

# OTMC TRIP REPORTS

## 1990

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Sourced from the 1990 OTMC Bulletins



# CONTENTS

<b>Introduction .....</b>	<b>4</b>
<b>Outdoor First Aid Course - Waiora.....</b>	<b>7</b>
<b>Macetown.....</b>	<b>8</b>
<b>The OTMC Christmas Party .....</b>	<b>11</b>
<b>Nardoo V.....</b>	<b>12</b>
<b>Trotters Gorge Picnic Weekend .....</b>	<b>14</b>
<b>Nicols Creek .....</b>	<b>15</b>
<b>Aspiring Revisited (Success!) .....</b>	<b>17</b>
<b>New Year In The Eyre Mountains .....</b>	<b>20</b>
<b>MSC / OTMC Bushcraft Stand – Otago A&amp;P Show.....</b>	<b>22</b>
<b>OTMC Marathon .....</b>	<b>23</b>
<b>OTMC Leadership Woes.....</b>	<b>25</b>
<b>A Monstrous Story From Green Lake.....</b>	<b>26</b>
<b>Temple: North / South Crossing .....</b>	<b>28</b>
<b>Maitland Valley .....</b>	<b>30</b>
<b>Bushcraft 1990 – Directors Report.....</b>	<b>33</b>
<b>Bushcraft 1990 – Silver Peaks I .....</b>	<b>35</b>
<b>Bushcraft 1990 – Silver Peaks II.....</b>	<b>37</b>
<b>Bushcraft 1990 – Silver Peaks III .....</b>	<b>38</b>
<b>Dusky Sound .....</b>	<b>39</b>
<b>Hut Book Doodles .....</b>	<b>41</b>
<b>Two Showers In The Spey.....</b>	<b>42</b>
<b>Bushcraft 1990 – Ohau I.....</b>	<b>43</b>
<b>Bushcraft 1990 – Silver Peaks IV .....</b>	<b>45</b>
<b>Bushcraft 1990 – Ohau II (Ohau Highlights) .....</b>	<b>47</b>
<b>Bushcraft 1990 – River Crossing .....</b>	<b>48</b>

<b>Mt Brewster .....</b>	<b>50</b>
<b>Snowcaving Trip .....</b>	<b>52</b>
<b>Caples – Kay Creek – Scott Creek I .....</b>	<b>54</b>
<b>Caples – Greenstone Trip .....</b>	<b>56</b>
<b>Mt. Cerberus (The Official Version) .....</b>	<b>58</b>
<b>Caples – Kay Creek – Scott Creek II .....</b>	<b>60</b>
<b>RAINDROPS Keep Falling On My Head (Mt Cook) .....</b>	<b>62</b>
<b>Pre-Easter Social .....</b>	<b>65</b>
<b>Rock &amp; Pillar Range (Day Trip) .....</b>	<b>66</b>
<b>My View Of The Marathon .....</b>	<b>68</b>
<b>Tawanui revisited .....</b>	<b>70</b>
<b>Christmas Trip (Operation Rain) .....</b>	<b>72</b>
<b>Impressions Of The Catlins .....</b>	<b>74</b>
<b>Trotters Gorge Wine &amp; Dine .....</b>	<b>76</b>
<b>Silver Peaks Solience* (Alias 'The Teddy Bears Picnic) .....</b>	<b>77</b>
<b>Jubilee Hut Book Entry .....</b>	<b>80</b>
<b>OTMC Annual Auction .....</b>	<b>81</b>
<b>Winter Routeburn .....</b>	<b>82</b>
<b>24 Hours Of Walking In A Weekend (Takitimu) .....</b>	<b>85</b>
<b>Ten Days In Fiordland .....</b>	<b>87</b>
<b>Search and Rescue – Operation Swale .....</b>	<b>90</b>
<b>Otago Peninsula .....</b>	<b>91</b>
<b>Green Lake Monster Revisited, or Warm Wash, Cold Rinse And Hold .....</b>	<b>92</b>
<b>The Ben Ohau Trip (or How To Sell The South Island In One Weekend) .....</b>	<b>95</b>
<b>Snow I .....</b>	<b>97</b>
<b>Labour Weekend at Lake Monowai .....</b>	<b>98</b>

<b>Silver Peaks Plus.....</b>	<b>101</b>
<b>Adventure In The Silver Peaks .....</b>	<b>103</b>
<b>The Catlins .....</b>	<b>105</b>
<b>An All Day River Crossing.....</b>	<b>107</b>
<b>OTMC Committee (1990-91).....</b>	<b>109</b>
<b>OTMC Trip Programme 1990.....</b>	<b>110</b>
<b>OTMC Bulletin Covers (February to May).....</b>	<b>112</b>
<b>OTMC Bulletin Covers (June to September) .....</b>	<b>113</b>
<b>OTMC Bulletin Covers (November &amp; December) .....</b>	<b>114</b>

## INTRODUCTION

When looking back at the club's history, 1990 will always be remembered as a significant year. The size of this collection attests to the number of trips the club were running (with maybe only 50% or less being reported on). 27 weekend or longer trips were run during the 1989-90 reporting period, and patronage across these was 466. The only cancellation was a five-day option for the Easter trip – perhaps we were more tolerant of unsuitable weather in days gone by.

There were two significant OTMC events in 1990, a visit by Sir Edmund Hillary, and the purchase of 3 Young Street.

This is how I recall the visit by Sir Ed (there are no notes in our archives). 1990 was the sesquicentennial of New Zealand, and Sir Edmund Hillary had been invited to Dunedin by the Council for some Festival Week events. Our Social Convenor at the time, Elspeth Gold, cheekily invited Sir Ed along to our regular club meeting on the Thursday night. I do not believe Elspeth expected a reply, and recall her being surprised when she did – unfortunately, Sir Ed had another engagement for the Thursday night...but would the Monday night suit us? The answer to this was obvious (yes!), and so the committee hit the phones to let members know.



**Sir Edmund Hillary chatting with Vice President Rhonda Robinson (PHOTO OTMC Archives)**

Following a minor technicality of no one bringing a key to the Russell St clubroom, we eventually had the large turnout inside before the arrival of the Mayor (Richard Walls) and Sir Ed. The format was planned to simply be a cup of tea and a chat, but Sir Ed did come along with some notes and spoke about his mountaineering achievements, and there was a sense

that Sir Ed was quite comfortable using alpine terms such as 'cornice, ice axe and crevasse' with people who knew what he was referring to.

I can remember someone asking how big the top of Mt Everest was, and his reply was that he had never been asked that question before, and it was about 8ft in diameter.

We had chosen Mike Floate to give a vote of thanks, as was particularly good at that sort of thing. In 2009 I congratulated Mike on receiving his QSM – this is part of his reply:

*"I don't know whether you will remember the occasion, but one of the proudest moments in my life was when I was asked to give the Vote of Thanks to Ed Hillary when he spoke to the OTMC on the very day (February 1990) that Nelson Mandela was finally released from prison in South Africa. Given that coincidence I was able to refer to the importance of political and environmental and social freedoms".*



Sir Edmund Hillary addressing the OTMC, February 1990 (PHOTO OTMC Archives)

We have had many fantastic speakers at club meetings over the years, but Sir Ed was a coup, and we have the late Dr. Elspeth Gold to thank for making it happen.

The purchase of 3 Young Street as our permanent clubrooms was another significant milestone in our history. As with any major decision, there will always be differing points of view – with the benefit of time we are able to look back and appreciate what a sound decision this has been. We were able to purchase the rooms from our cash reserves, and the chosen building (a former TAB), has proven to be relatively maintenance free. We were told the roof would last a few more years, but we got more than 20 years life out of it – this has been the only really significant expenditure.

The club celebrated 30 years at 3 Young Street in 2020 with a slide show and cake – we have a copy of the presentation available on our [website here](#) – this outlines our various clubrooms (there was one more in Broadway that is not noted), and also shows what the club was like in 1990.

There were also many other notable events in 1990. One was an impressive Bushcraft Course run by Ross Cocker – as you will read in Ross's report contained in this collection, earlier Bushcraft courses were major events and required a lot of planning and assistance from members throughout the course – all without our modern communication devices.

The Bushcraft course came a week or so after a group of 'experienced' members managed to find two Lake Nerine's during the 1990 Waitangi Weekend trip. Surprisingly, this trip remains unrecorded – maybe this is something Ross C and myself will correct one day, just to ensure we finally set the record straight! This was the same trip where a member in another party ventured from his tent fly in the night for a comfort stop, and couldn't find his way back, subsequently spending the rest of the night curled up around a tussock!

The exotic plantings at Ben Rudd's were largely removed in late 1989, and in 1990 attempts were made to get any remaining trees removed. 1990 was also the first year that we started working on the reestablishment of native species through the former plantation. The value of this work can clearly be seen today.

All in all, the club was a very satisfactory and active position in 1990, the rise in membership from 198 to 226 certainly helped.

Antony Pettinger  
April 2021

**Cover Photo: Green Lake from the slopes above the current DoC Hut – the lake itself is the basin formed by the debris of the Green Lake Landslide, which is the largest known (above sea level) landslide on Earth. The lake has no surface outlets, with the water flowing underground springs (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**



# **OUTDOOR FIRST AID COURSE - WAIORA**

**November 17-19, 1989**

**Author: Teresa Wasilewska**

Published in Bulletin 485, February 1990

Details of course material are deliberately vague for the 'benefit' of future students however....

Six OTMC members arrived at Waiora Scout Camp at about 7.00 pm on Friday complete with a bright, red penguin kite - essential for First Aid.

After being reassured by instructor Doug Third that we would work hard all weekend, the 21 students were split into three teams of seven, and each team was then given a 10ft wall on the confidence course to get over.

After a quick night-cap, members retired to their hut and talked the night away discussing who had previously slept with who and training wood pigeons to pick up human scent for the purposes of SAR.

Saturday started a little earlier than expected at 7.45 am with the most life-like First Aid exercise I had ever seen. In fact, it took maybe 15 minutes to realise the incident was actually genuine. We were taken down to the river where two boy scouts had fallen down a 10-15m, almost vertical bank onto a flat bank at the bottom, about the size of a sofa - very lucky. On the way down they also dislodged a rock onto the father's head causing two gashes. To cut a long story short Dad walked back, one lad with a cut and bruised back was carried across the river by Doug and the other boy was treated for back and leg injuries and then stretched shoulder-high across the river by Doug, scout leaders and OTMC members. An ambulance took them all back to Dunedin. Then it was breakfast time for us.

Saturday's instruction consisted of the usual CPR stuff, injury treatment in the form of a relay race, and an all-in wrestling with a view to achieving a fireman's lift.

Tea consisted of mushroom patè and biscuits, vege-slops & la Pettinger and assorted cakes for dessert - all very nice. Saturday ended with a wee SAREX which basically involved tramping up a steep hill, doing a bit of First Aid at the top, being mucked about in the dark for two hours then evacuating a casualty down the same steep hill only to kick her off the stretcher at the bottom.

Sunday morning saw a conclusion of our instruction on fractures, limb 'immobilization' and the like. After lunch major incidents were conceived and performed by each team in turn, with another team acting as First Aiders. This was a very worthwhile exercise with only two casualties lost, one fatality (which couldn't be helped) and one particularly uncooperative person who was allowed to wander off into the bush never to be seen again.

Weather OK Company EXCELLENT!!

Present were: Anabel Boyes, Yvonne Greet, Ian McElhinney, David Peacock, Richard Pettinger and Teresa Wasilewska



## MACETOWN

**October 21-23, 1989**

**Author: Jane Bruce**

Published in Bulletin 485, February 1990

We set off expecting doom, gloom and two cold fronts over the weekend.

Camped as usual by the riverbank in Arrowtown. It wasn't raining the next morning, so we took the Big Hill track. This is the original miner's pack track into Macetown, and consequently has a very comfortable gradient.

Lunch at Needham's cottage, the schoolmaster's restored house. The daffodils are beautiful, still the original strain.

We strolled down the main street of Macetown, being educated from Mike's guidebook. The bakehouse has been restored and the butcher's shop has a concrete floor (business must have been good), but the other houses are just sites surrounded by trees.

Past Macetown we went up the Rich Burn to the Anderson Battery, erected 1906, and a rundown on the gold extraction process. We could see the remains of the water race on the cliff above the battery. We went further up the old pack track, which is still in good condition except for a few slips, and up Sylvia Creek. We set up camp on three separate sites within visiting distance. Our tent was beside the All Nations battery, so we trust the tent floor kept out the mercury vapours!



**Remains of Anderson's Stamping Battery, Macetown (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

After cups of tea, we went exploring up Sylvia Creek. There's a smithy with remains of bellows, supports for an aerial tramway, and an explosives storage tunnel. The most modern relic (1975) is the remains of a Cessna, which flew up the valley, unable to gain height, until it crashed into the cliffs at the end and burst into flame. All on board died.

On Sunday the tops were clagged in, so we decided to start in the valley and get onto the tops if it cleared later. A few minutes up the Rich Burn we stopped at the Homeward Bound battery. This battery was originally used in Waipori and carried into Macetown in 1910.

We scrambled up the line of the aerial tramway which fed the battery as far as the mine shaft. The huge amount of mullock, or waste rock thrown from the mine made handy flat place to rest. It started raining, and we headed back down a zig-zag pack track to the main valley.

We stopped for lunch in a modern hut at Sawyers Gully. There are the remains of a boiler here - they must have carried in coal to feed it - and a 30-foot water wheel. The last battery on the site was the 36-stamp premier. Now it is labelled "No Fossicking"

We admired a large tub which used to hold potassium cyanide, the reefs were often contaminated with iron pyrites, which combined with mercury more easily than gold. In these cases, the miners used cyanide to extract gold from the powdered ore, Macetown wouldn't have been pleasant, what with mining waste everywhere, muddy streams, mercury and cyanide in the water!



**Aerial Cableway remains above the Homeward Bound Battery, Rich Burn (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**



Further up valley there is a tramway, quartz hopper, mine shafts, house remains. Also a modern sculpture (handcrafted slate slabs with metal coils between them and a ceramic insulator on top which we think must have been a heat dissipation unit for an electric generator. Back to the tents for a nap before tea,

Fine again on Monday. The 4WD road down the Arrow is interesting to walk - once. There are neat stacks of boulders where Chinese miners reworked the tailings. The gorge is quite impressive - must have been hard work to build the road through in the 1880's. Luckily we didn't get too many trail bikes. For the last 20 minutes we left the road and followed a delightful high-level track to Arrowtown. The tacky souvenirs and Japanese and American tourists make it hard to spot the ice cream shops. We survived Arrowtown, but not the van fumes on the way back!

Macetown tour parties: Bruce Mason (native guide), Eric, Mike Floate, Megan Park, Jane Bruce, Spen Walker, Darcy Espie, Gilbert Mingam, Mike Hamel. A great trip!



**The road leading to Macetown, with Advance Peak towering above (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

# THE OTMC CHRISTMAS PARTY

**December 9, 1989**

**Author: Not recorded**

Published in Bulletin 485, February 1990

December 9 dawned bright and sunny, 31 intrepid trampers headed to Hindon Station for a weekend of wild abandon.

The barbeque tea was put on by Don and Leila from Hindon Station and it was superb, enough food left over for breakfast. The music was turned up and whether it was dancing inside or sitting under the stars gossiping outside, a good time was had by all.

About 2am and someone, still not known, suggested to head off down to the river for a midnight splash. Back to bed and a hot drink before settling in for the night,

Early next morning Darcy was the first up looking for breakfast and then others managed to arouse themselves, some - looking a bit worse, for wear. A search was successful in finding Peter Masons missing glasses and then off back to Dunedin,

A pretty eventful weekend with lots of stories and gossip but I suppose you had to be there to appreciate it.

THANK YOU TO ALL THOSE WHO SUPPORTED!!

# NARDOO V

**November 26, 1989**

**Author: Ross Cocker**

Published in Bulletin 485, February 1990

What excitement, a good forecast for a change "light southerlies, cloudy conditions, continuing through to Monday". Off to clubrooms, 13 people in 3 cars took 1½ hours to drive the 72 km to Trig U (2000ft) at the south eastern corner of the Nardoo Scientific Reserve. Pleasant tramping followed a water race for ½ hour into a 5-hectare pocket of remnant silver beech forest. Thru this, up the ridge on the true right of the Nardoo Stream above the beech climbing up the tussocky south-eastern slopes of the Lammerlaw Range to reach Trigs G, G No2 (3200ft) on the top of Nardoo for lunch in deep tussock at 1pm.

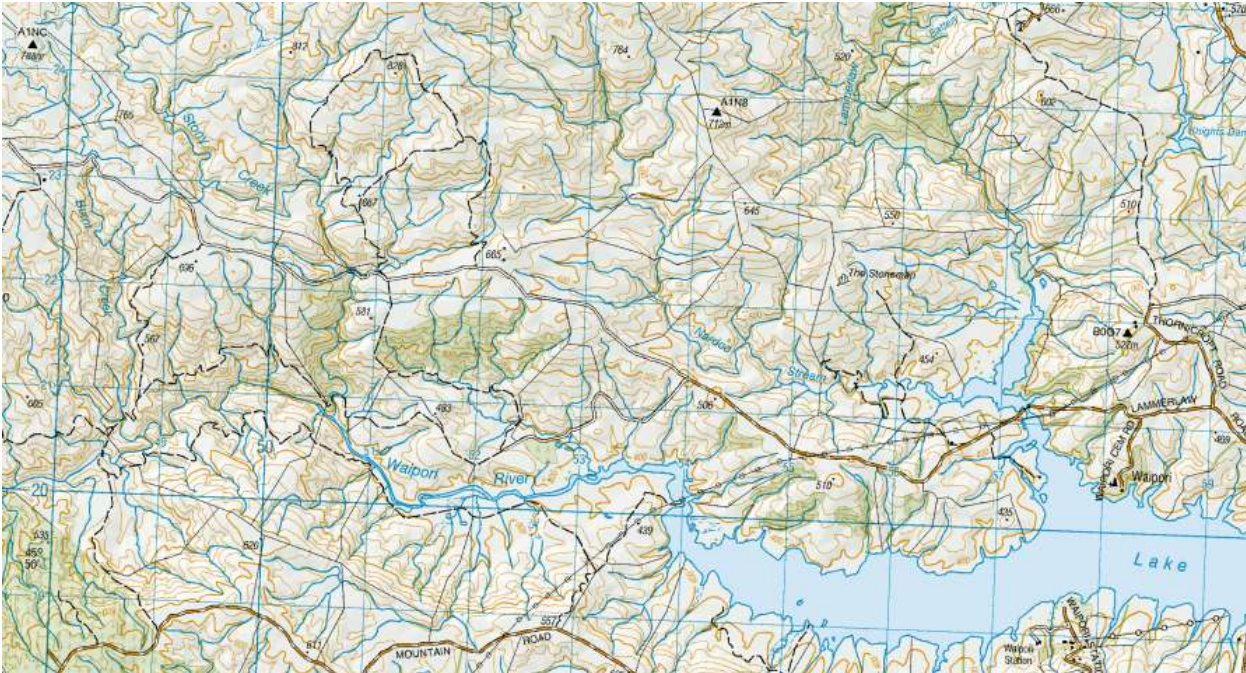


Pleasant views of gently rolling tussock covered hills around Devils Stream catchment, which is a tributary of Deep Stream, ½ hour to Little Peak (3000ft), cameras clicking at Walrus Rock, a natural archway of schist over a moat-like tarn. This rock and other man-made cairns in the Reserve were used extensively for route-finding by gold miners travelling between Dunedin and Gabriels Gully. It was because miners were travelling through this area at that time that gold was discovered in 1861 at what became the Waipori Goldfield. The lower reaches of the Nardoo Stream were intensively worked and relics of this gold mining era are found throughout the reserve. 1½ hours easy walking down a 4WD track on the southern boundary of the reserved brought us back to the cars. Good conditions for tramping, pity about the haze in the



distance which obscured much of the distant hills. Back at the clubrooms at 4.30pm. Nardoo is nardone again!

Ross Cocker for David Barnes, Peter Barnes, Doug Forrester, Mary Clark, Yvonne King, Ken King, Rhonda Robinson, Annabel Boyes, Megan Park, Stephen Cathro, Ken Mason and Ian McIlroy



## TROTTERS GORGE PICNIC WEEKEND

**January 27-28, 1990**

**Author: Debbie Pettinger**

Published in Bulletin 485, February 1990

This year the club picnic was held at Trotters Gorge on 28 January. A few of the enthusiastic arrived on Saturday afternoon and after setting up the tents a volleyball game was started. Doug Forrester was most upset when he threw his hat in the water while trying to rescue the ball.



**1990 Club Picnic at Trotters Gorge, January 28, 1990 (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

A barbecue tea was started, then into the hut to enjoy an open fire. While we were contemplating what the weather would do people started to arrive. And did they arrive - in total approx. 44 people arrived at the OUTC hut to enjoy the brilliant weather and barbeque (thanks must go to Lindsay and Judy Aitcheson on the kind lend of the barbecue). An excellent volleyball game was continued most of the afternoon while many other members had a catch up of how everybody's holidays went. The children enjoyed the water, and they proved very handy when the ball happened to go in that direction.

It was a good weekend, and I must say that it was pleasing to see many members of the club who are now slowly becoming less active with the enjoyment of new babies.



## NICOLS CREEK

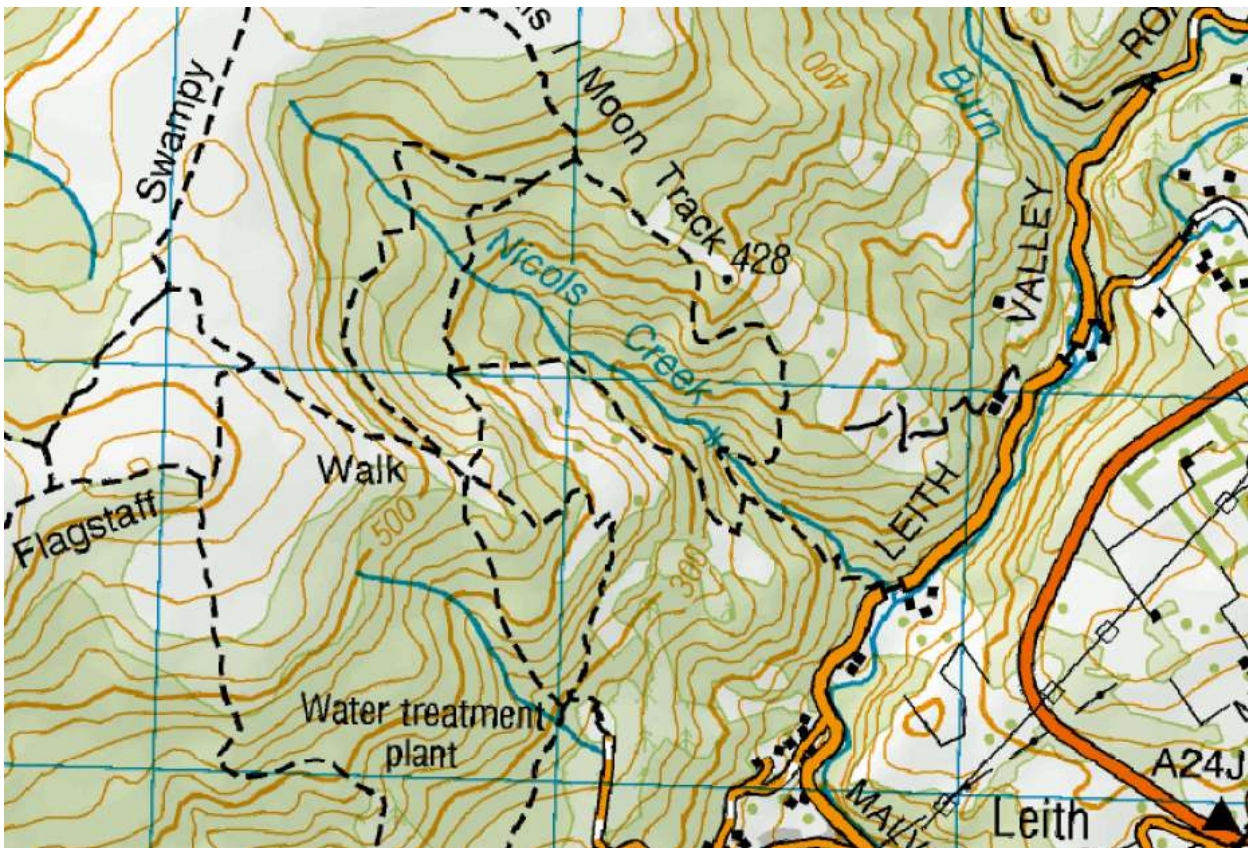
**November 19, 1989**

**Author: Jane Bruce**

Published in Bulletin 485, February 1990

In spite of the forecast for snow to 500m, six people turn up at the clubrooms. We drove up Leith Valley and parked at the first bridge, just past Islay St,

There is a locked gate across the road, and a sign saying, "Water Reserve- Keep Out". We climbed over the fence using the stile that is provided. A few minutes up the road there is a sign pointing to the Nichols Falls track. Being hardy trampers, we go up the stream instead. We pass the town water intake, and then go through a pretty little gorge, about 8 feet wide and 40 feet high.



About 10 minutes up the stream, we come to Nichols Falls. They are about forty feet high, a sheer drop over a mossy cliff. This is the largest of several volcanic dykes across the valley, which being hard rock have stayed there and formed waterfalls. These falls were quite famous for many years and were one of the Dunedin tourist sights. In fact, during the South Seas Exhibition of 1925 there was even a teahouse nearby for visitors to refresh themselves!

We go back a short way on the track, climb up the bank and sidle around to get into the stream higher up. Quite a nasty steep scramble, and I think we will look around for a better route next time!

It starts to rain, and as we continue up the creek things get wetter and slimier. We came to three more waterfalls and have to clamber out of the creek to get around them. After the third one we decide things are getting too slippery and we will take the easy way out.

We head straight up on the true right of the creek, which soon takes us to an open grassy area. A bit more climbing, and we are at the scrub just below the Pineapple track. About 2 minutes further on we hit the Pineapple Track, so it is easy walking back to the cars, and lunch at home away from the wind and rain.

Mary Clark, Heather Clark, Steve Cathro, Anton Fitchett, Spen Walker, Jane Bruce.

## ASPIRING REVISITED (SUCCESS!)

**November 3-10, 1989**

**Author: Doug Forrester**

Published in Bulletin 485, February 1990

Well here we go again, could it be this time, I wondered, the fifth attempt, so surely. Friday 3 November and we were away on a good forecast, Andrew, Chris and myself. We took on a load of chips at Wanaka, as that seems to be the thing. 6.45pm and were at the carpark, on went the 32kg of pack – Yuk. By 9.00pm we were under the stars at Shovel Flat and it's looking good. Early start at 7.00am when on went the 32kg pack again. We were at Scotts Biv at 9.00am and we had a quick look inside, little did we know what was in store for us lucky fellows. Dean Maxwell had put me right on how to avoid the slabs above the waterfall. The trick is to look for a cairn on your right and follow a cairned route just below the ridge, there is quite a good footing but not always obvious. It is much safer than traversing the slabs. Bevan Col was a great place for lunch at 1.15pm, with a beautiful day Chris was rightfully impressed with Aspiring in all its glory. The adrenalin was running on 50/50 now. Yep, this is it.



**Mt Aspiring from near Bevan Col, November 4, 1989 (photo: Doug Forrester Collection)**

We roped up for the Bonar 1hr 20mins from Bevan Col to Colin Todd and what a relief as we shed the 32kg pack. That night we had a big debate as to starting time in the morning. I think this Andrew fella might like his bed, a few trips with that Blondell fella would soon change (that). Anyway with a bit of slyness the alarm accidentally goes off at 3.45am. A clear morning and slight westerlies. We roped up and out the hut by 5.00am, the adrenalin had increased by now to 75/25. After a 1½ hr. slog to the foot of the ramp and we had perfect snow conditions, with a ton of it. The schrund at the start of the ramp required a large step – last time in



November we climbed down into it and picked a track across it, then another climb out. Into the pack went the rope and out came the second ice axe. By now the adrenalin was running fast and straight. We were away flat out like a lizard drinking. There was a bit of swirling cloud on the top so there won't be a view.



**Doug Forrester on NW Ridge of Mt Aspiring, not far from the summit, November 5, 1989  
(photo: Doug Forrester Collection)**

On the top at 9.20am, great going!! It was a bit cold, but a great feeling to finally be there. A couple of photos and we started to descend out of the cloud where the north-west ridge levels off. We started talking of lunch in the hut and a sleep in the afternoon. This all sounded pretty good to me. We descended down the ramp in reverse and with a click of the fingers we were in white out. We couldn't even see our footprints below our feet, and then realised that we were heading off course. Andrew decided that it was time for a snowcave, things certainly were not looking rosy now and with not much gear or food I wondered if this was going to be a very

long night. Our digging utensils consisted of an ice axe and me 2 litre plastic water bottle with the end cut out. By 3.00pm in the afternoon the hole started to look almost livable but at 3.30pm suddenly and briefly a gap appears in the white out and we see where we are, then it was gone, just as quickly.

By 4.00pm it clears and the relief was great, however it was very steep getting on course but we are away. It was around 7.00pm when we finally arrived at the hut with the snow now very soft and hard going. Chris was relieved to see us and it was quick decision to be away first thing in the morning to complete a good trip. We opened the door the next morning to a complete whiteout, what a buggar. Then the storm hit us about 8.00am, it was a hut day. Tuesday is real rough and by 1.00pm the decision is made to go for it. We had to compass across the Bonar to Bevan Col with Andrew in charge, we could see nothing and he is spot on. The howling wind and rain kept up through the Col. Back through the slabs was a bit tricky so Andrew abseiled us down a rope length and then he picks his way down. We are now at the crossing spot above the waterfall and it is screaming. Once again we are there? Where? In the shit!

We find a couple of rough bivy rocks and a bite to eat was all we had to prepare us for a long night ahead. Unfortunately, Andrew and Chris's rock is not too good and they have a miserable night while I managed to remain dry. In the morning the river level is still the same but by lunch time Andrew is helping us get across, and a very risky crossing it was down to Scotts Biv, and then lower down to have a look at the crossing, but not a show. It was back up to Scotts Biv in very (heavy) rain and three very wet trampers spent two miserable nights there. Andrew and Chris with wet sleeping bags did not have much fun in it but at least our food was okay. They were very long nights with Andrew being especially cold at night as his sleeping bag was a sodden mess. Thursday, and Chris was studying the map. He decided we could bush-bash down the true left from Scotts Biv to the bridge across the Matukituki. Friday morning and we are extremely glad to be rid of Scotts Biv with the stream running through it.

Two hours was all it took us to get to the bridge and still it was raining, but we are feeling much more secure. Radio contact at Aspiring Hut relieves everyone.

Summing Up: I was away with two jolly nice guys.

Andrew, a great leader, strong, confident, made good decisions.

Chris, ever so cautious

The Mountain: A beautiful peak

The Ramp is steep in places and a no-mistake area. Once the North West Ridge is reached it is a steady climb to the top with good footing. But it is a bit of a hassle getting to it and back again.

We took eight days food and two litres of fuel. We used all the fuel and had one meal left.

Doug Forrester for Andrew Powell and Chris Pearson.

# NEW YEAR IN THE EYRE MOUNTAINS

**December 30, 1989 – January 2, 1990**

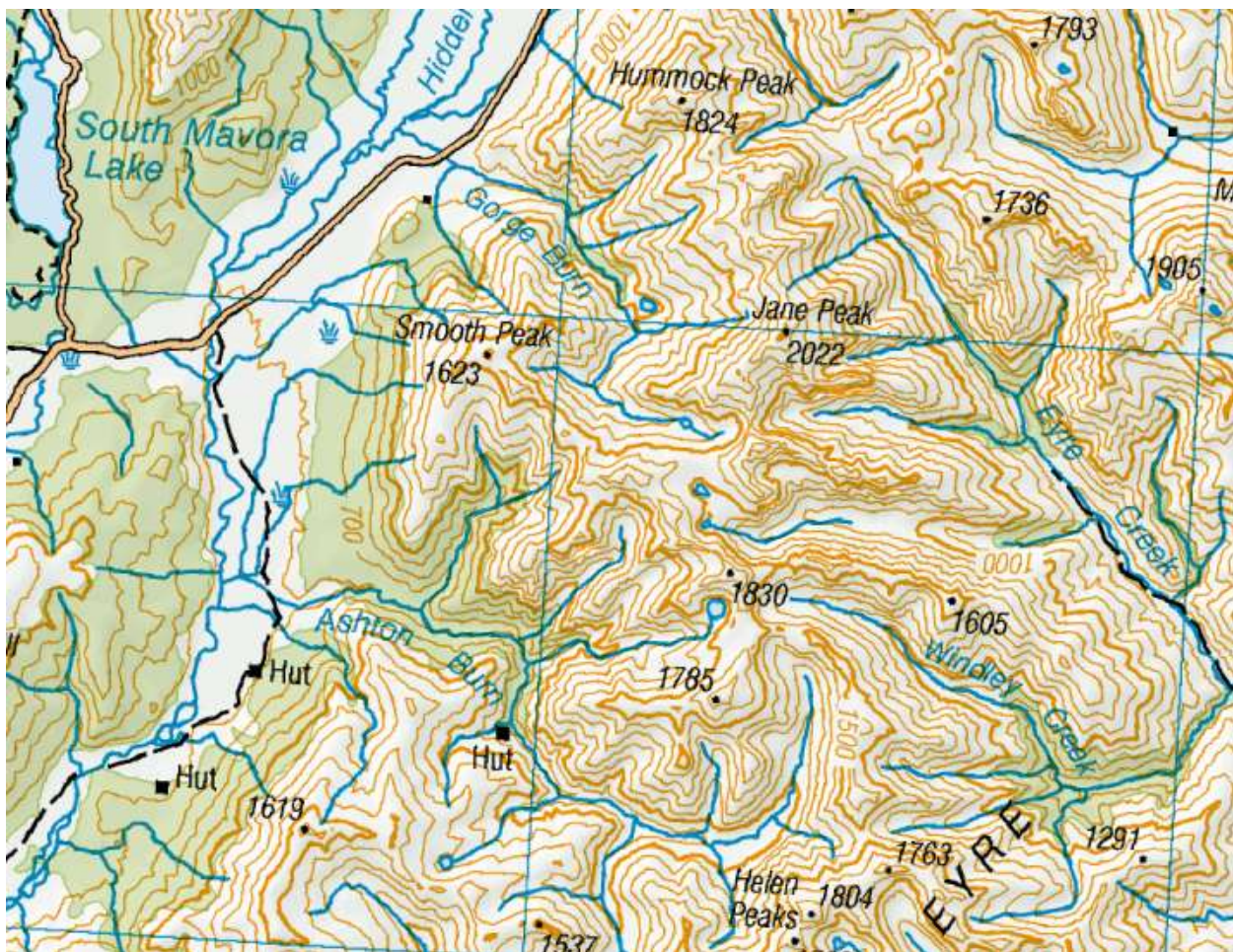
**Author: John Robinson**

Published in Bulletin 486, March 1990

The Eyre mountains lie south of Wakatipu, east of Fiordland, north of the Takitimus and within easy reach of the Burwood Tearooms. Not surprisingly the Eyres contain characteristics of all the above (depending on who does the food). Actually, because they lie east of the divide the weather is not so harsh, making them an excellent alternative if the forecast is crook.

Well, the forecast wasn't the best when we planned our Fiordland New Year trip so we headed to the Eyres instead. We had heard of a good 3-4 day trip linking the Gorge Burn with the Ashton Burn. This looked great and we had two cars to link the road-ends with.

After parking the Greer's 4WD along a track near the Ashton, we then drove around to the Gorge Burn Hut and started our tramp about midday. The Gorge Burn is easy going if you stick to the river most of the way, and it's only a couple of hours to a wonderful campsite by a tarn under Jane Peak (6675).





We climbed Jane Peak that afternoon, going up the long SW ridge and returning by a horrible bluff in the basin. This is the second time I have descended this route and I would recommend it to no one. It's best simply to return by the way you went up!!

On Sunday, the first weak front arrived but we were tricked into making a start by a brief patch of blue sky. We continued up the Gorge Burn though wet, cold Spaniards and giant tussocks till we arrived at the lake near its head. Then it was up over an easy saddle into a wonderful little basin with yet more delightful tarns and high mountain vistas.

We camped near where this hanging basin dropped into "Big Jungle Creek". It rained, hailed and snowed in the night, but the new year dawned fine and clear. The route from here was down the scree to the valley floor, then up a horrendously steep looking scree-gut to a sharp ridge.

This saddles with the Windley Creek catchment. Good weather is needed for this day because it would be too easy to climb the wrong scree and miss this saddle (likewise the next saddle). Once over into the Windley the next saddle is climbed, again up steep scree. This will bring you down into the head of the Ashton.

These last two saddles are important to locate accurately. Given clear weather it is simple, just aim for the lowest point in the ridge in both cases. Both saddles are at 4900'. (GR 277291 and 275279) The rest of our third day was spent going down the Ashton as far as we felt like. Big tussocks hid big Spaniards . . . there was a bit of troublesome alpine scrub further down. However, nothing too punishing and we reached our third campsite after an energetic 8 hour day.

We camped beneath the Helen Peaks at about 2900', just before the Ashton looked like it might narrow and gorge. The second front arrived by morning, so we had a hurried breakfast and departed by our intended route. This was up a steep spur for 900', then a sidle, to a tarn at 4000' (grid ref. 222237) Another ascending sidle to join the main ridge and then follow this down to paddocks and the car.

It was satisfying to have done such a nice 4-day round trip. From the tops we could see Fiordland really getting wet, but the Eyres let us off lightly. The Eyres have a huge variety of plant life, I am sure any botanist tramper would be well satisfied. We saw heaps of skinks as well as beetles and millions of grasshoppers. Blackback gulls seem to like the place too. We saw only one lonely kea. Has anyone else seen kea in these parts?

So anyways I like the Eyres. They have a bit of everything and what is more you only need one map! (S141 Mavora)



## **MSC / OTMC BUSHCRAFT STAND – OTAGO A&P SHOW**

**January 26-27, 1990**

**Author: Ross Cocker**

Published in Bulletin 486, March 1990

At short notice and short of volunteers Ian Sime organised our site at A & P Show and erected a 9 x 9 tent for shelter on Thursday before the show. I went down there Friday, 10am to "finish off the display" of Bushcraft posters and application forms and OTMC trip lists. Also erected my Macpac Olympus tent with stove, billy, sleeping bag and Bushcraft posters inside. The Olympus attracted the most attention over the 2 days and we could have sold it many times over, Toni Cocker and I took everything down for Friday night (not trusting people, are we?) and were back there 9am Saturday to re-erect everything. Both days were sunny, Friday breathlessly hot, Saturday gusty north-easterly. Had two accidents with the display stand - wind blew it over and badly bent our neighbour's aluminium frame pole, later, after it was moved to the other side of the display, wind blow it over again onto my Olympus tent resulting in a badly ripped tent; thankyou Ian for ensuring insurance cover was taken with State (advertising plug!!!) for the show days.

Not a lot of interest shown in Bushcraft but that seems to have been on a par with interest shown in the other stalls, and we were there. Special thanks to the following club members who gave up their time, at short notice, to do two hour shifts each:

Ross Cocker for them all in order of appearance: Dave Levick, Alison Johnston, Megan Park, Toni Cocker, Tracy Pettinger, Richard Pettinger, Mark Planner, Michael Gillies, Mary Clark, Teresa Wasilewska, Rhonda Robinson, and Neville Mulholland.

## OTMC MARATHON

**February 10, 1990**

**Author: Not recorded**

Published in Bulletin 486, March 1990

The time was 4-30 am on Saturday 10 February, and the place was the start of the Pineapple track. Six fighting fit members posed for a photo then they were off on their extremely long and exhaustive journey. Two supporters are left waving goodbye. Up Flagstaff and past the Bullring where Peter sat cheering them on. Down the road and over Powder Hill they charged. The mist was getting quite thick but still they continued. On to The Gap where the tussocks gave them all an unscheduled shower, a friendly word from Peter Mason as he sat at The Gap. Then along Rocky Ridge and the cold mist showed no sign of lifting. Down thru the gorse to the Green Hut site where Debbie Pettinger and her band of faithful supporters sat under a tent. Then on to Swampy where finally the mist started to show signs of lifting. The last downhill was the worst but then finally the end was there at the Pineapple Track.



**Rocky Ridge from Gap Saddle (the northern end of the OTMC Silver Peaks Marathon route)  
(PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

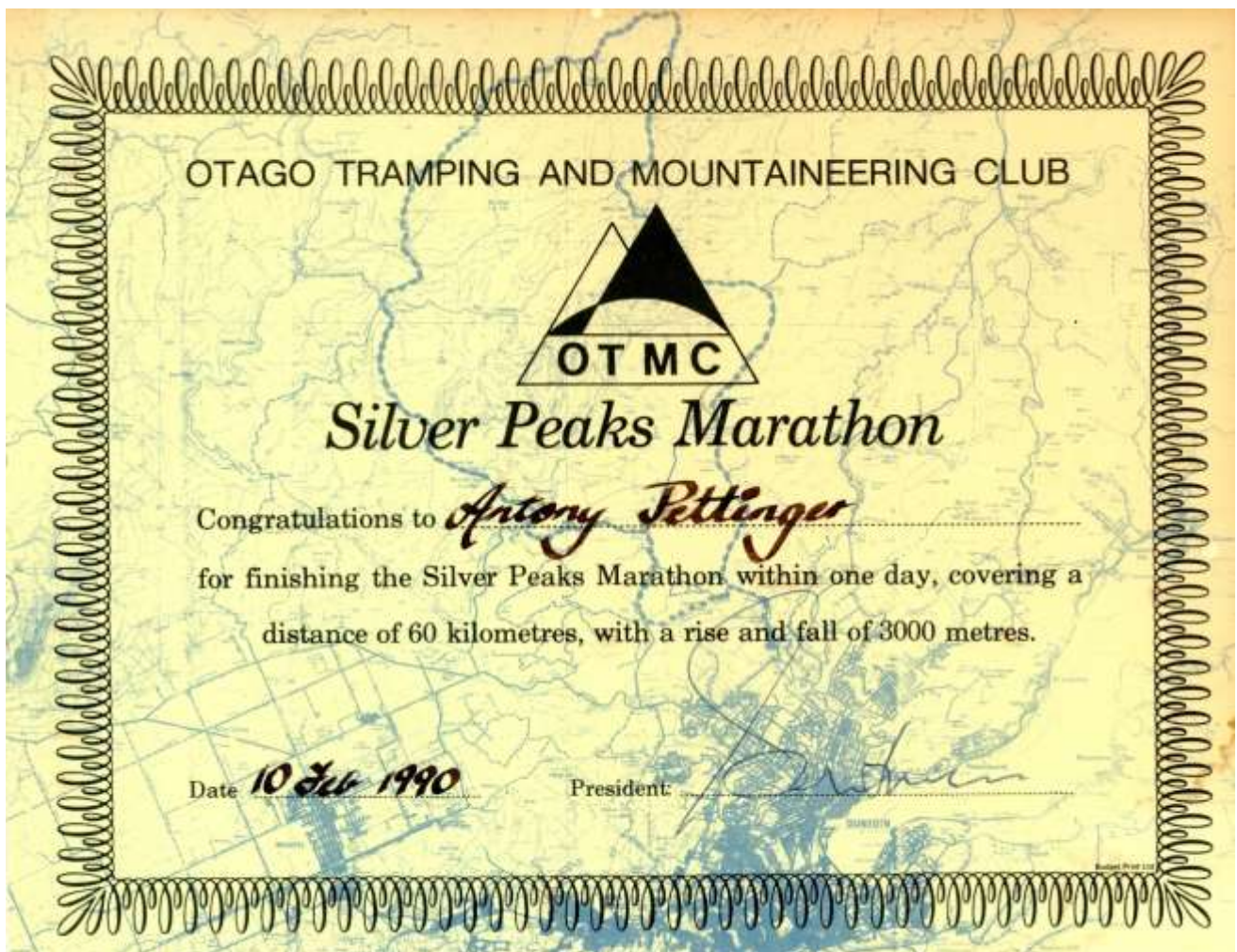
The times ranged from Richard Pettinger out at 4.00pm to Russell Godfrey at 6.00pm, Antony Pettinger at 6.30pm and Arthur Blondell, John Galloway, Mark Planner at 9.13pm.

Thank you to all the supporters: Peter Mason, Debbie Pettinger, Trevor Payton, Jill Payton and Greg

**Some Comments heard were:** My legs are so sore! ....I want to curl up and die ...That down hill really killed my legs ... This could really put someone off....I never want to do that again ..... Tell me when next years is and I can arrange to be out of town... That was one hell of a day!!!

#### **OTMC Marathon competitors' point of view**

The club marathon is a very tough exercise and to give some idea of the physical hardship, I, myself and others who also competed found even walking after it difficult. Both legs and feet ached. It is an incredibly long time to be constantly on your feet moving. When members offer to 'man' a check station, with a drink it is a very generous commitment. To sit for hours, not knowing when someone will arrive is really something, not just that but to be at the start at 4.30am is a great display of support. Peter Mason and Debbie Pettinger did just that. Thanks guys, we really appreciate your support, your words of encouragement, drinks and bikkies.





## **OTMC LEADERSHIP WOES**

**January 20-21, 1990**

**Author: Teresa Wasilewska**

Published in Bulletin 486, March 1990

Having recently led my first trip for the Club, it struck me that a lot of people have no idea what goes in to organising such an event. My trip was more difficult because it was the first one after the holiday, and no club night beforehand - but fewer people wanting to go.

No problem - two climbers, three wanting to do a FIT trip, the rest could be juggled round ... one of the fits drops out, never mind, this medium grade can keep up with the fits. Phone rings, another medium wanting to come .... why not??? Two people to be confirmed as participants - can't reach them by phone - do I assume they are coming? Another fit tramper drops out - hell only one fit left - who can I put him with?? Replaced with a medium, who really wants an easy trip .... accept him then realise there is no more room in the van. Can't find anyone in the extra party that wants to take a car up the Ahuriri - can I blame them??? How do we get there?

Check for the second time with the runholder - he gave me a different story to the first time I rang about where he doesn't want us to go. Make up the parties - who will be a safe, confident leader?? Have to consider a relative unknown in a non-member's capabilities. These two can be leaders - will she be happy going up here - damn he can't be in that party - they'll go up Canyon Creek and he went up there last time - she wants to go up Watson Creek but needs a backup because she hasn't been there before. They want to go up Canyon Creek - make sure their party is going to be happy going there!! Did they go on the last trip?? Phone call from one of the leaders, with whom I had left a couple of choices - doesn't really want to have one of the party with them after problems last time - can I do a quick switch around?? Check with Antony - is he happy with party allocations and the destinations????

Is the run holder happy? Is the road passable?? Have we got a van load - eh Gods - there are too many people for the van??? Oh no WHO do I tell can't come? - phone rings with a message that one of the question marks can't make it - so sorry, says a very relieved leader, that you can't make it - but you have answered my prayers??

Organizing your own party after all this harassing work is almost a doddle by comparison - piling into the van doing the head count, passing on the responsibility to each party leader .... so next time YOU pile into the van on a Friday night, looking forward to a weekend, spare a thought for the trip leader who has worked hard to make it all so wonderful!!!

Teresa Wasilewska

## A MONSTROUS STORY FROM GREEN LAKE

**November 4-5, 1989**

**Author: John Galloway**

Published in Bulletin 486, March 1990

After tramping up through beech, for most of five hours, we looked out over the turquoise green of the lake; low bushed hills beyond to the west; a big steep face up to Rocky Top to the sou-east; and tussock to the lake edge on its north. Green Lake makes grand scenery, but being immersed in it is a frigid experience, as we next found out. Ken decided it was wiser and warmer just to tell stories about crossing iceberg infested waters, rather than giving a demo.

Nestled by the lakeshore, at the western edge of the tussocks, is a relatively new, A frame, 6 bunk hut, which was already occupied by a Bavarian fraulein, and if you don't know what a fraulein is, ask Bill! We pitched our tents nearby, before Teresa and Catherine went fossicking to Island Lake, and Ken and I scrambled up a sharp ridge to the north for a look around.



**The original A-Frame Green Lake Hut (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

Back at camp we lit a fire. Amongst the timber we gathered was a large piece of driftwood with a shattered broken end resembling gaping jaws, a knot hole just in the right place for an eye, and a curved arched neck. We had ourselves a monster - the Green Lake monster. Our imaginations went wild. Unlike his camera-shy Scottish cousin, Nessie; our photographers were able to snap the wooden brute with its jaws fastened around Catherine's hand. She bravely

wrestled free only to have the beast make a dastardly attack upon another part of her anatomy. For more of this nonsense keep coming to the OTMC BYO slide evenings!

Thanks to Catherine we dined sumptuously on Saturday night, with portions for visitors also. When it came to culinary duties, two nameless members of the party gave good impersonations of male chauvinists, earning ourselves very matronly rebukes!

With Ken being a black sheep breeder, my having AI bred Coopworths, Catherine being a midwife, and Teresa knowing a good line of Limosiu bull; our fireside talk eventually got around to breeding livestock using artificial insemination. Now I can't relate any of that lucid discussion (that word is lucid, not lewd!) lest this Bulletin falls into the hands of young readers; but I must warn, that wandering around in the bull paddock, carrying an artificial vagina, mooing amorously all the while, can be hazardous and is not recommended!

On the tracks we found fragile empty snail shells. Ken said the presence of these paraphanta indicated that there must have been a local ice-free area in which they survived, as these snails pre-date the last ice age.

On the way back out Ken and I took a quick look around from Mt. Cuthbert, (to the south of the saddle). With no packs, and a good run at it, you can get up and down in just over an hour, and on a clear day the view is worth it.



**Green Lake from the saddle from Lake Monowai (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

Though our weekend seemed bland when contrasted with those intrepid bygone exploits Ken told us of, for me it was very enjoyable; ideal weather, a pristine setting, with tramping companions marginally more friendly than the Green Lake monster!

Teresa Wasilewska, Catherine Soper, Ken Mason, and John Galloway (writer).



## TEMPLE: NORTH / SOUTH CROSSING

**December 2-3, 1989**

**Author: Don Greer**

Published in Bulletin 486, March 1990

The journey from the Club Rooms to the Hopkins by bus was a real memory hike for those of long enough in the tooth and flat enough in the foot to remember back to when a full bus on such trip the norm was rather than the exception. I personally have always enjoyed the fun and close contact of vans - you'd have to be crazy or whatever not to. There is, though, a special quality about bus trips. Real friendly as people move about, swap seats and yarn; a good feeling of togetherness for the whole trip party.



Just below the top basin on the northern side of the North – South Temple crossing (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)

Anyway it was by bus that we travelled on a splendidly fine evening - star lit and calm. Those though, who like me, choose to sleep in the open might also have seen the shadows pass over the moon and heard the Nazguls cruel cry as it urged on the yet distant storm. The morning however dawned quiet and calm. A good quick breakfast and start saw our party soon up the track and into the beautiful and oh so accessible North Temple. A short visit to the hut, then over to the rock bivy for a look see for those who had not previously been there, and we were soon heading for the valley head and the foot of the pass over to the South Temple, This route follows a stream up a steepish rock gut, starting at about the 3800 ft contour and ascending to the pass proper at 6700 ft. It is then a true alpine crossing and, whilst not particularly trying in good to average conditions, it could be very difficult in bad weather or when affected by snow



or ice. The upper reaches on both sides of the pass are of hard, steep, compact scree and even in the good conditions that we enjoyed, movement on these slopes is quite testing and needs care. I make the point therefore that this is a route for experienced parties only. It is NO PLACE FOR BUSHCRAFT PARTIES.



**The descent to the South Temple from what is now known as Gunsight Pass (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

Lunch was had on the pass, despite a rip-roaring wind, that threatened to take with it both feast and feasters and then it was down the long slow descent on heavy non runnable scree till the vegetation line and comfortable going was again reached. The weather was changing quickly with rain threatening and gusting wind so not too much time was spent in sorting out a sheltered campsite near the main stream. Dinner and an early night followed in short order.

Sunday dawned coldish and showery and was just one of those days for merely walking and getting back out to the transport. However when the company is good who cares what the weather does.

Don Greer for Mike Fay, Jeff Aimers and Tim Moore

## MAITLAND VALLEY

**December 2-3, 1989**

**Author: Ian Young**

Published in Bulletin 486, March 1990

Having spent a wind-buffed, sleepless Friday night beside the bridge, the party set off at 8-30 am on Saturday morning. To our dismay, instead of following the stream along the valley, Dave headed up and kept going up and up.

After walking for what seemed several hours on steep pasture, we reached a farm road which soon became the official track. This gradually descended and crossed a scree slope, the other side of which was a grove of trees that provided shade for our lunch. The trees were part of what we assumed was the Beehive, although Eric was not convinced, due mainly to the lack of bees. After Lunch we continued our gradual descent through beautiful beech forest until we reached the Maitland Hut about 3-30 pm.



**Maitland Valley, in the vicinity of the Beehive, looking towards Mt Maitland (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

The hut was a 'toll-free' one, so we all looked forward to a better night's sleep than the night before. After we had refreshed ourselves with cups of tea, the first of many debates began, concerning computer analogies to brain functioning. After this Eric enlightened us about his teeth and bowel movements. This was brought to a halt by Liz and Mike's delicious vegetarian curry, after which Eric really got moving, verbally, that is. He launched the next discussion with the profound statement "Have you ever noticed that sometimes it's windy and sometimes it



isn't" This was when we realised we had someone special with us. This started a debate on truth and opinion, during which Eric ran amok. Dave and Ian managed to direct the attention from him momentarily with a comedy routine which went something like:

Dave (Points to Spongy Pud tin floating in billy): "Look it floats!"

Ian: "Does it?"

Dave: "Well the proof is in the pudding"

Perhaps you had to be there! Slapstick routine then followed during which David grabbed a plastic plate that had cunningly been positioned so that it overhung the burner, With molten plastic stuck to his hand, David leapt around the hut several times uttering words not generally heard outside Hill City Football Club (though it was a bit hard to understand the language barrier) and then he plunged his hand into a sweetcorn tin.



**Maitland Hut (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

Eric was soon back in action again however expanding our pulsars, quasars, antimatter and chocolate soldiers. We rounded the evening off by tackling the meaning of life and the origins of the universe. Bored with such trivia Eric went to bed and the rest of us sorted it all out in about half an hour.

On Sunday morning we awoke to a basically fine but slightly showering day. After discussing whether we should go back the way we had come or try following the stream we decided on the latter, it being more adventurous. It was very enjoyable at first Liz remarked "This is my favourite part of tramping" as she waded through the thigh- deep stream "I could do this all day". However, time began to advance, and the clouds grew darker, the rain became heavier

and the gorge steeper. We began to wonder whether the rumblings were the thunderclaps or landslides as we got very wet and very worried. We stopped for a brief sodden lunch and David showed us how not to light a burner (probably our most hazardous moment). Minus one eyebrow we continued down the stream which seemed to be getting stronger all the time. Mike and David decided it was time we headed up the side of the valley and chose the most difficult possible point to do it. One suspects that they had some arrangement with an insurance company. Surprisingly, we all made it up the loose shingle cliff face to the pasture where we startled quite a number of sheep. From there it was an easy walk back down to the bridge with half an hour to spare and time for a few more gems from Eric.

"I wonder if these will do as trousers?"

"Eric, they are trousers!"

Thank you to my party for a great and most enjoyable trip.

Ian Young for David Peacock (Leader), Liz and Mike Eccles, Eric Callaghan.



**Flats in Maitland Stream (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

# **BUSHCRAFT 1990 – DIRECTORS REPORT**

**February – March, 1990**

**Author: Ross Cocker**

Published in Bulletin 487, April 1990

A BBQ at my home last night, as a thank you to the instructors, heralded the formal closure of Bushcraft '90.

This year's course was the 23rd successive one run by OTMC and was registered as an official 1990 project, Registrations closed at 55 and in the end 53 people completed the course which was in line with numbers over the past few years.

Mostly all hailed from Dunedin however, special mention should be made of the three keen travellers who commuted regularly from Lawrence to attend. 51 instructors/club members gave voluntary time in varying degrees. Silver Peaks was flattened by 70 pairs of boots carried there by 2 buses, Rivercrossing had almost all of the 56 trampers, instructors and their families repeatedly crossing the Taieri River just below Lee Stream in depths of water ranging from knees to waist. The optional weekend thrust 58 trampers in a bus and 2 vans into the Ohau Valleys,

Pre-course preparation commenced early October 1989 and was fairly hectic right up to the Introductory Evening on 13 February. Total course turnover was \$7344. A break-even course fee was set at \$100, discounted to \$95 if paid early, \$450 was donated to rebate the course fee for the nine Secondary School students by a generous \$50 each. 2100 sheets of photocopied paper were produced, I have roughly estimated between 1500/2000 voluntary hours of planning, preparation, practical assistance and commitment were given to the course this year. This equates to around 10 months of 40 hour weeks which is no small contribution and all Instructors, no matter what the level of contribution, must accept mine and the Club's thanks for their assistance. If these hours could ever be charged out on a time and materials basis the course value could be around \$750 per Bushcrafter. (I fear though that we would have few takers at this level!!)

Sponsors contributed either monies or materials to the course and everyone in their way helped to keep our costs down. In today's relatively harsh economic climate their contributions are even more so appreciated and as a special matter we need to support our sponsors when purchasing goods and services as an acknowledgement of their generosity and their support for our course,

- Thankyou AMP Perpetual Trustees Charitable Trusts and Kaikorai Valley high School Continuing education Programme for your major course sponsorship ,
- Thankyou Alexander McMillan Trust, Wilderness Shop, Sterling Sport-T.L. Begg and Otago Tramping St Mountaineering Club for sponsoring the Secondary School Students
- Thank you Alp Sports for discounting pack bags and gear hire; Westpac Banking Corp, South Dunedin Branch for plastic bags, pads & pens; Cadbury Schweppes Hudson Ltd for generous

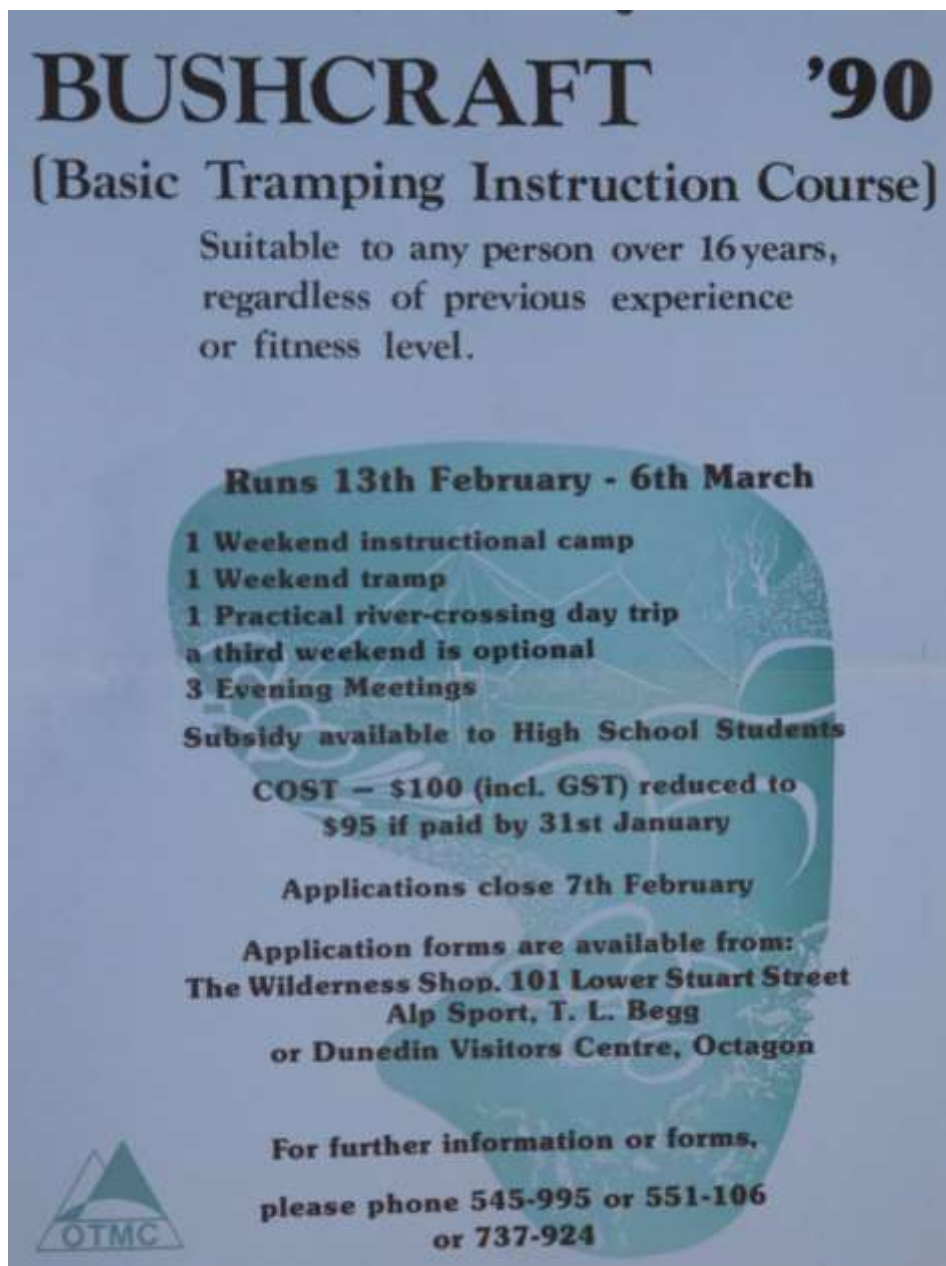


quantities of chocolate products and Dunedin Mountain Safety Committee for sponsoring our advertising and making the stall available at the A & P Show,

I enjoyed the challenge of coordinating Bushcraft '90 and thank all of the instructors involved who always answered "yes" when asked.

Special thanks to those who organise the Introductory/Final evenings, Tirohanga, Silver Peaks, Rivercrossing and Optional Ohau and, at the risk of naming names I must mention and express personal thanks to Antony Pettinger for his assistance, encouragement and for 'just being there'. Also extra special thanks to my wife Pam who rescued me frequently from the brink of insanity, who made me see what I often couldn't (eventually) and for just listening.

Ross Cocker, Course Director

A poster for the Bushcraft '90 course. The title 'BUSHCRAFT '90' is in large, bold, serif font. Below it, '(Basic Tramping Instruction Course)' is in a smaller, bold, serif font. The text 'Suitable to any person over 16 years, regardless of previous experience or fitness level.' is in a smaller, regular serif font. A light blue oval shape contains the following text: 'Runs 13th February - 6th March', '1 Weekend instructional camp', '1 Weekend tramp', '1 Practical river-crossing day trip', 'a third weekend is optional', '3 Evening Meetings', 'Subsidy available to High School Students', 'COST - \$100 (incl. GST) reduced to \$95 if paid by 31st January', 'Applications close 7th February', 'Application forms are available from: The Wilderness Shop, 101 Lower Stuart Street, Alp Sport, T. L. Begg or Dunedin Visitors Centre, Octagon', 'For further information or forms, please phone 545-995 or 551-106 or 737-924'. In the bottom left corner, there is a logo for OTMC, which consists of a stylized mountain peak inside a triangle with the letters 'OTMC' below it.

**BUSHCRAFT '90**  
**(Basic Tramping Instruction Course)**

Suitable to any person over 16 years,  
regardless of previous experience  
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- 1 Weekend instructional camp**
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or 737-924**

 OTMC

## **BUSHCRAFT 1990 – SILVER PEAKS I**

**February 24-25, 1990**

**Author: Wendy Knox**

Published in Bulletin 487, April 1990

At first sight of our wiry, energetic, fit. looking leader, Les Smith, we three female, not-so-fit. Bushcrafters had pangs of apprehension. These were relayed however as Anthea, Karen, Les and myself boarded the bus and talked of the pace of the slowest member of the group.

On disembarking, we once again had shades of doubt, as the other groups chose the well-trodden track and our confident leader turned and made his way up the road towards dense bush. We swallowed hard and obediently followed. We didn't for one minute doubt that what followed was closely planned by Les to give us Bushcrafters a taste of what it might be like to be lost or as our leader put it "geographically embarrassed". He was very convincing as he assured us that the 90° incline we were descending (from tree to tree, Tarzan style) was the beginning of a mild stroll up to Possum Hut. He was equally convincing as we bush-bashed through areas designed for pigs, dogs and idiots and if we didn't know better, we would have sworn that he had taken us up the wrong valley. Les did top off his performance off by doing some solo explorations up some gullies just to demonstrate that even 'pros' can make mistakes.



**The tops of the Silver Peaks from below Hightop (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

By this time, we were beginning to get a bit worried so the decision to retrace our Tarzan steps and climb back up to the road was made. After this amazing (all carefully planned and



beautifully executed by Les, I hasten to add) the remaining trip into the Green Hut site was very tame.



**Painted Forest as seen from Pulpit Rock (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

A long and restful night of hearing of other parties' food preparations then into bed for a rather windy and wet (only outside the tent) night was enjoyed by all. Sunday was a beautiful day and this included a slow stroll to Pulpit Rock for some map reading and then onto Painted Forest to see if it really was painted there. Back to Green Hut Site for a well-earned lunch then a refined walk out to the road again.

Sorry we never got to Possum Hut but thanks Les for an unforgettable if not enjoyable weekend!

Wendy Knox for Les Smith (our faithful leader), Karen Boyle and Anthea O'Brien

## **BUSHCRAFT 1990 – SILVER PEAKS II**

**February 24-25, 1990**

**Author: Stephen Packer**

Published in Bulletin 487, April 1990

One cauliflower, sixteen apples, a double pack of chocolate chip biscuits, apricot jam - part of a "shopping list" for a foursome in the Silver Peaks, leader - Richard Pettinger with omnivorous Buscrafterees - Anton Fitchett, David Allnatt, and Stephen Packer.

Expectations of Teresa style gourmet cooking evaporated with the thought of a kilo of cheese and a 'cauli' but the reality of a brim-full steaming billy full of almost everything ensured no empty corners on that Saturday night after a day of high energy expenditure. Down to the South Branch Waikouaiti and then, half toothless, though we bush bashed uphill on a magnetic bearing to the surprise of finding the track exactly where map and compass had indicated. A water stop at Yellow Hut and lunch at The Gap. After encompassing the landmarks, then ABC Cave it was to tent city at Jubilee, and of course our fill of macaroni, cheese, cauliflower, etc, etc. Glow worms, ghost stories and tales of the Hermit from Richard put us to sleep.



**ABC Cave before the current sleeping platform was installed (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

Up the Devils Staircase to Silver Peaks Summit, Rocky Ridge, Pulpit Rock, Green Hut and Hightop. A great introduction to Dunedin's nearest recreational tramping area, with Richard's on the spot account of how three teenagers died of exposure where we sat in the sun emphasised for us, the importance and value of "Bushcraft" - Thanks OTMC!

Report by Stephen Packer for Richard Pettinger, Anton Fitchett, David Allnatt

## **BUSHCRAFT 1990 – SILVER PEAKS III**

**February 24-25, 1990**

**Author: Tracy Pettinger**

Published in Bulletin 487, April 1990

We started off walking up to and along Powder Ridge. We were in the bush all morning which was nice and cool because Saturday was real scorcher. During the day we met up with Pam Cocker and Doug Forrester's party. I was the first to join them at Pulpit. Rock and was just in time to receive the last piece of pineapple that everyone was just too full to eat. The pineapple smell unfortunately attracted a bee that stung Irene while we were relaxing, luckily Doctor Doug had some magic cream in his pack that took down the swelling.



**Pulpit Rock (760m) from Long Ridge (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

Saturday night was spent near Jubilee Hut as did a number of other people, Stu and Sharon produced lots of wonderful goodies for tea and I must, say Stu makes some excellent Tararua biscuits, perfect for breaking your dentures on. They go well with honey and peanut butter though. Sunday was another lovely day, and we visited The Gap and Yellow Hut on our way out to the bus. Joanne didn't like Jubilee Hut much but thought Yellow Hut was nice and cute! Very strange!

A great weekend and thanks to all the party Stu Mathieson and Sharon St Clair-Newman (Leaders) Melissa Spence, Joanne Vaughan and Kaye French by Tracy Pettinger



## DUSKY SOUND

**December 28, 1989 – January 4, 1990**

**Author: Rhonda Robinson**

Published in Bulletin 487, April 1990

Highlights of our trip:

Day 1 - rain, mud over our gaiters, no view

Day 2-6 - see above for Day 1

Day 7 - torrential rain, flooding, swimming with packs on.

Actually, it was a strangely enjoyable trip, despite the weather - challenging you might say.

We took tents intending to camp out on the tops but were pleased to make use of the huts each night due to the weather, even when they were crowded (12 bunks, 15 people on the last night) - the track is very popular these days, & there are a lot of innocents from abroad roaming around, having done the Hollyford & Routeburn & looking for a similar experience (little did they know).



**Lake Roe & Lake Roe Hut, Dusky Track (PHOTO by Doug Forrester)**

The five of us hired the aptly named "Namu" (\$250) from Val MacKay, Hauroko Boat Services, Tuatapere & paid an extra \$190 for him to transfer us from Lake Manapouri to Lake Hauroko, & from there across the lake to the Hauroko Burn Hut where we spent our 1st night. The huts are excellent & are only 5 hours on average apart, which we felt guilty about at 1st, but considering the conditions, was far enough. The track was clearly marked (just follow the muddy footprints from the day before!), & relatively easy, but the mud slowed us down; you never knew how far your foot would sink with each step & we were frequently in over our knees. A style similar to cross country skiing was employed in many areas.

The area around Lake Roe was beautiful with many lakes & tarns, & deserved a full day exploring but the rain fell so we carried on over the Pleasant Range (where we should have had a magnificent view of the mountains & sounds but didn't!).

We did a day trip from Loch Maree to Supper Cove on New Year's Day (five hours each way, wonderful place - our only sunny spell!), having gone to bed early the night before in preparation for our 12-hour day.

Crossing Centre Pass involved a steep three hour climb from the Kintail Hut, using permanently placed ropes on some rock faces & tree roots for the rest till bushline, then a bleak, disappointingly viewless crossing into the Spey Valley. It poured all night when we were in the upper Spey hut; we were sharing it with seven Christchurch people, two Swiss & a German, & all set off separately next morning, but soon collected together as we realised what the conditions were like. The river valley is steep sided & narrow so the river was raging & the side streams were waterfalls with boulders grinding. The river was rising as you watched it & soon water was pouring from it into the valley floor, covering the sphagnum moss & ferns with 6' of water in parts. Getting over the many waterfalls with Ken & John's help was one story but walking into the water up to your chest & having to swim parts was another! Keeping 14 people together during the bush bashing took a bit of doing too, as you could be 10' away & not see the next person. We went without a stop from 8.30am to 2.30pm when we came across the granddaddy of waterfalls - hearts sank as we climbed up the side: the people at the top; hoping the road to Wilmot Pass was just above & the people at the bottom sussing out a crossing place. Meanwhile in the middle a Chch lad pulled a rock out on himself & it took 4 people to lift it off. Just then the road was found - & there was a bridge over the waterfall, phew! A fast 45 min walk brought us out at the power station where the visitors centre has a hot shower & tea & coffee! An hour later we were on the boat back to Manapouri & 12.30am that night I sunk gratefully into my own bed in Dunedin.

Rhonda Robinson for Ken Mason, Neville Mulholland, John Galloway and, Mike Gillies

## HUT BOOK DOODLES

Published in Bulletin 487, April 1990

### HOTEL LOCH MAREE

#### SANDFLY BANQUET MENU - NEW YEAR'S EVE 1990, Chef's Choice.

Entree: Neville Mulholland (sorry about the small serving)

Tough rump steak: Ken Mason (a bit rare)

Green vegetable: John Galloway (very wilted and unwashed)

Trifle of wobbly Jelly (that's his legs) with strawberry topping: Mike Gillies

Sweet, full bodied wine: Rhonda Robinson (vintage unknown)

All well garnished in mud and Dimp

Ingredients kindly supplied by Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club

And on our last night in the Upper Spey Hut we wrote WARNING BEWARE ACHTUNG!

Anyone disappearing over Centre Pass should have the following:

Enough additional muesli for a 10-day flood

Map showing "new" rivers and lakes.

Walkwire repair kit

Corrugated parka.

An unquenchable thirst

Submersible camera.

A minimum of 2 webbed feet

Drain plug in sleeping bag.

The "ultimate deterrent" in sandfly repellent at trebble concentration.

Strong walking arms for the steep bits

Patient and composed next of kin

A sadistic sense of humour

And may Hughie's blessing go with you



## **TWO SHOWERS IN THE SPEY**

**December 28, 1989 – January 4, 1990**

**Author: John Galloway**

Published in Bulletin 487, April 1990

One wet and cold, causing flooding and discomfort; the other hot and steaming, giving comfort.

The Spey was in flood, the track submerged, we'd been making our own track through the bush, up to our armpits in water; and now, whoopee! we had found a hot shower. I don't know if it was an OTMC vice presidential perk, a rare bit of masculine chivalry, or just that Rhonda was the first to again recognise one of civilisation's comforts, but she was first under the one hot shower in the West Arm reception building. One small problem though - the light bulb had died, so if the showerer was to see when all Fiordland's mud was off, the cubicle door had to be left ajar. While steam billowed from Rhonda's shower, others of us waited around performing very wet, very revealing, wet t-shirt acts; so it was rather persuasively explained to Rhonda that she should hurry up, and dry herself in the women's toilet, or she risked sharing the shower. Such was her fear of the latter, that she "streaked" to the sanctuary of the "Ladies", forgetting her dry undies hanging on the shower door. As the next to luxuriate under the shower I was quite unresponsive to her pleas of "My undies please". Eventually Mike was seen sneaking towards the ladies' room furtively clutching feminine undergarments.

Our sympathies to Ken who couldn't safely enjoy a shower. The zip on his shorts had developed a disconcerting malfunction; and I suspect he daren't risk showering least he couldn't dress securely enough for our impending reunion with "normal" people.

Those mirrors at West Arm do very unkind things to your face after a week in the wilderness! Luckily our ablutions were completed before the interface. West Arm is one of those few places where the social extremes collide. The fat walleted, comfort class, tourists got off the Deep Cove bus to find the reception building full of the tramper sub-species ("sub" meaning low). We were grovelling around amongst sodden pack contents looking for food remnants, by now almost indistinguishable from the rubbish we were carrying out. Meanwhile the "Comfort Class" looked on disdainfully, as if they would only recognise food and drink if on bone china and in crystal.

By John Galloway

## **BUSHCRAFT 1990 – OHAU I**

**March 10-11, 1990**

**Author: Hugh Dickson**

Published in Bulletin 487, April 1990

The Ohau weekend was full of interest and surprises.

Choosing a site to fly-camp by torchlight, in the rain, is an interesting experience, and it is worthy of note; that water apparently doesn't soak into the sand at Ohau as it does elsewhere, and therefore it was a surprise to wake up at 2.30 a.m. and find that we were lying in about 20mm of water; especially so when our valiant leader, warmly encased in a "poufter pad" and bivy bag of the latest design, had slid over onto my karrimat and pushed me off it. Isn't it wonderful how even a wet (down) sleeping bag seems preferable to getting up and moving the fly at that unearthly hour?



**North Huxley Stream (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

Still, I found next morning that they were right at Tirohanga - wet wool and polyprop does keep you warm, even when topped by an oilskin with a saturated cotton lining; so after breakfast we packed up and, convinced that we must be mad, headed for the Huxley, where the dirty weather seemed to be coming from.

Another surprise — the sun came out and by the time we got to Huxley Forks the sky was blue and the sandflies were in full song (can sandflies sing?) Lunch at the forks and off over the swing-bridge on the North Huxley to loosen already stiffening limbs on the uphill track to Broderick, where we arrived a hot and tired three hours later, but not before our leader was threatened with an involuntary swim in the river if he dared to assure us, yet again, that the hut was "just over the next ridge".

However, there it WAS, and the selection of a lovely dry, level campsite under the open canopy of the beech forest brought back the good humour quickly, and as a stiff breeze dried out wet clothes and sleeping bags, by dinner time we were a "box of birds" again. Dinner, a communal effort, was a magnificent meal and my only regret was that I had forgotten to bring the essential ingredient for the Irish coffee! Dinner over and the washing up done (guess who copped that little chore?) and a social chat and the light began to fade so that it was time for the sleeping bags. Dry ground, a level site sloping perhaps a little towards the feet, the fly well weighted against the rising wind and we were soon very snug.

The night was bright moonlight but very windy, I mean the sort of wind that shakes the trees — not the sort that emanates from the onions in the beef stroganoff. Man, that bed was comfortable. What price is the penthouse suite in the Park Royal? Sunday morning the sky was still clear, and it was a pleasure to head back to the forks for lunch (you were right, Lindsay, it WAS downhill all the way!) and then back to the flats, the swing-bridge, the Monument Hut and the vans.

Fish and chips at Oamaru were good but not a patch on dinner under the beech trees. Home at the reasonable hour of about ten to a welcome hot shower, but I couldn't sleep because the bed was too soft!

Nice one OTMC keep 'em coming!

Hugh Dickson for Tracy Pettinger, Clare Cushins, and, the great white chief, Lindsay-Aitchison



## **BUSHCRAFT 1990 – SILVER PEAKS IV**

**February 24-25, 1990**

**Author: Elizabeth Treasure**

Published in Bulletin 487, April 1990

The plan looked simple. In over Hightop and past Green Hut site, up Pulpit Rock, down Devil's Staircase to Jubilee Hut and out via ABC Cave, the Gap and Yellow Ridge.

At the planning evening food was easily decided although the quantities seemed rather large. Would six people really eat a whole kilo of cheese for two lunches? The prospect of making a cheesecake, even if it was only a packet, was daunting. The reality proved much worse.



**Cave Stream catchment from descent below Hermit's Cave (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

The day arrived and off up the trail we went. The walking was the easiest part of the tramp. The problems started at the overnight camp. Had the whole of Bushcraft decided to camp at Jubilee Hut? It certainly seemed like it but this would only be to our benefit as we could barter for some margarine to make the aforementioned cheesecake. Our planning had not been as good as at first thought, A superb four course meal was planned. As we ate the first course and cooked the second all was going well. Ross's billies were, it must be said, turning black. The problem it seemed was the meths cooker we were using. Then on to the spaghetti bolognaise. One thing that had been impressed on me at the first evening was the high standard of cuisine that OTMC expected. It was quite obvious that only the best ingredients were used and that

fresh preparation was important which is why I arrived at Jubilee Hut with a kilo of raw mince. The meal was cooked but we used an awful lot of fuel and it took a very long time.

Due to the obstinate nature of the party next door bartering for margarine proved very difficult but - we were a resourceful group producing a substitute ingredient. The long-awaited contest between the primuses is best forgotten.



**Bushcraft camp in Cave Stream, Silver Peaks (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

Of more importance was our party's success with erecting a fly. What did happen to next door's fly in the middle of the night?

The next day compass practice was undertaken, and we got to where we wanted! Peter, John and Tracy were great companion bushcrafters. We all learnt a lot and had great fun. Thanks to Ross and Neville for guiding us.

Elizabeth Treasure

## **BUSHCRAFT 1990 – OHAU II (OHAU HIGHLIGHTS)**

**March 10-11, 1990**

**Author: R.A.G.S (Ross, Ann, Geraldine, Sara)**

Published in Bulletin 487, April 1990

- ❖ Arriving in the rain, feeling seedy after our driver's attempts to reduce the rabbit population, the strains of "I love a rainy night" filtering from the National programme, did not appeal.
- ❖ Pitching our fly in the pouring rain - in a carefully chosen hollow without pegs or poles, while everyone else snuggled down in a REAL tent made us think twice too - (you can't sleep in a watermelon Ross!!!)
- ❖ Sara, having problems with "water on the brain" admired Ross', in his luminous white underpants, fumbling attempts to drain the bulging fly.
- ❖ Waking to Neville's rapturous grin was a high price to pay for our fly erection (the use of a tent pole!!!)
- ❖ The arrival of the sun gave an excellent excuse to leave our gear at Forks Hut (to dry out) allowing us to go on to Broderick in comfort - except for the constant abuse and harassment from Anne which never waned all weekend - the comments becoming more personal as time went by!! We then returned at high speed due to the incentive of an 8-course meal.
- ❖ Congratulations Pam, we found Ross to be well trained, catering fully to the needs of his party - leaving Sara free to entertain the neighbouring men!!
- ❖ After a three hour eating marathon, Ross over-indulged his liking for tarts — (the apricot variety), while Geraldine took great pleasure in sharing her passion for f\_\_rts (the smelly kind!!) — based on the theory "better out than in"!!
- ❖ Stories of boarding school days and the rule "hands above the blankets" sprang immediately to mind as Ross clambered into his sleeping bag and groaned "Ooooooooooooooh, that feels soooooooooooooo gooooooooood!!!!!!" Party members are still wondering what brought this ecstasy attack on.
- ❖ All in all, we'd sum it up as a really enjoyable "soggy toilet paper, cracked pepper" tramp.

R.A.G.S



## **BUSHCRAFT 1990 – RIVER CROSSING**

**March 4, 1990**

**Author: Laurel Dunn**

Published in Bulletin 487, April 1990

Bushcrafters and Instructors left their cars at Outram Glen and had a 10-minute walk to the first stop where we were shown a reasonably safe crossing - wide, shallow with a shingle bottom. We crossed the river, and it was just over ankle deep, but the bottom was very slippery, and care had to be taken. The dangers were pointed out such as a deep sweeping corner under the willows just below where we crossed.

Another 40 minutes up the track we scrambled down a bank to a completely different situation. The river was quite narrow and swift and deeper, with a drop into rapids. Bruce Mason crossed just above the rapids using a strong manuka pole to help him. He crossed reasonably easily but, on his way, back ventured nearer the rapids and the water was a lot stronger and not very safe.

Just a short walk to our final stop on a sandy bank beside a large open part of the river with a narrower lower part dropping away - our spot to practice. After demonstrations, we tried ourselves with a pole. The river was thigh to waist deep in places with large rocks to manoeuvre around. After getting the technique right it felt quite safe to cross.



**Bushcraft Rivercrossing Practice, Taieri River (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

We each had at least two crossings to the other side and back then we were allowed our lunch. Luckily it was a good day, but some people did find it chilly, a bit more sun would have been ideal. After a peaceful lunch we tried the mutual support method using parties of four. We linked arms to cross, but it was a struggle moving, especially over the large rocks, and strong current. We then tried the mutual support method with arms linked and around poles. The more you did it the more confidence it gave you that this was the best method. With four more people to a pole and with one being lifted off their feet we were still able to comfortably hold them up. I felt really confident about using the pole method.

Back at Outram Glen, two kind people demonstrated floating downstream with packs on their back and front. Was encouraging to know packs float very well.



**Bushcraft Pack-floating Practice, Taieri River (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

Many thanks must go to Bruce Mason for his talk at Tirohanga with excellent slides giving us an idea of the many different difficulties we have to consider when crossing rivers. Thanks also for his contribution at Outram Glen and to the Instructors that helped, we all benefited from it immensely. Overall Bushcraft 1990 was great and great people that run it. Thanks

Laurel Dunn on behalf of all Bushcraft participants



## MT BREWSTER

**December 9-10, 1989**

**Author: Lindsay Aitcheson**

Published in Bulletin 488, May 1990

While all the sane members of the club were enjoying the Christmas BBQ four of the more touched members were on one of Arthur's epics, a two-day trip to Mt Brewster.

We left Arthur's at around 6-00pm and drove to Haast Pass, arriving at 11.30pm. We found a good campsite just off the road. Russell was waving his torch around sometime just after 5.00am. 6-50am saw us crossing the Haast River (too early in the morning for wet feet so off with the boots). Then about 1½ hours tramping through the bush and another hour to Brewster Biv. By lunch time we were pitching our tent beside the Brewster Glacier. We had lunch and decided to make for the summit, as the weather was good with just the occasional cloud in the sky. We decided on a route to the west, however when we reached the west peak, we found it impossible to continue as we were bluffed out. So back down 1,000 feet or so the way we had come. My first try at self-arresting with my new ice axe FOR REAL, somehow managing to rip the leg out of my long johns. We sidled around to the N.E. side of the peak and tried this approach. Getting within about 400 ft of the peak - it was getting late, so we made our way back to our campsite. It was around 11.00 pm when we finished tea and after 14 - hours climbing for the day we did not need any bedtime stories to go to sleep.



**Brewster Biv (PHOTO by Doug Forrester)**



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

Not far from the summit things took on a more serious note with Sharon being hit by a rock which had been dislodged from the peak and came crashing down gashing a hole in her forearm. Arthur with his first aid kit climbed down to where Sharon was and fixed her arm as best he could in the situation. Now being unable to come down the only way they could go was up, which was slow going. It took till 7.00pm for the three of them to make their way back to where they had started at 10am. I had gone back to the campsite, taken the tent down and made lunch or was it tea? ready for a quick getaway. We started on our way down at 8.30pm, getting to the bush at 10-15pm. The track through the bush was reasonably well marked and with the aid of our four torches we managed to find our way back to the car at 11.30pm. Sharon even managed to crack a few jokes on the way down - ONE TOUGH LADY!

It was 3-30am when we stopped at Clyde Hospital to get Sharon's arm looked at. There was little they could do at that stage so on to Dunedin where Arthur took Sharon to the hospital. Russell and I went home to bed. My head finally hitting the pillow at 6.05am.

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

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

By Lindsay Aitcheson for Russell Godfrey, Sharon St Clair-Newman and Arthur Blondell.

## SNOWCAVING TRIP

**August 20-21, 1989**

**Author: Neville Mulholland**

Published in Bulletin 488, May 1990

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

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



OTMC Snowcaving in a lean snow year (PHOTO by Debbie Pettinger)

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

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

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



**OTC Snowcaving as it used to be – Kakanui Mountains in the 1950's (PHOTO by Peter Barker)**

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

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

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



## **CAPLES – KAY CREEK – SCOTT CREEK I**

**March 24-25, 1990**

**Author: Pam Cocker**

Published in Bulletin 488, May 1990

A good weekend report saw two vans and one private car filled with OTMC members leaving the club rooms for the Greenstone - Caples area. Once over the beaten bumpy track tired, sleepy bodies fell out of vans and into tents / flies for a few hours' sleep to wake to a clear, crisp morning and the smell of John Galloway frying mushrooms for breakfast - YUM! (thanks John)



**Swing Bridge to Kay Creek – Caples River (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

Packed and away at 8.45am, we headed up the Caples, a very pleasant valley to be in, a beautiful river for those interested in fishing. Arrived at the Upper Caples Hut at 2.45pm with the sandflies preventing us from settling there for too long. Over the swing bridge and onto a new track to climb the ridge to link with the original track up Kay Creek. We were lucky enough to catch sight of a deer moving quicker than we were down a spur towards the creek. The track is well marked as far as the Kay Creek Hut (fairly dilapidated) just on bushline, ably sighted for us by Paul during a tree climbing exercise. We camped Saturday night near the hut and were treated to a tremendous meal prepared by Paul and Annabel, topped off by two full sized pancakes, drenched in maple syrup. We don't remember who ate

the most. By 9pm four bodies were scattered about in bivvy bags. Doug inched in under the fly before the first drop of rain fell at 10pm.

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



**View from the head of Kay Creek, looking towards the Ailsa Mountains (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

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

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

## CAPLES – GREENSTONE TRIP

**March 24-25, 1990**

**Author: Elspeth Gold**

Published in Bulletin 488, May 1990

This particular area is one of my favourites that the club visits, the scenery is spectacular and there is a variety of routes to cater for all tastes. The last couple of trips I've had in the area have been real epics so this time an E-M trip was the order of the day. A quiet stroll up the Greenstone Valley was the game plan.

Saturday dawned bright and sunny, not a cloud to be seen, due to the overnight frost. Kathmandu hats were in abundance (quite flash they were too). John and Neville organised breakfast in style, they lit the barbeque and proceeded to cook up a feast of mushrooms of which we all partook in a morsel of. Paul was wandering around with a billy of Earl Grey tea, bloody luxury who said you can't have the finer things in life while tramping. We were on the track by 8.30am. Michael had his fishing rod and was keen to catch the big one over the weekend.

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

AND HERE THE STORY BEGINS-----

The hut was full of some real characters along with most of a supermarket and bottle store, so it was a team decision that socialising was the order of the day. Pat refused to move after she was offered a whiskey mac (stones green ginger and whiskey), I'm sure it made the grunt up the hill worth it. I'll have you know I turned down a beer, (I've got witnesses).

The supermarket and bottle store were bought in by helicopter along with 5 fishermen - 2 Americans and 3 Southlanders. Pat, Cathy and Michael opted for the luxury of a bed in the hut while Geoff and I settled for the fly.

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



I cooked our tea of sweet and sour vegetables and savoury rice, which was almost auctioned off for \$5 a plate. We then relaxed before pudding to watch the spectacle of the fisherman's feast. One of them made a huge tossed salad in an old wash bowl which must have been 3ft across, steaks were cooked over a barbeque American style. Pat helped out, potatoes and vegetables were cooked and all in the hut sat down to a candle light feast. Then it was time for our pudding, chocolate self-saucing spongy pud, chocolate mousse, fruit salad and cream. The leftovers were eagerly accepted by all in the hut with the billy full of mousse passed around the table with a spoon.



**Greenstone Valley (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

The dishes were cleared away, cards came out, jokes were told and we had a good old fashioned sing-a-long to a harmonica. The pub ran dry at about 9.30pm so it was off to bed. Pat and Cathy had top bunks with no ladders and the whole place cheered them on with the difficult task of getting into bed. The offer was made that if we left the billy out we would get an omelette for breakfast, so it was left in a very prominent place. A great night sleep was had by all but to our disappointment, no omelette appeared in the morning so we settled for muesli. Just as we were packing up the offer of bacon, eggs and tomatoes was made of which Michael partook in. We had offers of copious amounts of food to tide us through the day all of which was turned down due to the weight factor.

Michael planned to do some fishing on the way back so it was a quiet stroll back to the vans. Michael just missed the big one and the rest of us did a fair bit of brewing up, eating and soaking up the sun on the way back. The final comment when we left the hut was 'same place, same time next year fellas' I look forward to it! All in all, a pretty memorable, enjoyable and entertaining trip. Thanks for the great company team.

Elsbeth Gold for Pat Finney, Cathay Berryman, Geoff Aimers and Michael Beazely.

## **MT. CERBERUS (THE OFFICIAL VERSION)**

**September 23-24, 1989**

**Author: Neville Mulholland**

Published in Bulletin 488, May 1990

The trip started more or less in the usual way. We left the clubrooms at about 6.15pm and had a dinner appointment in Gore for around 8.30pm, then after that we headed to the Mavora Lakes. Not long after we turned off State Highway 94 and onto Lake Mavora Road where we had a puncture and were forced to stop and fix it. We finally got camped by around 10.30pm.

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



**Jane Peak from near Mt Cerebus (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

The next morning, I woke up at 6.30am with frost all around me just in time to watch the sunrise over Jane Peak. Once I was awake I decided the others should be awake also. We had left over cheesecake from the night before which I had for breakfast with muesli. After we had breakfast and packed up, we headed over the ridge and onto the scree slopes below Mt.

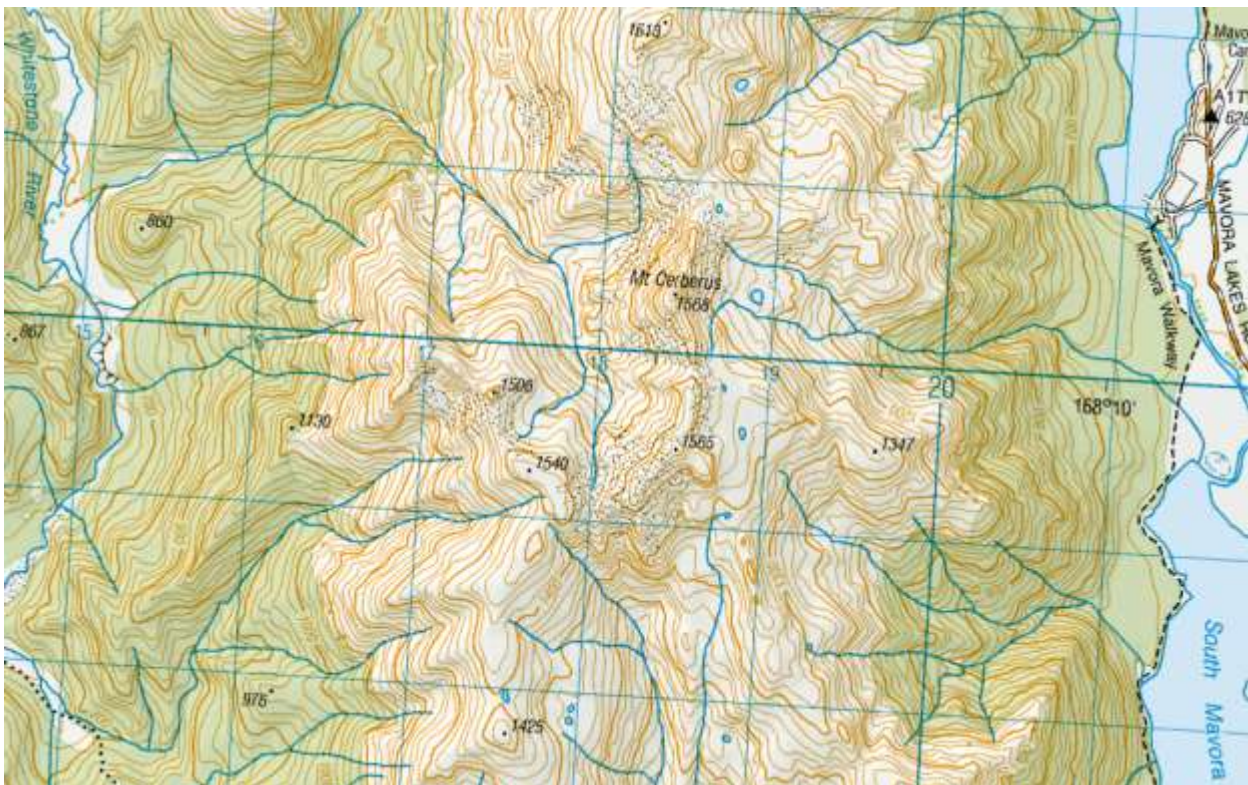


Cerberus and followed the creek down to the Whitestone River. After following the river for about an hour we had lunch on a high terrace overlooking the river. After a short lunch we continued following the river until we came to a tributary which led to a low pass into the Kiwi Burn which we eventually found after a short time spent back tracking. We found a track which lead down the Kiwi Burn and made for reasonably fast travel. After a while the track faded out so we followed the grass flats to where the Kiwi Burn meets the Mararoa River. Shortly after we passed the Kiwi Burn hut we noticed on the river banks several glow worms. We stumbled across the Mararoa River and then walked out to the road where we were picked up by the van. Arthur was very pleased to see us and we were pleased to see him.

On the way home we stopped to see Arthur's parents in Gore and we called into John Galloways house where Doug felt that since he was the most senior and most diplomatic he should go to the door which was probably a good idea considering it was at 12.30am when we called. We all arrived back safe and sound in Dunedin at around 2am on Monday morning.

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

By Neville Mulholland for Sharon Hellyer, Carol Burke and Greg Simpson





## CAPLES – KAY CREEK – SCOTT CREEK II

**March 24-25, 1990**

**Author: David Barnes**

Published in Bulletin 488, May 1990

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

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



**Original Birchdale Homestead, Caples River (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

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

Overnight rain gave Dennis a chance to test his bivvy waterproofing and snoring resonance. By Sunday morning the rain had stopped. Setting out from site, we followed the track for twenty-five minutes before meeting Rhonda's party heading down the valley. Two minutes later we

were at the rather grotty hut. At this point the track more or less peters out. After a quarter of an hour in the scrub we opted for the creek bed. As far as creek beds go it is not too bad a route. At the fork we opted for a route over the cirque which involved heading up to the left to the bottom of a line of bluffs and then cutting right. Pam's party took a similar route while Lauries opted for a more direct route to the right of the creek.



**Tarns and Mt Earnslaw from saddle between Kay and Scott Creeks (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

Coming down it would appear that our route would be easiest to find (i.e. head right at the cirque lip, go down along the bottom of the bluffs, then cut left towards the flats). Once atop the cirque wall, a short stroll across a tussock basin and up an easy scree slope took us to the pass. On a clear day the views of Earnslaw would be superb. The pass is overlooked by an imposing rock knob which we "named" Van Rochbard's Knob (after the bad guy in Swan Lake (GR 203001) From the pass we followed the stream down a series of steps, wading through tussock and Spaniard. None of the three parties could locate the track through the bush above the hut.

At the hut we caught up with Pam's party (who were finishing their lunch). From there it was a steepish two hour descent through the bush to the road 100 m south of the bridge, not as shown on the map).

All in all a great trip.

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

## **RAINDROPS KEEP FALLING ON MY HEAD (MT COOK)**

**April 28-29, 1990**

**Author: Teresa Wasilewska**

Published in Bulletin 489, June 1990

After leaving Chris and his party by the roadside in the pouring rain, we drove directly to the picnic shelter, where SOME people managed to get inside, with mattresses and without even getting wet!! Three other residents never stirred - we were such a quiet bunch! - but got a rude shock in the morning when they awoke and saw, through their alcoholic haze, the shelter was overrun with 17 OTMC members!



**Sealy Tarns, Mueller Lake the Hooker Valley on a nice day (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

Mike was the first to boil the billy, Dean proved his worth by bribing the Treasurer with an early morning cuppa in her sleeping bag, Madam VP used her position to organize a van trip to the toilets! (yes, it was STILL raining!) Having had my sensible suggestion (to stay based at the shelter and do a day trip to the Hermitage) shot down in flames, I was bullied by my chauvinist party up to Mueller Hut, the equivalent of 620 flights of stairs, along with the rest of the parties. The track has had considerable work done on it recently, with gravel and steps in the lower half. As we got higher, the rain became sleet, the track a stream of melted snow (and I thought this would be a dry feet weekend!) Above the scree slope, the track skirts around the



shoulder and was exposed and cold for the final 20 mins through snow, following footsteps and cairns, until we squelched into the hut.

Seventeen sodden trampers had arrived by lunchtime (Gortex rules OK - my parka had kept two patches dry which is more than anyone else could claim) and we had a fine example of hut etiquette as we warmed, whiled and widdled away the afternoon before round-robin cooking and consuming of gastronomic delights. Rhonda was offered interesting exchanges for her digestive biscuits, Ross once again had brought his tarts ...'innovative footwear' was photographed, while it was decided that two plastic bags were preferable to one, but the newspaper padding was better than a jumper wrapped around both feet. Trips to the long drop (beware wind gusts from below!) became more frequent after numerous hot drinks and it was decided that male anatomy has definite advantages in cold windy weather!!!



**Mt Sefton, taken from Mt Ollivier (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

Mueller Hut is very exposed and has no fire and poor ventilation - cooker fumes necessitated opening the door even more frequently than was necessary to let those with Woolworths bladders in and out! Several people wisely retired to warm up, some very cold after the trip up, and we were reminded how easy it is to be caught out, thinking this is such a short trip and with a hut at the top. Take plenty of clothes (or else a cuddly party member). Paul failed to find anyone to help hold down his tent in the snow and had to settle for the loan of a pofta pad and the kitchen bench for the night - we have it on excellent authority that this mountain man is going to buy a pofta pad, (how the mighty have fallen!) He woke us all at 7 am to tell Doug that there was no point in waking up to head for the Annette (sighs of relief from Rhonda) while Peter acted as 'long drop lookout' regulating the 'flow' to and from the loo (and making



sure no one was blown over the edge) We discovered umpteen different ways to cook porridge - but Doug prefers MUESLI!!! Shortly after, we dribbled out of the hut and back down to the shelter all 620 flights below!

Quote of the weekend "It really is clearing now" - Doug F who was proved right at 4pm Sunday as we drove around the lake.

Chief consumer I'll have some/eat it/take one/finish it off - Neville M

Child of the weekend who followed the Americans into the lift in the Hermitage, then played with the buttons to up and down (in the lift) - Ross C

Smile of the weekend "I've just had a first class pee, in a flush toilet, AND washed my hands with WARM water afterwards!...." - John (PS this was NOT at Mueller Hut)

Gallopig Gourmet for bringing gherkins - Dennis P Special thanks also to Patsy Galloway for once again doing John's catering for his party. One of these days we'll have to teach John how to cook!

Conservation Prize for a kea imitation that sounded like a lovesick juvenile bird with laryngitis, but kept them away from our packs - Darcy E

Disappointment of the weekend "That I didn't get my swim - Teresa W

Survival Awards for maintaining their sanity on their first OTMC trip - Carol

Stirling Moss award for avoiding a maniac driver on London Street on route back to the clubrooms - many thanks to Doug who got a special massage afterwards! We were glad you were at the wheel.

BE WARNED!!!: Rumours of unusual behaviour in the back of Doug's van on the way home are 100% true!?! We are petitioning the Chief Guide to limit van numbers to ten maximum to allow for TOTAL BODY MASSAGE as an integral part of every club trip. (Front seat passengers will receive treatment on arrival at the clubrooms). So what if we were all still stiff on Wednesday !?? It was worth it!!

Teresa Wasilewska for all those on the Mt Cook weekend.

## PRE-EASTER SOCIAL

**April 7, 1990**

**Author: Elspeth Gold**

Published in Bulletin 489, June 1990

Those who went (30 in total) really enjoyed it. Nearly all made the effort to dress up. It was hard to pick who looked the best. Sue and Dave Levick must get a mention for the trendiest couple, Peter Mason even went as far as wearing specs from the era, Lindsay Aitcheson looked truly stunning and Debbie, what can I say!!

The band were slow to start but once they wound up the music was first rate. The Forrester's put us all to shame on the dance floor.

For those that couldn't be bothered coming, they really should have made the effort to attend, it's not like it was expensive or out of the way.

Thank you to all who did come, your effort was truly appreciated.

Elspeth



The theme for the 1990 Pre-Easter Social was '1970' (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)

## ROCK & PILLAR RANGE (DAY TRIP)

**April 22, 1990**

**Author: Ken Mason**

Published in Bulletin 489, June 1990

Greetings Life forms\* (\* In case the possum, sheep, members read this)

Let me tell you a tale. No, not a tale of a men shirts but a tale of heroic club members. So, pull up your sock and sit down. I'll sing you a song.

*(tune "The Grand Old Duke of York")*

The tramping club of this town has 150 (wo)men,

And when they're up the R&P's, they're up,

And when they're down, they're down,

And when they're only half way up

Bloody old Mason has broken down!!



Admiring the view, part way up towards Leaning Lodge (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)

No, no seriously folks, While the rest of you were sneaking furtive glances of snow clad Flagstaff from the warmth of your beds, six of us had a glorious, sunny, next to windless day on the Rock & Pillar Range.



Our route:- Bottom (Stone) Hut - 6 Mile Creek Ridge - Leaning Lodge - past Castle Rock - Summit Rock - Big (top) Hut - the poled route - Bottom Hut.

The views were panoramic, the snow dry (not enough for X/C skiing), the temperatures mild, the company congenial, three lunch stops were had and Neville conscientiously performed his role as a mobile, general purpose snowball target.



**4WD tracks on the Rock and Pillar Range (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

At Summit Rock we encountered the dozen strong summit assault party of the Baa Baa Alpine Club. Big Hut had a resident non-member possum. As there has been 'no' attempt to pay hut fees we suggest the committee send a letter. However, be diplomatic; nothing too heavy. Remember that the last non-paying possum took her life.

Scribe (an old R&P fan) Ken Mason for five new R&P fans; Ian McElhinney, Kate Branson, Neville Mulholland, Tracey Linberry, Dean Peterson.

# MY VIEW OF THE MARATHON

**February 10, 1990**

**Author: John Galloway**

Published in Bulletin 489, June 1990

Put simply, my view was 6 bums disappearing into the morning darkness; most of them not to be seen by me again that day. But that's too short a story for the Bulletin so I will tell you more.

The alarm clock had gone off at 2-55 a.m., and I was just about to kill it when I remembered "the marathon !#@!, that event trampers look forward to like catching mumps, a court summons, and mother-in-law coming to stay, all on the same day. I breakfasted and motored to the Leith Valley end of the Pineapple Track. Seven madmen lined up for Peter Mason to photo with the aid of a flash and street lights - the only time I can recall managing a smile that day! At 4-50 a.m. our "Longest Day" began; supplemented with a bit of the preceding night.

I stumbled over the Pineapple Track in the murk in 75 minutes, only to be told the leaders were 27 minutes ahead. 7 km. of Whare Flat downhill road was a relief; a quick bite at 7 a.m. before charging up Powder Hill; some confusion in the fog before we got onto the road, next Silver Peaks Station. The road going was so good that we overshot our next turn off, but it was not easily seen, as what had been a bulldozed fenceline 2 years ago is now all gorse and in another couple of years marathoners will have to carry gorse slashers. A 10 o'clock sandwich by stockyards and a ford on Mt Allan; over the ridge to Poplar Hut where we signed in about 2 hours behind the pacemakers; then up a long slog to the top of Mt John (the cloud and coolness made it bearable) before descending to the Mt John Hut where a note said "R.P. & D.F. 9-50 a.m. OTMC Marathon 10/2/90", and with suitable humiliation I added "Arthur, Mark, & John 12-15 p.m!! I sat by the hut munching a sandwich, musing; envious of the speed and stamina of the albino Kenyans Richard P. and Doug F and with a growing empathy towards the two Falkland Islanders in the 10,000 metres (I held the same position in the field and should also have stayed at home shearing sheep).

Then away below us by Christmas Creek we saw trampers. If they were R.P. D.F. A.P and R.G. they had changed down about 10 gears, or each broken a leg! At last we had found trampers we could actually overtake - Ian Sime and friends. Ian's query to Arthur as to what he had been doing all morning, stung him into storming up the ridge towards The Gap, leaving Mark and me struggling. It was only a bit of indecision in the fog that enabled us to regroup.

We arrived at Mason's Tea Rooms at The Gap at 2-45pm. A tent (looking suspiciously like a first aid post), rocks festooned with balloons and a flag, a billy of tea, biscuits, and mine host resplendent in long johns - a great sight, unfortunately not seen by more people. My plan was to hitch a ride back to town on Peter's Toyota 4x4, but he had foiled that by hiding it miles away in the fog. In fact he hid his ute so well he had great difficulty finding it himself, he told me later. So it was back home via Rocky Ridge, Pulpit Rock, Green Hut site (where a drink was kindly left), Hightop, and Swampy to Booth Rd.

One trumper I know likes to recall the "highs" and "lows" of each day. Taking my boots off at Booth Road would certainly be the very highest point, and the low? That would have to be all the rest of the day - all 16 hours 45 minutes tramping! Yes, we took 16 hours 45 minutes, finishing 5th equal (which is the same as last, but sounds much better). Simply completing a marathon is quite a challenge; and spending 16 hours watching Arthur's form disappearing into the fog, knowing that if I don't keep up, I will spend the next few days lost in the Silver Peaks without a tent or food, is added incentive!



**Rocky Ridge, one of the nicer sections of the Marathon (though by this stage participants are normally too knackered to enjoy it! (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

If your only objective is to complete the course before nightfall, pace yourself as breakneck speed isn't essential. A steady pace sustained for half an eternity will do. Also tramping with companions will distract you from the gremlins piercing your legs with red hot spears.

The previous Waitangi weekend, my tramping party had spent 4 days ambling and fossicking up North Routeburn, over North Col, Lake Nerine, Park Pass, Rock Burn, and Sugar Loaf. If you have trouble comprehending the marathon's dimensions (55 km. long, 10,000 ft. ascent and decent) it is equivalent to this trip plus turning at Routeburn, going back over Sugar Loaf and up to Theatre Plat.

My congratulations and admiration to Richard Pettinger, Doug Forrester, Antony Pettinger, and Russell Godfrey, and many thanks to Arthur Blondell, and Mark Planner for their company and navigation.

John Galloway



# **TAWANUI REVISITED**

**May 5-6, 1990**

**Author: Ian McElhinney**

Published in Bulletin 489, June 1990

For the last two years I carried with me in the UK a photograph of myself sat in a chair carved in the bough of a felled tree on the banks of the Catlins River. This was one of my constant reminders of Godzone and also that one day I would return!

So it was that on the 5 May 1990, with the song of a solitary Bell bird echoing across the morning mist that I approached that same chair with a sense of achievement, homecoming and a lump in my throat. Anyway, enough of that, what about the trip?

After arriving at Tawanui on Friday evening, tents were pitched and a fire lit in one of the fireplaces provided. The party arranged themselves in front of the blaze and talked the night away between chocolate thins and sips of mulled wine. Our party of four were last to retire and spent a blissful night in the back of the van. This proved a wee bit intimate for some but quite cosy for others.

Saturday started with a stroll to the aforementioned chair. From there the track follows the Catlins River westward through beautiful beech forest with humongous tree-ferns, the odd rimu and other assorted flora. The track is good and follows the river right through to the Wisp camping area. It passes through unbroken bush which I find quite awe-inspiring and just a wee bit romantic.

All were fully capable of walking the track but it is deceptively harder than it looks on a map. Obviously though, one of our party wasn't fooled; she took enough scroggin to feed an elephant!! The first two parties to reach the Wisp carried on towards Calliope Saddle via Thisbe Creek. Ours and Don Greer's party camped at the Wisp and this proved a good decision, as campsites in the bush were few and poor.

As for our fly, it was strung up about ten yards from the water tap and toilets, between an improvised pole and the litter bin. the site was level and as comfortable as! Lamb and bean chilli was for tea followed by a mish-mash of chocolate sponge pud, mousse, fruit salad and cream for dessert. The day had been fine and with a light rain we retired to "Wisp Lodge" at about 20.30

The light rain greeted us for breakfast at about 07.30 but did nothing to dampen our spirits after a good night's sleep. The four of us set off up Thisbe Creek with one pack between us. About one hour into the bush we found the other two parties coming out. They had left their campsites a good hour before and hadn't reached Calliope Saddle the day before. On the strength of this we joined the others and went back to the Wisp for an early lunch. This consisted of bread, cracked pepper biscuits, cheese, etc. - beauty!!!

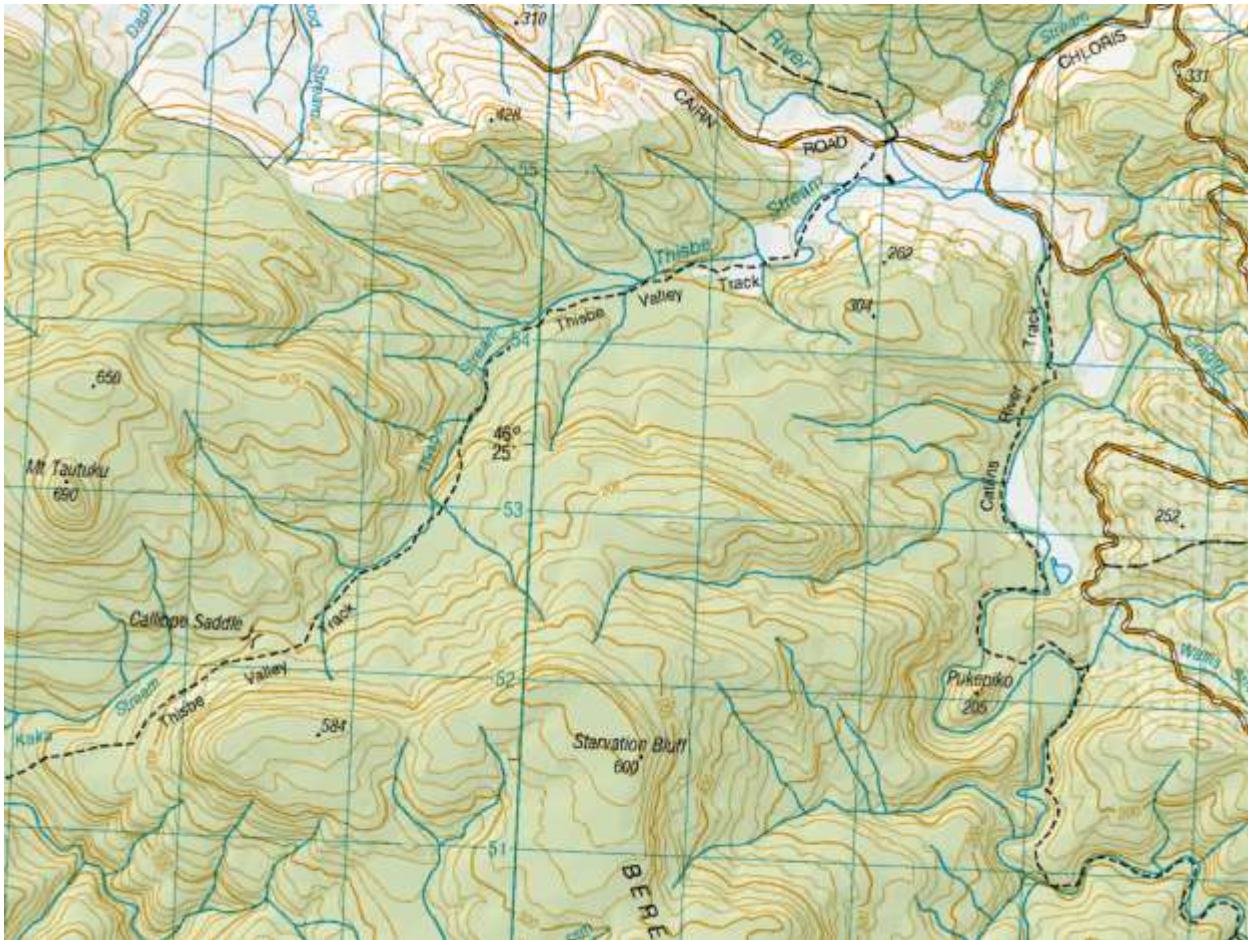
The return to Tawanui was better still with the forest literally dripping with character after the nights rain. Waiting at the vehicles for the last out, we passed the time with a brew and bickies. Anne produced a Hacky Sack but was sadly disappointed when we couldn't match her

enthusiasm. By 16.30 all were present and we set off in the convoy, returning via Kaka Point to view Elspeth's pink house.

To sum up I would like to say ....

The weather was ideal. The cramping was great. The food was hot. The company was what made the weekend so pleasurable, it was excellent!!

Ian McElhinney for Cathy Berryman, Elspeth Gold, Anne Schmack and Tane, the god of the forest and birds.





# CHRISTMAS TRIP (OPERATION RAIN)

**December 26-29, 1989**

**Author: Paul Bingham**

Published in Bulletin 489, June 1990

26 December Simon and myself met in Arthurs Pass and since the 4WD nearly got blown off the road the three pass trip was out even before we met Annabel, so Greymouth was the end result of the day for replanning trips.

Day two saw us heading for Paparoa Park, the tourist bit was in for the day and we spent the night in the cave 400 metres north of the pancakes. It was hard but dry, "This is really back to basics!" Day three was spent walking into the pack horse track three hours to the forks of the river. Sadly, the water looked like Simon's strong cup of tea that morning and was up to and over our shorts. Need I say any more?! From here it was two hours following a track and not leaving it for fear of falling down hundreds of sinkholes. A pleasant change for an hour as we headed over remote farmland, never-the-less it was rather wet under foot. We tried crossing the Bullock river only to be turned back, so we turned back and headed for a cave about an hour back down the track. It was a bit of fun finding it as the rain was coming down very heavily by now. A wet dinner with heads under a Biv Rock and watching the stream coming out of the normally dry cave was our after dinner entertainment.



We had a visitor later in the evening who suggested our mere three metres above the river would be flooded that night, a nice chap who was studying water systems in the area, he showed us back to a wool shed and a warm night was had. Thanks must go, of course, to a bottle of Port. We followed a dirt road from here out, unfortunately there was a little water on



it. Starting at only knee level then to bra level then to chin level for me, Annabel tried floating on her pack and thus it worked, "oh" to be tall like Simon, easy walking out.

Summary: This area has heaps of potential in the dry. Good pick of company on this trip.

Paul Bingham for Annabel Boyes and Simon Underwood.

# IMPRESSIONS OF THE CATLINS

**May 5-6, 1990**

**Author: Hugh Dickson**

Published in Bulletin 490, July 1990

Eighteen of "Elspeth's Mob" heading south on the first Friday in May; finding the same takeaway bar in Balclutha "by guess and by God" arriving at Tawanui about "ninish" on a frosty night.

Camps under the pines, a fire in the barbecue pit, talk in the moonlight, mulled wine (yuk); the warmth of the down bags the night froze on.

Muesli, rehydrated milk and a hot cup of tea on a cloudy morning and it was "packs up" and off after a quick wash and you-know-what in the lovely flush toilets; the beauty of the Catlins River Track; de-luxe tramping this with gravel on the track and wooden sided staircases; my fourth time on this and it never pales—I LOVE IT!

Lunch at the Wisp and more de-luxe stuff; a real table and another go at the flush toilets, but Woe, Woe, WOE! we had to use our own toilet paper. Shame on you DOC - what do we not pay you for?

Early afternoon and off in search of the Thisbe Stream Track; the fishing season over so we won't get "hooked"; the "roar" is past so no deer shooters; however a couple of locals with a dog and guns remind us not to look like a duck; breeches open as they pass us, thank goodness;(I mean the breeches of the guns, wiseguy!)

A ute parked dead centre on the narrow country road reminds us that for some pastimes it's never a closed season; Those two just couldn't believe that we'd rather tramp than help them demolish six crates of brown bottles; it WAS a busy road—we were the second party on it that day.

At last the Thisbe Stream Track and into real tramping—the mud, the tree roots, the wet feet, Alas, after only an hour and a half it was getting dark and frantic searchings for a level spot to pitch the tent; eight foot by six bang on the track and we had a place to sleep, with the creek just down the bank.

A leisurely, if somewhat, frugal, meal by candlelight (pre- dinner drinks, cream of chicken soup, spaghetti bolognese with parmesan and chopped peppers on top, spongy pud and cream, Irish coffee—filled a hole (I guess) and time for a chat and clean up the rest of the "Irish"; the expiry of the candle left no alternative but bed at the otherwise unheard of hour of eight-thirty,

The comfort and warmth of four bodies in the tent in the friendly bush; to quote Barry Crump "as snug as rain on the roof"- and boy did it rain? Packing up in the rain next morning; hardly a time to enjoy muesli and cold milk; a quick brew up and off back to the Wisp; "brunch" or was it "elevenses" at the picnic table with the other parties (anyway- a damn good feed) and it was off back down the Catlins to the cars, arriving about 3.30, before the party who had left earlier to bring the cars up to meet us!! (The secret of THIS little ploy will cost you)

Another brew up and the rest-of the food and time to go home; a detour through Kaka Point brought us to Balclutha in the dark and home at a reasonable hour.

Lets go back there sometime— I MUST see where that Thisbe Stream track goes to.

My first try at being a leader; don't know how I went - the gang made it too easy.

Hugh Dickson, for Viv Harwood, Judy Maguire and Dennis Kemp - Definitely the A team.





## TROTTERS GORGE WINE & DINE

**July 7-8, 1990**

**Author: Elspeth Gold**

Published in Bulletin 490, July 1990

Despite the dismal weather conditions, about sixteen people turned up in good spirits at Trotters Gorge for the Annual Wine and Dine. The music was cranked up at about 5 pm and went well into the night. The fire added a romantic glow but the music soon took over and most enjoyed dancing, a quiet chat over a few drinks or a bit of star gazing. The clouds cleared revealing a nearly full moon but alas no one seemed keen for Ian's planned night walk by moonlight.



**OUTC Hut, Trotters Gorge – the OTMC has enjoyed many events here (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

It was great to see many new people there who had only been to one or two club nights and what better way to meet some new members. Some surprise visitors attended and it was a time to catch up on some old friends.

The new day dawned calm and crisp and a day walk was considered by some while most just headed for the cars. With the help of many only one trip was needed and a big thank you must go to all who attended and made the night such a success.

Barry Wybrow, Rosemary Goodyear, Danny Woods, Dave and Sue Levick, Elspeth Gold, Rhonda Robinson, Dennis Price, Dennis Kemp, Ian McElhinney, Annabel Boyes, Arthur Blondell, Craig and Guy, Dean Peterson, Antony and Debbie Pettinger

## **SILVER PEAKS SOLIENCE\* (ALIAS 'THE TEDDY BEARS PICNIC)**

**June 16-17, 1990**

**Author: Elspeth Gold**

Published in Bulletin 490, July 1990

\* Solient - descriptive of the serene state of self-knowledge achieved through drink

The Famous Five set out to battle the seething mud and sheep droppings from Hindon to Jubilee Hut. The terrible twosome headed in from Hightop, destination Jubilee; somewhat more ambitious than us but we won't dwell on that. This was to be our practice for the mid-winter wine and dine.

Debbie and I ably lead from the rear. By golly the mud was treacherous and the sheep dropping particularly vicious, made for exceptionally slow going. First stop "a side stream" Antony our ever intelligent chief guide demonstrated his superior knowledge by pointing out that it was in fact a side stream (who is this man). Next stop was below Mt John Hut where we seriously debated whether to go up or not, in fact the debate was so hot and so much energy was expended, that to cut a short story long, we didn't go up but thought about it for perhaps 10 seconds. Lunch at the campsite below Jubilee, then on up to the hut. Well it was a bit grotty up there and the stories of rats living in the mattresses almost looked like they could have been true. After taking everything outside, shaking it and sweeping out the hut, it looked somewhat more presentable and quite homely. Note: no rats leapt out of the mattresses.



Jubilee Hut (PHOTO by DOC / Barry Atkinson)

The rest of the afternoon was spent wandering far afield collecting dead wood for the fire. We found some sizable lumps but alas no axe, not even a trusty swiss army saw among us so there is a store of wood at the hut but carry in your own cutting utensils. Don arrived with two dead trees (we didn't have the heart to tell him we couldn't cut them up) followed closely by Yvonne, stunningly attired in blue and white polyprops, purple gaiters and pink shorts.

Don sung us a song or two (he's good at that) and swore he could get the fire going without it smoking the hut out and just how does Don light a fire?? Why with a torch of course; novel method. Pretty soon there was a warm glow, followed by copious amounts of smoke, so much that the hut had to be vacated. Ian insisted on showing us his prowess with a hacky sac while Don and Dennis did some serious talking to the fire. Could the fire, in fact be a cruel joke cunningly engineered so it couldn't be used??? No - Don sorted it out and within an hour the hut was smoke free and warm.

On with the business of eating. Antony and Debbie dined well on left overs so didn't need to cook. Makes me wonder whether they bought any solid food in or whether their packs were too full of liquid refreshments. Then to the even more serious business of practising for the mid-winter social. By the end of the evening we were quite good at it. Nothing was a problem and the possibilities were in fact endless.

We all got to know each other by asking embarrassing questions, each one more bizarre than the deep and meaningful psychological discussions that abounded and we all worried about Ian's affiliation with Bobby the bear.

Next morning Dennis was up first and he headed away to wash anything that looked like it had been cooked in, eaten off or on. Thank you, we all appreciated your effort. Don sung a lot. He's exceptionally chirpy in the mornings so it was a jolly chirpy breakfast and a plan of action for the day. Don and Yvonne were away up Rocky Ridge and further afield and we won't mention our day's ambition.

Despite popular opinion the particularly vicious smell that kept filling the hut (so much so that it had to be evacuated) was not emulating from my bottom. It was pure coincidence that I happened to be leaving the room each time it happened. I don't like to tell tales or name names but I reckon it was -----

We headed off in search of the elusive Llamas and Haggis mentioned in the hut book (see hut book extract below). I am disappointed to say we didn't find a trace of them, we were however overpowered by the mud and at one stage the sheep droppings had us cornered but we cunningly outwitted them.

Back to the cars and a picnic lunch at the river then back to town. An entertaining, revealing, fun weekend with great company. Same place, same time next year??

Quotable quotes for the weekend:

Debbie - I've learnt to take notice of Antony because he's always right

Ian - Be careful of Bobby! I'll ring search and rescue when we get home.



Don, concerning his torch rescued from the fire on Sunday - I can rebuild it, I have the technology

Elspeth - Just what part of the anatomy is the front porch?

Elspeth Gold for Debbie and Antony Pettinger, Don and Yvonne Greer, Dennis Kemp and Ian McElhinney - the Solient Seven (+Bobby the Bear)



**Location of current Jubilee Hut in relation to the original OTC Hut (PHOTO by DOC / Barry Atkinson)**

## JUBILEE HUT BOOK ENTRY

Published in Bulletin 490, July 1990

Page 3: Jubilee Hut Book 16/9/1988

Thomas Morton, Jamie McCullough, Adam Watson, tramped in from Dunedin with supplies after turning back from 45° South at the Main Divide, followed wild horse track from Green Hut - led into gorse. Nasty sharp plants that take no prisoners. Paused to lecture horses at Pulpit Rock, slid down Devils Staircase on our packs - thank god no Highland Llamas, only the Lowland variety (spit more vicious but aim and range inferior).

Felt quite annat\* ambushed by haggis soon after. Staggered round in bush for what seemed like minutes before arriving at Jubilee amid an orgy of spaghetti. We didn't hear the llamas beating on the front door, their aggression is increasing. The ground is getting gobby with spit. Heading for Yellow Hut and beyond (?) A tactical retreat. P.S the spaghetti was al dente.

\*annat; a feeling you get when you arrive at a place that used to have a name but doesn't anymore e.g. a proud sense of annat at Green Hut

17/9/1988 Evening.

Things didn't look good at ABC cave. The llamas grouped and headed us off the Yellow Hut track and we found ourselves climbing a Silver Peaks peak. Haggis and spaniards were bad until mist closed in and outwitted them. We found ourselves with a profound sense of Gap so headed out via Possum/Semple Road tomorrow

Byeeee N.T.J@A

PS the fish were still swimming but should taste good.

\*Gap; the feeling you get when you arrive somewhere you weren't expecting to and don't really want to be there anyway.

## **OTMC ANNUAL AUCTION**

**July 5, 1990**

**Author: Debbie Pettinger**

Published in Bulletin 490, July 1990

Another Annual Auction has been and gone with approx. \$300-00 raised, this will be split with half for the Yellow Eyed Penguin Trust and half for the clubrooms. This year, like many others, saw various useful and useless items going under the hammer. David Barnes did an excellent job of being an auctioneer with Ross Cocker being his usual self and helping to sell the goods.

No bent spoons this year but Doug Forrester really got into the bidding for a photo of every female's dream man (Doug doing women's work!!) But alas Rhonda Robinson bought it for her bedroom wall. Doug did manage to purchase a very sort after Greenpeace envelope with a personal letter signed by the Prime Minister. Elspeth Gold couldn't resist the green ginger wine and baby clothes (what for we ask?!) and Tracy Pettinger had to bid more than once, against her husband while Richard seemed to buy things he hadn't even bid for!! Sue Harding bought a potato for approx. \$8-00 (with a bag of free pinecones) and Lindsay Aitcheson couldn't resist the inflatable penguin.

All in all, a great night, enjoyed by all who attended.



## **WINTER ROUTEBURN**

**August 4-5, 1990**

**Author: Ian McElhinney**

Published in Bulletin 491, August 1990

### Moonlight

Two vans and a car left Dunedin at about 18-15 and beaded off into the sunset. At 0-15 and three drivers later, our van arrived at Routeburn Shelter. There was a slight breeze, a clear sky and a near-full moon, and as the boring ones settled down in the shelter, the adventurous ones set off towards Routeburn Flats Hut. The walk to the Flats Hut was a highlight of the trip for me - there were glow-worms in great abundance, there was an eerie warm breeze sweeping down the valley and the whole scene viewed by moonlight was generally awesome!! Heads finally hit pillows about 3-00am Saturday morning.



**Looking from Routeburn Flats towards the Routeburn Falls Hut (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

### Adventure

Next day the conversation started at about 8-00 and whilst discussing reasons to get out of bed the following quotes were heard:

Male - "Where's your sense of adventure woman?!"

Female - "My sense of adventure is in a sleeping bag"

Male - "I've heard of women like you!!"

Thus the mood was set for the weekend. We eventually set off up the true right bed of the North Routeburn at about 9-45 under high cloud and light rain, which stayed till about 17-00 when it poured down. Having skilfully forecast the bad weather we decided this would be a day trip up the North Routeburn.

This valley is really quite spectacular and well worth a visit. The path is a little indistinct in the open where it was covered in snow, but not difficult to follow. We encountered in this valley, kea, snow, interesting moss and lichens, ice, an avalanche, a strange pond which looked like someone had dumped into it several sackfuls of powdered milk and then some more snow. Lunch was under a rock bivvy and while me and Penny sang as we watched and waited till the billy boiled, Tim and Dean explored the head of the valley. We returned to the Flats Hut at about 16-30 just ahead of the rain.



**Mid-section of the North Routeburn (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

### Toilets and Telephone Boxes

After a superb dinner of noodles, pork and veges we carried on the conversation, covering a wide range of subjects such as:

'The most interesting place I have slept ..... '

'My most embarrassing moment ..... '

The interesting places varied from "up a tree whilst waiting to be rescued" to "in a toilet whilst waiting to sober up (twice)!"

As for embarrassing moments, diplomacy decrees that I must limit details to my own tale of blowing up a telephone box. The tellable tales ran out at 22-00 so we all went to bed.

### Waterfalls

The rain increased overnight and we awoke to a very swollen Routeburn and some of the best waterfalls I have seen and I've seen a lot. Undeterred the intrepid four sprinted up to Routeburn Falls for a look and elevenses. After a short stay we wandered back to the Flats Hut for lunch, then without too much delay we swam back to Routeburn shelter, passing on the way more waterfalls.

### Daylight Robbery

On a slightly sad note, we returned to the car and vans to find they had been broken into and cleaned out of most of our gear and a radio/cassette player. A sad end to a great trip. I think it says a lot about our club, however, that spirits were still high on the journey home, with the usual frolicking, jollity and crude jokes about being robbed! I for one felt a lot better for it. Thanks to all for a great weekend!!

Summary :- New Zealand is truly a "God of Nations", this trip proves it.

Ian McElhinney (photographer, Reporter and linguist) for Tim Moore (leader and man of the match for his scroggin), Penny Excell (comedian and storyteller), Dean Petersen (pretend photographer and one-man advance scouting party!)

### Conversation/Quote of the weekend

Ian - "Would you like some more tea?"

Penny - "I'll just have a touch; or shall I have the tea?"

### Visitors Book Entry

Vore fjord er bettre en dine fjordl

(Our fjords are better than your fjords - Norwegian)



## 24 HOURS OF WALKING IN A WEEKEND (TAKITIMU)

**May 19-20, 1990**

**Author: Paul Bingham**

Published in Bulletin 491, August 1990

We started not early but not late, bypassing bulls in the nearby paddock, leaving Tower Peak Station behind us. The Whare Creek was up so this was our first obstacle to cross and then half an hour before heading up the Creek Flats on the True Left. It was easy going until the second crossing of the Whare Creek, which was much fun (special note - always send Arthur across first then you know you can get across - sorry Arthur). The track looked great for the first 200 metres then there was no track, unless of course you are an old tracker. After some hours we found an opening beside the river still on the true right, crossing this we came to the Whare Creek Hut. Luckily, a good lunch stop, only an hour behind time, short and sweet it was. On reading the hut book we found how few trips had been up here lately.

On and up we pushed, again not much of a track, so we stayed to the spur until faced with a 200-foot waterfall. After some time I found a way up but it was very steep (rock climbing does help at these times) and for the next few hours we bashed our way through bush and scrub which was head high.

An hour before reaching the top of the scrub line, Helen decided to go for two swims. We tried to tell her it was a little cold but her slippery feet did not agree. Our campsite was basic, the tent was pitched on a half foot of scrub. Morning was good with frozen boots and an early start, a cold water walk up the creek to the tops.

What a great view this was!

From here we had six routes to choose from in order to get out. The intended route was out because of ice and the way back was out because of lack of track and too much scrub. The way we decided was the Aparima South Branch. To get off the top we had to go across a steep ice gully. Here I used a sharp rock as an ice axe and after that the going was good! We had rain threatening, track marking problems and the odd large stag. We met the junction of the Aparima and Waterloo Burn at mid-afternoon, walking down this valley for four hours saw us only two thirds down it. Camp was made at 6-30 and we had missed our ride home! We were worried that the van might wait for hours yet and the little extra food we had was well the worth the extra weight in carrying it.

Day three, we walked out over the Waterloo Saddle and to Pinchester Hut, then to the road end. Another 5 km of hard shingle road to a farm, they kindly helped us to organise a rental car back to Dunedin. We arrived very late but fit and well, scratched and all eh Helen.

Summary

- Beware of this area in bad weather

- Sort out ridge lines around the Takitimu Mountains
- Beware of disused track markings
- Beware of the Mossburn map - it may not match with what you see, map even has "area obscured by cloud"
- Make sure you have some sort of money and driver licence for late outings
- Make sure you have a good back up team, we were lucky we did
- and next time take a .303 down the Aparima for that stag.

Paul Bingham for Arthur Blondell and Helen Jones



**This map doesn't have the notation 'area obscured by cloud', but shows an area with little topographical information**

## TEN DAYS IN FIORDLAND

**August 21-30, 1990**

**Author: Ian McElhinney**

Published in Bulletin 492, October 1990

Leaving Dunedin at 13:30 we arrived in Milton at 14:10 for tea and biscuits with my Aunty Mary. Before leaving town a quick stop at Mitchell Bain Motors where my cousin, David gave the car a quick tune up. Then the trip began.

We arrived at Te Anau at about 17:30 and dropped in to see a friend of a friend who then offered to put us up for the night - thanks, Liz! Next day, we looked at the weather and decided to head north first. So, after telling DOC of our intentions, we set off towards the Divide Shelter. As a point of interest, we asked them if there had been any vehicle break-ins recently. They assured us our car would be quite safe, as that sort of thing was very rare. An interesting view when you realise four vehicles were broken into at Routeburn Shelter just a few weeks earlier! We left the Divide in ideal weather and reached Mackenzie Hut on the Routeburn Track in the official time. We both found our fitness surprisingly lacking and the numerous fallen trees across the track made us stop to look at the views more often. And what views you get from this track, from Mt Christina right down to Martins Bay via the Hollyford Valley.



Lake Howden, Routeburn Track (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)



Next day we set off towards Harris Saddle but above the bushline the snow was quite hard and icy and the track exposed in places. After a couple of hours snow was falling so we returned to Mackenzie Hut for lunch, then descended in better weather to Howden Hut. The gale force winds and rain which had been forecast for these few days never did materialise, so on Friday we went back up to Key Summit taking daypacks south along the ridge for still more great views of the surrounding mountains and valleys. Having achieved our aim of great views, weather and walking so early in the trip we rewarded ourselves with several Tararua biscuits - wicked!

We returned to the Divide at about 14:00 and drove down to Milford Sound for a tiki tour and a proper wash, courtesy of the THC. Suitably refreshed and with a clean change of clothes on, we set off back up to Homer Hut with our washed laundry hung out to dry - dangling from the back windows of the car! Talking to two Tasmanians, Adam and John, that night we were told the snow below Gertrude Saddle was ideal. So, next day, off we went at 09:30. By 10:00 we had found the embarrassingly obvious path up the valley. As we left the valley floor, we found the snow to be just as promised, not too soft, not too hard, and by about 11:00 we found Adam and John doing a wee bit of ice-climbing below Black Lake. The ice wasn't so good so they joined us and all four reached Gertrude Saddle about an hour or so later. At the top we climbed over a wee cornice about chest high and suddenly there was the view of Milford Sound spread out before us. For anyone who has been lucky enough to see this view, you'll know what I mean when I describe it as breath-taking. If you 're not one of the lucky ones, then all I can suggest is that you go and see it - it really is fantastic!



**Luxmore Hut and Lake Te Anau (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

After about 2½ hours we dragged ourselves away and started down, some faster than others, and some on plastic bags. There was a succession of avalanches from Barrier Peak as we went down, but all out of harm's way. On Sunday, we returned to Te Anau. This was meant to be a rest day, but after a shower at Liz's place and making arrangements to fix the smashed windscreen received en-route, we decided we didn't like to rest.

Liz's flatmate, Juliette, dropped us off at the Te Anau control gates at 13:30 and after a humongous climb up hill, we reached Luxmore Hut on the Kepler Track at about 17:00. Although this is a bit of a grunt, the bush is quite interesting with many varieties of native plants and trees. We shared Luxmore Hut that night with two jokers from Timaru. Next morning the cloud was down obscuring the much sought-after views so we decided to hang on for a day, as blue skies had been ordered for Tuesday. The Cantabrians were much less fussy and set off into the mist. The cloud lifted a wee bit later on, so I had a day trip to Mt Luxmore and Penny to the caves near the hut. We also filled in time with a Hacky-Sack and a Penny whistle.

Our patience was rewarded next morning with an orgasmic sunrise and by 08:30 we were away! The track itself is good enough to push a wheelchair along - apart from where it's covered in snow. This makes for fast walking even if the gradients do not. After about an hour's climb you reach the summit of Mt Luxmore at 1471m and the views are breath-taking - yes, there's that word again! The good thing about the Kepler Track is not just the fantastic views, but the fact that they're sustained throughout the alpine section which hovers around 1400m all day. We reckoned we could see Mt Cook, Mt Aspiring, The Takitimus, Invercargill and Saddle Hill!

We positively wallowed in the sunshine and scenery, including a brew-up at Hanging Valley Shelter, and eight hours after starting, we descended, grudgingly, below the bushline on the side of Hanging Valley. This descent down to Iris Burn Hut is really unforgiving on weak knees. We reached Iris Burn Hut about 17:00 and yet again had the hut to ourselves.

Wednesday arrived with a crisp, cold frost and after breakfast we wandered up to the Iris Burn Waterfall - about 15 minutes. The walk down Iris Burn is easy and varied. There's interesting bush and "The Big Slip" of 1984. We arrived at Moturau Hut at about 14:30. Moturau means "many islands" and is the true Maori name for Lake Manapouri. This is really an idyllic spot and after tea when the sun had set, the sand flies had gone and the moon was up, we sat on the beach next to an open fire and counted the stars and watched the ripples on the lake reflect the moonlight. A very fitting last night in a Fiordland that had shown us its best.

Our last day we walked out through some interesting and varied bush along the Waiau river valley. Oddly enough, this walk should have been the easiest and flattest, but was surprisingly hard going. We were both quite exhausted arriving back in Te Anau and our feet were killing us - but did we care? Of course not - what a great ten days! Thanks, Penny!

Penny (not bad for a teacher) Excell, Ian (not bad for a beginner) McElhinney

Notes; In ten days in cold, wet, crowded Fiordland, we shared huts on 3 night so saw no one on the tracks and had perfect weather. Two words of advice:- Take an ice-axe on the Kepler Track and don't buy your beer at Milford Sound.

## **SEARCH AND RESCUE – OPERATION SWALE**

**June 24, 1990**

**Author: Ross Cocker**

Published in Bulletin 491, August 1990

10.30 pm Saturday 23 June David Barnes phoned to split SAR List in half, 16 volunteers needed for standby only, 4 needed for recce party to go to Police Station 7.15 am Sunday, within half an hour we had the 16 volunteers, congratulations to David for his recent update of our SAR List.

A friend had reported Mr Swale overdue, he had left Outram township to walk up Taieri River to the aqueduct below Mt Hyde and was due out 7.30 pm. AREC set up a repeater on Mt Hyde and a base at Outram Glen for communications and soon after first light the recce party was under way, an hour later we had arranged for the 4WD Club to drive a further recce party of four to Lee Stream bridge on George King Memorial Drive but before they could come in our first recce party located Mr Swale about 300m upstream from the Lee Stream / Taieri River confluence at 10.20 am and the search was officially closed down at 1.00 pm. Mr Swale was fit and well equipped for a night out which had been his original intention. Our Recce Party was unable to convince him that he was lost and needed help. All due to a genuine misunderstanding because he had not made his intentions clear. We should all learn a lesson from this.

Because of other priorities the Police were unable to assist with this search which involved a total of 30 volunteers from OTMC (17), AREC (3), 4WD Owners Club (3), SAR Advisors etc (3), St Johns (2) and Landowners (2).

We (OTMC) were pleased to have all of these volunteers we called out and those placed on standby, however, a serious problem could have arisen around Sunday lunchtime. When the search was called off and Spen Walker phoned to stand everyone down, of the remaining 8 he had not contacted that day he could not get in touch with 6. If the search had developed further in scale, and those people were needed.

Please SAR volunteers, if you make yourself available for standby, do just that; it is imperative that you remain near a phone or, let the person who phoned you know where you can be contacted.

Ross Cocker, Asst Field Controller for Chas Forsyth, Field Controller and the SAR Advisors



# OTAGO PENINSULA

**October 7, 1990**

**Author: John Cox**

Published in Bulletin 493, November 1990

A wonderful morning, fresh snow on the ground, and a moderate S W breeze whipping up the Southern Ocean to whitecaps, greeted us as we descended Buskin Road in the lee of the ridge to our right. We found the road formation fairly easily and ambled down the trail. Reassured by the presence of styles and white markers, we moved out into the windswept meadow and down past the buildings smothered in macrocarpa. Along the bottom road to the World Wildlife Refuge looking to spot a YEP- but nope, no dwarves waddled into view, "Hoiio hoiho, it's off to the beach we go".

After seeing this area featured on Bellamy's Moa's Ark the night before, we found John Darby's little box on the cliff, looking from a distance like a Bruce Mason comfort palace. Back along the boulders for a bite to eat in the sand dunes among the little three-toed footprints, we had a discussion about the volcanic eruptions 10 million years ago, prompted by the gas bubbles in the rocks and the layers of lava visible in the cliffs along the southern end of the bay. Dinosaurs also got into the conversation, our little dwarf mates in danger of a similar fate due to the stripping of the coastal forest cover, and the stripping of their food supply from the ocean.

I found the whole place very sobering; mankind is developing a lonely planet in the name of economic progress. It is a pity that there's no room for anything low-tech like wildlife habitat. I guess two or three sheep are worth more than our seagoing buddies.

Next a gentle scroll up another disused road to the tarseal, walking head to wind back to the cattery-doggery with its howling pets; a lone windsurfer skimming far below across the backup sewage disposal pond; and back to town in time for Steve Broni's talk on coastline conservation.

A very pleasant day, and thanks to those that came- and thanks to Peninsula Walkers for bringing these roads back from the brink of extinction.

John Cox for Steve and Mary



## **GREEN LAKE MONSTER REVISITED, OR WARM WASH, COLD RINSE AND HOLD**

**October 21-22, 1990**

**Author: Teresa Wasilewska**

Published in Bulletin 493, November 1990

Despite unplanned detours, (Eric's van through Manapouri, the Chief Guide via Te Anau) we all managed to reach our starting points at a reasonable time on Friday night, with the Lake Monowai site being shared with the Taieri High School students and snorers and a variety of other trampers. Three parties set off in a still morning towards Green Lake, with Rhonda's well ahead, leaving fossickers behind.

The track is well marked, with a number of circuits round fallen trees and boggy areas. The gentle incline becomes more marked as the second half of the track continues - beware two side-tracks possibly to Borland Lodge area. There is water in the streams on the lower levels that is drinkable, but a longer section in the middle of the track with boggy, rather than clear water when you begin to puff a bit more!

The bush is mainly beech forest and undergrowth, with a change to scrub only after crossing the stream shortly before coming up onto the saddle. Bird life is plentiful if you stop and listen, and there were signs of orchids coming up in the mosses and stumps along the track, with the boggier bits promising all sorts of botanical delights later in the season.



**Green Lake with Mt Cuthbert in the background centre (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

From the saddle, one gets a good view back over Monowai to the South, and breath-taking views towards Green Lake and Rocky Tops before heading down towards the lake itself. The track winds in and out of small gullies that flow steeply into the lake (which has no single inlet or outlet) until reaching lake level, where the track can be followed through the bush or the last few hundred feet can be walked along the lakefront. Good camping spots (with Pigmy bivvy) can be found at the bush edge on both sides of the tussock. An A-frame hut (cosy for two, snug for three and I suspect cramped for four) is located at the far end of the tussock at the edge of the lake. It is a lovely hut, but I suspect that it will become abused now that the Borland Road is open and the hut more accessible. However, the protection of the Green Lake Monster may save this hut - further sightings have been authenticated over the weekend, when the Monster attacked again when unbelievers were seen to swim in his territory. Feared extinct, the GLM was first sighted by a party of OTMC trampers in the area a year ago, when Catherine Soper escaped only with the help of John Galloway who wrested the Monster from its stranglehold on her arm!!! All further sightings should be reported to DOC or the nearest OTMC member.



**Island Lake from below Mt Burns (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

A good day trip from Green Lake will take you over a very soggy saddle to Island Lake, which is a much shallower and warmer lake, with grassy swampy edges. Again, there are good campsites in this area. A well-marked track heads down towards the Grebe River and Clarke's Hut, through beech forest and tussock flats, each with its own clear gravelly stream. Peaks can be seen from the clearings. Having started the day with a gentle warm shower, (of rain), we



found that it got colder and wetter, as time went on and Bruce's fears of 'cold rinse and hold' came true! Having invited Dennis' party to join us at our campsite for the evening, we found that our accommodation for rainy conditions was not adequate and managed to borrow Rhonda's fly, as she was safely ensconced in the hut. Having a dining room puts a totally different light on things when entertaining in the rain!

We headed out in the rain on Monday, with Bruce and Ken heading out with Rhonda's party to the Borland Rd (2hrs) and Teresa joining with Dennis party to return down to Lake Monowai. (5 hrs).



**Campsite by tarns on slopes above Green Lake (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

A wet weekend, and not many of us did what we set out to do - but it was fun.

Warning - Beware the Green Lake Monster, Ken's snoring, and Bruce's overly generous helpings of pasta!!

Enjoy - good company, scintillating conversation, wonderful scenery and very stimulating swimming (an interesting way to describe self-inflicted punishment - Ed)

It must be noted with regret that even a John Galloway fire was unsuccessful on Saturday night in the rain.

Teresa Wasilewska, Bruce Newton and Ken Powell.

# **THE BEN OHAU TRIP (OR HOW TO SELL THE SOUTH ISLAND IN ONE WEEKEND)**

**September 29-30, 1990**

**Author: Hugh Dickson**

Published in Bulletin 493, November 1990

Eight of us in two cars set off up the main drag on a wet and windy Friday night. The practically mandatory "greasies" at Oamaru and on into dry mild weather up the Waitaki valley. Bedded down for the night in a picnic ground just north of Twizel, still in mild, dry weather.

Woke at 6.00a.m. to about 25mm of snow and still falling thickly. Breakfast of muesli, milk and freshly manufactured snowflakes. At this stage it was decided that it might be unwise to continue on towards Mt. Cook in blizzard conditions, so we broke camp and moved to Twizel seeking a weather forecast. The only business open was a service station and the attendant told us it was snowing! Ask a silly question.

At this point Mike Floate offered the use of his crib at Tarras, so off over the Lindis Pass which was fortunately clear of snow and ice and after exploring one or two sideroads, we arrived just before lunch in dry, cold conditions. Lunch was in the "civilized" conditions of Mikes' barbecue area and we set off to explore the old Bendigo gold diggings, where we spent an enjoyable four hours or so tramping the hillsides, looking at old stone houses, and dropping stones down mineshafts. I LOVED IT! Falling down mine shafts has been a recurring nightmare of mine for many years and I reckon I've now accumulated enough new ones for the foreseeable future, especially as, with my hearing deficiency, I was unable to hear the echo!

Back to Mikes about six and dinner cooked in the primitive conditions of a four-plate electric stove and hot water on tap. Bed about 10.30pm and it was interesting to note that, among these hardened trampers there wasn't a rush to sleep on the floor! Denis said I snored. I didn't hear him. I was asleep.

Broke "camp" before 8.00 and off to the Pisa range across the valley with a view to finding Lake McKay, high up on the range. A steady uphill slog for the next four hours found us having lunch in the lee of a large rock well above the snowline. Now our valiant leader thought the lake was probably "just over the next ridge" (how often have I heard that one) however, three of us decided to call it a day and moseyed off back down over our footsteps in the snow in the general direction of the cars. For the others the next ridge proved to be the right one and they were soon chasing us down so that we all arrived back at the cars about three hours from the lunch stop.

A very welcome milkshake at Cromwell, a feed of "greasies" at Roxburgh and we completed the round trip to South Dunedin at the very reasonable hour of 9.00 p.m. A most enjoyable, if unexpected weekend, with the added advantage that we've still got Ben Ohau to look forward to.

Hugh Dickson for Clare Cushins, Judy Maguire, Mary Clarke, Jonette Service, Denis Kemp, Dean Petersen, and our valiant guide and host Mike Floate.





# SNOW I

**September 8-9, 1990**

**Author: Not recorded**

Published in Bulletin 493, November 1990

Despite problems finding suitable snow, we all judged this weekend a great success!! Arthur managed to enjoy not getting very far, Ian McE learned that he can't be spiderman and Dennis began his questionable habit of finding comfortable Saturday night camp spots for himself and the party!! Teresa managed to survive a 6am start on Saturday morning, Tim's snoring, and learnt that Dean has a wicked sense of humour.

We arrived at Mitchell's Cottage in the middle of the first of a series of snow flurries, with strong winds and sleet/hail showers. Having reconsidered in the Alexandra coffee shop for two hours, we started off up the road from the highest point we could take the cars - after an hour Arthur called a noble retreat to the miner's cottage for lunch, then back to the cars. The afternoon was spent fossicking and rock climbing, with Arthur demonstrating the distinct advantages of long legs and arms at such times - Dean did a credible imitation, but Ian somehow lacked a few inches....

Finding an up-to-date weather forecast became a bit of a problem once we returned to Alex; try the Radio Central Office, who were highly efficient and very helpfully provided us with the most recent info through covering that area. We decided to stay in the area and make another attempt on Sunday. After inspecting a couple of campsites, we had a bit of a climb to a lovely flat, soft area, with excellent facilities nearby - the upstairs bunk room at the Alex Motor Camp is well worth a visit!! HOT SHOWERS and all. We wonder what reception Arthur will get next time he returns - the manager knew him of old, but stopped short in the middle of his greeting to look again at Dean's legs, tastefully encased in sheer long johns, reaching all the way to the ground! "I've seen some things in my life", he said, " but those legs take the cake!" - who will be runner-up for the long legs competition????

Sunday dawned colder but drier and we managed to drive higher up Symes Rd before taking day packs and heading for the snow. Arthur led us across the tops to look for snow gullies worth practicing self-arrest and crampon work, but we were unable to find suitable snow until we began to return to the cars after a chilly lunch on the tops. Having spent a couple of hours totally annihilating a beautiful snow drift with all our amateur attempts at self-arrest, we had a slippery parka competition, where Dean came out uncontested winner, having slid further down the slippery slope than any of the rest of us!

Although we certainly cannot claim to have had much practice, we have at least gained some knowledge of the basic principles of crampon work and self- arresting - thanks, Arthur, for being so patient!! And, it was a great weekend!

Tim Moore, Rhonda Robinson, Dean Peterson, Arthur Blondell, Dennis Kemp, Ian McElhinney, Teresa Wasilewska and Rosemary Goodyear.

## LABOUR WEEKEND AT LAKE MONOWAI

**20-22, 1990**

**Author: Eric Lord**

Published in Bulletin 493, November 1990

Two vans headed away for the three-day weekend. Both vans, including the one driven by the Chief Guide, missed the Key turnoff. Our van paid a visit to Manapouri after missing a second turnoff while the CG's van went all the way to Te Anau! A lovely warm night greeted us when we finally arrived at Lake Monowai, but our party decided to spend the night on the mattresses in the van for a cosy night's sleep.



Lake Monowai at sunset (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)

Morning came and we soon realised we were not alone as a Taieri High School party of 19 were getting ready for the boat ride to the head of Lake Monowai. As usual our party was last to start out and the sign on the track says five Hours to Green Lake so it should be a relaxing day (touch wood). Our first hold-up was running into Bruce Newton's group, should get past them, but alas Sharon's pack needs repacking and readjusting so an early long stop. Away again with some gentle climbing and avoiding bogs. Lunchtime came, we should be a good distance along the track, but it was very difficult to tell where we were being stuck in the bush. We caught up on Bruce's party having lunch and almost managed to swipe their sherry bottle. We carried on further and crossed the Walker River which confirmed my worst fears of how long we were taking to get up this track and thoughts of taking a side trip to Mt. Cuthbert disappeared.

Taking it step by step we made it to the top of the saddle for a great view of Green Lake and the surrounding mountains. Well worth the effort girls. Now for a short (well almost short) run down to the lake and a relaxing time by the shore. I carried on to set up camp near the old bivvy where the bush ends. When everyone caught up including Bruce's party we decided to continue on to the Green Lake Hut (an excellent hut built in 1985, will sleep up to 8 but not much room to do anything else) as it looked like it was going to rain overnight, So we got to the hut at 7pm, almost 10 hours!!! We were ready for a good night's sleep again on mattresses.



**Inside the original A-Frame Green Lake Hut – in 1986 12 OTMC members squeezed in here for the night  
(PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

Sure enough, the rain came during the night and it looked like the rain was planning on staying all day. Breakfast entertainment was provided by a crested grebe paddling in the lake and diving for up to 25 seconds before surfacing about 10m away, Our first visitors for the day were Bruce, Teresa and Ken for morning tea and the resurrection of the Green Lake monster. Our second lot of visitors included Dennis Kemp's party who had come from Island Lake, along with



a dozen or so people from the Hokonui TC who were doing a day walk from the Borland Road to Lake Monowai (yes, the Borland Road is now open during the spring/summer months as far as the South Arm). A slower group of Hokonui TC people piled into the hut with us to have their lunch. They were heading back to the Borland Road. Now our chance to have lunch since we decided to go for the van at the Borland Road left by Dennis's part., No sooner had we filled the space left by the Hokonui group Rhonda's party arrived from spending a wet night up near Mt. Cuthbert. We left Green Lake about 2pm with our bellies filled with Green Lake monster soup. Tramping through the bog up the slope we came across the Taieri group coming down. We did a detour to Island Lake and as we were about to take a photo of the still lake and surroundings a topless woman jumps into the lake further along the shore screaming and shouting -one of a number of Forest and Bird people around here for the weekend. We arrived at the hut (2 beds but a lot more room to move around) near the Borland Road after having seen about 60 people during the day! Is opening the Borland Road such a good idea? At least we had our third night again on mattresses.



**Green Lake near the original hut location – the current hut is at the other end of this beach  
(PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

Monday dawned bright and sunny but as soon as Julie put her shorts on the cloud and then rain came. Never mind, we only planned to walk along the Borland Rd as far as time allowed. We got to the Grebe Valley lookout - a magnificent view and a very impressive valley to look down upon. The rain was persisting so back to the van for lunch. Both Rhonda's and Bruce's parties came out early so away we went at 3pm.

Eric Lord for Julie Lord, Sharon Ley and Ruth Chisman.

# SILVER PEAKS PLUS

**November 4, 1990**

**Author: Dean Peterson**

Published in Bulletin 494, December 1990

A fine, still morning saw a good turnout for this trip and Doug's suggestion of going in to Possum Hut was quickly accepted as few had been there before. So much for the Silver Peaks being the club's supposed "home stomping ground"

At 10.00 am we set off to head down the ridge from Hightop to Possum Hut taking in the vantage spots on the way. Doug's talk of much track maintenance having been done recently, then diving off into the rough crying "Here's the track", made us wonder a bit. Yeah, sure Doug, we believe you. Upon reaching the hut we inspected the camp site, read the plaque, sussed out the hut, determined the beech species and filled the water canisters. Then we informed Craig that when Doug says "the truck is straight up over there" he means straight up over there!



**Green Hut, circa 1982 (PHOTO by Mignon Pickwell)**

A warm humid grunt up the hill (reminiscent of the North Island) and a tussock bash took us up to the top of Green Hill for lunch and a very careful game of frisbee. We were also able to confirm that, yes, there are tarn lakes in the Silver Peaks.

After press-ganging a couple of innocent passers-by into turning up at club night we conquered the mighty Pulpit Rock where the frisbee was thrown again, cautiously. 2.00 pm found us at the Green Hut site when Paul was heard to utter "We're going to get out rather early. You know, we could just about walk back to Dunedin from here!" Well that was it. The gauntlet had

been thrown down, the target of Dunedin quickly changed to the club rooms and three of us, Mark, Paul and myself were off. 5½ hours later, we made it!



**Dunedin City from Swampy Summit (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

To start off with Anita was matching our strides pace for pace, but at the turn off for the cars announced she had no intention of being as silly as we were and promptly sat on a sign to wait for the others. Heading around the side of Hightop we found the correct track, (something Mark apparently failed to do last time) and powered up onto Swampy. A quick bite to eat, another game of (Mark get off that roof) frisbee, then off again. At this point we didn't bother to consult the map so we were rather pleased when the track turned up where we thought it should be and took the Pineapple Track to Booth Road.

A course was plotted to be all downhill for Paul's weary little body, then it was off to George Street and town. Mark's resolve was set by the realisation that there would be no taxis on top of Mt Earnslaw, so we continued to the club rooms to arrive at 7.30 pm. Not a bad day if you're into that sort of thing! (Hint; if you don't like pain, don't road bash.)

Party: Doug, Paul, Mark, Mary, Laury, Craig, Cathy, Anita, Dean (scribe).



## ADVENTURE IN THE SILVER PEAKS

**November 10-11, 1990**

**Author: Debbie Pettinger**

Published in Bulletin 494, December 1990

It started as an innocent Silver Peaks overnight trip, but I should have known better. Anne & Geraldine arrived earlier than us and set up camp for all, which actually was in a good spot down by Possum Hut flats. We arrived later, taking an alternative route which was not marked on the map. However, that is only a minor technicality and not really worth mentioning,

We sat and talked about nothing in particular, with a few tins and chips in the sun. Trading insults and stories until finally it was decided we should arrange some sort of tea. Someone suggested that we should put everything together and see what happens. At the time it sounded not too bad, so with four cooks, that is what we did. To tell the truth it didn't look or taste all that bad, but when you're tramping and you haven't got a choice anything tastes good. A debate over dumplings or cheesecake was easily won, and cheesecake it was.



**South Waikouaiti River (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

Antony showed us how to put up a fly without it falling over, much to Anne's disgust, so we all crawled into our sleeping bags and had a feast of popcorn. (Much recommended for all trips!!).

We awoke to another good day and lay in bed reading or talking until around 9.00am before breakfast was found. Discussion was on the best route out, with the final outcome being the

newly marked track. This track was probably the steepest but also the shortest and was agreed upon. The only thing to do was pack up and leave. This proved to take much longer than first anticipated, with one pack having to be re-packed. Anne and Geraldine decided to rest a while longer while we started off up the hill to the car. And I mean up!!!! Surprisingly this did not take all that long and homeward we went.

An enjoyable and easy trip for a social weekend in the Silver Peaks. Must do it all again soon.

Debbie Pettinger, for Antony, Anne Schmack and Geraldine de Souza.



**At the time this report was written these eucalypt trees were small, now 30 years later they provide a dominant view near the head of the South Waikouaiti (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

# THE CATLINS

**November 17-18, 1990**

**Author: Sue Levick**

Published in Bulletin 494, December 1990

We headed off in private cars and it was a quick trip down to Purakanui Bay, arriving while it was still light. As we arrived first, we grabbed the tent site closest to the house. Although this was convenient, it also proved to have some disadvantages (read on). An enjoyable evening was spent, chatting by the fire with more people arriving and tents going up.

In the morning, we set off for a walk along the top of the cliffs to the north of the bay. It was a steep climb up, but reasonably short. Once on top, the views are amazing. We wandered along the top for an hour or two, through partially cleared forest with lots of old dead trees which were still standing.



**The coastline near Jack's Blowhole (PHOTO by Antony Pettinger)**

We met up with Bruce's party, several of whom appeared to be asleep. We all went on, eventually reaching Hina Hina Cove. We all had a go at seal and tern watching with Bruce's opera glasses. Then it was time to head back for some lunch and relaxation.

In the afternoon, we headed off in the opposite direction to have a look at Osborne Island and a bit more seal watching. We saw about 10 seals and a huge bull seal.



The Purakanui Sun Club were out in force (well, 3 members anyway) at various times during the weekend. Even though they informed everyone that it was very exhilarating, their deportations in the surf were very brief.

Saturday night everyone had a social time, either inside by the fire or standing outside in the rain. Watching people dancing around the fire in the dark conjured up visions of the witches in Macbeth. The music continued unabated until 1am with extra free expression being provided courtesy of John and Peter on harmonicas (hence the disadvantage of pitching your tent very close to the house).

The rain cleared by morning and held off for the rest of the day. We packed up and took off to the Purakanui Falls, which is a very nice, short walk. We carried on and met up with Bruce and his party at the Tahakopa River. We took turns and had a paddle up the river in Bruce's canoe. Thanks Bruce!

Next stop was Jack's Blowhole and then onward to Dunedin. Arriving home just in time for greasies for tea. I'm keen to head back to this very beautiful area for another relaxing weekend Sue Levick, for Dave and Sue & Paul Clark.

Many thanks to Peter and Miriam for the use of their crib and for putting up with the masses for the weekend.

## AN ALL DAY RIVER CROSSING

**November 18, 1990**

**Author: Eric Lord**

Published in Bulletin 494, December 1990

Eight of us made the early morning rise and risk on what the weather was doing to head for the Rock & Pillar range for a daytrip. The view from the hill before Middlemarch gave us a taste of what we were in for - low cloud and mist. We left from the paddocks of Glencreag (ring the owner Neil Grant beforehand as a matter of courtesy) at 9.20 am and followed the fence line up the ridge towards Leaning Lodge. This part of the day walk gave me the title of this report. The tussocks were holding so much water that it felt like we were doing a longggggg river crossing. Pity the person in front most of the way (Thanks Ross), After a couple of hours following the fence line up through the mist and not realising how far we had climbed, we came across the poled route from the road to Leaning Lodge. We followed the poles until we lost them in the mist and did a sharp detour up a steep bank and came across an idyllic scene of mountain totaras, hebes, cushion plants with a small stream. and ponds. A very worthwhile side-track. After some compass work we were back onto the pole route and did a short climb up to Leaning Lodge.



**1970's Family Tramping Group party at Leaning Lodge (PHOTO OTMC Archives)**

Lunch was inside the hut out of the heavy drizzle that was now coming down. Leaning Lodge could do with a good clean-up as birds which have been getting inside had left their droppings

all over the place. During lunch we decided to carry on with our original intentions of doing a round trip over to the Big Hut but we didn't get off to a good start looking for the road from Leaning Lodge. Trudging through the mist and drizzle it was a relief to come across a recognisable feature, the fence line! We followed this up and over the top of the range till we came across the 4WD track on top. The vegetation suddenly became sparse, an indication of the windblown environment. A brisk walk along the top was rather frustrating as you could only see for a few metres around. There was a short hesitation at the point to head off the 4WD track and down to the Big Hut. The mist was that thick that we almost walked into the hut before we saw it.

After a quick squiz to check out the hut for maintenance, a few hits of table tennis and a moro we headed down the track dreading the thought of going through the tussock again. But alas the farmer had kindly burnt out the tussock for us and it was a leisurely stroll over the remaining stubble down to the cars about 4.40pm. A great round trip, but better to do it in fine weather. Thanks to Ross, Pam, Anita, Ruth, Glenda, Tammy and Julie for joining me.

Eric Lord.



## OTMC COMMITTEE (1990-91)

**President** – Elspeth Gold

**Vice President / Mountain Safety** – Rhonda Robinson

**Secretary** – Eric Lord

**Treasurer** – Christine Cocks

**Chief Guide / Transport** – David Barnes

**Bulletin Editor** – Sue Levick

**Membership Secretary** – Ian Sime

**Social Convenor** – Julie Lord

**Day Trip Convener** – Antony Pettinger

**Gear Hire** – Sharon St Clair-Newman

**SAR** – David Barnes

**Bushcraft 1991 / Training** – Antony Pettinger

**Property & Maintenance** – Peter Mason

**FMC** – Mike Floate

**Librarian** – Sharon St Clair-Newman

**Climbing** – Arthur Blondell

**Immediate Past President** – Stuart Mathieson

**Outdoor Recreation Group** – Stuart Mathieson

**Hon. Solicitor** – Antony Hamel

**Family Group** – Lyall Campbell

**Family Group** – David McArthur

**Over Thirties** – Neil Donaldson

**Over Thirties** – Muriel Mason

**Over Thirties** – Eric Brodie

## OTMC TRIP PROGRAMME 1990

January	20-21	Ahuriri - Canyon Creek	Teresa Blondell (Wasilewska)
January	21	Nuggets	Elsbeth Gold
January	27-28	Trotters Gorge Barbecue Weekend	Antony Pettinger
January	28	OTMC Picnic - Trotters Gorge	Antony Pettinger
February	3-4	Routeburn / Rockburn	Antony Pettinger
February	3-6	Routeburn / Rockburn (Waitangi 4 Day Option)	Antony Pettinger
February	4	Silver Peaks	Doug Forrester
February	10	OTMC Silver Peaks Marathon	Antony Pettinger
February	11	Mystery Trip	Bruce Mason
February	17-18	Bushcraft 1990 (Tirohanga Weekend)	Ross Cocker
February	24-25	Bushcraft 1990 (Silver Peaks)	Ross Cocker
March	4	Bushcraft 1990 (Rivercrossing - Outram Glen)	Ross Cocker
March	10-11	Bushcraft 1990 (Optional Weekend - Lake Ohau)	Ross Cocker
March	11	McKenzies Hut (Rock & Pillar Range)	Ian Sime
March	18	To be arranged	Sharon St Clair-Newman
March	24-25	Greenstone / Caples Area	Doug Forrester
March	25	Mystery Trip	Mary Hewinson
April	1	Shag Point	David Peacock
April	7	Pre Easter Social	Social Convenor
April	8	Painted Forest (Silver Peaks)	Stuart Mathieson
April	13-17	Makarora Region (Easter Trip)	Antony Pettinger
April	22	Rock And Pillars	Ken Mason
April	22	Rongomai - Honeycomb (Family Group)	Lyall Campbell and Ken Allen
April	28-29	Mt Cook	Rhonda Robinson
April	29	Berwick Forest	Dave Levick
May	5-6	Catlins Area	Dot Pagel
May	6	Catlins Day Trip	Elsbeth Gold
May	13	Mt Kyeburn	Peter Mason
May	19-20	Takitimu's	Richard Pettinger
May	20	Peninsula Cycling Trip	David Peacock
May	20	Powder Ridge (Family Group)	Paddy O'Neill and Len Martin
May	27	Rosella Ridge	Richard Pettinger
June	2-4	Port Craig (Queens Birthday)	Don Greer
June	10	Pipikaretu Beach	Stuart Mathieson
June	16-17	Silver Peaks Weekend Trip	Debbie Pettinger (Williams)
June	17	Allans Beach / Mt Charles	Bruce Newton
June	17	Mt Hyde (Family Group)	Nancy Strang and Moyra Fraser
June	24	Mt Highlay	Peter Mason
June	30-1	Matukituki	Sharon St Clair-Newman
July	1	Work Party	Committee
July	7-8	Trotters Gorge - Mid Winter Wine And Dine	Debbie Pettinger (Williams)
July	8	Trotters Gorge	Debbie Pettinger (Williams)

# OTMC TRIP REPORTS – 1990

July	14-15	Herbert Forest	Contact Chief Guide
July	15	Akatore	Rhonda Robinson
July	15	McNally Track (Family Group)	Marie and Gordon McDonald
July	22	Mt Allan / Mt John	Arthur Blondell
July	28-29	X/C Skiing Instruction (Basic)	Bruce Mason
July	29	Kaka Point	Elsbeth Gold
August	4-5	Winter Routeburn (Falls Side)	Mark Planner
August	5	Three Peaks	Peter Mason
August	11-12	X/C Skiing Instruction	John Robinson
August	12	Work Party	Committee
August	18-19	Snowcaving (Old Man Range)	Committee
August	19	Waipori - Government Track	Mike Floate
August	25-26	Lake Manapouri - Titirora	Contact Chief Guide
August	26	Orbell's Cave	Mark Planner
September	1	OTMC Annual Dinner	Social Convenor
September	2	Orienteering	Ross Cocker
September	8-9	Snow One (Basic Snowcraft)	Committee
September	9	Nardoo VI	Ross Cocker
September	15-16	Spring X/C Skiing	Skiing Section
September	16	Jubilee Hut	Russell Godfrey
September	16	Green - Pulpit - Possum (Family Group)	Sara Keen and Rosemary Clarkson
September	22-23	Snow One (Alternate Date)	Committee
September	23	Green - Jubilee - ABC - Rocky Ridge	David Barnes
September	29-30	Ben Ohau Range	Mike Floate
September	30	Poplar Hut	Doug Forrester
October	6-7	Lake Manapouri - Titirora	Sharon St Clair-Newman
October	7	Peninsula	John Cox
October	14	Jubilee Hut Workparty	Peter Mason
October	20-22	Lake Monowai (Labour Weekend)	Eric Lord
October	28	SAREX (Search & Rescue Exercise - Flagstaff)	David Barnes
November	4	Silver Peaks	Doug Forrester
November	11	Workparty	Peter Mason
November	10-11	Mavora Lakes / Eyre Mountains	Susan Harding
November	17-18	Catlins Coast / Purakanui Bay	Peter Mason
November	18	Leaning Lodge - Rock & Pillars	Eric Lord
November	24-25	Routeburn / Caples / Greenstone (Through Trip)	David Barnes
November	25	Maungatua	Sharon St Clair-Newman
December	2	Nuggets	Elsbeth Gold
December	2	Introduction to Rockclimbing	Arthur Blondell
December	8	Christmas Social	Social Convenor
December	9	Burns Track	Dave Levick
December	15-16	Rock & Pillars	Stuart Mathieson
December	16	Silverpeak - Mt John Circuit	David Barnes
December	26-5	Paparoa's (Christmas Trip)	Dave Levick



# OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (FEBRUARY TO MAY)

Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club  
P.O. BOX 1100 DUNEDIN

**BULLETIN**  
Registered at P.O. BOX 1100 Dunedin for Transmission by Post as a Magazine

**OTMC MARATHON**

FEBRUARY 1990  
BULLETIN NO. 440



The Grand Traverse Of The  
SILVERPEAKS

9 February

PRESIDENT	Robert McKinnon	136-139
VICE PRESIDENT	Wanda Robinson	136-141
SECRETARY	Mark Flannery	143-144
TREASURER	Terence MacLennan	144-145
CHIEF GUIDE	Andrew Pettigrew	145-146
EDITOR	John Egan	146-147
MEMBERSHIP SEC.	Elizabeth Gault	147-148
SOCIAL SEC.	Elizabeth Gault	148-149
GRASS ROOTS	Elizabeth Gault	149-150

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MARCH 1990  
BULLETIN NO. 441



PRESIDENT	Robert McKinnon	146-149
VICE PRESIDENT	Wanda Robinson	146-151
SECRETARY	Mark Flannery	151-152
TREASURER	Terence MacLennan	152-153
CHIEF GUIDE	Andrew Pettigrew	153-154
EDITOR	John Egan	154-155
MEMBERSHIP SEC.	Elizabeth Gault	155-156
SOCIAL SEC.	Elizabeth Gault	156-157
GRASS ROOTS	Elizabeth Gault	157-158

Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club  
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APRIL 1990  
BULLETIN NO. 442



**BUSHCRAFT '90**

PRESIDENT	Robert McKinnon	136-139
VICE PRESIDENT	Wanda Robinson	136-141
SECRETARY	Mark Flannery	143-144
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CHIEF GUIDE	Andrew Pettigrew	145-146
EDITOR	John Egan	146-147
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MAY 1990  
BULLETIN NO. 443



PRESIDENT	Robert McKinnon	136-139
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# OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (JUNE TO SEPTEMBER)





## OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (NOVEMBER & DECEMBER)

