

OTMC TRIP REPORTS

1991

Sourced from the 1991 OTMC Bulletins



CONTENTS

Introduction	3
Paparoa's Christmas Trip 1990	4
Greenstone / Steele Creek	7
Rockburn	10
Directors Report – Bushcraft 1991	12
Bushcraft 1991 Silver Peaks Poem	14
The Levick Expeditionary Force to GR I44/J44 103934	16
Copland Capers	19
First Aid Weekend - Waiora	21
McKenzies Hut	22
Macetown – Tramping Deluxe	23
Family Tramping Group Trip	25
Nardoo VII	26
Up The Mighty Milford	27
Milford Track	29
It Never Rains In Fiordlad	31
OTMC Takes the Milford EnMasse	34
Droflim 1991 – Milford Backwards	37
Routeburn Crossover Trip	38
Takitimus	40
Flagstaff & Swampy	42
Polar Plunge	43
Camping In The Snow (Mavora Lakes)	44
An Epic On Kakanui	45
X/C Ski Instruction Weekend	46
The Cooking Competition (Motarau Hut)	48

The Great Moturau Cooking Competition	50
Snowcaving Weekend	52
Cross-Country Instruction Weekend (Ski).....	53
Sleeping Under Water (Snowcaving 1991).....	54
Snow Shelters – Old Man Range.....	56
Nelson Lakes Tramp	57
A Night At The Hotel California.....	59
Catlins Trip report.....	61
Police SAREX – A Lesson In Weather	63
SAREX, October 1991	64
A Weekend On The South Coast	66
The Storming Of Port Craig	68
Ball Pass Revisited.....	69
OTMC Committee (1991-92).....	70
OTMC Trip Programme 1991.....	71
OTMC Bulletin Covers (February to May).....	73
OTMC Bulletin Covers (June to September)	74
OTMC Bulletin Covers (October to December)	75

INTRODUCTION

1991 was another busy year for the OTMC, with a continuing rise in membership. Membership has risen from 199 in 1989 to 242 in 1991. The Bushcraft Courses held in 1990 and 1991 proved to be good source for new members, with 27 out of 54 participants from Bushcraft 1991 becoming members of the OTMC. As it turned out, Bushcraft 1991 was the last of the 'big' courses for a while, with numbers dropping to just 13 two years later.

The weekend trips continued to be varied and well supported, with an average of almost 20 people on each of the 20 trips run in the 1990-91 year. The largest trip (as expected) was the Bushcraft optional weekend trip to the Ohau Valleys. 47 trampers were spread out in the Maitland, Temple, Huxley, and Hopkins valleys. The weather was perfect, a stark contrast from the delayed trip to the same area in 1989.

The trip of the year was undoubtedly a traverse of the Milford, starting from Sandfly Point. This led to the nickname 'Droflim', and as can be read in the reports contained in this collection was a much-enjoyed trip. The first Otago Tramping Club trip over the Milford Track was over Christmas 1928/29, and the most famous was the 1965 Freedom Walk. Prior to the 1991 trip, the most recent OTMC Milford Trip was held in March / April 1972 with 33 participants. As an alternative on the access route, they started at Hut Creek, then over Glade Pass to the Glade Burn before completing the Milford Track.

The 1991 trip was ably organised by Doug Forrester, and I am sure there remains today many fond memories of the trip.

1991 was a busy year for the committee, and the workload did not deter interest in joining the committee at the August AGM, with an election being required. The 1991 AGM had 50 members present, and the committee meetings often went to 11.00pm or later to deal with all the issues!

One of the issues we became involved in was the status of walking tracks on the Otago Peninsula. The DCC setup a working party to try and resolve the impasse between recreational users and landowners whose properties bordered paper roads. As with many such things, bureaucracy slowed down progress, but the end result was that the efforts of the working party can still be enjoyed today with many of the popular tracks becoming defined in the early 1990's.

The revegetation of our Ben Rudd's property commenced in 1990/91, and the results of the early beech tree plantings in the former plantation site can be seen today (this is the area directly below the skid-site).

All in all, another busy year for the OTMC.

Antony Pettinger
May 2021

Cover Photo: The head of the Clinton River and Mt Hart (1769m) from McKinnon Pass, Milford Track (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

PAPAROA'S CHRISTMAS TRIP 1990

December 26, 1990 – January 5, 1991

Author: Sue Williams

Published in Bulletin 495, February 1991

We set off for the West Coast early on Boxing day, with plans to arrive at Blackball Pub at 6pm to meet Mike and Mary. Despite an inadvertent tour around Lake Brunner, we arrived on schedule. We stayed the night at the Blackball Hilton, which has been converted into a backpacker's lodge (everyone has probably heard Dave waxing lyrical about the place at some stage).

The next morning we packed up enormous quantities of food and drove to Anderson's Flat. It took quite a while to do a 'car shuffle' so that we had a car at the other end of the track. As a consequence, we didn't start tramping until 11.30am. The plans were to tramp up the Moonlight Valley, head up to the tops and join with the Croesus Track and arrive out not far from Blackball. After an easy walk up a very well graded track, passing huge piles of hand stacked tailings, we arrived at Meikles Hut, where we spent the night. It required incredible amounts of discussion and arbitration at the highest levels to fit the six of us on the floor of the hut for the night. Apart from Don suddenly remembering the name of a plant he had been trying to recall all day and yelling it out just as we were all almost asleep, it was a peaceful night.

The 29th turned into a fine and sunny day, and we proceeded to the tops, with the pack track ending not very far from the hut and becoming steeper and more like a 'real' tramping track. A pretty tarn and lovely view of the Grey River enticed us to stop and set up camp. This turned out to be not one of the better decisions we made. About 7pm the weather changed for the worse and remained the same in the morning. The fact that more and more water was squeezing through the floor of the tent galvanised us into action. What followed was a fairly challenging few hours. We were following a compass bearing all the way as visibility was very poor and trusted that we would meet up with the Croesus Track further along the range. We were all thoroughly soaked by the time we arrived at the Top Hut on the Croesus Track and we rapidly converted the hut into something akin to a Chinese laundry.

We stayed for another day with the hut gradually filling up. A couple of goldminers shared the hut most of the time and Rhonda's party arrived later as well. The rest of the trip was uneventful, and we had a pleasant day fossicking around at Garden Gully looking at the old battery site and making our way out to the road. We spent the night at Blackball again and participated in a considerable amount of imbibing of alcoholic beverages and revelry.

The next trip planned was to go up the Fox River and walk the Inland Pack Track. The first day we walked up to the Ballroom Overhang arriving just ahead of some light rain. The overhang is big enough to pitch several dozen tents, have a fire and be totally oblivious of the weather. Don was very concerned about the possibility of rocks falling off the ceiling of the overhang and was

very worried when Mary told him that a teaspoonful of dust had fallen onto the tent while he was away.

The next day we delved into Welsh Creek, a very narrow gorge but very magical. We also had a wander further up the Fox River. Don went looking for goats as we had heard them bleating. Dave remarked that they had most likely smelt us already! We spent the rest of the day lolling about and swimming.



Fox River, en-route to The Ballroom – Pam Cocker and Debbie Pettinger (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

The following day we packed up and headed up Dilemma Creek. We dawdled up the gorge stopping for frequent photos until we reached the junction of Dilemma and Fossil Creeks. The route follows up Fossil Creek, branching off inland. The track hereafter is extremely muddy, and it took us quite a while to reach Pororari River where we made camp for the night. DoC are in the process of gravelling this grovel, so it may improve in the future.

I knew it would be the last chance for a swim in the morning, so I braved the waters. Mike said he was keen for a swim but piked out when the morning came. Perhaps he doesn't really float? (groan)

It was a short walk out to the road through more gorge country. I think we were all reluctant to finish the trip and we spent quite a while throwing stones about. Mary awakened some sort of primal urge in Don with her musical rocks which caused him to start dancing around. The tramping ended soon after and we headed down the coast by car to Ross for the night. We stayed with Mike and Muriel the night after in Tarras and were home in Dunedin the next day.



Fox River, en-route to The Ballroom – Ross Cocker and Debbie Pettinger (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

A really enjoyable trip with good company and plenty of bad puns (courtesy of Don). Many thanks to Mike and Muriel for squeezing the lot of us in for the night.

Sue Levick for Dave Levick, Mary Hewinson, Mike Floate, Don (a pun/song for every occasion) and Yvonne Greer.

GREENSTONE / STEELE CREEK

November 24-25, 1990

Author: John Galloway

Published in Bulletin 495, February 1991

We lost a party member before leaving the club rooms. Teresa was missing. We overcame our initial impulse to leave her, when we realised she had some food and a tent. Dennis Kemp went for her, listened to the old "car wouldn't start" story, and chauffeured her to re-join the van at Waihola.

We stopped at the East Gore garage to refuel, before going to the pie cart. Dennis, Teresa, and I decided to walk on through Gore, and were hanging over the railing of the Mataura bridge, (Dennis looking for trout, and Teresa looking for a swimming hole) when Tim Moore came running. Teresa realised she had the van key. Picture if you can, a man and woman racing toward each other across the Mataura bridge; the woman with an outstretched arm offering a key. Dennis wondered how passing motorists would interpret the scene.

"Look, I have the Steele Creek hut keys - let's elope!"



Further to this, the club is running a contest to give this drawing (see above) a caption; the winner to get an unguided trip up the Steele Creek on an adequately wet weekend. To give you ideas here are 3 entries.

"Look, I have the Steele Creek hut keys - let's elope."

"Keep the house keys and mortgage you swine, sob, sob, I'm going back to my mother"

"What an awful drawing - she's much more attractive" (written in Polish)

We got to the Divide late to find the shelter occupied; decided we would try the Hollyford junction shelter, but the shelter had gone, so back to the tent at the Divide.

During Saturday we tramped up to Howden, McKellar, and down the Greenstone in overcast conditions to light rain which became heavy toward evening. While lunching by the Greenstone we did some research on sandfly repellents. A suitable pair of female legs were chosen, one

coated with Dimp and the other with a mixture of Dimethyl phthalate, Dettol, and baby cream. Though Pam's potion sounds toxic and eats plastic, one sandfly defied it, compared to nil for Dimp; but Dean's hairy legs seemed most effective.



Greenstone Valley, above Lake McKellar (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Late in the day, with the rain getting heavier, we left Mike patching up skin on his feet at the THC hut, while we checked accommodation at Mid Greenstone; - bulging and steaming full of European backpackers. Back to Mike and THC where we scattered ourselves and packs over the verandah giving it an authentic tramper appearance, peered in through 'windows at white laundered pillows and drying rooms, did some sums on the cost of a night's stay, and quickly decided it was on up to Steele Creek hut, where a good fire and meal were enjoyed.

Moir's allows 10 hours from Steele Creek hut over to Caples and out to the road. It was fine at 5 a.m. so we decided to go for it over the Caples way. We were 45 minutes late leaving but made up an hour on Moir's time to the top of the saddle, getting up there to see the view just as the weather closed in and began snowing lightly.

While going down to the Caples, Iain and Teresa went much of the way on their bums, practicing self-arresting amongst the beech - it's steep. Dean and two packs were out at the road before 4 pm, and the rest of the party weren't much later, which wasn't a bad effort considering the weather and Mike's lameness.



Creek-bashing up Steele Creek (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Queenstown was our tea stop. OTMCers were eating at an outdoors table in the mall. My travelling home clothes were travelling home in the wrong van, from the Divide. After the wet weekend I was looking particularly dishevelled, complete with striped long-johns and bare feet. Around us were the jet-set tourists, windows full of stuffed sheep, and travel placards showing mountains in eternal sunshine.

One of the more resplendent window shoppers staring hard straight at me said "Just looking and won't touch."

Pam Cocker (leader), Teresa Wasilewska, Dean Peterson, Mike Gillies and John Galloway (writer and Queenstown's untouchables)

ROCKBURN

January 18-20, 1991

Author: Dean Peterson

Published in Bulletin 496, March 1991

It is evident that Neville's car must have a serious case of perambulophobia, (fear of tramping), it threw its engine through its radiator the day before the Christmas Trip and ploughed into the back of some other innocent car the day before this trip. One wonders if perhaps the car over-played the symptoms slightly!

However, against all odds we did manage to get away after Neville's dad volunteered (?) to drive there and accompany us on the tramp as it wasn't going to be too arduous. It will be, I think, the last time Sam accepts Neville's estimation of "not too arduous".



Looking up the Rockburn Valley from Sugarloaf Pass (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

The game-plan for Saturday was to hop over Sugarloaf Pass from the Routeburn to the Rockburn and join Teresa who had been at Theatre Flat since Friday, for lunch. After climbing the pass in inclement weather and a moments indecision at the top of the pass in poor weather, we eventually all emerged into sunshine and clear skies in the Rockburn and were greeted with a welcoming brew from Teresa.

The afternoon was spent lounging/fossicking (the two becoming somewhat indistinct) on the bump known locally as 'Janus Knob' or 'The Rock Garden'.

While there, a precedent must have been set in the category of 'the number of photos taken of a single kea in its natural environment' and similarly, 'the number of photos taken of people taking photos of a single kea in its natural environment!'

While the others walked back to camp, Teresa and I rounded off the day by fossicking along the river supplemented by some rock-hopping for me and sort of river sloshing for her.



The upper Rockburn, looking towards Park Pass from the 'Rock Garden' (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

That evening was spent under the overhang on Theatre Flat and was followed by Irish or Caribbean Coffee. After sundown we were entertained by the antics of the resident mouse troop, after which Neville rewarded them with the corrupting effects of Ryvita and Rum mixers. Needless to say, little activity was seen from these mice the next morning.

Sunday saw two of us take the plunge into a vaguely warmish pool (says she), but we won't mention the pikers (N A S). The rest of the trip was mostly uneventful except for the matter (hardly worth mentioning really) of a rock ending up in Teresa's pack. Me thinks Neville and I are about to suffer in ways as yet unconceived by humankind.

My thanks to all of the party for just the sort of start to the year that I needed. (Even if I don't live long enough to enjoy it!)

Party: Neville Mulholland, Sam Mulholland, Teresa Wasilewska and Dean Petersen. (scribe)

DIRECTORS REPORT – BUSHCRAFT 1991

February – March, 1991

Author: Antony Pettinger

Published in Bulletin 497, April 1991

The 24th Bushcraft course is now over, and the 54 people who completed the course really enjoyed themselves, and it is encouraging to see some participants coming along on club nights and going on club trips.

We had six people travel from Lawrence while another two travelled from Middelmarsh, with the balance coming from Dunedin.

The course followed the same successful format as previous years, i.e., three evening meetings, Tirohanga, Silver Peaks, rivercrossing and an optional trip to Lake Ohau. All of these were successful with the possible exception of the concluding evening which I feel was too cramped and rushed.

Again, the club instructors, leaders and helpers excelled themselves, and combined together to make our level of instruction very high. Definitely without this contribution, the course would never get off the ground.



**Simulated river-crossing practice (man-made current!), Tirohanga Camp, February 16, 1991
(PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

Planning for this course started way back in August 1990, with the budgets, programmes and advertising schedules being set up. Several meetings followed, with lots of new ideas coming through. Preparation was virtually completed before Christmas.

As part of the Instructors training, we ran two-day trips to show our instructors the method of compass to be taught. This involved a short theory session, followed by a practical exercise on Flagstaff (both times in blizzard conditions). Debate on the method of compass instruction ensued, and this should be a problem of the past with the introduction of the new NZMSC Bushcraft manual which has only one method of compass use.

In an attempt to keep course cost down (\$100-00 was our break-even course fee, discounted to \$90-00 if paid early, which is slightly cheaper than last year) we obtained various forms of course sponsorship. The club would like to thank the following for their assistance.

- AMP Perpetual Trustees Charitable Trusts for major course sponsorship.
- Hilary Commission Special Purpose Grants, Dunedin City Council, The Wilderness Shop, YWCA for sponsorship of School Students
- Alp Sports and the Wilderness Shop for offering 10% discount on purchases made by participants.
- Westpac Banking Corporation, South Dunedin Branch for Bags and Pens.
- Cadburys for Chocolates and Aitcheson's Mitre 10 for pads, sunblock, and a good photocopying price.

Apart from the hair pulling and last-minute hitches, I really enjoyed directing Bushcraft 1991 and my personal thank you goes to everyone who helped run the course - your help is very much appreciated.

There are so many people who did so much that I cannot thank each person individually, although I cannot avoid mentioning three people who were there right from the start (and even earlier)

Ross Cocker, Course Finance Controller, who streamlined the budget and kept the fee down.

Elsbeth Gold, for co-ordinating Tirohanga Weekend, the major part of the course. Debbie Pettinger for all her help, opinions and for just being there.

Antony Pettinger

BUSHCRAFT 1991 SILVER PEAKS POEM

February 23-24, 1991

Author: Not recorded

Published in Bulletin 497, April 1991

Bushcrafters have been negligent in telling me just how it went, so because I was asked, I will tell - but not too fast.

Tirohanga was such fun, learning outside in the sun

Humorous skits and survival skills all that laughter made me feel ill

Now into practice it all went into those Silver Peaks we were sent assured of all sorts of
yummies to eat we were sure we were in for a treat

Now our leader had advised so the hills were no surprise but next time I will get the hint, those
hills were no mean stint

However, the track smoothed out, then we had luncheon suitable for dining out

Up to the highest pearl we went, gosh by now I was feeling quite spent

Along the ridge and down Devil's Staircase I'm sure this leader is a mental case
at the bottom - we all survived the peanut chocolate bar did help revive.

Let's look for our campsite for the night, not too near - not too far - this place is right
beside the river amongst the ferns, the cooking was done in turns

Well replete with some Thunder, what the others are up to is a wonder
all that laughter and tall tales to tell looks like everyone deserved a night's spell

In the night it rained and rained, it was nice to hear no gurgling drains
we were dry and warm and all too soon it was dawn

Up and put on the billy, all those aches and pains, I feel so silly

lots of breakfast, have some extra perhaps, lots of uphill's to start off today

My aches are cured - well I'll be! Here are all the others, we'll share tea
at the Gap - what a pleasant view lots of time allowed to chew

What an easy saunter to Yellow Hut, that's why everyone has caught up
The long-awaited river was so cool and refreshing, shame we're too tired to give the leader a
drenching

What about this final hill, we've been advised it's no sweet pill
step by step, breath by breath we'll puff and pant to our death

But before we die, we see the light, there's some sympathetic eats to our plight
You've made it they said, wasn't that fun we said - smiling.



Looking south from pt777 – towards Mt Cargill and Pulpit Rock (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

THE LEVICK EXPEDITIONARY FORCE TO GR I44/J44 103934

February 23-24, 1991

Author: Sue Williams

Published in Bulletin 497, April 1991

Team Members: Dave Levick (leader of "A" Team, and Group Leader), assisted by Sue Levick (leader of the "other" Team), Juliet Clark, Jill Stokes and Rick Robinson (members of the "A" team), and Ruth Chisman, Bronwyn Pettinger and Lucy Mathieson (members of the "other" team).

This story is basically about the part the "A" team played in the Expedition, but the "other" team participated in all but the planning "bits" and I'm sure enjoyed the experience as much as we did.

For us it all began in the club rooms with the destination of "Grid Reference 103934", and the route already determined by Dave (a small note of explanation here.... he will be leading the "main force" back to the aforementioned Grid Reference in April and we didn't realise we had been the guinea pigs until the final Bushcraft Night!!)



The Painted Forest, Silver Peaks Scenic Reserve (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

The dietary demands of 4 no longer young but still spritely) trampers were carefully assessed (the "usual" four litres of red wine, litre of ice cream, chocolate sponge, veges , bangers , etc. etc.) were organised by our expedition chef (a real one too!), and the grub was apportioned between the members after the bus trip to the start of the trek on Saturday morning (the top of the Northern Motorway).

Three members of the "A" team had had their fitness levels previously determined and knew we could handle the task ahead. We knew it had been classified as a " FE" trek, and we're definitely' Fairly Energetic (at the start anyway!). The route was down the Waitati Valley Road to the start of Burns Track, over Burns Saddle to Green Ridge, and thus to Green Hill and Pulpit Rock, and down the side of the ridge into the valley to pitch tents at the "There Must Be One Here Somewhere" Camp Site.



'Just beyond Pulpit Rock' Silver Peaks Scenic Reserve (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

The weather was pleasant, the going most of the time not bad, no major accidents occurred (we nearly lost Lucy down a hole up by Pulpit Rock but quick work by the "other" team saved the situation and the food she carried) and despite being "on the tops" behind Flagstaff we all got wet feet in the bogs. A few of us were pretty tired by the time we got down to the campsite but we dug a couple of flat areas out of the bush - minimum impact stuff really, but it would have been quicker with a D10, erected the tents and started getting "dinner" on.

We tried using a camp cooker to set the forest on fire (Dave gave us some pointers about taps being turned the wrong way and methods of extinguishing a cooker in a creek), and with one camp cooker left and a "minimum impact code" cooking fire, we all ate well in the bush (including such necessities as charcoal on the bangers, beech leaves in the veges, the ice cream, cake, wine, chocolate topping and cream).

We were too exhausted for a campfire sing song, and it started to rain anyway, so we collapsed into our sleeping bags, tried to ignore the thud of drips off the trees onto the tent and most of us got some sleep. One kiwi camper mentioned water running off the fly and onto a ground sheet where they slept, another of having feelings of claustrophobia, another being cold and another having slept with their feet outside the tent in the rain, however there was the consolation that we wouldn't have to do it the following night too!

The morning was fine if damp under foot, breakfast of muesli and fruit with a cup of tea went down well, and camp broken. The campsite we had occupied looked almost natural , (one where a herd of elephants had just spent the night), and with some difficulty (mainly lack of energy) we climbed back up the side of the ridge to the track and back out to Green Ridge.

It seemed that most of Dunedin were lunching at the Green Hut site, so we carried on further down the ridge to stop for lunch (fruit juice, salami, cheese, bread and the like), then on past Hightop out onto Semple Road to wait for the bus (with a bit of rain to help pass the time), thus home to a hot bath, less adrenaline creating cooking appliances and an ordinary warm dry bed.

I know we all had a memorable and enjoyable time as our introduction to the Tramping Club, and I want to thank Dave, Sue and the other club members for the opportunity of participating and look forward to the next time, being a little older but somewhat wiser.

(P. S. Grid Reference I441/J44 303934 is the Painted Forest, which is a truly beautiful area of beech forest with a lovely clear creek at the bottom of the valley. A visit there is highly recommended, and one can always make their own campsite if necessary!

COPLAND CAPERS

March 22-24, 1991

Author: John Galloway

Published in Bulletin 497, April 1991

Upon learning that Arthur Blondell, Doug Forrester, Teresa Wasilewska, Pam Cocker, and Chris Pearson had crossed the Copland Pass, it was decided that this notable achievement should not go unequalled. Peter Vollweiler "Leader", John Galloway and five similarity undistinguished Milton male trampers made an assault a week later. Knowing that any claims of success would be disbelieved and scorned, we took along a video camera.

We left Hooker Hut at 6-00 a.m. on a splendidly fine Saturday, and without losing our way too badly, or falling or sliding too far, after 12 ½ hours we were quite adequately buggered to thoroughly test the recuperative powers of the Welcome Flat springs. What a cracker day! It was, indeed a memorable and exhilarating experience to be amongst N.Z's biggest, white, pointed, hills. We shot the video camera, at everything.



Pam Cocker admiring the view down the Copland Valley from Copland Pass (PHOTO Doug Forrester)

Next morning, we were soaking in the thermal waters again, when Peter V. suggested the pictorial record was incomplete without some artistic shots of the pools and their contents. He reappeared at the pool-side armed with the camera, pointed it at the mountains giving a flattering narration about our mountain crossing; a tantalisingly quick camera sweep through the pools (and submerged bods), more lingering views of bush and mountains accompanied by

more commentary. Thinking this was just cameraman pretence, we performed an impromptu, very poorly choreographed, frontal, haka. Alas, he wasn't acting; the camera was rolling!



Copland Valley (PHOTO Doug Forrester)

We tramped out and drove to the Fox pub; and many hours and many many beers later we met a pair of trampers who had been leaving the Welcome Flat Hut at the time of the accidental haka filming. They were totally mystified by the bum view of pool proceedings. Since alcohol had obliterated all sense of decency, they were given a view of the flip side of the haka through the video camera replay. About this stage of the evening I decided it was time a good boy of my age was asleep in his sleeping bag, so retired. Next morning, I was told that that video camera was of increasing interest to ladies of suspect repute. Thus, we were the first tramping party to become so lost as to confuse the Fox Hotel with the Hooker Hut!!

John Galloway

FIRST AID WEEKEND - WAIORA

April 5-7, 1991

Author: Sue Williams

Published in Bulletin 498, May 1991

By 7pm on Friday night, 18 of us had gathered at the Waiora Scout Camp for a First Aid Weekend organized by Teresa Wasilewska. We found ourselves a bunk each then on down to the hall for a two-hour introductory session.

An early start of 8am at the hall the next morning with a busy day ahead with promises of all sorts of horrible things happening. We learnt the ABC (Airways, Breathing and Circulation) and the CPR method, then had plenty of practical experience throughout the day. We also learnt about bandages and sprains. Later on, we had to go out and find and bring back two injured people. One was a stretcher case and the other needed assistance to walk. A stretcher was made out of 2 manuka poles and rope with karrimats for comfort. The patient was well supported and looked and felt comfortable. We then had turns at carrying the stretcher down banks, along streams and the road until we came to a rather wide deep hole in the creek. A raft had to be assembled with packs to float the patient across. This was done quite successfully. Everyone ended up wet and cold, but a hot shower soon lifted spirits.

After tea we talked about the exercise and learnt a lot about what we did and didn't do. A session on hypothermia and giardia before supper. Some of us managed to keep awake and have some fun while others were off to bed to prepare for another busy day.

Sunday we learnt about burns, shock, patient care and much more. After lunch we had the usual trampers troubles such as ankles, knees etc, with some good advice on that. We also had three groups who acted out three different scenarios - a helicopter crash, falling down a cliff and river crossing where people had been swept away. A useful participating and also watching learning exercise.

The weekend was very worthwhile, and we all learnt such a lot. Many thanks must go to our outstanding instructor, Doug Third. I hope this encourages others to take part in any course offer.

MCKENZIES HUT

April 28, 1991

Author: Ian Sime

Published in Bulletin 498, May 1991

The forecast was for mainly coastal showers, and strengthening cold SW winds, as three of us set off in two cars at 9 am. Mervyn McDonald, manager of Rocklands Station had said we should have 4WD vehicles on the top section of the Old Dunstan Road, but when none was available, Bruce Mason advised that we should be OK without them. This advice proved correct. Some patches were slightly soft, but none gave us any trouble.

It took us a bare hour to reach Rocklands and find a new low concrete bridge over Deep Stream, replacing the previous old high narrow wooden one. The side-track off the Old Dunstan Road to Howells Hut was firm so we took time to look at this hut. The door was open and the window out. The bunks were still there but the place looked neglected. John James tells me they don't use it for farm work anymore. The front of the garage next door has been built in and four spring mattresses laid out on a temporary chipboard floor. Perhaps people fishing in the Great Moss Lake use the two buildings as a base.

We parked at the second fence past there, headed up the fence line and then across the slope to the right towards a rock with an obvious "nose" on it's right. From that ridge we saw first the stone stable and then McKenzie's hut itself, tucked in behind two rock masses. The hut was in the same good order as last time we were there in December 1984. The four bags of coal and two of pine cones we took in by Land Rover then seemed not to have been touched. Good to know there is fuel there if it is ever needed.

The stable had been reroofed and cleared of junk. In '84 it was just four rock walls with rubbish inside. Colin McKenzie who originally restored the main hut, told me the McGhie family from Company Bay had done this work. When I rang Logan McGhie, he told me he used to be an OTMC member, but moved out of town and didn't get round to re-joining when he came back but he's never stopped tramping, so we could see him again at the Club.

He thought the stable had been too good a building to just let go, so that is why he's restored it. The hut and stable are on land now owned by Wellington businessmen but managed by Mark Kensington. He said he used it just recently during a muster and asked if we saw any sheep round it. He was pleased to know we hadn't seen one.

Conditions were overcast with a light cool breeze for our lunch. Then rather than just walk out the way we had come in, we headed up the ridge above the hut to meet the grass track coming up from the Dunstan Road just below McPhee's Rock. While we were at this high point for the day, some clouds came down briefly, giving us a small taste of what it might be like with limited visibility. It took us about an hour to walk back down the track and along the road to the cars.

Jane Ashman, Wendy Bond, Ruth Chisman, Juliet Clark, Tony Cooper, Jonette Service, Jill Stokes, Ian Sime

MACETOWN – TRAMPING DELUXE

April 13-14, 1991

Author: Hugh Dickson

Published in Bulletin 498, May 1991

Have you ever noticed when you are tramping that the weather is never quite 'perfect'? It's usually a bit too hot on the trail and a bit too cold when you stop; or it rains just at the wrong time; or the colours of nature are never quite right, and you wish you'd left it for a fortnight or been here last week.

Well, at the Macetown weekend I really believe we achieved the impossible - perfect weather, perfect autumn tonings as only Central can put them on; the river, hills and mountains looking their very best and an overall leader who even provided a guidebook.



**Macetown in Autumn, looking over the main street towards Advance Peak and the upper Arrow River
(PHOTO Doug Forrester)**

As an added bonus we, in the van, had a brand-new Toyota, first time out which ran very sweetly indeed. A pick-up at East Taieri and another at Waitahuna and the usual stop for "greasies" at Roxburgh and we found the campsite in the Arrowtown Domain "by guess and by God", pitched our tent in the dark and settled down for the night. Admittedly it was a bit cold in the night, but I guess you can't blame anyone else if you leave all your warm clothes at the bottom of your pack out under a tree!!

Muesli, milk and a hot brew and we were packs-up and off up the Arrow River at about 8.20am, for the first experience of what was to be two days of perfect weather. There was much to see, the pack was riding nicely as it does first time and the guidebook was working well. When we finally, after mid-morning, had to get our feet wet the river water was a cool balm to the feet. It was a bit difficult to follow "Bushcraft" advice and "go with the flow" when you're going up-river and it got a bit tiring after the fifteenth time, but at least the water wasn't much over ankle depth.

Lunch at the site of the old "Mt Soho" homestead and we found our way into Macetown about 2:00pm; left our packs under a bush and explored the area until about 5:00pm. seeing Andersons Battery and going up the Rich Burn as far as the "Homeward Bound", before going back and seeking a campsite.

All seven of us camped on the river flat so the sandflies didn't have too far to travel from one party to the next. There followed the usual table de hote dinner... pre-dinner drinks, cream of tomato soup, steak & kidney stew with mixed veges and rice, cheesecake and cream, and Irish coffee. By candlelight of course. A social evening around the campfire and so to bed with all the warm clothes inside the tent this time, which was just as well for we woke up to a hard frost.

Breakfast, and although we were an E-M party, we decided to tackle the Big Hill track on the way home. Even there the weather was perfect; a cool breeze cooled our backs as we toiled up the gully and wasn't too cold for lunch on the saddle while we took in the great view. Afternoon saw us down the track in partial shadow with all that wonderful view in front, and back to Arrowtown to find that there was even an ice-cream shop at the road-end!

A great weekend, thanks Mike.

Hugh Dickson, for Jonette Service and Ruth Homer

FAMILY TRAMPING GROUP TRIP

March 17, 1991

Author: Jane Bruce

Published in Bulletin 498, May 1991

So, what are these young families doing that makes them drop out of sight? Mainly it's going to bed when we can, because we have to get up when we have to! Lots of "streetwalking" with the pram, front and back-packing on the Peninsula tracks, Signal Hill, Flaggy etc.

Years ago, club families started the Family Tramping Group, which runs easy-ish trips on the third Sunday of each month. So, we drove out to Seacliff for the 11am start. Most people were around middle age, some old trampers and others non-trampers, and were most welcoming to us.

We walked through the Truby King Reserve, the "Enchanted Forest", and got onto the old Seacliff Asylum farm. A cobbled farm road sidled up the hillside with marvellous views of Purakanui, Heyward's Point and Taiaroa Heads behind. The pace was comfortable, and the group paused frequently to make sure that no-one straggled too much - very reassuring when we had a loud 6-month-old and an independent 2-year-old who insisted on getting out and walking some of the way.

Great views of Karitane and Kilmog from the ridge, then lunch. Afterwards we squashed behind the crowd down to Maori Point, (that's Waikouaiti 24/035). This volcanic plug apparently wasn't a pa site but has been a quarry. The wind got up, so on with the pack cover for the return journey. Parka nylon, with a zip and hood at the top, after the prototype by Barbara Buchanan (another tramper with children). Both young men fell asleep, Andrew managing to stay asleep even when John leapt over the fence with the backpack still on! We were soon onto Russell Road and back to the cars by 3pm.

The trip was just the right length for us, and we'll be out with the FTG Group again (infant willing and weather permitting). '

Jane Bruce for Spen and Russell Walker, John and Andrew Pohl and 30 others

NARDOO VII

April 21, 1991

Author: Ross Cocker

Published in Bulletin 499, June 1991

21 April 1991 and here we are again, Nardoo VII, can't be; let's see: Nardoo I went to the Government Track because a snow storm was forecast (and arrived !); Nardoo II didn't quite make it to the top because it was raining so hard we didn't know where we were exactly; Nardoo III was blown off the face of the earth by gale force southerlies and we had to turn back; Nardoo IV was the first time we made it to Trig G at 3218' [Hooray!!]; Nardoo V also made it to the top [boring]; Nardoo VI didn't leave town due to lack of interest on a foul day and Nardoo VII.

Six of us in two cars met another six from Lawrence after a one hour drive from town; took the turnoff to Waipori Cemetery heading for Trig U at the south western corner of the Nardoo Scientific Reserve. The 4WD road up to the fertiliser shed near Trig U was too muddy to drive on so we walked an extra two kms each way today. Had earlier in the week contacted DoC to confirm OK to go into the Reserve, also contacted Landcorp over whose land the 4WD road goes to get access to the Reserve.

Fairly cool as we set off, heading for the snow we could see fairly liberally spread all over our destination. We dropped over the hill and got onto the water-race that took us in half an hour to a 5ha pocket of remnant silver beech forest. Through this and up the true right of Nardoo Stream. We stopped for lunch as we broke out of the bush, cool but sheltered, continuing up this ridge on the south eastern tussocky slopes of the Lammerlaw Range. A lot cooler at Trig G (reached the top again!!) where we rested and took in the views of gently rolling tussock covered hills around Devils Stream catchment, a tributary of Deep Stream. Half an hour down to Little Peak and Walrus Rock, a natural archway of schist over a moat-like tarn.

This rock along with some other man-made cairns in the reserve was used extensively by gold miners for route finding on their travels from Dunedin to Gabriels Gully; it was because miners were travelling through here that gold was discovered in 1861 at what became the Waipori Goldfield. The lower reaches of Nardoo Stream were worked extensively, and relics of this gold mining era are found throughout the reserve, not the least of which are the many water-races around the hills. One and a half hours of easy walking down the 4WD track brought us all safely back to the cars by which time the wind had dropped to a gentle cool breeze, good conditions for tramping although a wee bit of haze obscured the full extent of the view. We all self-righteously pulled pinus contorta and chocolate fish were awarded to everyone as prizes. Back at the Clubrooms by 5 pm.

Ross Cocker for Pam Cocker, Mary Clarke, Jonette Service, Margaret Middlemiss, Neville Mulholland and the Lawrence contingent, Nicki & Ken Trevathan, Kaye French, Loma Fiddes and Jay & Nancy (ex. New York, USA).

UP THE MIGHTY MILFORD

April 25-28, 1991

Author: Doug Forrester

Published in Bulletin 499, June 1991

A great trip- Everything went right. Fancy 4 fine days!

Party leaders Thanks team, you sure made my job a lot easier.

Lindsay Aitcheson found room in his pack for his video camera to record the occasion. Thanks Lindsay, we'll get a few more laughs from it.

John Robinson for suggesting and organising the mountain radio he took along. We didn't have a use for it, but it was a comforting thought having it with us. It's pretty isolated over there.

Thanks, John.



(L-R) Ross & Pam Cocker, Sharon St Clair Newman (front), Doug Forrester, John Galloway, Arthur Blondell, Clinton Valley, April 27, 1991 (PHOTO Doug Forrester Collection)

Elspeth Gold Well, girl, you've done it again. Elspeth organized a Kangaroo Court for our last night (Clinton Forks) and it was a lot of fun. So, it's special thanks Elspeth, you really made that night. And your yarns, a bit of firewater and you're magic,

Darcy for your kind words on the bus to me and Brian the friendly bus driver.

The guys who worked the back line and helped when required, great stuff.

The out-of-town boys - Barry Wybrow, Dennis Kemp and Bill Robertson, Good to catch up with you again. That Wybrow fella's laugh hasn't changed much.

Stu Mathieson thanks for being our Search & Rescue contact.

Most favoured section of the trip, strangely enough, was Dore Pass.

To you 35 trampers, that was a real boomer Club trip, Thanks..... Doug F.



Droflim Party at McKinnon Pass Shelter (Hut), April 26, 1991 (PHOTO Doug Forrester)

**Back row L-R: Bruce Newton, John Robinson (JR), Barry Wybrow, Lindsay Aitcheson, Sue Harding
Centre and front row: Sharon St Clair Newman, Russell Godfrey, behind Pam & Ross Cocker, Teresa and Arthur
Blondell, John Galloway**

MILFORD TRACK

April 25-28, 1991

Author: Kath McDonald

Published in Bulletin 499, June 1991

We left the OTMC Clubrooms in heavy rain on Wednesday night. Stopped for eats at Gore. Going through the Homer Tunnel with all the colourful lights was amazing and quite steep as we later found out that the brake cylinder had failed at Lumsden. The first garage at Te Anau was unsuccessful in getting it fixed. A few hours later we finally arrived at Milford Hostel at approximately 2:50am!

An early start to catch the boat at 9:00am and a very pleasant trip across Milford Sound to Sandfly Point. We all headed off with an air of excitement! Lunch was eaten at Lake Brown, lots of photos of Mackay Falls and Bell rock and we arrived at Dumpling 5½ hours later.

Off at 7:30am when we visited the mighty Sutherland Falls, then up the MacKinnon Pass; a real slog. Finally reached Mintaro Hut in 6½ hours. Some energetic souls found Mt Hart to climb on the way!

Next day was a leisurely one, with lunch at the beach and a visit to Pompolona Hut, very posh! We had a peek at Hidden Lake and Hirere Falls before we arrived at Clinton Forks. After dinner, a kangaroo court was held, with each and every one of us being found guilty of some crime! A few jokes and some tall stories were told.



Dore Pass, overlooking Worsley Arm of Lake Te Anau, April 28, 1991 (PHOTO Doug Forrester)

We all left early for Dore Pass. We arrived at Glade House to a temperature of 1°. The forest track was partly overgrown and higher up was pretty muddy, clearing a bit further up. Lunch was eaten just before the top and a welcome brew was had while taking in the breath-taking views of Lake Te Anau. The pass was icy in parts, with cloud forming. We were lucky it didn't get any worse. Snow greeted us on the other side with ice-axes being used to descend. Further down the scree was iced over and was pretty dangerous. The forest was reached with some relief as some speed could be made at last. 10 hours later, and the last party to emerge. We made the river crossing, a quick dip in the river and 10 minutes later we were on our way home - arriving in Dunedin about 11:00pm.

A great trip. By the way who was that green gnome??!

Kath McDonald, for Darcy Espie, Karen, Hugh, Chris and Trev.



Descending from Dore Pass into the Murcott Burn, April 28, 1991 (PHOTO Doug Forrester)

IT NEVER RAINS IN FIORDLAD

April 25-28, 1991

Author: Eric Lord

Published in Bulletin 499, June 1991

Making the most of an extended weekend 35 lucky souls set off on a lifetime epic to walk the Milford Track backwards. Getting to Milford Sound in a bus with no rear brakes was an epic on its own and many thanks to Brian for his perseverance in getting us down from the tunnel safely. After a few hours sleep we strode onto the launch for a touristy ride to Sandfly Point with a stern warning from the skipper about the coming weather. Huh, doesn't he realise it never rains in Fiordland!

Onto dry land and away we go for a stroll up the Arthur River, leaving Sandfly Point at 10am (gee these hills go up steep and high). First stop at Lake Ada and with a bit of fancy footwork on the slippery boards I managed to get a photograph, but not before I rescued my spare film which had rolled into the lake. More pleasant bush strolling saw us gazing at Mackay Falls and the Bell Rock. The thought of lunch had us sitting in the sun at Boatshed Hut, not realising Bruce was missing out since he had walked on ahead of his party. We arrived at Dumpling Hut, nicely situated to enjoy the evening sun, at 3.30pm. On the way someone, who happened to be in my food party, was leaving notes from DOC asking Doug to remove the bridges. Dinner for the night was going to be Jim's spaghetti bolognaise but since great minds think alike both Laurie and Peter had organised fish curries. So, we decided to reorganise our dinner arrangements to avoid having two fish curries in a row.



McKinnon Pass from ascent to Mt Hart, April 26, 1991 (PHOTO Doug Forrester)

Just when we were enjoying a sleep-in some lousy bugger woke us all up at 7am, but we soon appreciated the early start since it dawned a lovely day. We dumped our packs at Quintin Huts for the compulsory detour to Sutherland Falls, its sheer grandeur appreciated earlier when viewed from the track. The crashing of water falling 580.3m was awesome, especially when viewed from behind. What a drenching and just as well we did bring raincoats on this trip since it never rains in Fiordland.

Now for the first real climb on the track to the top of Mackinnon Pass. With so much food and grog in their packs members of the "A" team were lagging behind. We had time for a rest and chat with the Hokonui TC members coming down, they were walking the Milford Track frontwards.

Once again lunch was spent sunbathing, this time next to the shelter on Mackinnon Pass, and contemplating a detour up Mt. Hart. I began to climb up to Mt Hart with Iain and Rick but Rick reminded me of a Japanese tourist falling off this route at the wrong time. So instead we let Iain go off to catch Paul while Rick & I found a comfortable position in the sun to enjoy the wild scenery. From sharp pointed peaks to bush clad valleys and sheer rock faces between there were many, many sights to remember. Thoughts in this silent grandeur were regularly broken by the buzzing of tourist planes with as many as five in the one area at once, including one which did a low pass over Mackinnon Pass below us. Even times like this must end and we took off for the one-hour stroll down to Mintaro Hut. But strange things do happen, and a pack had mysteriously joined the cake tin on top of the Mackinnon Memorial.

That night I decided to help Jim make dinner, but I didn't start well by making the soup lumpy. Next time I'll have utensils ready at hand to stir with. This was the only night that all of us (except Paul & Molly) were going to be in the one hut and with the self-contained bar that the "A" team had brought in it was going to be a merry night. Needless to say the next day dawned clear as it never rains in Fiordland. A bit of early morning fog in the valley added to the crispness. We took our time as the walk to Clinton Forks was only going to be a few hours. Interesting sights on the way included St. Quintin Falls and Pompolona Huts. Talk about seeing how the other half live, those THC huts are pretty fancy. Hidden Lake, one of the many pools at the base of a slip, made a perfect spot for lunch in the sun. At Six Mile Hut we had a good view of the Hirere Falls and a bit of fun punting on the Clinton River. JR's team were sitting ducks, but there were not enough large rocks about for me to splash them. Walking along the Clinton River we saw many good swimming pools but we decided to wait till Clinton Forks where myself, Peter and Laurie braved the water to clean ourselves of the daily grime. Peter and Laurie had the gall to put their heads under! Mind you it is the only way to get wet in Fiordland as it never rains. That night we had fish curry Mark II followed by a kangaroo court session where nobody was left unhung. By this time the "A" team's bar appeared to be drying out.

Another early start on another fine day for the long haul out over Dore Pass. We left Clinton Forks at 6.45am and waited at Glade house for 30 min in the frost so we could have a group photograph. A quick stop at the Glade Burn to fill water bottles and strip for the real climb of the trip. There was one good thing about the track up through the bush - you gained a lot of height very quickly. It was a pleasure to get out into the sun and enjoy the views. By this time my party had become spread out so thoughts of sharing our pâté on Dore Pass were fading.

But alas we all got there to enjoy the views, the pâté and watching Doug being hit by snowballs. Well, this epic had to end so we farewelled the Milford Track area and headed down into the Murcott Burn. The first of us were out by 4pm so we had time for another bathe in the river, this time in the sun, and change of clothes. Everyone was back and changed for the bus to leave at 6pm. Many thanks to Doug Forrester for arranging such a fantastic tramp and do not believe anybody who says it rains in Fiordland.

Eric Lord for Laurie Parker, Peter O'Driscoll, Jim Driscoll, Rick Robinson & Iain Fulcher.

* 'A' stands for Alcoholics not aging!



**OTMC Party on Dore Pass, April 26, 1991
(PHOTO Doug Forrester)**

OTMC TAKES THE MILFORD ENMASSE

April 25-28, 1991

Author: Elspeth Gold

Published in Bulletin 499, June 1991

After a brief rest in Milford Lodge it was over the Sound on a still morning with great views and reflections of Mitre Peak, and into Sandfly Bay. The serious stirring and giving Doug a hard time begun. After all what was the purpose of this trip and why did so many old faces surface for it? Why they missed giving Mr Forrester a hard time!



Doug Forrester at McKinnon Pass, April 26, 1991 (PHOTO Doug Forrester Collection)

Talking of giving Doug a hard time, here is a wee story:

Doug went home and said to Maree I organised this trip and do they call me Doug the good trip organiser?

I made sure there was good weather for the trip and do they call me Doug the miracle worker? Oh no.

I organise myself into a gourmet food party and do they call me Doug the appreciative eater?

I make sure all the bridges are intact, but do they call me Doug the bridge builder? - they most certainly do not!

But I grow a couple of grey hair and what do they call me??!

First night jokes abounded, (I used up my whole supply)

Next evening the jokes hit gutter level, must have been the strain of Mackinnon Pass.

Saturday night Kangaroo Court was convened to give us a chance to publicise some of the hideous crimes committed on the trip. A hangman's noose and a gavel whittled from finest Milford wood were all the props needed.

The awards sum up the atmosphere of the whole trip

Picture this, a warm hut, delicious food smells, hot coffee, no rain on the roof, copious amounts of empty specimen bottles (they didn't hold much juice Doug)

Court was in Session.

AWARDS

The 'I'll eat gourmet food as long as someone else carries it' went to none other than Teresa

'Most proficient stirrer' went to believe it or not Russell as he seemed to know who was up to what, and when and delighted in dropping very subtle hints in the right direction.

The 'not so proficient but still a stirrer' went to Sue Harding. If anything was afoot Sue got the blame.

The 'sweetest revenge' award went to Barry Wybrow which involved some of Teresa's home baking which was cunningly concealed back at the bus.

The most 'deviant tramper' award had to go to Doug, because if a quarter of what he'd been accused of was true, then he was indeed devious.

The 'smelliest bottom and proud of it' went to both Lindsay and Peter.

'Loudest shorts' Mike Fay

The 'I can carry the most liquid in my pack award' was also swept up by Mike Fay (just how many cans of Speights did he carry in?)

The 'I've got the Silliest Bandana' on award went to Bruce Newton who was wearing a particularly tasteful black polythene number.

The 'I don't need a water bottle' as long as I have a wife award went to Ross Cocker

'Worst sox and proud of them' award, none other than Darcy

'Most luscious legs award' Doug Forrester (were those legs or long johns?)

The 'I want to build a rock garden back at OTMC and need someone to carry the rocks' went to John Robinson, some of the rocks made it a fair way into the trip.

The 'I'm so quiet no one knows I'm here award' went to Eric Lord

The 'most inconsiderate trampler' was wrongly awarded to Doug and should have gone to Paul Bingham, the incident concerned a billy lid outside a hut at some early hour (it was still dark)

Laurie got the award for 'I'm not sure how much rice to cook - let's bury it, not carry it out' How many cups were in that very large billy overflowing onto the bench?

The 'nymphet' awards went to the Cockers for wanton naked swimming whenever no one was watching.

The 'corruption' award went to Sue Harding for sneaking into a young boys sleeping bag (ask Sue about that one)

All in all, a marvellous trip with a great bunch of people, lots of fun with some challenging tramping thrown in.

Thanks Doug, when is the next one and just who did you see about the brilliant weather?

Elsbeth Gold



OTMC Party at Glade House, April 28, 1991 (PHOTO Doug Forrester)

Back Row: ?, ?, Trevor McDonald, John Galloway, Dennis Kemp, Ross Cocker, Barry Wybrow, Russell Godfrey, Bill Robertson, Arthur Blondell

Middle Row: ?, ?, Elspeth Gold, Sharon St Clair Newman, Pam Cocker, John Robinson, Sue Harding, Lindsay Aitcheson, Bruce Newton

Front Row: Kath McDonald?, Peter O'Driscoll, Doug Forrester, Darcy Espie, ?, Eric Lord, Michael Fay, Jim Driscoll, ?

DROFLIM 1991 – MILFORD BACKWARDS

Line Drawing from OTMC Outdoors '90 – '92 (Jonathan Lewis)



Beech Hammer used at the 'Kangaroo Court', Clinton Forks Hut, April 27, 1991
Preserved in the clubrooms for 30 years and counting...

ROUTEBURN CROSSOVER TRIP

May 4-5, 1991

Author: Elspeth Gold

Published in Bulletin, February 1991

Bit of a headache to organise a trip like this, at 7pm on Thursday evening I realized I had 3 parties coming out at Routeburn shelter and the van at the Greenstone carpark, after a quick shuffle all was righted.

The new vans are marvellous, just like driving a car. I wonder who is going to get the first speeding ticket. Friday night all those in the Divide van took advantage of the lovely evening and walked into Howden, arriving about 1am.



Lake Harris and Harris Saddle, Routeburn Track (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

After a breakfast of croissants, it was 8.30am on the trail with destination Falls Hut. The weather was chilly and overcast, just right for tramping. After a relaxed day tramping with not too many ups, we arrived at Falls about 5pm to find Rhonda and Fiona had a hot brew on. After relaxing for an hour, it was into the serious task of pudding creation, 1/2 hour later Thomas the Train emerged in all his glory and was much admired by the hut's international guests (just what Thomas was will be revealed at the mid-winter bash at Moturau hut) A leisurely tea of minestrone soup, spinach and cheese tortellini and of course (it's such a shame to cut him) Thomas was had. A generous portion of pudding was saved in the hope of bribing

the hut warden, but to no avail he was such a fine upstanding gentleman he was beyond reproach (bugger). Another \$12, this was becoming an expensive weekend. The evening culminated with an international joke telling session around the hut's coal range.



Darran Mountains from the Hollyford side of the Routeburn Track (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Next morning it was coffee in bed (thanks Fiona) at about 9am, then a late breakfast of bacon, tomatoes, mushrooms, onions and bread rolls ready to get on the track at 11am. A relax and a packet of biscuits at Flats Hut then out to the road for a late lunch in the hope that Justin's party would arrive early to pick us up.

4.45 the van arrived, Justin's party had got out early but discovered that the van had but a sniff of gas in it so a detour was necessary to a local runholder to fill up. Got back to the clubrooms just after 10pm. A great weekend with good company, thanks team.

Elsbeth Gold for Rhonda Robinson, Jim Driscoll and Fiona Buchanan (take this lady tramping, she does dishes and makes coffee)

TAKITIMUS

June 1-3, 1991

Author: Sue Williams

Published in Bulletin 500, July 1991

We had a quick trip to our destination - the end of the road at the Aparima. Unknowingly we were dropped off just near a hut so we had a sheltered night as it was slightly wet and windy. (Mark, Mary-Anne and Mick slept out in a tent, the pikers in our party slept inside.)

In the morning the weather appeared slightly more promising, and we set off down the rest of the road as a joint party with Ken's party. After about an hour we arrived at the Aparima Hut. Ken's party decided to push on a bit further, we decided that we had gone far enough. However, we weren't really that slack. We unpacked most of our gear and took a day trip up the Aparima. We were heading for the forks, but didn't quite make it. The weather had been slowly getting worse all day, with frequent snow showers. As we were nearly back at the hut, the snow really came down in huge flakes. We grabbed big heaps of firewood and attached it to our packs and hurried inside. We were glad we had made sure we would be in a hut that night.



Takitimu Mountains as seen from the Kepler Track (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Mark was itching for a snow-fight, but Mary-Anne was not amused and there were no other takers. The Aparima Hut is nice, but there is one draw-back: the fireplace. We tried many different techniques of stoking it with wood, which helped pass the time, but didn't do our lungs any good. The best technique in the end turned out to be to throw on a big pile of wood, then open all the windows and door and then evacuate outside until the worst of the smoke had died down! Even though it was cold, we all enjoyed seeing the bush transformed into a fairy landscape. My first time in the snow in the bush!

Sunday was clear weather, so we headed on up the valley. We tried to keep to high ground to avoid extensive bogs on the way. Eventually we had to do a bit of bog hopping. This made for a fairly tiring day. Our camp that night was at the edge of the bush where the track leads over to the Princhester. We had a pleasant evening sitting around a fire and awoke in the morning to a crackling frost, as most of the snow was still lying on the ground.

In the morning we left the bog and headed into the bush. It was a short walk upwards to a low pass. We managed to glimpse Lake Manapouri from the top through the bush. Not long afterwards we arrived at the hut. Mary-Anne was heard to say 'is that it'??? After lunch we had a quick jaunt up the hill behind the hut and had some great views of the surrounding countryside. We just had time for a quick brew and the rest of the parties arrived from the Kepler and we were on our way.

We were back in town by about 7.00pm! Is this a record? Thanks, to a great party.

Sue Levick for Mick, Dave L, Mark and Mary-Anne

FLAGSTAFF & SWAMPY

June 30, 1991

Author: Eric Lord

Published in Bulletin 500, July 1991

Five of us, including a new arrival from Britain still under the influence of jetlag dragged ourselves out of bed on a very icy but sunny morning. Julie finally decided that morning to walk the Flagstaff/Swampy track. The Bullring at the start of the Pineapple Track was a frozen block of ice and a light layer of snow from the previous day covered the track. It was a brisk stroll up to the top of Flagstaff to show Liliias the landmarks around Dunedin and to let her know that conditions were not too bad. We carried on into the cold wind towards Swampy watching the icicles on the tussock glisten in the sun. We reached as far as the microwave tower for a view of Blueskin Bay then we headed back to Flagstaff to have lunch at the Ben Rudd shelter. The sun was pouring into the shelter and we explained to Liliias the vagaries of the weather in this part of the world and gave her a taste of the pepper tree.



Mihiwaka, Mt Cutten, Buttars Peak and Mt Cargill from Swampy Summit (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Continuing the mystery theme of this day walk we decided to walk down Freeman's Track since four of us had never been on it. This turned out to be a blessing in disguise as it was a lovely nature trail to show Liliias a small part of our native (and not so native) vegetation as well as a wood pigeon. A short walk up the road had us back at the still frozen Bullring by 2.30pm. A most pleasant Sunday stroll was enjoyed by all.

Eric Lord for Julie Lord, Michael Hamel, Mary Clark & Liliias Alison,

POLAR PLUNGE

Author: Not recorded

Published in Bulletin 500, July 1991

No less than 11 OTMC members turned up for this crazy event. The OTMC team: Elspeth Gold, Bruce Newton, Peter O'Driscoll and David Barnes wearing boots, packs, long johns and club t-shirts ignored the raving hordes racing into the surf and strode in purposefully in their best river-crossing mutual support technique. A great advert for the 'warm and wet' properties of polyprop. Also in the Penguin Team: Teresa Wasilewska (of course), Arthur Blondell, Molly Maguire and Mark Planner and what appeared to be the hospital branch of the OTMC: Mary-Ann Spence, Mark Spittal and Chris Kimber. Thanks to the supporters.

CAMPING IN THE SNOW (MAVORA LAKES)

June 29-30, 1991

Author: Kay and Justin Calder

Published in Bulletin 500, July 1991

Sounds impressive? Well, at Mavora Lakes at the tail end of June there was a dash of snow on the ground and weighing down the beech tree branches in a most Christmas card-like manner. To us thin blooded ex-Northlanders it was a rather chilly, but most worthwhile weekend.

With Friday's foul weather forecast, we were not too surprised to see snow falling as we drove along the Mavora Lakes road. The white van crew beat the black van to the best campsites and once the tents were up we discovered we were actually beside the lake (give or take a beech tree or two). The snow had now stopped, and we stood at the lakeshore absorbing the magic of the scene with the moon on the snow.

At a leisurely hour on Saturday bodies emerged from tents and the day got under way - and what a day! The weather was perfect and the scenery magnificent so a day trip above bush-line was the order of the day for most. We two tagged along with Mark and Co and headed round the western side of the small lake and then up, aiming for a bare spur. By the time this was gained, circulation was well and truly restored and we continued upwards, with stops to admire the view.

We reached a trig point to discover Paul's party plus "snow person" in residence and could see the "guns" heading off for higher things - i.e. some real snow camping.

We headed back the same route with the occasional flurry of snow falling and arrived at a chilly camp about 4:30pm. The picnic table was the centre of culinary concoctions but with ice underfoot we preferred the warmth(?) of our candle-powered fire. Watches were frequently consulted to see if one could decently say it was bedtime and 8pm was about the limit of our endurance.

12 hours plus later, warmth was sacrificed for food and the lengthy process of packing up and putting on frozen boots began. While the others went on up the eastern side of the valley into more snow, we opted for a cruise down the Mararoa River (on foot) mainly to check it out for kayaking potential. This it certainly has - in excess for novices like us but would be a very attractive river to paddle.

The hut dwellers, the high party met us and we and congregated in a handily sited half round barn (which Arthur attempted to lower the roof level of) to wait for our transport.

Thanks Paul - a great weekend.

Kay and Justin Calder

AN EPIC ON KAKANUI

(date not recorded)

Author: Peter Strang

Published in Bulletin 501, August 1991

We 'tried' to climb Kakanui, inland from Palmerston on the weekend of the 20/21 July. It was more an exercise in survival!

We needed chains to get over the Pigroot for starters then following the South Ridge into what turned out to be a blizzard. We gave it away about 50m from the top in nil visibility and waist deep snow. Our exit was made from the storm down the south face into the headwaters of a stream where we camped - 2-3 feet of snow over Matagouri! before we climbed out of the valley the next day and back to the car in occasional patches of sunshine. It is a marvellous area.

Peter Strang for Tim Strang



Kakanui Mountains – OTC Snowcaving Trip, late 1950's (PHOTO Peter Barker)

X/C SKI INSTRUCTION WEEKEND

August 17-18, 1991

Author: Sue Williams

Published in Bulletin 501, August 1991

It was a fairly windy morning when we set out for the Old Man Range on the Saturday morning. There were doubts expressed over whether we would manage to ski that day. Huey was on our side and we even managed to get a long way up the road. A short stroll and we were into the skiing. It was fairly windy so most of us spent the day playing around in a gully off the ridge. Some of the others took off for a short tour with Bruce in the afternoon.

It was absolute pandemonium in the Roxburgh Camping Ground kitchen. It was amazing that seven parties could all cook a meal at the same time without getting in each other's way. Perhaps it says something for the nice people in the club?!



Heading for the snow, Waikaia Bush Road – Old Man Range (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Next day dawned bright and clear and we headed off again. We got up to the same place in the vans and car and headed off a bit further this time. Most of us managed a tour of some description along the range and a good time was had by all.

Some of the interesting/weird/downright peculiar things that happened were:

Andy and his hand-crafted patchwork human torpedo hat.

Judy had a knack for slow motion snow ploughing.

Ross 'cornice bomber' Cocker showed his true colours as a speed freak.

Hugh decided to finish the day's skiing on Sunday with a very impressive face plant. I saw a few during the weekend but this was a beauty!

For some reason Robyn was carrying a sausage around in her pocket??!

Mike took the record for the largest number of falls of the weekend.

Perhaps some of the others on the trip will put down their impressions on paper.

Sue Williams

THE COOKING COMPETITION (MOTARAU HUT)

June 15-16, 1991

Author: Elspeth Gold

Published in Bulletin 501, August 1991

As a judge I knew the standard would be high in this year's cooking competition. One other detail gave the game away (as to how high the standard would be).

Mr "I can make anything edible quickly" Forrester was first on the trip list. As he had swooped the prize of fastest prepared meal two years ago, it was decided not to include that category in this year's competition. This allowed others a shot at the prizes.

It was with anticipation, trembling taste buds and a bloody heavy pack that we headed into the hut. Doug was the only one who offered to lighten my load, he assured me there was no grovelling or bribery involved, just that carrying heavy packs definitely wasn't 'women's work'.



OTMC Cooking Competition, Moturau Hut, June 15, 1991 (PHOTO Doug Forrester)

Once in at the hut, a civilised sail was the order of the day. With no sail and no oars on the yacht, the sail was some-what short-lived, but civilised all the same. Then it was into formal attire. I didn't recognize some people they spruced up so well.

The prize for the tackiest tramping wear was awarded to Anne Schmack, a particularly tacky number was awarded to her to wear with her tasteless trousers.

The competition was on and the standard was exceptional. Tables were adorned with lace, serviettes, place names, crystal and silver. While I got on with the serious task of judging my two co-judges seemed more concerned with the serious task of drinking (never this judge!). Bribes aplenty were offered but accepted only once the offerees knew there would be no bonus points.

A particular mention has to go to Doug. His particular "creation" was astounding to say the least. This man has to be seen in action to be believed. How can you say cooking is women's work?

Prizes were awarded to:

Best gourmet meal and meal that least resembles a tramping meal - went to the Butcher's team - Chris, Megan, Mary-Anne, Mark. A meal which defied description

Best One Billy meal went to - Kate and Margaret for Cajun Seafood Soup.

Doug did sweep a prize forask him, he loves to tell the tale of his speech.

The evening then deteriorated into serious dancing and talking. Lucky no-one else was in the hut.

A thank you to all who participated. The standard was exceptionally high. I couldn't believe some of the creations (chicken and tarragon crepes spring to mind.) A superb evening in great company. I particularly enjoyed the rock'n'roll lessons.

Same time, same place next year

THE GREAT MOTURAU COOKING COMPETITION

June 15-16, 1991

Author: Doug Forrester

Published in Bulletin 501, August 1991

It was a proud moment for me when it was announced that once again I had won an award at the Annual Cooking Competition. Actually, I won another one but not for my cooking, can't remember the category, I was pretty hyped up with my first award. A lot of distractions, but it didn't deter me from my task, which I did methodically in a very business-like manner. Making a lot of noise at the other end of the table was a group led by a butcher (I think he was a butcher because I overheard someone say he was good with a knife). They seemed to spend a lot of time buttering up the judges, but that's not how I won my award, no sir!



**Second course for Doug Forrester's 1991 Cooking Competition entry, Moturau Hut, June 15, 1991
(PHOTO Doug Forrester Collection)**

Two years ago at the annual bash, I won an award for the fastest prepared meal. I noted that the organisers didn't have that class this year, further evidence that they didn't want me hogging the prizes. My menu was a three-course dinner:

Soup: Fungi Moor Moor - a delightful mix of skim milk, mushroom, wheat flour, papato puree, onion puree, salt, cornflour, animal fat, flavour enhancer, soya sauce, maltodextrin and spice extracts

Entree: Edmondii li lunch - a very nourishing dish of fried noodles, starch, vegetable protein, chicken, peas, sugar, salt, shortening, curry, carrots, onion, flavours, monosodium glutamate and yeast

Main: Spuds Nuds - a high carbohydrate, protein and flavour enhanced dish that really got the judges talking.

I hope this encourages other contestants to give forth their menus. I'm particularly keen to hear from Chris the butcher.

Until next year Doug F.

SNOWCAVING WEEKEND

August 25-25, 1991

Author: Elspeth Gold

Published in Bulletin 502, September 1991

And now for something completely different. Who in their right mind would slog up a bloody great big hill just to dig a hole and sleep in it?

Everyone had their own technique and many a palace was created. It is but a vicious rumour that I had a presidential palace dug for me, there was so much snow being thrown out of the entrance by Arthur and Wayne that we couldn't get in.



OTMC Snowcaving Gully, Old Man Range with Simon Thomas and John Robinson (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Mark swept the prizes for silliest hat (it once belonged to Mickey Mouse) and the shortest-lived shovel handle (10 mins). The beans didn't have the required effect, so the cave wasn't warmed by hot air. I'd been told some stories about beans and snow caves, but I don't reckon they're true.

A carload of us headed away early on Sunday to catch the rugby match, leaving the rest in their snow caves to sleep in.

Been there done that! Elspeth for Arthur Blondell (architect extraordinaire), Sue Levick, Wayne Redmond (chief apprentice) and Mark Spittal.

CROSS-COUNTRY INSTRUCTION WEEKEND (SKI)

July 27-28, 1991

Author: Sue Williams

Published in Bulletin 501, August 1991

We left on Saturday morning and had a quick trip to Central. Fortunately, the road was frozen so we made it right up to the snow in the vans. Some of us put our skis on straight away, others just plodded up the road on foot.

It was a fairly windy day, so we spent most of the day on a reasonably sheltered slope. Some of the group disappeared for a tour for the afternoon with Bruce and the rest of us carried on falling down and getting up (same as the morning).

We were booked into the Roxburgh Motor Camp for the night but first it was a visit to the very warm and welcoming Shingle Creek Pub. We hogged the pot-belly stove just a bit, but it was the best remedy after pounding (literally) the slopes.

We were virtually the only ones at the motor camp. This is probably just as well as everyone crammed into the kitchen at once to cook their meals. Perhaps it says something for the OTMC that everyone managed to cook and eat their various concoctions without resorting to fisticuffs (at last, a chance to use that word!)

We were awoken by the dulcet tones of a six-foot rooster and were soon on our way up the hill again. The wind had reduced, so most of us had a tour of some description. Then it was a ski or otherwise down to the vans and we were on our way home.

Thanks everyone for a great fun trip. Thanks to Dave for organising the weekend. Sue Levick

SLEEPING UNDER WATER (SNOWCAVING 1991)

August 25-25, 1991

Author: Peter O'Driscoll

Published in Bulletin 502, September 1991

It was a chilly start - 6.30am at clubrooms. Vans loaded, mattresses installed and away by 7.00am. Picked up Mosgiel and Milton contingent and, with a swerve or two in the Manuka Gorge, and a wee stop in Roxburgh we hit the Waikaia Bush Road.

After a little struggle with ill-fitting chains vans were parked and Neil Duncan's 4WD Subaru did some portering of packs a little further up the road, we finally set out on foot in glorious sunshine. Soon the brown bits of road disappeared and XC skis were donned by some. One and a half hours from the vans a suitable gully was found, checked and a start made by the very enthusiastic.



OTMC Snowcaving Trip – Old Man Range (PHOTO Debbie Pettinger)

After lunch, the rest of us joined them and digging started in earnest. Five entrance holes were soon disgorging some snow as digging changed from in to up, then the volume increased to a torrent as the benches were cleared. First cave (RP) finished in under 3 hours, last one (NG) in over 6 hours. (Country Cottage v. Long Driveway.) And so to dinner (interesting and filling)

and, as the light faded, into the cosy sleeping areas. After a raging booze up in cave 1 (EG), a tot of rum (or was it two) in cave 2 (RP), a CASK of mulled wine in 3 (NG), more wine in cave 4 (PV), with a dollop of Sambuca in 5 (BN), some fell into a deep sleep - at least 12 hours to make up for early start!!

Bright and early next morning most were still asleep, but the early risers were up and away back to town. I do hope the game was worth it Anne; ha ha Ha Ha HA HA HA HA HA. What you missed was - at least 50 miles XC skiing (PV, RP and NG), or a stroll over the tops (most others), some igloo building (BG & NM with help (hindrance) from MS, MaB and others). After lunch further XC ski, stroll, igloo building ensued until Maryanne decided she wanted a snowball fight. She got one! A multi-handed, multi-sided snowball fight ensued, the highlight being the ambush of XC skiers. Best victim was Richard (he fell over as soon as he saw what was happening!!). A bright, mostly sunny Sunday! with plenty of time to explore, ski etc.

Soon time to tidy up, pack up and make for the vans. A lot less snow on the way down a very soggy WBR. Vans left at 4.30pm; back in town by 7.00pm.

Richard Pettinger, Judy Maguire, Neil Duncan, Peter O'Driscoll.

Elsbeth Gold, Arthur Blondell, Sue Levick,

Wayne Redmond, Mark Spittle.

Neil George, Dean Peterson, Maryanne Blue, Ken Powell, Jonette Service.

Peter Volweiller, Brynley Crosado, Anne Schmack, Neville Mulholland.

Bruce Newton, Fiona Buchanan, David Saunders, Mike McCartney.

Many thanks to Richard for a very enjoyable, very instructive and very safe trip. One skill you didn't pass on - how do you organize the weather??

Peter O'Driscoll

SNOW SHELTERS – OLD MAN RANGE

August 24-25, 1991

Author: Sue

Published in Bulletin 502, September 1991

We set off on Saturday morning at the crack of dawn. There was a good frost on the Taieri as we burned along the flood-free. Arriving at the bottom of the Waikaia' Bush Road, I had my fingers crossed that we would get a long way up the road, due to my well-developed degree of unfitness. However, it was not to be. We only make it past the second gate on the road. Despite vigorous digging of snow with shovels, we made it no further. Neil gave us a reprieve however, by driving our packs up higher in his fantastic vehicle.

It took a few of us quite a bit longer than others to make it up the hill, we decided we had reached a new fitness level - Blob. When the snow-caving site eventually hove into view, Arthur and Wayne were already hard at work. Elspeth, Mark and I decided we deserved a rest. Our cave eventually turned out to be a deluxe model. Our interior designer put some final festive touches in place, and it was ready.

Elspeth cunningly cooked a meal designed to bring us all down to the same level. Not long afterwards it became apparent that our party were hardened drinkers. There were at least three spirits, plus a mug of wine each! Exhaustion prevented us from drinking it all, however. Richard's party next door had a similar idea. I went visiting and was nearly overcome by the rum fumes. They all looked very happy.

On Sunday, the weather was even better. A few of the crew departed to rush home to their tellys to see the Samolians vs. Nicaraguan Rugby game. The rest of us went skiing, iglooming, lazing and some of the more easily led were involved in a very childish display of mindless snowball throwing (is it fair to pelt a woman when she's down??) Eventually we had to leave our little village and walk back down the hill to the vans. It seemed a long way because the snow had melted back a long way.

Thanks for a good introduction to snow caving - Arthur, Wayne, Mark and Elspeth.

by Sue (scribe and experienced shoveller.

We went back for a day's skiing the next week and all the caves were still intact. I was also amused to see my ski tracks down the hill with great big scrobby holes about every 20 feet!

NELSON LAKES TRAMP

(date not recorded)

Author: Fiona Buchanan

Published in Bulletin 503, October 1991

On Saturday (the day Otago beat Auckland) we made our way to Kaikoura via wineries and markets. Kaikoura was a very friendly and positive place. We had an enjoyable night at the Blue Pacific before an early start in the morning to go whale watching. We also saw Hector dolphins and seals.

Then it was onward to Lake Rotoroa where the real trip was to begin. We took the water taxi up the lake to D'urville Hut. Now there is a story - the old couple that ran the taxi service were real characters. They were both probably 50 years old but due to the hard life looked at least 75. There was machinery all in bits all through the house - bits of which were removed so that we could sit down and have a cuppa. It is a different pace of life around there. The boat needed to have the motor held on initially - that was her job.



Lake Rotoroa with the D'Urville confluence, from the climb to Mt Misery (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

We arrived at D'urville Hut to find 2 fishermen, and 2 Hunters set up (very well with luxuries such as 2 litre bottles of milk and 3 bottles of whisky). We were offered coffee as soon as we walked through the door, this was followed by a social night with a new alcohol called Kirsh (cherry brandy) - very yummy. These guys were great; they did our dishes, offered us coffee in the morning in bed - with Kirsh in it of course. They insisted on taking us over to Sabine Hut by

boat as it was raining and, hey we would get wet. They offered to take my car (my pride and joy) over to St Arnard for us - and I wouldn't let just anybody drive my car, but I had no hesitation with these guys. Their final gift to us was a trout which just melted in our mouths. This brings up the question; WHERE HAS CHIVARLY IN THE SOUTH GONE???

So it was a stroll without packs up the Sabine valley for about 3 hours, Back to the hut to find it full of the ATC club from Auckland. We took them on at 500 in which Otago won again. This brings me on to the rat incident - the Aucklanders had read in the hut book that there were rats in the hut and so they took the top bunks, Elspeth and I were on the bottom bunks. Elspeth had taken a mug of water to bed in preparation of being thirsty in the night. She lodged it securely between the mattresses. When she woke up in the morning the cup was empty - it must have been a powerfully thirsty RAT and only inches from Elspeth's face!

We were away early on Tuesday morning to Speargrass via Howards track and then through the eternal bogs (about 47 of them). To relieve the monotony of yet another bog we took to naming them here are a few:

So you thought I was a log bog

Loose a boot bog

I'll take your other boot bog

The bog before we are really pissed off

That's it we're pissed off bog

Lost our sense of humour bog

The bog of eternal stench

Break our spirit bog

The last straw bog

So synchronised bog hopping became the order of the day which got a little depressing. The 'Break our spirit' bog was the last straw, hysteria broke out just short of the hut. Which was built on a bog. Tortellini for tea lifted our spirits along with a medicinal Jim Bean/whisky/port.

It was another early start - we wanted to leave the bogs far behind. Our destination was either Coldwater or John Tait, Coldwater won as the fire was going, the scenery terrific and a cask of red wine, and a bottle of port visible. We spent a most enjoyable night there, the hut has character and its own resident possum. We played 500 with two lads from Picton (originally from Dunedin) who were good sorts giving us wild pork for our sweet and sour. They also cooked us bacon and eggs for breakfast as they lost the game of Black Bitch.

The next day we swam/walked our way up to John Tait where we met up with the ATC guys. On the last day we walked to St Arnaud for a Speights and a shower - Human again!

All in all, it was a great trip. Thanks Elspeth, by Fiona Buchanan

A NIGHT AT THE HOTEL CALIFORNIA

August 25-25, 1991

Author: Neville Mulholland

Published in Bulletin 503, October 1991

It was an early start on Saturday morning. 6.30am was when we met at the clubrooms, I slept through my alarm which was set for 5:00am and so did 1½ hours of packing, eating breakfast, showering and getting to the clubrooms in the space of 30 minutes.

We drove the vans up the Waikaia Bush Road until we struck a patch of snow across the road and after putting chains on the vans and having several attempts at getting through the snow decided to continue on foot. We reached the big snows sometime before lunch. We surveyed our section of snow and commenced caving. I discovered that it was warmer and more fun digging inside the cave than it was sitting outside or clearing snow from the entrance, so I tried to spend as much time as possible on the inside.



OTMC Snowcaving Trip, Old Man Range (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Our cave was large and spacious inside as we had catered for five people but ended up with only four attending. While I was outside the cave clearing snow from the entrance, I built a large patio for sunbathing, and sculptured the entrance which was where my plastering trowel came into use. We christened our cave the Hotel California and that was where we spent our night in warmth and comfort. Certain other parties used alcoholic beverages for artificial warmth, but not us.

On Sunday Brynley and I spent about four hours building an igloo but were unable to finish it as several bystanders and onlookers started a massive snow war which seriously depleted our workforce, which responded to their onslaught. 3:30pm Sunday and it was time to leave our frozen paradise and head back to the vans and home to Dunedin.

This was written by Neville Mulholland for Peter Vollweiler Anne Schmack and Brynley Crosado

CATLINS TRIP REPORT

September 7-8, 1991

Author: Elspeth Gold

Published in Bulletin 503, October 1991

The trip started with a tour of the more appealing night spots, Waiholo Tavern, South Otago for a toasted sandwich. then the Catlins Inn before adjourning to Mary Browns Cottage at Purakaunui Bay

The tent was erected in the rain and we settled in for the night, but there was one of those annoying drips that no matter how much you ignored it and pretended it wasn't there it wouldn't go away, so it was out into the rain to adjust the fly and all was well. Saturday dawned overcast and a breakfast of wait for it croissants filled with bacon, cheese and pineapple, gently heated thru was devoured. Once everyone had been told what we had for breakfast (I didn't miss anyone did I ?) it was onward by car to Papatowai to start the coastal stroll.



Tautuku Bay, The Catlins (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

The weather improved considerably, and it was a pleasant walk via spectacular scenery, new-born lambs, seals and coastal birds back to Purakaunui Bay in time for a swim? (someone suggested it but there were no takers). Tea was devoured then it was post dinner drinks and socialising in front of the fire in the cottage.

Next morning some headed over the cliffs in the opposite direction from the day before while others had a quiet morning fossicking in rock pools seal and paua spotting. After lunch it was home via Purakaunui Falls, Jacks Bay, The Nuggets and a coffee at the pink place on the hill at Kaka Point.

A most relaxing enjoyable weekend, Thanks for organising it Pete and Miriam.

By Elspeth Gold

POLICE SAREX – A LESSON IN WEATHER

October 13, 1991

Author: Hugh Dickson

Published in Bulletin 504, November 1991

Police SAREX - a lesson in weather

Many emergencies in the hills occur because of improper reading of the weather or inadequate clothing. The recent Search & Rescue exercise organised by the local police bore this out although such was probably not planned for.

When we got out of bed around 5.30 a.m. on that Sunday morning the temperature was probably in the mid-teens, and certainly at the starting time of 6.00a.m. at the Central Police Station everyone was comfortable in shirtsleeve order, so the unwary could have been tempted to pack light clothing for what appeared to be a mild day. Fortunately, we did not, and while on our arrival at the field HQ at the woolshed at Berwick Forest the weather was still very mild, around 7.30am the temperature dropped by about 10 °C in about 10 mins, so that while we stood around and waited for our worthy controller to complete his "beetle plan" we were suddenly into most of our warm clothes and still uncomfortable.

Half an hour later when the chopper dropped our party of "foot searchers" at the top of the Government Track it did so in a full blizzard, so that we started our part of the exercise walking on roads covered in about 30mm of snow with a chill accompanying wind. By lunchtime the snow had stopped, and a thaw set in to such an extent that before mid-afternoon most of the snow had gone and we were back to shirtsleeve order and bright sunshine on top of the hills while we heard on the radio that the helicopter was grounded at the bottom due to adverse weather conditions.

Along about 3.00p.m. we were treated to about a 10-minute shower of hailstones, which, but for the shelter of the bush could have been distinctly uncomfortable, accompanied of course by a very distinct drop in temperature, after which we were yet again into shirtsleeves and sunshine. Again, half an hour or so later when the chopper picked us up for our 'final return to HQ' it did so in perfect conditions only to be greeted a few minutes later at the woolshed by very heavy rain and a very stiff wind, which continued throughout the period of debriefing to such an extent that it was sometimes difficult to hear people talking above the noise of the rain on the roof.

As you can see from the foregoing, we experienced just about every type of weather going in about an 8-to-9-hour period and while we went out there to learn about Search & Rescue we also got a very good lesson in the vagaries of mountain weather, something that might save our lives in future.

You might say TWO FOR THE PRICE OF ONE! by Hugh D.

SAREX, OCTOBER 1991

October 13, 1991

Author: Neville Mulholland

Published in Bulletin 504, November 1991

We were told to be at the Police Station at 6:00am on Sunday morning, which for me meant no drinking the night before, and a leisurely walk down the hill on what was quite a warm morning.

At the Police Station we were given a briefing on the scenario and were then divided into groups for transportation to the Berwick Forest with the help of the land rover club and two army Unimogs. At the Search Base at Berwick Forest, we waited for the Police, Red Cross and N-Z. Amateur Radio Club to get themselves sorted out and then we were organised into Search teams. The team leaders were briefed on the use of their hand-held radios, and correct radio procedure, then they were briefed on their search areas. Next, we were briefed on helicopter safety by the Air Force with their Iroquois Helicopter on hand.

By about 7:30am the clouds had opened, and the rain was pelting down. I was in team 3 under the leadership of John Cox, and while Teams 1 and 2 were being flown to the start of their search areas we waited around and drank cups of tea and coffee. When the helicopter returned to pick our team up, we were slightly disappointed to hear that the helicopter was to be grounded as hailstorms and high winds were making flying quite dangerous. So, our team was transported by four-wheel drive to the bottom of the Government Track.



After saying goodbye to our driver, we set off at a brisk pace up the Government Track, calling out at regular intervals for the people we were looking for. At one point we called out and received a reply, but it was only another team in the valley below. When we were about two thirds the way up the track and having relatively little success, we suddenly came across a middle-aged man and two young girls, who turned out to be three of the seven people we were looking for. Further enquiries found out that the seventh member of their party a Mr Redmond Herring, hadn't gone on the tramp. Our three victims led us up the track further to where they believed they last saw the remaining three party members. While we were discussing our next moves, Sharon St Clair Newman's team turned up, which boosted our numbers to eight, so that John and I could stay with the victims while the other six searchers could spread out and do a search of the gully below. Five minutes later they had found the trio, one of whom had a broken leg, another had hypothermia and the third person was fine and in good spirits.

After some discussion with Search Base, it was decided that the helicopter would fly in and winch the two injured people out. We lit a fire on the track (against the fire ban law) to signal the helicopter and keep ourselves warm. We watched the victims get winched out before we walked to the top of the Government Track and were flown back down the hill to base. Back at base it was time to grab a pie and cuppa before going to a dry wool store for a debriefing. Then we were arranged into transport groups again to return to Dunedin. Back at the Police Station we had another debriefing in the Police Bar and went home happy.

In all I think it was a very well run exercise and I would like to thank the coordinators for the effort they put into it.

By Neville Mulholland for John Cox, David Saunders and Murray Walford.

A WEEKEND ON THE SOUTH COAST

October 26-28, 1991

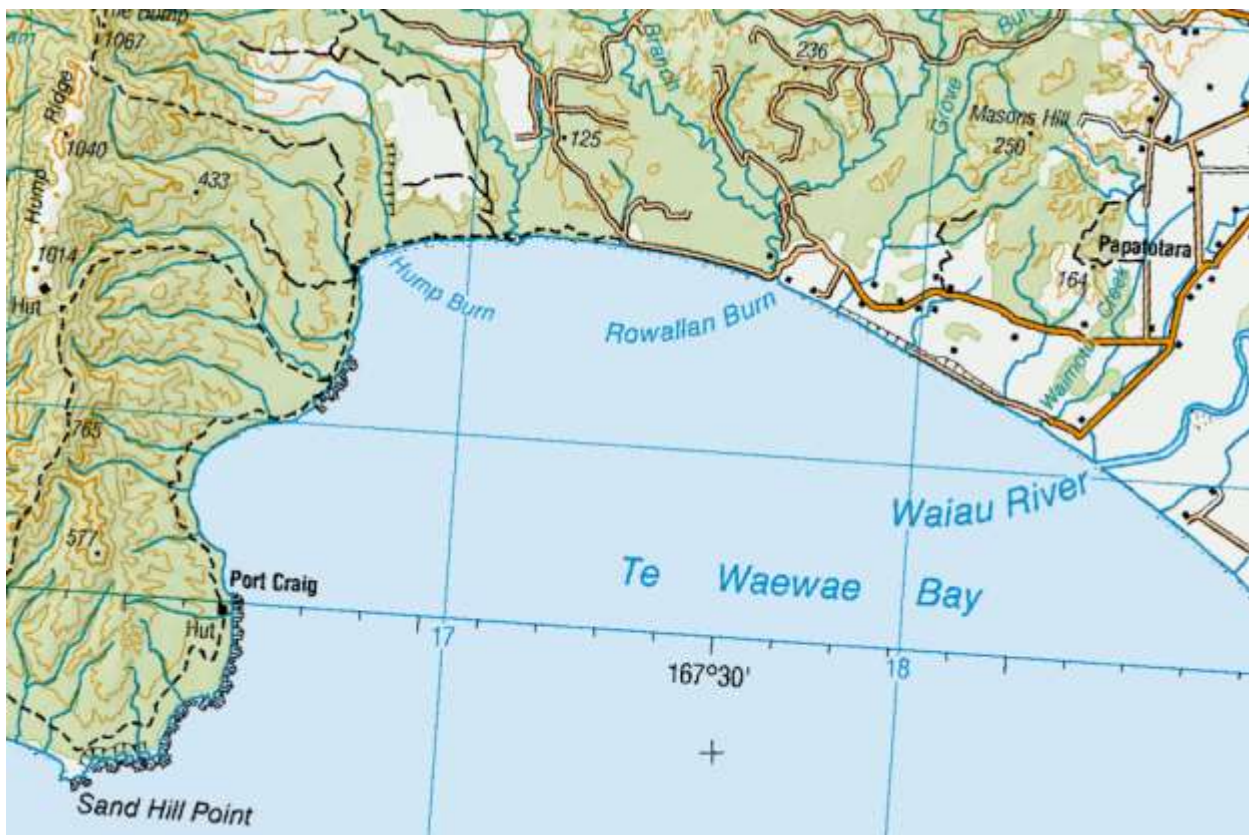
Author: Elspeth Gold

Published in Bulletin 504, November 1991

Port Craig is a beautiful area, sun, sand sea and native bush what more could we ask for? We set off along the beach on Saturday morning in brilliant sunshine, after lunch the tide dictated that we take the bush track the rest of the way. Many scroggin stops later the hut appeared, full of army men, wacko!! no one was game enough to do the "Hi honey I'm home" routine. The hut was full and many of the available campsites were taken by the end of the evening.

A quiet stroll to the beach was in order, then settled down to make puddy and watch the tea cook. Happiness filled we retired to bed earlyish to play cards. Eric and Jenny were taught the art of 500 and a long game ensued.

Sunday after a leisurely breakfast (which consisted of a course of fruit bread toasted) we headed along the tramway to the viaducts. It rained on and off all morning. A very easy couple of hours saw us at the Percy Burn viaduct for a late lunch. The army boys were working on this viaduct, repairing as best they could rotten and burnt stays and cutting out and bracing those which were beyond repair.



Our group, ever resourceful, actually Jenny and Celia (they have no shame) begged a cuppa off the armed forces along with sparkles and snacks. It was back to camp amid clearing weather for a sunset dip and stroll on the beach. The real man's party arrived equipped with their wives

cooking to stir up the otherwise tranquil evening. Everybody who came back from the viaducts was instructed to bring firewood and an entertaining evening was spent telling jokes, (I learnt some new ones) and singing along with two very talented gentlemen and a guitar. We retired about midnight, some watched the rugby on a portable TV, yes, have they no shame, and others listened on the radio (excellent reception on the walkman, ED) I ignored it all hoping to get home without knowing the result. But alas at first light Neville took great delight in telling me of our fate. Knowing Neville, I thought it was in fact a cunning conspiracy to depress me but when complete strangers were telling me the story I had to believe him. The wind howled all night and the rain pelted down, perhaps it was penance for bringing luxuries such as TV's and radios tramping.

Everyone crammed into the hut to cook breakfast as it was pouring on Monday. We all headed off early along the coast. The scenery was magnificent, the rock-pools divine to wade in, at lunch time a fire was going and the billy boiled. I wonder if the real men's party put the fire out in the traditional way that real men feel they should. It was back over a couple of tricky bits before a track was reached, the rest headed up the track while we chose the coast and by the time we got to the Bluecliffs beach the tide was full in so it was slow going amid loose gravel. We were but a quarter of an hour late out to find most had deserted us, so it was a comfortable ride back (with only four bods in the back of the van), stopping for ice-creams and tea.

A great trip to a magnificent area.

Elsbeth for Neville, Jenny, Celia and Eric.

THE STORMING OF PORT CRAIG

October 26-28, 1991

Author: Brenda McAlpine

Published in Bulletin 505, December 1991

After camping overnight at the Rowallan Burn on the shores of Te Waewae Bay the forces commenced the weekend operation by foot slogging along the sand to the western end of the beach where we entered the bush. An hour or so of bush, crossing a high bridge over Flat Creek, then we dropped down to the beach which we followed for another hour, crossing a couple of small headlands as well. A perfect morning, calm green seas but no sign of any Hectors Dolphins.

Lunched at the next side creek after which we followed another party to do some bush-bashing practice. We soon tired of this so returned to the creek and took the inland track to arrive at Fort Craig around 5pm. The other party are to be commended for their perseverance in bush-bashing practice as they arrived at camp about 2 hours after us, having attempted the beach at high-tide, which is probably unwise unless you happen to be a H.D..

The Engineering division of the "Khaki Cowboys" had commandeered the Fort so we added our tents to the colourful array already pitched. Sunday we followed the tramway to the viaducts, and what marvellous feats of engineering they are. Wandered down to the creek bed for a different angle on the Percy Burn viaduct then pushed on to the Edwin Burn (been there, seen that) before returning to the P.B. to sit and watch the antics of the K.C's working on the restoration of some of the, less sturdy beams under the bridge. Returned to Port Craig (hands up those who never tripped on the tramway spikes) and spent a pleasant half hour sitting on the beach watching the world go by. Did a spot of fossicking near the beach track and found numerous interesting artefacts including various shaped metal bits and pieces, a wayward pair of blue underpants, and a very impressive example of what Jonette identified as the remains of a giant prehistoric Hectors Dolphin, a lucky find indeed.

Treated ourselves to sauteed Paua and steamed mussels and cats eyes for supper. Hilarity galore around the bonfire that night with eloquent yarns, sterling spiels, filthy jokes and a good old sing-song to the accompaniment of the K.C. guitarist. And then it blew and rained. It was still blowing and raining at 2am, 3:30am, 4:30am, dawn and most likely all the time in between. We packed up in the rain, cooked breakfast in the lean-to of the hut and ate in the woodshed.

Returned along the beach route amid sculptured reefs and caverns and pretty soon it was a glorious day. Mussels for lunch and after an ankle breaking fight among the rocks over the final beach section at high tide we arrived back at the vans.

Excellent trip, excellent company, heaps of laughs.

Brenda McAlpine, for Laurel Dunn, Jonette Service, Barb Norris.

BALL PASS REVISITED

November 23-24, 1991

Author: Doug Forrester

Published in Bulletin 505, December 1991

As a weekend trip this is a good one. For those not very confident in snow this is a good one to build up that confidence, not so steep that it scares, and the alpine scenery is terrific. Snow conditions on Sunday were perfect for crampons. Sorry we weren't able to give some self-arresting exercise on Saturday, the alpine breeze made things a little difficult, and also added some spice to the weekend.

Most impressive display award goes to Pete, our Social Sec. who due to a mechanical failure went through Ball Pass and down the Hooker side with one crampon, Great display of confidence for someone learning the ropes. Michelle also experienced some mechanical failure. A plug for the O.T.M.C. gear hire, hire your gear from us.



Camp below Ball Pass, November 24, 1991 (PHOTO Michelle Anderson)

Michelle gets second prize, laughing at the gale that's doing its damndest to flatten our tent, about 3am. How the hell could anyone laugh at that! Special thanks go to Paul Bingham and Russel Godfrey who had to abort their trip to help Heideki who was suffering bad cramps, back down to Ball Shelter. Sorry your weekend was stuffed up guys.

Thanks Sharon and Michelle for staying with the tail-enders and encouraging them along. Thanks, leaders, for your contributions to the success of the weekend. I've changed my mind, I think Ball Pass is an "FE" trip, and that will allow for adverse weather and snow conditions.

OTMC COMMITTEE (1991-92)

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Vice President – Peter Mason

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Treasurer – Eric Lord

Chief Guide / Transport – David Barnes

Bulletin Editor – Neville Mulholland

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Social Convenor – Anne Schmack

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Family Group – Lyall Campbell

Family Group – David McArthur

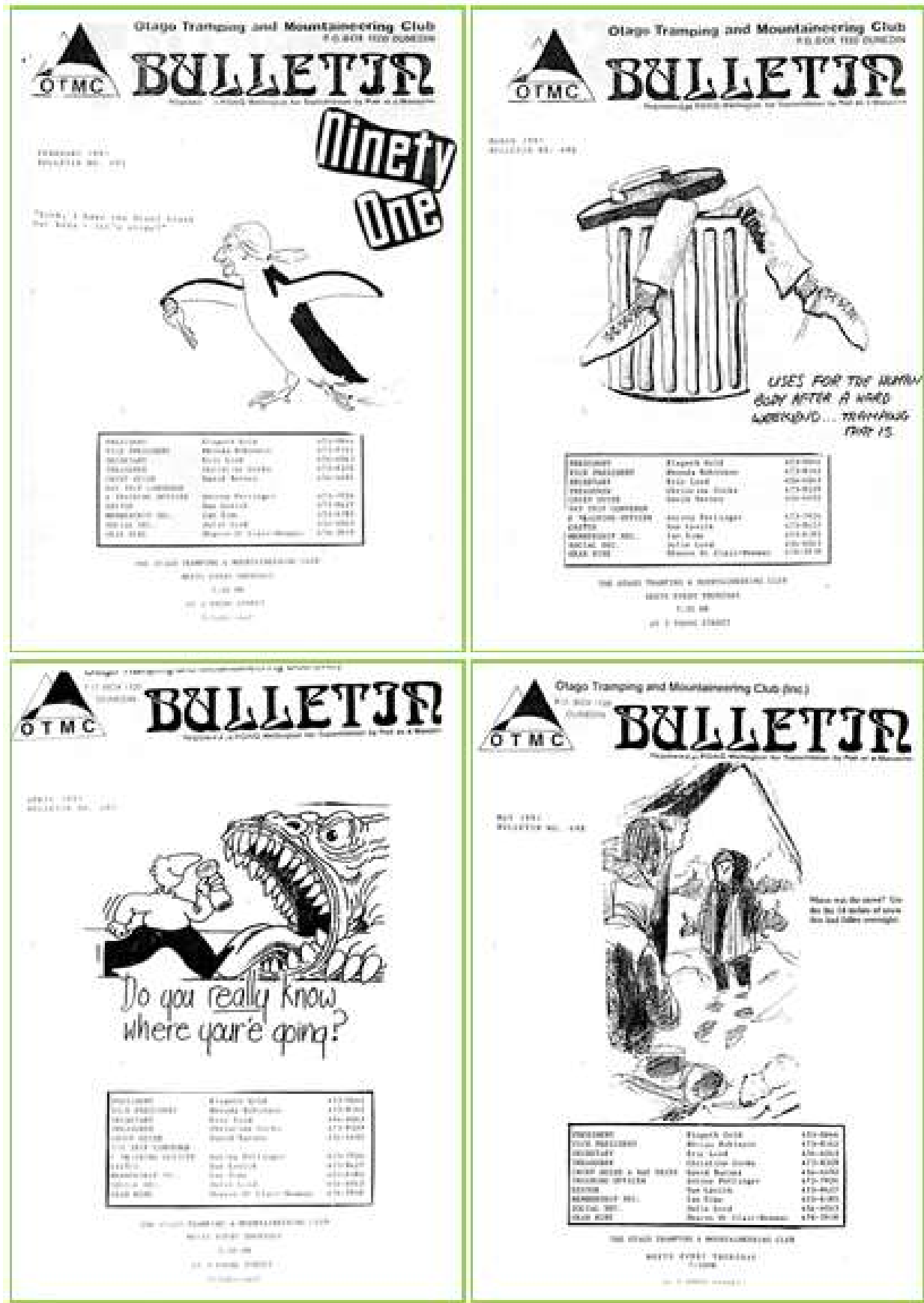
Over Thirties – Neil Donaldson

OTMC TRIP PROGRAMME 1991

January	20	Osbourne Township	Elspeth Gold
January	26-27	Mt Kakanui - The Dasher - Obi	Peter Mason
January	27	The Gap	Arthur Blondell
February	3	Club Picnic	Social Convenor
February	10	Work Party	Committee
February	16-17	Bushcraft 1991 (Tirohanga Weekend)	Antony Pettinger
February	23-24	Bushcraft 1991 (Silver Peaks Weekend)	Antony Pettinger
March	3	Bushcraft 1991 (Rivercrossing - Outram Glen)	Antony Pettinger
March	9-10	Bushcraft 1991 (Lake Ohau - Optional Trip)	Arthur Blondell
March	17	Workparty	Committee
March	24	Sunnybrae - Boulder Beach	David Barnes
March	29-1	Beansburn - Fohn Lakes (Easter)	Arthur Blondell
April	7	Highlay Hill & Golden Point Battery	Stuart Mathieson
April	13-14	Macetown	Mike Floate
April	14	Painted Forest (Silver Peaks)	Dave Levick
April	21	Nardoo	Ross Cocker
April	25-28	Milford Track - Dore Pass	Doug Forrester
April	28	McKenzie's Hut (Rock & Pillar Range)	Ian Sime
May	4-5	Routeburn - Greenstone Through Trip	Elspeth Gold
May	5	Orbell's Cave	Sharon St Clair-Newman
May	11-12	Ben Rudd's Revegetation	Richard Pettinger
May	12	Ben Rudd's Revegetation	Doug Forrester
May	18-19	Peel Forest	Ross Cocker
May	19	Organ Pipes	Peter O'Driscoll
May	26	Akatore - Crystals Beach	Mike Floate
June	1-3	Takitimus (Queens Birthday)	Ken Mason
June	1-3	Kepler Track	David Barnes
June	9	Yellow Ridge to Gap Ridge	Les Smith
June	15-16	Moturau Mid Winter Bash	Elspeth Gold
June	16	Berwick Forest	Hugh Dickson
June	23	Otago Peninsula	Neville Mulholland
June	29-30	Mavora Lakes	Paul Bingham
June	30	Cycle / Tramp	Julie Lord (Cadzow)
July	7	Evansdale - Rongomai	Stuart Mathieson
July	13-14	Makarora - Mt Brewster	Lindsay Aitcheson
July	14	Possum Hut	Anne Schmack
July	21	The Gap	Dean Peterson
July	27-28	Cross Country Ski Introduction	Dave Levick
July	28	Silver Peaks	Tim Moore
August	4	North Waikouaiti Headwaters	Bruce Newton
August	10-11	Winter Routeburn (Falls Side)	Michael Fay
August	11	Boulder Beach	Sue Williams

August	17-18	X/C Ski (Old Woman Range)	Chris Pearson
August	18	Burns Track - Swampy	David Barnes
August	24-25	Snow Shelters (Old Woman Range)	Richard Pettinger
August	25	Mt Trotter - Mt Mackenzie	Peter Mason
August	31	OTMC Annual Dinner	Julie Lord (Cadzow)
August	31-8	XC Ski Camp	Bruce Mason
September	1	Government Track	Laurie Parker
September	7-8	Catlins	Peter Mason
September	8	Hightop - Jubilee Hut	David Barnes
September	14-15	X/C Ski - Fraser Basin	Neil George
September	15	Silver Peaks	Arthur Blondell
September	22	Maungatua Traverse	Sharon St Clair-Newman
September	28-29	X/C Ski - Rock and Pillars	Eric Lord
September	29	Flat Hill - Shag River	Peter Mason
October	5-6	Snowcraft Course	Arthur Blondell
October	6	Boulder Hill	Hugh Dickson
October	12-13	Combined Club Trip	Ian Sime
October	13	Police SAREX	David Barnes
October	19-20	Ben Rudd's Revegetation	Richard Pettinger
October	25-28	Advanced Bushcraft Course (with MSC)	Mike Floate
October	26-28	Port Craig / The Hump (Labour Weekend)	David Barnes
November	2-3	Mt Horrible - Rock Climbing Instruction	Arthur Blondell
November	3	Nicholls Creek - Swampy	Mike Floate
November	9-10	Mt Pisgah	Peter Mason
November	10	Mystery Trip	Mystery Leader
November	17	Rock And Pillars	Mark Planner
November	23-24	Mt Cook	Doug Forrester
November	24	Extended Otago Peninsula	Bruce Mason
December	1	Club SAREX	David Barnes
December	7-8	Ahuriri - Canyon Creek	Elsbeth Gold
December	8	Stony Creek	Peter Mason
December	14	OTMC Christmas Social	Committee
December	15	Otago Peninsula	Christine Cocks
December	30-5	Stewart Island (Christmas Trip)	Elsbeth Gold and Mike Floate

OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (FEBRUARY TO MAY)



OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (JUNE TO SEPTEMBER)

OTMC (OTMC TRAMPING AND HIKING/STRENGTH CLUB) 412 WEST 10TH ST. VANCOUVER, B.C. V6H 2G6

BULLETIN

Registered as a Society under the Societies Act of the Province of British Columbia

JUNE 1991
BULLETIN NO. 499

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THE OTMC TRAMPING & HIKING/STRENGTH CLUB
412 WEST 10TH ST. VANCOUVER, B.C. V6H 2G6
JUNE 1991

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BULLETIN

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JUNE 1991

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SEPTEMBER

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THE OTMC TRAMPING & HIKING/STRENGTH CLUB
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JUNE 1991

OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (OCTOBER TO DECEMBER)

