventually travels north, the desired direction, for a while it actually goes south-west - all very confusing. We lunched at a beautiful, sunny, grassy clearing by a bubbling brook; we got rather too comfortable and found it hard to move on. But we did and 15 minutes up the track, we came to another clearing. Here David did a disappearing act - one minute he was there, the next not! We all gave a sigh of relief, however a moment later he reappeared out of a

large hole. In this large clearing, he probably managed to find the one deep mud hole and bang - he went in it. He wasn't a happy chappie. Our plan of attack was to bash up a bush-clad ridge onto the top of the Dunton Range, this proved trickier than we expected. After several hard hours of fighting bush-lawyer, bracken and hanging vines, we had to admit that we didn't know exactly where we were. Luckily, about ½ hour later we came across a creek which we decided to follow up. This was much easier going. At the head, we had fantastic views of Lake Te Anau and Mt Luxmore. We then continued climbing onto the top of the range. It was very steep, particularly hard work at the end of a long day, however the views of Te Anau and Manapouri more than compensated for the effort. We made our way along the tops until we found a lovely campsite by a tarn. That day we had walked for 11-11 ½ hours which was pretty good considering that I had promised the others that it was going to be a rather slothful weekend. Michelle and I bivvied out that night until it started pouring with rain; David, being the sweet gentleman that he is, tried gallantly to prevent Michelle and I from entering the tent!



**On the Dunton Range, January 1988, L-R: Chris Pearson, David Peacock & Sue Harding (PHOTO by Michelle Williams)**

The next morning dawned rather overcast and damp. After shaking off our initial reluctance, we got going by about 8.30am and headed south along the tops. We had difficulty finding the track that leads down the seats side of the range until eagle-eyed Michelle spotted the first marker, following some painful bush-bashing and then tramping was a breeze. WE were down to the Upukerora by about 11am, it was a beautiful valley and very easy tramping. Back to the cars by about 3.30pm, rather weary and battered but with heaps of memories of a wonderful weekend.

Sue Harding for David Peacock, Michelle Williams and Chris Pearson

## **EASTER TRIP – WEST MATUKITUKI**

**April 1-4, 1988**

**Author: Caroline Kenyon**

Published in Bulletin 468, July 1988

With packs crammed in the boot and food piled up by the back window, we five arrived at the carpark of Matukituki Valley's West Branch in light rain and were in bed by 12.30am. The morning was sunny and dry and before setting off up the valley to Aspiring Hut we left our packs under bushes to have a jolly wander up Rob Roby Glacier. This proved to be a very inspiring walk with a well-marked and comfortable track giving sneak views of the glacier up ahead, thrilling glimpses of the tumbling river and long drop waterfalls blown about like feathers in the breeze.

Lunch was eaten in the baking sun while fending off the approaches of inquisitive cows and afterwards we walked on to Aspiring Hut, a gentle walk over flats except for one mind-boggling steep bit of road which detours a slip. Before ascending this spot we endured the agony of watching a landrover being driven over it without us! Aspiring Hut was a pleasant shelter but don't light the fire in the common room unless you like a smoke-filled room and don't leave food in your packs. The mice are bold.



**Aspiring Hut, West Matukituki (NZAC) (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**



Saturday rained and we headed further up the valley to camp at Shovel Flat and picked a sheltered spot near three groups of private trampers. An afternoon and evening of interminable rounds of cards left us champing at the bit for some tramping action.



**Doug Forrester's marked route from near Scott's Biv to French Ridge, West Matukituki (PHOTO by Doug Forrester)**

Sunday morning was spent walking to Scott's Bivvy at the head of the valley where we had lunch and idly looked at the ridges and peaks above us. Idle observations led to idle suggestions of approaching French Ridge Hut from where we were - up a creek bed, over a tussock and scree slope, a quick sidle over a ridge and there we would be. So we climbed up a rock gut for 20 minutes, sidled across a steep tussock slope and up to some thick rock. This took us too high and we back tracked downhill about 200 feet to a prominent bluff. Then it was over a ridge, along a ledge and there we were. Sound easy? Not for those without a head for heights (and two of us didn't) but what an achievement thanks to the encouragement and calm of Bill. We ate Easter eggs at French Ridge Hut and gloated at the views of Maude Frances Glacier, Rob Roy Glacier, Gloomy Gorge and Mt Avalanche then followed the despicably steep, knee-jarring track down to Pearl Flats and well-earned rest and sumptuous meal cooked by Time and Sue. Too dazed for cards, we went to bed dreaming of baths and laundry powder awaiting us the next evening at home. Next time it'll be the East Branch.

Caroline Kenyon for Sue Jagusch, Helen Chalinder, Time Moore and Bill Robertson

# MOONLIGHT SILVER PEAKS

**Author: Simon Thomas**

**April 30 – May 1, 1988 (overnight)**

Published in Bulletin 469, August 1988

Full moon? YES, clear night? YEP! Bloody cold, sure was! But where was David? 7.00pm sharp he said; 7.15pm and no sign of him. By this time, I was asking my body, after a hard days rock climbing that same old question, "Am I crazy or what?" I could be at home now relaxing , nice and warm, watching the telly, instead of sulking out here on the cold footpath outside Les Mills, freezing my backside off waiting for a MR DAVID BARNES to take me on his moonlight jaunt. Finally, at about 7.20pm, David and Ross Cocker pulled up with Ross still wearing his slippers, what next?



**The daylight view from Pulpit Rock, looking towards Green Ridge, Mt Cargill and Swampy Summit  
(PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

We split into 3 carloads and headed off for the start of the Green Hut track, arriving at about 7.45pm when Ross decided it was time to put on some more suitable footwear. Five minutes down the track and Michelle and I tried to get people enthused into singing "Who stole the cookie from the cookie jar?" but most didn't know the words or were too cold to speak let alone sing so we decided it was better to sing "I'm H.A.P.P.Y, I'm H.A.P.P.Y" We soon got sick of this so we decided it was time to do something new. Michelle had a brainstorm, we'd hide and ambush them! So we set about our mischievous task and found ourselves a suitable hiding place. Walking along merrily came our first victim, as she came directly opposite our hiding



place, we both pounced screaming and roaring hideous obscenities nearly giving poor old Rosemary a heart attack. We were both successful and highly amused then we heard someone in the distance shout out "It's alright Michelle, don't panic" A Cocker we thinks so we dived back into the bushes dragging poor old Rosemary with us and waited for our next victims. Along came Alan, Michelle's Australian friend but we decided not to scare him but to use him to our advantage dragging him into the bushes - another loud voice would not go amiss HA HA! You wait Mr Cocker but Mr Cocker became Mr Barnes and crashing out from bushes behind us, a raving lunatic Mr Ross Cocker "Ho, Ho, I'd known you would be here somewhere!"

After this bit of excitement, we carried on to Green Hut, rambling along in the moonlit Silver Peaks. It was about this time that Michelle had another episode of crashing into bushes and falling to her knees. Heaven knows why, the moon was out and shedding plenty of light. We were beginning to think that she must have been on the booze.



**Looking towards the Mt John direction from Pulpit Rock (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

We reached Green Hut and had a short rest then pressed onto Pulpit Rock. We were greeted by an icy cold wind on the way up but with plenty of clothing on, it didn't take long to warm up. We waited at the rock for the others to catch up and then carried onto Silver Peak No. 2. On top, we were able to observe the lights of Mosgiel, Karitane and Waikouaiti. We decided that it was too cold observing the views so we dropped down to seek some shelter where we had what would be lunch on a normal Sunday day trip. It was too cold to hang around much longer, so we marched back on out, reaching the cars at about 2.30am Sunday. A great trip, thanks David.

Simon Thomas for the other crazy midnight wanderers.



## THE MUNCH BUNCH GO A-WANDERING

**June 4-6, 1988**

**Author: Sue Harding**

Published in Bulletin 469, August 1988

We were dropped off at the shelter at Lake Hauroko around 11.230pm with comments from the remaining people in the van like "You're fools, you'll never make it!" I must admit we had an ambitious trip planned but how could we fail with the likes of Rock Melon Mary and Fuzzy Bear for company? On Saturday, we were up by 6am and tramping by 7am in the dark. However, the stars and moon were out with Lake Hauroko shimmering under their light. It was absolutely magical walking along the lake shore under the moonlight. Reminded me of Mills & Boon stories such as "Barry and Arthur ran off into the sunset . . ." About 8.30am, however the romance disappeared and the huffing and puffing began as we climbed above the lake. The bush was very beautiful and in between the rather disconcerting noise - singing they said! - made by Michelle, Barry and Simon, we enjoyed the singing of the birds. One rest stop, we were rudely interrupted by an earthquake which lasted several minutes. At first, I thought it was me, thinking that perhaps this trip was too tough for me after all, was I dying? With similar expressions on others' faces I realised what was going on, thankfully. The trees and ground were shaking vigorously: a bit frightening really.



Lake Hauroko from Hump Ridge, June 5, 1988 (PHOTO by Michelle Williams)

We lunched just after 12 and were very pleased with our progress so far. It was very fast going as we had travelled on a well-used track that morning. The afternoon contained more

ups and downs - ups more frequently, unfortunately. About 1.30pm, we left the track which went to Teal Bay Hut and headed up the ridge towards the Hump. Much time was spent looking at maps and compasses. Michelle and Arthur were even seen swinging from a tree trying to suss out where we were to our amusement.

By about 4.30pm, with sheer luck, we found the tarn we had aimed for. Luck I say, because the bush was very thick and chances of finding it again are pretty slim. Around the tarn we lacked flat areas for pitching the tents, however we managed to pitch one for Mary and Russell who didn't have bivvy bags and the rest of us slept under the stars. Mary at one stage thought Russell was a possum so hit him, which resulted in a bit of commotion in the tent. It awakened the rest of us plus arousing our imaginations.

The next day we set off at 7.23am, once again in the dark. Apart from the first ½ hour where we couldn't see where we were going, progress was fast. By 10.30am we were on the Hump Range and ½ hour later on the Hump meeting with David Barnes and Doug Pagel's groups. They couldn't believe our fast progress but were still convinced that we'd never finish our planned trip on time; they said "We were doomed". We just laughed and threw snowballs at them.

We continued along the range. Michelle pointed out where John Bevin broke his leg several years back. Hearing this, we put Simon under lock and chain, not wanting him to test his skills on those inviting rocks. The ridge was rather undulating, and I had problems keeping up with Arthur and Michelle. To the amusement of the others, I stated "Well, I wish my legs would run as fast as my runny nose!" This caused a bit of laughter. Simon found some deer antlers which, to the horror of Barry he was determined to take home. The openness of the tops soon transformed into scrubby regrowth which was rather treacherous travelling. We emerged several hours later rather battered and Simon minus his antlers. He never told anyone that he had abandoned them, but boy did we give him heaps.



Meeting of OTMC parties at The Hump, June 5, 1988 (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)

We found a nice flat campsite at dusk, minus water. I must also admit that we were beginning to wonder if the others were right. It seemed that we still had an endless journey before us. We were still on the ridge tops and the route down looked terribly rugged and gorged.

Monday morning we were away at 7.20pm. By this stage, only 2 torches were working; our early morning starts had played havoc on bulbs and batteries. The way down involved vine-swinging, gorge-jumping, tumbling down muddy slopes and bashing through trees and bush lawyer. It was fun or so you would have thought from all the screaming and laughter at times. Mary was seen to be lying on top of Simon, Michelle appeared to take delight in rolling down cliffs, Barry immensely enjoyed the bogs and Russell had a peculiar fascination for torches being thrown in his face. Arthur with his long legs just took it in his stride and well, I just felt right at home, not knowing where I was but right in the shit of it. We were lucky enough to stumble on a deer trail which made progress very rapid. We were down on the beach near Port Craig for lunch. The rest of the trip proved easy, just ambling along the beach to meet the vans near Waikoau River. The peacefulness, however, was disturbed by a rather raucous two who thought they could sing, thanks Simon and Michelle. We made it to the vans with 25 minutes to spare. A fantastic weekend had by:

Party 1 - Fuzzy Michelle (Williams, Simon Sausage (Thomas), Beetroot Barry (Wybrow), Russell Radish (Godfrey)

Party 2 - Rock Melon Mary (Hewinson), Artichoke Arthur (Blondell and yours truly, Sweet Sue (alias Suzie Spud (Harding))).



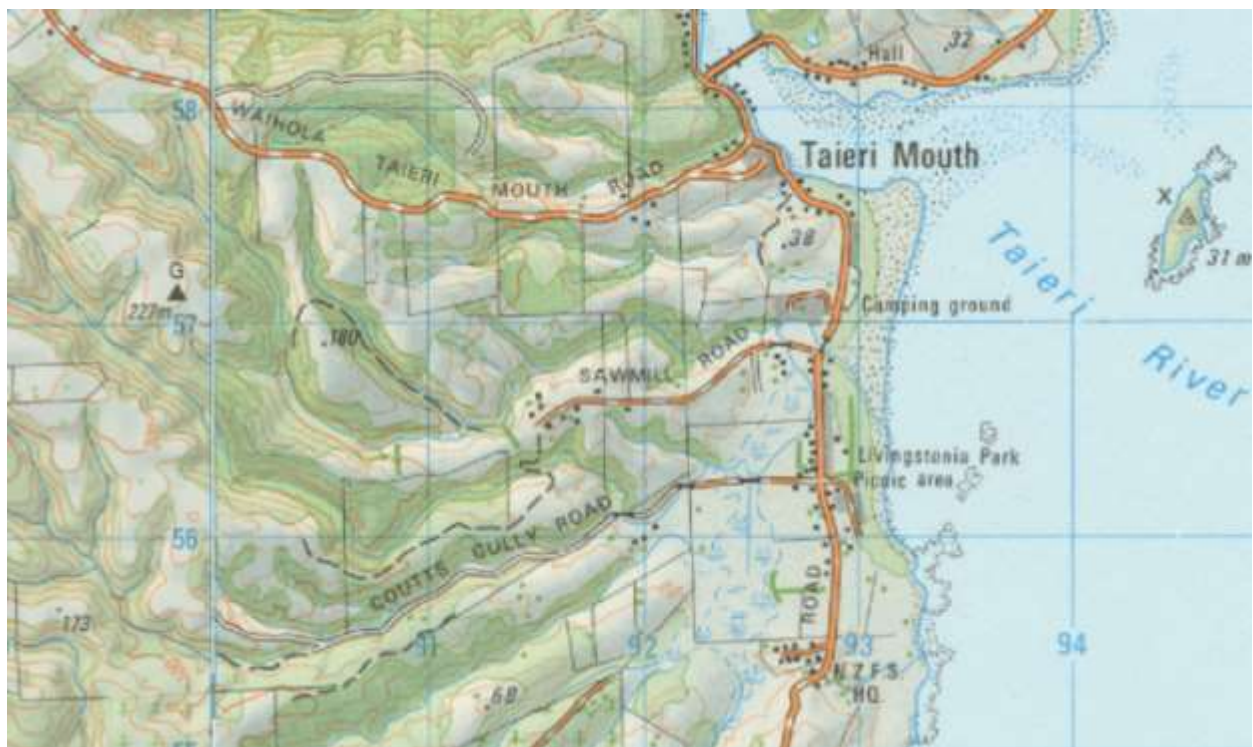
## CYCLE DAY TRIP

**July 31, 1988**

**Author: Unknown**

Published in Bulletin 469, August 1988

A very pleasant day's cycling to the picnic ground just beyond Taieri Mouth. Marc Wheeler crucified himself on a bike with tiny wheels, but he did amazingly well. Very heavy discussion at lunchtime on NZ male courtship behaviour - or lack of it and then to the beach. Several people were immersed in the sea, generally against their will (Sue Harding and Heather Robertson were the instigators). But I can't finish without mentioning the commitment and sheer stamina of our leader on this gruelling trip - he (Bill Robertson) set an example to us all - he drove!



## A PEAK AT THE KEPLER

**June 4-6, 1988**

**Author: Ian Sime**

Published in Bulletin 469, August 1988

Queen's birthday weekend in a party of nine, I had the opportunity to see a few hours of the Iris Burn end of the Kepler Track. It looks like a good site for a winter (Easter to Labour Weekend) trip when gas, etc is turned off and hut fees are only \$7 a night.

Our easy grade group took 2 hours to stroll from the 10 person-at-a-time bridge over the Waiau at Rainbow Reach carpark to the 40 bunk Moturau Hut on Shallow Bay, Lake Manapouri. This section is an almost level track with board walks over every trickle and soft patch, and a wooden floored swing bridge over the Forest Burn.

We tented in the lakeside bush below the luxurious 2-story hut on a mattress of soft beech leaves. Dozens of dead trees stacked parallel by floods provided endless fuel for a beach bonfire. This attracted two roving launches during the evening, each with six people who called in for a chat.



**Moturau Hut, about a year old, September 1988 (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

Two of us who had a tent to ourselves planned an early start up the Iris Burn section of the Kepler Track the next morning. Leaving at 7.30am when it was just light enough to follow the track beside the lake shore without torches, we reached the Iris Burn in 30 minutes. The track follows a wide stream bed at first, and then climbs easily up a small gorge. An hour upstream a boardwalk takes you for perhaps 20m past a bluff. Then an hour's easy going leads to Rocky

Point and a track workers' locked hut. This is in the middle of a large old rock slip. Many trees killed by the slip are still standing surrounded by the rocks which are covered with red lichen. The motorised wheelbarrow with crawler tracks, narrow enough to go anywhere on the track, was parked by the hut. We walked another half-hour upstream till our time ran out and we had to head back.



**Near the 'Big Slip, Iris Burn valley (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

By this time, we must have been near half-way to the Iris Burn Hut in both distance and height. The grade is never difficult - where there are steep patches, the track zigzags. The terrain is interesting and must get better at greater height.

At 10.30pm on Friday night, you could camp among the scrub beside the carpark. An easy group could then use Moturau Hut as a base for the weekend, either sleeping in it or camping beside it, and doing day walks up the Iris Burn or around Shallow Bay. A medium group could get a up the Iris Burn to the hut in 7-8 hours. Snow would probably not be a major problem except just after a heavy fall - the hut is at 500m and most of the track is through bush. \$7 for the use of a comfortable hut does not seem exorbitant, and camping is not allowed at that height. Worth a thought!

Ian Sime



## DOUG'S EL-CHEAPO CLIMBING TRIP

**June 18-19, 1988**

**Author: M.W.M.A.R.C.W (trip participants)**

Published in Bulletin 470, September 1988

Our anxious party left the old clubrooms at 6.10pm and on arrival at the Danseys Pass turnoff we encountered Garth Brown. He and JR went to check out the gates and Garth returned without JR. Just as he was returning Arthur's carload arrived. They had been to the Danseys Pass lodge for a look. We progressed in line down the road until we arrived at the end of the road. After reversing it was decided to stop under some trees near the roadside. While in the process of doing this Sue Harding walked backwards over a 40-foot bluff and survived with only minimal bruising. What a way to start the weekend!



**Chinaman's Hut, Otekaieke River, June 18, 1988 (PHOTO by Michelle Williams)**

Saturday - the campers began to arise at 7am and soon after Barry Wybrow and Michelle Williams arrived at 9.20am, the group began the long walk to Mt Domett. An hour later and we were at the homely Chinaman's Cottage which has been restored by St. Kevins School. After many photos had been taken it was yet another plod up the gorge until we arrived at our first obstacle, a small waterfall. Yet this was not big enough to prepare us for what was to come around the corner. Yes, another, even larger waterfall.

It was surrounded with near vertical sides and only to be climbed by the daring. So, half of us went up the sides and the other half went up over the top of the gorge way above us. We met

them later at our campsite. Richard Goodyear was accidentally hit by some falling rocks and this gave the others below, the idea that helmets were needed. Richard only had some fingers cut which was better than a broken limb. Once at the top of the waterfall it was quite clear that Domett did not have the snow required for climbing. After climbing over a spur, it was made clear that this was the campsite.

Tents were constructed and then it was on to a tramp up to Domett. Simon Thomas and Dean and some other bods wandered over to a snow gully and pondered around on it trying to do some ice work. Had tea and sat around Doug Forrester's campsite in the torchlight talking, then went to bed and did it howl and pour through the night.



**Heather Robertson and Doug Forrester, Mt Domett, June 18, 1988 (PHOTO by Michelle Williams)**

The outlook in the morning was pretty much the same with drizzle falling all day. We packed up camp and tramped back down the gorge making sure, though to miss out the waterfall in our trek. Not much occurred as we progressed onto the Chinaman's Cottage where we had lunch. The water had risen some more from the rain having melted any ice thereabout. After a while it became evident that Simon and Dean were missing and so a pack and helmet were left to ensure that they didn't miss the hut. Lunch had gone as everyone had become quite peckish. It wasn't long before they turned up and had their lunch or what was left and not consumed. After lunch it was on back to the vans for a strip down and some dry clothes. It was decided that all the gear not used in the weekend to be piled up and photos taken. And what a pile it was! Stopped later on at the Danseys Pass Lodge for afternoon tea and then on to Dunedin where we all dispersed at 5.30pm.

Written and compiled by M.W.M.A.R.C.W.



# FISH AND BLUE RIVERS (BEEN THERE, DIDN'T SEE THAT)

**July 9-10, 1988**

**Author: Michelle Williams**

Published in Bulletin 471, October 1988

12.30am arrived at the Haast Pass and eight tired looking bods were tossed out of the ban by Arthur and his single party member. On deciding to bivy out under clear skies, morning soon came and Bill was pleased as yes, he froze again.

The tramp began with what Arthur described as a gentle clamber up through some open, low-cut scrub. It continued through bush then out above bush line onto an open area covered with frozen tarns. Here a snow fight began, started by ... guess who?? From here we had a great view across into the North Branch of the Blue River. Looked impressive and horrific from a distance. We were soon motivated by the rain and it was a steep grovel as we descended into the Fish River where we came across a set of beautiful falls. A clear looking ridge was well chosen and as we trudged up it we came across a deer trail which made even quicker travelling.



Camp was set at 3.30pm on the edge of the bushline in a hanging valley under the pass. As it was a cold, wet night, tea was had early and we were all in by 6.15pm. That night it bucketed down and we were woken early by one of the two keen ones who bivvied out, letting us know it was nearly dawn and time to get up, as it was going to be a long day.

We were packed and away by 8am. It was a 1300 foot climb up the ridge before we sidled around an unnamed peak onto the pass. Here we didn't stop for long due to wind and rain



gusts. After a quick feed of chocolate and a study of the map it was a zig zag journey down the other side into the North Branch of the Blue. Lunch was underneath a huge overhanging rock on the river's edge. It was lovely and dry all through it soon cooled down and poor Bill had to put on ALL his dry clothing which was to be worn in the van. After lunch it was a chilly river crossing to the true left of the North Branch and a swim for Bill and that was the end of his dry clothing.

From here it was a long clamber and grovel up through overgrown bush and we had to sidle around before we found a clear enough looking ridge, which headed down into the Blue River. Once there, it was a quick tramp out. However, a little time was spent looking for markers as the track wasn't very clearly marked. We arrived at the waiting vat at 5.50pm. Changed into our begged, borrowed or stolen dry clothing in the rain and then on home.

Michelle Williams for Sue Harding, Bill Provan, Antony Hamel, Russell Godfrey, Garth Brown, Barry Wybrow and Andrew Powell.

# A COOKING COMPETITION AT THE KEPLER

**September 24-25, 1988**

**Author: Michelle Williams**

Published in Bulletin 471, October 1988

11.50pm my party was rudely awakened by Barry and his team and removed from the pleasantly warmed van, out into the cold evening, but lucky for us there were clear skies and a full moon. Minutes later boots and packs were on apart from Doug (who wasn't really in our party), as he had decided to travel light which meant no boots or gaiters! This was only starters as we were to discover throughout the trip.

Anyway it was a beautiful start to a great weekend. We strolled over to the Control Gates and onto the newly formed Kepler Track. It was a boggy and often the track was hard to follow in the dark. To Bord Bay it took just a little over an hour. From there we had fantastic views of Te Anau. Here Sue got confused and asked if it was Taupo (what else can you expect at 1am in the morning?) Sue wanted to stop for bed but Doug was keen to carry on and managed to persuade Sue to continue.

1½ hours later, firstly on a new well-formed track (almost like a main highway) and then a steep grovelly, muddy track we surprisingly came upon the limestone cliffs. Here we had to sidle them which was rather tricky in the dark. About this time we unanimously decided to stop after three hours tramping. It was a warm night thankfully as we bivied out on the track that night as that was the only available flattish area. Here we discovered Doug hadn't brought his sleeping bag as it was going to be too heavy so his night was a little colder than ours.

Four hours later we were awakened by daylight. It was a matter of minutes to get up and packed. Doug was even quicker as he had gone to bed with every item of clothing on. Less than ½ hour later we reached the bushline and soon after Mt Luxmore Hut where we had breakfast. We had muesli for breakfast but you guessed it, Doug settled for porridge and cold chips from the Gore piecart.

As we sidled around Mt Luxmore and the Jackson Peaks we had amazing views of Lake Te Anau and surrounding area. It was a quick detour to Mt Luxmore as we were invaded by what seemed like hundreds of kea. We had a short break then on to the Hanging Valley Alpine Shelter for lunch. Along the way Arthur decided to take a 30-foot detour straight down. I think it was just to make our hearts race faster to enable us to keep up with him.

From here it was a long zig zag down to the Iris Burn Hut where we amazingly bet the others. After a quick visit to a nearby waterfall we arrived back to a full hut of OTMC members and sandflies preparing for the cooking competition. Boy it was amazing what some of them had carried in. Their packs must have been very heavy, as some had china, silverware, wine classes, tablecloths and even costumes.

The entrees, mains and deserts all tasted great and every team won a prize, even ours for the best tramping meal. Poor OLD Doug won a prize for the quickest prepared meal which consisted of lots of noodles with instant mashed spuds and cold, Gore piecart chips. Morning soon came and once again my team was awake and up first. By 8am we were packed and away, heading down the Iris Burn past the 1984 Big Slip where Doug kept stopping us to ask questions to its happenings.



**Voting underway at Iris Burn Hut, September 24, 1988 , L-R Alister Metherell, Debbie Williams, Simon Thomas  
(PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

A short break just before Rocky Point and its usual red and orange moss-covered rocks before lunch was had with the sandflies and at Moturau Hut then to Rainbow Reach 4½ hours later with sore feet and blisters from the gravelled highway. We joined Doug and changed into our running shoes for the last part of the track, along the Waiau River in the drizzle back to the Control Gates making it a completed track walk which took a total of 14½ hours. Here we had to wait approx. one hour behind a bush with the sandflies until the van arrived. Thanks for a great weekend.

Michelle Williams for Sue Harding, Arthur Blondell, Russell Godfrey and our lost party member Doug Forrester.



## EREBUS REVISITED

**August 6, 1988**

**Author: Doug Forrester**

Published in OTMC Bulletin 472, November 1988

Fourth attempt for me, just as well it was successful, as I'm getting sick of the 1 ½ hour tramp into Routeburn Flats hut on a Friday night. Weary of the slushy snow conditions and I can think of nicer things to do than being hut bound in the mountains for a weekend. But this weekend trip was different, apart from the forecast of gloom and doom. Road end and starry sky, can't believe it, almost makes the walk in easy.

Awake at 7.30am, what's the weather, wow-wee, no clouds, no wind, this will do us. The Met boys are a mile out. No problem getting everyone cranked up with a morning like this.

It's in the basin above Falls Hut, then we are on snow that is frozen solid, what a breeze. A photograph session and then straight across, everyone is on a high now. Susan and John cannot get skis on quick enough.

We set up camp (3 tents), about 20mins upstream from the inlet into Lake Harris on nice firm snow. A leisurely lunch, nice light packs and we are away. A few clouds are starting to appear, surely we couldn't be robbed of the summit now. Working our way round to the north-west ridge of Erebus and it's cold but good under foot.



(Above) Mt Erebus...At Last! - August 6, 1988 (photo by Antony Pettinger)

Onwards and upwards and it was 10 happy climbers who stood on top of Erebus for photos. The cloud cleared enough for a quick look around and then down we went, easy getting back to camp. Cold conditions setting up tea, August is surely winter in the mountains.

Again the morning dawns clear, it's decided to abort the climb of 6274, it will keep. Conditions across the lake are still good and it's a leisurely walk down to Falls Hut for a sit in the sun and lunch. Everyone is in good spirits, one of the better trips. Hey you met-bods, how embarrassing!

Those in the conquering party – Sue Harding, Michelle Williams, Antony Pettinger, Simon Thomas, Chris Pearson, Mark Planner, Dave Woods, Arthur Blondell, John Robinson and scribe, Doug Forrester.

(P.S.) Billy, sorry you were not there!!



(Above) Back at Routeburn Falls Hut, August 7, 1988

(L-R) Sue Harding, Doug Forrester, John Robinson, Chris Pearson, Simon Thomas, Arthur Blondell, Antony Pettinger (photo by Michelle Longstreth)

## **OHAU (LABOUR W/E – FOOD ESSENTIAL TRIP)**

**October 22-24, 1988**

**Author: John Robinson**

Published in Bulletin 472, November 1988

Well before we heard the forecast we HAD planned to walk in 2 hours on Fri nite, then continue next day up the Huxley in bright sunshine and up over Broderick Pass. One day we were to climb Mt McKenzie and the other day we were to sunbath in Landsborough valley .... Then we heard the forecast ....

So instead in Friday nite we only walked half an hour to Monument Hut (4 bunks left!). Then on Saturday we battled strong westerlies up the Huxley to the forks and on up the north branch to Broderick Hut.

Heaps and heaps of new snow in the main divide, awesome avalanche debris and the weather was packing up ... we decided to stay indoors for the nite. The huts only other occupants were two gun climbers from Twizel away climbing the pass. We stopped them slowly descending and decided to take a cautious look at the pass ourselves.

After climbing to nearly 5000' we turned around, the snow was dangerous and the weather was getting worse. The norwester let loose as we neared the hut. Anyway it was time to start some serious eating ... shrimps, yams, mushies .... And TWO cheesecakes for dessert!

It rained, hailed and blew all nite, and most of Sunday too. Although it did clear briefly about 3pm for a walk up to the head of the valley and a look at the Memorial Glacier. We even had a wee bit of sunshine .... However back the hut and the wind and the mist came back .... We had carrot cake and hot port for treats that evening .... yum yum.

Still hopeful of the weather we set the alarm for 5am to give us time to climb something before heading out. However the westerly had returned full-force by morning and bringing with it several cms of snow around the hut. We left for the road at 11am, this time crossing the Huxley just below the hut and getting wet to the waist ... Once across we had to bash around in the snowy scrub to find the original true left bank track. The track on this side of the river stays close to the river the whole way, avoiding the ups and downs of the main trail which has to cross many wash-outs and piles of avalanche debris. This is by far the best route unless the river is very high. Back to the forks and out down the main Huxley. Near the swing bridge the river has changed course and it is usually not necessary to climb over the hill at the northern end of the bridge. Instead stay with the river climbing up to the bridge if need be if the river is too high.

As we walked out we met the other parties, all with a tale to tell about the weather.

John for the other eaters; Sue, Mary, Arthur, Mark and Gary.



## AN EPIC IN MAY

**May 20-21, 1988**

**Author: Michelle Williams**

Published in Bulletin 472, November 1988

Friday soon came and I was excited and ready for a great climbing weekend at Lake Isobel, but disappointment came before morning tea when Mark Hanger rang to tell me that the planned trip was cancelled due to road closures. Minutes later Arthur rang, then Sue, before long a private trip was organised including Simon.

Arrived at Arthur's just on 7.30pm, then 30 mins later it was decided where we were going, over to the Hokonuis.

After an airy ride down to Gore, it was decided by Arthur to drop in and visit his parents, just to say hi, warm up by the heaters and have a hot brew before we motivated ourselves back into the cold and snow.

Only 15mins from Gore we were at camp, Dolamore Park. As we piled out of the car it was coats and rugs on, while we climbed over a padlocked gate and wandered around looking for a shelter that was open, finally found one with a glass sliding door.

A warm night was spent by all, either on the benches, as Sue and I did or on the floor. It was a late rise, to a brown water brew but it did not take long before we were packed and travelling in the car to our starting point.

With a 23 year old map in Sue's hands it didn't take long before we slightly over took our starting point. Thanks to Arthur 5 miles later we turned back, nearly driving off the road due to snow conditions, but were saved by Arthur's great driving.

After extensive map work it was decided that this was the start, so packs on and tramping shortly after 10am. It was easy walking terrain over farmland, through bogs, over electric fences, over streams too deep to cross or jump. It was only an hour later that we spotted the road, 5 mins to the right of us, map out again, there is something wrong here! Found it, the area had changed in the last 23 years. Never mind. We carried on with the road always in sight. Next we climbed a small peak called Mt Bare (2500ft), where the snow was over knee deep.

All the way up it blew a gale but great views were had on the summit, ranging from the Eyre Mountains to the East Coast. We did not stay long due to the cold but ambled down to a small workmen's hut. On arrival we discovered the door was unlocked. A bit of a grovel but thankful it was there.

A huge feed was shared by candle-light plus great company and conversation before heading off to bed, in Arthur's tent.



**Eyre Mountains from Bare Peak, May 20, 1988 (photo by Michelle Williams)**

It was a cosy night (for some of us). In the morning there was an amazing sunrise and rainbow to match. With another late rise, due to inclement weather, it was decided to walk back via the road to save time and hard yakker, especially since a bull thought we would be good target practise. We then headed back to Gore for hamburgers and chips where we had at Arthur's parents place. Home at 3pm.

Thanks to Arthur Blondell, Simon Thomas, Sue Harding for a cold and crazy weekend - Michelle Williams.

## KEPLER COOKING COMPETITION

**September 24-25, 1988**

**Author: Doug Forrester**

Published in Bulletin 473, December 1988

### AWARD WINNING RECIPE

Compiled, cooked and consumed by Doug Forrester

CONSOMME..... Continetale Cock-a-leekie, carefully boil water and simmer

ENTRÉE..... Edmomdee Lighta La Luncha, gently boil water and add.

MAIN..... Waitaki Spud and Porkoni Noodles

Ingredients... 85g Paldo Roman

100g Waitaki Spud

1 Scoop Chippie A La Cart

Boil, add garnish with Chippie A La Cart. Flambee with 10mls Pegasol A. A. and a long B-B-Q match. Serve with confidence.

I would like to take the opportunity to thank the sponsors, the judges (nice people), the photographers and all those well-wishers who crowded around.



**Alister Metherell, Doug Forrester, Michelle Metherell & Barry Wybrow, Iris Burn Hut, Sept 24, 1988  
(photo: OTMC Archives)**



# THE GREAT 1988 COOKING COMPETITION

**September 24-25, 1988**

**Author: Rhonda Robinson**

Published in Bulletin 473, December 1988

## **The Great 1988 Cooking Competition ....**

... held at the Iris Burn Hut on the Kepler Track on 24th September.

Certainly this tramping hut (or the 2 German tourists who wandered in), had never seen anything like this great event, the secrecy, the ingenuity, the carefully handled packs, and the clint of glass within. 27 trampers (6 groups of competitors and 4 judges) produced three course meals with ingredients ranging from mussels to tofu and avocados to sour cream, and with liquid refreshments such as mulled wine, Jacobs Creek, Speights and Liqueurs.

The importance of this occasion was demonstrated by one group bringing their own actual (almost) chef with chef's outfit and even a bottle of silvo to polish the silver cutlery.

The judges were getting a little hungry by the time the first courses were produced, having politely turned down Doug's kind offer of his two courses. Many attempts to influence the judges' decision were made, (Doug especially), but in the end the choices were obvious and it was especially fortuitous that every group won something so that the judges needn't fear retribution.

There were sections for the best dish of each course.... Debbie, Antony and Simon won in the entree section for their avocado dish (even though the avocado was so hard it had to be boiled in order to be mashed). Mark, Geoff, Sye and Dianne won the mains section for their tofu terrestrial tucker - an amazingly colourful and tasty dish of tofu in a hot peanut sauce on noodles, served with broccoli and cheese, and diced kumara with toasted nuts on top. Barry, Cindy, Glenda and Joanne won the dessert section with their cinnamon bananas with apple athole brose (a definite 'yum' on the judges 'yuk-yum' scale). Arthur, Sue, Russell and Michelle won the section for the best meal which you could actually take tramping, with their special macaroni cheese dish and banana cake with custard, while Teresa, Keith and Bill won the best presentation and most enjoyment of a meal (menu cards, floating candles, serviettes and liqueurs and truffles - the whole works!), they were presented with a bunch of artificial flowers. Rosemary, Leigh, Dave and Terry won best overall for their presentation and wonderful meal of mussel and mushroom kebabs, fish and almond curry, bananas and peaches in rum and mulled wine. They were presented with a box of after dinner mints for their efforts.

Last but not least (*I wouldn't be too sure about that!* - Ed) the speed and ease of preparation prize (a box of mixed spices), went to Doug for his imaginative two course meal, titled Chow En Lai (a cup of instant noodles) and Chow En Two (2 minutes noodles with chips from Gore arranged attractively in it.).



**High standards at the 1099 Kepler Cooking Competition, Iris Burn Hut, September 24, 1988  
(PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

A mention must be made of the judges own meal - just to show everyone how it should be done - a real magnificent (*modest these judges - Ed.*), spread of sweet and sour chicken, followed by fruit and cream filled brandy baskets, half of which were given away as we were rather full by then!

Rhonda Robinson for Michelle and Alister Metherell and Wayne Redmond.

## THE CATLINS WEEKEND

**September 3-4, 1988**

**Author: Neville Mulholland**

Published in Bulletin 473, December 1988

We met outside the clubrooms to find that Rhodes had given us a 4WD Land Rover rather than the usual van, Arthur, unsure about how we were going to stow the packs, finally put them on the roof-rack, making sure they were securely tied on. We finally left Dunedin at about 6.30pm. We stopped at Balclutha for tea where Chris plotted his attack against Moana Pool who had ripped him of \$1. He had Jean McLean on his side so was sure to get justice. If that failed, he would then call on the OTMC for reinforcements.

Sometime around 10pm we stopped and camped for the night. The next morning we awoke to find there had been a heavy frost. The local farmer stopped for a chat telling us that we could take our wheels further down the track rather than walk. So we set off, with Catherine our 'ace rally driver' at the wheel, through mud and along impassable roadways until our ever vigilant Steve noticed a pack had fallen off the roof-rack. "It would have to be Chris' pack!" said Catherine, not at all amused at having to stop.

On the road again we finally reached the place where we were to leave the vans. The three parties set off with shaky knees, glad to be on solid ground once again. By taking the van further down the road we had saved 1 ½ hours of walking time.

We walked to the end of the road and then out on to open farmland where we were able to see out to sea. We followed the fence line to the next hill where we headed in the direction of Wallace Beach. The walk was easy but then we climbed a hill which took us through mud. We then headed down to Long Beach arriving there about 11.30. We looked along Long Beach for a good camp site with fresh water, but this was not easy as the water was either swamp, sea water or water running through farmland with moos-dooos in it.

Towards the end of Long Beach we found a locked hut with a water tank, which is where we stayed. We had lunch and relaxed in what would have been the sun if there had been any! After lunch we set up camp, then while everyone else went sight-seeing I stayed on the beach and rested.

We had tea about 5.30pm, then visited Arthur and Pam's groups who weren't too far away. We played games and told stories at the same time increasing Wayne's vocabulary, mainly with words which are not quotable.

We woke the next morning after a peaceful night's sleep, raring to go. By 8.15 we were ready to retrace our steps along the beach. We went back to the fence line where we dropped our packs and just taking one pack with lunches and 'might need stuff', we set off for a walk around Chaslands Mistake. We walked to the first trig station where we witnessed great views of the sea and cliffs which dropped down several hundred metres to the sea. From there we went on to the second trig. We trudged our way through endless, horrible, yellow, sticky



mud. We found a nice place to enjoy our lunch, then set off again, but then came the other two parties churning up the mud and generally being dirty. Unfortunately, we were unable to hold the mud-wrestling championship finals as nobody had their costumes, which was a shame but never mind.

We followed the track and the mud around Chaslands Mistake, along the edge of the Waipati Estuary and back up to the fence line to where we had left our packs. After a rest and some refreshments we set off to where we had left the land-rover. Catherine, our ace rally driver, drove us to pick up Arthur's and Pam's parties who had gone to visit the Cathedral Caves.

Into the van, this time with Arthur at the wheel, heading for Balclutha to harass the locals and to enjoy a good feed which we had been dreaming of since Friday.

Neville Mulholland for Catherine and Caroline.





## CROSS COUNTRY SKIING – OLD WOMAN RANGE

**August 20-21, 1988**

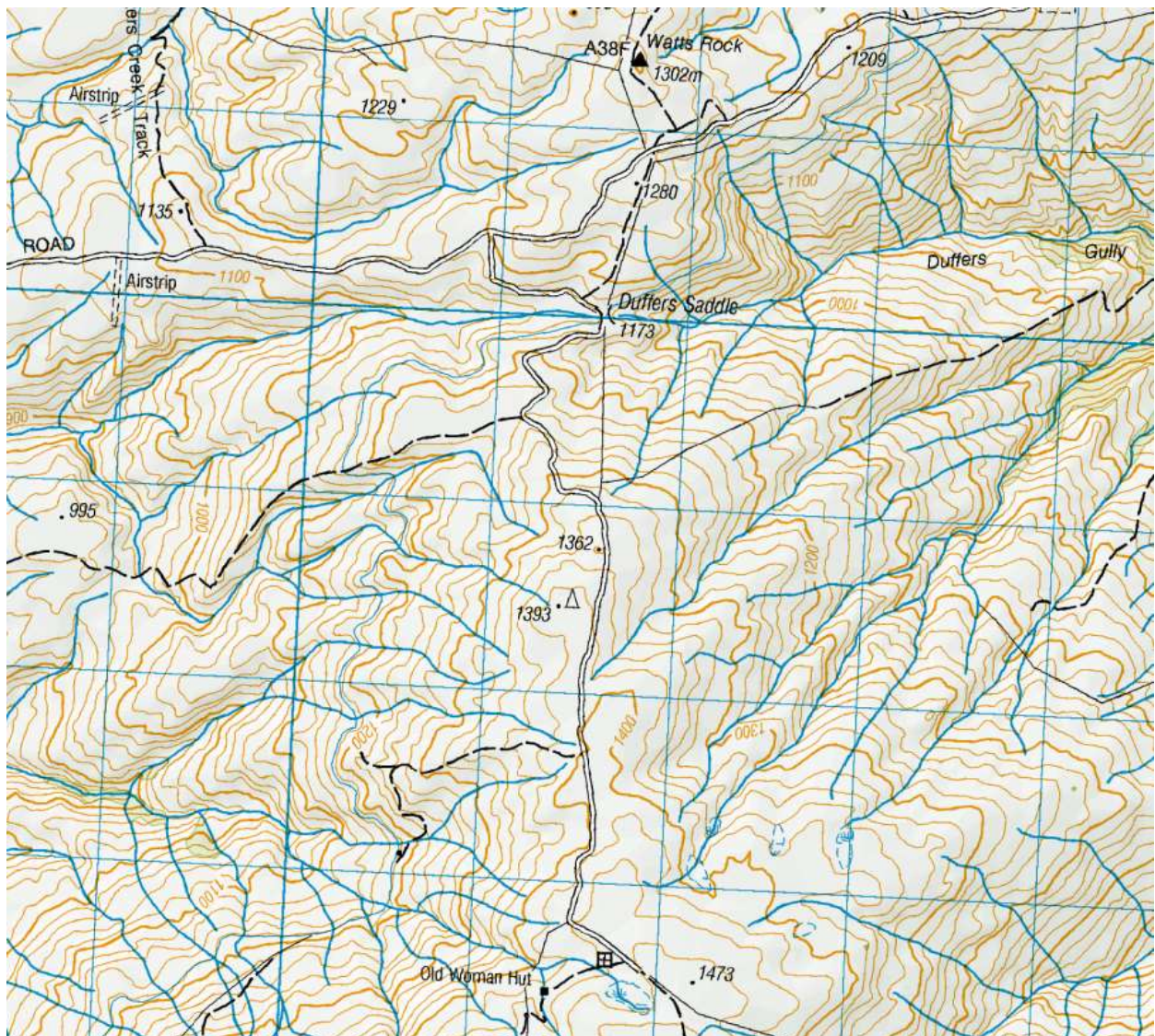
**Author: John Robinson**

Published in Bulletin 473, December 1988

This last winter will go down in memory as one of the worst for a long while. Despite a good start we had mainly poor snow and many cancelled ski trips.

However, thanks to a well-timed dump of snow in mid-August we did have one club cross country ski trip.

Seventeen of us met early Saturday morning at the Nevis turn-off heading for Duffers Saddle, and with chains on we all made it to the top of the road. Then after a 40-minute walk we had just enough snow to ski the remaining hour to the hut.



After lunch it was ski-school for the beginners and practice time for the rest of us. A good slope was found with some really nice snow, in fact it snowed gently the whole day. Tired, wet

and weary we skied back down to the hut for our usual huge meal. After mulled wine we retired early, and all slept well.

Sunday dawned fine so we split into groups for a day of touring, this is what cross country is really about ... snow was thin on the tops but generally pretty good elsewhere.

It was another good day for all, and we were reluctant to head back down. Still, I think we were lucky to get that weekend which was probably the best for snow and weather of the whole winter. Let's hope winter '89 is better!

John for Sandy, Andy, Sue, Rachel, Neil, Bruce, John, Russel, Chris, Kathy, Ann, Sid, Jacqui, Graham, Rob and Tony.



## **OTMC COMMITTEE (1988-89)**

**President** – David Peacock

**Vice President** – Heather Robertson

**Secretary** – Ian Sime

**Treasurer** – Mark Hanger

**Chief Guide / Transport** – Antony Pettinger

**Bulletin Editor** – Susan Harding

**Membership Secretary** – Michelle Williams

**Social Convenor** – Doug Forrester

**Day Trip Convener** – Debbie Williams

**Gear Hire** – Simon Thomas

**SAR** – Stuart Mathieson

**Bushcraft 1989** – Antony Pettinger

**Property & Maintenance** – Peter Mason

**Mountain Safety / FMC** – Mike Floate

**Librarian** – Mary Hewinson

**Immediate Past President** – Spen Walker

**Outdoor Recreation Group** – Jane Bruce

**Hon. Solicitor** – Antony Hamel

**Family Group** – Lyall Campbell

**Family Group** – George Palmer

**Over Thirties** – Neil Donaldson

**Over Thirties** – Muriel Mason

**Over Thirties** – Eric Brodie

## OTMC TRIP PROGRAMME 1988

January	24	Alison's Mystery	Alison McPherson
January	31	Evansdale Glen	Bill Robertson
January	30-31	Bicycle Trip To Young Tai's (Mystery Destination)	Doug Forrester
February	7	Rockclimbing (Long Beach)	Climbing Section
February	6-7	Greenstone / Caples Area	Antony Pettinger
February	13	OTMC Silver Peaks Marathon	Antony Pettinger
February	14	OTMC Club Picnic	Social Convenor
February	21	No Day Trip (due to Bushcraft Tirohanga)	
February	20-21	OTMC Bushcraft - Tirohanga Weekend	Barry Wybrow
February	27-28	OTMC Bushcraft -Silver Peaks Weekend	Barry Wybrow
March	6	OTMC Bushcraft - Rivercrossing (Taieri River)	Barry Wybrow
March	13	Jubilee Hut	Philip Jenkins
March	12-13	OTMC Bushcraft - Final Weekend - Fiordland	Barry Wybrow
March	20	Swampy - Green Hut	Graham Hopkins
March	27	Silver Peaks	Pam Hodgkinson
March	26-27	Huxley / Hopkins	Don Greer
April	3	No Day Trip (Easter)	
April	1-4	Matukituki	Bill Robertson
April	10	John's Mystery	John Pohl
April	17	Town Belt	Doug Pagel
April	23-25	Mt Cook (ANZAC Weekend)	Chris Pearson
May	1	Moonlight Silver Peaks (Night Trip)	David Barnes
May	8	Otago Peninsula	Mary Hewinson
May	15	Workparty	Committee
May	13-14	Mavora Lakes / Eyre Mountains	David Peacock
May	22	Dave's Mystery	David Peacock
May	20-21	Lake Isobel	Mark Hanger
May	29	Mt Allan / Mt John	Jane Bruce
June	5	No Day Trip (Queen's Birthday)	
June	4-6	Waitutu (Queens Birthday)	David Barnes
June	12	Possum Hut	Simon Thomas
June	19	Powder Ridge	Arthur Blondell
June	26	Michelle's Mystery	Michelle Williams
June	18-19	Doug's El Cheapo Climbing Trip (Mt Domett)	Doug Forrester
July	2-3	Trotters Gorge - Annual Wine & Dine	David Peacock
July	3	Trotters Gorge	Peter Mason
July	9-10	Makarora / Brewster Area	Susan Harding
July	19	Rocklands	Mike Floate
July	17	Silver Peaks Round Trip	Doug Forrester
July	16-17	X/C Skiing Instruction & Touring	Bruce Mason
July	23-24	Snow One (Basic Snowcraft)	Chris Pearson
July	24	Powder Ridge	Ross Cocker

July	31	Cycling Day Trip	Bill Robertson
August	6-7	Winter Routeburn (Falls Side)	Antony Pettinger
August	7	Berwick Forest	Ian Sime
August	13-14	Snow Two (Snow Survival Course - Snowcaving)	Spen Walker
August	14	Bendoran - ABC	David Barnes
August	20-21	X/C Skiing Instruction & Touring	Committee
August	21	The Pyramids	Heather Robertson
August	28	Mystery Trip	Keith Roberts
September	3-4	Catlins Area	Arthur Blondell
September	4	Pineapple Track - Burns Saddle	Mike Gillies
September	11	Rock Climbing (Long Beach)	David Peacock
September	17-18	Spring Cross Country Skiing	Bruce Mason
September	18	Parakeet Ridge - Possum Hut (Rosella Ridge)	David Barnes
September	24-25	Winter Kepler Mountains & Cooking Competition	Barry Wybrow
September	25	Maungatua	Kathy Woodrow
October	2	SAREX (Search & Rescue Exercise)	Stuart Mathieson
October	8-9	Lake Monowai	Spen Walker
October	9	Mystery Trip	Chris Pearson
October	14-16	SAREX (Search & Rescue Exercise - Lower Taieri Gorge)	Stuart Mathieson
October	16	Organ Pipes (Mt. Cargill)	Pam Cocker
October	22-24	Huxley / Ahuriri / Temple	Susan Harding
October	30	Bruce Mason Special	Bruce Mason
November	5-6	Fiordland - Eglinton Area	George Palmer
November	6	Rock Climbing Introduction	John Pohl
November	13	Bet You've Never Been Here Before	Ken Mason
November	19-20	Mt Horrible - Rock Climbing	Andy Beecroft
November	20	Nardoo Number Four	Ross Cocker
November	26	OTMC Silver Peaks Marathon	Antony Pettinger
November	27	Bicycling Day Trip	Chris Pearson
December	3-4	Takitimus	Simon Thomas
December	4	Hightop - Mt Allan - Mt John - Jubilee - Hightop	David Barnes
December	10	Christmas Social	Social Convenor
December	11	Rocky Ridge	Arthur Blondell
December	18	The Crater	Jeanne Mason



OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (FEBRUARY TO MAY)



## OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (JUNE TO SEPTEMBER)


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

**BULLETIN**  
Registered at GPO Wellington for Transmission by Post as a Magazine

June 1988

**Easter 1988**

shadows of the moon



During night golden moon  
rising, shunt the mountains  
as we camped at 5,500  
ft - in snow  
- Whitmot Saddle

With packs, boots, bags and all  
We go to climb the mountain tall.  
Across snow, bags and rivers  
With help our Polypipes to help us;

Bluff, grey, waterfalls on high,  
They worry us not so much as a fly  
As we find this land from sea to  
sea

For we are, you're covered it, the  
OTMC.

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

**BULLETIN**  
Registered at GPO Wellington for Transmission by Post as a Magazine

July 1988

**Dusk**

The horizon, pink, like a flamingo's plumage;  
The water, still as the distant plane  
Clouds, unseen, spread far and thin  
land, wooded, draped, clings to the statues of the waiting  
before the quivering mass into the coming of the tide  
When thick, sudden waves, close to the beach,  
driving out channels as if under sail to the beach  
A new wave is joined, bumping with of the tangled tentacles  
of a stormy sea.

Suddenly, after an age of the previous sea  
suddenly brought to the abrupt end of its ancient days, damped  
to its place of rest.

And the dusk, again, into the depths of the sea  
A gull takes off, flying fast with the dark  
Dive high then down to the sea, white and again,  
growing extended light, suddenly it stalls,  
drifting from its steady slither, the other half.  
As it glides slowly, edging through the air, then  
suddenly on the sea and entering pool, wading glass,  
to the sea with rhythmic precision  
Leaving the horizon pink, like the shade of glass.

(John Fiddell Jan June 1988)

**Help!**  
**Treasurer wanted**

Since the 1st of August, the Club will need a new Treasurer and that we are looking for someone to do the job. The Treasurer will be responsible for the Club's finances and will be expected to attend the AGM and to be available to the Club members.

You do not need to have anything about accounting. The Treasurer takes care of that side of the job. You do need to be responsible and meticulous - with a dash of the redoubtable to find out what is needed. And you won't be on your own if you are Treasurer. There will be a great Treasurer to show you what to do and to be around if needed. So what about it? Come on be a Club Treasurer next year!

**ECONOMY**

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

**BULLETIN**  
Registered at GPO Wellington for Transmission by Post as a Magazine

August 1988

**Speights & Blanemange**  
starring  
**Michelle W**  
**Bill R**  
**Barry W**

World Premiere  
**August 18th**

OTMC

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

**BULLETIN**  
Registered at GPO Wellington for Transmission by Post as a Magazine

September 1988

Over 25's are incapable of tramping  
TRUE? FALSE!!  
Come to the Debate  
on the 29th September  
to discover the truth

**The Committee**

President	David Fraser	179615
Vice President	Michael Robertson	077514
Secretary	Don Day	01 784
Treasurer	Mark Morgan	01424
Chief Guide	Malcolm Fiddings	077622
Membership Sec.	Michael Williams	017614
Publicity Sec.	Don Fiddings	01414
Editor	Don Fiddings	01 774
Club News	David Fraser	01444
Law	Don Fiddings	01 011
Pub. Sec.	Mark Morgan	01424
Library	Mark Morgan	01424
Web	David Fraser	01444
Properties and Maintenance	David Fraser	01444
Publicity	David Fraser	01444
Club	David Fraser	01444



OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (OCTOBER TO DECEMBER)

