

OTMC TRIP REPORTS

1996

Sourced from the 1996 OTMC Bulletins



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Cover Photo: East Matukituki River, looking towards the West Matukituki Valley, as well as Sharks Tooth Peak (2096m, and Craigroyston Peak (2211m)
(PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

MARATHON TWENTY FOUR

February 10, 1996

Author: John Galloway

Published in Bulletin 552, March 1996

Again, Peter Mason sacrificed some sleep to act as marathon starter; with only three participants gathered under the Booth Street lights at 4-30 am.

Young Jay Piggott left on the half marathon at speed! Mark Planner and old farmer John were again on a "fool" marathon. Over the Pineapple Track, on the Whare Flat Road a car overtook us, still dark and not yet 6 am. "What's that driver doing at this hour? - going to tend marijuana?" I speculated. To our surprise and enjoyment that car was at the bottom of the Chalkies Hill, with fruit, chocolate fish, and all manner of goodies on its roof, and it's driver was dispensing fruit juice, smiles and encouragement. Thanks Wendy Bond!!

With Mark's guidance I avoided the thorough bush-bashing exploration that we gave the top of Chalkies last year! Jay would have been a long way ahead at Long Ridge turnoff - checked the growth rates of the pines in Mount Allan Forest - more snacking at Poplar Hut - 10-30 am. We continued on up Mt. John - great views as the weather had improved - left a note in Mt. John Hut at 12-15.

We lunched with a Scout party by Christmas Creek. Baden Powell's young devotees are now dual sex; so that ruled out the Christmas Creek splash! But it was too cold anyway. Leaving the headwaters of Christmas Creek (below Orange Shed) we had the usual debate; which route to the Gap? We went up ABC Cave ridge face. There are now numerous freshly dozed tracks/fire breaks in that area.

We got to The Gap catching Doug Forrester not fully provisioned with water, however Mike Brettell soon put that right, and it was cups of soup all round. With touching respect for age Doug provided a cushion which I used to the full ('yes Ham & Chicken this time Doug'). generally socialised ('yes another cuppa would be nice Doug'), and just when Doug and Mike thought they were going to have us camped with them at The Gap all weekend we responded to the lure of Rocky Ridge and concern for the patience of Peter O'Driscoll and Trevor Blogg at Green Hut site. Around 5-30 pm we were enjoying their hospitality - more soup!

Swampy Summit was hidden in mist; and delayed our arrival at the strange buildings - that ridge must be stretching! Well parka'ed and balacava'ed up, the cold wind on our backs blew us along the road to the Pineapple Track - then toe jamming down to the Water Station, where Jay had written "Welcome Guys OTMC Marathon" in the gravel.

In previous marathons I have consistently finished last. Now, with Doug retired (temporarily), and Arthur confined to parental commitments, Marcus with banged up ribs, and Paul 'lame' I suddenly had the chance to finish first equal!! Which we did at 9.28 pm.

Most marathoner's troubles end upon arrival at vehicles. After spending all day on waning pedestrian power; then suddenly with Crumpmobile power, closing darkness, and all the abandon of that original Toyota driver, Barry, I sadly put a ding in Mark's car.



Looking north along Rocky Ridge towards The Gap (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Well next one is the 25th Marathon; so dust off your boots, find your pack and get into training! Age won't excuse you unless you're younger than Jay, or older than the undersigned. That's got most of you! We've already entered one Blondell - so Teresa, you could be having a long, long tramp to the Gap and back, next February, if Arthur isn't freed!

Thanks to the refreshment teams (the cup-a-soups really were good - seriously). Great effort Jay - you're promoted to the "fool" marathon. Good company and directions Mark and send the panel beaters bill.

Old Farmer John (Galloway)

WHAT A WAY TO SPEND NEW YEAR!

January 1, 1996

Author: Wendy Bond

Published in Bulletin 552, March 1996

On New Year's Day, Jonette and I decided to fill in the day by going on a tramp. We decided on Flagstaff not using the Walkways track, down to Ben Rudd's, Jim Freeman track, then the fun began as we went to find the Craiglowan Falls.

First of all we missed the correct road as there are now several forestry roads. Once we found the correct road it was difficult underfoot due to forestry rubbish of branches and pine needles and aggressive prickly blackberry. The family following us gave up at this point. Thanks to the markers we found the steep track down the gully and viewed the falls, which are described in the "Sea to Silver Peaks" book as "Wild and awesome spot". We can vouch for that! We decided not to tackle going back up the same hill, so we walked around to the Whare Flat Road, via McQuilkans Creek, which once again was confusing because of an extra forestry road which led us up the garden path for about ten minutes.



Start point of the Jim Freeman track, Ben Rudd's Property, Flagstaff (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

The day was moving on and we decided to head back to the car at Booth Road via Jim Freeman track and the four-wheel drive track to the Swampy/Pineapple track. It was a great day with perfect weather of course. But it was the best getting out of the boots!

Wendy Bond

CHALKIES – LONG RIDGE – POWDER RIDGE

December 10, 1995

Author: Beverley McGowan

Published in Bulletin 552, March 1996

Everyone has a different perspective of Christmas, but today the Christmas tree was on everyone's thoughts. Wolfgang had been out with the Club on Saturday at Ben Rudd's to cut down *Pinus Radiata*, for sale as Christmas trees, and larch which I believe, are invading the native stands. He obviously was feeling very guilty about cutting down trees, so it was suggested he plant a native at home to allay his guilt.



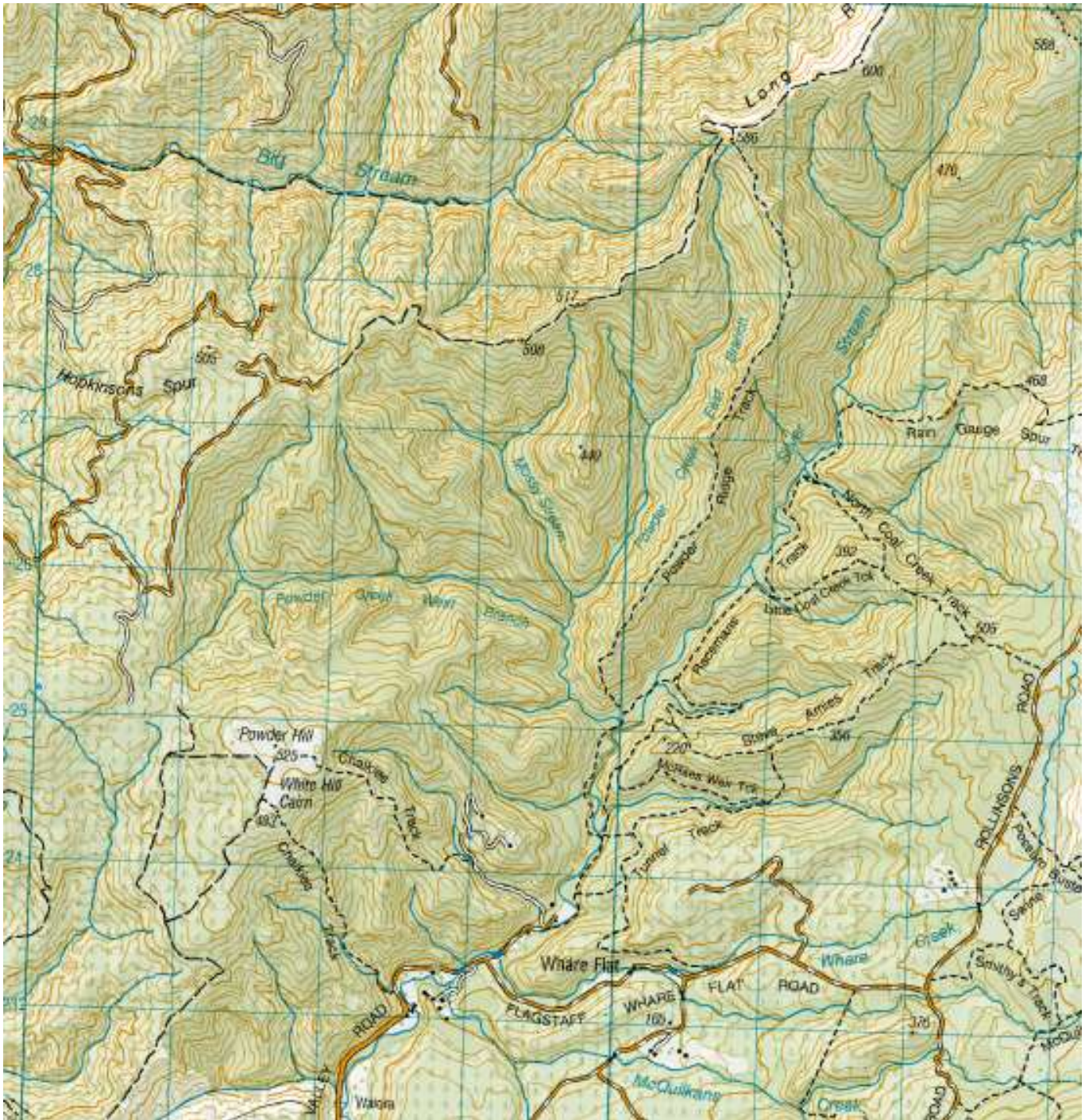
Silverstream Valley (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

We had gone up the Chalkies and were onto the forestry roads where forestry workers had recently been through doing some pruning when I spotted a nice sized offcut that would suit me as a Christmas tree. It was tied to the back of my pack and carried for the rest of the day and then home along the bar and out the back of my bicycle. My excuse being that it was a sunshade from the blazing sun, meagre branch that it was though!

We stopped in a bit of shade beside the road along Long Ridge for lunch where we discussed the ability of people to catch 40 winks and wake up refreshed. As it was a glorious day, we attempted to try this out, dreaming of pleasant things or nothing, until abruptly aroused blurts out '....and *Pinus Radiata*'.

Further along Long Ridge we searched for the old relic “*Douglas Forrestii*” but were unable to spot it amongst the pines. Down Powder Ridge then, pining for the relative shelter of the manukau from the sun and wind (which we had become exposed to.)

The Club's last tramp for 1995 was completed by Wolfgang (leader), Jonette, Wendy, Aaron and Beverley McGowen (scribe)



BUSHCRAFT SILVER PEAKS I

February 24-25, 1996

Author: Russell Chirnside

Published in Bulletin 552, March 1996

When Ann asked me to write a few lines on our weekend experiences to the Silver Peaks. I said OK, thinking to myself it would not be too onerous. However, when you sit in front of a blank computer screen the mind goes blank as well. At our pre-tramp meeting earlier in the week, I had been given the task of checking the weather and making sure that we would be well informed of any changes. Who would believe their luck that Dunedin would have two fine weekends in a row?

Saturday morning dawned fine and clear, promising to turn out hot as the day progressed. Ann and Rhonda turned up on time and we had to pick up Lin on the way (she had the food, most important!). Our plan was to leave a car at Hightop and carry on to Tunnels Track with another car and all the packs, etc. After distributing the food amongst the other packs to get the weights as even as possible we set off full of confidence. The first hour was interesting, the terrain was much steeper than we imagined - so much for taking notice of the contour lines on the map!!! There was much adjusting of packs and tightening of boots. Once we crossed the Waikouaiti River (linking arms was hardly necessary, it was only ankle deep) for me the tramping really began, and you begin to realise how unfit you are. Climbing to Yellow Hut seemed to take forever, it seemed so close when we got out of the car.



The Gap from Yellow Ridge (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

With Yellow Hut behind us we proceeded ever so slowly up to our lunch stop in the tussocks, about half an hour from The Gap, with spectacular views all around. Lunch with a lost pig dog was interesting, he seemed unperturbed by our presence.

From The Gap the track leading to the ABC Cave was not clearly marked and we were glad of Peter O'Driscoll's help ensuring we went down the correct ridge, which saved us from a lot of hard tramping. From the cave to Jubilee Hut the tramping was uneventful except for the long descent. I am sure everyone in the party had sore toes.

Our evening meal was expertly cooked by Lin. It's amazing what you can cook with just one billy. Camping under a fly was a new experience for me, and a most enjoyable one too I might add. Ann discovered that she had lost her Thermarest sleeping mat, and spent the night sleeping on the ground. Being the true trumper she is, she claimed in the morning that it wasn't too bad at all, and I thought to myself that if that is the case, why bring it at all!!

Sunday morning dawned overcast with a hint of drizzle in the air, but not too bad. Breakfast over and everything packed up. Ann decided to retrace her steps with Arthur's party and try to find her mat. Lin, Rhonda and I joined up with Pam's group. We departed to tackle the Devil's Staircase, how aptly named it is!! As we climbed it started to rain, and the fog closed in. Here we go, I thought, it's going to be wet for the rest of the day and we would have to use our compasses to find our way back to the car. However, that wasn't to be, as we approached Green Hut site the weather cleared and we had a delightful lunch in brilliant sunshine, enjoying the excellent company of the groups led by Peter and Pam. The trip out to the road from Green Hut was really enjoyable with the sun casting shadows through the open bush creating a really beautiful and peaceful setting for an afternoon's tramp.

What have I learned from the weekend?

On lifting Ann's pack into my car to return home. I was surprised how light it was compared to mine, I have a lot to learn yet!!

Rhonda was feeling unwell when we arrived at Jubilee Hut on Saturday night, and the problem appears to have been dehydration. It really hit home to me the importance of drinking plenty, to replenish the loss of body fluids.

Taking turns at leading the party was excellent. It made you think and observe the terrain you were travelling over to make it easier for your party.

Making group decisions as to the best route, with everyone reading the map is an excellent way of learning.

I cannot speak highly enough of the whole Bushcraft Course. For a group of 'volunteers' who gave so freely of their time to teach the skills of tramping so patiently to the likes of me. in such a thoroughly professional way, I thank you most sincerely.

Russell Chirnside

BUSHCRAFT SILVER PEAKS II

February 24-25, 1996

Author: Jean Tremlett

Published in Bulletin 553, April 1996

I think it is fair to say that we started out with the attitude of putting into practice what we had learnt at the Tirohanga the weekend before and not necessarily tramping great distances, but all had quite different reasons for being there.

We weren't original in our trip planning, and it seemed to me compulsory to spend Saturday night near Jubilee hut. So, we set off from Hightop on a lovely sunny Saturday morning. Not as hot as Bushcraft '95 nor as cold and wet as Bushcraft '94. We followed the Silver Peaks route to Green Hut Site where we arrived in time for lunch. I could go into more detail describing the route but I'm sure most of you have walked this track and don't need a Pom to tell you about it. Maybe the fit groups will write a trip report and tell you about that. They came past Green Hut Site sometime during our very relaxing two hour lunch (What a beautiful day and what a lovely spot), having already had their lunch further down the track between 12-13 PM and 12-47 p.m.!! They went down and filled up the water bottles (thanks guys) and then rushed off at great speed - we wouldn't be seeing them again. I wonder what they remember about their trip or was it just a workout? No such testosterone problems for us.



Bushcraft campsite at the foot of the Devils Staircase (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Sometime after lunch our trip became a different grade. I don't think anyone would claim the

Devils Staircase to be 'easy'. We took our time (I was very slow - thank you Olive for your patience) and arrived safely at the bottom to a welcoming committee. After the usual discussions of where to put the fly and cooking the dinner, I noticed several people (I was one of them) too tired to be sociable with anyone, so off we went to the land of nod, with the overwhelming concern that our first task tomorrow was to get back up Devils Staircase. I knew this before, but I think several other people learnt they prefer circular walks especially if the Devils Staircase was involved.

Sunday morning didn't start well. It wasn't such a nice day, it even started to drizzle before we left our camp site and for a reason I've yet to discover, I didn't get my cup of tea even though I was the one who got up to put the billy on! I didn't do much better trying to make up for this at lunch time.

Three groups started to climb the Staircase at the same time, and we soon got sorted out into smaller groups. I took up my place near the back and received encouragement from several people, some more helpful than the others (i.e. the truth) and slowly but surely made my way to the top. The weather was very grey and misty. One minute it looked to be getting worse, another better. We even had a sun block stop. I was glad to have gone up Pulpit Rock the day before as the weather was so much better. We lunched again at Green Hut Site. From there we did a better job of finding the right route out around Hightop. The weather improved in the afternoon and that brought out the Sunday afternoon family walkers. I always think that seeing these people means you must be near the start of the track as they aren't likely to walk far. One small bout aged about seven years, didn't think I should be allowed to pass him and so stood in the middle of the track blocking it, as I went to go round him, he put his arms up, and as I got past he hit me! More problems with testosterone!!

After that I think I deserved the biggest ice-cream in Waitati and a cup of tea. I look forward to seeing how Bushcraft develops in the future and suggest that it is just as important to find out why people go tramping and what their expectations are, as it is to know who is taking what food and equipment and how fit people are.

JEAN TREMLETT for Jane, June and Suzanne

Thanks to Olive Neilson, Pam Phease and Peter O'Driscoll

LIVINGSTONE MOUNTAINS

March 16-17, 1996

Author: Natalie Wright

Published in Bulletin 553, April 1996

It was a major rush to make it to the Clubrooms by 6 p.m., but I made it with enough time to spare for several paranoid thoughts that I had left something vital behind. It was then into the vans for the long trip down to Fiordland - more than enough time to regret the lack of springs in the seats! Putting up an unfamiliar tent in the dark just added to the fun. Daylight revealed what a beautiful place we were camped. I took lots of photo's, one or two were not enough for a snap-happy person like me.



Lake Gunn from The Livingstone Mountains (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

After breakfast we packed up and drove down to the Divide before embarking on our little jaunt up the Livingstone Mountain range. In my party was Teresa, Alice and Chris (if any of these people have surnames then they are a mystery to me). We then meandered up to Key Summit where disaster befell Teresa, she left the maps behind and her king size cake of white chocolate (the chocolate being, of course, the greater loss). The rest of the trip up to the tarns was uneventful. After exchanging comments with the party of Farmer John we set up camp. In the afternoon, we walked the rest of the way up the Livingstone's. Chris and Teresa went back early leaving Alice and I to explore further. Lots of photographs later we decided to come back down the steeper bit to add some interest.

The weather was just great on Saturday, I mean what is a little rain, sleet and wind chill except little extras to add joy to tramping. Saturday night was a bit of a squash with all four of us in a three man tent but we survived, though I cannot say that I was sorry to see morning arrive. But luckily nobody snored or sleep talked. On Sunday we crawled out of the tent into a nice thick mist with only the occasional glimpse of the mountains. The mist did make it more of a challenge to make it down to Howden Hut but as we didn't lose anybody over a bluff it can be counted as a success.

At Howden Hut we met up with Farmer John and party. The parties then got rearranged, Alice and I joined John and Russell joined Teresa. Teresa and co. went back down Key Summit while the rest of us clambered down the Passburn. Absolutely awesome bush and forest. At the bottom we gave our packs to Teresa, it was then a quick hike up to Lake Marian and for once the sign at the bottom did not overestimate the time needed. An hour and a half it said and an hour and a half it was. Fortunately, the low cloud and rain lifted enough to see the lake, unfortunately not until after I had finished my film. It was then a quick trip down through the rain and puddles. This was the most fun bit splashing through all the puddles and climbing down banks and creeks. And now I know that my new rain jacket is waterproof.

It was a memorable trip and I totally enjoyed it. Thank you to Teresa and the John for leading it. NATALIE WRIGHT

ROCK BURN (ANNIVERSARY WEEKEND)

March 23-25, 1996

Author: Vivienne Bresnell

Published in Bulletin 553, April 1996

The bus was packed, and we left town at 6-10 p.m., making our way to the Rockburn. First stop was Alexandra for tea before we arrived at the Routeburn Shelter just after midnight. We all managed to find a space to put our heads for the night, but we had not been asleep for long when we were woken up by the van horn. Josephine was asleep in the van and had been woken by the boys in the tents. Peter went to investigate and found that the boys had been trying to get in the van and were rocking it.



'Rock Garden', upper Rockburn, looking towards Park Pass and Amphion Peak (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Most of us were awake by now and some saw the comet pass over the sky at about 3 o'clock. Despite all this we got up at 7 am Saturday morning, had breakfast and headed to the bridge where my party met up with Rodger, who was joining us for the weekend. It was up and over Sugarloaf Pass where we had a stop at the top to take in the view down the valley to Glenorchy. We had a lunch stop at the start of the downward stretch. It took a little bit longer to walk to Theatre Flat but we made it by 5 o'clock, where we set up camp, lit a fire before tea and settled down for the night. We woke on Sunday to find the ground white with frost and the tents frozen. As it was so cold this meant that we didn't get up till 9 am. ready for breakfast with the sun out. We packed up a day pack and headed for Park Pass.

What a great day!! We arrived back at camp at 2-30 p.m. to drop the tents and head down the valley to a small flat area for Sunday night, just to break the trip out next day. We awoke on Monday to another frost and frozen tents, however we were packed and away by 9-40 am. It didn't take as long to get up Sugarloaf where we had a lunch stop for 3/4 hour before starting on the long drop down off the Pass. We arrived back at the vans at 2-10 p.m. where we had a cleanup while we waited for the other party to come out.



Upper Rockburn Valley from near Park Pass (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

The weather over the whole weekend could not have been better and I hope everyone that was with me enjoyed it as much as I did, as this was my first trip at party leader.

VIVIENNE BRENSELL for Helen, Peter

and Rodger

ROCK BURN '96

March 23-25, 1996

Author: Wolfgang Gerber

Published in Bulletin 554, May 1996

We left the clubrooms at 6.10pm and had tea at the Gobble & Go in Alexandra before arriving safely at the Routeburn Shelter at midnight. It was good to see that Transit NZ is in the process of sealing the Glenorchy Road. During the night a group of males, who were camped outside, had a testosterone/hormone attack but it was quickly stopped much to the relief of Josephine. We tucked the boys into bed and noticed a crystal-clear sky above us and to the North we saw a comet, then it was back to the sack.

We awoke at 6.30am and had a good breakfast before Robyn, Wayne, Josephine and myself left under cloudy skies. As the morning progressed, we came out of the bush and were greeted by lots of blue sky and a marvellous view of Glenorchy, Mt Alfred and the confluence of the Dart/Rees flowing into Lake Wakatipu. At 10am we reached Sugarloaf Pass (1154m) where we had a rest, a snack and a great view up the Rockburn. Mt Nox (1940m) was in the distance of the true left of the Rockburn.



Lake Nerine (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Had it not been for a couple of strong branches as we were descending into the Rockburn, yours truly would have taken the direct route down. We eventually reached the valley floor and after some time we arrived at a slip where we had lunch and a quick snooze in the sun.

After lunch, we came across a number of little flats, one in particular comes to mind which had bushes looking more like the Moeraki Boulders than Hebes. Some time later we arrived at Theatre Flat which was the biggest flat by far. High on our left (true right) was the route out of the Rockburn and we observed numerous streams coming from there. The biggest one coming out of Lake Nerine, which is situated at above 1400m. We took some time to rest and sun ourselves on rocks at the far end before the final climb to Robyn's Flat (which we named after our leader) where we were to camp. After this final climb we dropped our packs and seemed to float up to the Rock Garden with its alpine plants and vegetation as well as a couple of little tarns thrown in. It was a good view of Theatre Flat from here. The final half hour was used up in finding a suitable campsite halfway up Robyn's Flat.



Approaching Park Pass from Lake Nerine, Hidden Falls Creek beyond (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

It was to bed at 8pm after a hearty dinner and we were up again at 6.30am with ice in the tent. After a hearty breakfast we were on our way to Park Pass (1176m) which soon came into view. Sometimes it pays to look down as well, the gentias were still flowering in places and the mighty ranunculus ullere was on its last legs. This was my first glimpse of the highest mountain in Fiordland. The mighty Tutoko (2746m) with Mt Madeline beside it. Tutoko was named after a Māori Chief that used to reside at Martin's Bay. Tutoko and Madeline are part of the Darren Mountains which are situated on the western side of the beautiful Hollyford Valley, far below the pass and there was Hidden Falls Creek with some inviting scree slopes high above it. From the pass we climbed up a leading ridge but still on the Rockburn side. We took time to look back and the massive Park Pass Glacier came into view high above the pass. We continued climbing steadily, passing the lakelets and as we looked northeast Mt Earnslaw came into view. Eventually we dropped into a basin where we found the beautiful Lake Nerine with

its deep dark green colours. We continued on our way, climbing out in a westerly direction, and sidled well above 1500m until we came to a small hanging valley just below the Col. The final climb seemed to last much longer than it really did, and we set up camp on the southern end of North Col.



Descending into the North Routeburn from North Col (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Once again, we were straight to bed after dinner and woke to a nippy morning. It was another early start and we headed down the valley, noticing Ngatimamoe, Flat Top and the Pyramid in the distance on the horizon. Unfortunately, we were to be held up by azurites of frozen snow fields (who said not to bring ice axes and crampons??) We walked around one and we walked over one and we crawled underneath one then it was all downhill into the North Branch of the Routeburn via some rock hopping and some bush bashing. Halfway down the North Branch, Emily Peak came into view and dramatic view of the Big Slip of '94 which lies between the Flats and Falls Hut. It will take many years of regeneration to hide that scar. At this stage we were short for time, and we flagged a 'dip' in the Routeburn before powering out in 1hr 15 mins to find the other party waiting patiently for us.

All in all, a brilliant trip where the weather and company were excellent! A big thanks must go to Robyn Bridges for the planning and leading of the trip.

For more information there is a good description of the route by Ian Sime in Outdoors 1990-92 which goes in the opposite direction.

Wolfgang Gerber for Robyn Bridges, Josephine King and Wayne Hodgkinson.

LAKE OHAU (TEMPLE STREAM)

April 21-22, 1996

Author: Beverley McGowan

Published in Bulletin 554, May 1996

Lynda's and my groups had been advised to stay together, so at club night we planned the round trip of the North to South Temple Valley's. The weather forecast was not promising and with newcomers to the club we decided to go and see what the morning would bring.



South Temple Stream, downstream of the hut (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Twenty people left the clubrooms and had a tea stop in Oamaru where we swapped between vans to keep the one towing the trailer on the move. As we got closer a "road closed" sign did not stop us progressing to the shelter to camp for the night in the Temple Shelter. Those trying for the Huxley next morning found the road closed about 200m further up and had to return. Light rain on Saturday morning and with full packs, including tents, we were away up the South Temple with the idea of camping at the head of the valley. The rain persisted all morning. The track led through beech forest, wet bush and in and out the river with a major crossing at the South Temple Hut (the bridge has been removed). Some opted to walk across the river - wet to the groin, while others sidled across a fallen tree. Fourteen of us lunched at the hut, with much discussion on what to do next. Anja wanted to go back with Lynda's group to camp again at the shelter and then go up the ridge towards Ram Hill next morning. We ensured everyone had enough food then separated with Rowan, Suzanne and I continuing up the valley. It had stopped raining by now.

The river has changed course dramatically from the hut with some markers only just above ground level. It did not take us long to reach the point where the track is marked to cross the river and continue up on the true left. It looked a most dangerous place to cross, and we could not see where the track was going from there, so we decided to continue up the true right while continually looking for signs of the track. We discovered there is no need to cross the river as a reasonably good track goes all the way on this side. The head of the valley was most spectacular with many waterfalls, the mountains surrounding us and there was still some snow. The cloud lifted, rewarding us with great views.



Upper South Temple Stream (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Curiosity got the better of me, so we returned down the true left, hoping to find where the track went. Well, we didn't find it. We ended up on the river's edge bush bashing and on all fours at times, getting under scrub and managing to get soaked from the wet bush and generally making our own way without crossing river until we reached the hut again. I would hate to attempt it with a full pack on, unless someone is better at track finding than we were! The evening was spent crammed in the hut, with idle chatter and a few pathetic jokes. The three of us camped with the rest staying in the hut.

Sunday's early morning drizzle did not last long so it was packs on, no lighter, as we were carrying water in wet tents and gear. We returned to the Temple Shelter for lunch, about three hours tramping. Lynda, Ruth, Suzanne and I scrambled up a nearby hill, which was a pleasant way of spending the afternoon as we anticipated a long wait for Trevor's group. They were attempting to return via a ridge in the Shingle Hill area and to avoid the sandflies.

Unfortunately, Trevor had to abandon the ridge and was back at the vans by 4pm as planned.

Beverley McGowan for Suzanne, Rowan and Anja.

EASTER 1996 - HOLLYFORD

April 5-8, 1996

Author: All party members

Published in Bulletin 554, May 1996

Arrived Gunn's Camp at am Friday and woke Murray with a "top of the morning to ya!". He billeted us in the smallest shed in the world - with the fourth mattress down the door wouldn't open, good job no one was caught short in the night. Up at am to catch a plane at 10. Waited in and around the museum, played cards in a warm hut until 1 p.m. Reluctantly left a warm dry, luxurious cabin for a cold wet slog into Hidden Falls Hut. Elspeth's new parka passed the test. Tommy Turpin's mad cow hot pot for tea and then to bed to sleep it off.



Swing-bridge over Pyke River, below the outlet of Lake Alabaster (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Saturday dawned bright and sunny - much to our relief. Photo day was my comment (Nat), Set off earlyish for Alabaster Hut - tramped through mud and over horizontal punga forests. Once at the hut we amused ourselves down on the lakeshore burning things superficially for fun, but really to scare away any lurking 12m long wild boars we felt watching us from the dark depths of the bush- glinting eyes and 3-foot-long tusks. Concluded the evening identifying Orion (complete with a demo - Tom Orion) and with a fine Italian meal including purple fudge.

Set off as early as the previous day along the Big Bay Pyke route. We spent 3.5 hrs. following what could loosely be called a route, (indistinct markers in the undergrowth). We found a lovely spot for lunch about halfway up the lake with excellent views of Mt.'s Tutoko and Madeline. We

walked back in a time of 2 hrs in the lake which was much more fun, and some people's underwear needed a wash anyway.

Sunday's breakfast consisted of porridge and Easter eggs. When we arrived back from our aqua aerobics, soon to be patented hip and thigh exercise we spent an hour or so collecting firewood, had a fudge eating frenzy then relaxed with finest South Otago Stew and the last of Tom's box of wine. Welcomed some Swiss trampers to our happy home, good job there was only two as it meant we still had the luxury of two mattresses each.



Hollyford River (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Awoke the next day to Tom Jones singing "By the light of the silvery moon" and got started for the trek back to the car. Had lunch at Hidden Falls Hut headed back to the car in rain to meet up with the other groups who had been with the crowds in the Caples/Greenstone. Back to Dunedin in double quick time.

A joint trip report by Tom Jones, Natalie Wright, Jean Tremlett and Elspeth Gold

PORT CRAIG – QUEENS BIRTHDAY

June 1-3, 1996

Author: All on trip

Published in Bulletin 555, June 1996

We set off from the clubrooms at 6pm on Friday night and drove in the pouring rain until we reached Gore. From then on it rained on and off. There were ten of us in the van and we were to meet Doug and Mark when we got to the carpark. We passed through Gore, Riverton and finally Tuatapere to begin the last leg of our driving. Robyn wasn't exactly too sure where to go and drove down some road until we reached a gate. We opened the gate and continued down a bumpy road with lots of potholes until we ran out of road completely. The mission then was to turn the van around with the trailer on. Neville took the wheel and backed it around and we all had to push it in the end to get back on the road. Luckily it wasn't raining at the time. Once we had the van turned around, we went back through the gate and hit the right track. We arrived at the carpark and much to our delight Doug was there. Much to our dismay, we hadn't sent the tents on with him. So at 12.30am and amid squalling winds we set up tents. Because Rhonda, Pam and Alice enjoyed that experience so much, they got up half an hour later and put up another one.



Heading along Te Waewae Bay, route to The Hump and Port Craig (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Doug woke us bright and early, and we all set off in hail and wind along the coast. We walked along the rocky beach, across the first swing bridge to our first river crossing. We all crossed safely using our river crossing skills, after Jeff had nearly washed out to sea when a wave knocked him over. At the Hump turn-off, the decision had to be made - were the other six to

negotiate that route? It looked like a five to one decision, but they all set off happily. Meanwhile we six headed off down the Port Craig route. After lunch on the beach in sunshine we carried on until we came to the junction of the beach or alternative route track where we met Carl and Jim. They advised us the best route was along the beach, but we would have to wait 1½ hours for the tide. Of course, we knew best so set off on the Bush Track. Talk about mud, just about up to our knees at times. Carl and Jim did tell us about the mud and that's why they were waiting for the coast. I would like to put the record straight about this, we made a democratic decision to do the bush track, no one was coerced. It seemed the best option at the time and besides, I like mud. So, for 3½ glorious hours we passed through some of the finest bush around, teeming with bird life. Apart from some minor aches and pains everyone arrived at Port Craig a little tired but fulfilled. As I expected, Carl and Jim had arrived just minutes before us and were busy collecting firewood. As you can see this was all part of my cunning plan. Nothing like getting to a hut, resting up and watching someone else build the fire. However, the rest of my party couldn't see the merits of my plan. Dinner was wonderful and we were all entertained by Carl and Jim in a warm cosy hut.

Sunday morning Jim cranked up the fire for breakfast. Our little troop were first to leave on our visit to the Percy Burn Viaduct. We soon came to a sign "only one person at a time to cross this bridge", only problem being that the bridge was invisible! After several attempts of walking on air we clambered down the bank instead. The viaducts were suitably impressive and confirmed our fear of heights being flightless kiwis that we are. We settled down for lunch in the sun and Grant needed waking up via falling ice before we could return.

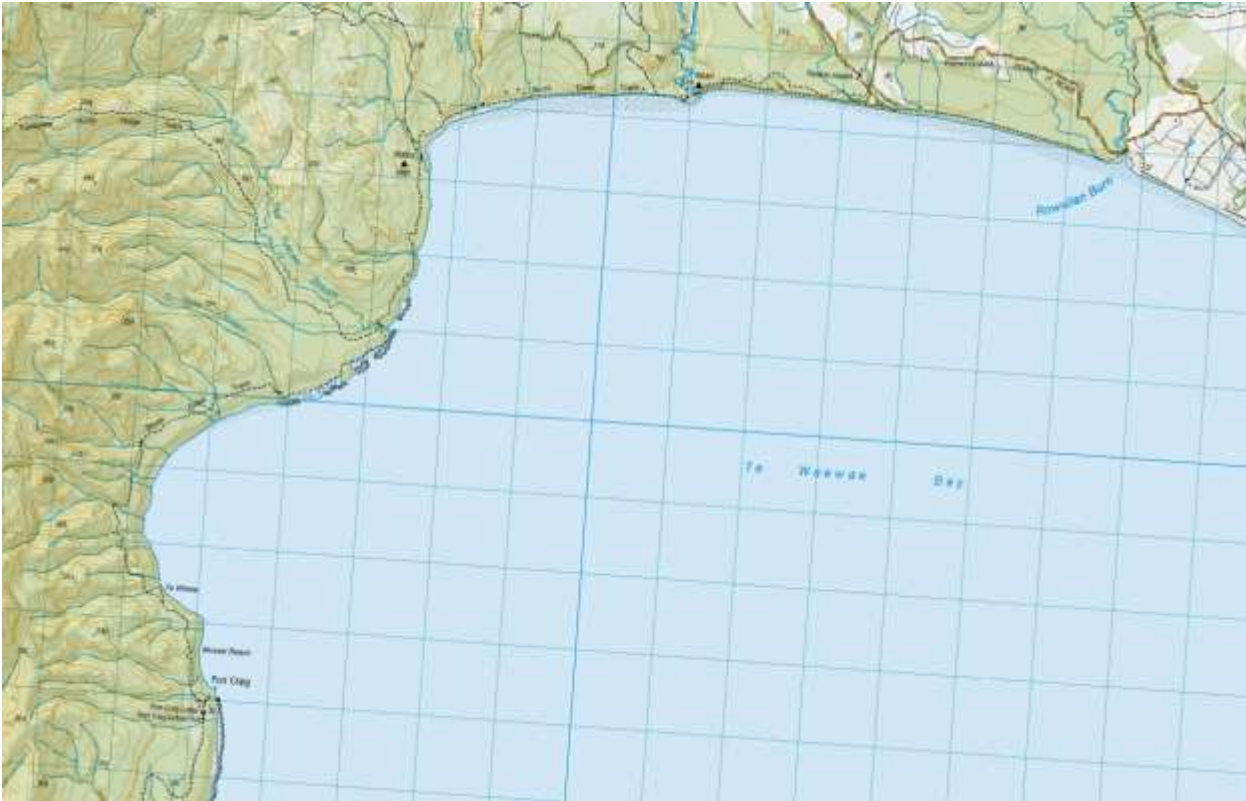
On route Jim and Carl had marked a side route by a fallen tree and three fern leaves as a direction sign. Māori ovens was our objective but on reflection we may have been conned. Coastal walk along sand dunes and beach, while one member stayed on top of the dunes, but pretty scary pig grunting drove that member to high ground and great relief when others appeared, and we were soon back on track and more sludge. The girls had their treasures of paua, Moa bones and seaweed. One hour down the track and the bridges of visual perception appeared - males maybe Tarzan but I'm no Jane. Nearing the campsite firewood was collected for the evening meal and warmth was undertaken by all. On arrival back at camp the males elected to light the fire, while the ladies took a stroll to the beach and a glorious sunset on the mountains. With the tide receding, we wandered along the derelict wharf. In short order the fire was roaring, and we settled in for a night of good food and laughs. After a night of shuffling, snoring and everyone getting up to the loo at least 50 times, some of us were eager to leave at 4.30am, however one of us was still snoring happily away so we waited until 6.30am.

We set off along the easy bush track by torchlight in order to catch the coastal track before the tide was in. The walk along the beach was far pleasanter than the mud track. We stopped at the local Tuatapere hunters hut and kept them off their work for a couple of hours while we had lunch and Jeff cooked his mussels.

We returned to the van and waited patiently with soup in hand until the other group arrived, having cadged a lift from one of the shooters. They must have been tired from hitching hiking

because they needed a shower at Tuatapere, while us six hardy trampers decided to wait until we got back to Dunedin. All in all, a great weekend, aptly co-led by Grant and Rhonda.

A collective writing approach from Pam, Colleen, Grant, Alice, Rhonda, and Jeff



MT DOMETT – DANSEYS PASS

May 18-19, 1996

Author: Rob Seeley

Published in Bulletin 555, June 1996

A party of some 15 headed out up the Pigroot pausing for a mere couple of hours to build up our saturated fat levels at the Palmerston takeaway. The van also stopped at the Danseys Pass Hotel so we all got out into an already freezing night to warm our bones by the small furnace that the landlord keeps going there. What a superb pub this is. It is almost too cosy to ever leave again and sports a dog that howls when you go. For leave, we did, to the amusement of the locals, and camped over the pass by the Otekaieke Stream under a sky which would take too long to describe but, generally, a large slice of the universe was on view.



Looking from near Mt Domett towards Little Mt Domett (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

After a freezing night (two people tried spending it in the trailer) we packed our stiff tents and began the walk up the valley to Chinaman's Hut. Those who took the trouble to keep their feet dry here were rewarded later. After re-pitching tents in the still frozen ground around the hut and eating breakfast we pushed further on up the valley towards Mt. Domett. This was very pleasant walking especially when the sun finally hit us - with the river constantly changing its mind about which side of the valley it would run. At some point we abandoned this easy walking and began the steep ascent through tussock to eventually gain a high ridge. The prospect at this stage of Mt. Domett is somewhat daunting, featuring an ever-steepening climb and a lot of scree.

Up close Mt. Domett is indeed falling to bits in a bad way and it's a real scramble to gain the top. However, in perfect weather and visibility about nine of us did gain the top and the reward was high. From here all of Otago makes sense with all our favourite peaks in the West on view, the sea, those complicated valleys of the upper Taieri, the Waitaki beating a straight path to the sea and the Hakataramea.



Mt Domett in the distance, as seen from the Otekaieke River (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

On descent the scree nature of the mountain becomes an advantage especially if you choose the more Northerly ridge. With fine deep scree here, you can just step it out and lose height with ease. Back at base, which some of us made with very little daylight to spare, the tents started gleaming with frost as night fell but we had the luxury of the hut (Thanks to St Kevin's) to spend a warm and convivial evening in. Next day, in cloudless weather most of us made the ascent of Cone Peak, starting the climb directly from the hut.

In summary, a splendid weekend of sun, snow and Spaniard (I bet some of us still have the puncture wounds). This area is probably best done in winter despite the short days, climbing in these mountains must be extremely hot in summer.

A big thank you to Robyn Bridges for leading.

by Rob Seeley

MAVORA LAKES – CAREYS HUT

June 22-23, 1996

Author: Not noted

Published in Bulletin 556, July 1996

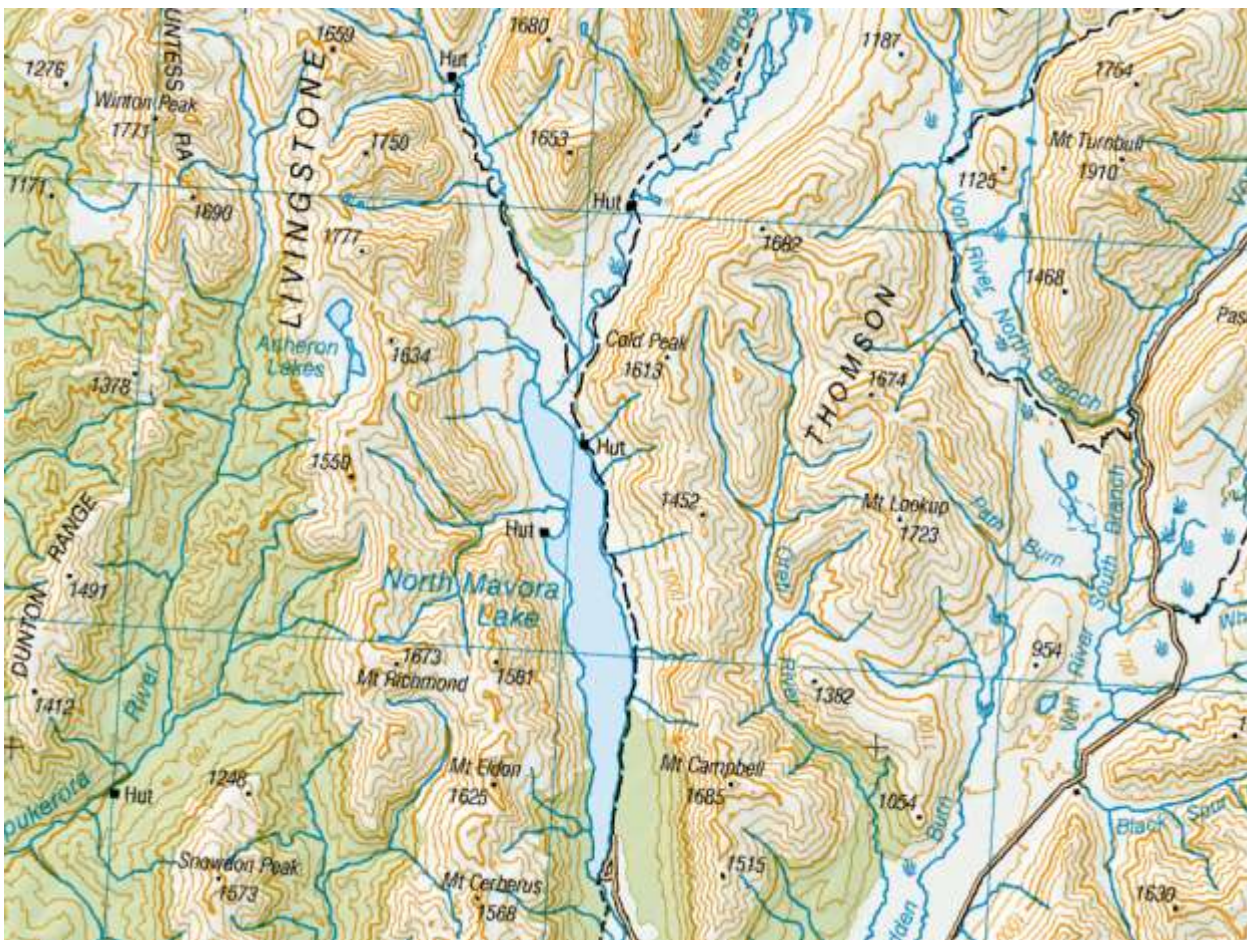
Trevor Bloggs's decision to make this winter trip a Sat/Sun one rather than start on Friday night, was the deciding factor in making it appealing. Two cars and a 4WD carrying eight Dunedin people and four Milton residents, met in Milton before pausing in Gore for petrol, then travelling to the road end near the foot of North Mavora Lake. The first snow we saw was in a shady patch at Mossburn. From there it became steadily more widespread. On the bush road beside the South Lake, it had been compacted by vehicles so that drivers had to take care.

While lunching there at midday we packed gear from the cars into the 4WD so that we could walk unencumbered for the two hours up the lakeside to Careys Hut. Although Jim listened to the whole All Black vs Scotland test match in the van beside the hut, the rest of us tore ourselves away after hearing we were leaving, to walk further north on the 4WD track, along the high ground to get views up the Mararoa and Winton Valleys at the head of the lake. As the first of us returned, Jim met us to tell of our win in Auckland's severe gale and driving rain, meanwhile we were enjoying cloudy weather with occasional sunny breaks, but so calm that the bush and snow-covered peaks on the far side of the lake were being reflected in it.

The piped water supply to Careys had been disconnected for the winter so we were unable to light the coal range and use the wetback for the shower in the cabinet by the back porch. However, we had brought in a sack of wood for the open fire which soon heated the hut. Bryan had pitched a tent which he and Richard would sleep in, so only two others needed to use lilos. He also provided a gas mantle lamp so there was lots of light to play euchre after dinner. There was plenty of chat before we had a last look outside at the moon covered by a light haze, made plans for Sunday (including an agreement not to get up before first light at 7-30) and climbed into our warm bags.

Although there may have been a midnight frost, the morning was relatively mild with high cloud and the occasional sunny break. The Milton group set off early so they could get as far as Winton Forks Hut, four others left later to follow the same 4WD track, and our remaining four swept and tidied the hut, burnt all the burnable rubbish and packed the rest into a carton, before following the others across the Mararoa (ankle deep) above the lake. Our plan was to complete a circumnavigation of the lake by walking back down the west side to the swing bridge across the Mararoa at its foot. A rough 4WD track from the Northwest corner of the lake took us an hour to the West Burn Hut on the south side of this creek's extensive fan. It was tidier than when I was there several years ago. The wooden based bunks would sleep 12, but the loose wire mattresses had been replaced by two rolled up kapok ones. A wooden bench seat took the place of two metal frame chairs, and a large wooden table was there instead of a smaller Formica one. But for a hole burnt in the back of the tin fireplace, the hut would be quite cosy.

We ate lunch there, then followed animal tracks or walked along the shore (the lake was low) for over two hours, to a fence which runs straight up the hill from in the water. There had been odd shaded areas where we had walked through snow, but mostly it had thawed. We saw no stock anywhere over the two days, nor any recent sign. The fact that there was no visible difference between the vegetation on the two sides of the fence, suggests the area may have been destocked. In the bush past the fence, we found the track (marked with orange aluminum strips) about 50m from the lake. A few windfalls were across it, and the markers were not all that close, but it was relatively easy to follow. We reached the five person-at-a-time bridge over the outlet to the lake in a bare hour. Possums use it regularly too by the fresh sign. A robin greeted us at the far end, approaching within 30 cm of our boots. We walked the 15 minutes back up the road to our cars, meeting the 4WD as it came off the track. The other six walkers came down within a quarter hour. There had been quite a thaw since we had arrived at the road end 28 hours before. We changed into dry footwear, ate tea and were on the road just after 5.00pm. We called in at Hikurangi Station to tell them we were out OK and were in Dunedin by 9.00pm. There was intermittent light rain from Mossburn, and steady heavier rain as we approached home.



We had been in almost the only part of New Zealand to have good weather for the two days. It had been calm and cool, with the mountains covered almost down to our level with glistening

snow, just perfect for tramping; And Careys is a cosy winter base, as long as you can arrange a fuel supply.

Shirley Collins, Ken Powell, Jim Smith, Sheila Young, Cathy Fox, Roger Hogg, Margaret Middlemiss, Ian Sime, Bryan Freeman, Richard and Rob McElrea, Peter Vollweiler

WILLS, HUNTER, SCRUBBY, MAKARORA CIRCUIT

April 25-28, 1996

Author: Mark Planner

Published in Bulletin 557, August 1996

THURSDAY 25 APRIL - WILLS RIVER

Eleven o'clock on a cool April morning at the Gates of Haast bridge, low cloud threatens rain. It must be two years since my last four-day tramp, eight months since my pack weighed this much. I sense a moment of commitment as JR locks the car door, too late to change our minds now.

Sue's off already, keen to be up at the front, as I'm still contemplating lifting my pack. It settles down, heavy, but warm, comfortable and familiar on my back. The track up the Wills is well marked and easy to follow. A bit rough, it undulates in and out of the creeks, up over ribs, and crosses steep slips and scree slopes. A steel ladder, to help us up a short steep step, appears unexpectedly, and my mind does a flash-back, slow-motion replay of walking via ferret tracks in the Dolomites, funny what you think of when you're tramping. We stopped for lunch where the track crosses the true left, in the middle of the rocky riverbed. It's here that Arthur demonstrated great skill in getting more spread on his bread by making open sandwiches. A bit of an eater myself, I decided to look and learn, and practice. At three o'clock we reached the hut, smoko time for the politically un-correct. The hut is a wee beauty, even the hut book is a good one. We stopped for a while to read it, picking out the names we recognised, and imagining the people behind the names and stories that we didn't.



Wills Valley (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

The track was easy going for a while, then went back into the bush, and criss-crossed the river

several times. We made camp at about 6 p.m., on a small gravel ledge just above the river, near Safe Creek (275 955 on the old NZMS1 S99 Ohau map).



Wills Hut, Wills Valley (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

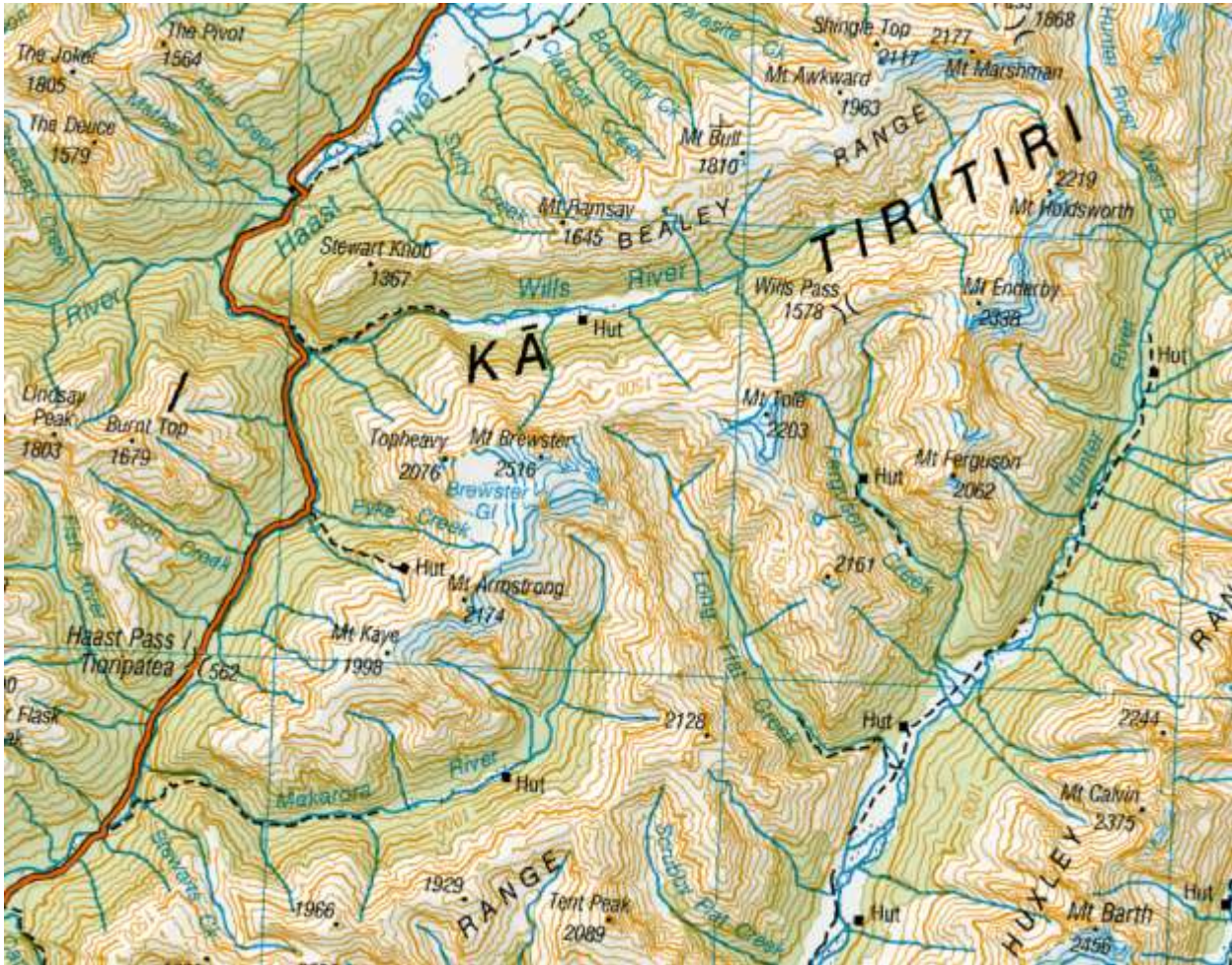
FRIDAY 26 APRIL - WILLS, WILSON PASS, HUNTER

Up early and away by eight. Steady going in the riverbed and along tussock flats brought us to the foot of Wilson Pass. The next bit was obviously going to be steep. JR and Sue had been here before and didn't recommend the route up the grassy shoulder in the wet. We picked the rocky gut to the south as an alternative and headed up. As we were going up, a light drizzle was coming down, and the temperature was coming down with it. The scramble up the gut was easy and fun until we had to find a way to get out of it. The others chose a steep gravel slope I didn't like the look of, so I went up further, hoping for an easier escape route. There wasn't one. So I ended up back where I didn't want to be, and started to get one of those "why am I doing this?" feelings. By now the others were getting cold and damp waiting for me, so JR and Arthur returned with a sling to help me up. From here we climbed a little higher and sidled easily into the pass at about one o'clock.

If lunch is supposed to be a time or a place this should have been it, but it was too cold and too damp, so we snacked on chocolate instead, admired the views of the mountains shrouded in mist, and descended into the west branch of the Hunter. The easiest looking route was a steepish ribbon of snow in a shallow gully. Arthur went first, kicking large steps in good firm snow, and we descended quickly towards the scrub line and a late lunch. Here I discovered that getting more spread on your bread involves getting things on in the right order. Like those serve yourself salad bars, never put the lettuce in first!

The track through the scrub proved elusive and we ended up in the riverbed again. It was easy going for a short while, but then some hard work as the river dropped more steeply through the bush. Floods and heavy snows have brought trees, huge rocks and rubble down into the river. The standing trees have had their protective coat of bark stripped away and wood and rocks have perched curiously, in midair, in the forks of the trees.

The map shows the track crossing from true right to true left at the clearing (353 954). We found the track markers eventually and made quick progress from here to Forbes hut, reaching it on dusk at about six o'clock.

**SATURDAY 27 APRIL - HUNTER, SCRUBBY FLAT CREEK**

Getting away at first light, at about seven o'clock, we set off for a fast walk down the Hunter. A lolly stop at Ferguson Hut was a welcome break at 9-30, then more fast walking to the old tractor at Billy Creek (275 792). Scrubby Flat Creek at 11-30 was a pleasant place for lunch in the sun.

A steep climb followed, about 300 m in 3 km. the route is well marked but badly affected by windfall trees. We lost the track briefly at bush line and ended up in the riverbed yet again. Progress was quick and easy from here with none of the scrub you'd expect in Scrubby Flat Creek. We decided we were probably too late to attempt the crossing of the pass into the Makarora, and made an early camp, at about four o'clock instead (at about 232 805). Arthur and I volunteered to reconnoiter the route to the pass while JR and Sue got the tent up and started

cooking dinner. I saw animals here, goats or chamois, moving incredibly quickly through incredibly steep bluffs to the north of our camp. I doubted anyone would attempt to shoot them, they'd never be able to get to their trophy. We couldn't make out a clear route to the pass, or even exactly where the pass was, and returned a little apprehensive about what lay ahead the next day.

SUNDAY 28 APRIL - SCRUBBY FLAT CREEK, MAKARORA

Up early again. Breakfast and packing up seemed to take twice as long when you're fumbling around in the cold and dark. The route to the pass turned out to be easy, skirting the nasty looking gulch on the north, then climbing steadily to an obvious saddle. A quick look down the other side relieved any remaining apprehension, the descent into the Makarora was going to be easy as well.

Directly below the pass is a band of small bluffs, which are easily avoided at their northern end. There is no track through the bush, but it is fairly open and easy going. The Makarora hut was the place for a long late lunch, the heavy rain discouraged our departure until Arthur and I had run out of spreads. The hut had been repaired the day before and now has a fine new pot belly stove.

The afternoon was much more tiring than we'd expected. As if the large slips weren't obstacle enough, the fallen trees were an obstacle to both forward progress and to navigation as well. It's one of Murphy's Laws that the tree with the track marker on it is the one that falls, marker side down. The exceptional snowfalls and floods of the last few years were responsible for the damage to the hut and our slow progress down the Makarora. We arrived at the road end at dusk, wet, cold, tired and hungry. Funny what you think about when your tramping, all I could think about was "that was great, where are we going for Queens Birthday?".

Mark Planner for Arthur Blondell, John and Sue Robinson

MAVORA EASY WALK

June 22-23, 1996

Author: Mel Wilson

Published in Bulletin 557, August 1996

Two cars with seven trampers of varying experience left Dunedin at 8 a.m. on Saturday anticipating a stroll up alongside the Mavora Lakes.

A coffee break and chat at Gore, then on the road again through Mossburn and then the turn off towards the Lakes. After driving through barren but beautiful countryside, it was decided to carry on to the car park by the North Lake to take in the full expanse and make the most of the days walk in perfect conditions. We all enjoyed the picturesque walk through the bush beside the mirrored lakes, then it was the river with trout 'a jumpin' and John wishing it was fishing season then through some more bush and into the snow!



North Mavora Lake (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

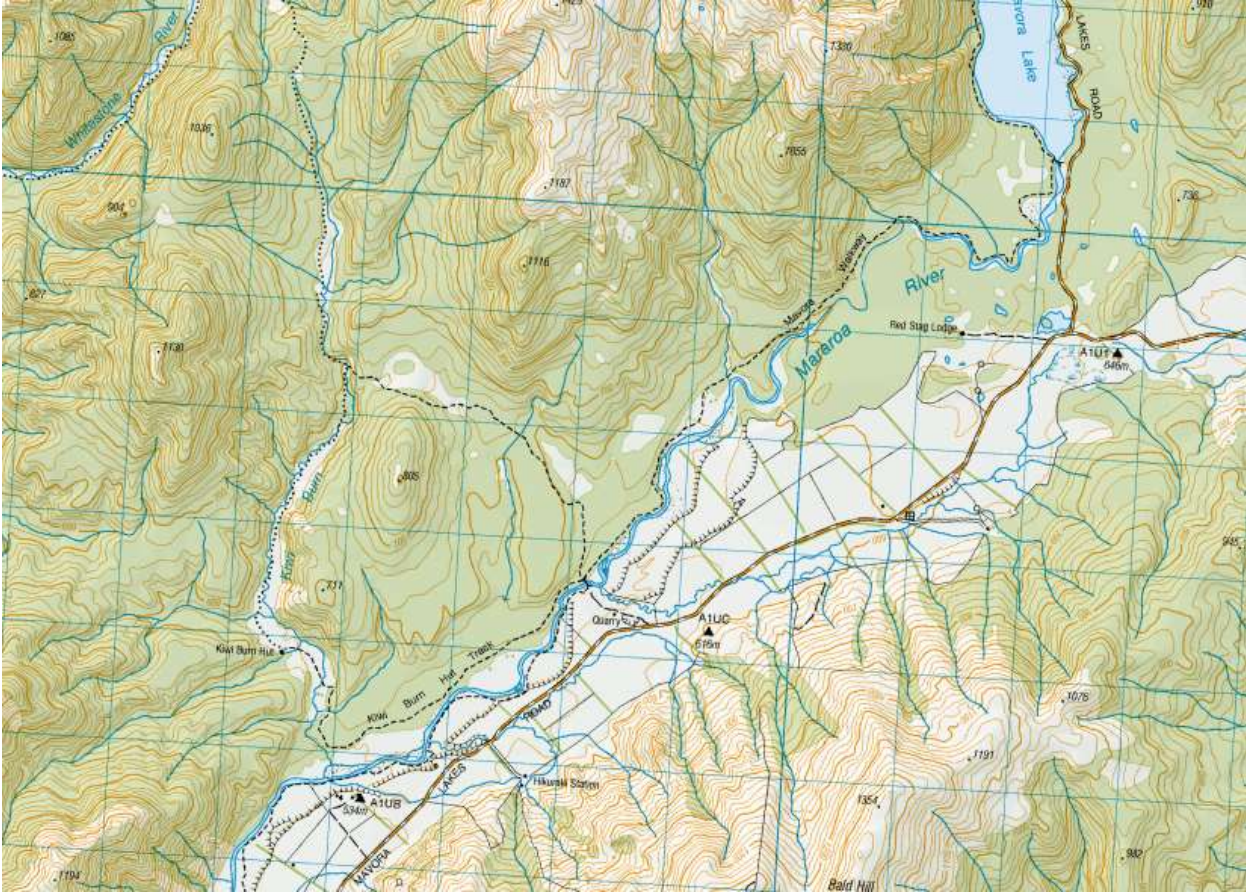
We were beginning to wonder how much further the hut was, after our torches came out and the snow was got deeper. Where was that blasted hut??!? Whoops of joy when we found it, after we were beginning to contemplate a night in a hurriedly improvised igloo. The Kiwiburn hut was certainly a welcome respite with everyone contributing to a pot-luck-tea. After our stomach's were full of sweet n' sour chicken, chilli-con-carne, rice, pasta salad, cheesecake and apple turnovers with various alcoholic concoctions it was time for Trevor's quiz and charades. After all this hilarity we were ready to cast zzz's. Does Trevor snore? - thankfully not!

Sunday morning was certainly easier walking in snow that you can see where you're putting your next step. The group split into two so to that Jenny could take a short cut with Lisa to save her blisters but unfortunately missed a hard-to-spot turnoff and ended up at the road after a few

anxious hours on the part of the rest of us.

After following a drunken driver for part of the way we finally got home after a memorable trip.

Mel Wilson for Trevor Blogg, Lisa Boosey, Karyn Burgess, Sarah Gum, John McMillan and Jennifer Shaw



BALL PASS

March 23-24, 1996

Author: Not noted

Published in Bulletin 557, August 1996

There were only six of us: Doug Forrester, Dean Gillatt, Tobi Van der Legs, Jay Piggott, Loreen Savory and Lynda Jacket. We had a massive age range - the oldest being more than four times the age of the youngest!!!! (Sorry Doug).

We decided to walk to Ball Shelter on Friday night - commencing walking at 11-30pm and arriving there at 1-45 a.m.!!! - A LOT later than originally planned! The road was great until the last ½ hour when the going was tough as the road had subsided and we had to fumble over a lot of sloping loose gravel and stones.



Ball Shelter Flat, Tasman Valley (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

We awoke to a wonderful clear day - just as Doug had promised. But within ½ hour, we had dense mist which later was accompanied by rain (which Doug had NOT promised!). Plan A (sleeping in tents) was replaced by Plan B (to stay at Caroline Hut) because of the fog and rain. Plan B was then replaced by Plan A because we never did find Caroline Hut!! We must have walked within 30 metres of it and no-one even saw it! We kept trudging and eventually set up camp in a nice flat(ish) snowy section - not knowing precisely where we were. The mist cleared a little just enough to tease and confuse Doug as to why Mt. Cook had suddenly appeared right beside us! It cleared a little more and we discovered that we'd actually gone a bit further than we needed to. This is just another reminder how disorientating and confusing mist can be.

Doug was very disappointed for us on the way up because we couldn't see the views, but I actually think that added to the "Wow" feeling when all of a sudden we could see absolutely spectacular scenery all around.



Climbing above Caroline Hut en-route to Ball Pass, Tasman Glacier 900m below (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Jay, (eager to try out his new bivy bag) dug himself a little pit in the snow to sleep in, Tobi, very seriously, reminded him that cold air sinks and so would be trapped in his little freezer (the inside of his bivy bag actually had ice on it in the morning and his boots were frozen). Better luck next time Jay. We had an earlier night - 1.45pm.

Up at 6.30am to an even more spectacular and breathtaking view of Mt. Cook and the whole region. Camera fingers got RSI. On Saturday, we heard a lot of avalanches, but on Sunday morning we actually managed to see one on Mt. Cook - awesome to watch and scary too. We had perfect crampon conditions - but unfortunately not for long enough. Dropped over the pass and then had a lot of rock and rubble clambering again. Had lunch at the "ball field" (looks like a massive ruby field jutting out of the mountain with a large rock ball on it). Awesome scenery - looked straight across to the Copland Pass, the Bennington chopper pad, Mt. Sefton and the Hooker glacier. We endeavoured (twice) to have a minute's silence for the three who were not available on this particular weekend - Liz Neville, Ann Schofield and Neil Duncan. Unfortunately, Loreen had been eating too many apricot Mother Earth muesli bars and certain noises disturbed our otherwise good intention. We walked out by 5pm.

I think Doug deserves a special thanks for organising the trip - as it was a really great experience for those of us who had done snowcraft but had not had the chance to practice our skills since then. THANKS DOUG. Slept well on Sunday night in my own bed - however when the wind belted around the house, I just thought it was yet another avalanche!

WINTER ROUTEBURN

August 3-4, 1996

Author: Elspeth Gold

Published in Bulletin 558, September 1996

Lots of people decided to sample the winter delights in the Routeburn area. Two private parties joined the club trip. One from Wanaka to get to know a few members and one climbing group. In total 30 people stayed in Falls Hut on Saturday. The weather was delightful on Saturday, so the climbers were successful and all shared the delights of the frozen Lake Harris. Saturday evening was full of gourmet delights with rather too much alcohol for some. Sunday's weather was somewhat grotty so we made an early start back to Dunedin.

Thanks to all who joined in at the weekend. It was the largest trip the club has run for some time.

Elspeth Gold



Routeburn Flats and the North Routeburn in winter (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

PEEL FOREST WEEKEND

August 17-18, 1996

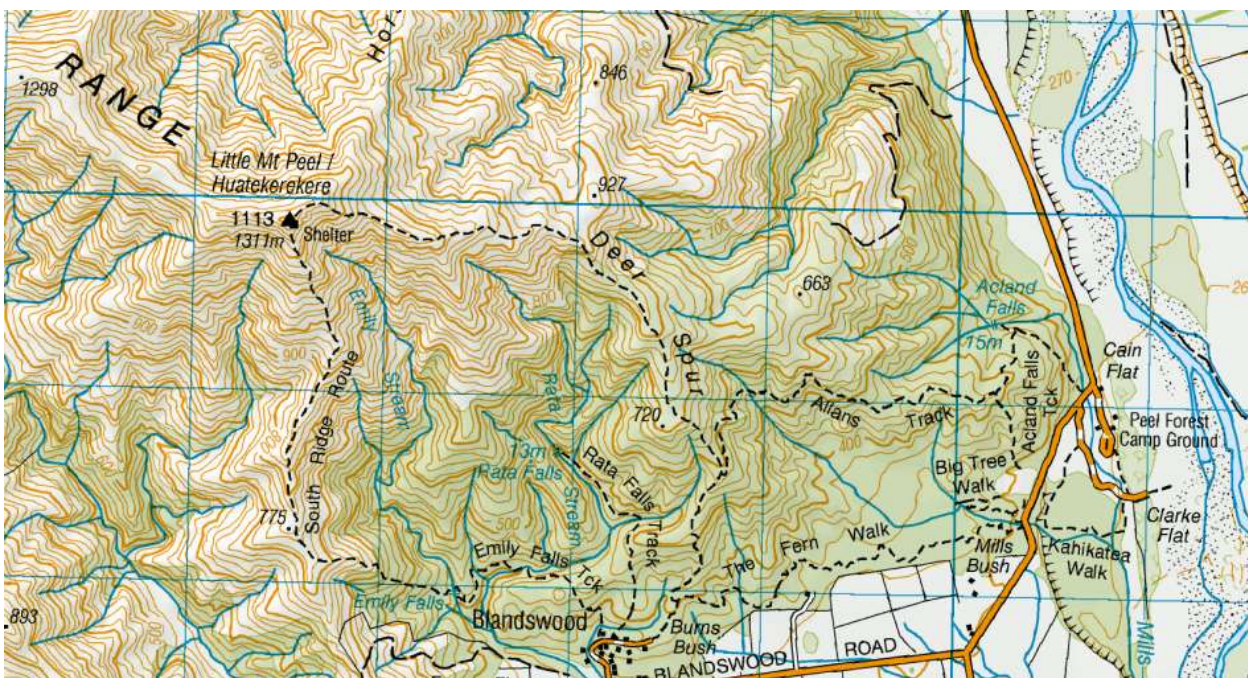
Author: Vivienne Bresnell

Published in Bulletin 558, September 1996

A small party of six left Dunedin on Friday for Peel Forest. We arranged to meet at the Oamaru Police Station at 7.30pm. It was Chinese takeaways for tea. We arrived at the camping grounds at Peel Forest at 10pm and after sorting out sleeping arrangements and a hot drink, set off to bed about 11.00pm. Saturday morning we woke to a cold and damp day, had breakfast then set out for the car park where we left the cars and headed up the Deer Spur to Little Mount Peel. The view was supposed to be great, but we didn't see anything owing to fog. It improved a little as we got higher. The snow was great and Meeko had lots of fun. We had lunch at the shelter in the sun but not for long as the fog returned. We decided to go back down the way we had come up and just to finish off the day, had a snow fight. Arriving back at camp by 5pm the first thing everyone wanted was a hot shower. What more could we ask for? We had a four-course dinner: vegetable soup, cheese and biscuits and drinks, stir fry beef and vegetables, apricot pies, homemade apple and sultana tart with whipped cream. After cleaning up we planned Sunday's trip.

The weather was better on Sunday, and we made our way to Little Mount Peel Pass and Emily Falls. We had lunch at the bottom of Little Mount Peel and after lunch headed to Rata Falls. Only Peter and Vivienne made it to the Falls. We met up with others back at the camping ground, showered and packed up and left for home at 4 o'clock.

On behalf of Peter, Jean, Ten and Meeko I would like to thank Ken for a wonderful and great weekend. Vivienne



MAHINERANGI - VERTERBURN

September 1, 1996

Author: Alan Thomson

Published in Bulletin 559, October 1996

The day dawned bright and clear - great for heading into the hills - though having had a fall of snow the week before made the drive along the Waipori Road interesting with some substantial snow drifts at the roadside in places. We parked at the roadside and headed off down a farm track to cross the Verterburn Creek and then through a gully that had been created by gold sluicing back in the 1890's. The largest gold nugget (27 oz.) ever found in the whole of the Tuapeka goldfield was found in this area. We stopped for morning tea at the schoolhouse that had been shifted from Waipori township before it was submerged. Alongside the schoolhouse stood the remains of a small two-stand shearing shed. We then carried on through some more gold mining areas before reaching a benched track that sidles along the eastern bank of this arm of the lake. The track is level pegging from this point, in and out of gullies and through the edge of the forest with good bridges across creeks and snow underfoot in the shady area until we reached two huts at waterfall Creek which is where we had lunch.



On our return journey we noticed what appeared to be an old water race in the trees below the track and also saw where a pig had become stuck and died in a creek below the track. There was considerable pig rooting on and around the track. We had a rest stop at the schoolhouse on our way back before crossing the Verterburn and climbing back up to the road.

Kind permission to cross Verterburn station was given by Mr. Robbie Reid who also required a written accident waiver left in his letterbox, and Mr. Fergus Nicholson, whose farmland you are on when you cross Verterburn Stream. Thanks to those who joined me on this trip and in particular to Jack Roy who assisted greatly with his knowledge of this area.

Alan Thomson

YELLOW RIDGE – ROCKY RIDGE – GREEN RIDGE

September 22, 1996

Author: Beverley McGowan

Published in Bulletin 559, October 1996

Nine of us ventured out on this gloriously sunny day to do a loop tramp in the Silver Peaks. After shuffling cars and people and introductions we headed off with a diversion to the Tunnels for a quick look at the wetas. After crossing the stream the climb begins to Yellow Hut through plenty of gorse over the track. The shelter of the trees was a welcome relief from the increasing heat of the day. A short stop at Yellow Hut, then on to The Gap for lunch. Good views all around but hazy due to scrub fires. We could see where some were burning. At The Gap it was so still - no wind blustering either way through the gap which is unusual here.



Tramping party on Rocky Ridge, Silver Peaks (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

By this time people were having to ration their water consumption as supplies were getting low due to our needs in the exposure to the heat and exercise. We could have sidetracked to Hermits Cave and Silver Peak but everyone was conscious of the dehydration and the need to refuel at the stream near Green Hut site, our only available water supply. So other than a few short breaks we made a beeline for Green Hut and water (most refreshing) and a long leisurely stop. Jochem's education in Giardia (enforced by his mother) was so thorough that he wouldn't touch the stream water even though he had only a few drops left himself. Only on reaching the cars and being supplied with Dunedin water did he drink.



Pulpit Rock (760m), Silver Peaks (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

The whole tramp at a reasonable pace took us 7 hours including stops and lunch. If any other sidetracks are made then allow extra time, also assess your group's tramping capabilities as it would not take much to make this tramp much longer. It is not a hard tramp, most of the climbing is over on reaching Yellow Hut. It is then up and down ridge travel but quite some distance to cover. Thanks to Tony, Alison, Stewart, Hilda, Rowan, Philip, Mel and Jochem for a good day's tramping. I hope you all had sore leg muscles too, and that the "measles" healed after a painful water immersion that night.

Beverley McGowan

MANAPOURI KAYAKING

September 14-15, 1996

Author: Rob Seeley

Published in Bulletin 559, October 1996

The events began in the van listening to a tape of Mike Harding's attempts to film in Kathmandu. Arriving in Manapouri Motor Camp Nigel and I were the only ones from the van stingy enough to pitch a tent, the others piling into one or other of the bizarre huts of that most quirky of motor camps.

Next day as the rain fell, we were acquainted with the art of sea kayaking in the camp's dining room. Later, much later, we were actually afloat on Manapouri equipped with a wet suit, jacket, spray skirt, life jacket, goggles, paddles and waterproof map. As we paddled about waiting for the slow coaches, learning about which pedal made us go which way and wondering about just how cold it would be if we went in, the sun gingerly made an appearance and tantalising glimpses of vast snowy peaks came and went.



Lake Manapouri from The Monument (PHOTO Jade Pettinger)

As our fleet, made up of 14 kayaks both singles and doubles - eventually paddled out into the lake and with a slight headwind we made a fine sight in the sun. It felt pretty good anyway. Once around the point we hugged the coast for a bit and eventually beached for lunch remembering, of course, to raise the rudder first. Here one of the benefits of aquatic travel became apparent: you avoid the attention of sand flies in a boat - these guys here wanted

lunch too. Over the course of the afternoon, we paddled across the mouth of George Bay and Hope Arm weaving between islands and visiting, for a break, the calm and very beautiful Stevedore's Cove. I attempted to win the Teresa Blondell award for swimming in bloody cold water but was disqualified for wearing a wetsuit. Another plus for kayaking is, like biking, it gives you the opportunity to really look about. Freed from the tramper's eternal vigil for tree roots or rocks there's plenty of time to look at the scenery. You also get to see the canopy of the forest. At Manapouri this comprises of a sea of dark beech dotted with the lighter and more yellow green of rimu, at the water's edge kowhai and other smaller trees hold their ground.

Shortly after leaving the cove, the chain of western mountains that had held back the bad weather for much of the day gave this up as a bad job. A dark cloud bore down on us across the lake as we paddled down Hope Arm preceded by a rising wind. As we neared the end, we were surfing on quite large waves making steering difficult but progress rapid. The rain started as we hit the beach and we were extremely grateful for the hut which was a) Clean and tidy and b) there. Tom got the stove going and it was time to get out of wet clothes and warm the body. The rain never let up for the next 16 hours and to those who chose to camp I take my hat off - if I had one on.

The next day we put on our wet wetsuits and, more or less, did the same thing in reverse. We stopped however at a beach from which leads a track to the Monument (that needle of rock prominently visible from Manapouri township) and about 4 of us, in the returning sunshine, made the ascent. This is highly recommended (if I recall correctly no track from the Inland track exists) and the view for just 20 minutes climb is excellent. Be warned by me good people however - do not do this in a wet wetsuit - a nasty rash may result.

With rising wind Bruce was wondering whether rounding Stoney Point would prove too strenuous and was contemplating portaging the kayaks across a small isthmus. In the event the wind died completely, it began to rain again and we made the long haul back to the township beach across a lake like a mill pond. In summary, a superb weekend, with plenty of opportunity for people to try out double and single kayaks with good gear.

Our thanks go to Bruce Newton and Elspeth Gold for getting the thing together, by Rob Seeley

STEWART ISLAND – SEA KAYAKING

April 24-28, 1996

Author: Bruce Newton

Published in Bulletin 559, October 1996

We left Dunedin very early on Wednesday morning (5 am!) heading for Bluff. After breakfast at the Bluff Bakery, we unloaded the kayak and gear at the ferry terminal. Following advice, I parked the car and trailer opposite the Bluff police station, reputedly the safest place in town. The loading system for the new Foveaux Ferry is very efficient. All our gear fitted into a large container and a hoist on the back of the boat loads it on. A very nice brand-new catamaran takes you across the strait. Just like an airliner. Plush seats, air con, tea and coffee, very fast and smooth. A vast improvement on the old Stewart Island ferry - seasick express!



Leaving Bluff on the Stewart Island catamaran (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

The crossing to Half Moon Bay takes one hour. We met Jo Paine from Completely Southern Sea Kayaks on board and discussed our planned trip. Jo hires sea kayaks on the Island and we had booked a double and a single. I was taking my own kayak across for its maiden voyage. We had decided on a leisurely exploration of Paterson Inlet with plenty of time for fishing and exploring. Jo loaded up her van and drove us over the hill to Golden Bay where her boats are stored and where our trip was to begin.

It seems to take forever to unpack, pack kayaks, get into wetsuits, paddle jackets, life jackets but we were all on the water by midday. Sharon and Peter had an older, ex Able Tasman

double kayak to be replaced by two brand new Sea Bears next season. Russell had a plastic boat similar to a kayak and it looked very new. We headed out into calm water and bright sunshine - an auspicious start- towards the top of the Inlet. After a lunch stop at a secluded sandy beach it was into the serious stuff: fishing! Not too much luck though. Only two blue cod. Some sustained paddling brought us past Prices Point and on towards the Southwest Arm. There was now developing quite a head wind and it took some battling to get us into the start of the arm and shelter. The plan had been to stay at Fred's Camp, a DOC hut. However, some noisy hunters in residence made us most unwelcome and a scout around on the opposite bank found us an empty hunter's bivvy, this was a manuka pole framework covered with black polythene, corrugated iron chimney and a long drop. Home for the night. Peter and I managed to butcher the blue cod into a semblance of fish 'bites' much to Sharon and Russell's disgust (you could almost wish Barry was here with his filleting skills). Russell made a very nice vegetable and fish stir fry followed by a chardonnay (you can take so much in a kayak). After listening to kiwi and deer roaring (never knew kiwi roared -Ed.) we turned in for the night.



Boulder Beach, Ulva Island (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

The next morning was calm and sunny, our plan was to head to Freshwater River, proceed upriver to Freshwater Landing hut (2 hours) and walk to Masons Bay. It was not to be. Our 5am start the previous day meant that we slept in a bit, and we missed the tide - the river being very tidal. We nearly made it but in the end, we had to "walk" our boats back out into deep water, never mind, more time for fishing. We paddled back over the inlet to Dynamite Point, slowly working our way around the coast fishing as we went. Russell caught a large barracuda which made a great photo opportunity. Sharon sat rapt while a yellow eyed penguin

slowly circled her boat diving up and down for about 10 minutes. Seals were basking on the rocks and coming up around our kayaks as well.

We landed at Millars Beach in late afternoon sunshine and went on a very pleasant bush walk to the whaler's base further up Prices Inlet, this was the site of a very active whaling station run by Norwegians from 1924 to 31. An old whaler, The Othello, was sunk and a jetty built out to the wreck to make a small dock. The base was used to repair and re-provision the whale chasers for the Norwegian fleet. Many relics survive, foundations of the engineering workshops, accommodation, a slipway and numerous propeller blades and scattered castings. DoC has done an excellent job placing information stands with photos which make this a fascinating place to visit. We walked back to our bed for the night - DoC shelter with built-in fireplace . Very cosy with a large tarpaulin over the doorway. Fresh mussels, lightly steamed, with a little vinegar followed by fresh blue cod and lemon pepper seasoning were on the menu - very nice with a sauvignon blanc. We made an important discovery that night. One of the party (she will remain nameless!) forgot to bring her thermarest. The previous night had been uncomfortable in wetsuits but if you place 3 ordinary thermarests side on there is plenty of room for 4 people, heads and feet are over the edge but that's just like a 3/4 mattress.



Freshwater River, Stewart Island (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

The next morning was beautiful, calm and sunny we paddled around to the whaling station, looking down on the Othello wreck through the clear water, we explored the rest of the inlet up the little bays and tributaries, before heading over to Ulva Island. This made a delightful lunch stop with nice sandy beaches. It started to rain just as we departed on a walk from West End Beach to Boulder Beach. The Island is a scenic reserve with dense forest and a large amount of

birdlife. The weka especially are very inquisitive - you have to chase them away from your food bags!

By now the weather was packing in so we paddled to our next destination - Big Glory Bay. It's no fun looking for a camp spot in the cold and rain, but we managed a tolerable spot with a tarpaulin lean-to against an old fisherman's hut. Next morning was bright and sunny which was becoming a pattern. We explored Big Glory Bay and went up right beside the salmon farms. It was tempting to throw a line over - lunch was a kayaker's dream. Away from an exposed chop through a narrow entrance and into a beautiful cove, aptly named Sailors Rest, it was flat, calm and sunny. We basked on the beach while Peter paddled around with a little blue penguin.

After lunch it was back into the open and a brisk paddle into the next cove. While Peter and Russell fished, Sharon and I scouted around looking for a campsite. We got a cheery greeting from the bush above and some hunters invited us up for a cup of tea. They were very well set up - traditional campers hut (manuka and polythene) barbecues, tents...luxury. Would we like some pikelets and jam and cream? Would we what?!! The 5 hunters had been there 2 weeks and shot only one deer and 5 cats. (Cats have decimated the island birdlife). They were just about to go fishing and offered to show us a fishing and paua spot (which will remain a secret). While the others fished, I donned a wetsuit and snorkel gear and Russell and I collected paua. Beautiful clear water, perfect for diving. A quick insert of the knife and a flick and another one for the evening meal. (We only took enough for two meals). I noticed some movement beside me, 3 yellow eyed penguins gliding along beside me - wish I had an underwater camera.

Again, it came on to rain in the evening, under the tarpaulin for a sleep after another glorious seafood meal, this time with the addition of thinly sliced pan fried paua and lemon pepper. Our final morning and time to head back to Golden Bay. We faced a strong north-west wind and choppy sea on the way back. Some serious paddling was called for and we sheltered in the lee of Goat Island, Groper Island and Ulva Island before reaching the bay. After unpacking and ferrying our gear to the boat shed, we were driven back to Halfmoon Bay for a welcome stop at the pub.

A great trip and great company. Thanks a lot guys!

Bruce Newton for Sharon St Clair Newman, Peter Aitcheson and Russell Godfrey.

ADVANCED USEABLE SEARCH METHODS

November 3, 1996

Author: Robin Frame

Published in Bulletin 560, November 1996

One evening completely out of the blue, Elspeth Gold gave me a call and asked if I would like to develop my search and rescue skills. What could I say but 'yes'. I've been on the SAR callout team for a while, and other exercises had involved a lot of fun, including great rides in rubber duckies, the opportunity to be dropped into bush by cable from Iroquois helicopters - they all had that adrenalin rush. Little did I know that the most exciting thing about these two days would be the chance to get intimate with bush lawyer.

Just over 30 people from all over Otago (Dunedin, Catlins, Oamaru, Queenstown) gathered at Waiora Scout Camp at 8am on Saturday, 19 October. We were a much less assorted bunch than I would have expected; although we had come from tramping clubs, canine club, 4WD clubs, Red Cross and police backgrounds, most were male (there were only three women), the median age was about 40 and at 51, I was the second oldest. Offshore accents were pretty common.

The Dunedin Search Methods Course was controlled by Brian Benn of the Mosgiel Police. Brian runs SAR in Otago. The course itself was presented by Ross Gordon of Emergency Management Ltd, Methven. It was the first time this course had been run in New Zealand, and the first time Ross had conducted a course for such a large number of participants. The objectives of the weekend were a) advanced search methods, b) efficient, economical methods, c) multi-functional searches, and d) framework for initiative. The weekend was a mixture of theory and practical application.

I learned heaps, and believe that I increased my usefulness as part of Search and Rescue considerably. Normally, the rank and file of SAR get put into an area, told to search between 'here and there', and do just that. Along with an awful lot of "standby", it's all very worthwhile and makes you feel good, but it can become boring and a little bit baffling. Now I know better! Ross introduced us to the theories of effective containment of the search area, binary search sound sweeps, track and clue awareness, multifunctional searches, as well as POA, POD and POS. POA, or Probability of Area (determining where to look) times POD or Probability of Detection (the effectiveness of the various resources) will equal POS, or Probability of Success. This boiled down to making assessments of known information and using statistics and math's to select the best approach to a search. I had some problems with this concept, as it seemed to be a bit closely related to the GIGO computer theory (garbage in, garbage out). I can see the merit of such a SAR management tool, but I remain wary about over analysing suspect information. I've been on searches where the missing person was described as definitely being in an area and in a very depressed or suicidal state. They turned up about 10 km away a bit embarrassed about getting lost but otherwise happy. GIGO!

Ross taught us that finding nothing is just as important as finding something, as all such information can be used to build up an information map at search control. The practical exercises taught us the amazing speed with which some searches could be put into place, the increased effectiveness of looking behind you every 20 metres or so, and the need for good assessment before commencing a search. I enjoyed the weekend and look forward to more tramping club members being given the same opportunity. If that happens, searches should be quicker, more effective and result in more saved lives.

Robin Frame

BETHUNES GULLY – MT CARGILL – GRAHAMS BUSH

October 27, 1996

Author: Elspeth Gold

Published in Bulletin 560, November 1996

Six of us left the clubrooms at 9.05 am with the weather clearing. We all took our cars, as some lived down the north end and didn't want to come all the way back to the clubrooms. Three started at Grahams Bush while three started at Bethunes Gully. We swapped cars at the end of Northeast Valley so we would be coming out to our own cars.



Fallen Organ Pipes (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

The walk up from Bethunes Gully was lovely, the gradient not too steep and the company great. Those who went from Graham's Bush also enjoyed their stroll. We met up with a couple of other OTMC members who were out for a stroll. The two groups met for lunch and had it atop Buttars Peak. The groups went their separate ways and headed for home. It was great to see so many people using the track and very good to get home by 2pm to do some work. Thank you to those who went on the trip, it might even encourage me to lead or go on a few more day trips (having been with the club about 9 years this was only my second day trip).

ARTHURS PASS – MT ROLLESTON

October 26-28, 1996

Author: Michelle Coleman

Published in Bulletin 560, November 1996

Having braved the holiday weekend traffic and survived two breath-ers, our carload: Rob Seeley, Rob Porteous and I arrived at Arthur's Pass and set up our tents at midnight. We had arranged to meet the fourth member of our party, Paul Bingham, the following evening in the pub before attempting our goal, Mount Rolleston, on the Sunday. So, Saturday was ours for playing...

We awoke to sunshine and found the rest of the OTMC crew had arrived, so had a leisurely breakfast before setting off. We decided to go and practise some snow skills, as neither Rob P, nor I were very experienced, whilst surreptitiously checking out our potential route for the next day. Rob S. proved to be an able instructor - especially in the art of bum-sliding! Little did we know how much 'use this was to be!!



In the afternoon we climbed up onto one of the shoulder ridges of Rolleston and were rewarded with fabulous views, especially of Mt. Philistine, which looked very inviting in the sunshine. We also spent quite a while watching the fly-specks that were people on the seemingly sheer face of the Otira Slide, where we were going the next day. Paul duly arrived and we were happy to hear that a 7am start was all that was required (we'd heard nasty rumours about his early rising habits).

Rob P. set the pace, as he did for most of the weekend, and we arrived at the bottom of the snow-covered slide and donned our crampons in perfect conditions. The people from the day

before had done us a huge favour by bumsliding down the mountain. Their slide had frozen much harder than the surrounding snow and provided us with an easy access highway up to the shoulder before the final ascent to the Low Peak. After a tenuous stop to look at the view from here we started upwards, following some great ready-made steps up the 40° slope. At this point the snow was softening very rapidly and I preferred not to look at the exposure. Rob S., however, was sauntering around looking at the view as if he were on a beach!

We arrived at the Low Peak from which we had 360° views, including an impressive snow-board trail down from the High Peak to where we were. Paul and Rob S. set off for the High Peak, which was not a novice climb, while we two worked on our sunburn. It didn't seem to take them very long at all to scale the top, which they told us was very narrow with precipitous drop-offs on both sides and they were both happy to have bagged it. We headed down as quickly as possible and this time I had no choice but to look down! Of course, Rob S. couldn't resist the urge to bumslide and the following 1000m slide was the nearest I've ever been to white water rafting (at least that's what it looked like from my position at the back). The hole in my polypro was worth it

We moved campsites to escape the kea (who I'd been chasing around the campsite until 3am the previous morning) and enjoyed a gourmet meal and mulled wine with Ann and her non-tramping sister Catherine, who'd never camped before. Monday was spent doing the Cave Stream walk, which took about an hour and wasn't cold after the first gasp, and then lazing around (supposedly bouldering) at Castle Hill rock-climbing area. Everyone achieved what they wanted to, and the weather was good to us and Arthurs Pass redeemed itself in the eyes of many.

by Michelle Coleman

MARATHON MEMORIES

Author: Ross Davies

Published in Bulletin 560, November 1996

With marathon time coming around again, and with the next one being the 25th, I thought a few memories of the first Marathon might jog a few more into action. The trip currently known as the OTMC Marathon was first held in early December 1971 (although there were earlier trips known as the Marathon apparently). Basically, it was a trip right around the Silver Peaks, starting and ending at the bottom of the Pineapple Track in Dunedin. It was calculated at the time as about 56km in length, with about 3000m of ascent and the same amount of descent. The idea came from four keen club members who tried out the route before suggesting it as a Club event. The four were Al Smith, Bruce Clark, Colin McKenzie (The A, B & C of ABC Cave) and Ken Calder. The story was two went one way, two the other, they passed somewhere out in the Silver Peaks, and got back to the start after something like 17 hours.



ABC Cave, before the sleeping platform was installed in the 1990's (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

In 1971 the Club was going through a keen period, and the idea of a fitness test caught on. The shield was made, "rules" devised, and a lot of people turned up at about 4am (This was before Daylight Saving was introduced (am I that old?)). The rules were we had to wear boots (which weighed about 1kg each in those days), we had to travel in pairs for safety, and we had to carry enough gear to survive a night out. The exact number will be recorded somewhere, but I am sure that over 20 people started in that first Marathon, it was a sunny and warm day. Al Smith and Dick Brasier cleared out and won in ten and a half hours, a time which has only been bettered twice since. The rest of us straggled along behind. I have an idea some of the participants had not had an early night before, and some started under a handicap. Legend has

it sustenance for one of these people was a cold pie. None of your modern carb loading junk in those days when boys were men and women were fairly keen as well! I recall Henry Stoddart manning a checkpoint at the Gap, and that was my downfall. I was with Margaret Gilchrist, and we were bringing up the rear at that point. We sat down in the sun at the Gap to chat for too long and lost the chance to get to the end in daylight. My sisters Wendy and Julia were just ahead of us, and they plodded on, to finish just before dark after 9pm, or over 17 hours from starting. Margaret and I ended up spending the night at Green Hut, along with Dave Pickard and Rua Mercier, who had taken a short cut up the Devils Staircase. Because of the rule about being prepared, we had sleeping bag covers and primuses and billies and food and were quite comfortable (it is no wonder though that we had slowed down, carrying all that junk.)

ROSSCO P COLTRANE PATENTED OTMC MARATHON SCHEDULES

	13 hours		12 hours		Actual
Start	4:30 am		4:30 am		
Top Pineapple/Swampy	5:10 am	00:40	5:06 am	00:36	
Swampy Road	5:50 am	00:40	5:43 am	00:36	
Start climb Chalkies	6:35 am	00:45	6:25 am	00:41	
Top Chalkies	7:05 am	00:30	6:53 am	00:27	
Start Long Ridge	7:30 am	00:25	7:16 am	00:23	
Big Stream	8:20 am	00:50	8:02 am	00:46	
Poplar	8:45 am	00:25	8:25 am	00:23	
Leave Poplar	8:55 am	00:10	8:34 am	00:09	
Gate Mt John	9:30 am	00:35	9:06 am	00:32	
Mt John Hut	10:00 am	00:30	9:34 am	00:27	
Xmas Creek	10:05 am	00:05	9:39 am	00:04	
Jubilee Creek	10:35 am	00:30	10:06 am	00:27	
Leave Jubilee Creek	10:55 am	00:20	10:25 am	00:18	
Top of Road	11:30 am	00:35	10:57 am	00:32	
ABC Cave	11:45 am	00:15	11:11 am	00:13	
Gap	12:15 pm	00:30	11:39 am	00:27	
Leave Gap	12:15 pm	00:00	11:39 am	00:00	
Rock	12:30 pm	00:15	11:53 am	00:13	
Fence	12:45 pm	00:15	12:06 pm	00:13	
Keep left	12:55 pm	00:10	12:16 pm	00:09	
Hermits Cave	1:05 pm	00:10	12:25 pm	00:09	
Road	1:25 pm	00:20	12:43 pm	00:18	
Green Hut	2:00 pm	00:35	1:16 pm	00:32	
Leave Green Hut	2:10 pm	00:10	1:25 pm	00:09	
Hightop Stile	2:45 pm	00:35	1:57 pm	00:32	
Swampy Stile	3:00 pm	00:15	2:11 pm	00:13	
Top Swampy	3:50 pm	00:50	2:57 pm	00:46	
Last Building	4:10 pm	00:20	3:16 pm	00:18	
Top Big Hill	4:40 pm	00:30	3:43 pm	00:27	
Top Pineapple	5:00 pm	00:20	4:02 pm	00:18	
Finish	5:30 pm	00:30	4:30 pm	00:27	
		13:00		12:00	

Ross Davies target times required to complete OTMC Marathon in either 13 or 12 hours (IMAGE Ross Davies)

We had got a message out that we were not going to make it, so there was no panic. We had a slow trip out over Swampy next morning, with sore muscles, and some bad blisters. In those

days boots were rubbish, and blisters were a constant problem. As I recall, Rua had such bad blisters, she walked out in just her socks. It took us 5 hours and we must have been a sorry sight. Plus, we missed the "picnic" at Ben Rudd's where all the other participants hobbled off to on the Sunday afternoon. So, Margaret and I hold the record for longest "day" doing the Marathon, of 32 hours, which stands to this day. And that is what I remember of the first official Marathon.

It was, and still is, a great test of fitness both physical and mental. Lots of people have taken up the challenge since, and I hope it continues to inspire people in the future as well. It used to be a pre-Xmas trip but is now held after the new year. So that is why the 1997 Marathon is the 25th. It is a trip unique within New Zealand tramping clubs, as far as I know. It is great that enough interest has been maintained over the years, and with any luck, it will still be going next decade. There is talk of a social gathering on the Friday evening of the Marathon weekend in February, for anyone remotely connected over the years, and hopefully some "oldies" will turn up for Doug's talk on 28 November to provide some more memories. There should be a few "oldies" turn out on 2 February, and at least a couple of "survivors" of the first Marathon. So how about all the current keen trampers? Why not have a go this time as well.

Ross Davies

MARATHON '97 (ROUTE GUIDE – SOUTHERN END)

Author: Doug Forrester

Published in Bulletin 560, November 1996

I'm starting at the Chalkies road, so I suggest you familiarise yourself with the Pineapple Track, put pressure on the OTMC management to include Freemans Track in the Marathon, then the route would be around the west side of Flagstaff, down past Ben Rudd's, Freemans Track and out onto the road much lower down (a lot easier on the feet). Anyone who wants to be shown the way after work one evening ring me.

Right oh, go up Chalkies Road, where it turns right go straight ahead. In a few minutes it angles left, so take that and go straight up to the top of the track and look for track markers on right. Up to the top of Chalkies from the car is about an hour. At the top of Chalkies turn left off the main track at the third yellow painted marker. Follow an old fence on your left, passing a trig about 30m away on your right. Over a wooden gate, through some rushes and then follow a bulldozed track to the bottom of the hill, a fence on your right all the way. At the small dam go through the fence on your right to another bulldozed track and travel at right angles to track you have just come off. Eventually a gateway, carry on down the track till you come to Long Ridge Road Junction, turn left here and approx. 14 minutes down this road you will find a bulldozed track off to the right, go down this one (on the way down Long Ridge Road look for pyramid markings on limestone cliffs, this was the site of Pyramid Hut). On the way down you'll have five creek crossings, there are also one or two sidetracks - ignore them.



Poplar Hut, now in the Mt Allan forestry area (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Approx. 38 minutes from the Pyramid turn off, you will come to a steel bar across the track. Cross the stream (Big Stream) and go up the road and in 30 minutes you'll come to the top of the hill, turn left and in five minutes you will see Poplar Hut on your right in a clearing. That's about 3-5 hours from the car. You can have 10 minutes there, resting, meditating, contemplating or plain old knitting.

Stay on the road past the hut and head up the beautiful open tussock of the Silver Peaks. (This is Mt John). You are now into the full blast of the sun. Immediately on your left go through a gate and follow up a fence line, heading North. In four minutes look back and see if you can find Pyramid Corner. In 15 minutes go through a cyclone gate and pick up a bulldozed track going through tussock. This track goes past Mt John Hut in about 20-30 minutes. It is privately owned so permission is required; it is four bunks, room for 4-6 on the floor. The fitter marathoners will be here before 10am.

A nice tidy warm hut in a good location in the open, a nice overnighter. No water so wander down to Xmas Creek (not far) for water and a swim. The water temp in Feb is fabulous, ask farmer John, he'll be in it, better to get the water upstream from John Boy. The marathon crosses the stream here and the bulldozed track you follow heads North roughly parallel with the stream but much higher, don't be tempted to follow the stream. The track eventually comes back down to the stream at the junction of Xmas Creek and Cave Creek (near Jubilee Hut). Just before the junction stand back and have a look at it. Right away up in front of you cross the creek slightly right is a bulldozed track, don't go over to it as you meet up with it later. Straight in front of you going straight up a steep hill is a fence line. Yes, that is where you are going - straight up, close to the fence. Up at the top when you meet up with the bulldozed track your body will be trying to tell you something, ignore it, it's only a state of mind. We are now in a country more familiar to most trampers. Follow it until it starts to go downhill to where it goes past ABC caves. My advice is not to go downhill, look above you to the very rocky ridgeline and see prominent animal tracks which will take you through there, so pop through the fence and follow them, this will take you above ABC caves. The reasoning here is the bottom way leads you to a very long ridge you have to go up (I call it "the grunter" - not to be confused with something else). Through the rocky ridge line, past the ABC area and keeping to the ridgeline you will again pick up an animal/human track through heavy tussock. Then following a fence line on your left you'll get to The Gap. Hoorah! -hoop-de-ho, you are over halfway. Now further good news is - at The Gap will be hot scones, human company, tea and bickies, cappuccinos, cold drinks, magnums (I know how you all like magnums) and nurses. You can have 15 minutes here to enjoy the view and those with manuka sticks keep an eye out for falcons. I once had a horse that when riding him out away from home he was an unwilling bugger but turn him round and head for home and he became an animal possessed. From here on, you are all heading for home.

I decided to make this the end of my marathon description as I feel most trampers are more familiar with this end of the Silver Peaks, I also did not cover the start for the same reason. May I now offer some advice - if it's a shitty day, stay in bed it's a long way. Fill up every time you find running water. Carry a 1.5 L bottle in your pack and in your hand carry a small convenient bottle and keep sipping it - saves a lot of stops. I found it good. It's a great

experience, you'll get to see lots of Silver Peaks and something great to look back on for years to come - Good Luck.

This is the 25th year of the Marathon and the celebration of it will be a real success if you - support it. Whether it be in one day or two days. I reckon a stopover at Mt John Hut would be alright. Me, well I think I would like to help steer those who I think need the most steering.



Mt John Hut, Silver Peaks Station (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

BANKS PENINSULA TRACK

October 11-15, 1996

Author: Jean Tremlett & Jacqui Cornelissen

Published in Bulletin 561, December 1996

Poor weather on the winter Routeburn trip meant I was back in Dunedin early enough to be in for a phone call from Ian Sime asking if I would like to go on a trip to Banks Peninsula in October. I said yes, subject to getting time off work. Ian also advertised the trip on several Thursday evenings and in the Bulletin. So, it was an unofficial club trip. The chief guide tells me she is very happy for people to organise/advertise 'private' trips through the club as long as they don't clash with club trips. The latest trip card leaves lots of scope for this.

I paid Ian my money and let him get on with the organising, which he did extremely well. All I had to do was turn up at Dunedin on Friday at 9.15 with enough food in my pack. There was talk of more than 12 people going which would have meant starting the track on different days - only 12 people are allowed to start the track on any one day- in the end 10 of us walked the track all starting on the same day. Only 3 OTMC members took Ian up on his offer. We had the secretary, membership secretary and the day trip convener!



We had lovely clear and sunny day for the train journey to Chch. The route between Dunedin and Oamaru is just amazing - I would highly recommend it - there is some stunning coastal scenery. From Oamaru the railway sticks fairly close to the road. At Christchurch station Rosemary was ready with the Akaroa Shuttle to take us on the 90-minute journey to Akaroa.

From there the Banks Peninsula truck took us all but 200 metres to the first hut, about 5 km south of Akaroa.

The "hut" was purpose built and very unlike a hut. We spent a while being amazed at all the things provided and how nice the hut was. Then to the serious business of cooking tea. This was a stir-fry night for 2 out of 3 groups, Ian and I had vegetarian stir fry as I had left the meat in the fridge at home. Elspeth tells me it was very tasty! After tea the first landowners came and told us about the track, answered questions and handed out the track information booklet. These were very informative and included maps listing geography, fauna and flora.

You should read this trip report in conjunction with Ian's report in the '93-95 Outdoors, Ian tells me the toilets at the first hut have been improved since he was there in Dec '95. Good to see they are looking after the facilities. It also became obvious they have been working on the track and listening to people's comments. We had good tramping weather. On Saturday morning Ian had me up at 6.30 am. A good compromise - a lie-in for him and an early morning for me! We were on the steepest part of the track by 7.40am. I just took it steady as suggested in the booklet. Two people in our party decided to take the landowner's son up on his offer of having their packs taken up the hill, for a small fee. Ian and I were nearly at the top when the 4WD motorbike overtook us. The cheese factory has suffered some deterioration in the last 10 months, but you could see the major features. I walked out on a side ridge walk while Ian did some videoing. By this time the rest of the group had caught us up. At Trig GG we certainly couldn't see Mt Cook, but we could see across the harbour to the other side of the route out, but that seemed a long way off. A couple of cars passed us while we walked down a little bit of the Flea Bay Road. I was quite surprised with the next part of the track - I hadn't been expecting such lush vegetation. This was the first of several gully reserves that we enjoyed.

I also went to the top of Flea Bay Gorge - another side trip. I found a very pretty but very hidden waterfall at the top of the gorge. I think I was the only person to go all the way. Jim pointed out some interesting trees in the area - he was a forestry man. Unfortunately, he had a fall in Flea Bay Gorge, it seemed to affect the rest of his trip but he certainly didn't complain about it. While I was up Flea Bay Gorge, everyone else had been in the shower by the time I got to the old homestead, the night two hut. Before tea I went for a walk to the beach and was having a little sit down when Steve Helps came along and showed me some of his penguins playing in the Bay. He was very informative. By the time I got back to the homestead Ian had tea almost ready. Three different cook groups all had freeze-dried lamb and peas! Even with all those school teachers we didn't have anyone to entertain us at the piano that evening.

I seem to remember having a lie in the next morning till 7am because it was a shorter day. As it turned out, doing the tramp in the morning was definitely a good idea because the morning was fairly breezy but the afternoon developed into a howling gale - great branches were blown off trees. Later trampers crawled along parts of the track to Stony Bay while we were happily in front of the open fire in one of Mark Armstrong's unique constructions.

Day two involves walking along south facing cliffs. The wind made parts of this more "exciting" than other exposed parts. About halfway to Stony Bay, there is Sea! Cave, a high but not very deep cave at the end of a small stony bay where seals like to rest. Time for some more videoing. I picked out about 6 seals well camouflaged on the rocks. They weren't up to much

but it was quite pleasant sitting there on my rock watching them in the sun. A bit further along the track is a loo with a great view, no door so you have to look at the view (well you do if you're female!). This was the first of Mark Armstrong's interesting constructions. The set up at Stony Bay needs to be seen to be believed. We got to have lunch outside, before it started to rain. The rain didn't last as long as the wind I believe - I enjoyed a siesta. After another 3-course dinner, including the cream carried all the way from the Stony Bay Shop (all of 20m!) Carol and I had to have a bath under the stars - what a great experience.

I have asked Jacqui to tell you about the last 2 days.

Jean Tremlett

Monday 14/10: Prior to leaving the lovely, picturesque spot of Stony Bay owned by Mark & Sonia Armstrong, Jean and I visited Bottle Cave, a short 30 minute walk away. It's where the Armstrong's family and friends used to hang out ever since late last century, it's more like a wide overhang than a cave with several bottles containing messages lying about. The more historical bottles and messages are kept at the Armstrong homestead. When we returned to Stony Bay we collected our gear and set off for Otanerito Bay at 9.30am. It took about 3 hours, with a bit of drizzle and wind along the way, but mostly OK. We had a sunny afternoon there. I relaxed for a while and then wandered along the beach. Others went for a walk to The Stones, where apparently good views of the area can be had. There was also food available to purchase at the house, but not to the same extent as at the shop at Stony Bay. Also available are hand painted t-shirts, I ordered one and got it in the mail last week. It's lovely!

Tuesday 15/10: A very pleasant day! Most of us had our packs carried out to Mt Vernon Lodge, which made the walk through the Hinewai Reserve all the more enjoyable. It was a gradual climb up to Purple Peak Saddle through native bush, wildlife, red beech forest and kanuka; then downhill to the Lodge, arriving there about midday. After we had all showered and lunched, we made our way to Akaroa and spent the afternoon sightseeing and window shopping. Lots of interesting arts- n-craft shops! That night we all had dinner at Jacques restaurant, inviting Lois Holdemess to dine with us. A very interesting lady, Lois is Mark Armstrong's mother and has written a book on Stony Bay called The Green Gate"

Wednesday 16/10: Up at 6am (woken by a knock on the door), quickly dressed, cup of tea and then down to the shuttle bus which was picking us up from Nettles Pottery at 6.30am. it didn't come right to the Lodge because of roadworks in the area. Fortunately, the lady at Mt Vernon Lodge took all our packs and most of us in her van to the shuttle bus. I was one of three who walked, and just about slid on the soft clay...talk about a sudden awakening! We arrived at Christchurch railway station at 8am in plenty of time for the 8.30am train to Dunedin. Arrived home at 2.15pm.

This is an excellent tramp, lovely scenery and the accommodation is such that it's like having a home away from home every night!

Jacqui Cornelissen

ADVANCED RIVER CROSSING - MATUKITUKI

December 7-8, 1996

Author: Robyn Bridges

Published in Bulletin 561, December 1996

The resources of this Club never cease to amaze me. And none more so than during this last weekend when my understanding about river crossings increased tenfold. The aim of the weekend was to introduce the Mountain Safety Council's new river crossing techniques as demonstrated in the MSC video on river crossings 'Do you need to cross?' which we had all previously seen at the Club.

The thought of having to do a river crossing has always made my heart beat a little faster. It is my intention to extend the scope of my tramping over the next few years which I know is likely to lead me to places where I will be faced with having to cross unbridged rivers, and at any rate you just never know when out there in the hills you are going to be faced with a river crossing. I have had a little experience with crossing rivers, and I know how much those crossings have been helped by the knowledge I have had from the Club, so when this opportunity arose to do an advanced river crossing course, I leapt at it.



Rivercrossing practice – crossing the West Matukituki heading for the East Branch (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Five of us spent Saturday in various parts of the West Matukituki river, well six if you include our instructor who believed in teaching from within the river as much as 'heckling' us from the bank! It was excellent and I cannot emphasise too strongly the advantages of actually feeling

the water current in a river crossing or trying out what you have seen! For example, I have read about skidding in cars, I've been talked to about what to do when a car goes into a skid, but I've never actually been in the situation and I'm sure my ability to handle a real life skid would be greatly enhanced by actually experiencing a skid in a controlled setting. Well, I think it is the same with river crossings.

This last weekend we felt what it was like to go into the 'recovery position' (that is the river crossing recovery position) and kick our way to the nearest bank. We felt what it was like to use our pack as a float and swim to the edge of the river, and what it is like to get caught in an eddy and just go round in circles (I seem to get caught in these out of rivers as well!!). We learnt to read the river to see how fast and deep it is, to feel how secure it is to hang on to the far pack straps of your companions and in a line to cross the river, to feel what it is like to be at the head of the line when you are the one to take the full force of the current. We also learnt why using ropes to cross a river is touting danger, and how to make a raft with your packs and a tent fly, and how to use this to get across the river. Of course, amateur dramatics never go astray in any situation, and we rehearsed what happens when a member of the party panics halfway across the river and what it is like to be in the middle of a crossing line and to lose contact with the bottom!

We were fortunate in having wonderful weather and could dry out when we got cold, a process greatly helped by endless hot brews. Sunday was spent exploring the East Matukituki where we had lunch in glorious sunshine at the Rock of Ages Biv. It goes without saying of course that on the way out instead of using the bridge, we chose to read the river and safely cross it!! By the way, we stayed in the Old Homestead in the East Matukituki, now owned by Dunstan High School, which was very relaxing.

On behalf of the Club and the group of us in the river, I would like to thank Trevor Pullar of the Mountain Safety Council, for his excellent tuition and Elspeth for organising the trip.

Robyn Bridges for Grant Burnard, Jane Cloete, Elspeth Gold, Rowan Meddings, Peter O'Driscoll.

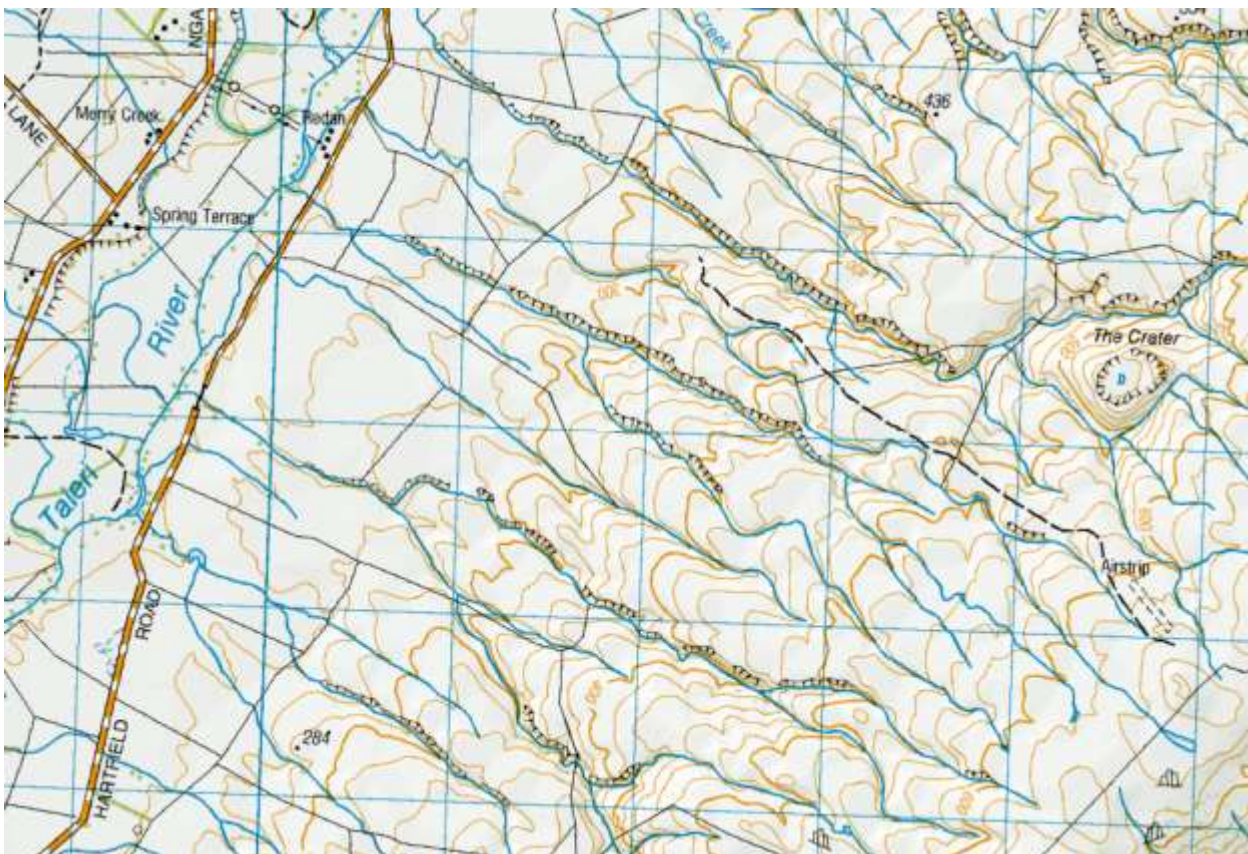
THE CRATER – TAIERI RIDGE

November 17, 1996

Author: Trevor Blogg

Published in Bulletin 561, December 1996

After some debate about which vehicles to take, a large party set off from the clubrooms at about 9.30 am with one vehicle stopping at Mosgiel! to pick up Rowan. After a pleasant hour or so's drive we went through Middlemarch, then about 4 km east to the Taieri Ridge. We were soon tramping on farmland (with prior permission, of course) and heading across undulating, but easy terrain, including some healthy patches of Matagouri, towards The Sisters, the peak of which (661 m) was to be our lunch stop. The schist tors interested me, as they often shelter lizards. I thought we might even be lucky enough to spot a rare Otago Giant Skink. There were certainly lots of lizard droppings around many of the tors, but it was just a bit too cool for lizard basking - in fact, all around us, wintry showers were visible, but miraculously the ridge itself had fairly calm and mild weather, just right for tramping. A leisurely lunch was taken at the planned stop, with Ken Powell and myself taking group photos.



Someone spotted some hieracium (hawk weed) which may be a warning of more to come. After lunch, we continued more or less on the ridge, though dropping into tall tussock at times. Around this time Robyn spotted a number of feral goats in the distance. A discussion of the destructive nature of these pests followed until we were hit by one of the showers we'd been watching - quite heavy hail (though Dunedin, we learnt later, had far heavier hail). I stopped to

don my 'overtrou' and then caught some of the others up. After a while the hail stopped and I decided to join Ken Powell, who by staying high was hoping to avoid the steep-sided gullies which drop away from the ridge, down to the crater. We found an excellent vantage point to view and photograph the crater.

There are three main remnants of the wall and a crater 'lake', the latter reduced to a muddy drinking hole by cows and sheep. The volcanic structure was very obvious however, which it isn't from the highway. As we walked down the side ridge, Ken and I were now in very tall, healthy snow tussock - about 1.5m high. In the end we were forced to cross some gullies in order to join the rest of the group which had arrived at the crater well before us. Some of them had climbed to the crater's high point, perhaps only 70m above the "lake", but very craggy and obviously volcanic. We then all made our descent to the road, involving crossing a single gully. Ken Mason and Alan Thomson had got well ahead of the rest and had been taken back to the starting point to recover the vans. We met them on the road, about 6 hr and maybe 12 km from the point where we had started walking, it was cool by then, so farewells were not prolonged as we bundled in. We were grateful for the shelter as we drove back through a blustery hailstorm just out of Middlemarch. We paused near the top of the hills to admire the (functional) water tap emerging from a tor next to the "rural reticulation" monument just off the highway - then back to Dunedin for tea.

OTMC COMMITTEE (1996-97)

President – Robyn Bridges

Vice President – Antony Pettinger

Secretary – Jacqui Cornelissen

Treasurer – Teresa Blondell

Chief Guide / Transport – Elspeth Gold

Bulletin Editor – Rob Seeley

Bulletin Editor – Antony Pettinger

Membership Secretary – Ian Sime

Social Convenor – Ann Schofield

Day Trip Convener – Jean Tremlett

Gear Hire – Greg Panting

SAR – Elspeth Gold

Website – Antony Pettinger

Library – Olive Nielson

Mountain Safety – Olive Nielson

Property & Maintenance – Alan Thomson

Climbing – Mike Gieseg

Immediate Past President – Elspeth Gold

Hon. Solicitor – Antony Hamel

OTMC TRIP PROGRAMME 1996

January	20-21	Mt Pisgah	Neil Duncan
January	21	Maungatua Celmisias	Robyn Bridges
January	28	Berwick Forest	Trevor Blogg
February	3-4	Makarora Region	Antony Pettinger
February	3-6	Makarora Region (Waitangi Weekend 4 Day Option)	Antony Pettinger
February	10	OTMC Silver Peaks Marathon	Doug Forrester
February	11	Climbing In Duntroon	Mike Gieseg
February	17-18	Bushcraft 1996 (Tirohanga Weekend)	Barry Wybrow
February	18	Bushcraft 1996 (Compass Day Trip - Tirohanga)	Antony Pettinger
February	24-25	Bushcraft 1996 (Silver Peaks Weekend)	Peter O'Driscoll
February	25	Pulpit Rock - Painted Forest	Neil Duncan
March	2-3	Remarkables - Tramping and Climbing	Mike Gieseg
March	3	OTMC Picnic	Committee
March	10	Silver Peaks	Dave Levick
March	10	Bushcraft 1996 (Rivercrossing - Outram Glen)	Barry Wybrow
March	11-16	Weektime Tramp - Mid Hunter Valley	Ian Sime
March	16-17	Fiordland (Optional Bushcraft)	Barry Wybrow
March	17	Maungatua Traverse	Rob English
March	23-25	Rockburn Valley (Anniversary Weekend)	Robyn Bridges
March	24	SAREX (Search & Rescue Exercise)	David Barnes
April	5-8	Eglinton Valley Area (Easter)	Elsbeth Gold
April	14	Saddle Hill Circumnavigation	Ian Sime
April	20-21	Hopkins Valley - Lake Ohau	Greg Panting
April	21	Kayaking (Not For Beginners)	Mark Planner
April	28	Work Party	Peter Mason
May	5	Coastal Walk	Ann Schofield
May	11-12	Full Police Search and Rescue Weekend - Naseby	David Barnes
May	18-19	Mt Domett - Danseys Pass	Robyn Bridges
May	19	Trotters Gorge	Peter O'Driscoll
May	26	3 O'clock Stream	Sharon St Clair-Newman
June	1-3	Arthur's Pass (Queens Birthday)	Ann Schofield
June	9	Peninsula Road Walk	Olive Neilson
June	16	Idaburn Ice Skating	Ann Schofield
June	22-23	Mavora Lakes	Trevor Blogg
June	23	Silver Peaks	Wolfgang Gerber
June	30	Mt Allan	Alan Thomson
July	7	Silver Peaks	Dick Brasier
July	13-14	OTMC Mid Winter Social and Cooking Competition - Big Hut	Paul Bennington
July	14	Hightop - Hermits Cave	Grant Burnard
July	20-21	Cross Country Skiing Weekend (R & P's or Old Woman)	Ken Mason
July	21	Silver Peaks	Greg Panting

July	28	The Crater	Robyn Bridges
August	3-4	Winter Routeburn (Falls Side)	Elspeth Gold
August	4	Mt Fortune	Neil Duncan
August	11	Gap Ridge	Sharon St Clair-Newman
August	17-18	Mt Peel - Peel Forest	Ken Powell
August	18	To Be Advised	Helen Jones
August	24-25	Snow Survival Skills	
August	25	Rock And Pillars	Aaron Whitehead
August	31	Annual Dinner	
September	1	Mahinerangi	Alan Thomson
September	8	Long Ridge - Powder Ridge	Robyn Bridges
September	14-15	Hope Arm - Lake Manapouri	Elspeth Gold
September	15	Mt Allan	Arthur Blondell
September	21-22	Basic Snowcraft (Iceaxes and Crampons)	
September	22	Yellow Hut - The Gap - Rocky Ridge	Beverly McGowan
September	29	Mt Horrible Rock Climbing	Mike Gieseg
October	5-6	Herbert Forest and Beyond	Neil Duncan
October	6	Highcliff - Smalls - Boulder Beach Loop	Josephine King
October	13	To Be Advised	Liz Neville
October	20	Grahams Bush - Mt Cargill - Bethunes Gully	Elspeth Gold
October	26-28	Port Craig - The Hump	Robyn Bridges
November	3	Track Clearing - Yellow Hut	Robyn Bridges
November	9-10	Garvies - Blue Lake (Tramping or Cycling)	Peter O'Driscoll
November	10	SAREX (Search & Rescue Exercise)	Elspeth Gold
November	17	The Crater - Taieri Ridge	Robyn Bridges
November	23-24	Mt Cook - Ben Ohau Range	Trevor Deaker
November	24	Swampy - As You've Never Seen It (Leith Saddle - Sullivans Dam - Morrisons - Burns)	David Barnes
November	30-1	Mountain Biking	Rob Seeley
December	1	Southern Marathon Route Finding	Doug Forrester
December	7-8	Advanced River Crossing Instruction or Tramping (Matukituki)	Elspeth Gold
December	8	Kayaking On The Harbour	Bruce Newton
December	15	Rosella Ridge (In Fine Weather)	Wolfgang Gerber

OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (FEBRUARY TO MAY)

BULLETIN

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

**FEBRUARY 1996
BULLETIN NO. 551**

COMMITTEE

PRESIDENT	Elspeth Gold	ph. 454-3934
VICE-PRESIDENT	Peter O'Driscoll	ph. 453-0593
SECRETARY	Debbie Pettinger	ph. 473-7924
TREASURER	Teresa Blundell	ph. 477-4887
CHIEF GUIDE	Antony Pettinger	ph. 473-7924
DAY TRIPS	Olivia Neilson	ph. 464-0090
	Robyn Bridges	ph. 472-7330
GEAR HIRE	Greg Panning	ph. 455-1910
	Teresa Deaker	ph. 453-0210
SOCIAL SEC.	Ann Schofield	ph. 474-1966
MEMBERSHIP	Peter O'Driscoll	ph. 453-0593

A WORD FROM THE EDITOR

Welcome to 1996! This month the Bulletin is a slightly slimmer edition, mainly due to the Club only starting up and most of you have not yet had time to prepare your Christmas exploits yet. Most of the content in this month is information about upcoming events that you should know about and both Pam & I will be doing our best to make up a few more interesting trip reports. We are not presiding against private tips as don't even think about using that one as an excuse. The Club is about tramptramping and that means any sort of tramping or climbing whether it be on a Club trip or privately. The Bulletin is a useful guide for anyone interested in a particular area and would like to know what tips are feasible and who to talk to that has been there recently, so do your bit and write a report on one of your latest exploits please. This Annual Club Marathon has been and gone already, sadly only two completed the full marathon and one on the half but congratulations to those that did. How many years does that make? John Galloway? Must be trying for a record but then Mark Plummer (John's partner) has completed the marathon a few times over the past years. It was good to see new blood with Jilly Wright completing the half marathon. The weather was quite good for a change, past years have seen an extreme frost too hot to very misty and wet. Once again Congratulations Garry! Where are all the fit lasses? Are there any left?

Here's to another good tramping year
DEBBIE PETTINGER

BULLETIN

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

**MARCH 1996
BULLETIN NO. 552**

COMMITTEE

PRESIDENT	Elspeth Gold	ph. 454-3934
VICE-PRESIDENT	Peter O'Driscoll	ph. 453-0593
SECRETARY	Position Vacant	
TREASURER	Teresa Blundell	ph. 477-4887
CHIEF GUIDE	Antony Pettinger	ph. 473-7924
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A WORD FROM THE EDITOR

My plea this month is to anyone interested in how the Club is run and would like to become more involved with it. You may have noticed this month that the position of Secretary is vacant, this means that the Club is now looking for someone to fill that position. It isn't very hard or involved and I am happy to help anyone along for a while, until you get the hang of it anyway. It is with regret that I resign from the position but my life will soon be changed dramatically. I intend to carry on with Editor of this illustrious magazine for a while yet (I'll be AGM anyway) so I am not chucking in the towel completely yet. If you do decide to give Secretary a go, then I will happily hand over the Club computer to you (it does make the job a lot easier), so what more encouragement do you need? Talk to either me or Elspeth if you think you can help.

The new trip card is currently being compiled and will be out with next month's Bulletin so if you haven't seen Antony (the weekend trips) or Olivia or Robert (the day trips) then please approach them now. It is a big job each time to organize and edit make their lives a little easier with your help. Winter tramping is nearly upon us and it is always good to see where the Club will head off to next. Whether you enjoy climbing mountains or doing in warm huts surrounded by snow, there is sure to be something for you in this upcoming trip card.

As I am about to run out of room I will sign off for next time.
DEBBIE PETTINGER

BULLETIN

APRIL 1996
BULLETIN NO. 553

A word from the Editor

Is it April already? Where has the year gone so far? Easter is now past and I trust many of you managed to get out into the hills. As a result you'll find I will be not on your heels after a trip report. Thank you to those who contributed last month, there have been many favourable comments about the variety of contributors. All contributions can be given to either Pam or myself on a Thursday night or posted to P.O. Box 1105, Dunedin or even better, if you're across to the Internet then you can e-mail it direct to me at ed@otmc.co.nz. This month you will have plenty to read as not only is your Bulletin on the website, but you will by now have had a browse through your copy of Outdoors Magazine. Once you have read about some of the exciting places that members have been in the last few years, I am sure you will be encouraged to get back out there yourselves. Not some must be congratulated for another edition of Outdoors.

Also you should have a copy of the Trip List for the next six months. Both Antony, Olivia and Robert have done a good job on compiling a list with a good variety of places to be visited. A report was made at the trip planning evening last month for a day trip to Hanabou with no Ross Carter to lead it and no one else to accompany him where it is, so it had to be dropped. If you know anything about where Hanabou is then remember to volunteer when next compiling the Trip List.

I'll meet month, happy tramp-tramping.
Debbie Pettinger



MAURIE BASTEN, 1996

COMMITTEE

PRESIDENT	Elspeth Gold	ph. 454-3934
VICE-PRESIDENT	Peter O'Driscoll	ph. 453-0593
SECRETARY	Position Vacant	
TREASURER	Teresa Blundell	ph. 477-4887
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BULLETIN

MAY 1996
BULLETIN NO. 554

A word from the Editor

Thank you to all those who have contributed something this month. I am sure the everyone will agree that this month there is a good mix to keep you reading for most of the month. A couple of letters to the Editor are good to see, it means that people do read the magazine and think about what to write. Thank you, once again.

It has been good to see a large number of people attending Thursday evening meetings over the last month or two. Ann is working hard to mean that there is a good variety of talks to keep the enthusiasm up for the winter months ahead. I am sure you will agree with me after you have had a browse through the social programme.



MAURIE BASTEN, 1996

COMMITTEE

PRESIDENT	Elspeth Gold	ph. 454-3934
VICE-PRESIDENT	Peter O'Driscoll	ph. 453-0593
SECRETARY	Position Vacant	
TREASURER	Teresa Blundell	ph. 477-4887
CHIEF GUIDE	Antony Pettinger	ph. 473-7924
DAY TRIPS	Olivia Neilson	ph. 464-0090
	Robyn Bridges	ph. 472-7330
GEAR HIRE	Greg Panning	ph. 455-1910
	Teresa Deaker	ph. 453-0210
SOCIAL SECRETARY	Ann Schofield	ph. 474-1966

OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (JUNE TO SEPTEMBER)

JUNE 1996
BULLETIN NO. 555

BULLETIN

A word from the Editor

We are now half way through the year and Queen's Birthday weekend was a real victory. Most for the country. For those that made it away for the weekend, I trust you had a good trip and can expect a report from you.

Due to a change in fairly consistent, I will not be able to make it to Thursday night meetings, so while in the past we have had any contributions to you or future of just to P.O. Box 1120, Dunedin or e-mail via internet to sp@sp@sp.co.nz.

The Club has recently purchased some new gear for the Great Hut equipment, so there was in to a series to let you know what they are like plus an update of what is actually in our Great Hut equipment but also with one thing and another.

Debbie Pennington

COMMITTEE

PRESIDENT	Elzabeth Gold	ph. 474-3034
VICE PRESIDENT	Pete O'Donnell	ph. 473-0593
SECRETARY	Patricia Vincent	
TREASURER	Teresa Blundell	ph. 477-4967
CHIEF GUIDE	Antony Pettigrew	ph. 473-7924
DAY TRIPS	Oliver Neilson	ph. 464-0090
	Robert Bridges	ph. 473-7336
	Greg Pennington	ph. 473-1910
	Teresa Deane	ph. 473-0230
	Ann Schofield	ph. 474-1966
SOCIAL SECRETARY		

JULY 1996
BULLETIN NO. 556

BULLETIN

A word from the Editor

July is here and the mountains are now covered in snow, making for a great ski and climbing season.

The committee last in meeting to a closed list I expect you all to be working about the new committee that will be elected at the AGM. If you are interested in helping make the Club a great place to be, then please consider putting yourself forward. All the committee positions cover up with your longest term.

Have your president of the club as if you are not yourself doing the Bulletin, organising the social programme, keeping the club members in order or even leading the Club in general, then you are in the line.

Debbie Pennington

COMMITTEE

PRESIDENT	Elzabeth Gold	ph. 474-3034
VICE PRESIDENT	Pete O'Donnell	ph. 473-0593
SECRETARY	Patricia Vincent	
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	Robert Bridges	ph. 473-7336
	Greg Pennington	ph. 473-1910
	Teresa Deane	ph. 473-0230
	Ann Schofield	ph. 474-1966
SOCIAL SECRETARY		

AUGUST 1996
BULLETIN NO. 557

BULLETIN

A word from the Editor

Well this is it! My last Bulletin and time now to pass it all on to another editor. I hope you have found my scribbles at least entertaining and informative. I hope you encourage your new editor by writing lots of reports, letters, etc. as it will make the job that much easier.

Thank you to all those that contributed something, especially the letters to the editor - it's good to know that people take the time to read the Bulletin publication. I won't be able to be here as that is really what the Annual Report is for and that is included in your envelope, along with the actual Annual Accounts and Notice of AGM.

The month was a number

Debbie Pennington

COMMITTEE

PRESIDENT	Elzabeth Gold	ph. 474-3034
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	Teresa Deane	ph. 473-0230
	Ann Schofield	ph. 474-1966
SOCIAL SECRETARY		

OTMC BULLETIN OTMC

SEPTEMBER 1996
BULLETIN NO. 558

The Ottago Tramping & Mountaineering Club meets socially every Thursday evening at 3 Young St, Dunedin (Clubroom) starting 7.30 p.m.

Read all about it.

.....Inside you can find out the latest thoughts of your next committee. What is Alan Thompson doing with his wife's holiday? What does Jean Thomson do when she is not tramping? There's a committee diary. What's the buzz going on about the Old Women Range. Why is there a door change on Thursday nights. What do adult penguins eat when they are on land? Read what Neville McHaffland has been up to and find out where the next tramping trip is going? When is Teresa going to tell us about back alleys she has frequented in her off places and past life. Has been tramping. Is Camilla really going to? (whoops wrong magazine). Almost all these questions and more will be revealed simply by turning the page.

Debbie Pennington

1996 - 1997 COMMITTEE

President	Robert Bridges	472-7336
Vice-President	Antony Pettigrew	473-7924
Secretary	Patricia Vincent	467-8373
Treasurer	Teresa Blundell	477-4967
Chief Guide	Elzabeth Gold	474-3034
Day Trips	Oliver Neilson	464-0090
	Robert Bridges	472-7336
	Greg Pennington	473-1910
	Ann Schofield	474-1966
	Oliver Neilson	464-0090
	Jan Stone	455-6385
	Alan Thompson	455-7878
	Rob Sealey	455-0230

OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (OCTOBER TO DECEMBER)

