

# OTMC TRIP REPORTS

## 1992

---

Sourced from the 1992 OTMC Bulletins



# CONTENTS

<b>Introduction .....</b>	<b>3</b>
<b>Twenty Otago Peninsula Walking Tracks.....</b>	<b>4</b>
<b>Dragonfly Peak .....</b>	<b>5</b>
<b>On The Road To Ahuriri .....</b>	<b>8</b>
<b>Sandflies And Mosquitoes (Stewart Island) .....</b>	<b>10</b>
<b>A Trip With A Difference (Borland).....</b>	<b>14</b>
<b>OTMC Silver Peaks Marathon 1992 .....</b>	<b>16</b>
<b>Silver Peaks Trip Report.....</b>	<b>19</b>
<b>A Fairy Tale (Bushcraft Silver Peaks 1992).....</b>	<b>20</b>
<b>Stewart Island Diary .....</b>	<b>23</b>
<b>Ohau Ordeal .....</b>	<b>26</b>
<b>A Weekend At Mt Titiroa? .....</b>	<b>28</b>
<b>Hunter Valley – Seen From A Bicycle Seat.....</b>	<b>30</b>
<b>Landrover Safari – Arthur’s Pass 1992.....</b>	<b>32</b>
<b>Ben Rudd’s Revegetation Project.....</b>	<b>37</b>
<b>Battle Of Mt Luxmore .....</b>	<b>39</b>
<b>Kepler Track.....</b>	<b>42</b>
<b>Rob Roy For Queens Birthday .....</b>	<b>44</b>
<b>A Solo With My Frames (Hollyford Track).....</b>	<b>46</b>
<b>Winter Routeburn 1992 .....</b>	<b>48</b>
<b>Tragedy Narrowly Averted .....</b>	<b>51</b>
<b>38 – 25 – 54 (Kepler Track.....</b>	<b>52</b>
<b>Christmas And What A Trip! (Pioneer Hut) .....</b>	<b>54</b>
<b>Richard’s Rudd’s Rave.....</b>	<b>56</b>
<b>Snow Caving (Old Man Range) .....</b>	<b>58</b>
<b>Snowcraft (Awakino 1992) .....</b>	<b>60</b>

<b>Snowcaving (Old Man Range) .....</b>	<b>62</b>
<b>Chrystalls Beach – Quoin Point.....</b>	<b>64</b>
<b>Tale Of A Tramp .....</b>	<b>65</b>
<b>Steele Creek .....</b>	<b>66</b>
<b>Search And Rescue Exercise .....</b>	<b>68</b>
<b>Ballroom Or Bust.....</b>	<b>70</b>
<b>Caples &amp; Greenstone .....</b>	<b>72</b>
<b>A Day In The Sun (Rock and Pillars) .....</b>	<b>75</b>
<b>Snowcraft Course (Awakino) .....</b>	<b>77</b>
<b>The 1971 Silver Peaks Expedition, or I’ve Been To Fiddlers Gully</b>	<b>79</b>
<b>Ahuriri – Dingle Burn.....</b>	<b>81</b>
<b>Rock And Pillars .....</b>	<b>82</b>
<b>OTMC Committee (1992-93).....</b>	<b>83</b>
<b>OTMC Trip Programme 1992.....</b>	<b>84</b>
<b>OTMC Bulletin Covers (February to May).....</b>	<b>86</b>
<b>OTMC Bulletin Covers (June to September) .....</b>	<b>87</b>
<b>OTMC Bulletin Covers (October to December) .....</b>	<b>88</b>

## INTRODUCTION

1992 started with a small but successful Christmas trip to Stewart Island, a destination not visited since Easter 1985, and as it turned out, not revisited as a club trip again until Easter / ANZAC weekend in 2014. This is one destination that certainly has had more private than club trips over the years – it remains a fantastic destination though, mud and all!

Although we were not overly enthusiastic in writing trip reports (*as always, this depends on how incessant the Editor is*), the club had 72 trips and other events on the 1992 trip programme. Of these, 22 were weekend or longer trips, and 12 out of the 72 trips visited our local Silver Peaks. The Silver Peaks is our most common trip destination over the life of the club, with around 13%-14% of all trips we have run to date heading there in some form.

One trip that is a bit different is the OTMC Silver Peaks Marathon. This was a trip that started at the Pineapple Track, and traversed Flagstaff, Powder Hill, Mt John, The Gap, (near), Silverpeak, The Clump and over Swampy back to the Pineapple Track. It is a 65km, 3,000m of up and down test of endurance, and normally route-finding ability (especially in fog). Our trip programmes show the first Marathon was held in 1968, and we celebrated the 25<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of the Silver Peaks Marathon in 1997. Eight people completed the 1992 Marathon, which was an average number compared to recent years. The area beyond Powder Hill through to Mt John / Christmas Creek is now forestry and not so interesting.

The OTMC continued to participate in a Dunedin City Council working group regarding walking tracks and issues over accessing public (legal public) roads on the Otago Peninsula. This initiative was started by club member Bruce Mason and the Otago Peninsula Walkers. Although the issue was protracted and sometimes contentious, the result of this work continues to be enjoyed today.

The revegetation of the former exotic plantation areas on our Ben Rudd's continued in 1992, with significant effort being put into the felled areas in particular. A lot of beech trees were planted, and these are now pleasingly quite large – a credit to those who assisted in the early 1990's.

Now that we have completed eight of these yearly trip report collections, it is obvious there is really only two types of OTMC members. One is the stalwart member who have been part of the club for many years (some for decades). It appears that the club has become an important part of their life, and their continuing membership and contribution is appreciated.

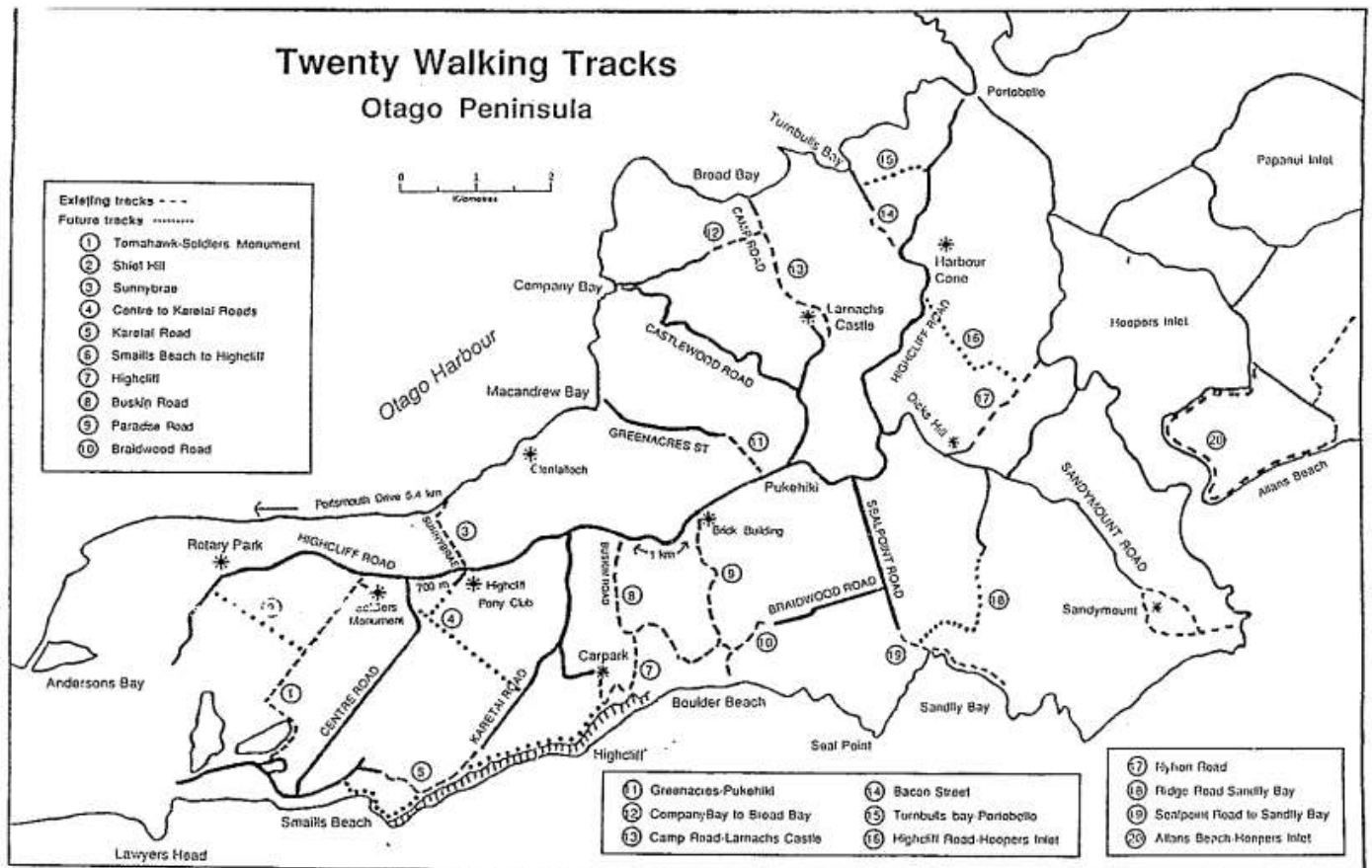
The other type of member is those who join the club, and become fairly active, and then for various reasons move on. Despite each edition of this collection being time consuming, the benefit for Debbie and myself is recalling those members who we tramped with in years gone by. The trip reports have reminded us of many great trips, and in all cases a great trip comes from tramping with some great people. We hope to see a lot of these people at the upcoming Centenary!

Antony Pettinger  
June 2021

**Cover Photo: Kinvara Track looking over the Strath Taieri and towards Maungatua, en-route to the summit of the Rock and Pillar Range (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

## TWENTY OTAGO PENINSULA WALKING TRACKS

As published in OTMC Bulletin 511, July 1992



# DRAGONFLY PEAK

**February 6-9, 1992**

**Author: David Barnes**

Previously unpublished (2021 Report)

Most active trampers will, sooner or later, have a nemesis trip – a destination that has thwarted them a few times and that gradually becomes an itch that has to be scratched, a boil to be lanced. In the early 90s, mine was Dragonfly Peak in the East Matukituki. When I read it described by Kelvin Liggett in *Outdoors 80* (the club's then-annual publication) as a mountain that can be walked up with hands in one's shorts pockets, I knew it was one I had to get to. The outstanding views of Mt Aspiring/Tititea and the backstory of Paul Powell's obsession with finding the missing Dragonfly aircraft added to the attraction.

One of the perks of being Chief Guide is being able to mould the trip program to suit your own plans. I decided that a four-day Waitangi weekend trip would provide a good chance to break the Dragonfly hoodoo. The trip can be done in two days, although three is more comfortable, so a fourth day gave a bit of leeway. My mate Eric Lord was lined up as trip leader, and when the trip list closed we thought we'd cracked it. There were about 8 people signed up for the medium-fit option, so that meant a party each for Eric and me to lead. Then it all went pear shaped. Eric got crook, as did the leader of the Easy party. I could take over as trip leader, but the Easy party was a problem. I could cancel the trip for them, or I could let them loose in the West Matukituki without an experienced leader – neither were palatable options. The other option was to lead the party myself – and miss out on Dragonfly again. But it seemed the right thing to do.

The prospect of four days mooching around the valleys, particularly on a good forecast, didn't appeal. I put it to my party – also diminished by withdrawals, and now comprising Kath McDonald and Bill Bagley – that we could go up the East Matukituki and, if we were going well when we got to Junction Flat, we could head up to a campsite above the Bledisloe Gorge track, and then see what took our fancy from there. I knew it would be a big day for them, but we had the option of taking it easy on the remaining days.

We crossed the West Matukituki without difficulty, then made our way up past the old homestead, across Glacier Burn and into the bush. When we reached Junction Flat, everyone was happy with their progress, and the prospect of the climb up past Hester Pinney Creek was not too daunting. After crossing Kitchener Stream and the East Matukituki, we found the track and commenced the plod to bushline. The tent and most of the party gear were in my pack, acting as a sort of handicap in the race to the tussock. At bushline, the views started to open up, and there was some appreciation from my companions of why I'd been keen to come this way. After following the track until it started to level off for its traverse of the gorge, we headed straight up through untracked tussock. The team was starting to flag a bit by now, so we took it slowly. Eventually, the slope eased off and we reached my intended campsite, nestled beside a spectacular waterfall and with views up to Albert Burn Saddle and Dragonfly Peak in one direction and out into Kitchener Cirque in the other. The tent went up and dinner was cooked.



High on the ridge above us, we could see the remaining members of the medium-fit party. I was happy. Even if we got no further, my party of novices had experienced the joy of getting to a remote, trackless subalpine campsite.



**Looking towards Albertburn Saddle, with Dragonfly Peak on the right, from Aspiring Flat (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

Friday dawned with the weather still looking settled. Everyone seemed happy with their overnight recovery from Thursday's exertions, so discussion turned to today's plans. I suggested that we could push on up to the other party's campsite, and then if they wanted to do more we could dump most of our gear there and then meander upwards as far as time and enthusiasm allowed – perhaps to the saddle. This was agreed, so up we headed. It was steep and so slow going, and it was perhaps an hour before we reached the campsite by a tarn. We cached our gear, hoping fervently that the local keas wouldn't notice it, took one pack with lunches and extra clothing for all, and headed upwards. On the way, we met the other party descending from a successful ascent of Dragonfly. After a while, we left the ridge and sidled across to the saddle. The views of Aspiring and the Kitchener Cirque were outstanding.

As we took a break on the saddle, I pointed out Dragonfly, a tantalisingly less than 500 metres above us. The foreshortened view made it look close. Perhaps we could go there? With agreement that we could turn back if the terrain got gnarly or if anyone was finding it tough going, we decided we could. The route is basically straight up, with the occasional deviation to avoid bands of small bluffs. In a little over an hour, we were confronted with a gnarly looking couple of metres that led to the true summit. I recalled Kelvin's article mentioning that it was necessary to remove his hands from his pockets for this bit. I decided that it wasn't the place for an expectant father and poor rock climber and that I was near enough to the summit to call

it a tick. My companions, perhaps taking their cues from me, likewise declined. Nevertheless, here they were – two complete novices at the summit of a 2165 metre peak. They were pretty chuffed by what they had achieved. I was feeling quite pleased that I'd manage to encourage them to do it – with no pressure, just a constant "let's see if we can get to" the next landmark, then do it again. I'd had no expectation that we'd get there, and had viewed it as yet another reconnaissance. I was also stoked to finally be there, and what a view!

From there, the descent to the campsite was uneventful, as was the following day, where we camped at Aspiring Flats, with a wander up to see the Turnbull Thomson Falls at close range. The next day, not so much. Torrential rain flooded the flats, forcing a waist deep wade. The "Hydroslide Stream" (the one with the number 8 wire handrail) was utterly impassable at the track and required a scramble down to river level. And the Matukituki was raging at Cameron Flat, necessitating a detour to the OBHS bridge – by which time the rain finally stopped. Eric got to Dragonfly in 2016.





# ON THE ROAD TO AHURIRI

**December 7-8, 1991**

**Author: Michelle Williams**

Published in Bulletin 506, February 1992

5.55pm and Elspeth arrives with the van. Packs in, mattress on top, in we piled and away we went. There were eleven in the van, and three in a private car, which had left at 4pm. First stop was Oamaru for dinner. Arrived at Omarama at 9.30pm with just over half a tank of petrol and we took a left turn at the junction. Conversations and stories were going on in the back, while our President, Elspeth was doing a great job of driving. Forty minutes down the road and heading well through the Lindis Pass, I looked up and commented that maybe we have gone past the turn off, as last time I went to Ahuriri we arrived around 10pm. Out came the map and we turned back, arriving back in Omarama without a sign of the turn off, all eyes had been on lookout.

While back at Omarama we decided to play it safe and get some gas, we tried the zip zap card machine to pay for the fuel, no luck! Either it would not accept or no funds available. Damn thing was broken! Tried petrol station number two, same thing with the machine. The fuel gauge showed now just below half. Out came our NZMS1 Diadem S108 map. A meeting between us all came to the conclusion that it wasn't going to be more than 100km return and our fuel would be enough. Back at the Omarama junction and someone decided it wasn't a left turn, instead a right turn as just out of Omarama on the road towards Mt Cook, you cross the Ahuriri River. Then as the map showed the Quailburn road on the left, 6km out of Omarama so down it we drove then a left down Henburn Road, arriving at Quailburn Downs. Somewhere down here we must have passed a turn off. Before we knew it, we were driving around an empty paddock, underneath a row of pylons. Through another gate and it was in circles around an airstrip. By this stage we were all nearly pissing ourselves with laughter. We stopped, got out and had another look at the map.

Car lights were seen close at hand, must have been the farmer checking out what the hoons were up to in his paddocks. If we were where we thought we were on the map we should have had no problem. It was a unanimous decision to return to Quailburn Downs and ask for directions. By this stage it was after midnight and the President, and her two co-drivers had done an excellent job in finding out that Henburn Road doesn't even meet the road up the Ahuriri. The van filled with laughter as we headed back to Omarama and this time we were going to have to call out the man at the petrol station. Our President then took to the phone for a call out. As none of us had a phone card, Elspeth contacted the operator. She wanted to know Elspeth's home phone number so she could charge the 20-cent call onto her phone bill. The call out number had no reply!

Decided as petrol was now a major factor, we headed on to Twizel. The petrol station call out number was used by Elspeth and the same operator answered. She must have thought we were crazy, driving from one town to the next on virtually no fuel. Even the local bobby in Twizel was approached by our leader, the President. Although I must admit she couldn't have

made much of an impression on him as he didn't end up offering us any fuel, instead a comment of it would had been better to stay in Omarama. If only he knew where we had really been!



**Ahuriri Valley (what you can see when you finally get there!) (PHOTO Tomas Sobek)**

It was now 1am and most of us had been sleeping for some of the time but even so it had been a long night. We decided to head back to Omarama and camp beside the river and wait till 7.30am when the petrol station opened. Saturday morning not only bought fuel but excellent weather. We finally got away tramping by 9.20am and compared to the journey up in the van, the weekend was a breeze with lots of laughs with Sue, Russell and our other overseas friend Yvonne. For those who were on their first club trip, let me tell you, it is not always like this.

## **SANDFLIES AND MOSQUITOES (STEWART ISLAND)**

**December 30, 1991 – January 5, 1992**

**Author: See Below**

Published in Bulletin 506, February 1992

Basil the mighty Avenger delivered us to the Southland Aero Club, only once did he go around a round-about the wrong way. A 30-minute flight in a single engine piper saw us coming into Doughboy Bay where we landed on a beautiful island paradise. Sun, sand, surf and three lovely young ladies, what more could one as for?...SANDFLIES !??!

The picturesque bay with its cave bivvy, lots of flotsam and jetsam (junk from boats) and quicksand made for an excellent little lunch spot (time to start on that sun tan) before heading to Mason Bay. The trudge from Doughboy to Mason Bay took a bit longer and was a bit steeper than first thought, particularly with packs which contained 10 days of food and gear. Our packs felt surprisingly like they only weighed one and half tonnes. By the time Mason Bay was reached we were all feeling the effects of various stages of dehydration, so much so that Elspeth's first can of Speights was consumed upon reaching the campsite. Clouds of sandflies pre-empted the dusk with the mosquitoes soon to follow. Neville bivvied out under the stars but aborted that at about 3am and crawled into Natalie's tent with the sandflies AND mosquitoes.



**The Gutter at the southern end of Mason Bay (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

A reasonably early breakfast was had the next morning before starting our stroll along the 13km long Mason Bay. After about an hour of walking we had to stop and have a rest due to the excessive weights of our packs and no wonder, each of our packs had a million wee hitchhikers upon it. The sandflies from the campsite were all bluging rides with us so they could keep up. Mason Bay hut made an idyllic wee lunch spot with a fresh water filling point, then on to Little Hellfire Beach. At the southern end of Little Hellfire Beach we found a nice little campsite beside a small stream, almost on the beach. So, we had heaps of fresh water, heaps of driftwood to build a fire with and heaps of sandflies and mossies to smoke out.

Rain was falling down the next morning when we woke so we adjourned to Little Hellfire Biv for brekky. Due to Elspeth's allergic reaction to mossie bites, so much so her toes looked like 'little purple sausages' and a dose of blisters we decided to let the weather pass and allow the other two groups to catch us up. Little Hellfire bivvy was quite a cosy wee place to spend a pit day, particularly after we had lit a fire to smoke out the hut and flush out the previous occupants - no not the sandflies and mosquitoes, the two POMS. The day was spent fishing, being smoked to death by Neville's fire, drying tents, choosing the best campsites and of course playing cards. Later that day the other two groups joined us. A few medical problems - mainly Elspeth's ankle and infected bites, Fi's blisters, Neville's blisters and Natalie's supposed complete state of good health and fitness forced a decision to abort our previous plans of doing the Northern Circuit and adjourn to the pub via Freshwater. "That works for me!" cried us all.



**Sunset over Mason Bay, Stewart Island (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

It was about now that two catch phrases came into being. First "Sod off you bastard!!" to the sandflies from Neville and "I'm not scratching - honest!!" from Elspeth and later Fi and Neville. This was only December 28 but guess who should turn up? None other than Santa Claus himself, bearing gifts, balloons and yelling Merry Christmas and Happy New Year and apologizing for being late. He must have gotten lost somewhere between Bluff and Ruapuke Island. Santa's wife must have had him on a diet because he was looking rather thin. While Santa was here, we declared an early New Year's Eve and celebrated accordingly - where did all that booze come from??

Next morning we said goodbye to Mike and Dean's parties, then tackled Adams Hill, which after the heavy rain brought a whole new concept to the relatively simple art of walking downhill.



Basically, it was a mud shuffle. Mason Bay hut again for lunch, a cruisy afternoon playing cards and searching for kiwi (feathered ones) then the next day out to North Arm hut via the Freshwater bogs - who ever built that track had a pretty wicked sense of humour. Boardwalk a foot under the bog, and if you happened to miss a board it was a bottomless pit as Neville found out.



**The 'Chocolate Swamp' boardwalk, looking towards Mason Bay (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

New Year's Eve and what a beautiful day it was too. There was a little drizzle in the air but that was a refreshing change from the sun and heat. Time to put-on mud-covered boots and gaiters. Our mission, the pub for New Year's Eve was achieved. We reached Halfmoon Bay at 4pm on 31 December 1991, organised accommodation, showers, chippies and pub - in that order! New Year's Eve was an experience, the whole island was swinging with standing room only (if that) in the pub.

New Year's Day 1992, a bleary eyed, oh-wow it's morning after the night before. A gentle day recovering, exploring Halfmoon Bay with walks to Bathing Beach, Lonnickers Bay and Ringaringa Beach and generally sunbathing. Elspeth cooked paua for a complete stranger and enough for us as well. Happiness filled, we adjourned to the pub again.

Next day was an easy stroll to Port William. We arrived in time for lunch, swimming (most of us) and paua searching. An entertaining game of spoons, with Moana, Ruth and Mel who we met a couple of nights earlier, was had by us all that night. A fictional day trip to Big Bungaree was planned for the next day. Only Elspeth had a legitimate reason for not going but the sun, sand, seafood and board walks ensured all stayed behind. Paua was reaped from knee deep water and enjoyed by all at the hut. Neil, Dean and John arrived that night and Elspeth was embarrassed she didn't think to bring some Speights in for them.

Next day was another leisurely wander out to Oban to have a nice sit-down lunch, pie and chips with a cream cake, in nice clean surroundings. Then off to buy t-shirts to replace those fit never to be seen by human eyes ever again.

Neil gets the prize for being first into the pub. Straight down the hill, parked his pack outside and in he went! Left for a quick shower (45 minutes - who said women take a long time?) followed by fish and chips and back into the pub. He was almost the last to leave (even after the locals) and carried his pack home at closing time. John gets first prize for quickest to the fish and chip shop, didn't even stop to take his pack off!! Mike, Mary, Justin and Kay all joined us later on and a good night was spent just winding down and relaxing. A pub with no Speights didn't detract from the festivities too much.

January 6, time to head home, back to Dunedin on the 8am ferry, crossing on a dead flat sea and the odd penguin to be seen. A cruisy and by far enjoyable trip in excellent company to be bettered by none! A special thank you to Elspeth and Mike for organising it.

### **Grossest things I've seen in a while**

1. Peeing into the sunset
2. Tablespoons of dry milk powder being eaten straight
3. Little purple sausages that were once toes!?
4. A toothbrush doubled as a nail brush
5. Long johns used as a hanky and worn the next day
6. Plastic six pack rings being eaten?!

### **Xmas quotes**

1. Well, that's the furthest apart my legs have been for a long time
2. Who said there was mud on Stewart Island?
3. I'm not scratching - honest!
4. Silhouette in the sunset. Neville's favourite song!
5. There is an art to getting into Sub-Antarctic oceans
6. Am I wet yet?
7. I don't fart, my bottom belches occasionally.
8. Sod off you bastards!! - the sandflies

By Elspeth, Fiona, Natalie and Neville for the El, Fi, Nat & Nev.

## **A TRIP WITH A DIFFERENCE (BORLAND)**

**December 31, 1991 – January 1, 1992**

**Author: Michelle Williams**

Published in Bulletin 507, March 1992

Tuesday night was New Year's Eve and the start to another adventure. Instead of a tramping trip we decided to try an overnight cycle trip, in the area of Borland and Manapouri, where by foot it's long blistering work but bikes were made for it.

New Year's Eve was spent in Te Anau along with Liz. Then, early Wednesday we headed off and arrived at Borland Lodge around 9.30am. It wasn't long before JR had assembled his mountain bike and all three bikes were loaded with panniers. The gate here is no longer locked so access by vehicle is easily accessible.



**Sue and John Robinson on the Borland Road (PHOTO Michelle Williams)**

It was a gentle 3000 ft cycle up to the Borland Pass where time was taken not only for rests and munches, but to take in some of the views across the middle and northern branch to Borland and up to Mt. Titiroa with its impressive rock outcrops which dominate the skyline. It had been a two and half hour ride up to the pass where lunch was had with a cool breeze and low cloud now covering the peaks in behind the Grebe Valley. Three cars stopped also for the same view then carried on down to the South Arm of Lake Manapouri for a day trip. Just to think all that work and energy used in getting here when we could have done it like them in style and in a third of the time!

Down the other side, a gentle zig zag before high above the Grebe River the road drops steeply and sidles underneath the Hunter Mountains down to the valley floor. The scenery now changes into steep sided mountains, real Fiordland style carved out thousands of years ago. We took time out for a detoured walk into the Florence Stream to check out it's shelter which is a twenty-minute walk from the road. The shelter is not used much as it's in an area not only covered in millions of sandflies but bog which also covers the valley floor and most of the Florence Stream.

On the bikes again and down we flew as speed carried us quickly along the gravel road. Next thing I knew Sue was off her bike, still travelling at speed. There was no damage to her bike, but Sue was different as her leg looked a mess. For the first time ever, none of us had a first aid kit as room is scarce on a biking trip and we had not packed it. All we had was toilet paper and water which is not much use in this situation. Thankfully a 4X4 came past and while he didn't have a first aid kit, he did take Sue and her bike down to South Arm where a holiday fishing boat helped patch Sue up. We ended up camping on the shores of South Arm, set beautifully as our view looked straight down the arm to the Kepler Mountains.

After dinner JR and I decided to go for a ride up to Percy Saddle to check it out for future reference. Without panniers it was fast travel. The road climbed steeply up into the hanging valley of Percy which looked a very picturesque valley, except for the pylons which were an unpleasant sight. 1500ft the road climbs up almost vertical and we left our bikes to carry on walking until we had a clear view of Percy Saddle.

Dawn brought clear skies and thousands of sandflies. We got away to a good start, although Sue was a bit on the stiff side and quite sore. The ride back was hot and long. It was a bit like a roller coaster until that final grunt back up onto Borland Pass. From here it was a swift ride back down the hill to the car.

Michelle Williams for Sue and John Robinson



## OTMC SILVER PEAKS MARATHON 1992

**February 1, 1992**

**Author: Michelle Williams**

Published in Bulletin 507, March 1992

It's 12.24am and I am sitting up in bed drinking milo, my feet are in agony. My big toe is white nailed and red skinned. Six toenails are dead and two heels are pink, one with a burst blister.

I have just completed a day of fun in the outdoors along with the OTMC. It wasn't the usual trip that leaves at 9am, returning about 4pm with a leisurely day of walking. No, not at all. It was the once-a-year OTMC marathon. A challenge for some to race and others just to complete. The OTMC marathon covers a total distance of 60km where, throughout the day, height is climbed and descended of 10,000ft.

The day of excruciating entertainment begun on a Saturday morning at 4am. There were a total of eight starters and five bods who got up to support us. A photo of the starters and sharp on 4am we were away. Up through the bush on the Pineapple Track, head torches on. Russell got off to a running start and that was the last we saw of him. We soon split off into parties of two groups of three with Russell ahead and Mark slightly behind.



Poplar Hut, Mt Allan Forest (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

We were met at the Bull Ring at 5am by Peter, Antony and Debbie before the long blistering walk down the forestry road into Whare Flat. Dawn broke as we began our climb up the Chalkies onto Powder Hill. High cloud gave excellent route finding as we carried on around

towards Long Ridge. The gorse was thick and overgrown so a grovel was led by Arthur on hands and knees at one stage which brought us higher up as to detour it. Around onto Long Ridge then left down a short way before a right turn down into Big Stream. Munches time before the last hill, up and over to Poplar Hut and a welcome sight of Hugh where he had juice and a hot brew ready. More food, then the long and endless climb up over Mt John, which took us into the southern end of the Silver Peaks and down into Christmas Creek.



**Mt John Hut (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

We wandered around to Homestead Hut, my feet were beginning to get quite tender about now. Arthur too had sore toes by this stage. Trevor seemed OK, although times were getting tough as not only were his boots starting to fall apart, but his sun hat had shrunk! Back down into Christmas Creek and a steady climb up the peak on the true right of Christmas Creek.



Both Arthur and I knew it was a grovel if you tried to sidle so both Trevor and I followed Arthur up and over the summit. Right at this point the skies darkened and we were soon battling against strong winds, rain and hail. Within minutes the three of us felt miserable as we were cold, wet and tired. The only thing we were looking forward to was the happy sight of Peter and his wind flattened tent, hot Earl Grey and chocolate biscuits at The Gap. He too was accompanied by Antony who then kept us company along Rocky Ridge to Pulpit Rock and another passing wet spell. Down to Green Hut Site where four friendly faces awaited with water and juice.



**L-R: Antony Pettinger, Trevor McDonald & Arthur Blondell (behind) Michelle Williams, approaching The Gap, February 1, 1992 (PHOTO OTMC Archives)**

It was now 4pm, twelve hours after we had started and energy was low with sore feet, we still had Swampy to tackle. It was time to switch the mind off and leave the feet and legs to get on with it. The hard road along Swampy Summit seemed long and then we re-joined the Pineapple Track where at the bottom was the same welcoming committee that saw us off.

Michelle Williams for those seven other crazy bods: Arthur Blondell, Trevor McDonald, Russel Godfrey, Mark Planner, Mick Barrett, Shane Barrett and Rick Newland.

A special thanks for the supporters who took the early rise and supported us throughout the day: Debbie and Antony Pettinger, Peter Mason, Helen and Ken Williams, Hugh Dickson, Fiona Buchanan. It was very much appreciated.

# SILVER PEAKS TRIP REPORT

**February 22-23, 1992**

**Author: Not recorded (either Ted or Gary)**

Published in Bulletin 507, March 1992

Group members: Peter O'Driscoll (leader), Ted Chirnside and Gary Bartlett

To start with, it should be stressed that I was at no stage worried at the fact that our leader was an Irishman.

Our route took us along the same way as the six or so other parties who set off from Hightop, until Silver Peak #3 where we turned off over Rocky Ridge. The rest continued on down into the raging metropolis of Jubilee Hut, while we enjoyed the solitude on the ridge.



**Yellow Ridge, Silver Peaks Scenic Reserve (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

After enduring the longest first day of any of the parties, we should have had a full night's beauty sleep. This was not to be. Instead, we were forced to sit around a campfire (with the smell of singed socks in the air) listening to Elspeth and Brynley's bloody Shaggy Dog tale.

Day two opened with a heavy fog hanging around the hills but this soon lifted and we were on our way again. A relatively easy day's tramp with lunch at Yellow Hut with Peter Mason (on his way up) took us down to the river. Here Peter O'D of his own free will, took a bath in the pool which everyone was drinking from. Finally, a gut-wrenching trudge up the hillside to the road where the coach should have been. It arrived an hour late during which time we all got a chance to try our previously unused raincoats.

Special thanks to Peter for a great weekend.



## A FAIRY TALE (BUSHCRAFT SILVER PEAKS 1992)

**February 22-23, 1992**

**Author: Not recorded**

Published in Bulletin 507, March 1992

Once upon a time, not so very long ago, far far away in the land of Silver Peaks there were three trampers, a leader and two Bushcrafters. Their names were Russell, Peter, and Geri. One day they decided to go for a meander in the hills, so on a sunny Saturday morning they left the OTMC clubrooms with a lot of fellow apprentice trampers and their leaders.

The bus stopped at the top of the motorway and the three got out. They were laughed at by their peers who thought it odd that anyone would want to walk an extra two hours more than really necessary. The bus departed and breakfast was served. Muesli bars (homemade of course!) were on the menu. Pete seemed to find them awfully amusing and Russell thought that his party were a bit insane.

The group started out, and within two minutes were surrounded by non-discriminating person swallowing mud. A competition was held to find the person most stuck in the mud. Geri won hands down (or knees down to be more exact) The rest of the day passed slowly. Lunch and afternoon tea were shared with various other groups punctuated with long map reading sessions in which it was discovered that Pete's compass was 12 degrees different to everyone else's! The "happy" wanderers arrived at the bottom of the Devil's Staircase at approximately 5.50pm after leaving Green Hill at 3pm.



OTMC Bushcraft Silver Peaks Trip – Tent Fly Pitching, Cave Stream (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Camp was made after a lot of deliberation on tent sites. Members of other groups would come and visit at various intervals and comment on how much food they had. The explanation was that one member of the party didn't come at the last minute and all the food had already been bought and brought. \*\*\*\*\* (censored) wanted to know exactly how heavy is a 1kg block of cheese. Answer HEAVY. Teatime arrived and Pete discovered that he had forgotten his plate and cutlery. Russell had forgotten his aluminium plate for the cheesecake and it was decided to make it in the box. Russell 'MacGuyver' Godfrey took up the challenge. He cut out one side of the box, placed it in the bottom to reinforce it and proceeded to line the box with a plastic New World bag. All taped together with blister tape. The base of the cheesecake was pressed into the mould but much to everyone's consternation it was discovered that the piece of box used as a reinforcer actually contained the instructions! The three adventurers discovered something very important that night. If you put twice as much water into the cheesecake than you are meant to, it is very RUNNY.



The OTMC Jubilee Hut toilet (PHOTO Barry Atkinson, Department of Conservation)



The night passed peacefully for our three adventurers. Only one rock and one huge hollow were discovered (right in the middle of the fly as Murphy's Law would have it). The next morning Jubilee Hut was visited along with the 'room with a view' (I think it was the Muesli). Then the ABC Cave was on the agenda. Unfortunately, they are not easy to find but fortunately they are worth it. Along to The Gap for lunch (only 250gm left of cheese).



**Silver Peaks – on Rocky Ridge looking north towards The Gap (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

Down Yellow Ridge to a stream and up the steepest straight piece of track the two novice trampers had ever encountered (with full packs) in their short lives. The bus arrived and home the weary travellers headed, into the sunset (OK, OK it was misty and raining but fairy tales are meant to have good endings)

## STEWART ISLAND DIARY

**December 30, 1991 – January 5, 1992**

**Author: Not recorded**

Published in Bulletin 507, March 1992

Boxing Day was brilliantly fine, giving a splendid overview of Stewart Island as we flew into Doughboy Bay. We ducked in through a low saddle, banked round at the head of the bay and landed on the sand as smooth as a seagull. Three flights and 11 trampers and packs were all on the beach around midday. Elspeth's party left for Mason Bay, but we spent the day beach roaming, fishing, swimming and eating heavy tucker and getting over jet lag!



**Derelict tractor at Island Hill farm, near Mason Bay, Stewart Island (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

27 December: Tramped over to Mason Bay. We looked in at the derelict Kilbride Farm at the South end of the bay. There we found a small mob of neglected looking woolly sheep; males complete with tails and other accessories. Castration wasn't part of management, which was all the more surprising as the name on the gate showed the place was owned by a woman!

28 December: It was a wet morning at the Mason Bay hut and without Penelope Barr's forecasts we had to resort to old British mythology as told by an old Britton who is not yet a myth. Mike Floate said "rain before 7am, clear by 11am" and it did just that on three mornings. The weather throughout was good. The dreaded Stewart Island mud was in remission. The Bungaree Hut tank was empty and the locals were talking 'drought'. As the rain cleared, we stomped over Mason Head and before Eddie Lyttle and the other Peg 41 Road farmers start



cheering, I have to explain that this was not the ginger haired, bespectacled Mason's Head but a promontory to the north of Mason Bay. We caught up with Elspeth's party at Little Hellfire. Elspeth was hobbling around wearing numerous, very gaudy, swollen insect bites and so they decided that the next day they would take the direct route overland (via Freshwater) back to Oban for some R&R.

Therefore, as this was the last night we would be together, it was party time! Mike, dressed in red long johns, red hooded parka and natural white beard made an excellent Santa dispensing party hats, balloons and buffoonery. In typical tramper campfire style we passed around a bottle, tried to sing OTMC songs, passed around a bottle, ate cheesecake, passed around a bottle, Neville punctured balloons, passed around a bottle, told naughty stories and emptied all the bottles. The symbolic final act for that ripper of a party and a poignant gesture to close a difficult 1991 was a vividly silhouetted tramper peeing into the western glow of the near sub-Antarctic midnight sun.

29 December: On the way to Waituna we visited Big Hellfire. Westerly gales blowing sand from Big Hellfire beach up a valley and through a 220m (700ft) saddle. We ran from the saddle to the beach in 3 minutes - sandhills beat shingle slides for rate of descent. Big Hellfire is a majestic beach - sandy, big cliffs, caves, tunnel, and waterfall marred enough fishing flotsam to equip a Taiwanese armada. Ropes, nets, floats, plastic containers, fish boxes and local fisherfolk have done their share of desolation as the fish crates with 'stolen from Otakou Fisheries' on them attest.



**Maori Beach, near Port William – part of the Rakiura Track or the North-West Circuit (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

30 December: From Waituna over Raggedy Range, and north to East Raggedy Beach. Though not high, Raggedy Range has striking rock formations along its crest. The former hut site of

East Raggedy provided a good levelling camp site, closer to the beach than the present small hut.

31 December: We lunched in the Long Harry Hut. From the cliffs, fish could be seen in the clear water of the small bay below. Most days we threw fishing lines off the rocks and caught a total of 18 fish. Our true New Year Eve was spent at Smoky (no 'e' on signs) Bay.

Accommodation here was again a Manuka pole frame with tatters of polythene augmented with fishing cast-offs as cladding - fairly standard architecture for the west coast of Stewart Island - so we carried a tent and fly.

New Year's Day: From Smoky Bay to Yankee River (where we looked in at the hut) then Lucky Bay and Christmas Village where we stayed in the old hut.

2 January: Up Mt Anglem (930m) which is the highest point on the island. Again, a gloriously clear day, just as when we flew close by a week previously, only now more time to sit on a rock absorbing it all.

3 January: Between Christmas Village and Port William we passed along more beautiful beaches - Murray Beach and Bungaree. I have to report to the OTMC expatriate penguin, Teresa, that most beaches were tested for swimmability and passed.

4 January: An easy amble out from Port William to Oban with laundering of all clothes on Maori Beach. We spent the evening sampling the delights of Oban - fish and chips and beer.

5 January: Another fine day for an early smooth crossing on the Foveaux Express.

Thanks to Dean Peterson (leader) and Neil Duncan for all the good food, fine weather and companionship on a memorable tramp.

## OHOU ORDEAL

**March 7-8, 1992**

**Author: Sue Williams**

Published in Bulletin 508, April 1992

We all had an uneventful trip up to Ohau in the bus with the usual stop at Oamaru for greasies. We were dropped off at the Temple Shelter at about 11pm and as the weather was so balmy Dave, Lindsay and I slept out under the stars. Jo opted for a hard bench in the shelter.



**Upper South Temple valley from un-named peak (2005m) 1km to the east of Mt Maitland  
(PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

We were up with the sandflies in the morning at 8am and after a bit of a problem with the stove, we set off at the respectable time of 10am up the South Temple. It was a nice tramp up through bush, open flats and some really big scree slopes. We arrived at the last patch of beech forest at about 3pm and decided to make camp. We then set off for a walk further up the valley. We lost the track in the scrub a bit at one stage and Dave assured us all that grovelling through scrub is good for the soul.

We kept our eyes open for Antony and Peter's pirates struggling down the scree from the North Temple. Eventually we headed back to camp and began to prepare a small feast. A point worth noting; if you like good porridge take Lindsay with you. We had a big discussion on desserts and Jo is the person to take in that line. Our party was true gourmets! We began with soup (un-boiled-over first time ever?!) main course, delissimo pudding followed by toasted marshmallows, whiskey and Stones Green Ginger wine.





**South Temple side of Gunsight Pass (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

We took it easy on Sunday with plenty of stops to lie down in the sun. It's a well-known fact that if there is time to stop, there is time to lie down. We came upon Antony and Peter's parties wallowing in the river. We decided not to swim as they were not smiling when they came out!

We had a good laze in the sun at the carpark and soon we were on our way back home.

Thanks Jo, Lindsay and Dave for a relaxing weekend. By Sue Levick



# A WEEKEND AT MT TITIROA?

**March 21-22, 1992**

**Author: Neville Mulholland**

Published in Bulletin 508, April 1992

Our destination was Lake Manapouri (or so we thought). We travelled through the pouring rain to reach Gore for tea and then to Lake Manapouri to camp the night but shortly after turning off at The Key we misplaced the Lake Manapouri turn-off. We turned back and made our way to the Princhester Hut in Takitimu where eight of us slept in the six bunk hut where three other people were already sleeping.

An early start at 7am (or whenever) had us up and running around having breakfast on a nice snowy Saturday morning. Most of the Taki's and most of the other Fiordland Mountains were lightly covered in snow and/or clag so along with Ken's help we decided against going to Lake Manapouri. With Ken behind the wheel of the van we took a cruise into Te Anau to the National Park HQ. Ken drives with a masterful conviction of an ace rally driver, particularly with the way he changes gear, toots the horn and hits the break almost simultaneously. We had a look around at the NPHQ in Te Anau, looked at the weather forecast, and some maps then decided on a new place to go tramping for the weekend. Off to Mavora Lakes we went and up the Kiwi Burn we headed.



No less than an hour after we left the van we reached the Kiwi Burn Hut, just in time for lunch. After a long relaxing lunch everyone else organised themselves to go for a wander further up the valley in the snowy weather while I stayed behind in the nice, warm, dry hut and read my

book. Dean cooked our party a nice filling dinner, the preparation of which involved me having to cut up a chicken so I had to do a lot of quality controlling for this job. Early to bed that night after a strenuous day.

Sunday was another early 8am rise after all we did have a long and enduring 2½ hour walk out during which there was the odd outbreak of snow ball throwing followed by swift counter attacks, including a very cunning attack on our dear editor by an excessively tall man in a red shirt (suitable vengeance is still to be sought). Lunch was had just inside the bush by the swing bridge across the Mararoa River to South Mavora Lake while Dean, Ken and I drove to the lake in the van. Then while Ken and Dean went for a walk I stayed in the nice, cosy, warm van and read my book.

Everyone returned and we all packed up and headed back to Dunedin. Snowflakes were steadily falling as we left the Mavora Lakes area and as we drove home in the van most of us slept (except for the driver) which is not surprising after the tough 3½ hours of walking we had done.

By Neville Mulholland for Dean Peterson and Lillas Allison, thanks guys for a great weekend.

## HUNTER VALLEY – SEEN FROM A BICYCLE SEAT

**April 17 – 20, 1992**

**Author: Michelle Williams**

Published in Bulletin 509, May 1992

We were rudely awakened early Good Friday morning to the sound of pitter patter on our tent. The weather forecast was wrong again! It didn't take us long for breakfast as we shared our food with those pesky wee buggers called sandflies.



**Sue Robinson outside Little Boundary Hut, Hunter Valley (PHOTO Michelle Williams)**

The bike ride into Dingle Burn Station up the east side of Lake Hawea was a cruise to the rest of the day, where the road was still negotiable by even a two-wheel drive car. JR had lunch with us under the only dry tree we had come across, then he and Sue said their goodbyes and off he went back to the car and the Wanaka Air Show the next day. From here the road was definitely 4WD and low gear on our bikes. Constant drizzle and rough riding with heavy panniers made it tough going. By the time we got to Green Bush Hut, it was 4.30pm and both Sue and I were stuffed. Quickly we made ourselves at home with an excellent feed as we sat and watched the sun set over Lake Hawea. Even more so as the cloud had begun to disperse. We had only begun to settle into our cosy beds when up pulled a Hiace, crammed with seven students and dozens of tinnies. No hut etiquette was used, and the place was instantly overrun. Sue and I knew that the night was going to be long and noisy so at 8.30pm out we went and pitched the tent.

Next morning there was a heavy dew but clear skies, so we packed up and were away by 9am. Our first task was to cross the Hunter River. Sue took the direct route straight across, but I think she should have taken a course in bike flotation as all I could see was Sue's head and her panniers bobbing about with a distressed call for help. We set up camp just short of Little



Boundary Hut where we had a brew and a quick drying of gear before cycling up towards the head of the Hunter as far as Ferguson Hut. Without panniers the going was much quicker and the road, at times, was across small creeks. Cycling was fun and we had quite a laugh as we struggled to keep upright over the boulders.

The scenery was stupendous although hard to take it in as our eyes had to be glued to the route we were taking as not to get a puncture or worse damage our bikes. We arrived back at our camp spot at 4.30pm to find our camp was surrounded by cows.



**Michelle Williams, Hunter Valley (PHOTO Michelle Williams)**

Dawn broke overcast and with a slight breeze. We packed and with soggy feet we were off down the valley to the High Burn Creek at the head of Lake Hawea where we set up camp and left our bikes as we took a tramp up into the High Burn Valley. The track up is, at times, very indistinct where even markers are only occasional. Sue and I enjoyed it as it gave our bottoms a rest. Once up into the open hanging valley, it was beautiful with golden tussock and Mt Patriarch at the head of the valley. Two hours for lunch in the warm sunshine before we decided to head back. We arrived at camp to find JR had returned bringing with him a few luxury treats.

Easter Monday and there was not a cloud in the sky. The views were excellent as we headed south down the west side of Lake Hawea where we were passed, by the odd 4WD loaded with hunters or fisherman going in the opposite direction. From the High Burn, the road was in excellent condition compared to what we had already travelled over. Apart from the roller coaster road out, it was an excellent end to an enjoyable trip.

Michelle Williams for Sue and John Robinson



## **LANDROVER SAFARI – ARTHUR'S PASS 1992**

**April 17 – 21, 1992**

**Author: Neville Mulholland**

Published in Bulletin 509, May 1992

After a six-hour trip in the comfort of the back of the van we finally reached Klondike Corner on SH73 where we camped on Thursday night. Malcolm and I pitched our tent barely three metres from the main road and despite the loud thunder of trucks passing in the night (at all hours) we had a very good night's sleep, and were ready to rise at 7.30pm on Friday morning.

Breakfast was enjoyed in the crisp morning air, carefully interluded with a thorough forensic search of the campsite for Mike's pofta pad valve, then pack up time and move on to new destinations. Mike carefully stowed his car just off the main highway and on foot we crossed the Bealey River at the Mingha Junction and delved into the Edwards Valley. The Edwards Valley is an easy valley to walk up with its shingle river banks, except for one short break where we had to climb about 50m to gain about 20m distance. Then another climb up a spur to navigate around two very nice waterfalls into an upper valley where we found a nice cosy hut and some slightly deranged Lincoln students. They were an interesting group who claimed they were from the Landrover Club (boys out for a weekend away from their mums) A firewood hunting session and time to relax over a Gin before dinner.



**Edwards Hut (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

Now at this point in our story I would like to say there was absolutely and under no condition any under-age drinking in our party. We had a very high police presence in our party through Lynn and seeing as how we also had a youthful presence through a 16-year-old Malcolm, we unanimously voted Malcolm an honorary 20 year old, so there was no under-age drinking. We had a few games of 500 (cards) over dinner which took us to bedtime at the not too unreasonable hour of 9.30pm. The Lincoln contingent continued with their card games and partying. After not much more than 15 minutes of trying to sleep I went and joined in the activities, not at all influenced by the offer of a glass of port. Malcolm saw the light (or the candle) as well and came to the part(y). As the saying goes, if you can't beat 'em, join 'em and so we did. The party went on for a bit with the pass(ing of) the Black Bitch (more cards). One of the Lincoln contingent, a man named Jack, who was a bit dubious at the soberest of times became quite an entertainment feature after a few drinks. Jack went outside for a wander just before bedtime and when he hadn't returned his friends (all three of them) went searching. They found him asleep behind the hut. Jack came back in and started apologising to everyone for making such a scene.

Despite being a weekend holiday, there was no sleeping in or slacking around so it was another 7.30am rise and after checking out the Lincoln hangover situation and reading comments in the hut book about landrovers and elephants and giraffe sightings, we headed up valley to Taruahuna Pass. Taruahuna Pass was created when the side of Falling Mountain fell off, leaving a large deposit of rock between the Edwards River and west branch of the Otehake River. From Taruahuna Pass we climbed to Tarn Col which was a short but steep grunt which rewarded us with some grand views in all directions. We had a break for lunch beside a tarn, then a blast into the east branch of the Otehake River via a scree slope, which we ran down. Saturday night was spent at a great wee campsite about two kilometres short of Walker Pass, beside a warm campfire. The evening of storytelling was cut short by the rain, so we retired to our respective tents.

You know it's really amazing who you run into when you think you are in the hills isolated from civilisation. At Christmas time on a little beach called Little Fire on Stewart Island, we were visited by Santa Claus and on this Easter Sunday morning, who do you think should visit us? It was none other than the Easter Bunny, in all his chocolate bearing glory. We were surprised and astonished, fancy being found by the Easter Bunny! It certainly was a much-needed moral boost.

Sunday morning was a continuation of Saturday night with the rain continuing so we forced ourselves to stay in our warm, cosy sleeping bags in the tents until a timely departure during a break in the weather about 10am. We trekked up onto Walker Pass through the rather irritating, sub-alpine scrub with the odd snowberry and Mountain Totara berry to nibble on. Walker Pass and a tarn gave us a very privileged sighting of two little blue ducks. The Hawdon Hut book also makes reference to a landrover on Amber Col and an elephant drinking at a tarn but we only saw the two whio and four or five people who had never see a whio before, so it was something quite special.





**Falling Mountain, upper Edwards Valley (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

On the other side of Walker Pass we were in the Hawdon Valley in a stream called Twin Falls Creek, which is probably called that because it has two rather spectacular waterfalls tumbling side by side 20m over a beech clad bluff. Lower down in the Hawdon Valley we were finally out of the clouds and rain and finally warming up. Hawdon Hut was a nice dry lunch spot so much so that we stayed the night there and so it was back to the 500 games (yep - cards again, Malcolm 6 games, Neville 0 - vengeance still to be sought). Secure in the knowledge that we each had a bunk, while we watched the hordes of people coming in and oh, yes, it's our drunken friends from Lincoln. They looked relieved from not having carried those full bottles of port, Baileys, 3L wine cask, ½ dozen tinny's, etc from Edwards Hut. Actually, they still had half a bottle of Baileys which they wouldn't allow themselves to be bribed out of. Another, not quite so late night and time to sort the snorers from the rest of us (I'm not allowed to mention Mike and Malcolm and snorers in the same sentence).

Monday morning - God, I hate Monday mornings except when it is a holiday and I am getting paid to tramp. Another early rise and clean up the hut before plodding down the Hawdon Valley to its junction with the Sudden Valley Stream where we had a lunch stop and an hour-long sleep in the sun and sandflies. The powers of darkness were nearly upon us as the sun was sinking below the hills so it was time to move upstream. Further up the Sudden Valley at a point where the valley closed in quite considerably, we were directed up a rather steep gut named The Devil's Shute but misappropriately given another similar sounding but more offensive name. An hour long climb and sidle up valley took us to the top of a rather grand Barrier Falls. We stood at the top and took photos and looked over in awe. Then further up the alley again we found a wide open flat place to camp upon in the disappearing sun. We

pitched our tents and went for a quick wander to the head of Sudden Valley to look for the Biv. Here again in the Biv book we found reference to landrovers and elephants.

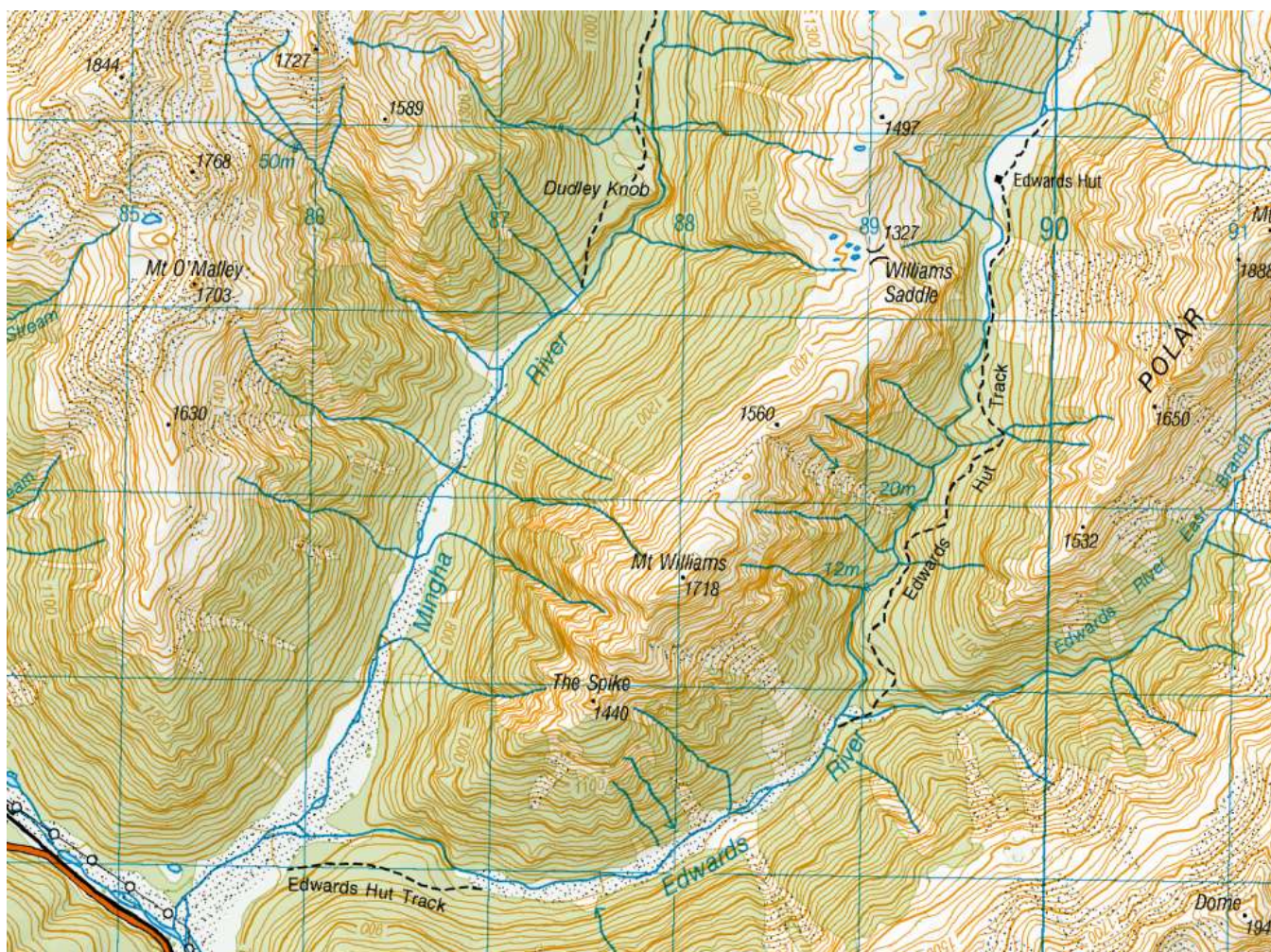
Back at the campsite we got a fire going. It was a beautifully clear evening and a starry, starry night by the campfire after another fine meal cooked by Mike, precluded by Loraine's whiskey and Lynn's gin then followed by a nice cup of coffee with my rum, all around Malcolm's fire. At about 8.30pm the early birds went to bed which is about the time that they discover the icing on the ground or rather the frost on the ground, boots, tents, socks and other gear. It wasn't just a light covering of frost either, the tents were stiff as boards and so were my socks, not to mention boots and it was only 8.30pm! I woke in the very, very early morning to discover the foot of my sleeping bag had frozen fast to the end of the tent.

Tuesday morning, due to the lack of any real warmth inside our sleeping bags, we got up (getting paid again at the early time of 7am). Malcolm had the fire going again which was very much appreciated by all present including the kea who visited. Back to the good old days when our ancestors used to use heated rocks to keep warm. An ancient art historically revived by Loraine and later practiced by us all except the kea who didn't have any pockets. I thawed my frozen socks over the fire (over-thawed only one of them). We all took turns at thawing our frozen boots over and around the fire (I over-thawed both of mine in various places). Once the dishes were defrosted enough to wash we had breakfast. While dismantling Malcolm's tent we discovered enough powdered frost to have a small snow fight. Shortly before dismantling the well-built fire, I placed two sturdy logs across it and stood upon them to keep warm, this worked quite well except for the overheating of one boot.

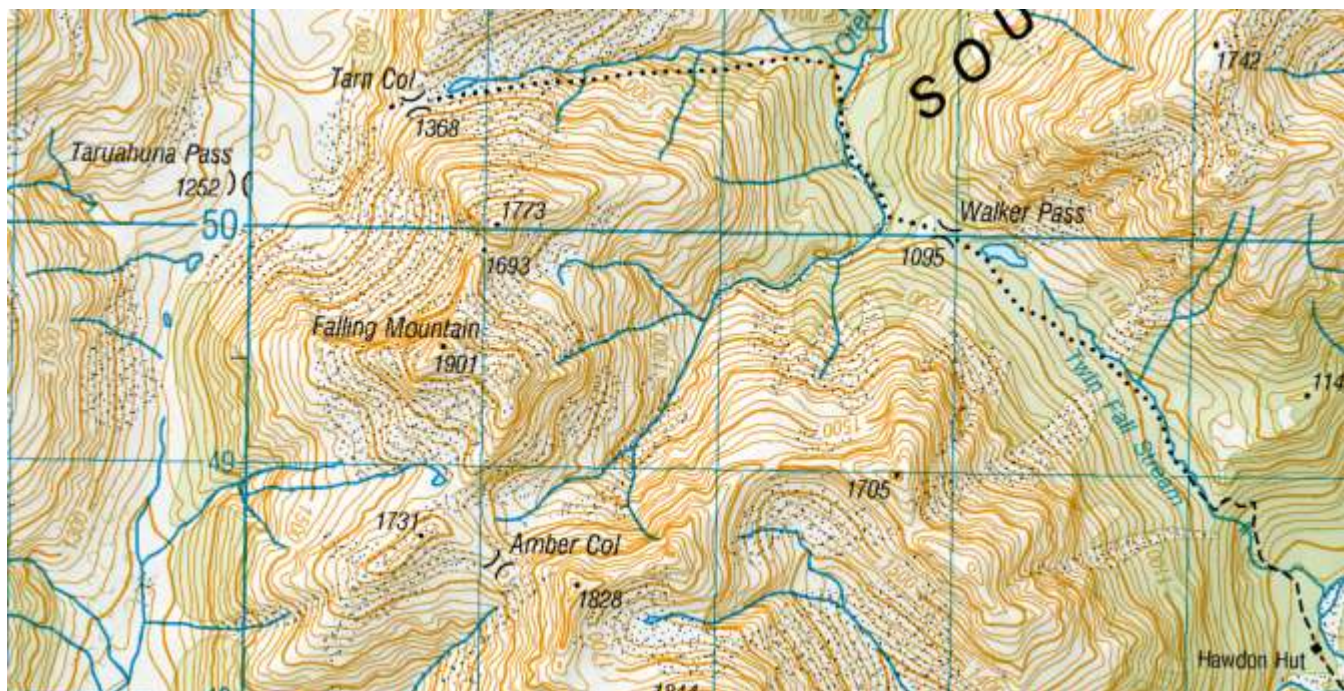
We were off again (not surprisingly after 4 days in the hills) farewelled by a rather adventurous kea. Back at the top of Devil's Shute Malcolm valiantly carried Loraine's pack for her to the bottom of the valley (a gentlemanly act which could well be exemplified by others of us). Once again on Sudden Valley floor we took a short packless excursion up the valley to see how close we could get to the base of Barrier Falls but were stopped only 50m short. An uneventful two hours and one lunch break later we were at the Hawdon Valley Shelter and car park where we were met by our chauffeur named Paul who drove us to the main road and van. Oh and guess what we came across - two landrovers and no elephants!

For a first time tramping in Arthur's Pass, I found the area to be a really nice place to go tramping. The location and scenery was enhanced even more by the tremendous company provided by the party who were Mike Floate (leader, chef extraordinaire and AKA Easter Bunny), Lorraine Craighead (co-chef and historian), Lynn Donaldson (law enforcement officer and photographic records division), Malcolm Spittle (chief fire-lighter, honorary 20 year old, card shark, entertainment advisor, late night party remnant and true gentleman), Neville Mulholland (scribe, co-fire-lighter, late night party remnant and electric fence tester)





Above: SH73 to Edwards Hut



Above: upper Edwards Valley – Tarn Col – Walker Pass – Twin Fall Stream – Hawdon Hut (& Valley)



## **BEN RUDD'S REVEGETATION PROJECT**

**April 11-12, 1992**

**Author: Richard Pettinger**

Published in Bulletin 509, May 1992

Two fine days marked this Autumn's work on our property at Ben Rudd's. On the Saturday Eric Lord, Ross Chambers and I, accompanied by Tracy and Vincent, moved 40 beech tree seedlings from by Flagstaff Creek onto the former plantation site. It took 2 hours 20 minutes from start to finish to locate, lift, transport, replant the seedlings, and survey the areas for the following day's work. A very good morning's work.



**Gordon and Marie McDonald at Ben Rudd's Shelter, April 1992 (PHOTO OTMC Archives)**

The reason we have focused on beech is that last year's plantings of beech appear to have been of almost complete success. The spreading of manuka capsules and slash has led to scattered patches of thick manuka seedlings, like a carpet in some places. All very satisfying! Sadly, the replanted native forest species from the pine plantations seem to have been eaten, by hares perhaps? They were maybe a little too leggy, having been in a dark, windless environment, so the plantation site may have been a bit of a shock to them!

The Sunday saw Peter Mason busying himself with preparations for erecting the loo by the shelter, while the rest of us fetched and carried for him and pulled up the many various weed species that were growing close to the path from the plantation site to the shelter. After doing that, we concentrated on clearing weeds from an area of the plantation site that had been targeted last Spring. This was quite effective, and we now have a good area ready for replanting in natives. There are some lovely potential picnic sites in clear areas all over that

part. By late afternoon, however, we had arrived at the spot that has never been cleared, due to running out of energy on previous work parties. This spot marks the start of quite an extensive area (mainly blackberry) that now can only be dealt with by spraying, which is a great pity, as there are many natives under the weeds. Some beech seedlings mark the boundary of this bad area and, if the blackberry or spray drift knocks out those trees, it will break our hearts more than looking at the mass of blackberry did that Sunday afternoon! I should point out that the blackberry that we did not pull up last year was very hard to get out. It is only the new growth that seems to come out completely with little effort - (all that is needed is leather palmed gloves).

Unfortunately, there were not enough present to carry out the other work that badly needs doing, such as poisoning unwanted trees or stumps. Ken did some felling of trees above the shelter. On the Saturday, Eric spent some time assessing the results of last year's use of Ammate XL on larches (inconclusive at this stage). When we had had sufficient beer and back-patting, we headed home, leaving Peter and Ken to carry on until dusk, when Peter was preparing to spray some areas.

A decision was made to accentuate the positive (as they say) and plant some more beech seedlings in the appropriate types of places. Ross Chambers is going to organise this for us, and it will happen for about 3 hours on the morning of 23 May. If you haven't been on one of our project working parties, here's a good opportunity to case yourself in.

On the Sunday 9.5 person days of effort went into the project. My thanks to the following: Murray Smith, Bruce Appleton, Jonette Service, Peter Mason, Gordon and Marie McDonald, Wendy Bond, David Barnes, Ken Mason, Don Cocks, Sue Levick, Rene Nol and Michael Nol.

Richard Pettinger



# BATTLE OF MT LUXMORE

**May 30 – June 1, 1992**

**Author: Neville Mulholland**

Published in Bulletin 510, June 1992

If you have never been up at 5.30am on a very cold, frosty Dunedin morning then it's an experience to be experienced. Even our dear President experienced it. I personally got out of bed at 5.30am, about 5 seconds after I woke up and realised the alarm was ringing. The alarm had been ringing since 4.30am because that is what time I was supposed to be up and packed, and have breakfast and get to the club rooms by 5.45am. Instead, I called a taxi, then packed while I was waiting. Fifteen minutes after I got out of bed, I was at the clubrooms ready to board the bus. Not bad considering the roads were icy and the taxi driver wouldn't go over 50km.



Looking across Lake Te Anau from Brod Bay (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

We boarded the bus all bright and cheery and were soon on our way to Rainbow Reach, via Gore where we stopped for breakfast. Dean was disgusted by the number of people who had a greasy mutton pie for brekky. We arrived at Rainbow Reach at about 10.30am and dropped off those parties starting the Kepler from there. Then the bus drove us to the Te Anau Control Gates where we alighted, collected packs, changed into suitable clothing and strolled off to leisurely wander up towards Mt Luxmore. A quick lunch break was had at Brod Bay where several despicable persons offered to polar plunge me into the lake. A total of 3½ after leaving the Control Gates we were at Luxmore Hut. Not bad considering the sign said 5 hours. Being at the hut at 3.30pm meant that I had time to listen to the end of the rugby on my Walkman. A little bit of the usual light drinking and unclean story telling went on in the hut until bedtime. Luxmore Hut is quite a comfortable hut and very warm as well.

Sunday morning and we were up and about, ready to go by 9am. We commenced our short climb up the track around Mt Luxmore, taking a quick break to climb to the peak of Mt Luxmore itself, where we had spectacular views of Lake Te Anau, Lake Manapouri and all the surrounding lower valley and flats were covered in a blanket of very low cloud so all we could see were the mountains above the cloud. We were visited by the abominable snowman, actually it looked a lot like Trevor McDonald so we threw snow balls at it. We had a photo session and a bit of target practise with the snowballs. Ian McElhinney was both the camera man and the target.



**South Fiord of Lake Te Anau from the Kepler Track (near Mt Luxmore) (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

On the track again and we followed it across the Kepler Mountains to the emergency shelter above the Iris Burn. As we neared the shelter, we spotted the enemy (those doing the Kepler clockwise) who were already at the shelter waiting for us, so we started to plan our battle strategy in order to defend ourselves against an onslaught. Onslaught is exactly what we got and how very unprovoked an attack we got. Do I have a big death wish written on my forehead as I was the centre of the attack!!?! We were approaching the shelter when all of a sudden I was pounced upon by 10, no 20 rather large people (well actually there were only 5) and one Fi throwing snowballs aimed directly at me. I retaliate in the best and only way I know how. After all they say, the best form of defence is attack. I hit nearly all of my assailants in the head with my missiles. I also got in a couple of retaliatory shots at Dean (who was on my side) for a small incident which happed on a previous trip. Then I launched a couple of totally unprovoked attacks of my own, just so as to not be seen as being too passive.

After, or rather during and after the battle we found time to have lunch in the glorious sunshine, amongst the splendid scenery, while watching Neil launch his SCUD snowballs at the

fleeing opposition. Lunch and the battle were both soon over, so we packed up and started the downhill stretch to the Iris Burn Hut. We reached the Iris Burn Hut at about 3.30pm. The other parties weren't kidding about the frost. The Iris Burn must be in the shade all day because you could see frosting on the ground from days gone by. The hut (just as we had been informed) was about -4C on the inside, with ice frozen on the inside of the windows. We got the fire going asap and soon had the hut at a nice warm 10C. After tea some of us had a late-night game of 500 while others sat around the fire and talked till bedtime.



**Iris Burn Hut, Kepler Track in warmer conditions (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

Monday morning was not too bad, after all we were waking up in the Iris Burn Hut. The frost was gone because it had blown away in the wind. My party was supposed to bring me brekky in bed, except for one small technicality, I was supposed to cook it. We were fed, packed and away by 8am. Actually, we forced ourselves to have an early start as we thought we had a long day to get out by 3.30pm. The Iris Burn is quite a nice, peaceful valley to walk through. Lunch was at the Moturau Hut at about 12 noon, only four hours after leaving Iris Burn Hut (the sign said 6 hours). I was a little disappointed because with only 1½ to go, we could have stayed in bed another 2 hours. We reached Rainbow Reach well before time and had just settled down to relax when who should turn up? None other than David B who I had thought I'd gotten rid of at lunch yesterday. The bus arrived and we jumped on and headed back to Gore and then home to Dunedin.

Despite being nearly polar plunged and very ruthlessly attacked with snowballs, without provocation I might add, I had a very enjoyable trip made even more enjoyable by the good company.

Neville Mulholland for Lindsay Warburton, Ross Chambers, Ian McElhinney and Craig McKay



## KEPLER TRACK

**May 30 – June 1, 1992**

**Author: Fiona Buchanan**

Published in Bulletin 510, June 1992

Elsbeth heroically dropped Neil, Ian, Vickie and me off at 5.45am at the bus - what a flatmate! When asked by Vickie whether it was normally frosty at this time, the answer was "How would I know, I'm never up at this time!" The bus stopped inevitably in Gore for loo and breakfast. We arrived at Rainbow Reach at approximately 10.15am. A saunter to Moturau Hut for lunch (via Shallow Bay). After lunch we had a brisk walk to Rocky Ridge and then realised we had more time than we thought so slowed down to a medium pace to Iris Burn Hut.

The Iris Burn valley is "where the sun don't shine" in the winter. The sun's trajectory never reaches the valley floor and hence it is frosty all day. We arrived at the hut late in the afternoon to find the temperature inside the hut at -4C and dropping. It was a bit of a cold night there, but a yummy three course meal cheered us up. We feel that our Black Death with custard was better than Eric's pavlova (although it might not have looked as impressive)



**Kepler Track Tops (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

We all knew there was a bit of a grunt of a climb early the next day and so not too much alcohol was consumed. Once the grunt was over the views were well worth it. We couldn't have had a better day for walking along the tops and we had lunch at the first emergency shelter. This is where we met up with the other half of the trip party (doing the Kepler anti-

clockwise). We could see them coming and so we were well prepared with snowballs. Dave L got most of the pummelling as he was foolish enough to be first, however we saved a few for Neville and Dean.

After lunch it was a leisurely walk along the tops. Some parties made a practise climb of Mt Luxmore, however our party just walked up Mt Luxmore (dig, dig DB). The walk down to Luxmore Hut was marred by my party ganging up on me. The snow was perfect for snowballs and I was showing quite some restraint by not attacking from behind when quite unprovoked they (Dennis and Rene) turned on me. I didn't have time to make my own snowballs but relied on catching theirs and returning them swiftly to the head. It was then time for a bit of a run down to the hut to keep at arm's length.

Luxmore Hut was relatively warm compared to Iris Burn where the sun don't shine. A good night was had by all despite having some noisy cavers who returned in the middle of the night and made a hell of a racket. Vickie asked them to settle down but was too polite and so Dennis got out of bed and shone a light in their faces and asked them if they wanted to sleep outside or shut up. That did the trick and not another squeak was heard all night.



**Jackson Peaks from the Kepler Track (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

The next day we bundled up and put on our miners lights and went to explore the caves. We looked much like three of the seven dwarves heading off to work and so we sang "Hi Ho Hi Ho, it's off to work we go ...) I think we were Grumpy, Dopey and Bashful. We then had three choices: 1) was to get down to the bus pick up point on time 2) was to get down early and walk back to Rainbow Reach where we started or 3) get down early, drop packs and walk the same amount of time to the pub. It was a hard decision, but the Speights was nice.

Thanks guys for a great weekend, by Fiona



## ROB ROY FOR QUEENS BIRTHDAY

**May 30 – June 1, 1992**

**Author: Doug Forrester**

Published in Bulletin 511, July 1992

Marcus Milne, Arthur Blondell, Paul Bingham and Doug Forrester, decided it was time to hit the mountains again. Snow conditions in Mt. Cook region were regarded as unsafe, so someone suggested Rob Roy (2615m). Paul and Arthur had a go at it some time ago, didn't take a tent, bivvy bags would do. Dug a trench in the snow and settled in for the night – it rained – they don't recommend that way now. This time 'lady luck' was on our side.



**Mt Aspiring from Rob Roy, May 31, 1992 (PHOTO Doug Forrester Collection)**

Queen's Birthday and the forecast was for a fine weekend (for Queen's Birthday) that's a rare one. Friday night, five km short of the road end, and we had a warm comfortable night. No women in the party, so no problem tolerating the little creatures of the night. Hard frost and a nice clear morning. Our route was the first gut after the Rob Roy stream. The Rob Roy stream is the first swing-bridge you pass after leaving the road end heading for Aspiring Flat. We crossed the swing-bridge, forded the Rob Roy stream low down, skirted the bush till we got to the gut and then the hard work started, straight up the creek bed, slow going, and at times great care was required. Being a bit icy, it kept our interests up. About 12 Paul and I thought a bite of lunch would be nice, but the two guns didn't agree. About 1pm Paul and I thought a bite of lunch would be a revival, but the two guns didn't agree. About 2pm Paul and I thought a bite of lunch was really necessary, but the two guns didn't agree. About 3pm we had a talk to the two guns. After lunch – yes – we had lunch, close to the head of the stream and the snowline. Lots of snow now, we are looking into the Rob Roy Glacier and getting a good look



at the High Peak, looks promising and we all agree we need a good freeze up on Saturday night for some good cramponing on to the top. About 4pm we made camp. Dug out a platform (Q. What do you call an Irishman with a spade? A. Doug!!) on the side of the hens face – at about 2000m. Paul did a great job under the difficult conditions as chef. Then into sleeping bags and the tent.

In the middle of winter that's a very long night. Warm in the tent, clear night! It should have froze hard, but it didn't. On our way to the top 8am Sunday morning. Clear sky, but soft snow made it hard going, some big crevasses to manoeuvre, one or two snow bridges and plug-plug-plug. Once onto the summit ridge (about 1pm) and it's good hard snow and not long to the summit. A beaut view, Aspiring right beside us, looking good. Mt. Cook in the distance, Tasman Sea, Mt. Earnslaw, Mt. Tutoko, they were all there. Tired but contented bods sitting on the summit in the sunshine, no wind, magic. Descending was a breeze, we made quick work of it.



**Marcus Milne, Paul Bingham, Arthur Blondell & Doug Forrester on Rob Roy, May 31, 1992  
(PHOTO Doug Forrester Collection)**

Back at the base about 5pm. Some of Paul's magic concoctions and we slept well. Breakfast as the sun's rays hit us. Eased ourselves off the hens face, retraced our steps carefully down to the valley floor and wandered home.

If the snow conditions had been firmer it would have been a great trip. Not to worry, we bagged another one.

D.F. for the 4 of us

## **A SOLO WITH MY FRAMES (HOLLYFORD TRACK)**

**April 1992 (exact date not listed)**

**Author: Doug Forrester**

Published in Bulletin 511, July 1992

I see this big "H" approaching the country, so enough of the asphalt jungle, in went 4 days food and I'm off, I hooked a ride with the club van and we were in Davy Gunn's territory around midnight. The hut at road end, a sorry state, no windows, the thieves had taken glass and frames, plus door and mattresses. Tip-toe out in the morning and I'm on my way at 6.30am and it's thinking about daylight. I've got a big day ahead of me to Demon Trail Hut. I'm wandering along on an easy track, light pack, birds singing, so am I and I'm feeling good and noting how dry the bush is.

This fine weather tramping really appeals to me. Breakfast at 8am at Hidden Falls Hut, that surprises the warden who is scratching the sleep from his eyes, the track is fairly quiet. In with Uncle Toby's and I'm off to Pyke Huts for lunch. 11.50am and it wasn't a very good idea as the sandflies are vicious there. I find a porch unlocked so I get some peace in there. After lunch and it's just under half an hour to Alabaster Hut. A delightful spot on the shores of Lake Alabaster. Some deer stalkers there, completely taken over the hut, good to be moving on. A very enjoyable mornings tramp to here. Can't say the same about Alabaster to Demon Trail Hut at 5.00pm and I'd had enough tramping for the day. I enjoyed the company of four Germans for the evening.



Glimpse of Lake McKerrow, April 1992 (PHOTO Doug Forrester Collection)

7.10am and on it goes again for the dreaded Demon Trail. Strange name for a track so I did me research on it. It seems that many many years ago when they decided to name all the tracks in Fiordland the boss man gave a couple of wallys a sugar bag (no packs in those days) full of names, a few cut lunches and told them not to come back until the sack was empty. It transpired that the Demon Trail was the last one to be named, in went the hand and out came the only name left. If the DoC boys would crank up the chainsaws and lop a few beech trees on some of the points (hang him) trampers would get some beaut views of the lake and surrounds, as it is the views are looking at water through the wilderness – pretty limited really. Right oh Hokuri Hut at 11.00am and the scene changes a little here because by chance Neil Drysdale (Neil owns Martin's Bay Huts, my next nights stop) is there with his boat and nice guy Neil offers me a free ride to the coast (four hours tramp) as he is going home. I do a bit of serious thinking and gratefully accept his offer, oh the luxury of it. Really lucky because for \$3.00 he took me past his huts to the Hollyford River mouth, he looked after my pack, and I was able to wander around and have a look into Big Bay, walk back along the beach, go out leisurely around the seal colony (a really good one) and got back to Martin's Bay Huts about 4pm. The four Germans arrived at 5pm looking weary and booked a plane to take them to Gunn's Camp the next morning. I was offered a back flight on that plane, from Martin's Bay around the coast and up to Milford Sound - \$50 – I took it. The backpacker bus at Milford waited for me, took me to Te Anau, a hot shower at the backpackers, a few beers with the Germans in the evening and home on the bus next morning. I had planned on two long tramping days to the coast and two back out, but circumstances decided otherwise – was I a victim of circumstance?



**Doug Forrester beside Martins Bay sign, April 1992 (PHOTO Doug Forrester Collection)**

Summing up I don't rave over the Hollyford track, there are better tracks. I'm pleased I finally got around to it and was able to do it in sunny and windless days.

Doug Forrester



## WINTER ROUTEBURN 1992

**August 15-16, 1992**

**Author: Suzanne Mackay**

Published in Bulletin 513, September 1992

We set off from Dunedin in a torrential downpour with the words of friends and workmates ringing in our ears . . . "You're going where?!, you're tramping? - in this?! You are MAD!!" However, it wasn't long before the rain eased and by the time we passed through Roxburgh the roads were actually dry and the sky starry. We stopped at the Gobble'n'Go in Alexandra and did just that, then made a brief stop for petrol in Queenstown and pressed on. As we headed up the edge of Lake Wakatipu towards Glenorchy the snowline crept lower and lower on the surrounding hills, gleaming coldly in the moonlight. We arrived at the Routeburn Shelter around 1am to find the floor littered with bodies in multi-coloured bags. We joined them fairly quickly.



**Routeburn Flats and the North Routeburn below the Humboldt Mountains (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

We were all roused by an early riser at about 8am and gathered in our various parties to breakfast and set off up the valley - destination Falls Hut. There was a light cloud cover, but it wasn't cold and I think we all enjoyed the walk up to Flats Hut through fairly open beech forest which allowed occasional glimpses of beautiful green pools in the river, towering bluffs and snowclad peaks. There was quite a bit of snow on the track going up the valley and some of us found crossing bridges laden with 6" of snow an interesting experience! We rested briefly at

Flats Hut - fortified ourselves well with chocolate and started the slog up to Falls Hut. The tree canopy was laden with more snow than it could handle and on a fairly regular basis we would hear a gentle rustle followed by a loud whump as some got down. We found out quite early on that it paid not to be underneath any of this - the snow goes down your neck which is more stimulating than a cold shower! Most of the canopy snow was melting steadily so we climbed in a slow drip shower. As we gained more height the track was covered more thickly with snow but most of it was soft and made for easy walking. We arrived at 2pm to find the hut warmed by a well-fed pot belly stove, so we dried off and had lunch. David headed off with the others in search of Lake Harris and Leanne and I did some serious snowball fight training and a bit of tobogganing. Our leader supervised from the hut where she had a good view out of the window (to be fair, she was recovering from a vicious virus attack over the preceding week).



**Lake Harris, Routeburn Track (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

Everyone literally descended on the hut at around 5pm and after much menu discussion there was a rush for the kitchen. We dined on the usual soup, followed by Gado Gado (foreign fodder) followed by boozy fruit with cream and chocolate fudge sauce and then retired with potbellies to the warmth of the stove. A magnificent moon rose over the mountains, lighting up the valley and reflecting off the snow. We spent the evening playing cards, telling tall tales and questionable jokes and imbibing the odd drop of spirit. One of our number was kind enough to give the verandah the old slip 'n slide test on the way to bed - it passed!

The next day was frosty and fantastically clear. Our bunk room was awakened by a birdlike beeping from a Bingham timepiece at 7.15am. Breakfast was a gourmet delight with the aroma in the kitchen being a delightful mix ranging from muesli and fruit to croissants, tomato,

bacon and eggs and mushrooms! A fairly leisurely start was made - the climbing “hardies” setting off for a second onslaught on hapless Lake Harris (we’re not sure what the final summit reading was in the centre) while those of us opting for a more relaxed weekend sat in the warm sunlight on the verandah and delayed our departure until 10am. The descent to Flats Hut was much more interesting than the ascent. The previous day’s mushy packed snow had frozen solid - often without any footholds in it. Most people coped with this on their feet, some of us developed an effective bum-slide movement but we all arrived safely at Flats Hut at around 11.30am. We spent an hour and a half sunbathing on the snow on the banks of the Routeburn only disturbed by the odd snowball and a few sandflies (now deceased) with no direct hits. David caught up with us for lunch and we set off for the Shelter. A pleasant walk in the afternoon sun saw us there by the assigned 3.30pm and by 4.00pm we had changed and packed the vans.



**Routeburn Flats looking towards Routeburn Falls (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

First stop was Queenstown for a snack attack. We had a very musical trip home and arrived back to Dunedin (in good thought perhaps with a fading voice) to find that it still hadn’t stopped raining!! Moral: If it is raining in Dunedin and you’re thinking about getting out to look for blue skies and fresh horizons, don’t hesitate JUST DO IT!

Suzanne Mackay for Elspeth Gold, Leanne Bell and David Jackson



## TRAGEDY NARROWLY AVERTED

**Author: Unknown**

Originally published in *Outdoors*, December 1934

Republished in Bulletin 513, September 1992

The danger of going tramping alone has been demonstrated by the experience of a trumper caught in an exceedingly heavy rainstorm in the vicinity of "The Clump". The rain was so heavy that it was impossible to see more than a few yards in any direction, so he took shelter by crawling into a hollow log which was in the vicinity. Safe from the fury of the elements he lay in the log for some time until the storm had abated sufficiently for him to venture forth and resume his journey to McQuilkan's, where he had hoped to have tea. A difficulty arose, however, for he soon discovered that whilst he had been sheltering in the log the rain had caused it to shrink to such an extent that he was firmly wedged inside and unable to move. This was a serious catastrophe, for nobody was likely to pass his prison for some days, or possibly weeks, and having no food within reach he was in danger of starving to death before a search party could find him.

It is usual when death stares you in the face to spend your last moments thinking over the events of your life, and, fortunately for the hero of our tale, he was no exception to the rule, for, as he lay wedged in his prison, the whole of the events of his past flashed before him. He thought of his home and friends, his work and play. The happy days he had spent with the Otago Tramping club crossed his mind, and then he remembered that he had not paid his subscription to the club for the current season. This made him feel so small that he was able to crawl out of the log easily and proceed on his way, badly shaken by his unenviable experience. Being late he was required to pay the full subscription but if you pay yours at once you will be in time to get the 25 per cent rebate for prompt payment.



## 38 – 25 – 54 (KEPLER TRACK

**Date not listed**

**Author: Michelle Williams**

Published in Bulletin 514, October 1992

The perfect OTMC Women decided to go away for a tramp with the emphasis being on enjoyment, not on physical exhaustion. With this in mind we set off on a beautiful moonlit night (without the moon) at 8pm. The first stage from the lake went well, however a small disturbance was caused by the two-legged anti-male in the woods. The steady gradient up to Luxmore Hut seemed further in the dark but our spirits were high, and the conversation was a constant laugh, except poor Teresa who had a slight asthmatic cough and she coughed and spluttered her way up. We broke through the bush into clear skies and crisp air with patches of snow covering the frozen ground. We arrived at Luxmore Hut at 12.30am and had a hot brew and wee nip before hitting the pillow.



Yvonne Greer and Teresa Wasilewska on the Kepler Track (PHOTO Michelle Williams)

Dawn broke after a chilly night (for me at least). It was hot porridge for breakfast before we finally got away around 10am. Clouds hovered around the base and shores of Lake Te Anau and snow covered the ground as we followed the well-marked track. We passed Mt Luxmore with cloud hovering over its summit. The views by now were non-existent but with both Yvonne and Teresa both talking, I never got bored. We had a late lunch in the second Biv before we descended down the ridge into the Iris Burn. The stairs down became quite tricky at times as they were covered with snow. We arrived at the Iris Burn Hut just before dark and the air was crisp as the cloud dispersed and the stars came out. The evening soon passed as Yvonne kept me in tears of laughter and Teresa dished up a gourmet delight with liqueur to end.

Tuesday morning brought clear skies and with a warm beginning we got away to a flying start, mind you the sandflies had something to do with it. Our walk out down the Iris Burn was quick with few stops but the conversation never stopped. The scenery was pleasant and the views from Shallow Bay made an excellent lunch stop with the company of the locals (sandflies). We arrived out at Rainbow Reach where we decided to hitch a ride back around to the Control Gates to save time.

A most enjoyable trip, thanks to Yvonne Greer and Teresa W, by Michelle Williams



# CHRISTMAS AND WHAT A TRIP! (PIONEER HUT)

**December 26, 1991 – January 2, 1992**

**Author: Paul Bingham**

Published in Bulletin 514, October 1992

Molly and I were sitting up in Golden Bay enjoying the sun and swimming with the dolphins. While doing this, of course we were watching the highs on the map. Boxing Day comes and Molly indicates two highs coming in off the Tassy heading for New Zealand. Off we headed up Mt Arthur for a look at the fog and a bit of exercise. It's 12 hours later and we are in Fox looking for a flight "not a chance" they say.

I was thinking "I've been here and done this before" but by morning we were on a ski plane, me still putting on my boots while flying. The excitement was building after a touchy landing, I really did trust the pilot, who landed on a thinly covered crevasse. It took us an hour and we were in Pioneer Hut, which seemed a great home for the next five days. A good decision to sunbathe and practice ropes for the rest of the day.



Day two saw us head off up to Pioneer Pass, taking two hours. I think Molly enjoyed jumping the crevasses, although it was her first time ever. It was a clear day and plenty of cloud covered the east side of the Divide. It was a good climb up Grey Peak No. 2 and we were back at the hut for afternoon tea. It is times like these that I wish I had learnt to ski.

Day three was an early start at 4.30am, with us roping up in the dark with an overcrowded hut. We headed off up Lendenfeld (10,500 ft). It was an hour till we reached the icefall and it took

us two attempts to get through the foot wide ice bridges, big slope and 12 foot vertical bergschrund slowing us up. We reached the col and took a rest, taking the time to enjoy the view of Mt Cook. Looking down onto the Mt Cook Plateau and all the little people walking around. Off we headed again reaching the top at around 10.30am. Standing on the top, higher than anything to the north, next door to Mt Tasman and Mt Cook showing its underside of the East Face (the Big Slip). We managed to get back to Pioneer Hut in time for afternoon tea and a sunbather.

Day four saw us head off over the Fox Neve onto the Davis Snowfield and up to Frenchay Col for a great clear look up the Tasman Glacier and De La Beche Hut.

Day five arrived and it was time to head out. The walk down the Fox Glacier took three hours to Chancellor Hut, jumping crevasses all the way. Next was seven hours of difficult down climbing and negotiating the ice pinnacles. We were down, sun baked and tired where my faithful 4WD Bessy waited patiently. Paul Bingham for Molly Maguire.

## **RICHARD'S RUDD'S RAVE**

**September 20, 1992**

**Author: Richard Pettinger**

Published in Bulletin 514, October 1992

Another spring and another lovely day was had up at our "Ben Rudd's" property on the back of Flagstaff, pottering about in the Club's garden. Eleven willing workers put in one of the best day's efforts so far in the revegetation programme. We got the feeling we are winning the battle against the exotic jungle. Furthermore, the loo by the shelter is now open for business.



**Neville Mulholland and Sue Williams at the former Ben Rudd's plantation site, 1992 (PHOTO OTMC Archives)**

The silver beech seedlings are doing really well, with some 40mm high. We had deliberately planted them in groups of three, in strategic locations that overlooked or sheltered open deep-mulch sites (that might make nice picnic clearings one day!), so we could easily locate them for monitoring. In virtually every case we found all three living, and only in three or four groupings



did we find one missing. So, out of the 120 (?) we have planted over two autumns, that makes a damn good success rate. None of the other planted species has done any good, except of course the manuka seeds, which are still mainly OK. During the snow the hares cropped the self-sown plants, particularly the pseudopanax. One plant had been chiselled bare of leaves, right to its metre high top (the snow was obviously quite deep and the hares hungry).

With the cold winter and late spring the weeds haven't shown up yet - so it was an easy job to clean up all of the plantation site, and make it look like the Botanic Gardens it is destined to be. Of course, the weeds will probably be popping up now, as you read this, but we believe we can leave it till next autumn, when we will plant more beech (obviously!) Long time club member James Henry has offered us some mountain beech (doomed plants from South East Otago). Please let me know if anyone disagrees with us putting a cluster of these (exotic!) trees somewhere in a weed-threatened spot.

We recognise the problems of gorse and broom which are highly invasive in places where the ground has been disturbed. Our high priority measure is to focus attention on scattered, isolated plants to prevent new colonies, rather than concentrating control efforts on existing dense patches. Another priority would be to identify and manage likely seed dispersal sites. A rigorous approach might involve the cleaning of all vehicles, machinery, footwear and other equipment before being brought onto the land, to remove seed. The Club should examine policies for the use of the road through the property, which is now badly cut up and eroding, has been gravelled in one place (with gravel that contains who knows what seeds?!), has been disturbed by machinery putting in drains, cables etc and on a recent Sunday was used by several lunatics in Landrovers who, according to our Honorary Solicitor's brother, were having a merry time playing in the mud right along the walkway to Swampy. The mud (and gravel) obviously contain noxious plant seed and such vehicles and ground disturbances will simply undo the work we are doing.

Soon we may be able to turn our attention to the BIG gorse colony that straddles the former vehicle track. The suggestion is to cut lines through it and spot plant mulched trees (mountain beech?) to progressively knock it off. Any ideas? Any volunteers? Who would like to make this their project? It could be our imagination, but the larches Dave L., Eric and team poisoned last year have not greened up yet... (Could they be, to use Dave's favourite term, "doooomed"?)

The day finished with Peter spraying scattered gorse and blackberry, once he, Antony and Paul had finished the loo. (The loo has a view, and the bared ground will need frequent attention to keep it weed free. Low ground cover species would be ideal. Any ideas?) The ritual home brew may have facilitated our feeling of satisfaction and achievement; somehow the place looked good. Many thanks go to the keen crew of: Peter Mason, Antony Pettinger, Rene and Michael Nol, Mary Clark, Dennis Price, Hugh Dickson, Paul Bingham, Doug Forrester and Trevor Pullar.

Richard Pettinger

## **SNOW CAVING (OLD MAN RANGE)**

**September 5-6, 1992**

**Author: Carolyn Crouch**

Published in Bulletin 514, October 1992

"Would you like to try something different?" Richard asked us

Always on the lookout for a challenge, we said "Yes!"

"Next weekend the OTMC are going away

To live in a snow cave for a night and a day"

After his presentation on how to build our home for the night

We went home shaking and shivering with fright

Sleeping out in the cold, under some snow

Would it really be fun?? - we wanted to know

We had to borrow some long johns, only polyprop would do

And woolly jumpers, gaiters, balaclavas too

Off we set at six thirty Saturday in the morning

Barely conscious, still sleepy, stretching and yawning

We had a rude awakening at the Old Man Range

Climbing to the top with pack and skis soon took a strain

But we struggled on determined, puffing and panting

It would have been easier if the ground was flat not slanting!

Then on to building our snow cave, first the door

Next came the tunnel, then the floor

We toiled using shovels and muscle power

It took a long time, almost six hours!

Finally complete, a palace for for kings

With a sleeping chamber and east and west wings!

There was just enough room for four people and packs  
But where was the en-suite? - the builders were lax

A fairly comfortable night was had by all  
Warm, dry and cosy, we had a ball  
Not at all claustrophobic I had to admit  
It was only inconvenient if you wanted to sh\*\*(visit the WC)

But in the morning emerging from the cave  
What a magical view the doorway gave  
The sun drenched mountains glistening and shining  
Who would swap that - forgetting the climb!

A great morning spent trying out cross country skis  
A few bruises gained on elbows and knees  
We really enjoyed the weekend of ours  
But I must admit it was heaven at home having showers!

Carolyn Crouch for Helen Warren, Ross Chambers and (cousie-bro) Richard Pettinger



**OTMC Snowcaving trip – Old Man Range (PHOTO Debbie Pettinger)**



# SNOWCRAFT (AWAKINO 1992)

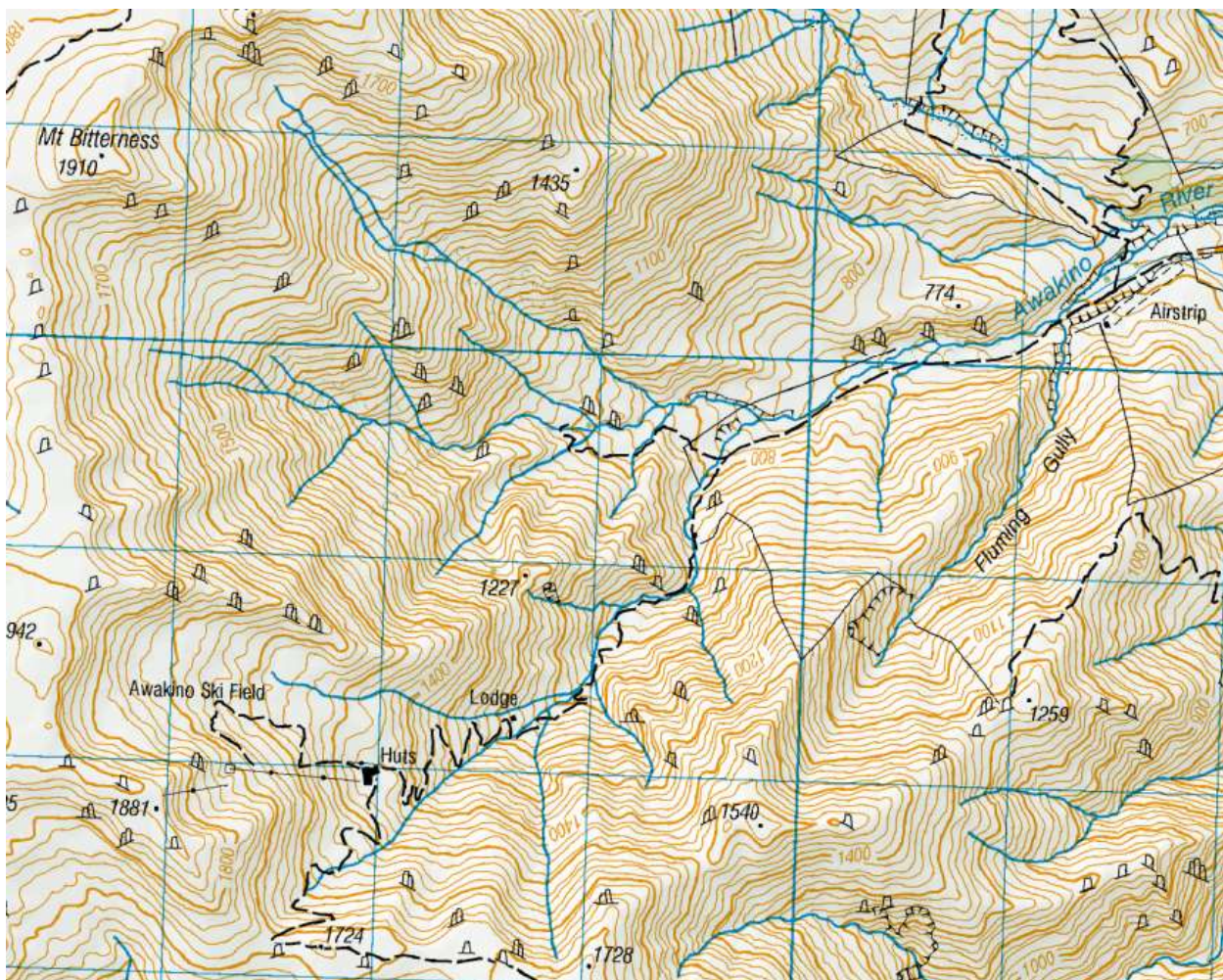
**October 10-11, 1992**

**Author: Antony Pettinger**

Published in Bulletin 514, November 1992

An early start on Saturday morning saw 16 keen and able people heading off to the Awakino ski field (not far from Kurow). A trudge up the hill and we arrived at the hut for lunch to find not only electricity but a phone as well.

On with the overtrou and parka's and off we headed to a good looking slope off the main ski field to practise our self-arresting techniques (or lack of them as the case may be). The snow was a bit soft for Dennis but Dennis Price still managed to get the speed record with Ken Powell a close second on distance. Fiona Buchanan unsurprisingly got more than her fair share of snowballs. As time went on and it started to cool down, we headed up to the ridge and along to a wee peak. Some were a bit cold and headed back to the hut while the rest of us carried on. It was good to reach the top although Teresa refused to stand on the top (something to do with Arthur saying "I told you, you would like it!")



It was a great slide glissading (really just bum sliding) from the top down with a few who were keen to trudge the 200m back up just to come down again. Back at the hut and everyone was out to impress with their gourmet delights. Elspeth and Fiona would have to take the most impressive dessert prize with a Brandy/Gingernut Thomas the Tank Engine dessert. A good night's rest was interrupted TWICE by the phone ringing (wrong number) and the next morning dawned clear.

Unfortunately, the overnight temperature was very warm and the snow was still soft. This, however, did not dampen our enthusiasm and we set off to what looked like another small peak. Once there, our small peak was only part of another ridge and on we went. The wind was quite strong and made things a bit cold, but we still managed to get in a bit of self-arresting practice. We continued around the ridge until we met up with yesterday's slide and away we went again. Great fun!! Lunch was at the bottom in the sun and out of the wind. Back to the hut and pack up before heading down the hill to the vans. Elspeth, Fiona, Debbie and myself took the easy way down, sliding right to the end of the snow. Certainly the topping off to an excellent weekend.

Although the snow was a bit soft and all that was anticipated could not be done, I feel the weekend was well worthwhile and enjoyed by everyone.

Antony Pettinger

## SNOWCAVING (OLD MAN RANGE)

**September 5-6, 1992**

**Author: Debbie Pettinger**

Published in Bulletin 514, November 1992

We left Dunedin at 6.45am on Saturday morning and it didn't take long to get to the Old Man Range. We managed to get a good distance up the hill till the mud won and it was on with the boots. The mist rolled in and we continued up the hill, following the footprints in front. By accident we found the gully in the mist and the conditions seemed perfect.

The five groups found their own area and as the mist closed in we started to dig. Antony left John and I to go and find water. The snow wasn't too hard and we made good digging. Once the tunnel was completed and the room started, Antony reappeared from the mist. Now that the wet, cold part had been done, Antony took his turn. As time went by, the weather started to become colder and a small snowstorm started. This made us all the more determined to finish quickly and eventually we were pulling in our gear at about 4.30pm.



**Dual-Tunnel method of snowcave construction, Old Man Range (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

Things were pretty cold, and it wasn't long till we were in bed and making tea inside our cave, as it was snowing reasonably hard outside. There isn't much to do in a snowcave once tea has been and gone so it was an early night.



The morning dawned brilliantly fine and sunny. An exploration of everyone's caves and the immediate vicinity in the early morning sun and then a leisurely lunch. The afternoon was spent trying to build an igloo (with a spiral staircase of course) but this proved a bit elusive. Three-quarters finished and we flagged it away. The snow wasn't sticking and our hands were very cold. It was a quick trip down to the van and back to Dunedin.

An excellent cave and great company. Thanks guys!

Debbie Pettinger for Antony Pettinger and John Cox.

# CHRYSTALLS BEACH – QUOIN POINT

**November 1, 1992**

**Author: Mary Clark**

Published in Bulletin 515, December 1992

Nine o'clock on Sunday morning at the clubrooms and eight keen folk turn up for a good day out to the beach.

Most headed down to Taieri Mouth, but the leader got talking and ended up by taking the main road south. A small detour over the hill to Waiholo and everything was once again alright. After leaving a car at Quoin Point, we drove on to Chrystalls Beach for the round trip.



We started out by climbing Cocks Head and here we stopped for some great views in both directions. Taking our time to admire some of the more interesting rock formations, we slogged along the soft sand of the beach. It was an enjoyable walk around the rocks to Bull Creek where we found a lovely sheltered spot up the creek to have our lunch. With lunch finished, it was off up the coast again, exploring all nooks and crannies along the way. On reaching Quoin Point, we were lucky to witness the seals doing some very special water ballet movements.

It was a quick trip back to the cars and we left for home with ice cream at Taieri Mouth and were much appreciated.

Mary Clark for Liz Petch, Jonette Service, Nick Rasch, Trevor Pullar, Nick Thompson, Wendy Bond and Ray Duncan.

## TALE OF A TRAMP

Originally published in Outdoors, May 1950

Republished in Bulletin 516, December 1992

This is not in any way an account of an unusual trip, but just one of those ordinary trips which are so typical of the Club's activity between Christmas and other longer trips. It was an ordinary Sunday trip, and it had two essentials to make it almost completely typical - first the leader did not turn up, and secondly we did not go the proposed trip.

We were supposed to start at Kaikorai at 9 am and when I arrived at two minutes too, we had a total of four. This, however, was clearly too unusually early for most of our folks.

The leader on this occasion lived in a southern suburb, and by mutual consent we decided to give him 20 minutes. At 9.20, with some ten keen types straining at the leash and at the insistence of a certain gentleman (minus car on this occasion) we moved off. When we reached the Power Station we looked for the local strong man, but it being only 9.30 he also had not yet been seen.

Around about here we managed to get away from the scheduled trip, in that we went up the road past the pig farm, whereas we should have gone up the bridle track. This is where we put our leader wrong when, only half an hour late, he puffed and panted up the official route. After an hour or so we were on top of Flagstaff and although fine and sunny to the east, Swampy and Co. were covered with the well-known fog. Our consciences were easily persuaded that it would be rash to proceed to Red Hut and Waitati under such conditions, and, of course, there was only one other place to go. At 11.30 we stopped for a leisurely lunch.

Eventually we remembered that we had some new members with us, and that we must get moving; so with George's blessing we headed down the Club track with Lake Whare as our first objective. I don't know how everybody else finds it, but after reaching the creek I never seem to go the same way twice; eventually, however, we reached the lone pine tree and looked down on the lake, which on a good day doesn't look too bad, but on this grey day it looked most ordinary.

Another boil-up was indulged in under the tree at Rollinson's and then we set off for McIntyre's, via Donald McQuilkan's, observing as we went past that there is such a thing as official vandalism as well as the ordinary variety. In the late afternoon sun, however, McIntyre's made a pretty sight, and a further pleasant half-hour was spent here. Then on to Laing's Track and the bridle trail, and so home after a most delightful day. The leader, poor soul, completed the official trip. What a lot of effort he would have saved himself if he had only been ON TIME.

The Editor noted on the bottom of this report *'Not that we suggest that the leader is always late, but the story has it's moral for all!!!'*



## STEELE CREEK

**November 7-8, 1992**

**Author: Fiona Buchanan**

Published in Bulletin 516, December 1992

The trip up was uneventful except we were ASKED to set the Earnslaw adrift for a late-night cruise over to Mt Nicholas Station. We bivvied out under the stars at the road end (Elfin Bay) and then it was up for an early start. We walked (quickly) up the Caples Valley stopping briefly at the old homestead, then it was up (pausing for lunch and breath) and over Steele Creek Pass.



**Steele Creek Saddle – Caples Side, November 7, 1992 (PHOTO Doug Forrester Collection)**

Coming down the other side of the pass we found ourselves in quite good snow and so we thought ourselves quite clever leaving our ice axes in the van. Halfway down, we hadn't bothered to put our overtrou on, the snow turned soft and in bare legs it was not always fun sinking up to mid-thigh (for some vertically challenged). It would have been much nicer to glissade!! We made camp at the first available site ending a 10-hour day that was very pleasant. We showed Doug a thing or two about what one can eat out in the bush and had a thoroughly entertaining evening telling jokes, etc.

The gumbies learnt a thing or two that night as it froze with Elspeth and Fee had left their boots and socks outside. I tried to thaw my socks around my coffee cup in the morning and

failed. Everyone was left in no doubt about the pain and discomfort we were in as we tried to hit the mis-shapen socks into the shape of our feet before putting frozen boots on.

The second day we wandered down Steele Creek and were fortunate to see 20 deer and about 4-6 chamois. The walk out along the Greenstone was lovely, however not as picturesque as the Caples, and we contemplated the scene from a knoll with a monorail included. The rest of the trip out was long, and I think it was about a 9-hour day.



**Looking from the Steele Creek Saddle over the Caples towards Fraser Creek (left) and Kay Creek (right), November 7, 1992 (PHOTO Doug Forrester Collection)**

I think it is one of the loveliest trips I have done. The trip was long but not difficult and the company was superb with our two parties travelling together (Elspeth, David B, Doug and Judy)

My thanks to Paul and Eric for an enjoyable weekend, by Fiona

# SEARCH AND RESCUE EXERCISE

**October 18, 1992**

**Author: Elspeth Gold**

Published in Bulletin 515, December 1992

I arrived at the police station at 6.30am Sunday morning clear headed (i.e. not hungover for some reason much to everyone's surprise) keen to participate in the exercise. We were organised into teams and away from the police station within  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour. The scenario was 6 elderly people who were in Dunedin for a reunion of their university tramping days and had headed to the Silver Peaks, their stamping ground some 30 years before.



**The Sawmill Track in earlier times – possibly early 1930's (PHOTO OTMC Archives)**

The search controllers, one of whom was David Barnes, sent us off to our respective search areas. Our team divided up at the Bullring to walk the track and the road deviating to the Ben Rudd's and Jim Freeman Tracks meeting up again where the track and road meet to head up to Swampy Summit. Time for coffee and biscuits then we were bundled into an army truck (the only vehicle ever designed with neither comfort nor speed in mind). Our team was dropped at the start of the Sawmill Track with the destination to work up to the Clump and await further instruction. The Sawmill Track was slightly overgrown but a lovely walk through bush, flax, ferns and tussock. At the start of the track we walked through what looked to be a private junk yard with all sorts of interesting bits of junk that only a true collector would be interested in. Lunch beside a stream was a welcome break, trust us to be away from the caravan at lunch time. Once we reached the Clump we were told to wait for further instructions and about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour later we were told to head back to base.



On our way back, who should we find but two of the missing ladies, who through a bit of a mix up in instructions decided to head back to their base while we were told to stay put. Once we caught up with them, we were told not to lose sight of our find and we managed to escort them back to base. When we were almost to base, Neil George's voice was heard on the radio claiming a find of two grinning individuals, this put the search controllers into a turmoil as they thought all had been found. "Please identify the individuals" came over the radio. "Well one is called Trevor Pullar and he'd like to be found by a search dog" was the reply. Apparently, Trevor wanted his ears licked which I thought Neil was capable of so they didn't need the dog. At about 4pm the exercise concluded with a debrief then an invite to the police club (no, I didn't go).

All in all an enjoyable day meeting a lot of different people and learning a bit about search and rescue. Our team was led by Lynne (a policewoman), Whippy (a possum hunter from the Catlins and our pathfinder), Bruce (from OTMC and our radioman) and myself (rear-guard). The day was a valuable exercise, and it would be great to see more club members involved in SAREX, you never know when you might need their help. I'm pleased there is a group of committed individuals who are prepared to give their time voluntarily to aid people in the hills, why not discuss the possibility of being on the search and rescue list with David Barnes.

By Elspeth Gold

# BALLROOM OR BUST

**November 1992**

**Author: Debbie Pettinger**

Published in Bulletin 515, December 1992

On our holiday up the West Coast, we called in to visit Ross and Pam Cocker at Westport. We decided not to waste a beautiful sunny day, so we packed and headed off to the Ballroom up the Fox River.

On arriving at the beginning of the track, we were confronted with a sign proclaiming "Pack Track". About this time, everyone began muttering innuendos about a certain female not carrying a pack and as a result couldn't come along. Ignoring these comments, she continued anyway and up the pack track we headed. It was an enjoyable walk with frequent stops to identify different trees and the views of the valley's steep walls. The track climbs reasonably high above the river which was a shame as some of the swimming holes looked very inviting. We stopped for lunch in a sunny spot. A photo stop proved painful for Ross, who was practising his "look mum, no hands!" act but no serious damage was done, and we continued up the river.



**Near Tiromoana, L-R Debbie Pettinger, Ross & Pam Cocker (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

The Ballroom was a good place to stop and investigate all the limestone shoots that have been worn away by the constant water flowing down them and after a few compulsory photos, it was time to head back. This proved more difficult than first thought as Antony started the game "hit the stick as it floats away" with Pam and I keen to join in while Ross looked on in



disgust. Eventually we reached the forks and after debating whether to wander up Dilemma Creek, we decided against it and headed straight out to the car.

The trip out was uneventful, but the views were impressive, and the forest walk was lovely. At the car Pam miraculously provided us with a hot drink which was much appreciated. A truly enjoyable day.

Debbie Pettinger for Antony Pettinger, Ross and Pam Cocker



**Pam Cocker, Debbie Pettinger & Ross Cocker heading to the Ballroom Overhang, Fox River, November 1992  
(PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**





## CAPLES & GREENSTONE

**November 6-7, 1992**

**Author: Elspeth Gold**

Published in Bulletin 515, December 1992

The weather forecast was great, most of the snow had melted over the previous few days so it was looking like a magical weekend for us to do Steele Creek. A new record was set, we were away from the clubrooms at 6.05pm and at roads end Kinloch at midnight. The van resounded to Monty Python Sings on the way up to Queenstown (courtesy of David Barnes). 16 people were on the trip with 9 headed to the upper Caples Hut and side trips from there which left 7 of us to head over Steele Creek.

It was a big decision which way to do it from, get the long haul down the Greenstone over with on Saturday or tackle it from the Caples side. Most decided that steep ups were more pleasant on the knees than steep downs so we opted to do it from the Caples side getting over the pass on Saturday. We got away from the road end at 7am and headed along the true right of the Caples. We were at the Steele Creek turnoff at 11.20am so it was a 40-minute grunt up the hill before it was time for lunch.



**Old Birchdale Homestead, Caples Valley, November 7, 1992 – L-R: Elspeth Gold, Fiona Buchanan, Judy Maguire, Paul Bingham, David Barnes & Eric Lord (PHOTO Doug Forrester Collection)**

After about 4 hours of very steep going, we were on the pass. We sat for quite a while admiring the spectacular view before plunging into the snow-covered slope on the Greenstone

side. It was slow going through the snow and we realized how treacherous it would have been going up the snow on Sunday morning if we'd opted to do it from the Greenstone side so there were murmurs of 'we made the right decision'. Below the snow there was a bit of bush bashing which was taxing on a tired mind and very sore on slightly sunburnt legs. The search was on for a campsite, about an hour down from the saddle we found a great one that was the only clear flat area we had seen.

It was on with the serious business of food and setting up the fly. A waratah came in handy for a pole and Doug was dispatched with a swiss army knife to locate a suitable branch for the other end (man's work). Tea of soup and papa dons, salmon fettuccine and brandy log intermingled with Doug's sherry and Judy's rum and it was a pleasant way to end a perfect day. Coffee and a few stories later we retired to bed under a full moon so no need to use our torches at all.



**Lower Steele Creek? – Caples Side, November 8, 1992, L-R: Elspeth Gold, Judy Maguire, David Barnes, Fiona Buchanan (partly obscured) & Eric Lord (PHOTO Doug Forrester Collection)**

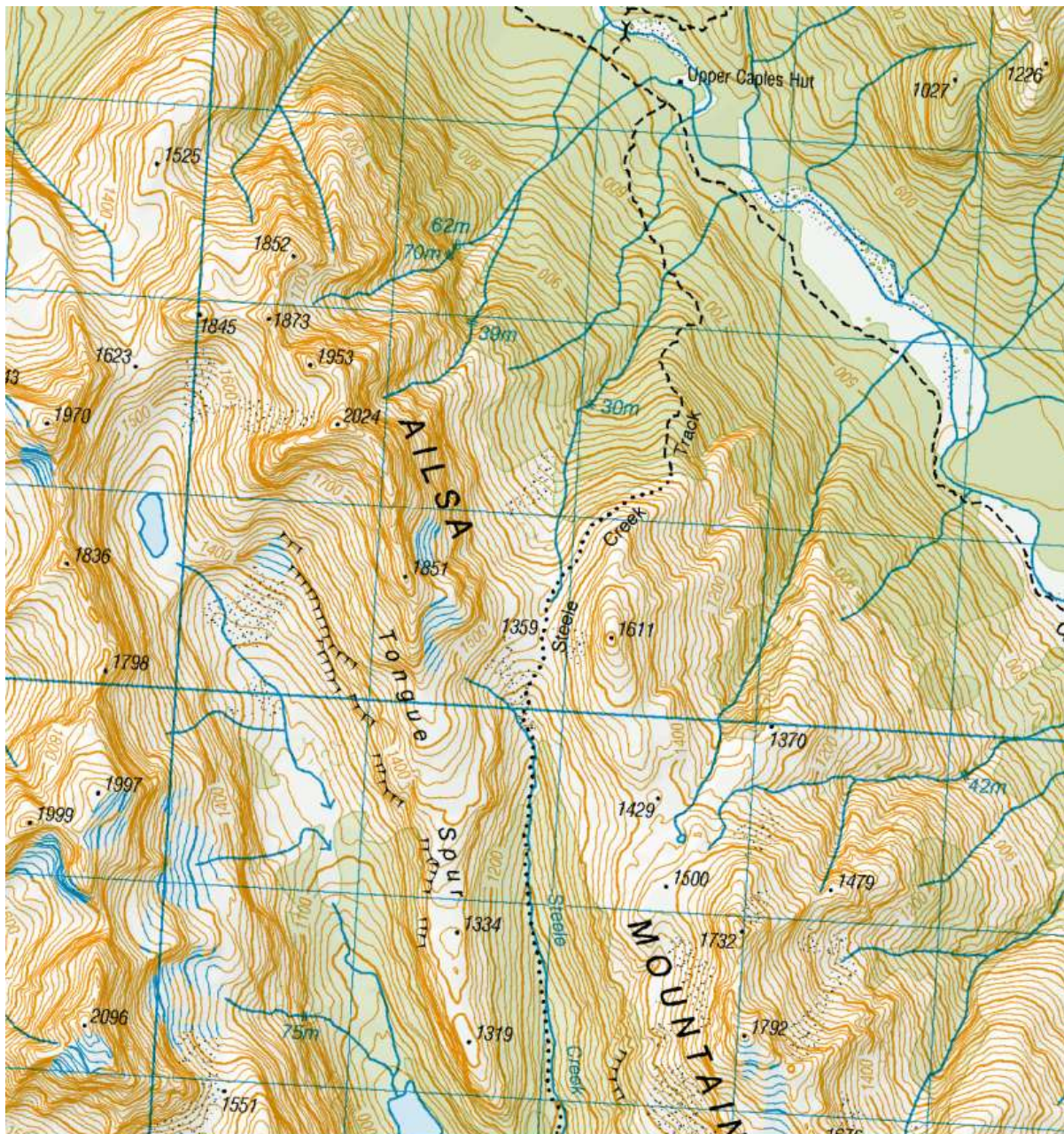
Away at 7.20am the next morning, we'd planned to leave by 7am but didn't seem to be able to organise ourselves as well as the day before. It could have something to do with the frozen boots for all those silly enough to leave them out (Fiona and Elspeth!) Fi set a new record for slowest and noisiest into the boots followed a very close second by myself. It was a most pleasant stroll down Steele Creek looking to see where the next campsites may have been - it was a full 90 minutes before we saw which would have been suitable for us so we were all glad we had decided to stop when we did the night before. On one of the river flats on the way down Steele Creek we came across a herd of 20 deer grazing and we also saw the odd chamois and a couple of single deer in the valley. We came out to the Greenstone Valley at about



10.30am and sat for a full 20 minutes just admiring the view. It was down to the Mid-Greenstone Hut for a drink and toilet stop then lunch was had about 40 minutes further down the Greenstone. Then it was into the long haul on the gravelled track back to the van. The Greenstone is an awfully long way, and the track is awfully hard on the feet. We arrived at the carpark after pausing to watch a trout being played in from a large pool (a spectacle put on just for us the fishermen assured us) at about 4.15pm.

Everyone was hungry so we decided to have tea in Frankton, and we arrived back in Dunedin at 11pm, happily exhausted after a truly magical weekend. Steele Creek is a great challenge for a weekend trip with 19 hours tramping over the two days. We all felt like we had achieved something. A magical trip in great company, thanks team - let's do it again some time.

Quote for the weekend came from Eric "Coming from one who looks good from behind I'll lead" Elspeth Gold for Doug Forrester, David Barnes and Judy Maguire.





## A DAY IN THE SUN (ROCK AND PILLARS)

**November 22, 1992**

**Author: Ian Sime**

Published in Bulletin 515, December 1992

Nine of us travelled the 100km to Neil Grant's "Glencreag" in a car and van. From the heights above Sutton, the top half of the R&P's seemed to be cloud covered, but once we dropped onto the Strath Taieri plain we found that the cloud had been near us and the mountains were clear but with snow patches at the top. Since we planned to walk up to Big Hut and along to Leaning Lodge then down the road we took the van to O'Connell's and brought the car back to Grant's

Ken Mason's route guide was very helpful. Not only did it show us the features to follow, but it also gave us an idea of how we were progressing. The stile over the fence by the cairn, where we had a rest, turned out to be the haltime point of the climb, 75 minutes from the car. We lunched at the steam crossing, where the snow started. Jane was reading Neville Peat's 'Falcon and Lark' which is based on that area. She intended to get it autographed by Neville, who spoke at the club the following Thursday.



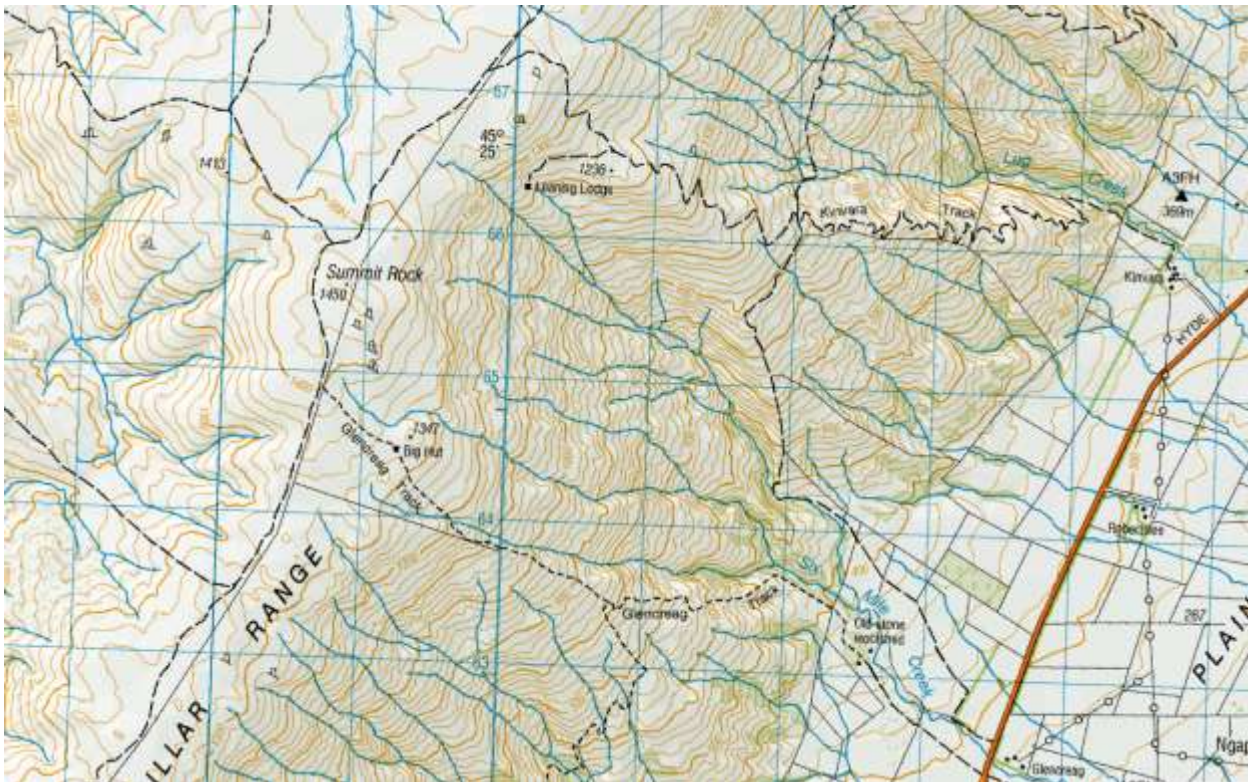
**Big Hut, Rock and Pillar Range (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

It surprised us to be at the hut only 15 minutes after lunch. It was in good condition, and warm but the tank top quarter was concertinaed, and some guy wires had snapped by the heavy winter snows. The hut book's most recent entry was two weeks old and earlier descriptions told of deep snow. A pair of paradise ducks in the swampy area behind the hut complained of our presence. At this stage, about 2.15pm we discussed whether to continue as planned. This

would have seen us home no earlier than 8pm so we decided to retrace our path back to the car. As a compromise two fit members went to summit the rock tors and three others to the ridge top, to get the inland views. These were extensive and unobstructed by clouds. Jane continued with "Falcon and Lark" while others sunbathed on convenient rocks.

The total downhill time was 85 minutes including a ten-minute rest at the stile for afternoon tea. Before the bottom, a couple of us were really feeling the downhill strain and in the car it was obvious who had been foolish enough not to use sunblock or wear a wide brimmed hat. We collected the van from O'Connell's, chatted with them and the Grant's and were back at Young Street by 6.40pm.

A great day for Jane Cloete, Hugh Dickson, Laurel Dunn, Colleen Lyons, Trevor Pullar, Andrew Shand, Alan Thompson, Simon Underwood and Ian Sime.



## **SNOWCRAFT COURSE (AWAKINO)**

**October 10-11, 1992**

**Author: Elspeth Gold**

Published in Bulletin 515, December 1992

6am Saturday morning, we arrived awake, alert and ready for action (honest), after a relatively uneventful trip up with some making it in a van nearly all the way to the ski hut (without the other van realising). We relaxed with a cup of coffee while the van caught us up.



**OTMC Snowcraft Course – Self Arresting Practice (PHOTO Matt Corbett)**

The chairman of the Awakino Skifield was there to welcome us with the water boiling and coffee, etc waiting for us. It was very welcome after some 10 minutes trudge up the hill. The rest of the crew arrived as they had walked from the carpark 40 minutes down the hill. Then we were off up to the tow hut to begin the lessons. The hut was nothing short of bloody luxury, with power, a range, beds, armchairs, radio, TV and a phone. No one used the radio or TV, after all this was tramping! A quick lunch and it was further up the hill to learn the finer points of self arrest. The snow conditions were far from perfect but much confidence was gained under the watchful eyes of Arthur, Mark and Antony. Arthur was heard to comment that Teresa was a snow plough (or was it a cow?), could this be the latest term of endearment? Dennis and Fi were pelted with snowballs and face planted many times much to the amusement of all. It was good to have people like that on the trip otherwise we would have started picking on those who didn't deserve it.

A walk around the ridge learning functional funny walks in snow, it was a bumslide down the valley and back to the hut for tea. It never ceases to amaze me how 16 people can organise to



cook and eat tea in such a confined space without treading on each other. Everyone settled to bed fairly early only to be woken by the phone twice during the night. Next day it was a walk in the snow around the ridges practicing self-arresting and the functional funny walks, another mammoth bumslide down the valley, lunch in the sun and back to the hut.



**Practicing walking in snow – OTMC Snowcraft Course (PHOTO Matt Corbett)**

Once at the hut everyone except Debbie, Antony, Fiona and myself took off parka's and overtrousers (if you noticed us giggling away sneaking off in the opposite direction from the others wouldn't you get just a little curious and follow to see what we were up to?) No one did so as the rest headed off on foot down the road we headed to the top of a valley that Antony had noticed came out right at the ski hut below. So it was a synchronized bumslide all the way down (if you get 4 people lined up you can get up quite a bit of speed). We got down to the hut in no time at all and so concluded the private lesson. Overtrousers, etc came off and we walked down to the van. An ice cream in Kurow and back to Dunedin. Thank you, Arthur, Mark and Antony, for a great instructional weekend.

Elsbeth Gold (because Debbie told me to) for Fi, Trev and Kath

## THE 1971 SILVER PEAKS EXPEDITION, OR I'VE BEEN TO FIDDLERS GULLY

**Author: Ross Davies**

Originally published in Outdoors 1970-71

Republished in Bulletin 515, December 1992

It was rumoured that the Silver Peaks continued beyond Lamb Hill - that monster mound on which Homestead Hut is found - so one May of a Sunday saw three people - Julia Davies, Dick Pettinger and Ross Davies (me) - struggling up the aforementioned hill with huge packs and in a strong southerly wind. Once on top we found a ridge which took us down to Three O'clock Creek where we found what we think was Orbells Cave. The cave is big, the floor slopes and it stinks. We slept in a tent.

The next day the wind still blew but we made a trip to Fiddlers Gully which is a side gully of Three O'clock Creek. On our way to the derelict stone hut in Fiddlers Gully we passed a tree. You may think 'Big Deal', however, it was the only tree we saw in three days. Besides the acute shortage in trees, another feature of the area is the open tussock flats in the valleys, some 100 yards across.



**Looking from above ABC Cave across to Bendoran, Northern Silver Peaks (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

The following morning was misty and windy, so it was declared a sack morning and it wasn't until nearly two o'clock that we left for Bendoran. That night was spent in the woolshed there with a 'possum and two kittens for company. By eleven o'clock next day we were on our way -

a strong southerly we did brave. Lunch was had at A.B.C Cave, a pause at the Gap for bowling rocks, then on to Yellow Hut where we took off our socks. You know, after five days in the same pair of socks...

Breakfast was early the next morning and then to aid digestion, we went back to the sack for five hours. Finally we dragged ourselves into the wind bound for Possum Hut which we reached via Rongomai Ridge just as darkness felt.



**Possum Hut, Upper South Waikouaiti River, Silver Peaks (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

The weather cleared that night but by next morning it had clouded over and was - surprise, surprise, blowing from the south. All day from the Waikouaiti Valley, from Swampy, from Flagstaff we could hear a roar in the direction of town. Sure enough, it finally turned out to be little old Dunedin. We had, during the week, grown unaccustomed to the constant noise from the City and it seemed strangely loud.

That night we camped at the top of Flagstaff and had a mighty view of Dunedin, the lights and all that, it wasn't until next evening that we finally left the top for home. It had been an enjoyable and interesting week.

So we turned our backs on the sun setting over the Rock and Pillars and headed down to the city, the bright lights, the noise, the concrete jungle and the Wakari Fish and Chip shop.

(How about visiting the Silver Peaks over the Christmas break yourself?)



## **AHURIRI – DINGLE BURN**

**(date not listed)**

**Author: Fiona Buchanan**

Published in Bulletin 515, December 1992

We arrived at Base Hut after negotiating the farmers house and the fords in the dark. Well done to the drivers - Elspeth and Rhonda. The night was starry bright and hence our team decided the "night was but a pup" and star gazed, looking for satellites (only one was observed) and pointing out our star constellations to the boys (Kim is from Korea and Richard from Germany).

We had a reasonably early start in the morning with croissant and jam to fuel our way up and over into the Dingle Burn. A wee bit of snow was on the saddle for a friendly snow fight or face plant. We bush bashed our way down to the valley floor and had lunch at the Top Dingle Hut. Then it was a casual stroll down the Dingle Burn Valley in search of what we were mis-informed to be the "Speights Hut" (on one of the many posters). On the way we observed a Paradise Duck with a broken wing. Some of us immediately thought "duck or dinner" while the more astute thought it was probably a ploy to keep us away from her ducklings and sure enough we found the ducklings (and very nice they were too!!). On a feet cooling episode in the river, two brown trout were disturbed but unfortunately we were too slow to respond.

The "Speights Hut" turned out to be a disappointing muster's hut with a substantial rubbish dump beside it. We decided to camp down by the river. Justin's group (Kay, Ulla and David) found a lovely wee campsite. We made a wee fire that our group cooked over and then it provided the hypnotic attraction that fires normally hold for most people. An early start again in the morning - a slow wind up to achieve the ridge that would take us up and over. However, the ridge had eroded badly to prove potentially treacherous so it was decided to head back down and back the way we had come. I heard someone say "WE DID THIS FOR KICKS? WITH PACKS ON!!" It was supposedly a quick trip back along the valley and then up and over into the Ahuriri. We had too, however, take time out and rehydrate a person. Many thanks to Ulla and David who had rehydration salts with them. The results were very impressive. I will definitely be carrying them in the future. Consequently, we were a bit late out but on the whole it was a marvellous trip.

Many thanks to Kim, Richard and Elspeth for a memorable trip. By Fiona.

## ROCK AND PILLARS

**November 22, 1992**

**Author: Laurel Dunn**

Published in Bulletin 515, December 1992

Nine of us ventured out with our leader Ian Sime to climb to Big Hut in the Rock and Pillars. Ian provided glorious weather and was a hive of information. Ken Mason had drawn up an easy-to-follow map of how to reach the top.



**Big Hut in the mist, Rock and Pillar Range (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

With a fresh coating of snow earlier in the week, the Rock and Pillars looked even more inviting. It was a bit of a slog up the hill. We stopped for lunch by a snow fed stream not too far from the top. The cushion plants and rock formations were really worth the trip to see plus the terrific uninterrupted views with Maungatua and Saddle Hill being wee dots on the skyline.

Big Hut was in good repair, thanks to Tramping Club members. Not too many visits so you'd always be sure of a bed and it's a good spot as a base for exploring the rest of the range. The heavy snow had snapped some of the cables and flattened the water tank a bit when it had slid off the roof.

Thanks, Ian, for a good trip. Laurel Dunn for the rest of the group.

## OTMC COMMITTEE (1992-93)

**President** – Antony Pettinger

**Vice President** – Peter Mason

**Secretary** – Sue Williams

**Treasurer** – Eric Lord

**Chief Guide / Transport** – Rhonda Robinson

**Bulletin Editor** – Debbie Pettinger

**Membership Secretary** – Dean Peterson

**Social Convenor** – Neville Mulholland

**Day Trip Convener** – Rhonda Robinson

**Gear Hire** – Neville Mulholland

**Gear Hire** – Teresa Wasilewska

**SAR** – David Barnes

**Bushcraft 1993** – Antony Pettinger

**Property & Maintenance** – Peter Mason

**FMC** – John Cox

**Mountain Safety** – Ian Sime

**Librarian** – Mary Clark

**Librarian** – Teresa Wasilewska

**Climbing** – Arthur Blondell

**Immediate Past President** – Elspeth Gold

**Outdoor Recreation Group** – Dave Levick

**Hon. Solicitor** – Antony Hamel

**Hon. Auditor** – Geoff Gray



## OTMC TRIP PROGRAMME 1992

January	19	Cycle Trip	Julie Lord
January	25-26	Duncan Stream - McKenzie Stream (Ben Ohau)	Ken Mason
February	1	OTMC Silver Peaks Marathon	Arthur Blondell
February	2	Bushcraft Instructors Day	Elspeth Gold
February	6-9	Matukituki - Lochnagar (Waitangi Weekend)	David Barnes
February	15-23	National Walk Week (FMC)	Mike Floate
February	15-16	Bushcraft 1992 (Tirohanga Camp)	Elspeth Gold
February	22-23	Bushcraft 1992 (Silver Peaks Weekend)	Jim Driscoll
March	1	Bushcraft 1992 (Rivercrossing - Outram Glen)	Bruce Mason
March	7-8	Bushcraft 1992 (Optional Weekend - Lake Ohau)	Antony Pettinger
March	8	Cycle Trip	Eric Lord
March	15	Maungatua - Pinus Pulling (with DoC)	Pam Cocker
March	21-22	Lake Manapouri - Titiroa	Ken Mason
March	22	Hunting for Giant Skinks	Graeme Loh
March	29	Silver Peaks Circuit	David Barnes
April	4-5	Eglinton - Hollyford	Elspeth Gold
April	5	Otago Peninsula	John Cox
April	12	Ben Rudd's Revegetation	Richard Pettinger
April	17-22	Arthur's Pass (Easter)	Paul Bingham
April	26	Orbell's Cave	Sharon St Clair-Newman
May	2-3	The Catlins	Mike Floate
May	3	Flat Hill	Peter Mason
May	10	Extended Otago Peninsula	Bruce Mason
May	16-17	Green Lake - Borland	Neville Mulholland
May	17	Powder Ridge	Doug Forrester
May	24	SAREX (Search & Rescue Exercise)	David Barnes
May	30-1	Kepler Track (Queens Birthday)	Eric Lord
June	7	Silver Peaks	Mark Planner
June	14	Leith Valley - As You've Never Seen It	Ken Mason
June	20-21	Trotters Gorge Mid Winter Bash	Elspeth Gold
June	21	Mt Fortune / Razorback	Peter Mason
June	28	Government Track	Mike Floate
July	4-5	Mt Domett	Chris Pearson
July	5	Heyward Point Rd - Long Beach	Peter Mason
July	12	Peninsula Bike Trip	Russell Godfrey
July	19	Carey's Creek	Mary Clark
July	25-26	X/C Ski Intro (beginner to intermediate)	Dave Levick
July	26	Jubilee Hut	David Saunders
August	2	So You Think You Can Navigate'	Antony Pettinger
August	8-9	X/C Ski Rock & Pillars (Beginner - Advanced)	John Robinson
August	9	Rongomai Ridge	Ian Sime
August	15-16	Winter Routeburn (Falls Side)	Elspeth Gold

August	16	Trig 764 Silver Peaks	Dean Peterson
August	22-30	XC Ski Week (Intermediate - advanced)	Bruce Mason
August	23	Graham's Bush - Mt Cargill	Fiona Buchanan
August	29	Annual Dinner	Peter O'Driscoll
August	30	Chalkies	Hugh Dickson
September	5-6	Snowcaving (Old Man Range)	Antony Pettinger
September	6	Otago Peninsula	Justin Calder
September	12-13	X/C Ski (intermediate - advanced)	Mark Planner
September	13	Silver Peaks by Moonlight	Eric Lord
September	19-20	Mavora Lakes	Antony Pettinger
September	20	Ben Rudd's Revegetation	Richard Pettinger
September	26-27	X/C Ski Remarkables (advanced)	Bruce Mason
September	27	Silver Peaks	Trevor McDonald
October	4	First Aid Refresher (yes, you need it)	Teresa Wasilewska
October	10-11	Snowcraft Course	Arthur Blondell
October	11	The Gap	Peter O'Driscoll
October	18	SAREX (Search & Rescue Exercise)	David Barnes
October	24-26	Ohau (Labour Weekend)	Fiona Buchanan
November	1	Chrystalls Beach	Mary Clark
November	7-8	Caples - Greenstone	Elspeth Gold
November	8	Work Party	Peter Mason
November	15	Silver Peaks	Justin and Kay Calder
November	21-22	Mt Cook	Peter O'Driscoll
November	22	Rock And Pillars	Ian Sime
November	28	SAREX (Search & Rescue Exercise)	David Barnes
November	29	Taieri Island / Gorge	Mike Floate
December	5-6	Kea Basin - Rees Valley (Combined Clubs)	Elspeth Gold and John Cox
December	12	Pre Christmas Social	
December	13	Mt Charles	Neville Mulholland
December	26-4	Rafting Down The Clarence River	Justin Calder

# OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (FEBRUARY TO MAY)

 OTMC BULLETIN

CHICAGO TRAMPING AND MOUNTAINEERING CLUB INC.  
P.O. BOX 1120  
DUNDON

FEBRUARY 1992  
BULLETIN NO. 504

Registered at P.O. Box 1120, Dundon for the reason by post as a magazine

## HAPPY NEW YEAR 1992

THE CHICAGO TRAMPING & MOUNTAINEERING CLUB  
MEETS EVERY THURSDAY  
AT 7:00PM AT  
1110 W. 11TH ST. (LILLIANSTOWN)

PRESIDENT	Elaphin Gold	477 1143
VIC. PRESIDENT	Peter Mason	473 7434
SECRETARY	Andrew Pennington	473 7424
TREASURER	Eric Lord	474 4463
CHIEF GUIDE	David Barron	474 4462
EDITOR	Reville McNeilland	484 0187
MEMBERSHIP SEC.	Mark Peterson	444 0125
SOCIAL SEC.	Peter O'Donnell	473 0281
NEWS EDIT	Sharon St. Clair Brown	473 0117
ORG. COMMITTEE	David Larkin	473 8427

 OTMC BULLETIN

CHICAGO TRAMPING AND MOUNTAINEERING CLUB INC.  
P.O. BOX 1120  
DUNDON

MARCH 1992  
BULLETIN NO. 505

Registered at P.O. Box 1120, Dundon for the reason by post as a magazine



THE CHICAGO TRAMPING & MOUNTAINEERING CLUB  
MEETS EVERY THURSDAY  
7:00PM  
AT 7:00PM AT  
1110 W. 11TH ST. (LILLIANSTOWN)

PRESIDENT	Elaphin Gold	477 1143
VIC. PRESIDENT	Peter Mason	473 7434
SECRETARY	Andrew Pennington	473 7424
TREASURER	Eric Lord	474 4463
CHIEF GUIDE	David Barron	474 4462
EDITOR	Reville McNeilland	484 0187
MEMBERSHIP SEC.	Mark Peterson	444 0125
SOCIAL SEC.	Peter O'Donnell	473 0281
NEWS EDIT	Sharon St. Clair Brown	473 0117
ORG. COMMITTEE	David Larkin	473 8427

 OTMC BULLETIN

CHICAGO TRAMPING AND MOUNTAINEERING CLUB INC.  
P.O. BOX 1120  
DUNDON

APRIL 1992  
BULLETIN NO. 506

Registered at P.O. Box 1120, Dundon for the reason by post as a magazine



THE CHICAGO TRAMPING & MOUNTAINEERING CLUB  
MEETS EVERY THURSDAY  
AT 7:00PM AT  
1110 W. 11TH ST. (LILLIANSTOWN)

PRESIDENT	Elaphin Gold	477 1143
VIC. PRESIDENT	Peter Mason	473 7434
SECRETARY	Andrew Pennington	473 7424
TREASURER	Eric Lord	474 4463
CHIEF GUIDE	David Barron	474 4462
EDITOR	Reville McNeilland	484 0187
MEMBERSHIP SEC.	Mark Peterson	444 0125
SOCIAL SEC.	Peter O'Donnell	473 0281
NEWS EDIT	Sharon St. Clair Brown	473 0117
ORG. COMMITTEE	David Larkin	473 8427

 OTMC BULLETIN

CHICAGO TRAMPING AND MOUNTAINEERING CLUB INC.  
P.O. BOX 1120  
DUNDON

MAY 1992  
BULLETIN NO. 507

Registered at P.O. Box 1120, Dundon for the reason by post as a magazine



THE CHICAGO TRAMPING & MOUNTAINEERING CLUB  
MEETS EVERY THURSDAY  
AT 7:00PM AT  
1110 W. 11TH ST. (LILLIANSTOWN)

PRESIDENT	Elaphin Gold	477 1143
VIC. PRESIDENT	Peter Mason	473 7434
SECRETARY	Andrew Pennington	473 7424
TREASURER	Eric Lord	474 4463
CHIEF GUIDE	David Barron	474 4462
EDITOR	Reville McNeilland	484 0187
MEMBERSHIP SEC.	Mark Peterson	444 0125
SOCIAL SEC.	Peter O'Donnell	473 0281
NEWS EDIT	Sharon St. Clair Brown	473 0117
ORG. COMMITTEE	David Larkin	473 8427



# OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (JUNE TO SEPTEMBER)

**OTMC** (OTAGO TRAMPING AND MOUNTAINEERING CLUB INC.)  
P.O. BOX 1100  
DUNEDIN

## BULLETIN

JUNE 1992  
BULLETIN NO. 510

Registered at F.O.D. Wellington for transmission by post as a magazine



**Winter..**

PRESIDENT	Elspeth Reid	477 1113
VICE PRESIDENT	Peter Mason	473 7636
SECRETARY	Anthony Hollinger	473 7636
TREASURER	Rita Lord	476 4043
CHIEF GUIDE	David Barnes	476 4043
EDITOR	Donella Macdonald	476 4043
MEMBERSHIP SEC.	Don Perkinson	476 4043
SOCIAL SEC.	Peter O'Donnell	473 0593
GRAB BAG	Marion St. Clair Barnes	473 4319
ORG. COORDINATOR	David Lewis	471 8417

THE OTAGO TRAMPING & MOUNTAINEERING CLUB  
MEETS EVERY THURSDAY  
AT 7.30 PM AT 1 YONGE ST (DUNEDIN)

**OTMC** (OTAGO TRAMPING AND MOUNTAINEERING CLUB INC.)  
P.O. BOX 1100  
DUNEDIN

## BULLETIN

JULY 1992  
BULLETIN NO. 511

Registered at F.O.D. Wellington for transmission by post as a magazine



PRESIDENT	Elspeth Reid	477 1113
VICE PRESIDENT	Peter Mason	473 7636
SECRETARY	Anthony Hollinger	473 7636
TREASURER	Rita Lord	476 4043
CHIEF GUIDE	David Barnes	476 4043
EDITOR	Donella Macdonald	476 4043
MEMBERSHIP SEC.	Don Perkinson	476 4043
SOCIAL SEC.	Peter O'Donnell	473 0593
GRAB BAG	Marion St. Clair Barnes	473 4319
ORG. COORDINATOR	David Lewis	471 8417

THE OTAGO TRAMPING & MOUNTAINEERING CLUB  
MEETS EVERY THURSDAY  
AT 7.30 PM AT 1 YONGE ST (DUNEDIN)

**OTMC** (OTAGO TRAMPING AND MOUNTAINEERING CLUB INC.)  
P.O. BOX 1100  
DUNEDIN

## BULLETIN

AUGUST 1992  
BULLETIN NO. 512

Registered at F.O.D. Wellington for transmission by post as a magazine



PRESIDENT	Elspeth Reid	477 1113
VICE PRESIDENT	Peter Mason	473 7636
SECRETARY	Anthony Hollinger	473 7636
TREASURER	Rita Lord	476 4043
CHIEF GUIDE	David Barnes	476 4043
EDITOR	Donella Macdonald	476 4043
MEMBERSHIP SEC.	Don Perkinson	476 4043
SOCIAL SEC.	Peter O'Donnell	473 0593
GRAB BAG	Marion St. Clair Barnes	473 4319
ORG. COORDINATOR	David Lewis	471 8417

THE OTAGO TRAMPING & MOUNTAINEERING CLUB  
MEETS EVERY THURSDAY  
AT 7.30 PM AT 1 YONGE ST (DUNEDIN)

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

## BULLETIN

THE OTAGO TRAMPING AND MOUNTAINEERING CLUB  
MEETS EVERY THURSDAY  
7.30 PM  
AT 1 YONGE STREET (DUNEDIN)



PRESIDENT	Elspeth Reid	477 1113
VICE PRESIDENT	Peter Mason	473 7636
SECRETARY	Anthony Hollinger	473 7636
TREASURER	Rita Lord	476 4043
CHIEF GUIDE	David Barnes	476 4043
EDITOR	Donella Macdonald	476 4043
MEMBERSHIP SEC.	Don Perkinson	476 4043
SOCIAL SEC.	Peter O'Donnell	473 0593
GRAB BAG	Marion St. Clair Barnes	473 4319
ORG. COORDINATOR	David Lewis	471 8417

THE OTAGO TRAMPING & MOUNTAINEERING CLUB  
MEETS EVERY THURSDAY  
AT 7.30 PM AT 1 YONGE ST (DUNEDIN)

## OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (OCTOBER TO DECEMBER)

