

OTMC TRIP REPORTS

1995

Sourced from the 1995 OTMC Bulletins



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INTRODUCTION

Following a decline in tramping numbers in the early 1990's, patronage started picking up again in 1995. The most popular trip was a mid-winter social / cooking competition to Moturau Hut on the shore of Lake Manapouri with 39 people (some arriving via kayak). Other well supported trips included 29 on the Basic Snowcraft trip to the Awakino Ski-Field and trips with just 20 each to Macetown, Rees Valley and the Routeburn.

Some rare trips were held during the year. In February Trevor Deaker organised a very successful trip to the Albert Burn valley, near the head of Lake Wānaka. One party completed a full cross-over from the Wilkin, over to the Albert Burn and on to the East Matukituki via Albert Burn Saddle. Other parties also crossed over from the Wilkin to complete a round trip. The OTC / OTMC have only been to the Albert Burn a handful of times – a trip is planned to Albert Burn Saddle from the East Matukituki to revisit Ron Keen's aborted 1962 Matukituki – Albert Burn crossover as part of our 2022/23 '100 Trips for 100 Years'.

In November, Barry Wybrow led a crossing of the Copland Pass from Mt Cook – this is the only time I'm aware of that the club has completed this trip as a club trip. While the trip is rightly considered a success there were two events that added to the challenge. The first was when one of the members was hit by a dislodged rock on the Copland Valley side and required rescue by helicopter – I can't recall how the chopper was called, presumably by a radio at one of the huts / shelters. The other event was how to get back to Mt Cook to retrieve the vehicles – the plan was to get a short helicopter flight back over the mountains, but the weather put paid to that. What followed was a major logistical challenge of road travel back to Mt Cook, a 450km road trip.

Members were quite active in proposing administrative change within the club during the year. One motion put forward to a General Meeting was to reduce the subs by 50% (later revised to 30%) while the club was making a large surplus. This was voted on at a meeting in September, and the vote was almost 50/50, with the motion being lost only by two votes (out of 34).

Another motion the club voted on was to investigate the disposal of the Ben Rudd's property, but with controls to manage the property that are compatible with the OTMC's philosophy. While this vote was lost, the discussion can now be seen as the start of the pathway that led to the formation of the Ben Rudd's Management Trust three years later in 1998.

A long-running discussion over club transport during 1994/95 centred around the club obtaining a trailer to use for weekend trips. Prior to 1994 the club used vans with no seats in the back, just a layer of packs with mattresses on top – thankfully we moved to seats and seatbelts, but the issue of how to carry the pack remained. After much discussion, the club did purchase a covered trailer, largely funded by the charitable trust from the local tavern. Now, times have changed again, and we have sold the trailer due to lack of use. Our use of rental vans has reduced greatly - in the mid 1990's we were hiring around 40 vans per year, now we would be lucky to hire 10% of that number. The parting comment from the trailer debate was 'why don't we buy a van' - in hindsight I'm glad we didn't!

It is always good to be able to debate the issues of the day, and we certainly had plenty to discuss in 1995.

Antony Pettinger
September 2021

**Cover Photo: De La Beche through to Mt Elie De Beaumont and the Tasman Glacier from Ball Ridge
(PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

MAVORA LAKES – THREE TRIPS IN ONE

October 8-9, 1994

Author: Mike Giese

Published in Bulletin 539, February 1995

Originally this was the Pisa range trip, but then it was the Fiordland trip and finally it was Mavora lakes. The Pisa Range was postponed because Mike Floate was busy, Fiordland was cancelled due to large amounts of snow, and finally Mavora lakes was settled upon (let's face it, what can go wrong at Mavora lakes?).

A standard trip with the standard Friday night fish and chips, the standard "Rolling Stones" playing in the van (an occupational hazard if you go on trips with Antony and Debbie). We arrived at Mavora lakes, pitched flies, tents, and bivvy bags, and brewed coffee/tea (my God don't these people want to go to sleep?)

Next morning most parties were off for a walk around the lake while our party was heading for the Whitestone. We saved ourselves a long and boring walk by driving back to the bridge across the Mavora Lakes river. Across the bridge and into the Kiwi Burn hut, where we caught up with the hut book. It was a glorious day, the sun-shining high above us and not a cloud in the sky! From the Kiwi Burn hut our plan was to go over the low pass just up from the hut, and into the Whitestone. It looked fine on the map, a vertical climb of no more than one hundred feet, just follow the creek on the map for a bit, then go due west and then meet up with the other creek going into the Whitestone. Simple really, and it was a chance to do some bush-bashing. Well, after following the river for considerably longer than we should have and climbing a considerable distance vertically, we began to wonder whether we were heading in the right direction. Lots of comments were made like "there's bush going up on either side of us we must still be in the pass," or "this creek seems to go on for a long way," or "we've got a track here we'll just follow that!" After a great deal of head scratching and consulting maps and compasses (of which Antony's had decided North was South and South was North) we eventually decided we had most probably climbed halfway up a rather steep hill (Bald Peak I think) and that it was now time to think about going down and across to the pass! We sidled along the hill, dropped down into the pass, found the other creek and followed it into the Whitestone. No problem! Despite the way this may sound it was great fun and a very good exercise in navigation. The only bad thing was that we couldn't actually blame anyone as all the decisions had been made as a group (damn no scapegoat). So, we made it to the Whitestone in time for lunch.

It was hot, damn hot, real hot. It was so damn hot I saw one of those little guys in orange robes burst into flames. It was that hot, do you know what I'm talking about? Anyway, onwards we went (did I mention it was hot?) through a herd of cows and rather evil smelling deep pools of mud that the author thought was a good idea to have close encounters with (they didn't look that deep!). The Whitestone River valley is really big, quite an impressive site to immerge into after bush-bashing for a couple of hours. We followed the right branch of the river past a private deer-hunters hut and then further up the river. Although the hut seemed occupied, we

didn't meet the deer hunters, only their prey. As we went further up the valley until we came round a bend to find two doe's sunning themselves in the last of the rays of the day. When they saw us, they weren't too impressed, and we eventually decided that they probably stopped running when they reached the Kiwi Bum.

The night was perfect for camping out. No clouds, lots of stars and best of all when the sun went down so did the sandflies. However, they came back the next morning at sunrise. This proved a little annoying for the author- in his bivvy-bag! But there are ways around all problems. I discovered I could quite happily breath through my polyprop without the sandflies getting me. It was great, who needs a fly screen!



**L-R Mike Gieseg, Mike Brettell & Debbie Pettinger in the Whitestone Valley, October 8, 1994
(PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

After breakfast we had a little bit of trouble finding the track back into the Kiwi Burn as the markers were less than obvious. But we found it in the end. The track could do with some work. There was a great deal of windblown branches on the track, along with more deep pools of evil smelling mud. After a while we ran across Mark's group on their way into the Whitestone for a look. And finally we met up with Greg's and Neville's group sunning themselves in a nice clearing. Yep, it was time for lunch and some more sunbathing. After that it was an easy walk back to the van before a wash in the river.

So that was the trip, a great one all round, with excellent weather and company. And of course, we can't forget The Who and Rolling Stones on the way back!

Next Month: The Skippers Trip - Pettinger tours go mad in Skippers! or Ten good reasons to buy a 4-wheel drive!

PYKE – BIG BAY – MARTINS BAY

Date not recorded

Author: John Galloway

Published in Bulletin 539, February 1995

Five hours ago we had left the Hollyford Road end. Jules, of Hollyford Travel, had invited Josephine King, Rodger Edie, and John Galloway, into her Pyke River hut for a "cuppa" and a weather forecast about northerlies - "we got rain out of them," and tales of trampers taking 10 hours from the head of Like Alabaster wading in waist deep water.



Just beyond Jules Hut we had to decide between tackling the more difficult inland, flood prone, Pyke Valley first; or start on the Demon Trail to Martins Bay. Like most other parties we went Alabaster/Pyke River. The track in the bush up the east side of Alabaster isn't easy. Though marked, it is hard to follow because of lack of use as most parties follow the lake shore. The lake edge was probably the quickest, depending on the height of the lake, wave action and the plimsoll line of the shortest party member! We tried both. Our first night was on a creek fan nearly halfway up the lake.

Alabaster creek flows slow and deep, where it enters the lake, and the cunning fording maneuver is to follow a gravel bar out into the lake then to shore, with dry shorts. Beyond Alabaster, remains of barbed wire fences attest that Davey Gunn was more than fable. Indeed, during most of our wanderings we were following overgrown and washed-out stock routes and logging tracks formed and used by Davey Gunn and his contemporaries. Next the track passed through bush at the base of the eastern Bryneira Range, over logs, tangled in vines, around bogs, over stream fans and shakily across log bridges. Our relief to break out into open country was brief.

Before us lay 300 metres of bog. Earlier, when studying our map we considered claiming one of the numerous unnamed lakes in the name of our leader - A Lake King, by now a bog seemed more than adequate, and this really was a king among bogs! Not to be approached without webbed feet and submersible genitals! Josephine used words I hadn't heard her use before or since. At Olivine Hut we exchanged warnings of what was ahead with three Christchurch blokes travelling in the opposite direction. A flying fox contraption. crosses the Olivine River, but we stayed with the old "getting one's feet wet again" method. After Diorite Stream the track markers hid from us, so we made our own route to camp by South Barrier River.

As we began day three so did the northerly rain, as forecast via Jules. Not much had fallen when we crossed the north branch of the Barrier River, but it could easily be true to name. The Pyke River is more bushed than expected, and those areas that once grazed cattle have reverted to scrub, flax and toitoi, making it sometimes difficult to see landmarks and fix one's position on the map. Also, the track on our map between Barrier River, and Lake Wilmot was wrong - it goes to the S.E corner of Lake Wilmot, not the outlet. The walk alongside Lake Wilmot is a lot easier than Alabaster and we quickly reached a high rock bivy at the northern end. Sadly, all Rodger's tramping equipment was causing him worsening pain and discomfort.

A quiet bite in a tiny derelict freezer shed; where deer carcasses were once stored before being flown out of the adjacent airstrip; and the rain pelted down. The dreaded Pyke crossing looked marginal - and we proved it was really marginal! Summoning 110 percent of our river crossing strength, with unscheduled inspection of the boulders in the middle and some very unsynchronised swimming, we all splashed out to the intended bank. Shortly the territory looked Noah's arkish, so we set a sodden camp on a hill. Tea was off the menu - too difficult. Josephine spent a sleepless night sitting in a foetal position nursing a bruised hip, Rodger shivered away the dark hours wrapped in a survival blanket; their sleeplessness ensured by my loud snoring. Me snoring? - I don't believe it of course!

Mercifully the dawn was cloudless. After a quick self-taught geography lesson in which we learnt the hill we were on was not the hill we thought we were on, and we found the hill we

should have been on, we made our way to Big Bay along an easy bush track - not so easy for Rodger. Rodger needed an alternative mode of travel. Though we felt a million miles from nowhere at Big Bay, it was surprising how quickly the only "local", Dale, was able to organise a plane ride. Rodger took off from the beach at the next morning's high low tide, and saw the rest of this bit of Fiordland, from altitude.



Leaving Big Bay by air (PHOTO Doug Forrester)

Dale's welcoming home, tucked in the bush at the south end of Big Bay, is pure hideaway magic in its pristine setting. No plastic ornaments or the decor of today's fashion. It's all natural - driftwood, a climbing rose comes in through the wall above his bed, fishnet hung around an island bench, opossum skin upholstery, punga joinery, an elephant seal overwintered in the garden; with the comforts of solar and generator power, a conservatory, radio communication and videos air-dropped in. Accommodation is offered to trampers with payment being in light duties like helping hide a boat from a thief who comes by helicopter!

Sleeping bags, clothes, tent flies, and a body! were given a good drying in the Big Bay sun, before tramping on to Hokuri Hut. On the way Josephine and I "had a mug" with Jim at Martins Bay Lodge. Besides, 3, 4 and 5 day walks (they don't call it tramping) offer jet boat trips, scenic flights, seal and penguin colony and glow worm visits, inflatable canoeing, fishing with meals and accommodation.

The Demon Trail seemed less than demonic after the trails we'd been on, and we completed the circuit at Alabaster Hut on day 6 - seeing only 7 other trampers, 2 fishermen and a hut guide.



Hollyford River / Whakatipu Ka Tuka and Martins Bay (PHOTO Doug Forrester)

Lessons from the Pyke:

- Allow 10 days and have a flexible timetable.
- Arrange an airdrop to Big Bay.
- Be fully tented - with just a tent fly you're mozzie tucker.
- Know the capabilities of everyone in the party.
- Carry a survival blanket.
- Get the river crossings right.
- Remember the insect repellent,
- Order good weather (after the rain, our last 4 days were brilliant)
- Or book a luxury coach ticket and see it from the tourist highway when it goes through!

ON THE UP AND UP AT DANSEY'S PASS

November 26-27, 1994

Author: Robyn Bridges

Published in Bulletin 540, March 1995

Before the trip to Chinamans Hut becomes a distant memory, a trip report albeit a very late one!

Because the area is within an easy three hours of Dunedin it had been decided to make the trip a two-day trip and so on Saturday morning, sort of early, with the promise of good weather, twelve of us set off to Danseys Pass. Chinaman's Hut sits on a raised river flat just above the Otekaieke River. The track to the hut starts at the end of a farm road which turns off on the northern side of the pass. Both track and hut are on private land which makes it necessary to obtain permission.

Parking the van at the locked gate, which is as far as you can drive, we loaded ourselves up with gear and set off for a pleasant hour walk up the river. To describe the Otekaieke as a river is a bit misleading. On the two occasions I have been up it, it has been more like a stream though I am sure it is capable of being a torrent. In parts it runs through gorges making for waterfalls and deep bubbling pools, and for most of its course, runs over interestingly coloured rocks. The hut is not actually visible from the river. Two entrances are marked by cairns, one of which is not easily missed.



Chinamans Hut, Otekaieke River (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

After lunch at the hut, which is as pretty as it looks in the photos, most of us set off to climb Cone Peak, a prominent point behind the hut. It is about a four to five hour round trip. The plan was to follow the right-hand spur to the top. After finding a good place at river level where we could pick up this route, we set off. It was a good climb with just enough false horizons to make it interesting. There is a good variety of alpine flora and insect life on the upper slopes and the views at the top are magnificent. Snowcapped Remarkables way in the distance, the Waitaki River and the coast. There is no water on the way up and you need to take enough as it is a thirsty climb. There is a small waterfall on the northern slope, but this is well out of the way of the right-hand spur route. We set off back to the hut just as an early evening mist started to come in. I'll quickly skip the bit where that evening I lit the hut fire and how everyone had birds nest soup (whether they had wanted it or not) and comments about the effectiveness of smoke clouds as a mosquito deterrent (we did not encounter any mosquitos so either there are none or the smoke really did work!) and move right onto Sundays climb of a prominent pinnacle just below Mt Domett.



**View from the slopes of Little Mt Domett looking towards Danseys Pass, with Cone Peak on the right
(PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

Again, it was off upstream. This time to an area where the river widens into a large gravel flat. On the right of this flat is a side stream which leads the way to the foothills of Mt Domett. Marking the direction of this entrance is now a sizeable rock cairn. Thanks again to our cairn builders. The entrance to the side stream is navigated via a 'none to wide' ledge above a waterfall and though not high, it is narrow. Because of this some of us climbed over the spur itself which turned out to be an even meaner route. (On the way out some 'shot' the actual waterfall). After a half hour walk upstream and after topping up the water bottles it was again a 'straight up' climb through the tussock. At the top we got an excellent view of Mt Domett and

looking across the valley. Cone Peak, which with its pointed grey peak shining in the sun, looked awesomely high. We ate our lunch, lazed in the sun. and took photos. Some of us contemplated Mt Domett (approx. 2000m) while one other, David, climbed it in a very quick three and a half hours and others had a very jolly discussion which I think was about sardine sandwiches and tramping trips??? I'm still not sure but such is life. Back down at the hut and feeling quite pleased with ourselves, we packed up. We stopped on the way out to taste the waters at the local watering hole and then set off for home.



Otekaieke River with Mt Domett in background (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

The centennial of Chinaman's Hut was celebrated in June of last year. The hut is used by St Kevin's school in Oamaru who originally restored it and who keep it in the very good condition that it is currently in. It sleeps about eleven and there is a large area outside where you can pitch tents. I did a brief library search but could not find any references to the hut.

My thanks to those who came and those in the club who helped me organise this, my first trip, by Robyn Bridges, Trip Leader.

WILKIN – EAST MATUKITUKI

February 4-6, 1995

Author: Ann Schofield

Published in Bulletin 540, March 1995

The trip was initially called 'Albertburn'. Since this name is synonymous with extensive flood damage in the lower reaches, we decided to 'pass through' the Albertburn network of rivers, entering and leaving our tramp from a northerly and southerly valley respectively (see sketch map). Barry organised Mike and I into some quick decision making - "yes, that's fine Barry - we have full confidence in what you think is fun; we'll come along as tourists!"

10 mins flying into the Wilkin valley was enough for Barry and his fear of small planes. All at once it was over - 'loop the loop' and our little plane whooshed off into the bright morning sunshine. All alone. We didn't hang around in this first valley, the Wilkin Valley (V1) for long - it was to be remembered as a bird's eye view. Into the river immediately. Barry chuckled quietly when Mike and I suggested an intimate arm-linked river-crossing; definitely not deep enough! The remainder of the day was spent climbing 1124m up the slopes to the pass west of Mount Jumbo; hoping over boulders in the water; trying not to slip as we crossed mudslides and wondering how Barry can be so lively whilst going uphill! Beauty is in a panoramic view. We shot straight down another mudslide and landed in 'Big Country'. Huge huge boulders in the base of our second valley (V2), but it eventually levelled off and gave way to a perfect campsite (IX). Reflections of the day: One valley full of model trees, a second valley comprising 'Big Country'.



Albert Burn valley, looking upstream towards the forks (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Phew! By getting-up time on Saturday the rain had stopped. After a 20-minute warm-up along the gently descending riverbed of our second valley, we headed into a warm-up bush bashing exercise. Lots of rotten trees are not really meant for the weight bearing of humans. With little more effort, but an hour later, we stepped into the Albertburn, our third valley (V3). Intrigued by the silence of other parties of the OTMC, we enjoyed the pleasure of the path along the true left of the Albertburn and into the grassy flats at the junction of the North and South Albertburn. After a long discussion, we chose the very best campsite. From our front patio (2X), tucked neatly under the bush, we viewed the 300m waterfalls on the south side of the clearing. Later in the day, the silence was broken, but why didn't the other OTMC'ers join us? Reflections of the day: the land upstream of a flood damaged third valley.



Impressive waterfall in left hand branch of the Albert Burn, upstream of the main forks (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

An early morning start led us upwards 400m along a track to the true left of the South Albertburn river, stopping for a view and a spray every so often. Unfortunately, the track disappeared, and we were left to fight the alpine scrub. If you can't beat it, enjoy it. Much later, with a refreshing swill around our ankles, we wandered through the South Albertburn river until we came upon a magical torrent: What a fall!!! The alpine scrub was immediately forgotten. We were special people; we were here. One thrill led into another - just a steep 250m above us was the South branch of the South Albertburn. No time to wait for Ann, Barry and Mike raced upwards to get the first glimpse of a really special valley, a deserted valley, 'our valley', a weird sensation - climbing upwards from valley 4 (V4) at 1000m to the base of valley 5 (V5) at 1250m. No better way to realise the heterogeneity of valley floor altitudes.

From within this wonder valley, minds were working overtime ... onto a Geology sidetrack:

Barry. Deep breath "How did that small valley form Mike?"

Mike: Pause "A looonnnng time ago, there used to be a lake there. One cold, late autumn, lots of birds landed late at night in the lake. During the long night it got colder and colder; the lake froze. Next day the birds took off taking the lake with them and leaving the valley...."

Barry: Enthusiasm "Oh really, that's very interesting"

Mike: Giggling "Ha, I've been waiting to say that to someone it's from 'Fried Green Tomatoes' "

. suckered again Barry - you should know that Mike's obsessed with birds!



Albert Burn saddle from the East Matukituki side (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

An hours stroll along short tussock and river flats to our home for the night (3X). Reflections of the day: Climbed once, then twice; first into a prickly, then into a mystical valley.

A surprise next morning: frost on our gear! Shock over, breakfast over and a steep 431m snow grass climb onto the slopes of Dragonfly Peak. Barry chuckled heartily when I suggested we could use crampons here - definitely not steep enough! Once upon the Albertburn saddle, we made a hasty decision not to climb Dragonfly Peak, ii) encountered an unavoidable snow crossing - we didn't even try to make Barry laugh by getting out our ice axes - he would have disowned us! From the saddle we "followed obvious deer tracks" through short, gently sloping tussock to the Hester Pinney track above the true left of Bledisloe Gorge of the East Matukituki. It felt like I was in a Craig Potten photograph as the sun beamed in through the beech forest that took us steeply down to Junction Flats of the East Matukituki. Onto the home straight - an afternoon stroll through a beech forest. Poor Mike though - slower, slower, s-I-o-w-e-r. To maintain his friendship (yes, he's a lovable guy really), we blamed it on sun stroke rather than TBE (Total Body Exhaustion), but still dragged himself along to Les Mills the following week where he had no problems getting the pelvic thrusts in time to the music!) Reflections of the day: wow! six valleys and two passes in one trip.



East Matukituki River, looking downstream towards Cameron Flats (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

"At last" Barry sighed "Cameron Flats". Thanks, Barry, for organising us. Maybe you will get some proper FE's in the club one day - until then, keep dreaming about peak bagging and enjoy being our Tramping Hero!

A HUGE THANK YOU Thank you heaps and heaps to Trevor Deaker who spent an immense amount of time arranging the logistics behind this fantastic OTMC trip Ann Schofield for Mike Gieseg & Barry Wybrow

THE MIGHTY MARATHON

February 11, 1995

Author: Doug Forrester

Published in Bulletin 541, April 1995

Four of us lined up for the full and about the same for the half marathon. It was a perfect morning, calm and mild. Once again - 4:30am and we are off. Rob gets an early hop on the field by going around the west side of Flagstaff. I like the idea that it is easier than over the top. How about the club adopting that way as the norm, perhaps then shoot down the Freemans Track, would be easier on the feet than the road. How about it committee?

Anyway, onwards and upwards Rob gets geographically embarrassed on Chalkie and loses time. On down to the fence line and the gorse patch, used to be a real shit but not now, the forestry boys have bulldozed a lovely road through it, down toward Pyramid Hut corner. The turnoff to go down the Shangri-la Valley was up a bit from the corner, used to be a cyclone gate there (it's gone). I had a look, wasn't impressed as it looked terribly overgrown so took a gamble and wandered down the road. Nearer the corner a newly bulldozed track looked to run parallel with Shangri-la so fingers crossed down I went, turned out spot on. 8:50am Poplar Hut and the water quality doesn't impress me much, so I hold off drinking. Up through the plantation road to Mt John. How things have changed up to this point. In 1984 Ross and Gaye Davies took me around the marathon (my first one), the pine trees were just little ones, poking out of the grass now they tower above you. But during the marathon it's great for shade. I leave the plantation at 9:20am and into the heat of the sun and what a difference, really hot, I want a drink, but that huckery water from Poplar Creek doesn't look too good in the bottle so I don't.

Over Mt John to hut about 9:50am. Little Mt John hut is really tidy, good to see. Down to the stream for a very big drink. It looked inviting; I find out later farmer John had a swim here. My god, how wonderful it must have been John. Plodding on, feet hurting, really hot now, up the ridge above ABC Cave and the snow tussocks are huge and reflecting the sun, it's knocking me about now. Lunch at the Gap, about 12:15pm and a bit behind my schedule. But at the Gap is the most welcome sight of Mike Giesege and Ann Schofield, a real morale booster team, who had lots to drink. Thanks team!

Now for Rocky ridge - a bit of a grind, the heat, my feet and the hours gone by trying to tell me something. Ignore it Doug it is only in the mind. Wonder how the others are going? Down the hill to Green Hut Site where I find a letter from Josephine (who did the half) saying life's a b--- because there is no water. Could be a problem developing here. Onward and upwards, through a sleepy hollow, the odd mouthful is getting swilled around the mouth now. I fluke a mountain biker and scrounge a half a bottle of water - I'm made. My god it's a long way to the top of Swampy. Along the gravel road, no old dragons to put me wrong this year, down onto Flagstaff and a very big drink at the water works tap and I'm finished - a great feeling. My thoughts go out to the others. I hope they're okay.



The northern end of the Marathon route, on Rocky Ridge looking towards The Gap (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE MARATHON

- It's a long way! A massive undertaking for one day. It is not a race but a real personal challenge. Just Do It.
- A good test of route finding, especially if you are on your own.
- Take a Walkman to listen to (good time waster)
- If it is a shitty day or just fog stay in bed.

Well, that is my last marathon, perhaps it is time for me to man a checkpoint, I am very mindful of what a sight the three at the Gap were. Also a big thank you to Peter Mason, getting out of bed at that hour to see us safely through our journey is a big commitment. I wonder if Mariam boots him out?

Next year if there is any interest I will take people over the first bit before the event. This seems to be the tricky bit,

Doug Forrester

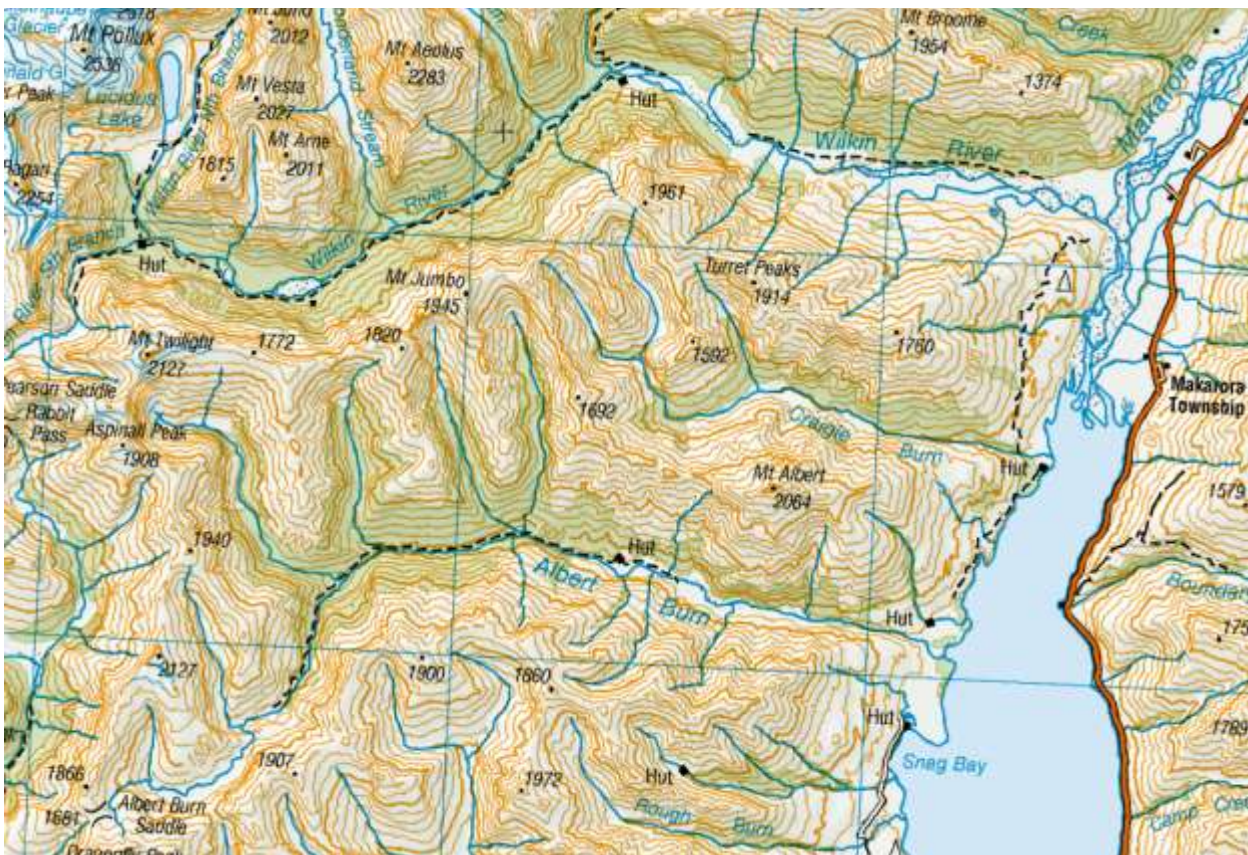
WILKIN - ALBERTBURN

February 4-6, 1995

Author: Josephine King

Published in OTMC Bulletin 541, April 1995

Leaving Dunedin at lunchtime we arrived at Makarora late afternoon, we packed our gear and ourselves into the six-seater plane and flew off over the Makarora River up into the Wilkin Valley to Jumboland. "Oh no, cattle on the airstrip". This pilot knew what he was doing. A few whirly twirlies up in the air, line up the airstrip, full throttle, dive bomb and chase the beasts away - they didn't move far, repeat the exercise again, worked, now in for the landing. Jumping out we were quite taken back with the sight of moo pooh splattered over the plane.



We camped alongside the Wilkin River, a large grassy flat and enjoyed a scrumptious meal made by Sharon. The lid came off the cardboard box that Bruce had anxiously held onto on the plane and there was a giant-sized carrot cake, of which we could only eat half. After our gourmet meal we went off for a walk up the valley to do a bit of deer spotting and take in the sights. Well, we didn't spot any deer and returned to camp.

The next morning was a bit overcast but extremely warm and we made tracks up to the North Branch of the Wilkin. At the Forks we hunted for a good river crossing and eventually found one near the Top Forks hut. We travelled on the true right of the river through clearing and then through forest, gaining height quickly to come to a rather small lake, Lake Diana. Carrying on, we stopped at Lake Lucidus and perched ourselves on a large rock sitting out on the lake

edge. We had lunch and enjoyed the tranquility. The lake was rather murky, being fed by the glaciers and waterfalls. We could hear the avalanches and the kea. The area was noticeably scared by the glaciers that had receded.

We travelled back down the track a short way where we came to a turnoff to go to Lake Castalia. Sharon, Paul and I decided to go and have a look while Peter and Bruce stayed and looked after our packs and passed the time away inventing some grandiose fibs. We scurried up the valley through bush and over glaciers and rocks and were rewarded with the most spectacular scenery. A lake with an almost full circle, fed by at least 26 waterfalls with huge icebergs floating in it. The water being so much clearer than Lucidus. It was breathtaking but we couldn't stay long as the rain had started, so we hurried back. A few hours later we returned to Peter and Bruce who were waiting for us on the other side of the river. Paul was sporting a black eye and a badly bruised leg on his return.

The rain eased to drizzle and we headed back down the valley to the hut where we had a quick bite and then headed down to and crossed the Wilkin River to our campsite. It was getting late in the day and we were anxious to pack up the tents and make a campsite on the other side of the river. With rain hanging around we were aware the river could rise and we needed to be on the true right to be able to continue our trip. But first things first, Bruce didn't want to do a river crossing holding a large cardboard box and at that time of day we needed some extra energy, so out came the other half of the carrot cake. Feeling better, we crossed the Wilkin and headed down towards our proposed crossover to the Albertburn. Paul's observant eye found our campsite for the night, nestled in the bush and wasn't it great, had a roof and a fireplace. We needed to dry out. Bruce soon found the key to our needs and in no time a roaring fire was going. Sharon cooked another scrumptious meal, and we were set for the night.

The morning was suspiciously overcast, and we had to make a decision as we packed up as to what would be best to do. If it rained, we could go down to Kerin Forks. Fortunately, the clouds lifted to produce a glorious day. We proceeded to go up to Jumbo Saddle via a large slip and creek bed which was steepish. The top rewarded us with spectacular views of the Wilkin and Wonderland Valleys and the other side, the Albertburn. To our left was Mt Jumbo, 1935m, which was obscured at that time in cloud. Here we had our lunch and made some decisions as to how to make our descent. One way was to travel along a very jagged ridgeline which looked a bit suspicious, and we knew there was a steepish drop off at the end. The other was staring at us, a lovely looking valley that looked like it would hopefully run smoothly into the Albertburn. Trouble was we had to get down to it. Paul went to investigate and thought we could give it a go. It was a steep descent and required some careful maneuvering, packs on and off, hand holds, foot holds, but we negotiated the "Bingham Gut". We were impressed when we looked back.

The valley was wonderful walking, but soon narrowed to a gorge. We once again had to carefully negotiate our way, climbing, crawling, packs on and off, hanging on, down waterfalls till we became bluffed and headed up through the bush on our left to the ridge line, which proved a bit difficult in places. Things became easier and we descended quickly coming out at Meat Safe Flat and we journeyed down crossing the Albertburn to make camp. We had tea and mulled over the day. Some of us bivvied under the stars.

Next day we were treated with brilliant sunshine and we headed down the Albertburn making a couple of river crossings before coming to the airstrip. We stayed on the true right through the gorge and then descended and crossed again and walked along the large open riverbeds. There were apparent signs of serious flooding in these valleys.



Albert Burn valley, about a year after the significant 1994 region wide flooding (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

We eventually arrived out near the head of Lake Wanaka. We walked around the edge of the lake only to find we ran out of lake shore and we climbed steeply and found a track. We had lunch down at the lake and a bit of a dip. By this stage the other O.T.M.C groups had gathered. Travelling on we had an unsuccessful attempt at crossing the Makarora so proceeded on crossing the Wilkin River and found a good crossing beyond this.

Back to the car, we packed up and headed back to Dunedin with our memories of a great three-and-a-half-day trip in good company.

Josephine King for Sharon St Clair-Newman, Peter Aitcheson, Bruce Newton and Paul Bingham.

HYDE TO DAISYBANK (RAIL TRAIL)

March 1995

Author: Antony & Debbie Pettinger

Published in Bulletin 541, April 1995

After many months' of talking, Debbie and I finally made the cycle trip to the recently opened section of the Otago Central Rail Trail from the Hyde township to Daisybank. You may recall the OTMC supported the Department of Conservation taking over the entire rail corridor from Middlemarch through to Clyde - total length 150km. After completing the Hyde - Tiroiti - Daisybank, we are certain that DoC made the right decision. The overall concept to retain the entire formation is an excellent way to best utilise this historical line.



Daisybank on the Otago Central Rail Trail (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

It was on the first of December 1898 that the railway that stretched from Wingatui to Ranfurly opened for traffic and closed on the 30th of April 1990. Now DoC have opened the section from the Hyde township, northwards to the former Tiroiti Station site, and on to Daisybank. Leaving Hyde, you travel across the first major bridge - planked with handrail, and on through silent cuttings and embankments as the line heads back to the true right of the Taieri River. Cut into cliffs, the line hugs the cliffs before leading into a short tunnel. Riding a bike through a pitch black tunnel is a weird feeling - you need a lot of trust!

Another bridge, a couple of high embankments and 6km later, you rejoin the State Highway at the Tiroiti Station site. The line then winds further up the Taieri River, and another 5km to Daisybank - the end of the trail at this stage.

The surface (as far as cycling goes) is probably only suitable for mountain bikes. The gradient is very gentle. The only trouble we had was the wind. Cycling time for the 22km return trip is around a leisurely two hours.



Otago Central Rail Trail – tunnel between Hyde and Prices Creek viaduct (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

As DoC have a track counter fitted on some gates, we would urge members to follow up their vocal support in '93 by making a day trip sometime soon - obviously numbers using the trail now will dictate the speed of further developments.

Maybe something DoC may want to look into at a later stage is to provide historical info by way of signs at suitable locations.

Overall, we think this concept to be very positive, an excellent idea, and a great way to see some very different country and a pleasant gradient.

We look forward to the development of the Rock and Pillar-Hyde, and Daisybank-Ranfurly sections, recently announced by the Trust.

THE EXPLORATION OF HERMITTY RIDGE

January 29, 1995

Author: Richard Pettinger

Published in Bulletin 541, April 1995

Six intrepid explorers went to the Silver Peaks to explore Hermitty Ridge. We surveyed our entire route from Mountain Road at the top of the Tunnels Track, ferried one car around to the expected exit point, and got underway at 10.15am. The trip to Yellow Hut was uneventful, and the South Branch of the Waikouaiti was very low. As we climbed Yellow Ridge, we examined the lie of the land on Hermitty Ridge and attempted to estimate the time it might take to get along it, noting the saddles and peaks and clumps of beech and other vegetation that we would be passing. I decided we would have to move it. The party members agreed.



Hermitty Ridge, viewed from Rocky Ridge (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

We had lunch south on Rocky Ridge at the point where a pig track sidles off across the face under a rock bluff that stands at the highest point on Hermitty Ridge. The going was easy along the ridge crest, for that's where animals (like pigs) travel, but we often found ourselves in thick scrub trying to regain the ridge crest. There was a large patch of old man gorse intertwined with bush lawyer which seemed to make us one hour behind schedule. "If we get seriously lost," said Jonette, "I have a map in my pack of the Matukituki. But if I'm overdue tramping twice in two weeks there may be questions asked at work."

Murray was the scout, climbing trees and saying we should veer this way or that. The ridge crest is not always easy to follow when it drops or climbs. On Hermitty, the pig tracks made for easy going - as long as you were on all fours. The team gave appropriate encouragement to Murray that if a pig came trotting along towards him, he would just have to try to outstare it. (We never saw a pig luckily) We found saplings of NZ cedar, a most unusual coprosma with two distinct forms on the one plant, podocarps and Silver Beech regenerating well. Not a sign of gorse was found on our route after the large patch, but it's only a matter of time before the pigs (or trampers?) carry seeds along to new areas of disturbed ground. Not many humans appear to go there, but we did find some blue packing tape marking someone's idea of a route. The ONLY things that detracted from our wilderness experience were: this blue tape, and a helicopter that skimmed the treetops above our heads or in the gullies below, on a dope patrol.

Even though we used a compass bearing to be sure we kept on the best spur to descend (the northern one) we didn't really need a map and compass and descended with ease to the river. We were pleased to reach the water. The climb up the gorse and pine tree hill to Mountain Road was a dreadful bore and most took it real slow. We reached the car at 6.40PM.

As a comment about the trip. I'd recommend it to anyone reasonably fit and, of course, you have to be very brave. A hint: Wear longs or overalls (most of us did) and carry a good water bottle. I couldn't honestly recommend it as a nice round trip, if it was tracked, of course it would be just that, another "nice round trip". My plea, as some kind of "pioneer" of Rosella Ridge, is don't ever do any track work on Hermitty. Please leave a couple of Silver Peaks ridges as a challenge. The Silver Peaks should always be suitable for teaching bushcraft at all levels. Hermitty and Rosella should be places where you can (blue tape and helicopters permitting) actually feel that you are pioneering. I thank all those who had tramped on Hermitty Ridge before us, for leaving no trace of your visit.

Richard Pettinger for Brendan & Rose Delamore, Trevor Blogg, Murray Smith, and Jonette Service. PS. I thought I'd tell the whole story of the trip in the Outdoors - it's worth telling.

BUSHCRAFT 1995

February – March, 1995

Author: Antony Pettinger

Published in Bulletin 541, April 1995

The 1995 Bushcraft course finished on Tuesday 14th March, with a conclusion evening. This is the 26th time the OTMC have run the course. The format has changed little over the last few years I've been involved with it, much to the credit of the people who came up with the present course. The course we have run is one of the best courses in the country, based on practical and outdoor based activities - away from the classroom.

This year we had 14 people on the course - may not sound a lot, but from my point of view it has been very successful and fulfilling. Numbers seem to have reduced because of people's working hours (weekends are more uncommon) and many and varied other activities.

The first evening consisted of a clothing talk, footwear talk, and an environmental care talk. Tirohanga weekend followed with all the main bushcraft skills being taught - food, map and compass, cookers, tent and flies, river safety (rivercrossing), weather, first aid, and search and rescue. For the second year, we taught the newer compass method - definitely the easiest method we have ever taught. A 100% success rate was recorded against compass knowledge. We also taught the revised river safety techniques, as outlined in the imminent Bushcraft manual. We had good weather, which aided a high level of learning.



Rivercrossing Practice – March 12, 1995 (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

A pre-trip planning evening preceded the weekend trip to the Silver Peaks. (Un)fortunately this was to be the hottest weekend of the summer. The Sunday must have been around 40 degrees

in some of the Silver Peaks valleys! No water at Green Hut, but some was found between Silver Peak One and Two. All parties converged in the Jubilee area for what can only be described as one of those magic moments encountered during tramping.

A day rivercrossing in the Taieri River followed. The low conditions of the river actually aided crossing, with many more potential crossing sites becoming accessible. Six methods of crossing were practised with much success: Solo with pole, gripping clothing between pack and back, gripping waist strap between pack and back, mutual support using a pole, pack flotation, and pack rafting (6 packs tied together). A hot day made for an excellent day of learning.

The final night wrapped up the course with talks by MSC, DoC, FMC and of course the OTMC.

My thanks to the following for their dedication and time: (First night) - Bruce Newton, Paul Bingham, Elspeth Gold and Teresa Blondell. (Tirohanga) - Debbie Pettinger, Bruce Newton, Peter Aitcheson, Sharon St Clair Newman, Mike Gieseg, Jeanette Malcolm, Peter O'Driscoll, Elspeth Gold and Teresa Blondell. (Silver Peaks) - Doug Forrester, Ross Chambers, Neville Mulholland and Peter O'Driscoll. (Rivercrossing) - Debbie Pettinger.

I also thank all the participants for making the course enjoyable and welcome the eight participants who already are/ have applied for membership.

Antony Pettinger - OTMC Bushcraft Director



Early form of pack-rafting, Taieri River, Bushcraft, March 12, 1995 (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

BUSHCRAFT 1995 SILVER PEAKS

February 25-26, 1995

Author: Jacqui Cornelissen

Published in Bulletin 542, May 1995

About 8am on Saturday, Doug, Felicia, Pam and I left the clubrooms on our way to the Silver Peaks. After dropping off Kayleen's car (Doug had driven it from Pigeon Flat) we set off on a good track toward Hightop and enjoyed lovely views of Blueskin Bay and Warrington. At Hightop, we got out our maps and compasses to see if we could find Pulpit Rock, after we all found it, we headed to the Green Hut Site, where we had lunch and rested for a while. From Green Hut we tramped to Pulpit Rock and between there and Silver Peak didn't take very long at all, helped by the wind! We just about lost our sun hats.

We then had the lovely experience of the Devil's Staircase!! Two-thirds of it isn't too bad, but the last stretch I don't think I could have done it without Doug's help. Felicia and Pam had it down to a fine art and reached the bottom half an hour before we did. We reached our campsite at 4 pm and what a lovely spot it was to camp in under a beech tree, next to a stream, about 10 minutes away from Jubilee Hut. We set up our fly, had a hot drink and then went and had a look at the hut. It looked really good apart from one of the foam mattresses looking like a rat had chewed off the end of it!



Bushcraft parties climbing the lower section the Silver Peaks Devils Staircase (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Back to the campsite we went, had another hot drink, followed by dinner. At about 8pm, the other groups came to our site for a party! Each group took part in playing charades and acting out some skits. Jan was very good at being Nuts the elephant, but as he was about to walk over Felicia and empty a bottle of water on her, she realised what he was up to and quickly got up. Felicia and Pam had played several tunes by this stage on their tin whistle and harmonica,

and it was decided that our group should do something as a whole. So- o-o-o-o-o I sang a song in Dutch while Doug, Felicia and Pam danced. Well, Felicia and Pam started to undress!! Don't worry, it was a short song, so they didn't get very far. About 10.30pm we all decided to call it a night. It had been a lovely day weatherwise and the evening wasn't too bad either!

On Sunday morning after having breakfast and tidying our campsite, we set off about 9am up the Devil's Staircase. I found it easier going up than coming down, I didn't have the feeling that my pack was pushing me over. It would have been better still, if the sun hadn't been so warm, and as the day went on, the sun got hotter and hotter!



Possum Hut in the head of the South Waikouaiti River (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

We went the same route as Saturday, as far as Green Hill (between Pulpit Rock and Green Hut), we then left the track and climbed up and over Green Hill and down towards Possum Hut. Prior to this, we had managed to partly fill our water bottles near Pulpit Rock. That was about 11.30am an hour or so later most of the water was gone and we didn't get to Possum Hut until 2pm.

I've never been so hot or thirsty before. Thankfully the last hour to Possum Hut is through a sheltered bush track, but I didn't come right until Doug poured a couple of bottles of water over me. (there was a stream nearby). We found a sheltered place where we rested for a while, had lunch and drank heaps of water.

From Possum Hut we followed some tracks that ended up going up some tussock covered hill with the sun still beating down on us. We lost the track every now and then but eventually found the main Green Peak- Hightop track. We got out to Double Hill Rd about 5.30pm and headed back to town with air conditioning on full.

Jacqui Cornelissen.

BEN RUDD’S – ANNIVERSARY DAY PICNIC

Date: 20 March, 1995

Author: Richard Pettinger

Published in Bulletin 542, May 1995

The Davies and the (older) Pettinger’s were the only ones who attended the club picnic at Long Beach on the 19th February. The uncertain weather meant we chose to use the shelter of the cave, which was quite OK but where were the hardy OTMC? Not a sausage (which is very unusual at a picnic.) Having developed a passion for picnics Graham and Alison Johnston and family, Tracy and I and our kids plus Holly Peacock-Bardsley visited the traditional OTMC place for picnics, Ben Rudd’s, a few weeks later on the warm, dry afternoon of Anniversary Day

Fool that I am. I took my gardening gloves We had a good look around the place, checking the veggies. I think it is useful for the Bulletin to note some of our observations about the property for the Club's records. A kind of State of the Environment Report.



Ben Rudd's Shelter, Flagstaff (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Descending from the Bullring-Swampy firebreak down the steepish original track is now very difficult, especially for picnic parties with five infants. The broom, bramble and pines are almost impenetrable. It's sickening to see as there are no native plants for a considerable distance, apart from a couple of strangled snow tussocks Eventually, some manuka/kanuka and one or two small broadleaf are found further down.

My sick feeling progressed to despair at Ben Rudd's hut itself which, apart from the obvious signs of the persistence of some people in lighting fires inside, looks OK at first. For some years, old man broom has been cut and left in a stack about four metres from the hut for firewood. This appears untouched and, incredibly, there is a pile of large manuka/kanuka cut for firewood and filling half the hut. Dried, this would make an ideal medium for the fire makers in the hut to use to burn off the roof. Stupidity rules, I thought, and left it at that until I noticed, making my misery complete, these pricks (and I use the word advisedly) have begun to harvest Bruce Campbell's beautiful silver beech trees for firewood. These trees are one of the great signs of hope for this area, and were planted by our late life-member; truly a visionary. The remaining ones are four or five metres high and should soon be producing seedlings (though I searched, I found none so far). I believe we must remove the axe from the site, and when visiting Ben Rudd's, try to replenish the firewood for these people by our normal method of cutting broom. There is now very little broom in the immediate vicinity of the hut, thanks to Graham's and my efforts in uprooting it and the stack of burnable broom is quite large.



Former Skid Site on the Ben Rudd's property (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

The water hole by the Jim Freeman track was virtually dry and unusable, so I had to go and find the lower water hole, which was still actually flowing. It seems to be always reliable, that one, and can be found below (to the north) of some really big ring-barked but thriving pine trees off to the right and about a minute's walk down the JF track. Down there I was sad to see small but vigorous plants of Darwin's Barberry (*berberis darwinii*). This is an invasive exotic that likes our bush environment. It is a bright yellow with gold berries and small holly-shaped prickly

leaves. I pulled up all the plants I saw, but I guess it's everywhere in there now. I had never seen it outside of The Catlins and the Pukehiki area on Otago Peninsula, until that day.

After our picnic, and I had calmed down (?) by collecting broken glass (!) from among the trees - some bottles were labelled 1962 (well before Ross Davies, Peter McKellar, Dave Levick or I ever opened a beer up there) - we went home via the gently climbing track to the skid site. On the way, ground cleared broom is infested again, but two large open areas are virtually free of exotics and doing really well. Only the occasional Himalayan honeysuckle, rowan (covered in red berries and easily spotted at the time) and silver birch grows among the broadleaf seedlings.

Up at the old plantation site, the places the working parties of three to five years ago never actually got to are a jungle of bramble and gorse, real nightmare stuff. But the huge area that those dedicated people went over for two or three years in a row are now in very good shape. There are a few small bramble bushes (with lovely blackberries!), but natives are in evidence everywhere. Self-sown exotic trees including rowan, pines of course, and birch, come out by the roots real easy in the mulchy ground. Our silver beeches are knee high and rising above the bracken. In fact, due to bracken taking over, there is not much room for further planting of the local beech. There is some Muehlenbeckia to be got rid of, before it smothers everything, including the desirables.

Possible future efforts might include:

- removing the axe from the hut,
- cutting some broom for firewood,
- clearing the old track down from the firebreak,
- liberating choked snow tussocks from among broom infestations (taking care not to take broom seeds to some new location!),
- scattering ripe manuka seed capsules on the ground disturbed or opened up as above,
- removing Muehlenbeckia from areas of newly establishing natives,
- removing exotic trees, honeysuckle and bramble from the former plantation site, and from the track from there down to the hut,
- planting more silver beech there (Ross Chambers says there are some more available from his local source), and there are several spots where this would be appropriate,
- a little releasing work around potentially choked out desirable trees, and
- (just before Christmas) harvesting Christmas trees. (Last year there was a huge shortage in Dunedin, and people paid ridiculous prices, especially for Douglas firs, - the real Christmas tree - while the OTMC has hundreds of them!)

Richard Pettinger

THE MINI-MARATHON

February 11, 1995

Author: Wolfgang Gerber

Published in Bulletin 542, May 1995

3:31 am - Ring went the alarm. Gee I must be mad to even contemplate this. I looked out the window where a perfect night looked at me. By the time I got myself organised it's 4:15am. I better hurry, I picked up my lunch, 1 bottle of Lucozade, nibbles and 1/2 litre of water, plenty of liquid (or so I thought).

I arrived at Booth Rd with just enough time to put on my boots and away we go. It was the first time I had ever tramped in the dark and the lights of Dunedin from the top of Flagstaff were a sight to see. When we reached the Bull Ring there was just Josephine and I left in the half marathon. Ross and John stayed with us until Ross powered away up Chalkies leaving John to guide us over Powder Hill just as the fog rolled in. After a quick bite the three of us moved on only to go in the wrong direction through the fog on Powder Hill. It took us nearly an hour to find the bulldozed track, through dense bush which included blackened Manuka, spaniard grass etc., and I nearly stood on a possum. But anyway, we made it (slightly worse for wear). John then carried on in the full marathon.



**Southern section of the Half-Marathon route – Long Ridge through to Flagstaff from below Pulpit Rock
(PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

Meanwhile as the fog lifted, Josie and I charged onto Long Ridge (appropriately named nearly 5k's long). The sun came out which was to be a mixed blessing as the hotter it became the

more we drank our drink supply. By the time we reached Pulpit Rock I decided to share my water with Josie as her supply was nearly out and she would have had to go out at Hightop. It seemed now to get even hotter and to our despair the water had dried up at the Green Hut Site. Our thoughts went to the four who were doing the full - they must have been worse off than us.

So, I went on while Josie wrote a note for the boys saying that life can be a female dog when there is no water. I wonder what she meant. So share my drink I did as Josie's ran out. Rationing was a must as we only had about 200mls left each. So a tiny mouthful every now and then. It was about this time that I tried to eat a wine gum jet plane but dear readers, it just stuck to the roof of my mouth. I believe we were in the early stages of dehydration.

On we went occasionally thinking about the full marathon boys and how they were coping with their situation. We found a pond up on Swampy - no drinking - but a face wash was definitely on. We decided to drink the remainder of our water at the Pineapple Track junction. But what we thought was a mirage turned out to be two mountain bike riders and we decided to commandeer or forcibly take their water. This moisture was just enough to dislodge the wine gum off the roof of my mouth.

On we went to the Pineapple Track junction and drank the rest of our water. It wasn't even a mouthful. We then descended down the track on the home leg when we found a little bit of heaven in the form of a water tap. We drank and drank nearly two litres of water each!

Following the pit stop we ambled out feeling pleasantly poofed and our feet knew that they had been out for a stroll. Pity the poor feet of the boys on the full.

Josephine and I made a pact that if either one of us entered next year, the other can rub it out! But plans are made to be broken and you know what - I'd do it again next year!!

A big thanks must go to the people who manned the checkpoints

Many thanks. By Wolfgang Gerber

WORK PARTY (POSSUM HUT AREA)

April 23, 1995

Author: Doug Forrester

Published in Bulletin 533, June 1995

6 of us. A tad too few really but we soldiered on. Wandered into Green Hut and tidied up the track to the watering hole, still no water. Splashed and smashed our way down to Possum Hut. The bonus was that this was the first time to Possum for most of the party so after a bit of a look around we carried on heading for home doing the odd nip and tuck. The tracks seem to be in fairly good condition. Some pretty willing groups around I guess.

A big thank you to all on the trip.

Doug Forrester



An earlier Doug Forrester work party to the Possum Hut area. L-R: John Galloway, Stephen Cathro, Neville Mulholland, Peter Mason, Marl Planner, Sharon St Clair-Newman, Chris Erhardt, Les Smith (PHOTO Doug Forrester)

A WALK ON THE WHITE SIDE (RACEMANS)

July 2, 1995

Author: Olive Neilson

Published in Bulletin 544, July 1995

Walking the Racemans Track became a truly magical experience. Snow covered trees and crystal laden branches opening into fairy grottos. Ample snow for those of us wishing to indulge in snow fights and one of us did! Most of the time was spent climbing over, under and around windfalls giving thanks to a group of trampers ahead of us. We caught up with this band of intrepid folk to find them heading for home. We, being more intrepid than they, continued on after a brief lunch stop to reach our goal - the weir!



The Top Weir, inlet to the Silverstream Water Race (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Thanks to Alan Thomson and company for a great day.

I am so pleased I didn't roll over and go back to sleep when I saw ice on the windowpane that morning.

Olive Neilson.

BALL PASS -APRIL 1995

April 29-30, 1995

Author: Doug Forrester

Published in Bulletin 544, July 1995

Two calm days, perfect snow conditions, 11 very evenly graded trampers = an enjoyable tramp. Decided not to do a trip report as such, but to do a comparison. Ball Pass Spring (November) or Autumn (April)



Looking towards Ball Pass from below Caroline Hut (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

S = The Walk from Celmisia Flat to Ball Shelter – Yuk!	4/10
A = The Walk from Celmisia Flat to Ball Shelter – Yuk!	4/10
S = Ball Ridge bottom to top. A long steady plod, mostly on soft snow	5/10
A = Ball Ridge bottom to top, small section at bottom rough, then a good rocky ridge	8/10
S = Campsite in snow just below pass, perfect ½ way. Sun in evening & early morning	8/10
A = Campsite in snow just below pass, perfect ½ way. Lost sun early & late morning sun	6/10
S = Campsite to Pass, snow conditions: Good	7/10
A = Campsite to Pass, snow conditions: Hard and fast	8/10
S = Pass to moraine wall, straight down through snow gut all way, very quick and easy	9/10
A = Pass to moraine wall, different route, care required, some ice on rock	6/10
S = Moraine wall to road end shelter, no need to cross Hooker Glacier, pleasant afternoon stroll	8/10
A = Moraine wall to road end shelter, no need to cross Hooker Glacier, pleasant afternoon stroll	8/10

S = Views during the day, quite spectacular

10/10

A = Views during the day, less snow but still spectacular

10/10



One of the many Ball Huts / Shelters in the Tasman Valley (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

I have even surprised myself. I thought I would have preferred the Autumn.

It could be that a lot of us are learning to run before we can walk! Please make it a date and go on Sharon's 'Basic Snowcraft Course' in September. Being able to self-arrest in snow is a must.

Doug Forrester

GRAHAM'S BUSH – MT CARGILL

July 16, 1995

Beverley McGowan

Published in Bulletin 545, August 1995

I was coming off night in July, so had arranged to be picked up at the hospital. Forgetting that forty people were on the kayaking trip. I was surprised to see a lone leader drive up to collect me. The weather was changeable even then but Ross, making a comeback into the club, was determined to go for a tramp after digging out his gear.

We began at Sawyers Bay and soon readied the cool lush gully and the bridge at the creek in Grahams Bush before continuing uphill to Mt Cargill Road. There had been a lot of windfalls on both sides of the road across the track, many had been cleared, but still many remained.



**Buttars Peak, overlooking Otago Harbour with Mt Charles, Hoopers Inlet and Harbour Cone in the background
(PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

At the Organ Pipes we stopped for nibbles and to scramble up onto the top to view the rock formations. A cold strong wind almost blew us off. There was a lot of crunchy snow on the track from now to the top. The tower was now visible through the murk. The bitter conditions on the top drove us off again to find a lunch spot. It seemed in no time at all we reached the Organ Pipes again so decided to have lunch under the dripping trees. Though the day had remained dry, it remained cool on the return trip. We had good views out over the lower areas but Mt Cargill had stayed hidden in the clouds.

Beverly McGowan.

NOT QUITE OVER! (OHAU TRIP MAY 1995)

May 20-21, 1995

Author: Robyn Bridges

Published in Bulletin 546, September 1995

Twice now I have been fortunate enough to arrive at the Ohau shelter late on a Friday night when the sky was bejewelled with stars and the enveloping darkness like a black cloak. Not that the temperature encouraged too much of the waxing lyrical. At any rate there were more important tasks to address. Like finding a space to sleep. On this occasion, the start of the club trip in May of this year (led by Greg Panting), we were all relieved to find that the shelter was empty.

We awoke the next morning to a cool hard frost but it's accompanying clear sky made the weekend look promising. Our group. Jonette, Olive, Zena and myself were aiming to cross from the North Temple into the South Temple via Gunsight Pass. We set off at 8.40 am towards a deeply shaded North Temple valley and after manipulating our way across frosted rocks we were somewhat galled to find that the bridge had been swept away. And it wasn't the size of the river that was causing concern!



Leaving the head of the North Temple Stream, heading towards the gut that leads to Gunsight Pass and the South Temple (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

The well-formed track on the true right of the river rises gently as it heads up the valley. In parts the track has been swept away but because it is clearly marked it is not hard to find. Fungi were abundant in this shaded valley and some growing out of the side of the track had formed spectacular fungi 'bouquets'. It took us two hours to reach the North Temple hut site. Like the bridge the hut has been destroyed. All that remains is a solitary, but intact toilet. We

were still in deep shade and keen to move out of the icicled valley to have lunch in the sun. A little further on the bush thinned and the grassed basin of the North Temple opened before us. A drum roll would have been quite appropriate as the basin surrounded by high snowcapped mountains silhouetted against a clear blue sky was a sight to behold. The markers stop at the hut site. Our plan was to head left to meet up with a stream which we would follow up to the gut.

The gut is a deep narrow cleft in the mountains and though rocky, provides access from the North Temple basin over to the South Temple valley. As luck would have it this was the only part of the basin in the sun. It was a steady walk over the grassed alluvial and avalanche like debris that makes up the floor of the basin. As we got higher we could see several small glacial like formations with ice caves round the edge of the basin and a few young deer showed us how quickly some could go uphill. A large rock a little below the entrance to the gut provided a warm sunny spot for lunch and gave us a perfect viewing platform of the whole basin. From here it was steep going. As the ice began to thaw the rock face on our right a number of small rocks began to ricochet around us. We could not see which part of the mountain they were coming from and we were left wondering what might come next. Attempting to avoid them by moving further up the bank to our left we ran out of stable ground and came to a stop after one of us disappeared up to their hip in a snow drift! From this 'perch' we couldn't see the top of the gut and were unsure of how much more snow we would encounter. With this uncertainty and a retreating sun (it was only 1.50 pm), we decided to turn back and retrace our steps to reach the South Temple; but not before visiting the nearest ice cave first.

In an expansive ice sheet hard against the bottom of the mountain is the basin's largest ice cave. I presume the ice sheet to be an accumulation of several years of avalanche debris though it looked like a small glacier. The edge of the sheet was over two metres thick and the diameter of the cave several metres. At the base of the cave flowed the 'sculpting' agent, a very nondescript stream. A chance glance upward from the point and we could see the whole gut. Our decision to turn back was affirmed. At the top was a wall of snow! We headed back down the North Temple and by 5 pm with just enough daylight left we were in the South Temple and making camp. A roaring fire, excellent food, mulled wine and good company warmed us as the frost again did its worst.

After a gentle start the next morning we headed up a more sunny South Temple and two and half hours later found us again lunching in the sun. This time stretched out on the grass outside the South Temple Hut. It had been a beautiful walk up this valley. High scree covered hills bathed in sun on the other side of the river. Standing at the base of what felt like perpendicular scree slopes that rose from the river's edge and seemed to go right to the top of the mountain. Walking through white frosted areas that hadn't seen the sun for days. Flashing rainbows of reflected light from long ice crystals on the grass; the results of successive hoar frosts. And all the while following the clear reflecting waters of the South Temple. Later that afternoon as we headed back to rendezvous with the others at the shelter we talked about when we would come back, maybe in a warmer month, to have another go.

Robyn Bridges

TWELVE GO MAD ON DEVONSHIRE TEAS (POWDER RIDGE)

July 20, 1994

Author: Robyn Bridges

Published in Bulletin 546, September 1995

It was a good walk-up Powder Ridge on Sunday 30 July. And I don't believe it is even a trip that provides a Devonshire tea! Or have I been going on the wrong trips? Twelve of us met outside the clubrooms on a sparkling Sunday morning and after checking Doug's pack we set off. I'll say no more about Doug's pack except to say that a certain person has been 'a bit away with the birds' of late, but enough has been said on that subject!

Though some of us set off a bit quicker than others we all met up at the padlocked gate near Whare Flat where we left the cars. The valley was frozen and very frosty.



Crossing Powder Creek (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

The Powder Ridge route was a replacement walk. A dumping of snow late in the week meant we could not do the advertised walk to the Gap. It was Doug's suggestion to do Powder Ridge because the bush line runs almost to the top of the ridge and he figured it would make for easier walking even if the snow was quite thick, in keeping with the original plan to do a round trip we intended to walk up Powder Ridge, turn left down Long Ridge and back down via the Chalkies to where we started. As it turned out he was quite right and after a little rock hopping at the beginning to cross the streams, over which some dallied more than others, we set off.

Though it is a steepish climb to start with, the track settles down to a more gentle climb. It is not marked, except at the bottom where there is a sign pointing left off the Racemans Track saying to Long Ridge. Powder Ridge is not mentioned. Once on the track it is not difficult to follow.



Powder Ridge, from just below the summit with Long Ridge (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

About halfway up Powder Ridge I discovered that it wasn't idle chatter I had heard about morning tea as Barry was very expertly putting together some samples of his culinary art. Fresh scones (made that morning), real jam and cream! Of course, the image of a chap slaving away in the kitchen at 7 am ... well I'll say no more!! it was delicious and on behalf of the party, thank you!

We started out at 10.30 am and got back to the cars around 5 pm. Lunch was in the sun on Long Ridge in the lee of the wind, the skies were blue, there was enough snow to be fun and we had lots of laughs. It was an excellent day's walk. Thanks everyone.

Robyn Bridges

MT. COOK & UNWIN HUT

July 1-2, 1995

Author: Felica Roldan

Published in Bulletin 546, September 1995

I had no intention to write about this trip until Doug Forrester spoke about our very poor literacy skills (at the 20 July meeting). However, his speech made me think and gave me the motivation to overcome my excuses, i.e., I'm not very poetic, English is not my mother language... etc.

Four of us ventured to Mt. Cook in spite of the icy roads and the snow forecasted. Ann Schofield (the original leader), Paul Bingham, Michael Gillies and myself. We started with the right frame of mind "Lets see how far we can go!" No clear aim but to get out there. Friday night we went as far as the intersection outside Twizel, which was closed. As it was dark we decided to pitch the tent by the side of the road on the snow. I have to confess that it took us two attempts. The first time, after we had flattened an area for the tent we realised the pegs would not go in because we were still on the gravel of the road. There was enough snow to just about cover the road signs so it wasn't easy to see where the road finished. Flattening the snow with Paul's sledge under the moon was fun anyhow and the night was cosy and a bit noisy (Michael snores!).



Mt Sefton, The Footstool and Aoraki / Mt Cook from the Hermitage (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

The next day we opened the gates and decided to drive slowly to Mt. Cook Village (even though the road remained officially closed). Paul's 4x4 did a great job and the views on both sides of the road were truly beautiful. I had been here before in autumn and yet the place looked so much more exciting dressed in white and with a magic light coming through the clouds. I felt for the few cows and sheep that had to dig more than a foot of snow to get some food. Saturday night was cold outside (-12) and lucky us, we had the whole of Unwin hut for the four of us and a good fire to keep us going with the conversation and games in the evening. By Sunday we were well convinced that tramping in the very deep snow was probably not the best idea as we had already tried it on Saturday, it was very exhausting. We hired Cross Country skies and had a tour around Kea Point and White Horse Hill. I had been here in April when we went to Mueller Hut and yet I hardly recognised the place. We skied over the fences and could see only the upper half of any signs. Ann became quite daring and skied down a camping table that had a metre of snow on top (we have a picture to prove!). We had gorgeous views of Sefton and Cook and were treated with special courtesy by all the staff we came across as there were so few tourists around. Amazingly we didn't see a single bus of tourists!!



Aoraki / Mt Cook from State Highway 80 (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

In summary, it was good to see Mt. Cook deserted at this time of the year. We were a small team, but we did a lot of playing and had a great weekend!

Felica Rolan

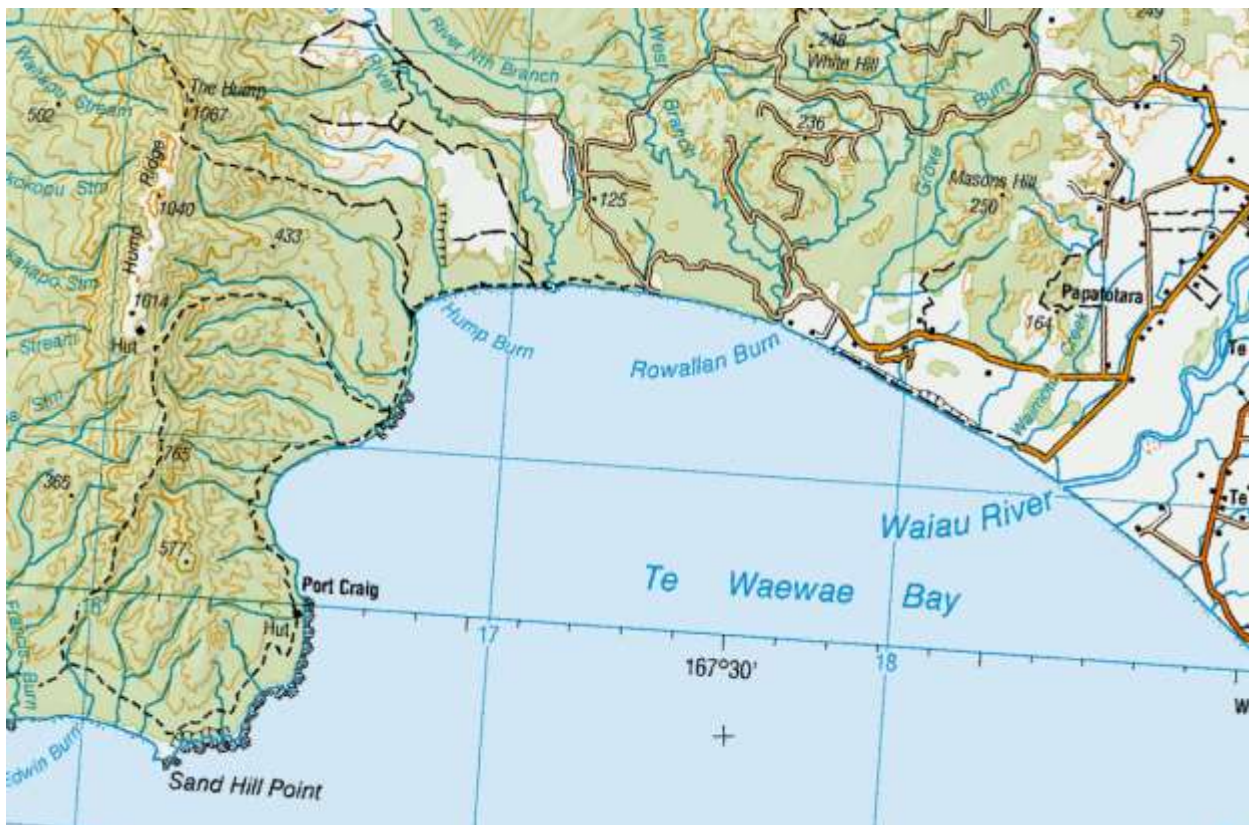
INFAMOUS PORT CRAIG

July 21-24, 1995

Author: Elspeth Gold

Published in Bulletin 548, October 1995

I was thrilled to be invited on David's annual trip to Port Craig. Peter Barnes, Yvonne Greer, David and I headed away down south to camp at the road end on Thursday night. Peter and I weren't keen on the road end bit after all it was the middle of winter. As fate would have it we got our wish to not sleep outside on the hard ground. Just south of Riverton the snow started in abundance, freezing as soon as it hit the road, so there was nothing for it except to head back to the camp at Riverton. When we arrived at the camping ground there was no sign of the camp caretaker, so we used the kitchen floor overnight. Yvonne was a bit stressed out that we didn't huddle closer together overnight. The night was awfully cold, and we awoke to a very thick layer of ice on the car and the ground, even the trip to the toilet was an adventure. There was no sign of the camp caretaker the next day, so we thanked him very much and headed south.



The roads were treacherous with frozen snow and ice aplenty. It took over an hour of very careful driving by David to reach the road end and the start of our walk. The walk along the beach soon warmed us up, and with having so much gossip to fill Yvonne in on we were soon at the start of the Port Craig Track. There has been some track maintenance in the area recently and we met DOC staff rerouting some of the track. We got the lowdown on the proposed new track system for the area. Just past the first swing bridge the new track veers up

the hill to the south end of the Hump Range. It is proposed that a new hut is built there. The track will then lead down the Edwin Bum to the Second Viaduct and join up with the tramline to the Port Craig Hut. Then out via the usual track. A hut at the southern end of the Hump Range would allow a great weekend trip, day one into the hut and day 2 over the Hump Range back out to the cars. We were at the Port Craig Hut in plenty of time to cook tea and relax around the fire. The next day we headed away, (amid grumblings from Yvonne about lack of huddling the night before) in the rain and sleet to the larger Viaduct, had lunch at Sandhill Point amongst the trees and headed back to the hut with a detour to the Port for photos. Got away early on Sunday for the walk back hoping to be able to go via the beach as I'd been keeping a close eye on the tides and thought we had our timing spot on. Got to the top of the beach track to find the tide almost full in so it was back via the track. Had lunch at the deerstalker's hut at the beginning of the track and then a dash trying to beat the waves back to the car. Must have been the very low-pressure system that kept the tides high all weekend.

All in all, a most enjoyable 3 days. Thanks David for organising it and thanks to Peter and Yvonne for the great company.

Elsbeth Gold, for David Barnes, Peter Barnes and Yvonne Greer.

THE GREAT OTMC COOKING COMPETITION

July 15-16, 1995

Author: Elspeth Gold

Published in Bulletin 548, October 1995

Well I haven't seen any reports of the cooking competition trip so I figured people were waiting for the judge to comment first then the trip reports will come flooding in. The organisation was superb, thanks Bruce for all your hard work. The attendance and attendees were wonderful, the venue was magnificent, thanks DOC for building it, and the judge defies comment.



OTMC Cooking Competition at Moturau Hut, Kepler Track (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

So who won?

Best Tramping Meal went to Stu, Jill and Brian for an exquisite creation which could easily have been taken tramping, it was the superb presentation and not the compliments paid to the judge that ensured this team first place.

Best Gourmet Meal was Anne, Mike and Paul for a creation that could definitely not be taken tramping, apparently Anne organised it and as it's her first experience of our cooking competition watch out future teams.

The Doug Forrester Cordon Blah Award went to Dean who cooked in the true spirit of the old fella.

Best Dressed Team and there was no doubt about this award, it went to Jonette, Robyn, Zena and Olive for their oh so stunning outfits one complete with plastic stapled around the

hem to avoid the mud sticking. Their meal was presented complete with silver table service which just added to the overall ambience of this team.

Best Greaser went to Brian from Stu's team (say no more).

I've deliberately left out what people cooked or wore as they will, I'm sure, fill us in with a trip report of their own.

A special award went to Paul for being such a gentleman on Friday evening, golly it's nice to know chivalry is not dead. (I'm sure he's much too modest to tell us about it)

Bruce the oh so efficient organiser managed to get us all there complete with a cabin on Friday and boats on Saturday but Antony had to rescue Bruce's gourmet meal from his freezer and carry it in on Saturday.



OTMC Cooking Competition at Moturau Hut, Kepler Track (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

There was a couple from Australia doing their first trip with OTMC on this weekend who really got into the spirit and came a very close second for both the best tramping meal and the best greasing. Hope we didn't put you off and long may you tramp with the OTMC.

Elsbeth Gold

FARMING IN THE CATLINS

September 17, 1995

Author: Jean Tremlett

Published in Bulletin 548, October 1995

The weekend started for me and some of my fellow tramps, including our guide, at Carisbrook for the Otago/Canterbury game. It was a good close game with not too much kicking.

Our guide Bill McNab, who played for Otago after the war, left Dunedin before us to get home for his breakfast! When we arrived he was ready and waiting. Bill is retired and he used to manage the land at Lochindorb which is now managed by two of his son's. Just in case you're interested another son manages a farm north of Dunedin and he does much better now he's got away from his brothers and is his own man. Amazing what you learn when you're out tramping!! They have hundreds of cow's, thousands of sheep and probably 50 deer on this farm which is several hundred acres.



Firstly we walked a bit further along the road and then left (south) up a bit of a grunt, chasing the deer, who were much more graceful than us, to the top of Mount Philips. From the top we got a good view of the Catlin Ridges running East/West. Non- volcanic sandstone; we were informed by Denis who has come a long way from Germany to study geology. I assume this is the point at which Ian took the video he showed one Thursday evening. On an even clearer day, I am told you can see Mt. Cargill. We also got to see the sea and to hear a bit of the McNab family history - and a bit more at lunch. Bill is fourth generation. I was very taken aback when he asked me how long my family has been in New Zealand, makes a change from the usual question 'where are you from?' This pom has only been here since January this year, my uncle since 1972, but I do know how to have a good kiwi weekend - rugby & tramping!!!

We found an excellent spot for lunch, out of the wind and a lovely view of the cowshed.

We enjoyed the blue sky and sunshine all day and as soon as we got up from the shelter at that spot and back on the ridge we felt the wind again. We followed the ridge down to the river, stopping so the lambs could catch up with the appropriate ewe. We walked around another hill following the river, passing through 6¼ paddock. The reason for the name of the paddock is the river was moved to create this paddock and soon after this was done, about six years ago, a 6¼ kg trout was found in the river - hence the name.

Last stop was to see last year's calves in the very special cow shed. The shed holds about 600 cows, has a covered and opened side, a series of three pits at one end to collect fertiliser produced for next year's silage! The cows will be leaving the shed in the next couple of weeks. It's a couple more years before they make it to the BBQ and the best earners may live until they're 20 to breed. From the shed, we walked back the scenic gravel road to almost Owaka, where the petrol station was closed. Soon outside Owaka the tarmac turned to gravel again. We ended a very nice day with a nice tip top ice-cream at Kaka Point. I'm sure that Bill enjoyed the day and he would love to do it again - there are plenty of other places to walk on such a large farm. It was good to see an interested and enthusiastic farmer. I would also like to thank Ian for organising such a nice day.

Jean Tremlett

GARNOCKBURN AND HOPE ARM HUT VIA PEARL HARBOUR

August 1995

Author: Elspeth Gold

Published in Bulletin 548, October 1995

Another David Barnes special saw myself and Michael Fay heading to Manapouri on Friday and across Pearl Harbour by rowboat on Saturday morning. A leisurely stroll got us past Hope Arm Hut by lunch time on Saturday. We did mean to walk straight past the hut honest, the scenery is just so magnificent around the lake and we didn't have wet feet so we needed to do one rivercrossing there and one back for good measure. Had lunch at the hut and Michael lit the fire as someone of his age feels the cold you know. Michael had the worst lunch I've ever seen (this is the man that wanted kippers for breakfast), his lunch involved lambs' tongue, so we had a debate on the rights and wrongs of removing the lambs tongues purely for someone's eating pleasure. Michael assured me the lambs do okay without their tongues. There's no accounting for some peoples' tastes.



Pearl Harbour, Lake Manapouri (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Headed up to the Garnock Bum. After about an hour and a half of climbing I decided it wasn't such a good game and went back to the hut to collect firewood and tend the fire (women's

work isn't it Doug?). David and Michael arrived about an hour behind me, to a blazing fire and a hot billy. A leisurely afternoon and evening unfolded catching up on Michael's latest trips. Our peace was shattered early evening by a boat load of none too sober Southlanders who arrived for the night. They headed down to the beach for a barbeque and we soon forgot they were there, except for the odd song coming from the beach. Michael retired to bed early (these old fellas need their sleep). Just after dark another boat load of this time none too sober South Otagoites arrived. They were soon in the hut complete with most of a supermarket and a bottle store. Turns out they knew my cousins, so we were treated like family. When Michael heard the words "so you drink do you?" he leapt forth to introduce himself. He claims his bladder got the better of him. The team taught us a few tricks and we upheld the family reputation. The Southlanders joined us soon after. To cut a long story short it was a very loud late night. David decided to move to quieter pastures about 3am, so arose, thanked all for their hospitality and left. Next morning much earlier than I'd have liked Michael and I headed to Back Hut to find both David and our breakfast. It was a most leisurely trip admiring each hilltop. Caught up with David who had the billy on and the porridge ready. Gee he was feeling alright so that blew our theory about tea being a bit off the night before. Did a side trip up to a most magnificent lake above Back Hut. There was a rowboat there, so we had a compulsory row around for a while. Back to the hut for lunch then a none too quick stroll back to the harbour to row across to the car.



Morals for the weekend: David, beware of huts that are accessible by boat while Michael and I subscribed to the if you can't beat em join him philosophy.

All in all a weekend with a difference.

Elsbeth Gold for David Barnes and Michael Fay.

TAIERI MOUTH GORGE WALKWAY

August 6, 1995

Author: Trevor Blogg

Published in Bulletin 548, October 1995

The trip for this Sunday was scheduled to go to the Peninsula, but disturbances to the Yellow-eyed Penguins are being discouraged, so I made the decision to change to the Taieri Mouth.

This is a very well-maintained walkway which runs from the area of cribs just by the coast road on the south side of the highway bridge. I was surprised that six people other than myself turned out after a record cold July and little sign of warming for the start of August. However, it was a bright clear morning by 9 am, warmed a little by the time we started on the track.

We walked at a leisurely pace, taking time to enjoy the well-placed seat before the steep descent to the water-side picnic spot. We arrived about one and a half hours after setting off, compared to DoC's suggested time of two hours. Often at this spot, you are buzzed by power-boats, but on this day we enjoyed an undisturbed 30 minutes or so. There was a lot of birdsong, and the area seems to be holding out quite well against possums for the moment. Just after leaving to walk back up to the viewpoint (with seat) we spotted the largest native pigeon I've seen, it was hard to believe it could fly, but it finally did.



We went up the less steep and considerably longer path to the viewpoint and there stopped to have our lunch, by now (about 1 pm) it was getting very warm, and we all just sat and ate and enjoyed the sunny spring-like weather - a wonderful contrast to the fast few weeks. There were even complaints about sandfly bites!!

Anyway, we probably sunned ourselves and chatted for an hour or more before setting off back. Ice cream was partaken at Brighton, then back to good old Dunedin and the chilly Nor'easter up the Harbour, Brr!

Trevor Blogg for Danny Duke, Neville Greaney, Elaine Mossman, Lyn Orew, Tracy Pettinger, and Colleen Witchall.

FIRST TIME AS A PARTY LEADER (MACETOWN)

October 7-8, 1995

Author: Pam Phease

Published in Bulletin 549, November 1995

I was looking forward to going on the Macetown trip, my first weekend away tramping with the Club for a while. Antony asked me if I would be a party leader and organise food and gear for four women. I was extremely busy at work at that time and feeling pretty stressed. Also, I've only been away on a few weekend trips and didn't feel as though I was experienced enough. This weekend was supposed to be a stress release for me, and organising a party seemed like one more stress instead. Anyway, being a martyr, I agreed.

Antony was very encouraging and suggested I phone Greg to order the equipment I needed to hire. Antony also recommended a fly (guess who brought a tent and slept in it!!) Greg also recommended a fly so I organised the fly, cooker and billies with Greg. Then it was time to phone the other party members to check things out. They all agreed to sleep under the fly as long as it didn't rain. Did I have to organise the weather too? As luck would have it, it was fine at Macetown, even though a cloud burst and parts of the road near Rae's Junction were flooded out while we were sleeping.



Arrow Valley route into Macetown (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

One of the good things about being a party leader was that I could organise the food my way and delegate jobs, which I did. Once the food and gear was organised, I felt okay about leading a party and the extra stress evaporated. We arrived in Arrowtown and set up camp. Being four capable women, we had no trouble setting up the fly and organising camp before

popping over to the pub for a night cap. (I must admit, Debbie did fix up our fly in Macetown while we were off exploring!)

A hiccup occurred the next morning at breakfast time before leaving Arrowtown when the hired cooker didn't work. Our party was not experienced or confident with this type of cooker, but we tried a few things with no luck. As it happens, both Greg and Trev (the newly appointed instant gear experts) were on hand so they fiddled with (examined) the cooker. When they had no joy, Antony took a look, no joy there either. The cooker stayed in the van - a definite plus for us as it was one less thing to carry. A downside for the other parties was that we had to use their cookers. The rest of the trip was a breeze!



Advance Peak and the Harris Mountains from Big Hill (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

The main decision our group had to make was which way to walk back from Macetown. I wanted to go over Big Hill but I knew another party member wanted to go back the same way we went in. I knew another party was going back that way so, after some deliberation, I decided we could split the party up. I checked this idea out with the others, and they agreed - YES we were all happy. Some took the high road, and one took the low road. It was a good solution.

I was pleased to overcome some personal challenges and wouldn't find the idea of leading a party so daunting next time. It's easy to sit back and let someone else organise everything, but it is good to feel confident enough and to be able to take the lead sometimes too.

Pam Phease

MACETOWN

October 7-8, 1995

Author: Wolfgang Gerber

Published in Bulletin 549, November 1995

19 of us left the club rooms just after six, in two vans under cloudy Dunedin skies. On the other side of Beaumont the truck that we had been following shed a retread which rolled across our path, but we managed to miss it (good driving). Shortly afterwards a hawk nearly met its match on our windscreen! Luckily the rest of the way was uneventful. We had tea at Cromwell and arrived at Arrowtown about 10.30 pm. After setting up camp under the trees by the river, it was off for some refreshments and a chat about the various parties intentions for the following two days.



Macetown from the lower slopes of Advance Peak (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

We awoke to a gorgeous morning chorus from the birds and after a hearty breakfast we broke camp and left at 9.00 am under clearing skies. We followed the river track, which had recently been restored after bad weather. It runs parallel to the four-wheel drive track. The two tracks meet after about a kilometre then climbs up to Britannia Terrace. Some of the highlights of this area are: Scoles tunnel, view of the Big Hill Track. Opium Bobs Hut, Arrow Falls, Intake weir for the Arrow Irrigation Scheme, "Three Sisters" rock formation and then you come to Soho Creek. From here on you can see numerous water races, high across the river, which served various claims.

The track climbs for a while then drops to the site of Mt. Soho Station. The Big Hill Track comes down Eight Mile Creek to join the four-wheel drive track and the impressive sight of Advance Peak (1742 metres) comes to view at Nine Mile Creek.

Two more kilometres and we're there. At its peak Macetown was a busy community with up to 600 men working the alluvial grounds and a further 1000 up the Arrow Gorge. Only three buildings remain in the settlement with the Bake House and Needhams Cottage being faithfully restored. In its hey-day Macetown had two hotels, a butcher, a public hall, a school, a post office, a blacksmiths, a carrier, mining agents, stores and numerous cottages. After the main rush was over the Chinese reworked most of the alluvial grounds. Three quartz lodes (reefs) were mined until the late 1930's, after which Macetown became a ghost town.



Andersons Battery, Rich Burn Valley, Macetown (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

We set up camp five minutes from the Anderson Battery and proceeded up the Richburn, past a hanging valley to the junction of the Richburn and Sylvia Creek. We decided to walk up the latter and observed the United and All Nations Battery remains, past Smithies Place and then to where the wreckage of a plane is still visible. From here there is a loop track that zig zags up the valley, over a ridge and into Sawyers Gully to the Premier Battery site. But we doubled back and walked up to the rebuilt Homeward Bound Battery where we caught up on the rest of the party. Then it was back to base as it started to rain lightly.

Once we had our three-course meal with a medium white wine, the clouds disappeared, the moon came up over Mt. Soho, we lit a fire and the seven of us (i.e., Ross & Cecille Monaghan, Peter Davidson, Greg Panting, Neville Greene, Jean Tremlett and myself) had a wonderful time

around the fire. The conversation included a positive sighting of some moose (mousse) and spotting the elusive Macetown deer.

Next morning we awoke at 8.30 am and decided to go up Scanlan Gully to explore some more old relics and mines. Also in this gully Neville produced his famous monopod?! As time was getting on we decided to walk out the way we came in and to practice the new rivercrossing method, which is much more stable than linking arms or holding the pole method.



Arrow River and road to Macetown, upstream of Eight Mile Creek (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

We arrived back at the vans around 4 pm, where a spray of deodorant was very welcome indeed!! Also, there was some talk about what's worn underneath male trampers shorts. We (the males) can assure that there is nothing that's "worn" underneath our shorts. We had to crash start our van as the battery was flat and so with an ice cream from Arrowtown we left. On our way home we noticed the damage a thunderstorm had made in the Raes Junction area. We stopped at Roxburgh for tea and arrived home safely around 8.30 pm.

A big thanks must go to Debbie and Antony for organising this trip and as a bonus we were given maps and a booklet about the area.

Great company - Great views.

Great weather and Great weekend!!

Anybody wanting more info about Macetown for future trips, etc. should purchase a copy of "Macetown and the Arrow Gorge" available at DoC for \$2-50.

Wolfgang Gerber

HISTORIC MACETOWN

October 7-8, 1995

Author: Wendy Bond

Published in Bulletin 549, November 1995

Two van loads left the clubrooms and travelled to the Arrowtown "camping ground". We set up camp early and had a quick drink across the road. The morning was shaping up with great weather and we followed the stream up to Macetown, where there were a lot of marked points of interest on the way. Our lunch spot was idyllic, I think it was the basketball game that made it. We rejoined some of our clan in Macetown and discussed the best place to set up camp. Macetown provided a wealth of information and interesting relics of a town gone by, everybody took many photos.

We went for a jaunt to look at the aeroplane crash and the batteries before tea. We thank our fellow trampers for letting us use their stoves, so we didn't starve due to ours not working. The fireplace at the Birth's house was a cosy finale to the day, enjoyed by all.



**Macetown as seen from Big Hill Track saddle, with Advance Peak and the Harris Mountains behind
(PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

Great weather again on Sunday morning, so some of our group joined others to travel back the same way we had come, while we went over Big Hill for the view. The beginning was an uphill climb, but worth it. At the top we found a sunny spot, some went up the hill for the "best view", only to realise that the hill next door was actually 'Big Hill', but no one was inclined to have another go. Us sensible ones relaxed to flute music.



Deserted main street of Macetown (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Over lunch the topic turned to boxer shorts and on meeting an American who showed us his boxer shorts, the conversation, discussions and hilarity were based on this fact. The walk down the other side of the hill was pleasant with great views and a refreshing snow fight stop, barely enjoyed by the victims. I mean to say it was the smallest pocket of snow I have ever seen, but it still prompted snowballs.

Wendy Bond for the good company of Jonette, Jackie and Pam

A GOOD DAY'S WALK ON THE ROCK AND PILLARS

August 27, 1995

Author: Robyn Bridges

Published in Bulletin 549, November 1995

It was raining as I left home on Sunday morning, and I hoped that the front that had been forecast for later evening hadn't come earlier. But I now had a good waterproof parka, and knowing that optimism is a tramper's friend, I ignored it

It was an early start for Dean's day trip to the Rock and Pillars. Twelve enthusiasts met at 8 am at the clubrooms and carpooled to Glencreag, a property just the other side of Middlemarch. The weather had been better in town and by the time we got to Middlemarch it looked really promising. The top of the Rock and Pillars had a good covering of snow and while Dean went off to check our presence with the landowners, the rest of us sat in the cars anticipating the expanse of hill in front of us.



Middlemarch hiding below the fog, from track to Leaning Lodge (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Having got the OK to do the walk, also meant we were able to drive in, and leave the cars at the base of the range. We geared up and Dean showed us the route, we tried to pinpoint the exact spot his finger was pointing to and one of the huts we were going to visit; it was not easily distinguished from the rocks. It's a bit of a huff and puff climbing up to the top of the Rock and Pillars, not forgetting the friendly banter, though this soon quieted with the slope.

Initially we walked up a farm track then angled to our right, by this time in snow, to a poled route which led us to the first hut.

Sitting just below the summit, the hut, an older one of the OTMC's, is roomy and well used, providing a sheltered spot for lunch. Most felt it would make a good location for next year's cooking competition. After lunch we walked the short distance to the summit and then turned to walk along the top to the next hut. The snow was thick and for the most part it was easier to walk in someone else's footsteps though this of course depended on whose gait one followed! As we left the tops and headed downwards Doug suggested a little pre-snowcraft practise. Compliance, if not voluntary, was generally achieved by a little prodding or threat of...



Rock and Pillar Range out of the cloud, looking over the Leaning Lodge gully (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

The second hut, with its floral covered mattresses, is quite a lot smaller. It is an old hut, neat and compact. It had a feeling of history as it was located on the site of an old ski field. Outside were remnants of ski tow machinery. After a brief stop, we carried downwards reaching the cars about 6 pm. An excellent day's walk, thanks Dean.

Robyn Bridges

LAKE MONOWAI

October 21-23, 1995

Author: Jonathan Wood

Published in Bulletin 549, November 1995

After a four-hour trip through driving rain, John, Jay, Andrew and myself arrived at about midnight at Lake Monowai. Gratefully the rain had just petered out and we were able to pitch tents in the dry. The next morning both groups set out for Green Lake - Grant, Judy and Chris being the other group. The climb up to the saddle was a protracted affair, we suspected that we were "just about there" for at least two hours before arrival!!



Lake Monowai at sunset (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

A recent gale had blown over stacks of trees, which made travelling slow. Jay and Andrew risked spending a night in the tent beside the lake shore, despite John's narrow miss with the Green Lake Monster, still lurking in the depths after seven years since it's last sighting. On Sunday we headed past Island Lake, through clearings and past little bogs (with plenty of stops for sightseeing of course!) to the NZED road, while Grant's group went for a day trip to Island Lake. From the Borland Saddle we climbed a ridge to some frozen tarns, before dropping down to the South Borland Biv for the night

The next morning we awoke to fresh snow on the tops and ominous Fiordland cloud coming up the valley - but no real rain. We continued down the road, branching off down a track past some spectacular limestone bluffs, and following down the Borland River to the lodge. Jay and Andrew practised their skills on the lodge's climbing wall, while John and I cut across the Burnt

Ridge track back to Monowai, meeting up with Barry and Arthur who had just arrived from a trip over Mt. Titiroa from Manapouri and also Grant's group.



Green and Island Lakes from the slopes below Mt Burns (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Thank you to John, Grant and Dean for organising and leading - it was a great weekend with a good mix of tramping, resting and socialising.

Jonathan Wood for John Galloway, Jay Piggot and Andrew Loach

RONGOMAI – HONEYCOMB TRACK

October 22, 1995

Author: Pam Phease

Published in Bulletin 549, November 1995

The club didn't have a day trip planned for Labour weekend. As Jonette was keen to familiarise herself with the above track before leading an official dub trip there at the end of November, she organised an unofficial trip. Seven people turned up to support her in this quest. Jonette's supporters included three newcomers to the club - Ian, Brian and Aaron plus Zena, Olive, Trev (not sure which number) and myself.



View from the top of the Honeycomb Track, looking towards Mt Kettle and Mopanui (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

We arrived at Evansdale Glen ready to begin this walk. The track begins with a ford which has a foot bridge going across it. We crossed the bridge to avoid getting our feet wet, only to find ourselves walking through a stream shortly afterwards. The track is pretty flat for the first hour or so with a few more streams to cross. It then climbs upwards, very steeply at first, and then becomes more gentle as it nears Mountain Road.

We turned right at Mountain Road and began strolling down the road enjoying the Dunedin sunshine. Jonette had been thinking about a longer option which involved going into the Silver Peaks and walking down the stream and coming out on the Tunnels Track. We discounted that idea because both Zena and I wanted to get back to town early. Somewhere during this quiet stroll the others decided they wanted to take up the stream option. After some persuasive

talking, Zena and I agreed to try out the stream. We had passed the first entrance, so we went down the Tunnels Track and turned left when we reached the water to begin our walk upstream. This turned out to be quite an adventure. We walked for about two hours in the water going upstream on slippery rocks. I experienced the advantage of wearing short nylon shorts when tramping, as the water often reached our shorts. It was pretty deep in parts and just about reached my waist at one stage. Some members of our party were shorter than me and found the water level higher on them. Only one person took a dive on the slippery rocks although a few others had close encounters. Trev's dive was captured on film along with some other interesting shots.



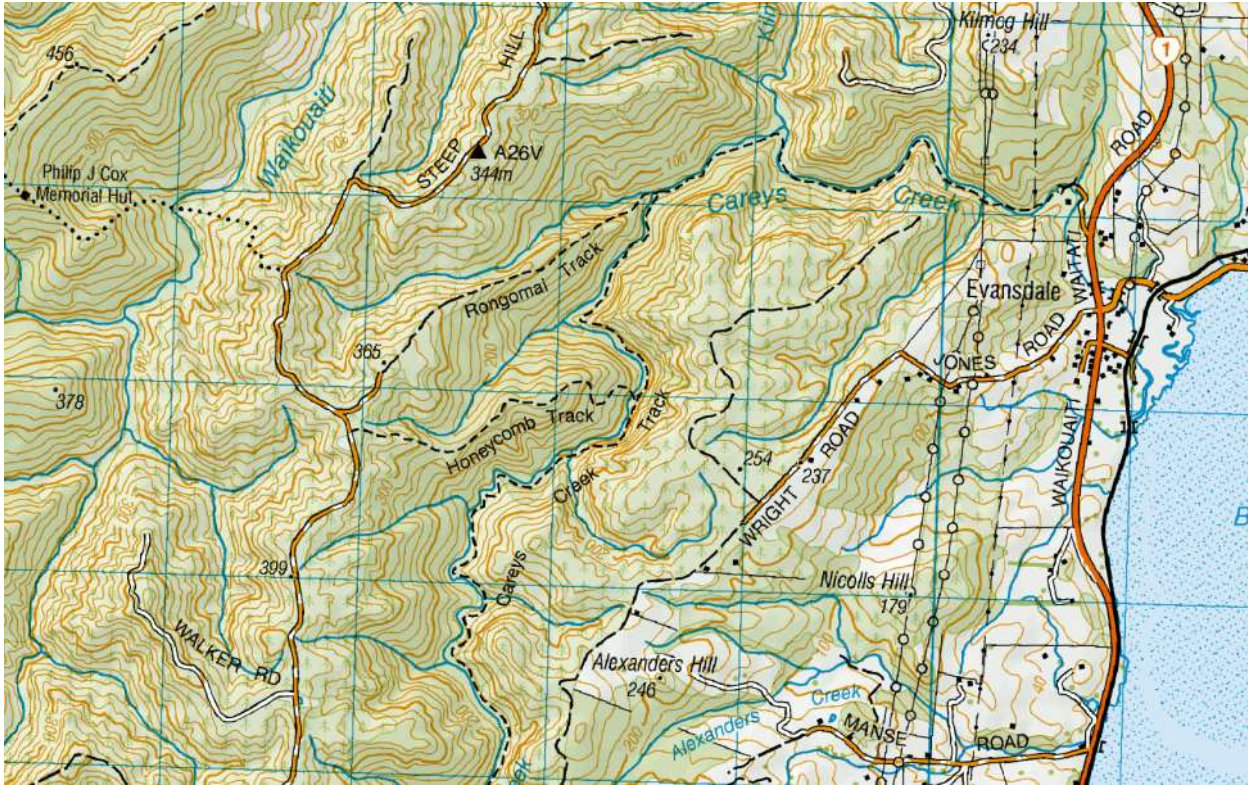
Traversing the South Waikouaiti River, upstream of the Tunnels Track (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

The exit from the stream to the rest of the track can be found where another stream joins to the right. The track is marked with a green ribbon and needs some close observation to find it. From there the climb up to Mountain Road is very steep in parts, which is even more noticeable in waterlogged boots and bits of gorse down our backs.

We climbed down to Evansdale Glen via the Honeycomb track. This began very gently and then descended rather quickly until we reached the flat again. Seven to seven and a half hours altogether which included a leisurely lunch break on an amazing rock and a morning tea break. We stopped at the Evansdale store on the way back for a much-earned ice cream, which incidentally are extremely cheap.

I recommend this trip when Jonette leads her official trip. Be prepared to get your feet wet though, and I especially recommend the river walk.

Pam Phease for the great company of Ian, Brain, Aaron, Zena, Olive, Trev and Jonette



25 MILE HUT WORKPARTY BY THE HOKONUI CLUB

Date not recorded

Author: Not recorded (Hokonui Tramping Club)

Published in Bulletin 549, November 1995

Seven o'clock we left on a windy morning and headed for Queenstown. At Queenstown David fueled his 4 wheel drive and we all fueled our tummies before travelling on round to Glenorchy and a turn off to head for Rees Valley. On that road I had my first lesson at dodging heaps of potholes and big stones and crossing some fords behind the wheel of Bev's car. When we arrived at the carpark Bev, Tony and myself climbed into David and Gus's 4WD's and with the others we headed over the 4WD track through mud, holes and river crossings.



Rees Valley, looking into Hunter Creek (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

It had started to rain when we arrived at the base of the hill before we climbed up the track towards 25 Mile Hut, but we carried up our gear, wood, iron, paint and tools needed for our working bee. We dried off with a cuppa and lunch and a chat to five Otago Tramping & Mountaineering Club members who then headed off for a tramp. When the showers subsided we immediately started on cleaning down the hut and painting it. While the toilet hole was dug, Trevor and Tony started on the toilet seat and cover. In no time our very efficient team had the hut finished. In between showers, the toilet was in place and Mary-Loo was christened. Trevor and Tony strengthened the rafters inside the hut. We prepared our tea with mice as guests (or were we the guests of these residents?). Trapper John caught something for tea but one little mouse doesn't go far around 9 of us, even with one vegetarian.

The OTMC people returned as we finished tea and Tony lit a nice fire in the hut for everyone. I finished the day with some home-made Elderberry wine!



Rees Valley (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Sunday morning we awoke to brilliant sunshine and after breakfast I headed off with David, John, Tony and Gus, with Tony and Trevor leading us up the hills towards Big Devil Hut. Bev and Mary stayed behind to walk along the Rees Valley for a while. We climbed through scrub and up steep hills, rock hopping a river and up to some amazing views by this hut. The men clambered up there like mountain goats and I was more like a sloth at the back! We were back by lunch and soon the roof on 25 Mile Hut was painted. We packed up, took some photos and left a poem for the visitors' book.

Hokonui Tramping Club

RECAPPING 1995

January – December, 1995

Author: Antony Pettinger

Published in Bulletin 550, December 1995

The first Club night for the year was held on 19 January with Trevor Deaker, fresh back from the Albertburn, extolling its virtues and encouraging others to join him in February to revisit this beautiful area. The following weekend saw the first weekend Club trip away for the year. This was to the Matukituki Valley. Unfortunately, the weather was not very obliging, rivers rose and some parties were delayed. This caused the trip to be a day late in returning to Dunedin, a headache for all involved but what a way to start the new tramping year!

The Club was also involved in a search at the end of January in the Silver Peaks (around Possum Hut). A large number of OTMC searchers took the day off work to look, with Antony & Debbie Pettinger being the lucky ones to fly around the Silver Peaks in an Iroquois. The lost person was found safe and well but alas not by one of our searchers. Still, a happy ending. February started much better with the Albertburn trip on the first weekend. Tins proved a popular trip with nearly 30 people enjoying the sunshine and area.

Once again, the infamous OTMC marathon was run with four participants starting the full marathon. The weather (as in past years) contributed a lot to the day with an extremely hot sun and cloudless skies. Doug Forrester must be congratulated with crossing the finish line first (although finishing in itself is an achievement). The half marathon was run as well and Josephine King along with Wolfgang Gerber both crossed the line together to complete the course in approximately ten hours. Everyone agreed that water was becoming a problem in the hot conditions.

Bushcraft '95 kicked off with 14 participants and lots of enthusiasm. Again run at Tirohanga camp, following the same format as past years, everyone learnt plenty with the majority of participant's later joining the club (an excellent ratio).

As with the marathon, the Bushcraft Silver Peaks weekend proved to be very hot and the need to carry plenty of water was certainly reinforced.

March saw the new Search and Rescue training format weekend. This was very successful with a large number of OTMC members attending. The format included four individual sections involving many areas that traditionally our searchers were not involved in e.g., cliff rescue, extracting a victim from a steep & precarious position, etc. The effort/time put in by those organising was appreciated.

March also saw a trip to the Routeburn - Rockburn area. Unfortunately, the weather proved a force to be reckoned with and most parties ran for the nearest shelter for the weekend.

The Greenstone - Caples area was host to the first club trip in April and this trip proved much more enjoyable with better weather and all parties achieving their objectives.

A pre-Easter barn dance was organised by Ann Schofield. Due to the enthusiasm of Ann, this barn dance was well supported with an excellent night thrown in, lasting well into the night.

Easter saw 12 people head away to the Eyre Mountains. By all accounts this was a great trip and a good area that should be visited more often.

A talk by Markus Milne and Frank Stent about the search dogs and how they will help in future searches was an interesting and popular talk on a Thursday night.

May arrived and the Club headed to Ohau for some sun and adventure in the outdoors. The weather was very good, although one party did not manage to conquer the North/South Temple crossing that weekend, but plans will be underway to rectify this.

An Extraordinary General Meeting was held on the first day of June and this meeting voted to purchase a trailer for Club trips. The St Kilda Hotel was most generous in its support of the Club by donating \$1500 to help with the purchase of the trailer.

The first weekend trip in June was to Arthur's Pass but due to the severity of recent snow falls this was changed to a round trip of the Kepler Track. Although this trip was much enjoyed, with plenty of snow, it was a slight disappointment with the change of destination for most.

June saw plenty of snow which resulted in the cancellation of a trip to Mt. Brewster. Cross Country skiers were kept happy however but with a lack of hire gear available in Dunedin, this proved to only frustrate many new and keen beginners to the sport.

July continued the trend of large snow falls and the trip to Mt. Cook-Unwin Hut proved an adventure. While not much tramping was accomplished on this trip, a great social time was had around the area with some skiing being tried.

The cooking competition was a very popular trip and this had a lot to do with Bruce Newton. Bruce put in a lot of time to organise 20 people into kayaks with ball gowns, silver, crystal and everything else required to make that prize winning menu. The kayakers paddled around Lake Manapouri before ending up at Moturau Hut for the night where they were joined by 18 others who had walked in. Much hilarity for most of the evening before paddling back around the lake the next day. It must be noted that one or two of the revellers were a bit the worse for wear and it should also be added here that this was the first trip that the Club used the trailer on. All reports confirm that it is entirely suitable for our needs and all the critics fears have been allayed.

The annual Club Auction was held near the end of July. An enjoyable and entertaining night with both John Cox and Wolfgang Gerber being auctioneers. Once again many people left with something they did (or rather didn't) want but there were plenty of good items up for spirited bidding. The best item appeared to be a TV which did go with quite a good picture. Jeanette Malcolm was the lucky bidder with this item only to learn later that the TV was not really meant to be put up for auction. It transpired that another group which hire the club rooms from us had left the TV there to be used for a talk that was being held the following night. Needless to say, Jeanette kindly bought the TV back to be returned to its rightful owner. Still a good night for a laugh!

The money raised at the auction this year will be split in two, with \$150 already been given to the NZ Alpine Search Dogs while the remainder will be used for the Club picnic in February '96.

The ever-popular Winter Routeburn was run in August. Another successful trip with 19 enthusiastic people struggling through the snow to reach first Flats Hut then Falls Hut. Again, the amount of snow was a big factor with one hut in the area having its roof collapse under the sheer weight of snow.

A commercial Cross Country Skiing weekend was led by Ken Powell to the Pisa Range. This proved a popular trip with about 14 keen beginners to intermediate stage skiers. Although a slightly more expensive trip away, no one objected to the extra cost.

Snow Survival Skills (alias Snow Caving) was another popular weekend, with 15 people trying out the theory that you really can sleep underwater. A valuable skill to know and another successful course.

The Annual General Meeting (part one) was held on 31 August. At that meeting the following people were elected:

Elsbeth Gold – President, -Peter O'Driscoll - Vice President and Membership, Debbie Pettinger - Secretary and co-editor, Teresa Blondell – Treasurer, Antony Pettinger - Chief Guide / Transport, Mike Gieseg - Rock Climbing convenor, Olive Neilson - co-day trips coordinator, Robyn Bridges - co-day trips coordinator, Pam Phease - co-editor, Greg Panting - co-gear hire officer, Trevor Deaker - co-gear hire officer, Mike Brettell - odd bod.

Due to a misunderstanding the Notice of Meeting for the AGM was not written correctly and subsequently a second meeting was called to rectify this. As a result, no motions were discussed or voted on.

August was a big month for search call outs, with two successful searches being coordinated. Another search was held in early September, again with a successful result.

September was another month that was affected by snow with the Mt. Domett trip being cut short by a day because it was impossible to reach the road end with the amount of snow on the road. Hence this must have been one of the shortest weekend trips in Club history, consisting of not even one full day away from home.

There were 29 keen people away to Awakino Ski field for the annual Basic Snowcraft course. The weather was good, and much was learned. Thanks must go to the enthusiastic instruction of Barry Wybrow, Doug Forrester, Sharon St Clair-Newman, Peter Aitcheson and Mike Gieseg.

A complete overhaul of the gear hire cupboard was completed in September and as a result two new sets of crampons have been added to the Club's collection of gear.

A tea party was held during the month to coincide with the Alzheimer's Day Tea Party and all those attending bought a plate and donated a gold coin to the cause.

The Extraordinary General Meeting (AGM part two) was also held in September. Much discussion was had over the three motions put forward. The following is a brief assessment of the result of that meeting:

Motion 1 being "That the club ceases publication of the magazine 'Outdoors'" was lost. It was felt by most present that Outdoors was valuable and while it was an infrequent publication, stopping it altogether was not a good idea. The door is still open should the Club wish to publish an Outdoors for the 75th celebrations coming up.

Motion 2 was "That all subscriptions be reduced by 50% with immediate effect, and that all members who have already paid be refunded", this was also lost but by only two votes. The meeting felt that to reduce subs would not necessarily increase membership, while the surplus made in Club funds could be used to pay for major upcoming events like the 75th celebrations. It was felt that to reduce subs now and then have to put them back up in a year or two would result in more members discontinuing membership. As a result of the close margin the committee is always looking at ways to improve "value for money" for members, the increase in size and effort put into the Bulletin is part of that value for money'. Other things the committee have looked at improving is the gear hire equipment, purchase some metric maps which

will be laminated and made available on Thursday nights for trip planning, purchase some first aid kits that can be used by party leaders on Club trips with no charge. Any further ideas on this would be appreciated.

Motion 3 was for the incoming committee investigate ways of disposing of the Ben Rudd property this motion was also lost. Most present felt that the property was not the burden it had once been and was regenerating after the tree felling.

At this meeting Barry Wybrow was kind enough to offer to co-ordinate Bushcraft '96. This offer was accepted without delay.

October arrived and a good trip was deployed to the Macetown area. Due to the enthusiasm for the area by the leaders Antony and Debbie Pettinger a 12-page booklet was given to everyone going explaining all points of interest along the way and some of the early history. Such was the enjoyment of the trip that a total of three trip reports were handed in for this trip, making it one of the best recorded trips for a while.

The Labour weekend trip had a disappointing turn out of only about half a dozen people. The weather was a bit dodgy but otherwise a great trip to a good destination, Lake Monowai.

Early November involved some members in an Outdoor First Aid Weekend held at Tirohanga Camp. The committee felt that it is important to have confident and capable party leaders when it comes to administering first aid and as a result those members attending this weekend were heavily subsidised in the cost of the course. Because of the demand for places, it has been decided to encourage members to attend a Mountain Safety Outdoor First Aid weekend in the new year and the Club will look at subsidising the cost.

November was a busy month tramping with a trip to the Rees Valley and while the weather was undecided the enjoyment was not. The following weekend saw another trip to the Caples area and again the weather could not decide which way to go but enthusiasm for this area is still very high.

The next weekend in November saw yet another trip away. This time Barry Wybrow organised an extended weekend to conquer the Copland Pass. This was another popular trip with the objective definitely being achieved however the weather did not hold off long enough to allow the helicopter flight back.

The annual Club quiz that was run one Thursday did not go quite according to plan. The quiz master, David Barnes, was called away to a search and a short time later so was a number of the participants. Not one of the most successful Thursday nights at Club.

December has now arrived and with it the final weekend trip of the year to Mavora Lakes. A van load enjoyed a relaxing weekend away to this idyllic area. The final Club night will be held on 14 December.

BRIDGES CREEK – REES VALLEY

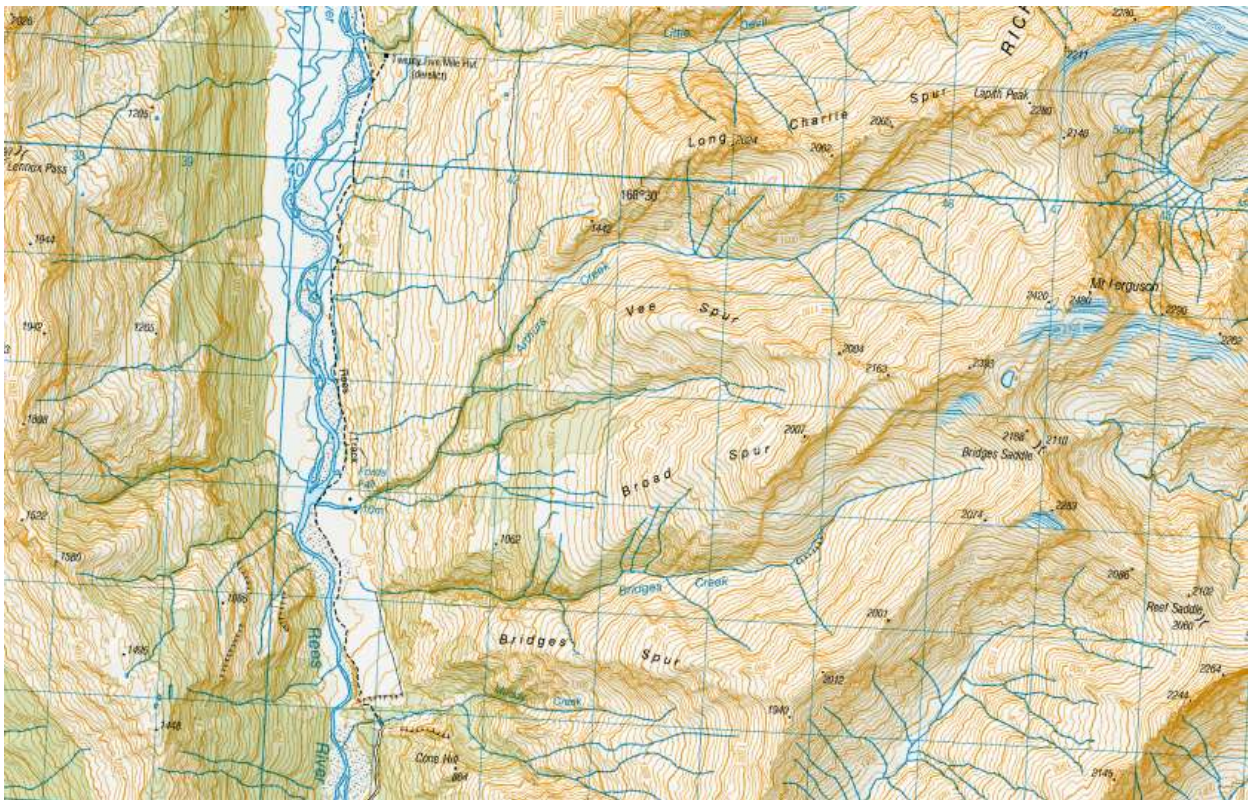
November 11-12, 1995

Author: Brian Craig

Published in Bulletin 550, December 1995

Bitterly cold north westerlies lashed the Forbes Mountains to our west while low cloud enveloped Mt Earnslaw and the lesser surrounding mountains, as we sidled along the snow grassed valley of Bridges Creek. Such a scene was far removed as one could imagine from the sun-drenched Basque homeland of Felisa, our chef party entertainer and raconteur.

We had optimistically planned to put in an alpine camp near Bridges Saddle that evening, but the cold, ripping winds sapped our energy sufficiently, after a seven hour mainly uphill climb to persuade us to put in a camp near terraces perched above the headwaters of Bridges Creek. We were accompanied for most of our walk up and at our campsite by one of the parties which had sensibly 'flagged' climbing Mt. Earnslaw that weekend. Pitching tents was not an easy task. However, once pitched, they were a welcome haven from the winds, which were rushing down the valley side.



Sunday morning dawned beautifully clear and still. Our party decided to head up to the ridge line directly above us. The climbers in the other party elected to climb up the perfect snow conditions to Bridges Saddle and a minor peak close by. Once we had gained the ridge line it was quite a straightforward walk down the ridge and at times, through small snowfields (which at times required ice axes and crampons because of the hardness of the snow) towards Bridges

Terrace just above the flow of the Rees Valley. This took us about seven hours with many stops to take in the awesome views both across the valley and down into Invincible Creek.

All in all, it was a most pleasant weekend. Bridges Creek provides a great getaway if you wish to have a not-too-strenuous medium grade trip to this lovely part of the Mt. Aspiring National Park. Its advantage lies in the fact that you are able to gain altitude quickly, within a very short distance of the car park at Muddy Creek and so be able to appreciate the other options further up the Rees Valley.

Thank you Ann for organising the necessary access with the local run holders and the other details which made this trip such an enjoyable one.

Brain Craig for Ann Schofield, Felica Roldan and Dean Gillat

SNOWCRAFT AT AWAKINO

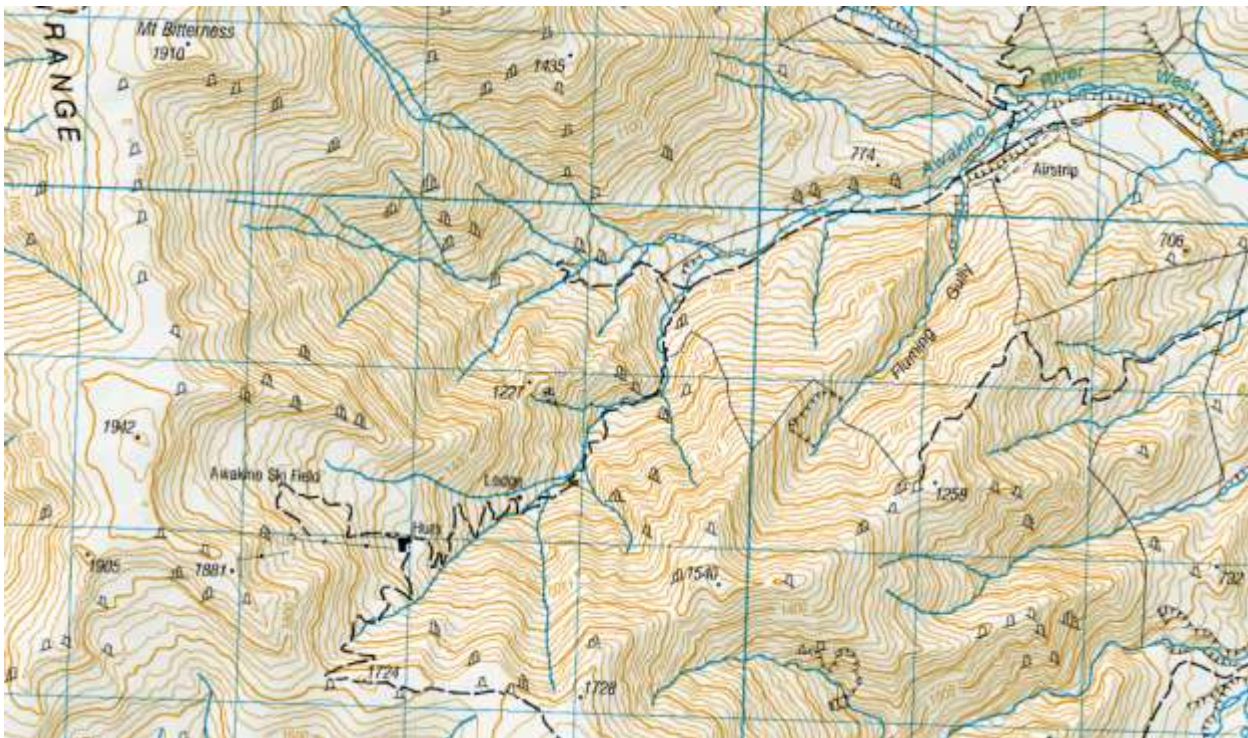
September 23-24, 1995

Author: Zena Roderique

Published in Bulletin 550, December 1995

It was really good to wake up and see the sun shining on Saturday, 23 September, it looked like it was going to be a good weekend. We made our way down to the dub rooms by 7.00 am and it was good to see so many happy faces, all eager to get away and start the Basic Snowcraft Course at the Awakino Ski Field.

We arrived at the Ski Lodge just before lunch and whilst over lunch Barry and Doug were telling us what we should and should not do with our ice axes on the snow. After lunch we went to the ski field where we split up into groups and started practising self-arrest by getting into that "Thrutch" position.



On Sunday I wasn't feeling so good after trying to get over the flu so I plodded slowly up to the Top Hut with Sharon very patiently at my side. At the Top Hut Sharon suggested that we go to the area where we were on Saturday and do some more self-arrest and cramponing. I thought this was a good idea and Olive decided to come along as well. In the end there were four of us as Peter joined us. When we got to that area Sharon asked us if we would prefer to go to the saddle higher up and all agreed it would be better. Looking up towards the saddle we saw parts of a road and made our way across some scree patches to it and followed where possible, as only some of it wasn't visible due to the snow. Then we cut across the saddle. On the way we looked down to the ski field and saw the rest of the party in line formation looking like a giant centipede making their way up to their destination. A little further on and the ski hut

disappeared out of sight as we moved around towards the saddle. On the way up Sharon and Peter were telling us about the various types of snow as we went from soft snow near the hut to some very icy patches near the top of the saddle where Sharon had to chip a few steps in the ice for Olive to continue up. What great views we had from the saddle looking across to the Hawkdun Range in the south westerly direction and the Hunter Hills and the sea in the northeast. There were a few very small alpine plants hiding amongst a patch of scree where we sat down to have a rest and put our crampons on. Peter and Sharon decided on a route, and we made our way around the saddle and up towards a ridge giving Olive and myself plenty of practice zigzagging across the slope. About halfway up there were a few rocks and we decided to have lunch sitting in the sun and admiring the view. When we got around the other side, we were surprised to see the other party nearly at the top by Ski Hut, so we made our way back to join the other 26 happy folk.

We were just so lucky with the weather as when we were driving back to Kurow we looked back to the ski lodge and the clouds were rolling in over the tops towards the Lodge. I wish to thank all the instructors who helped make this a great weekend and a very special thank you to Sharon and Peter for their advice and a great day.

Zena Roderique

MAVORA LAKES

December 2-3, 1995

Author: All on the trip

Published in Bulletin 550, December 1995

This was all quite new to me. The first time on a swing bridge and my first experience with 'sandflies'. That was Josts' contribution to this awesome communal report.

Altogether we were a group of nine bound for some pre-festive season relaxation in the Mavora Lakes region. Our first stop was the mighty metropolis of Gore where our numerous overseas participants were introduced to the local sights i.e. Clinton country dudes, 'Romney Ram', the streetlamp commemorating 100 years of electricity in Gore, the Cremoata factory, the trout and of course the pie cart. Jean even found time to find the botanical gardens and the Gore aviary.

After this stop we drove off to Mavora Lakes. The last 30kms we were driving on gravel roads and searched for a fantastic picnic spot. The rain started just in time to make setting up the tents exciting on the first night. Thunder, lightning, and sandflies made it a less than ideal night to sleep in a tent but luckily for us the rain disappeared by morning so we could enjoy breakfast by the calm waters of Mavora Lake with the sandflies. Our track followed the slow flowing Mararoa River, covered on the bottom with lush water weed giving a scenic, multi-coloured effect. Ideal for canoeing - until the river enters a series of churning rapids! After a couple of hours, we reached a swing bridge back across the river, the site of the Southland Canoe Club's competition the following day.



Kiwiburn – view as seen from Kiwiburn Hut (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Jost, Vivienne and Neville left the group and made their way back to the lake end while the six lazy ones slept, before they finished their walk. Vivienne went swimming - clothes and all for a

wet T-shirt competition. The hut was great, but the beds made a lot of noise when you moved. We had a great time in the hut and I would like to thank Elspeth for a great time. We enjoyed a very high standard of cuisine on Saturday night. Authentic English Chicken and Mushroom soup prepared by an authentic pom, tenderised beef gently marinated in Neville's special sauce and served with a selection of the season's finest vegetables and a chilled bottle of wine. The other group got their gastric juices flowing with the fine President's Pasta and both groups enjoyed cheesecake with either peaches and custard or strawberries and icing sugar. The meal ended as every tramping meal should, about four hours after we had started!

We shared the hut with two hunters, a girlfriend, two daughters and a dog who very kindly arrived just as we finished our gastronomic delight. The dog only mildly had a problem settling down for the night and who can blame him for being so excited at sharing a hut with the OTMC! The high standard of food continued on Sunday when Neville provided some home baked scones for afternoon tea.

Our journey back to Dunedin was not without excitement. Jools thought he deserved a beer after his hard tramping weekend, so we stopped in Lumsden where we were treated to a traction engine (from the UK!), a Scottish band and demonstration by the emergency services during the Lumsden Christmas Fete. After a brief stop in Gore, we followed a bus which turned out to contain a mooning, pre-pubescent boys cricket team. It was difficult for some people to decide which was the highlight of the weekend!

CHAMPAGNE COPLAND PASS

November 23-26, 1995

Author: Terry Duffield

Published in Bulletin 550, December 1995

I suspect some people would be late for their own funeral but despite a troop of tardy trampers we were no more than half an hour late getting under way, progress was slowed somewhat when Ann took the wheel but Paul cut some corners on the third driver change and the trailer was still in place when we arrived at Mt. Cook so I guess his driving couldn't have been too bad.

A pleasant stroll to Hooker Hut was marred by an enlarged gut (or more accurately 'gut-buster') which necessitated a long uphill detour and a sweaty scramble down the scree slope. Needless to say, the freshly painted hut (complete with new verandah) was a welcome sight. Dinner was a real gourmet food feast and worthy of special mention were the lemon and ginger stir fry, cherry-dipped ginger nuts & cream, strawberries and freshly percolated coffee (a rare Brazilian Mountain Blend). Some major engineering on a cheesecake dish was nevertheless a dismal failure but, after a hasty transplant, the cherry-topped desert completed the evening's civilized gluttony.



Copland Shelter (PHOTO Doug Forrester)

Despite a minor Korean border incident, a 4.30am wake-up had us under way by 5.45am and on the ice by 8.30am. A major accident at 9.00am left most visibly shaken but a helicopter rescue was soon underway and we reached the Copland Shelter around 1.00pm via a razorback snow ridge. A few nervous bowel movements by the female contingency have been captured on film (photos available on request - for a price!)

Some steep pigeonholing down the west face was followed by enjoyable glissading with Trevor gallantly assisting Liz to remove snow from a sensitive area (what a Guy!) Welcome flat was reached by the majority of the party by 9.15pm, the others catching up at 11.30am the following day after an overnight stay at Douglas Rock Hut

Finally champagne and the obligatory 'Moon Shot' in the hot-pools (bemused Wekas looking on). A rather wrinkled Trevor made an attempt on the hot-pool endurance record but a distended dead frog floating nearby had some of the more suspicious minds conjecturing on his activities in the interim. By this time the West Coast rain had started to set in and the helicopter trip was looking unlikely so after lunch we set off for Highway 6.

A five hour walk in the rain and an interesting river crossing brought us to a prearranged (by radio) rendezvous with a licensed bandit in a bus who (for the paltry sum of \$200 which worked out at about \$1 per km per person) conveyed us to budget lodging, a few ales and a few more ales at the Fox Glacier Hotel. Lurch (severing from a popped knee) and Hoppity (a misplaced shoe) were mutually supportive and Liz, whilst restraining herself from a display of line-dancing, nevertheless managed to embarrass herself with the comment "I haven't seen Dick for a while" to which Dave replied " Don't tell us your problems!"

The ensuing logistics of arranging vehicle pick-up from Mt. Cook and transport for the party through the Haast Pass would provide enough material for a small novel but special thanks should be given to Trevor's brother in Cromwell for his assistance in this matter.

Overall, it was a marvelous trip and I personally wouldn't have missed it for quid's, even though Paul was the only one to snag the helicopter ride home. Hopefully this marks a return to a more imaginative array of club trips into the future. The cast for this four-day fiasco were (in alphabetical order): Paul Bennington, Dick Brasier, Mike Brettell, Trevor Deaker, Terry Duffield, Mike Giesig, Michael Gillies. Dave Hickey, Marcus Milne, Liz Nevill, Jay Piggott, Ann Schofield, and Barry Wybrow. Additional thanks to Barry for his organisation and guidance.

Terry Duffield.

OTMC COMMITTEE (1995-96)

President – Elspeth Gold

Vice President – Peter O'Driscoll

Secretary – Debbie Pettinger

Treasurer – Teresa Blondell

Chief Guide / Transport – Antony Pettinger

Bulletin Editor – Debbie Pettinger

Bulletin Editor – Pam Phease

Membership Secretary – Peter O'Driscoll

Social Convenor – Ann Schofield

Day Trip Convener – Robyn Bridges

Day Trip Convener – Olive Nielson

Gear Hire – Trevor Deaker

Gear Hire – Greg Panting

SAR – David Barnes

Bushcraft 1996 – Barry Wybrow

Property & Maintenance – Peter Mason

Climbing – Mike Gieseg

Immediate Past President – Peter Mason

Hon. Solicitor – Antony Hamel

OTMC TRIP PROGRAMME 1995

January	15	Rosella Ridge	Jonette Service
January	21-22	East and West Matukituki	Greg Panting
January	22	The Gap	Sharon St Clair-Newman
January	29	Hermitty Ridge	Richard Pettinger
February	4-6	Albertburn - Makarora	Trevor Deaker
February	11	OTMC Silver Peaks Marathon	Antony Pettinger
February	12	OTMC Picnic	Committee
February	18-19	South Eyre Mountains	Peter Mason
February	18-19	Bushcraft 1995 (Tirohanga Weekend)	Antony Pettinger
February	19	Peninsula Track	Mike Gieseg
February	25-26	Bushcraft 1995 (Silver Peaks Weekend)	Antony Pettinger
March	4-5	Ahuriri - Canyon Creek	Arthur Blondell
March	5	McKenzies Hut (Rock & Pillar Range)	Ian Sime
March	12	Bushcraft 1995 (Rivercrossing Day - Outram Glen)	Antony Pettinger
March	12	Mystery Trip	Arthur Blondell
March	18-19	Bushcraft 1995 (Fiordland Trip)	Bruce Newton
March	18-20	Routeburn - Rockburn - Beansburn	Arthur Blondell
March	19	Destination to be arranged	Peter O'Driscoll
March	26	Powder Ridge - Long Ridge - Chalkies	Doug Forrester
April	1-2	Greenstone - Caples	Josephine King
April	2	Peninsula Walk	Jeanette Malcolm
April	9	Maungatua	Mark Planner
April	14-17	Eyre Mountains (Easter)	Ken Mason
April	23	Track Maintenance	Doug Forrester
April	29-30	Mt Cook Area	Doug Forrester
April	30	Silver Peaks	Wayne Hodgkinson
May	6-7	Mavora Lakes	Peter O'Driscoll
May	7	See Green Gecko's	Graeme Loh
May	14	Racemans Powder Ridge	Antony Hamel
May	20-21	Lake Ohau	Greg Panting
May	21	Silver Peaks (Tunnels - ABC Return)	Mark Planner
May	28	Maungatua	Doug Forrester
June	3-5	Arthur's Pass (Queens Birthday)	Ann Schofield
June	11	Government Track	Dave Levick
June	17-18	Mt Brewster	Paul Bingham
June	18	Carey's Creek	Stuart Mathieson
June	25	Silverpeak from the West	Michael Hamel
July	1-2	Unwin Hut - Mt Cook Area (Base Camp for Weekend)	Paul Bingham
July	2	Racemans Track	Alan Thomson
July	9	Rosella Ridge	Doug Forrester
July	10-14	Upper Caples Hut Base Camp - Mid Week Trip	Ian Sime
July	15-16	Kayaking - Moturau Hut (Midwinter Social)	Bruce Newton

July	16	Graham's Bush - Mt Cargill	Ross Davies
July	22-23	Tramp and X/C Skiing	
July	23	Berwick Forest	Rob English
July	29-30	Kepler Track In Two Days (Part Trips possible)	Doug Forrester
July	30	The Gap - Silver Peaks	Robyn Bridges
August	6	The Peninsula	Sharon St Clair-Newman
August	12-13	Winter Routeburn (Falls Side)	Greg Panting
August	13	X/C Skiing - Old Man Range (Day Trip)	Neil George
August	19-20	Pisa Range - Cross Country Skiing and Instruction	Trevor Blogg
August	20	Burns Track	Jonette Service
August	26-27	Snowcaving (Old Man Range)	Ken Mason
August	27	Rock And Pillars	Dean Peterson
September	2-3	Takitimu Mountains	Antony Pettinger
September	2-3	Old Woman Range - X-C Skiing	Chris Pearson
September	3	Peninsula Walk	Ann Schofield
September	10	To be announced	Mike Gieseg
September	17	Lochindorb (Catlins)	Ian Sime
September	23-24	Basic Snowcraft (Iceaxes and Crampons)	Sharon St Clair-Newman
October	1	Mt Charles	Bruce Newton
October	7-8	Historical Macetown	Antony Pettinger
October	8	Spotted Shags - Shag River	Trevor Blogg
October	15	To be advised	Teresa Blondell
October	21-23	Lake Monowai - Green Lake	Dean Peterson
October	29	Lake Waipori and Sinclair Wetlands by canoe	Chris Pearson
November	5	Taieri Loop	Greg Panting
November	11-12	Rees Valley - Kea Basin	Trevor Deaker
November	12	Racemans Track - Swampy	Ken Powell
November	18-19	Greenstone - Caples Area	Peter O'Driscoll
November	19	Peninsula Cycling Trip	Paul Bingham
November	23-26	Champagne Copland Crossing	Barry Wybrow
November	26	Rongomai - Honeycomb Track	Jonette Service
December	2-3	Mavora Lakes - Combined Tramp and Cycling	Elsbeth Gold
December	3	Mt Allan Area	Alan Thomson
December	10	Chalkies - Powder Ridge - Long Ridge	Wolfgang Gerber


OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (JANUARY TO MAY)

Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club
P.O. BOX 1129 DUNEDIN

BULLETIN


Registered in P.O. Box 1129 Dunedin for transmission by post as a magazine

The Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club
meets socially every Thursday evening
at 3 Young St (clubrooms)
starting 7.30 pm.



President:	Peter Mason	473-7636
Vice President:	Teresa Blomell	477-4987
Secretary:	Sue Levick	473-8427
Treasurer:	Arthur Blomell	477-4987
Chief Guide:	Anthony Pellingier	473-7924
Day trips:	Trevor Blagg	467-2601
Editor:	Greg Paring	455-1910
Membership:	Bruce Newton	455-8835
Social Secretary:	Jeanette Malcolm	469-3668
Gear Hire:	Greg Wood	476-7410

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Bulletin No. 540
March 1995



OFFICE BEARERS

President	Peter Mason	473-7636
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Bulletin No. 541
April 1995



OFFICE BEARERS

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MAY 1995 Bulletin No 542




OFFICE BEARERS

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Treasurer	Arthur Blomell	477-4987
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OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (JUNE TO SEPTEMBER)


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



BULLETIN

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starting 7.30pm.


June 1995 Bulletin No 543



*"FARMER'S HAYSTACK - FIRST THING'S FIRST YOU'D EVER HAVE BUY
MY GRANDPA USED IT ON - MUST BE SOME KNACK WITH IT"*

OFFICE BEARERS		
President	Peter Mason	473-7636
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Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club
P.O. BOX 1100 DUNEDIN



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Bulletin No 544 July 1995



For the making the making making?


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P.O. BOX 1100 DUNEDIN



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*"WHEN THE GHOST
OF WALKING ON THOSE STINGS?"*

*"STRENGTH
ANGLES"*

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Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club (Inc.)
P.O. BOX 1100
DUNEDIN



10 September 1995

Dear Member:

NOTICE OF EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL MEETING

In accordance with Rule 23 of the Constitution, the Committee of the Otago Tramping And Mountaineering Club (Inc.) call an Extraordinary General Meeting to discuss and vote on the business set out below. The meeting will be held at the Clubrooms, 3 Young Street, in Kildin, on the 28th of September 1995 commencing at 7.30pm.

Agenda.
(This meeting contains portions of the Annual General Meeting which could not be adopted/discussed at the AGM because of a lack of notification)

Formulation and Adoption of the Annual Accounts (copy enclosed).

Consideration of the following motions:

Motion One.
"That the Club cease publication of the Magazine "Outdoors"
(see notes attached re. current club position on "Outdoors")"

Motion Two.
"That all subscriptions be reduced by 50% with immediate effect, and that all members who have already paid their 1995-96 subscription receive a refund of the overpayment"

Proposed by Doug Farnsworth.
Seconded by Peter Atkinson

Proposed by David Barnes
Seconded by Elspeth Gold

OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (OCTOBER TO DECEMBER)



Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club (Inc.)
P.O. BOX 110
Dunedin

**The Otago Tramping & Mountaineering Club
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at 3 Young Street, Dunedin (club rooms)**



**OCTOBER 1995
BULLETIN NO. 548**

PRESIDENT
VICE-PRESIDENT
TREASURER
CHIEF GUIDE
DAY TRIPS

GEAR HIRE

SOCIAL SEC.
MEMBERSHIP

COMITTEE

Elspeth Gold
Peter O'Driscoll
Tereasa Blondell
Anslang Pettinger
Olivia Neilson
Robyn Bridges
Greg Panting
Trevor Deaker
Aron Schofield
Peter O'Driscoll

ph. 454-2924
ph. 453-0593
ph. 477-4387
ph. 473-7924
ph.
ph. 472-7330
ph. 485-1910
ph. 453-0210
ph. 471-0102
ph. 453-5693



OTMC

Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club (Inc.)
 P.O. BOX 1108
 DUNEDIN

**The Otago Tramping & Mountaineering Club
 meets socially every Thursday, 7.30pm
 at 3 Young Street, Dunedin (club rooms)**

ACCORDING TO THE MAP, WE'VE BEEN
 GOING THE WRONG WAY ALL DAY!



**NOVEMBER 1995
 BULLETIN NO. 549**

COMITTEE

PRESIDENT	Elapeth Gold	ph. 454-3934
VICE-PRESIDENT	Peter O'Driscoll	ph. 453-0592
TREASURER	Teressa Bimbell	ph. 477-4987
CHIEF GUIDE	Antony Pettinger	ph. 473-7924
DAY TRIPS	Olivia Neilson	ph. 464-0090
	Robyn Bridges	ph. 472-7320
GEAR HIRE	Greg Panton	ph. 455-1910
	Trevor Deaker	ph. 453-0210
SOCIAL SEC.	Ann Schofield	ph. 471-0152
MEMBERSHIP	Peter O'Driscoll	ph. 453-0592

[illegible]