

OTMC TRIP REPORTS

1998

Sourced from the 1998 OTMC Bulletins



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BIG BAY TO GLENORCHY (75TH TRAVERSE)

January 1998

Author: Robyn Bridges

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In three separate flights ten of us flew into Big Bay on Saturday morning and landed on the beach at low tide. Not being a particularly keen flyer, I found the dips and dives as we hit turbulence above the Rockburn daunting, and the urge to look down on one of my favourite tramping haunts suddenly less appealing. But between hanging onto Ken's shoulder, burying my face in the pack that was wedged on my lap and keeping my eyes shut trying to remember my Hail Mary's, I managed to summon enough courage in time to get a close-up look at the mighty bulk of Amphion and Park Glacier. Over Park Pass, we turned left down Hidden Falls to the Hollyford, then right up the Pyke Valley along which later that day we would be tramping, if the river was crossable and we could all get into Big Bay. It was doubtful at this stage whether the weather would allow enough time for three flights. Each flight took about 45 minutes and the clouds above Glenorchy were racing in from the West. From our lofty position we studied the Pyke valley with great interest. The Olivine waterfall looked spectacular as it spilled from its hanging valley high above the Pyke. Our decision not to use this route to get to the Olivine Flats looked like a good one. A little further on the Diorite waterfall, our route of choice, looked only marginally less formidable. The valley of the Pyke itself looked pretty harmless and attention focused on the rivers, the Pyke, the Barrier and the Diorite, which we would be crossing. The glacial fed Barrier could give us problems, but our pilot assured us they all looked better than they had been. Crossable? We hoped so as our trip depended on it.

Conditions were surprisingly calm at Big Bay, both wind and insect wise. True to its name the bay at low tide cuts a wide grey swathe between the sea and hillocky sand dunes closely bordered by the dense bush of the west coast. It looked very exciting. Leaving the packs at the DoC hut we plane spotted, a little apprehensively, on top of sand dunes covered in native pink convolvulus. Our trusty pilot did well, for despite the conditions we were all assembled within a couple of hours, including Mike Brettell who had been on a fishing holiday off Big Bay and had emerged as a distant speck in the haze at the end of the bay to rendezvous with us. After a compulsory touch of the waters of the Tasman and a search for a suitable talisman/memento to carry to east the two parties set off each with a mountain radio, to follow an old bulldozed track to the Pyke.

It was good to have an easy start to the trip as it was day one of heavy packs. Our first river was in gentle flow and easily crossed and with a sense of committedness, we headed off down the Pyke Valley. The first night was to be spent at Larnach's stream along Lake Wilmot but a combination of heavy packs and a lack of a decent camp site further down the valley (in case we didn't reach our planned spot) saw the first camp on the edge of the airstrip in the upper Pyke. As it later turned out there was not a great deal of room at Larnach's Stream and it would have been squatters rights. The mountain radios were a real asset. Our first forecast was

good and we gave our position, which we did each night, to be passed on to Ian Sime in Dunedin who was plotting our progress.



Olivine River and through to Lake Wilmot and the Pyke from Sunset Peak (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Through an overgrown and very rugged landscape we followed a sparsely marked route down the Pyke the next day. The water-table was just below our feet which must make for interesting travel in the rain and unbelievable travel in winter. I thought often of Barrington's saga. The track round Lake Wilmot had a sense of age and parts appeared to be the remnants of an old cattle track. Some time ago the valley was grazed. Veering left at the bottom of Lake Wilmot, (the track as marked on the map is incorrect) we followed the marked route down to the first of the two braids of the Barrier River. The other side of the river opened to grassland and dry ground and we headed down to the old cattle flats where a few old lichen covered fence posts are the only evidence of earlier human activity. Ambiguous route notes created a little confusion and having tried to find a way to the base of the Diorite from the cattle yards we headed back to the Barrier River, took a compass bearing on the hill that we would be climbing to get to the Diorite Flats and then headed into the bush arriving at the base of the hill and the Diorite River a couple of hours later. The other party had a go at travelling up the Diorite itself (either side is swamp) and turned back when the water started to lap their armpits.

An uphill bush bash occupied most of the next day as we hauled ourselves from the valley of the Pyke up to the Flats. Though we found the odd deer track for the most part it was dense bush littered with moss covered boulders with treacherous holes between them. Kidney ferns were exquisite and abundant and the rata glorious so it wasn't all bad. Trying to measure our progress by estimating our distance from the sound of the waterfall was difficult. We were aiming to travel within a few hundred metres of the river and not climb unnecessarily high. It

was hard work though and just as a body was lapsing into trudge mode, we rounded a large rock garden of gentians and moss and there opening before us were the Diorite Flats framed by snow covered peaks against a cornflower blue sky. Golden tussocks, yellow mountain ranunculus and celmisia, a sight that instantly dissolved our pain and after washing off the detritus in the clear waters of the Diorite, we headed off across the flats, with the sun on our backs, to a campsite at the base of some rock scree we would follow the next day to traverse the Four Brothers Pass to the Olivine Flats. We were all pleased to be above the Pyke! Though it had rained the night before we could hardly believe our luck as we listened to yet another good forecast.



Looking over Fohn Lakes towards the Olivine River from the slopes of Fohn, Sunset Peak on the right (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

We had a leisurely start the next day though some rose early to make a quick dash up to Beresford Pass. Climbing the Four Brothers Pass paled by comparison to the previous day's slog and after lunch on the Pass and a lie on a hot rock, we picked our way down the true right of the stream through a Tolkein like moss covered forest to the Olivine Flats, camping under the solitary tree which stands at the junction of the Olivine and Forgotten Rivers. Getting to the Olivine Ledge at the best of times can be a bit of an epic. With hindsight the Olivine River in fine weather is a preferable low water route and at the end of day four one party camped at Fohn Lakes and the other, after an 11-hour bush bash, on a red rock outcrop just below the Ledge. Our 'talismans' must have been working as that evening we watched an exquisite sunset. Intervention Peak turned marshmallow pink in the setting sun which was followed the next morning by turning a golden glow as the sun rose on yet another fine day!

Perched high on the side of the main divide the ledge has a fascinating landscape covered with a variety of sedges, mosses, lichens and a myriad of reflective tarns.

Thursday was our rest day. Reading in the sun, massage, an ascent of Sunset Peak, bathing in the lakes was the order of the day. Camping high on the main divide at the Fohn Lakes was exhilarating and from one vantage point we could trace our route almost back to Big Bay. It was quite humbling viewing the distance we had covered. Later that night it rained, and conditions were pretty damp the next morning as we headed over the Fohn Saddle, though not before Lynda's early morning aerobic class! Wet tussock meant a slow descent from the saddle carefully picking our route to the rising Beansburn below. Trudging down the valley we were eventually stopped by a swollen tributary and decided to go back to a Rock Bivvy (where we had earlier had lunch) for the night. By morning the river had dropped. We picked up the marked track at the edge of the bush and with a sense of satisfaction at having completed the hardest part of the trip we set off on a very cruisy tramp down the Beansburn.



Upper Beansburn from Fohn (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

We had planned the last leg of our trip to FunYak down the Dart from the mouth of the Beansburn to Glenorchy, or Paradise as it turned out. Arranging this via the radio two days earlier, we had also asked for some bread to be bought in for Sunday's lunch. Due to a fuel contamination problem one party's food supplies were a little meagre, though definitely not desperate. Nothing is lost in the telling though as we later heard talk on the radio about a group of trampers at Fohn Lakes who were starving! Peter McKellar, an OTMC member from Rotorua planning to spend two weeks on the Olivine Ice Plateau, also heard of our 'plight' and when we met up with him later on Saturday at the mouth of the Beansburn, he greeted us with a large bag of fresh apricots! (Thank you, Peter!) We would all recommend the FunYaks. It

was an excellent way to end our trip. The FunYak guide summed it up when he told us, 'it was a long time since he had seen a group of people enjoying themselves so much!' I mean you had to laugh or ...!

Many thanks to Mountain Radio people, Ian Stringer in particular for their excellent service. And to Ian Sime for helping us organise the FunYaks and being our SAR contact and to all the trampers who made the trip what it was. Approximate times were:

Big Bay - Airstrip in Upper Pyke: 4 hours

Airstrip to Diorite: 5-6 hours

Diorite - Diorite Flats: 6.5 hours

Diorite Flats to Olivine Flats: 4-5 hours

Olivine Flats to the Ledge and Fohn Lakes: 11 hours

Fohn Lakes to Beansburn rock bivvy: 3 hours

Beansburn Rock bivvy to mouth of Beansburn: 10 hours

Robyn Bridges, Trevor Deaker, Lynda Jacket, Nigel Boydell, Chris Wells, Mike Brettell, Vanessa Johnson, Ken Mason, Alyth Grant, Richard Geary, Shelly Coleman.



Paddling on the Dart River (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

KAIKAI BEACH

March 8, 1998

Author: Peter Strang

Published in Bulletin 574, March 1998

It turned out to be an almost perfect day with easterly mist draping the hills and it was quite magic climbing up above Aramoana and skirting the cliffs towards Heyward Point. At the reserve boundary we left the marked track and followed the fence line and bush edge (Melville's property) over onto slopes above Kaikai Bay, which we zig-zagged down to arrive on the marram flats. It was important here not to sidle too much to the north, otherwise cliffs appear which are difficult to negotiate. By this time all the mist had dissolved, the sea was sparkling and we paused to watch yellow eyed penguins making their way up the beach and over the sandhills. We followed the beach to its westerly end where Trevor led us inland for a short distance to a cave which has been made into a real habitat with some parts lined, a fireplace, bed and wood neatly stacked. We tip-toed around not wanting to disturb the peace of the place and then had lunch lying about on the grass outside talking the sun across the sky until we got moving again.



Kaikai Beach from near Heyward Point (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

We travelled east back along the beach and then up a steep grassy gully and spur to gain a stock track above the cliffs. Here we rested, the views being quite breathtaking to the north towards the Horse Range and Kakanuis and more to the west, Seacliff, Warrington and beyond to the Silver Peaks. Another half hour saw us at Heyward Point examining the solar powered

beacon and the old winch. Seals were rolling around in the surf below the cliffs and we were quite envious. From the point we followed the walkway back over the nesting area for Blackback gulls and were a little puzzled by the sick looking thistles which usually cover this area and wondered whether they had been sprayed. We were soon into the bush reserve again and wound up and along through this to rejoin our outward route. It would be around 3pm that we regained the cars and a welcome cup of tea at Pete's crib on Spit Beach.

Thanks to Ken Mason, Trevor Pullar, Sarah Smellie, Tony Campbell and Eric Bradfield for great company and yarns...and especially Sarah for the surprise muffins at the end!!

Pete Strang

DINGLEBURN – TIMARU CREEK

March 7-8, 1998

Author: Peter Sanderson

Published in Bulletin 575, April 1998

On Friday 6 March, we left the clubrooms at 5.55 p.m. Had a tea stop at Alexandra, where we met up with Richard, Wayne, Ross and Tony. We were stopped at a checkpoint on our way out for a breath test, no catch here, not a drop had passed our lips.

Arrived at Timaru Creek to find it in flood, so we all decided to head for Dingleburn Station, where on the way we crossed numerous fords, some being worse than others and we all made a decision 'do we cross with van or leave it behind? It was a majority decision to keep going even though the going was very slow. After continuing around the edge of Lake Hawea at about 12 km per hour. We decided to camp for the night at 12.30 a.m. with a majestic waterfall in the background, setting up camp at the side of the track and finally getting to bed at 1 a.m.



Lake Hawea and the Dingle Burn from Corner Peak (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Awoke to a fine morning with the sun just peeping through the clouds, all aboard heading to Dingleburn Station, a further 2 km. away. On arrival at the homestead the weather had taken a turn for the worse and it was out with the wet weather gear. Setting off across paddocks to a ridge, directly behind an airstrip, I was wishing I'd done more training up Baldwin Street. On reaching 1000 metres we stopped for a quick pick me up (I hope this PowerAid works?!) On looking back the homestead seemed a little speck through the scattered cloud. Continuing up

the hill, the group started to spread out and by the time we reached 1576 metres, we were approx. 20 mins, behind the first group and on reaching 1700 metres it was the descent to Moonlight Hut. A short distance away we came across Ross and Richard, who had already reached the hut and decided to go search for the others. We reached Moonlight Hut and set up the tent on a flat area beside the hut with a freshwater stream 20 metres south.

The small hut which would accommodate eight was at least dry and warm, by 5 p.m. ten persons had arrived and after resting for a short while, several of us set out in the misty night to see if we could locate the rest of the group. Having searched till 7.30 p.m. with darkness and the weather closing in we decided to call it off till morning. Hunger had set in too and our meal was much enjoyed.

Waking up on Sunday morning to a misty but fine day, with the wind and rain now gone, we headed out together keeping a watch out for the others, following the fence line to the ridge. On reaching the main ridge between Dingleburn and Timaru Creek we had a welcome break. Onwards we trekked down the slippery slopes to a point overlooking Dingleburn Station, still at a height of approx. 1000 metres we stopped for lunch. It was out with the binoculars to sight any sign of the others. It was noticed the van had been shifted but was still in view. On reaching the homestead we were informed of the others' decision to return to base camp on Saturday evening.

With everyone accounted for we boarded the van and headed out encountering the numerous fords. Having got stuck, it was all out to push. After five minutes of excitement, we were on the road again only to stop at Timaru Creek for a change of clothes. Had a tea stop at Alexandra and arrived back at the clubrooms approx. 9.30 p.m.

Peter Sanderson for Vivienne Bresnell, Chris Wells, Paul van Kampen, Jenny Lowe, Tony Malcolm, Trevor Blogg, Steve & Chris Clark, Rhonda Wilson and Peter Davidson

P.S. There is a four-wheel drive track just north of Timaru Creek (over the bridge) which leads on to a stock track, which can be used if the creek is in flood (a point to remember).

ERYE FOREST

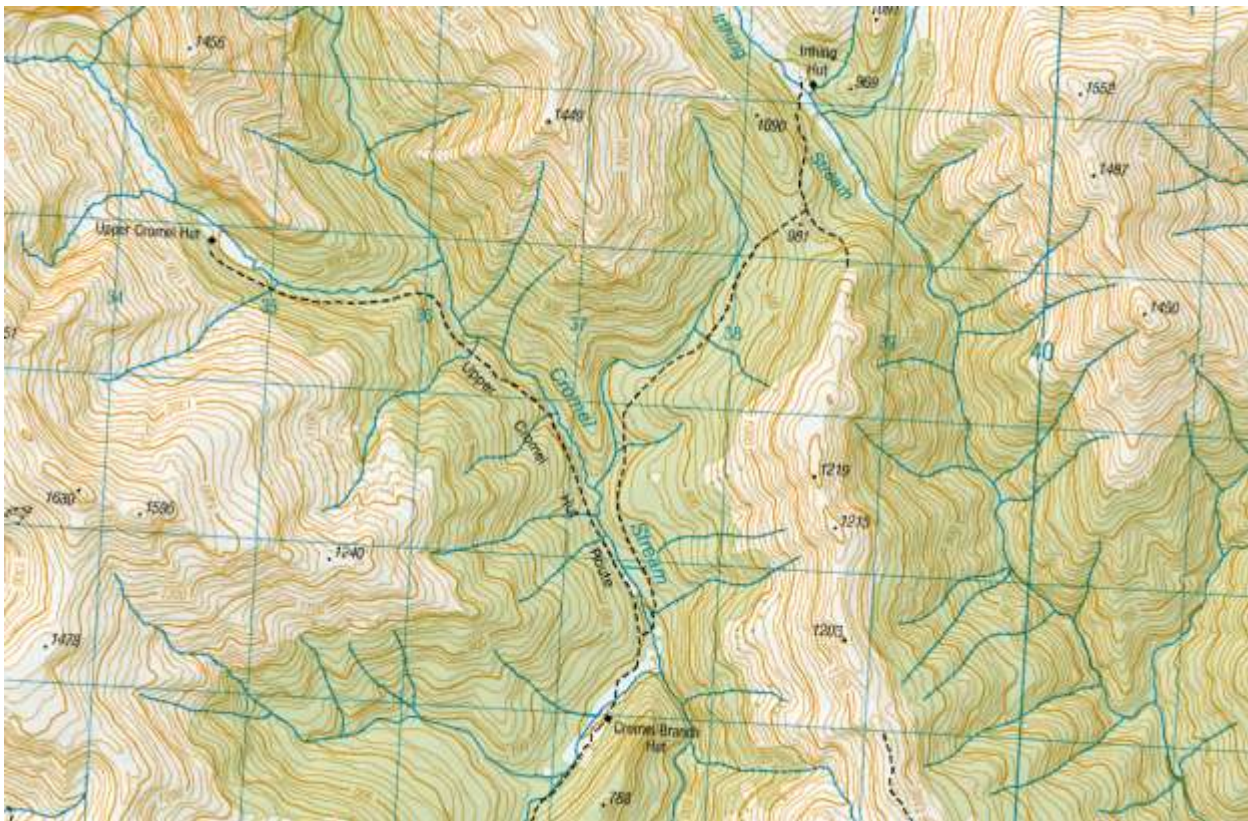
March 4-15, 1998

Author: Jonathan Wood

Published in Bulletin 575, April 1998

G.R. and I set off on the Friday night for Five Rivers - just north of Lumsden. We had planned to stay at Acton Hut at a road end, but on hearing that it had burned down last year, we tramped 1 1/4 hours into Cromel Hut. We were fortunate to have some moonlight - the old 4WD track through the bush on Wallace Drummond's farm had plenty of mud holes to avoid!

The six-bunk hut is in good condition - and we set off the next day to climb Mt. Bees, a long ridge about 1200 m in height, running north towards the Helen Peaks. We missed the track marked on the map, but the fairly open bush made for easy if steep travel. The Mt. Bees hut (8 bunks) is tidy - and possibly accessible by car through the Burdon's farm (take a sack of coal or wood for the pot belly!)



The next two hours were first by 4WD track, then over rock and tussock, along the very exposed ridgeline. A nor wester was in full force - making our progress highly erratic. We were both blown over at one point, thankfully missing the Spaniards! From the end of the ridge we followed the not-very-well contoured marker trail onto a bush covered saddle and made a 3/4 hour detour (each way) into the Irthing Bivy. We lost the markers at one point which made for a very trying wade through the scrub along the stream! Back on the saddle, we descended to the Cromel Stream just as a cold front arrived. We were thankful to find that the track junction marked on the map was a lot nearer the hut than is shown, as the rain had well and truly set

in. There was a good supply of firewood - and after tea we recycled our leftover rice into rice pudding which bubbled the evening away and was used as a most successful porridge substitute the next day. Through the night the rain bucketed down and we woke to blue sky with fresh snow on the tops.

The track back to Cromel hut was fairly slow going until we reached Cromel Stream where we found the remains of an old bush tram route which we followed for about 1 km. After crossing the stream we stopped back at Cromel Hut for lunch, where we met another party of two heading in. From here it was a quick trip back to the road end, some dry clothes and the 2 1/2 hour drive home.

Jonathan Wood.

MOUNTAIN BIKING – SILVER PEAKS

March 22, 1998

Author: Tony Malcolm

Published in Bulletin 575, April 1998

Three adventurous bikers turned up at the clubrooms for mountain biking in the Silver Peaks. Arrived shortly afterwards at the Bullring with a chilly temperature of 8 degrees according to Mike's instruments in his 4WD. Ascending Swampy Ridge soon increased our temperature considerably, so it was time to shed a few clothes, make adjustments to our machines, have a quick breather and off again, negotiating rocks, water ruts and boggy areas. Climbing Swampy Summit was a sheer grunt especially with the rear wheel caked in mud and spinning in places, but our efforts were soon rewarded with spectacular scenery and a long bite to eat (one of my favourite pastimes, though I forgot to pack my stove in!!). A character-building wind made us quickly descend from the summit with a good workout for our brakes before coming to a halt at the locked gate.



Swampy Ridge track, looking towards Swampy Summit (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Our next adventure was Racemans via a few forestry roads enroute. Racemans displayed some serious mud, (serious is probably a too conservative word) and tree roots. Some of our bicycle skills weren't quite up to standard with our spills getting better and better by the minute (if only I could have caught them on film) at least it was soft to land in!! Bruce and Mike sent me ahead to negotiate the undergrowth (gaiters would have been handy) potholes and rather large

trenches. Returning via Powder Creek incorporated many belly laughs with some awesome spills including my chain coming off while half way across Powder Creek!

The afternoon turned out really warm as we made our way slowly up to the Bullring.

A fun adventurous day.

Tony Malcolm for Bruce Newton and Mike Brettell.

DAISYBANK – HYDE (RAIL TRAIL)

March 29, 1998

Author: Ian Sime

Published in Bulletin 575, April 1998

Tropical cyclone Yali had been approaching threateningly down the Tasman Sea for some days, and warnings of rain deluges and severe gale force winds were issued before the weekend. On Saturday night I got out all my gear in preparation for Sunday's planned walk over the section of the Old Dunstan Road from below McPhee's Rock, past the previous Great Moss Swamp to the brow of the Lammermoors overlooking Rocklands Station.

On Sunday morning Yali was reported over Haast and heading for Dunedin. Overnight damage in Ranfurly was on national radio news. When I rang the Rocklands Manager he advised that the Old Dunstan Road would be greasy although there had been little rain. I told him that if we went at all it would not be on his road. Betty warned me that with the dire weather report, if I practised the mountain safety techniques which I preached, I'd stay at home. I replied that I'd go to the clubrooms and see what anyone who turned up there wanted to do. From the gear I'd laid out the night before I discarded the sunhat, saying it was the one thing there would be no need for.



Otago Central Rail Trail – tunnel just north of Hyde (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

At the clubrooms were the people whose names appear at the foot of this report. To arrange an alternative walk I used my phone card which charges toll calls to my home phone, to ring Peter Andrews of Peter's Farm Hostel at Waipiata to ask if we could walk part of his track. He suggested instead that we walk the section of the Central Otago Rail Trail between Daisybank

and Hyde, a distance of some 11km, mostly beside the Taieri River. The six of us agreed on this.

We weren't far on the road before the rain came down in bucketful's. The wipers had to be turned to extra fast. So it continued all the way through Outram, Lee Stream and Clarks Junction; but before we reached Middlemarch it had stopped. We arranged that my car would go on to Daisybank while Terry's stopped at Hyde. When we met in the middle we would have lunch and swap keys.

We overshot Daisybank, reaching the Kokonga church before realising we had gone too far. The entrance we were looking for to the track was much more obvious coming downstream. We parked and set off down a gentle grade with the occasional wind at our back. Dead rabbits we attributed to the RCD virus, and we spotted only one live one. The Taieri was below us on the left all the way, giving us great views to its far bank. A tiny surfacemans hut has been freshly painted railway red, a small gnome set on top, and the structure named Red Dwarf Hut. Just as we approached Tiroiti, the only spot where the road came anywhere near our trail, we met the approaching group. It happened that this was the only place where the trail was down near river level so that we had no trouble getting to its grassy bank for lunch. It was very pleasant sitting in the sun, with little wind, and the river flowing at our feet.

Immediately we restarted there was a bridge with a DOC notice forbidding us to use it. There seemed no good reason for this, although they had not put wire netting over the planks as had been done on other bridges. A curved tunnel was the main feature of this section, short enough to see your way even in the middle. Its surface is dry sandy gravel. The walls are stone blocks on the lower half; the upper walls and arched roof being brick. Both ends appear architectural gems. One of DoC's circular metal loos is at the north end (and another just before Hyde.) As we neared Hyde the wind became very strong making walking quite difficult and hearing each other almost impossible. Our walking times were a good hour from Daisybank to Tiroiti, and almost 2 hours from there to Hyde, but these could be much reduced - we took it very easy.

When we all met, it was decided that rather than return the way we'd come, we would go home by the Pigroot. At Palmerston we spent a pleasant half hour in the sun at the tables outside McGregor's Bakery, eating ice creams and drinking milkshakes, before heading home.

Trevor Blogg, Terry Duffield, Barbara Robinson (the Hyde Group); Stephen Cathro, Jenny McIntosh, Ian Sime (Daisybank).

BUSHCRAFT '98

February – March, 1998

Author: Antony Pettinger

Published in Bulletin 575, April 1998

Bushcraft '98 concluded with a final evening held on the 7th of April 1998. This year's course attracted 31 participants. Interestingly enough, the Thursday before the start date (five days beforehand) I had 16 people enrolled. To have 31 final participants reflects on the good job club members did in promoting the course.

Planning for this year's course commenced after a Mountain Safety Dunedin meeting in late November, which is later than normal, and makes it very tight to have things organised before Christmas, it was intended to run the course about 4 weeks later than normal, but unavailability of Tirohanga Camp meant that the course was run 2 weeks later than past years, with Tirohanga weekend being held the last weekend in February. I believe that this is one of the reasons we had higher numbers this year.



Debbie Pettinger & Elspeth Gold instructing at Tirohanga Camp, Bushcraft 1998 (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Advertising commenced in early December. Debbie arranged two excellent window displays, one being in the high foot traffic area of Trust Bank Moray Place, and the other arranged through Sharon St Clair-Newman at the Westpac Dunedin North branch window in Frederick Street. These displays consisted of trees, tramping equipment and heaps of posters. My thanks to Debbie and her father for arranging these. Word of mouth from club members is still a good form of advertising.

The format of the course was similar to the 1995 effort. The main weekend was held at the Tirohanga Camp, and the practical tramp in the Silver Peaks. The introductory evening contained talks on boots and footwear, clothing, environmental matters and finished with a brief slideshow to whet the appetite. Friday night at Tirohanga saw the food talk from Teresa and Ian, followed by the map talk. Saturday commenced with the theory side of compass, using method one from the new bushcraft manual. The round robin of bushcraft skills was then held. These include practical compass, stoves, tents and river safety (rivercrossing) In between this, Stan Kirkpatrick took a very successful weather talk. Tramping role plays and a gear talk rounded out the day. On Sunday, we normally utilise the close proximity of the farmland up behind the camp for the extended compass course. Unfortunately, one week out from Tirohanga, the farmer refused our request to use his land, citing OSH reasons. As an alternative I spent the weekend prior to Tirohanga arranging an alternative on Flagstaff. I personally don't think it was as realistic as the one we normally use, but it seemed to work fine. First Aid concluded the weekend's learning, and it was onto planning for the Silver Peaks trip. This year we spaced it two weeks from Tirohanga. It is hard to tell if this is better than one week apart, it certainly gave more time for planning and gear/food arrangements.



Jenny Lowe discussing tents at Tirohanga Camp, Bushcraft 1998 (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

A bus was used to transport everyone to the Silver Peaks which makes it a lot easier for the leader. 10 parties tramped all over the Silver Peaks. Because of the way the weekends worked around Anniversary Weekend and Easter, the optional Ohau trip was held before river crossing. I recognise that this seems Irish (sorry Peter) but it was purely done that way to fit in with the overall OTMC programme. 26 people attended the rivercrossing day on the 5th of April. The river at Outram was slightly low and the day was cool. We practised techniques at the car park and then walked to Lee Stream to cross the river properly. It is not an entirely suitable or realistic place to cross, but it is the best in our area.

And so the end of Bushcraft 1998. It was a success. It is up to all of us to encourage the participants to continue tramping, be it with us or privately. All the organisers, leaders and instructors have my thanks for the time and commitment they showed for this course. Introducing people to the outdoors is most satisfying and we can all take credit in doing this successfully. My thanks also go to the participants, we all enjoy sharing our love of the hills with you.

Antony Pettinger.

BLOOD ON THE ICE – SNOWCRAFT 3 (1997)

September 20-21, 1997

Author: Vanessa Johnson

Published in Bulletin 576, May 1998

Snowcraft Three really started the Monday before with an instructional night at the club rooms. This was an attempt to get us familiar with a confusing array of ropes, (don't stand on them), knots, harnesses, screw gates, karabiners, figure eights, air traffic controllers, prusik cord, don't EVER stand on the rope, slings and double stitched tubular tape. Chris arrived with some industrial strength snow stakes that could stop an accelerating 747 with a single blow. (These stakes have revolutionised security in the mountains.) We then spent the next week furiously trying to make sense of it all before the weekend at Fox Glacier.

Friday night the van managed to get away from the club rooms by 5.30pm or it might have been a bit later as I think we were all waiting for. . .who was it now? . . .BRAD. I couldn't help but feel a little envious of the people in the car that had left at 9am for a more relaxed trip and who got to take in the views. It was adequate compensation, however, to travel in close proximity to the legend Jay, who had been the subject of a major feature in the Otago Daily Times that morning. He was also the subject of much harassment for the entire weekend and no doubt for the rest of his life.

We travelled through the night and arrived at the alpine lodge about 1am.

Up the next morning at 7am and away by 8am. We walked for about 30 mins and dropped down to the ice. We spent the morning learning to have faith in crampons when walking on the ice, not stepping on the rope, how to put ice screws in, set up ice anchors, not stepping on the rope and had a wee abseil. I scoffed some lunch and the afternoon was dedicated to glacier travel and crevasse extraction. We roped up in twos and practiced walking over the glacier (not stepping on the rope), how to deal with crevasses and what to do when someone fell in. We practised simulating a fall by throwing ourselves about (with great drama) over slopes in the ice. This is the best job because you then get to hang about and enjoy the view while the poor guy at the other end works up a lather of sweat, setting up a pulley to get you out. We headed back about 4.30pm.

Back at the van thoughts began to emerge of the hot shower that awaited us back at the lodge. As we collapsed justifiably exhausted into the van, Toby marches up and grandly declares in one bold statement that he wanted to run back to the lodge. We all pretended not to be horribly impressed by this and decided that it wasn't that far really. After all, we could run back too should we choose to do so. Needless to say, we choose not to. Back at the lodge we were greeted with the queue for the shower and Trevor running about in multi-coloured underpants. Where DID you GET those Trevor? (We later decided that if this was included in the course fee then we were entitled to our money back.)

Then it was down to the pub for tea, Lynda totally wiped me out in Air Hockey and John managed to score himself a free beer by complaining about cold soup. Paul, who can spend a day hurtling about on a glacier and experience no mishap, managed to fall over outside the pub coming home and hurt his ankle. (At least that's what I heard anyway). Back to the lodge about 10pm and to bed.



OTMC Advanced Snowcraft (PHOTO Matt Corbett)

During the night Nigel was almost successful in getting his entire bunk room up and ready to go at 1.20am with a cunning sleep talking plan that had him declaring, whilst fast asleep, that it was time to go. There were one or two people (who shall remain nameless) that fell for this and actually got up. Sunday morning dawned fine and mild. We know this because the majority of us were UP at AM (sic). (Those that elected to stay in bed shall also remain nameless) The walk back over to the ice was very pleasant in the early morning. I got to experience it twice in fact as I discovered halfway there that I had left my sunglasses back at the van and was thus forced to enjoy a run back to pick them up.

On the glacier we went through the procedure again of the Y pulley crevasse extraction as we were all keen to consolidate on what we had learnt the day before. Just as we were finishing the others arrived and we moved on to another crevasse extraction method: prussicking. We moved down the glacier to an impressive looking crack in the ice. Toby and Jay proceeded with a live demonstration of prusik technique. The concept is quite simple. You are anchored onto the ice above and lowered down into the crevasse. By using 2 prusik slings {made from prusik cord}, one connected to the waist through the harness and the other to stand on, it is possible by alternating each sling to move your way up the rope. Simple yes. Easy? No.

The thought of this impending experience was enough to shut us all up and it was a suitably chastened mob that trooped over to the other side of the crevasse to prepare to voluntarily drop down into it and haul back out again. With much encouragement and all sorts of helpful advice from those at the top we all had a go. It was hard work and it paid not to look DOWN very often. It was a bit of a special time getting out over the top as the rope cuts into the ice so far that you can't get hold of it let alone slide things along it! Everybody went down and as far as we know everybody got back out. A very interesting experience (all captured on John's video incidentally.) We left the ice about 12.30pm and headed back to the lodge to pack up and head for home.

To our patient, faithful instructors: Toby, Jay (aka "Mountain Boy"), Trevor, Roy (of Royness) and Aaron, all of whom explained some things 50 times and then one more time and then again. Thank you. It was a fantastic weekend, and I don't think there is one of us that now doesn't aspire to great things on the snow and ice.

by Vanessa Johnson

EASTER 1998 – MACETOWN OPTION

April 10-13, 1998

Author: Linda Miles

Published in Bulletin 576, May 1998

'Twas a lovely Easter. The turning trees of Macetown were never more appreciated. We camped in a garden or perhaps a living room whose occupants of 100 years ago we could only guess at and whiled away the three days of Easter with various active and inactive pursuits.

Ken and Jonette chose the most active path, conquering both Advance Peak and Big Hill and testing the overgrown route to Roses Saddle. Rees did the two peaks and had a day exploring and contemplating the relics of gold, mines, batteries and fallen airplanes. I pottered, slept in late, avoided frosty mornings, crayoned the gorgeous colours and on the second day climbed Mt. Soho for a wondrous 360-degree view of all that was. Trevor did most of the above but crowned it all off by coming down with a severe 'lurg' and nearly had to be carried the eight miles to Arrowtown (as the fallen of Macetown had to be)



Macetown in Autumn (PHOTO Doug Forrester / OTMC Archives)

Warmed by huge bonfires on starry nights, abducted by damp clinging cold, we could only wonder at the delights, spunk and harshness of life for those early resident adventurers.

Linda Miles for Ken Powell, Jonette Service, Trevor Blogg and Rhys Goodman.

BALL PASS – A SCOTTISH PERSPECTIVE

April 23-26, 1998

Author: Jenni Lowe

Published in Bulletin 576, May 1998

Having travelled most of the way round the world, I wasn't going to pass up a trip to the Mt Cook area. For a horrible moment I thought I was going to miss out as the bus went hurtling past! Thankfully the car came not too long after. This was Friday night, and we were all armed with ice axes and crampons for the trip of a lifetime. Certainly, the weather couldn't have been more perfect. Sunshine, blue skies and little or no wind - I obviously wasn't in Scotland.



Ball Shelter, Tasman Valley (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Saturday morning was an early start after a comfortable night at the Blue Lakes Shelter. A quick job up to the 'not-so-blue' lakes and my first glimpse of Mt Cook from the east side. Even the walk along the valley bottom to Ball Shelter was quite stunning. Mt Cook and lots of high peaks on one side, glacial terminal moraine on the other - certainly not a sight you would see in Scotland. After filling Bradley's pack and Lynda with water we started the tough ascent. It was quite relentless, but every step brought better views than the last. The constant rumblings of avalanches were in direct competition with Nigel and Chris! Caroline Hut at 1790m was reached not long after lunch. The toilet there had a five-star rating!

By this stage the terrain had got a bit more serious - lots of loose rocks and icy bits - everyone felt confident however. From Caroline Hut, it wasn't long before we hit the snow and our camping spot at 2121m. It was a perfect spot, and we were just in time to set up camp and

watch the sun go down. In great kiwi tradition, dinner was an extravagant affair. Nowhere else in the world would you have a six-course meal at 2000m! A layered cheesecake/chocolate mousse dessert (prepared by Rochelle) was the highlight for me and made up for the lack of wine! Three people in a one-and-a-half-man tent ensured we had a cosy night even though the stars were out in force.



Ball Pass (Tasman to the left, Hooker to the right) (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Sunday greeted us with a fantastic sunlit Mt Cook and a good reason to get out of bed early. The descent off Ball Pass down to the Hooker was a serious undertaking and we were all glad we had some alpine experience. The lads explored some of the ice caves, but I was satisfied at looking at them from afar. This side of the pass was very icy, and I wasn't too keen on practising my self-arrest techniques. The route down wasn't straightforward as paths disappeared into rock and cairns were scarce. Our noble leaders, Tony and Chris steered us out of danger though, and kept us on the right track. From the west side of Ball Pass we had amazing views over to Hooker Hut, Mt Sefton, Footstool and the Copland Pass.

After negotiating a steep scree slope, we all arrived safely at the lunch spot at the valley floor. From there it was another 9km out to the road but as I am gradually learning - nothing is straightforward in New Zealand. River washouts plus scree slopes added to the excitement and gave us some extra challenges. It was a culture shock when we reached civilisation again - it seemed like we had been away for weeks - the wonder of the NZ wilderness.

For me, this superb trip into a stunning area made all the better by good company. Jenny Lowe for Bradley, Chris, Nigel, Tony, Lynda, Eric, Mike and Rochelle.

MUELLER HUT & MT OLLIVIER

April 25-26, 1998

Author: Paul van Kampen

Published in Bulletin 576, May 1998

I was introduced to the club by David Barnes with his annual “Kokako Hunting Expedition” tramps, through work. My first trip with the club was the Dingleburn and it was a great trip. Unfortunately, we had more than our fair share of rain and fog. It was little wonder we were all amazed that our trip to Mueller Hut dawned clear, frosty and oh so fine. When donning packs for a weekend tramp, I always get great pleasure in the thought that I can withdraw no money with my EFT-POS card. Even if I could, the money would be no good to me, as all I need is on my back. None of this, of course, stops Vanessa as she quickly tried to barter my bacon & egg slices for a Moro bar, when the topic of lunch was discussed (of course there was no deal).



Aoraki from the Sealy Tarns (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Lunch at Sealy Tarns was a dream, surrounded by mountains and not a cloud in the sky (bar one tiny cloud beside Mt. Cook, spotted after five minutes of searching by Jonette just to prove me wrong). At this stage Fiona and Kerry had already come as far as originally planned. There was not a second thought for them to decide to carry on up to Mueller Hut, following behind our intrepid leader Stu. Zena, Paul and Vanessa were already up at the hut lazing in the warm sun. With two Paul's on the trip it was too hard to distinguish between the two. Surnames were

too difficult, so with myself having nearly every tramping item purple (I didn't plan it that way!) and Paul being English it was up to Robyn to decide on Purple Paul and Pommy Paul.

A lovely view of avalanches off Mt. Sefton greeted us when we made the ridge and ten minutes became half an hour as we waited for the mountain to turn on more of its thunderous magic. Ten minutes further up the ridge was Mueller Hut and the end to carrying packs. With the sun quickly going down behind the main divide, some of us decided to bag Mt. Ollivier. You must agree it sounds so much better to say you have officially climbed a mountain when talking to work mates, rather than 'I tramped to Mueller Hut in the weekend' (they don't need to know it's only a bump on a ridge, 20 minutes from the hut). Converting 1917 m. to 6290 ft. also helps the cause.



Mt Sefton, The Footstool, Aoraki and Hooker Lake from Mt Ollivier (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Sunset was beautiful, but I was disappointed when the last light faded on Mt. Cook failed to go pink. My faith in God was restored when someone yelled 'quick grab a camera, Mt. Cook is pink', The soup was quickly dropped and a mad rush to cameras was made.

Stu decided to put all three food groups together as one and cooked (by himself) chicken soup and tomato soup with veggie's; quickly followed by a pasta, potato and fish dish and a pasta and meat dish. We were all full but managed to push ourselves to eat grapes, cheese and crackers, fruit salad, boysenberries and cream, meringues, and lamingtons. I could go on but I'm sure you are drooling by now. Not wanting to move we decided to play charades and a mind game devised by Stu. Having such a great viewpoint and clear starry skies I decided to get out of the stuffy hut. I lay on a rock and watched shooting stars and the lights of the Hermitage while Mt. Sefton kept me awake by rumbling seracs off the end of ice shelves. A

warm night was had by all with 16 people fitting into 12 bunks (hard to fall out when you're packed like sardines in a can!).

My internal alarm clock rang at 7am to see another beautiful sunrise and clear skies (there was one or two clouds, fortunately Jonette was still in bed). Time was on our side, and we played in the snow, rock hopped over nature's quarry and pushed boulders off Mt. Ollivier trying to match Mt. Sefton (I think you know who won that battle). As we descended to Sealy Tarns it got hotter and hotter. I was tempted to go in for a swim. It was cold though and I only made it to knee deep and threw some water over my head - I need to harden up, although who would go swimming at the end of April, 1250 m up in the Aoraki Mt. Cook National Park?? As the sun slipped behind Mt. Sefton and the valley floor went into shadow Paul couldn't help but mention he had the Monday off and would think of us at work when he woke after a sleep in.



Hermitage, Hooker Valley and the confluence with the Tasman, from Mt Ollivier (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Sunset slipped into night as I watched the stars on the ride home, bopping to techno music with Chris, Jenny and Brad. Trust Brad to point out a star called Beetlejuice that twinkled like a red strobe light! A great weekend was had by all, thanks to Chris and Ton., The company was great, the tramp leisurely and the weather perfect.

Paul Van Kampen for the Mueller Hut party, Kerry Stratton, Zena Roderique, Vanessa Johnson, Fiona Baker, Paul Grey, Robyn Bell, Stu Mathieson and Jonette Service.

MUELLER HUT

April 25-26, 1998

Author: Fiona Baker

Published in Bulletin 576, May 1998

On Friday evening approx. 6:15 the majority of us left the clubrooms. And after Eric's valiant but unsuccessful efforts at trying to contact the Hampden Takeaways (previously voted best takeaway shop) we phoned our orders thru' to Oamaru and stopped there for tea. The van trip did include astronomy lessons, taking advantage of the wonderful clear skies and seeing the Southern Aurora (southern lights?). After dropping the keen Ball Pass people off at their accommodation in the Tasman Valley we headed over to the shelter at the camping grounds (our accommodation) meeting up with Stuart, Robyn and Paul.



Mueller Hut and Aoraki / Mt Cook (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Saturday a.m. after varying degrees of sleep, breakfast and hot drinks we were on our way along the flat about 9am accompanied by Vanessa's rendition of Michael Jackson's "Thriller". It was onwards and up upwards next (but I'm told tramping always seems to be this way) with Vanessa, Zena and Pom Paul, travelling ahead, arriving at the hut about 12:30 while the remainder of us took our time. Often stopping to appreciate the wonderful warm weather, excellent views, brilliant company and of course on the odd occasion to catch our breath. The track varied from being steps made from sleepers to shale and the rock garden which I found to be a real confidence booster. On arriving at Mueller Hut there was still heaps of time to admire the views, avalanches and the sunset. Stuart did a brilliant job taking charge of the cooking arrangements for all of us, resulting with a menu, if not equal to but superior than what, I was sure, was being offered at The Hermitage that night. Entertainment consisted of

charades and a mind game, which we all enjoyed, including the family of five and the two American climbers (one who bore a striking resemblance to Val Kilmer). After yet another wonderful look at the night sky - bedtime. (Some did find this interesting - as the hut slept 12 and there were 16 of us), however, Robyn was heard to have said during the night something along the lines of "hey guys, I'm under here and you are squashing me".



Mt Sefton from Mueller Hut (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Those of us who weren't trapped in bed, took the opportunity to watch the sunrise, it was amazing. And I'm sure those of us who were at Alan Dove's visit to the club about photography found it very useful. Next was a leisurely breakfast followed by the conquering of Mt Ollivier by Jonette, Robyn, Stuart, Pom Paul and Purple Paul (so named 'cos he was so colour coordinated even his torch was purple). Finally, it came time to leave (Vanessa and Zena travelled down earlier, to take the time to explore the Hooker Valley) stopping for lunch again at Sealy Tarns. Going down from Sealy Tarns actually seemed harder than going up, with some of us admitting to sore legs over the next couple of days. After contemplating a trip to The Hermitage for a drink, we ran out of time with the Ball Pass people turning up. Then back to Dunedin for us, stopping at Twizel for tea. A wonderful weekend. Thanks to our group leaders Stuart and Vanessa, Chris and Tony for organising the trip and also the drivers for getting us there and back safely.

The brilliant company of our group included - Robyn, Stuart, Vanessa, Zena, Jonette, Purple Paul, Pom Paul, Kerri and Fiona (author)

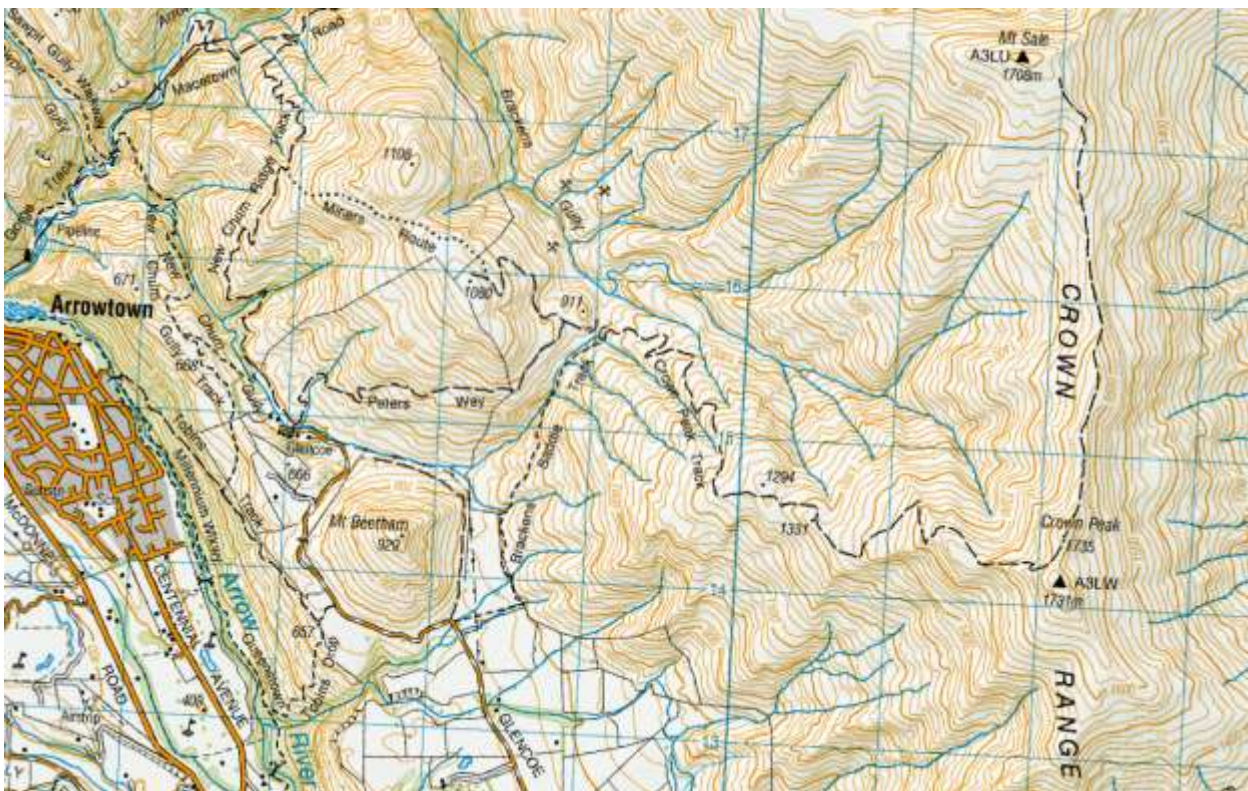
MACETOWN – CARDRONA I (75TH TRAVERSE)

May 9-10, 1998

Author: Chris Wells

Published in Bulletin 577, June 1998

Friday 9 May and after another frantic week, it's the weekend again. A leisurely cruise home from work, observing the road rules of course, last minute stuffing of the pack and a quick shower, scoff tea down and off to the roadside to meet the van. Greetings to all, making my way to the back of the van to the only seat left. Settling down to a restful couple of hours before our scheduled stop for tea at Roxburgh. After we had gorged ourselves in readiness for the weekend tramping, we're on the road again, onward to Arrowtown.



C

A hardy bunch (others would say different) fifteen in all, three parties of five. Each party to tackle the task at hand from a different starting point in the morning. Our campsite for the Friday night being the side of the Arrow River, just behind the shops in Arrowtown. Four tents in all were erected for the group. Lynda and Vanessa deciding to camp out with a difference, sleeping in the trailer and Stuart sleeping out under the stars.

A very sociable start to the day, rising at 7am to a very fine, sunny day. All three parties away and we were the third to depart. Our destination being Crown Peak at 1735m. From our roadside camp we headed east and on to Tobin's Track which led us around the base of Mt. Beetham onto Glencoe Road. At the fork in the road, on the northeastern side of Mt. Beetham, we left the road heading onto Glencoe Station.

Across the paddock for about ¼ km before our ascent of the main ridge to about 1330 m. before once again meeting up with a farm track. We took every opportunity along the way to stop and smell the roses, looking back over the incredible views of Arrowtown, Lake Hayes and Lake Wakatipu and taking the odd action shot. Stopped for lunch at about 1.15 p.m. just below Crown Peak, off to the side of the track in a sheltered and very sunny spot. After lunch we continued to climb to Crown Peak at 1735 m. Once again stopping to smell the roses and some more mandatory action shots. At this point we were about halfway through our journey. From Crown Peak we travelled along the ridge for about 3½ km to Mt. Sale at 1708 m. Along the ridge we were able to look down into the Cardrona and found a good source of water, on the Cardrona side of the ridge, along with a good, if not quite flat campsite alongside the small creek. We made camp about 4.30-5.00 p.m., with tents up and into the meal thing.

Starting with Vanessa's soup, full of lots of good stuff, noodles and veggies and rice and hot to warm the body. After soup came Nigel's mighty noodles, veggies and really thick sauce for the meat-eating animals amongst us, beer sticks. My part of the meal thing was to prepare dessert. My choice for this was four different flavours of instant pudding. Preparing the correct amount of milk powder before leaving home, mixing each different flavour and allowing to set. Took some time to get the rainbow effect in the clear plastic dessert bowls (cut down from ½ litre drink bottles, took up very little room in my pack as they were jammed full of spare clothing and socks - all clean). The dessert masterpiece was topped off with three boysenberries each, whipped cream and chocolate teardrops. Once we had finished our dessert, 600 mls each, we could hardly breath, let alone move.

Once the meal thing was over and teeth brushed, etc., we, all five of us, adjourned to the largest of our two tents, for the entertainment section of the evening. Card games, with torches beaming down on the playing arena, let the games begin. The card game we played originated from one called 'Speed or Pig'. To add a touch of OTMC uniqueness Lynda, or was it Vanessa or was it Nigel, anyway someone suggested we add a dare at the end of each hand. The winner got to dare the loser to do something in the tent. Weird things like Lynda having to crawl through Nigel's sleeping bag head first and coming out the feet end, Chris having to take his t-shirt off from under his top two layers of clothing, Vanessa having to crawl under the bed rolls in the tent without anyone moving off them, Nigel having to support his weight on his hands and his elbows pressing against his knees plus lots of other weird stunts. Meanwhile Ken lay bewildered and not really sure if he was awake or asleep and dreaming in his sleeping bag jammed up against one side of the tent.

At about 9 p.m. Linda and Vanessa adjourned to their tent next door and we three lads drifted off to sleep. The silence was occasionally broken with natural rumbles and 'come on guys, it's time to move back up the slope'. Nigel lay outside gazing upward at the brilliant clear night sky with cries of amazement at the falling stars and flashes of light on the horizon. Morning came all too soon for some with some being told to 'shut up and go back to sleep' at 7 a.m. We were all vertical by about 9 a. m, fed and on the track again by 11 a.m. What a cruisy day.

Along the ridge again, heading towards Cardrona ski field, rising and falling along the ridge to about the 83 grid line, where we all decided to sidle across to meet up with a farm track and descend to the Crown Range Road, The previous afternoon Tony's group had descended from

Mt. Sale and made camp about 100 m, from ours, so a lot of the Sunday's tramping was done as one large party. Tales of the previous days tramping, both camp evenings, meals and entertainment echoed along the trail. We made the road at a number of different points, turned left and headed for the Cardrona Pub, to make sure it was still there, and of course pick up the van. Changed, ate lunch at about 3 p. m. and settled the dust (yes, the pub is still there!), Into the van and over the crown range to Arrowtown, pick up the other party, more stories and chin wagging and ice creams at Arrowtown. Van, car and trailer loaded and reloaded before off to Roxburgh for tea. Back on the road again, safe and sound to be back in town by about 8.30 p.m.

Thanks to Lynda Jaket for arranging a fantastic tramp, and also the other trip members for making it a great weekend.

Chris Wells for Vanessa Johnson, Nigel Boydell, Lynda Jaket and Ken Mason.

MACETOWN – CARDRONA II (75TH TRAVERSE)

May 9-10, 1998

Author: Shelley Coleman

Published in Bulletin 577, June 1998

For many people the third leg of the OTMC 75th Traverse was in fact the second! I was one of those who had done the Big Bay leg but missed out on the Easter trip. This, however, did nothing to dampen our enthusiasm for a trip over the Crown Range at a time of year when Central is really showing off. The Friday night camp spot at Arrowtown was both beautiful and convenient for the start in the morning. Even by moonlight the Autumn foliage was looking good.



There were to be three groups with one driving the bus over to the Cardrona Pub and doing the opposite route to us over the weekend and the third going a different way, following the main ridge. Morning broke sunny and brisk and the hardy three or four who had done the whole Traverse ran off to ensure that they started from where they'd finished last time. Our group including Tony, Vivienne, Peter, el President Robyn and myself set off up the four-wheel drive track along the Arrow River heading back the way towards Macetown before branching off up Soho Creek. It is a beautiful valley, full of interesting old mining details. We could see the route we were to take up to the back of the Cardrona ski area stretching out before us. The day got better and better and by morning tea we were feeling a bit hard done by to be down in the valley. So, the first committee of the day was formed, and a quorum was reached on the decision to abandon our original game plan and cut straight up and follow the ridgeline along in the sunshine.

To do this we had a 100m battle with some cunning bush lawyer, which had subtlety wrapped itself around every handhold on the steep bouldery bit. Thanks, Tony, for giving us a haul up! Blood was drawn but as they say, no cuts, no bruises, no proof. After that it was still a steep climb up onto the ridge, but the grass seemed luxurious after the scrub. We had a late lunch just below the first summit where another committee was formed to decide whether the shiny object to be seen way up the road to Macetown was a moving shed, one of several 4WD vehicles we had spotted earlier or indeed something stranger than that. Unanimity was not reached and el Presidente had to use her casting vote on this one.

Shortly after lunch we reached the top in a stiff cold breeze to be greeted by great views in every direction - Hawea in the distance one way, Wakatipu in another. We could see the route the other party had taken up Crown Peak and, lo and behold, we then spotted them about an hour ahead of us on the ridge. I guess they must've been surprised to see us as we weren't supposed to be there. We had already decided that we would drop off the back at the first place where it looked like there would be water and camp but, lo and behold again, when we got there the others were already down there little specks in the tussock. It was good bum sliding territory and I think Vivienne and Robyn found this a most rewarding form of transport.

Camp spots were few amongst the tussock, so the two groups camped apart but within sight and hollering distance. They were playing some interesting 'games' in their tents that we could hear! We got the loo with the view. This was the first outing of Robyn's new Olympus tent so a committee had to be formed to decide on a name for her. Debate was quite hot and raged over several courses of food. So much in fact that we all had to go and have a lie down for a couple of hours before eating pudding. During which time the weather threw some quick squalls and gusts of wind just to test the tent before returning to glorious full moonlight in time for tea and a toast to "Sophie" in a wee dram of the hard stuff.

The next day we had a convivial and pleasant stroll further along the ridge before dropping off through farmland to the wonderful Cardrona Hotel. Thanks to Tony for driving us and the trailer back over the Crown Range road to pick up the others allowing us more views of the Autumn glory of the trees around Arrowtown. Another great part of the great Traverse.

Shelly Coleman for Robyn, Vivienne, Peter and Tony.

POPLAR HUT AND BEYOND

Date not recorded

Author: Sharon St Clair-Newman

Published in Bulletin 578, July 1998

Wouldn't you think you knew what you were in for after spending a weekend away with Doug Forrester recently, not to assume a little stroll into Poplar Hut would end there. Perhaps I am just too trusting or maybe really a masochist at heart.

I suggested to Doug that we spend a day over Queens Birthday visiting Big Hut on the Rock and Pillars, but the uncertain weather forecast forced me to play it safe and opt for something closer to home. As it was, the day dawned fine and clear and I regretted my indecision. Doug called for us enroute to Whare Flat and by 9.30 a.m. we were on our way to Boulder Hill via the Chalkies Track. Pete and I liked the look of the easier round trip until Doug discretely called us back to the turnoff with a muffled clearing of his throat. OK, he felt he was ready for this so we went along with him (I hope the old Buggar can do it). This was the route of the club marathon and we soon bypassed the trig and crossed the fence to follow the 4x4 road down to the creek, not the scramble through the gorse I remembered from my marathon circuit a few years ago, a dignified dawdle in comparison.

After passing the turnoff for the half marathon we took a right turn before the old Pyramid Hut site and followed an overgrown 4x4 track, which took us down to the ford before our second climb for the day. Here I began to suspect he might be up to it as we shot up the hill at a great rate of knots, only the decrease in conversation indicating all three of us were working harder. Over the top and left again to find the track down through the grass to Poplar Hut, which was now in view.

Chatting earlier we had been given an inkling of an idea our old mate had been harbouring since prehospital days. If we continued up Mt. John until we cleared the trees we could swing a right and hopefully sidle across to Long Ridge for the return journey. Unfortunately a glance at the map at home had shown that the only possible route (bar bush bashing) was to go up to Pulpit Rock and around, a long haul from here.

We tossed it around while sitting on beach chairs found in Poplar Hut as we ate lunch and decided we would carry on up to Mt. John for a look anyway as the day would be a bit short without it. I think Pete will forever regret not trying to talk us out of it at this stage. Well, you know Doug and I, when we get an idea we're like a dog with a bone, we won't let go easily.

After reaching the gate at the top of the trees (half an hour after leaving the bottom, he had us in overdrive), we took our right turn and followed the bulldozed track, passing the waterhole Doug suggested would make a great swimming hole - maybe next time - and a discussion ensued. We could see the Pyramid Hut site away back in the distance, and the top of Pulpit Rock peeping over the ridge ahead of us. It was now 2.10 p.m. and I was sure it was almost as far back as forward!! Why go back over old tracks when we can pioneer a new route. We dropped into the creek and out the other side onto the worst up of the day, just as well the

cattle had been there before us, they had left little steps in the mud with their hooves. We had allowed an hour to get across here and made it to the top in 25 minutes!!



Poplar Hut – Mt Allan area (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Feeling a bit more confident about getting out before midnight we began a discussion as to whether a search party would be organised for us, or would the powers be feel if we were stupid enough to have a go, we could find our own way out. We guessed the latter and picked up the pace.

By now I was in my element, on the tops, a view and a challenge, what a great day. Once we had crossed Mt. Allan we began to look for a shortcut across the tussock to reach the 4x4 onto Pulpit Rock. Here the second "discussion" took place. By now Pete decided we had really lost it and was sure if we carried on down this road we must eventually meet Big Stream and could take a zig zag track up to Long Ridge marked on the map. I didn't like the idea of floundering around in the bush so late in the day and opted to stay on the roads in case we lost the light. We all had torches so a track shouldn't be too hard to follow. After Doug's casting vote we made our way across the tussock and up to Pulpit Rock, down Long Ridge (cup of coffee en route) and found the turn off to Powder Ridge about 5.00 p.m. A quick descent through scrub and tussock had us into the track proper by 5.15 p.m. with torches out at 5.30 p.m. when we struggled to see the track. Here the fun really started as the track was quite muddy on the steep sections and two hands were often needed to swing off the trees on the way down. My torch, a Maglite, spent most of the next hour and a half clenched in my teeth! Just as well they're my own, Doug had to carry his!!

The weir was negotiated and the last muddy section completed before arriving back at the car about 7.15 p.m. A truly wonderful day - almost 10 hours, I would recommend it to any fit

party, maybe leaving a little earlier would be a help. Pete's now talking to me again, I'm not sure if Marie is, I haven't been game to ring Doug in case she answers the phone. Doug rang me and insisted he had a great day, luckily I answered the phone as Pete won't let me plan trips with Doug again, I think he'll hang up on him, Such is life.



Forestry roads from the Poplar Hut are to the Silver Peaks – Pulpit Rock on the right (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Sharon St Clair-Newman for Peter Aitcheson and Doug Forrester

P.S. I haven't told Pete but I've mentioned to Doug that I'd like to look at that track Pete suggested, might make a good medium trip someday.

JUST THE BEES KNEES (EYRE MOUNTAINS)

May 16-17, 1998

Author: Sharon St Clair-Newman

Published in Bulletin 578, July 1998

The Phoenix has risen, and his name is Doug Forrester. Don't let the old B... kid you that he's down and out. He's back and he's not so bad!! Reading Jonathan Wood's account of his trip to the Eyre Forest (April Bulletin) was enough to shelve a crossing of Steel Creek by Pete and myself to try a new area. Jonathan gave a good account of the trip in his article, but I'd like to add a few additional points we encountered on the way. A phone call to Doug the previous Tuesday included mention of a traverse along the tops, and this was enough to sway him from his intention of visiting Liverpool Biv that weekend.

We found ourselves at Five Forks Homestead on Friday 15 May, about 9.30 p.m. and being unsure of where to go from here (we were practically in the front garden). Doug and I knocked on the door to be greeted by a very friendly and helpful Wallace Drummond, who not only went to great lengths to describe the route to the hut but opened the gate and closed it behind us, after explaining where to park the car further up the road. He suggested we carry on to the bridge ahead and park over it rather than leaving the car on the side of the road.

One and a half hours easy 4x4 track (large puddles and a couple of creeks included) brought us to Cutty Grass Flat. It was here we found the first of the map anomalies. The hut is not situated at the end of the flat but further on through the next patch of bush. Watch for a fork in the 4x4 track, take the right track which now supports a very fine cairn as well as a piece of red ribbon moved from further up the track. The hut can be found after about five minutes. If a stream is crossed, then you've gone too far.

Next day we found the next variation - a reason why Jonathan may not have found the track to Mt. Bees. It is before the stream, not after as marked on the map. It also supports a very fine cairn; we were getting very good at this! We can't attest for its condition as the rain was persisting by now so plan B was put into action and we headed for Cromel Branches Hut for lunch. A very good plan as it turned out, Huey had heard Doug was out tramping again so welcomed him back with open arms and invited the wind along for company. We were pleased we were in the bush. This hut was just as tidy as the Cromel Base hut, four bunks, open fire but not for us that night. We felt we needed to be further on for an easier day on Sunday.

We had no idea of the condition of Irthing Biv., how many bunks or even how long it would take us to get there but all worked out well. Two and a half hours saw us on the saddle, not bad as the sign at the top showed two and three quarters of an hour back. We were at Irthing Biv. within an hour. Another point to watch when coming out onto the flat - look for markers and re-enter the bush on the left twice more. The flats are covered with hidden rocks and very nasty scrub as we found out the next day after going further upstream to find a more shallow creek crossing.

Irthing Biv is a wee honey, two bunks although the bottom bunk is wider and will sleep two, top and tailed, quite comfortably. Open fire, plenty of wood and a stream about two feet away.

Once more in a great condition. I can't understand why more trampers don't visit this area. We were on the tops in less than two hours the next day after an easy climb back onto the saddle and through the bush to the tussock at the end of the ridge. The tracks in the area are all very well marked by new DOC orange plastic markers and the track itself is easy to follow in most places. If coming in from the Mt, Bees huts the track to the saddle can be found in the bottom right hand corner of the ridge marked by a large arrow on the ground after following a couple of cairns. From our direction we climbed up onto the ridge to gain some wonderful views on a day that had started with a good frost in the valley and opened onto a perfect day in the sun. An easy traverse was made through rock and tussock until we reached the 4x4 track which took us to Mt. Bees Huts for lunch, after quite a dawdle allowing time for lollies, photos and any other excuse we could find to prolong our time up here.

Mt. Bees huts turned out to be a small village by tramping standards. A larger hut - kitchen/lounge type with pot belly, table and chairs and cupboards; sleeping hut divided by a small porch, four bunks each with table, chairs, mirror and drawers; alongside which looks to the beginning of a shower/toilet block. Easily accessible by four-wheel drive, this hut would be very popular in the summer.

As I said earlier, I cannot attest for the condition of Mt Bees track because we didn't find it. We found the start of it and a bit in the middle but lost the bit at the end. For those who want to have a go from the top, there is a large cairn marked on the edge of the bush which didn't indicate a track at all. So, we followed around to the left on the edge of a clearing and went bush again where we picked up the track only to lose it again after the next clearing. After searching around for a while, we just headed downhill through open bush and came out about five minutes upstream from our first crossing of Cromel Stream. We crossed over at this point and picked up the track on the other side. From here it was back to the stream crossing point and along the 4x4 track to the car.

Two fairly long days. Nine hours on Saturday and 9.5 hours on Sunday, but not hard days. A trip I would thoroughly recommend, and the company of my two companions Peter Aitcheson and Doug Forrester made it a great weekend.

Sharon St Clair-Newman

CATLINS COASTAL AREA

July 28, 1998

Author: Chris Wells

Published in Bulletin 579, August 1998

Roadside once again, ready and waiting for a ride to the Catlins. An area so close to our own backyard, yet so different. Almost like stepping back in time. If you haven't been there, take the time and make the less than two-hour trip, to be amidst this amazing area with so many different attractions. Our day's activities started at Curio Bay. Reading the information supplied at this site tells us that Curio Bay may be one of the world's best examples of a fossilized forest. Also, lots of rock pools for the small and big kids to explore. Another attraction, seaweed balls to pop on through at your playmates. A low tide is needed to get the best out of this attraction.



Back into the cars and up the road to Cathedral Caves. A short stroll through the forest on a well-formed track to the beach then along the beach to the caves. At low tide you are able to walk through the caves and come out another entrance further up the coast. Only a few of us were able to make the through trip of the caves without getting wet feet and for the more adventurous, the tide lapping up well over the knees couldn't keep them out. Back down the beach, up the track to the car park and a welcome stop for lunch.

After food, out came the frisbee and the games began. All aboard and on the road again, to Lake Wilkie. Then out onto the board walk to the mud flats, all sticking to the boardwalk! Walking to and from the lake is about ten minutes through mature native forest.

All aboard once again, in the safe hands of our drivers, to the next fantastic special spot; Purakaunui Falls. Another short easy 10–15-minute stroll through mature forest on a well-

formed track. Taking the time to stop and read up on some of our native trees, well-marked, along the track, great to brush up on one's recognition skills.

All aboard and onwards to Jack's Bay. Cars are neatly parked facing homeward, ready for an easy get-a-way. From this parking area to Jack's Blowhole is about an easy 20–30-minute walk over rolling farmland, well-marked by DoC. The blowhole is a natural feature caused by the undercutting action of the sea. Jack's Blowhole is about 200 m. wide and 75 m. long. The Blowhole is named after Chief Tuhawaiki (Bloody Jack). This is a feature well worth taking the time to see.



Tunnel Hill tunnel on the now removed Catlins River railway (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

By the time we all arrived back at Jack's Bay it was almost dark. Most decided to return home from this point. One carload decided to make the most of the day and our next stop was Tunnel Hill. A very interesting walk too and through the old Railway Tunnel. This tunnel was part of the Balclutha to Owaka Railway. The tunnel was excavated by hand and took from 1893 to 1895 and is about 250 m. long. We saw a number of glow worms at both ends of the tunnel, time being 6.15 p.m. To get the best out of this part of the trip, take a torch and leave it until night to view the glow worms.

Take the time to see some of this fantastic scenery right in your own backyard, less than two hours travel. There is also plenty of accommodation at campsites if you want to make it a weekend trip.

Thanks, Nigel, for organizing a fantastic day trip.

Chris Wells for Lynda Jaket, Jenny Lowe, Jeff Brown, Sarah Smellie, Tony Malcolm, Wilbert Stokman, Debbie Nicholus, Richard Barker, Trevor Blogg, Tony Campbell, Yvonne Auld, Georgina Barnes and Paul van Kampen.

MAVORA LAKES

August 15-16, 1998

Author: Jeff Brown

Published in Bulletin 580, September/October 1998

Walking across frozen tarns and bogs, tramping for ten hours while it was snowing including two hours in the dark, and finishing it off with a sauna complete with semi-naked Swedes - sounds like fun??? And that was only the first day!

Saturday dawned cool and clear after a most comfortable night in the Lodge. A good find Ian! After a quick look at the amount of snow, or lack of it, we decided on a change of route in favour of the southeast ridge leading to Mt Cerberus. The plan was to gain the ridge and continue along it as far as we felt comfortable, then traverse across to the southern ridge which would take us down towards the Kiwiburn and the hut. A pleasant walk down the Mararoa River was followed by over an hour of bush bashing up the ridge through some very dense young beech. Gaining the open tussock of the ridge occurred just as it started to snow moderately.

I had been asking all week for some snow, so I was quite pleased. A bit of a trudge up to a trig overlooking the South Mavora Lake was followed by covering up any remaining bits of exposed flesh and lunch out of the wind but not the snow. Rather than returning the way we had come we decided to continue with our original plan but drop off the ridge to get out of the wind and do a much longer sidle to get to the south-east ridge. Some impromptu self-arrest practice was given by a number of soft snow slopes until we came across a large tarn (100m x 50m). After digging into 6 inches of ice and still finding no water we decided it was safe to cross. Diego suggested we camp the night there given there was a nice flat surface to sleep on! Several hours of sidling through snow and very large tussock found us on the south-east ridge and ready to go down as it was already 4 pm. We discovered a sparsely marked track down the ridge but lost it further down and after much time was spent without success trying to find it, we decided to just bash down the ridge. By this time, it was snowing heavily even in the bush.

We emerged into a large snow covered clearing with metre high tussock. It looked like a bog but the surface under foot was remarkably uniform and easy going. Further scientific exploration with our ice axes confirmed that it was indeed a bog, but we were walking on the frozen water surface! The end of the clearing was reached just on dark. Rather than bivvy under a fly a unanimous decision was reached to find the track out of the clearing and reach the hut by headlamp. After two further hours of tramping on a well-defined, yet at times hard to find track in the dark and snow, we reached the Kiwiburn Hut at 8 pm, much to the surprise of its occupants. The fire was roaring, and the temperature was in excess of 30 °C creating a sauna-like effect for the merry (hic!) 4 young Tech students from Invercargill. After some embarrassing comments and hasty covering of fleshier parts, we settled in for the night.

Sunday was brilliantly fine, and we followed the loop track up the Kiwiburn over snow covered clearings and then back to the Mararoa River, covering some of the same country as the previous evening. Emerging back at the south lake swing bridge we had a late lunch on the beach and settled down to a lazy afternoon admiring the views. Falling temperatures saw the

emergence of three brightly coloured down mummies - not your usual beach attire! A late pick up saw Ian's daughter near Gore putting on a superb meal at short notice for 14 tired and hungry trampers - thanks!

Thanks to Diego Seitz and Paul Gray for their company and excellent teamwork in route finding which was challenging at times in the dark and snow.



MAVORA LAKES

August 15-16, 1998

Author: Molte Stoll

Published in Bulletin 580, September/October 1998

The start of our Mavora Lake weekend could not have been better - the Otago Highlanders won their game on Friday night. We arrived rather late at a beautiful Lodge and had therefore a nice sleep in on Saturday. Then the easy group consisting of Liz, Jenny, Natalie, Ian and me started their international New Zealand, French and German tramping weekend at the Mavora Lakes with sunshine, blue sky and a lovely warmth that welcomed us. Liz had the great idea to carry in some wood to enable us a nice snugly fire in the cold hut, which on the other hand meant that everyone had to carry extra weight.

First the 'Fit Ones' had to be dropped off at the southern lake and the rest drove further up to the middle of the northern lake - the start of our track. We left the bus behind and walked either through the dense bush or at the shore of Mavora Lake for about 1½ hours before we reached the open prairie. Still the weather was fine, and we decided to have our first short break in the sun after at least two hours tramping. Photos were taken and the weight of our packs decreased. Unfortunately, it started to drizzle soon after that and we had to change quickly into our rain gear. But after another hour of walking in the rain and wind we finally managed to reach Carey's Hut and got rid of all the wood we were carrying in our backpacks - personally I would have never believed that wood is so heavy. With the members of the medium group, we had a nice lunch enjoying the beautiful view over the lake.

After we turned the energy level back to full three of us started heading to Boundary Hut in the rain and on very muddy tracks. Liz found an abandoned camera laying in a puddle - but we weren't able to find the owner. Exhausted and very thirsty we finally reached Boundary Hut and met some boys who spent their weekends there. As we hadn't any other choice - the hut was already full - we walked back the same way we came in. On our way we sorely tried to find an international song that everyone was able to sing - English, French and German - but after a rather long time we gave up.

We reached Carey's Hut just when the snow slowly came down. A great time to start preparing a wonderful dinner with soup, noodles, and veggies and after all that the loveliest dessert I ever had - unfortunately I don't remember the name and didn't get the recipe. So, we sat in front of the smoking fire, enjoyed a lovely dinner - crying, getting up, opening a window because of the smoke, getting up, closing the window because of the cold and the snow. When we woke up the next morning we experienced a frozen hut, had a short breakfast to remove all the leftover food and found the surrounding landscape all covered with a thin layer of snow. That's why we decided to go back the same way because the European equipment is unfortunately not good enough for snow experiences. This meant walking back in the snow, watching the footprints of some unidentified animals, spotting hares and birds.

Finally, we arrived at the bus and drove straight back to the lodge, enjoyed sitting in the sun for two hours and had another international chat about the differences between the New Zealand and European lifestyle - which are as a result in a nutshell not huge at all.



REMARKABLE ROCK

September 6, 1998

Author: Ian Sime

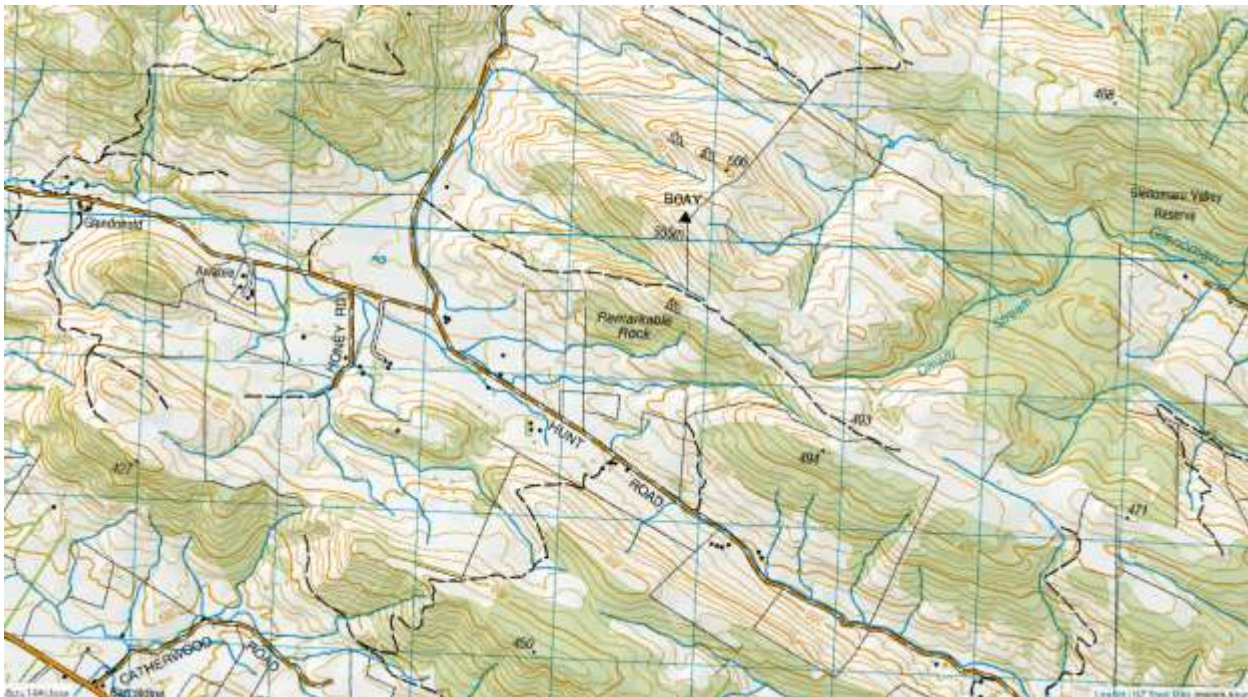
Published in Bulletin 580, September/October 1998

Ten of us in 3 cars left Young St in windy SW weather, met up with the Pettinger family in Balclutha to make a 14 strong group, and carried on through Kakapuaka, Waitapeka and the Puerua Valley Road to where the track on Hays run leads up to the Rock. The wind helped us up the ridge, but a prolonged shower before we reached the Rock persuaded us to make our way round to the north side, where we lunched in bright sunshine under the vertical face in the least exposed spot we could find.

Ten of us then scrambled through rocks and thick vegetation on to the east end of the Rock. Rain over the last three days had made the lichen covered rocks slippery, and with the strong wind, everyone agreed it was not safe to traverse the Rock. We made our way in groups by various routes back to the cars, rejoicing at having survived wind, rain, mud, and a scramble.

Our route home took us to Lochindorb, then over their farm road to the Kaihiku Gorge, and eventually to the main road at Carterhope. Ice creams were too much for some of us at North Balclutha - Tony fed the last of his to an obliging dog in the back of a conveniently stopped van!

Richard Barber, Robyn Bell, Claire Butler, Tony Campbell, Megan Johnston, Richard, Tracy, Vincent and Rosa Pettinger; Richard Schwarffeger, Ian Sime, Malte Stoll, Bronwen Strang, Himali Vitanachv.



REMARKABALE SNOWCRAFT

September 5-6, 1998

Author: Jacqui Cornelissen

Published in Bulletin 580, September/October 1998

One van and two carloads left the OTMC clubrooms at 6.15 pm on Friday night (we had to wait for Jay!). Those of us in the van then spent half an hour at the East Taieri dairy waiting for Wim, who didn't show up. Jay left a few messages for him and I jokingly suggested he must've fallen asleep. About 7.40 pm, not far from Milton, Jay's phone rang - it was Wim and he had been asleep! It was arranged that we would stop for fish'n'chips in Milton and he could meet us there. So after all that we arrived at the Kawarau Falls Holiday Park about 11 pm, the others having arrived an hour earlier. Lynda, Nigel, Vanessa and Jay showed us how to adjust our crampons and fit them to our boots, and then it was time for bed (12.30 am).



Self-arresting practice on an OTMC Snowcraft course (PHOTO Matt Corbett)

Up bright and early at 7 am on Saturday, we set off to the ski field at 8.30 am. Once there, we left the vehicles in the overnight car park and practised walking in the adjacent snow. We then walked up towards Lake Alta and just over from the chairlifts we put on crampons and

practiced walking with them - a funny sight as you have to walk with your feet wide apart, so as not to stab yourself in the foot or accidentally damage your clothes. After that we walked over to the basin area by Lake Alta, ate our lunch and then dug our snow caves. Most of us had 2 or 3 attempts before actually making any progress as we kept hitting rock or finding snow tussock. We had finished by about 5 pm, there being two caves for a group of 5 each, one for a group of 4, with Mark using a cave that was already there and Jay and Jeff using their own tents.

Now it was time for dinner, and my food group, which included Jeff, Jay and Diego, had mushroom soup, spaghetti bolognese, noodles and parmesan cheese, with lemon meringue pie and cream for dessert! YUM! It started to snow while we were still eating, so once dinner was over, everyone got ready for bed (about 7 pm). It took me about 45 mins to get organised, there isn't much room to move around in a snow cave! I shared a snow cave with Fiona, Nigel, Paul Gray and Lynda. We all had a wonderfully cosy night's sleep and woke at 7 am to Fiona pointing out a large snowdrift almost completely blocking off the entrance to our cave! Fortunately, we had a shovel inside with us. As Lynda was first up and organised she was going to dig us out. But next minute Jay's head poked through the gap and he did instead. He had dug everyone else out too, including Jeff, whose tent was totally covered in snow! Our cave had slumped the worst with all the snow during the night (between half to one metre of snow had fallen in our area, according to Jay.) It was like a winter wonderland, though there were snow guns setting off avalanches that spoiled our peaceful surroundings!

It was still snowing, so it was decided we would just head back to the carpark. Halfway there the weather cleared so we still managed to practise self-arresting with an ice axe. Aaaaargh, this I was not looking forward to - in particular, sliding down the slope headfirst and backwards, then having to swivel up and around to throw the ice axe into the snow! Unfortunately, it's a necessary evil and Lynda and Vanessa did an excellent job of showing and helping our group (Fiona, Jonette, Paul Gray, Yvonne and I) to self-arrest. This is part of the course when it's definitely a good idea to be wearing a balaclava and not just a hat beneath your helmet. My jacket hood didn't fit over my helmet and I was only wearing a hat beneath it, so my face, ears and back of my neck got very cold.

We got back to the vehicles about 1 pm and reached the holiday park soon after. They let us use their facilities to get changed and have a brief summary of the trip. Headed off home at 3.30 pm. We all caught up with each other in Alexandra, where we tried to form a pyramid for a group photo (not a very comfortable experience, I might add, having someone's knee in your back!). A more traditional photo was also taken. On the way back, from about Lawrence onwards, we could see the full moon rise and the sunset at the same time! Got to the clubrooms at 7.30 pm. Thanks Lynda, Vanessa, Jay and Nigel for an excellent weekend!

Jacqui Cornelissen on behalf of Lynda Jaket, Vanessa Johnson, Jay Piggott, Nigel Boydell, Diego Sietz, Paul Gray, Paul van Kampen, Wim Roloot, Mark Howard, Fiona Baker, Yvonne Auld, Wendy Archipow, Ben Smith, Aaron Maitland, Jeff Brown and Jonette Service.

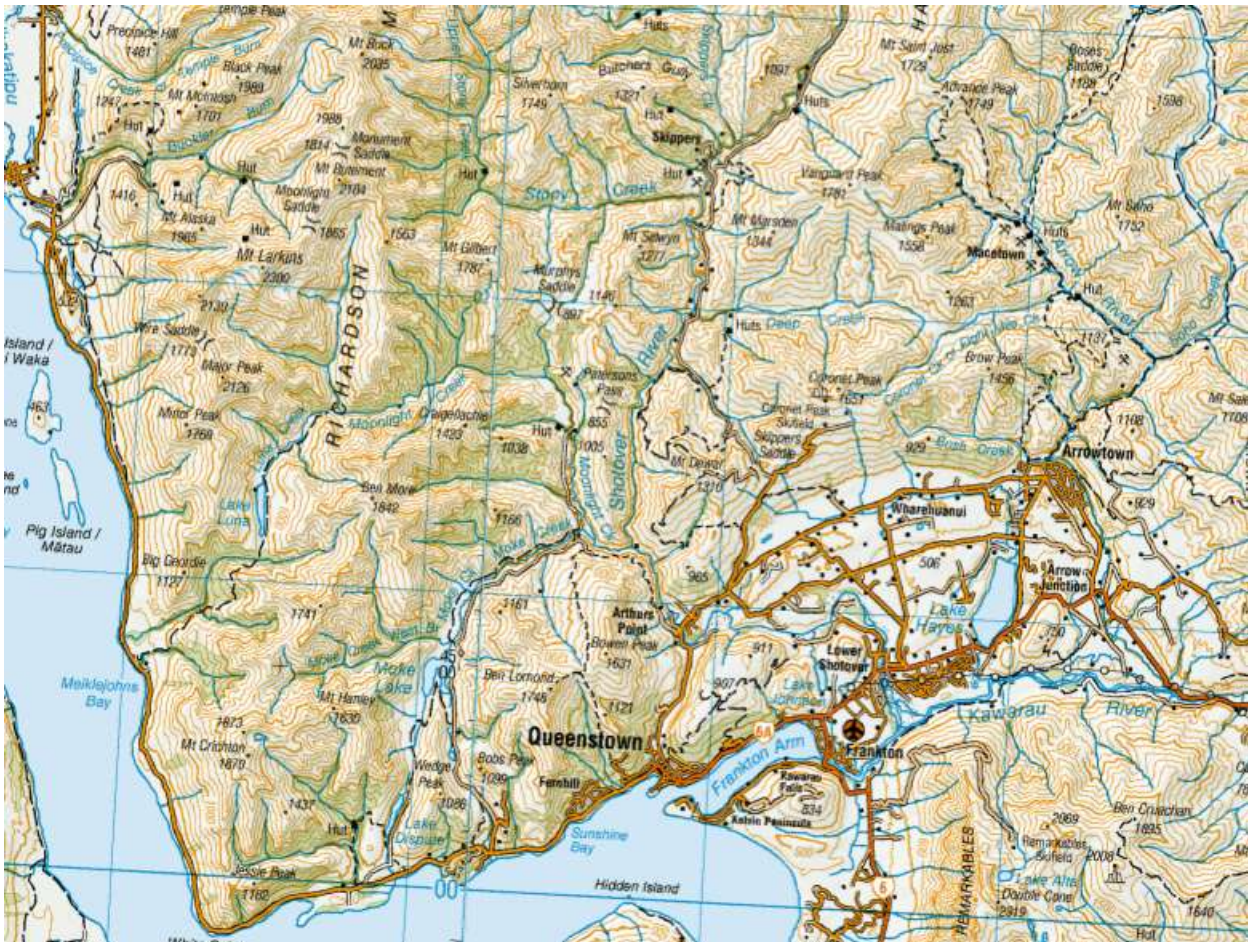
GLENORCHY – ARROWTOWN (75TH TRAVERSE)

April 10-13, 1998

Author: Marc Doesburg

Published in Bulletin 581, November 1998

The second leg of the traverse was undertaken at Easter. Club members were underway on Thursday, some leaving earlier in the day than was normal in order to bicycle between Glenorchy, where the first leg had finished, and Mt Creighton Station, where one of the two tramps constituting the second leg was to begin. (Trevor had driven on with his group to spend the night at Muddy Creek road-end.) The cycling was done by Tony and Chris, who got into the station in the small hours of Friday morning to join the bulk of the party. The night was spent in the relative comfort of the old shearing quarters, and there was even the luxury of a lie-in because the musters wanted to bring some sheep down before we could move off.



The day was a fine one, and we started off at around 10.30 am, climbing up above the creek on a bulldozed farm road which we were to follow for most of the day. The climb was steady, and this began to tell on Alyth who was suffering a bad cold and had had reservations about her fitness. Several hours in she decided it might be prudent to return and make her way to Macetown the following day to join a party that was camping there for the weekend.

We went on and by mid-afternoon had reached Lake Luna, where we were all rewarded for our efforts by Nigel who had brought along a Luna bar each especially for the occasion. Revitalised by these, we skirted the eastern side of the lake and proceeded down Luna Creek to the confluence with Moonlight Creek. Here the track ended, and we had to take to the water for the first time. As we made our way down the true right of the creek, progress slowed somewhat because of some small bluffs, irksome for tired legs. Taking to the water proved to be the quickest option, and we were in and out numerous times crossing from one bank to the other. We were just beginning to get a little concerned that we would not make our objective for the evening, a shearer's hut, and were looking for an alternative campsite, when we came across the hut. There was still enough time to set up camp before Nigel called in on the mountain radio.



Advance Peak from Vanguard Peak (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

We experienced quite a severe frost that night - boots that had been left under tent flies were frozen solid. We set off in the morning cold and keen to be moving, through the creek again a couple of times but sticking to the true right along an old water race where possible. After a few hours we climbed up out of the creek bed as it narrowed and made our way through gold mining remnants up to an old pack-horse trail. This had been kept open from the intruding undergrowth most of the way and made for good going, although eventually we lost it and had to work our way through the brush for some distance before heading back down to Moonlight Creek and crossing over to pick up Jones Creek. Here we spent the third night.

The second day of the tramp involved climbing out of the creek onto another road before heading off east to follow a ridge running up to Mt Selwyn and offering magnificent views of the surrounding countryside. Skippers Canyon became apparent on our right, and we walked

parallel to it for some time before descending via a spur and eventually some splendid scree slopes into the bed of Stony Creek where we ate lunch. Up the other side and through mining debris and a detour past the old schoolhouse we went, before descending down onto the Skippers bridge and crossing the Shotover River. And then we headed up the flanks of Vanguard Peak a third of the way, to spend the night by the side of a convenient creek, some of us enjoying a site with a waterfall en suite.



Looking across to Vanguard Peak above Sylvia Creek from Advance Peak (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

It was a long hard slog up the slopes of Vanguard Peak the following morning into a harsh cold wind. Consequently, we didn't linger long at the top, but made our way down the eastern side into Sylvia Creek which fed into Rich Burn, this in turn flowing into the Arrow. There were many gold mining relics to be seen, but mindful of our rendezvous with the van, we pushed on to Macetown, stopping there only for lunch. And in this quiet place we encountered civilisation again, in the unattractive form of four-wheel drive vehicles making their way up from Arrowtown. We shared the road with them on the way down the Arrow, arriving in town at around 6 pm to be met by Trevor's party, which had gone the alternative route via Robertson's Creek, Sixteen Mile Creek, and Branches Station.

Marc Doesburg for Jeff, Sarah, Ken, Grant, Nigel, Alyth, Chris and Tony.

SILVER PEAKS FOR MASOCHISTS

October 1, 1998

Author: Richard Pettinger

Published in Bulletin 581, November 1998

Five keen masochists turned up to venture out into the unknown. We set off slipping and sliding our way along Green Ridge track, then veering off to the left shortly before reaching Green Hut site. It wasn't long before we were scrambling on our hands and knees, gashing ourselves from bush lawyer, gorse and spaniards. First blood was quick to appear!



Head of the 'Pulpit Rock' branch of the Silverstream (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Unfortunately, due to foggy conditions, visibility made it difficult to distinguish which ridge to descend to Silverstream. We all had turns about at leading, which evened up the abusive comments in the group. I think we all had visions of having lunch in a sunny spot, with a view of course. In reality we had lunch in a creek bed with the temperature dropping by degrees. At that stage we hadn't a clue where we were (except on the Pulpit Rock branch of Silverstream). Where had Silverstream gone??!! It was no use resorting to a map and compass because we weren't carrying them (remember this is a masochist's trip!). Probably would have only fuelled the topic of conversation anyway. We came to the conclusion we should turn back (not the same route though - it would have been impossible to find!). On the way out we accidentally stumbled across last year's attempt at doing the same trip. Group photo time. Heaps of laughs

This was quite an exciting day. I now know another area of the Silver Peaks almost microscopically while untangling myself from bush lawyer and God knows what else. Look out

for Masochists III next year. Pencil it in your diary now. In the meantime it should give the skin a chance for regrowth.

Tony Malcolm for Ross Davies, Debbie Nicholas, Terry Duffield and our leader Richard Pettinger.

WINTER ROUTEBURN

September 12-13, 1998

Author: Paul van Kampen

Published in Bulletin 582, December 1998

Away again after a long week at work, having just done Snowcraft 1&2 the weekend before, it was an ideal opportunity to put new knowledge into practice. Diego, Trevor and I headed away in the car, upon darkness we found out how good aircraft landing lights are in New Zealand highways (wow!). You need sunglasses to read the speed limit signs. After the usual stop for tea in Alexandra and petrol in Queenstown, it was time to take on the Glenorchy road. This was made all the better with a cranked up stereo and the M People 'movin on up.



Lake Harris and Harris Saddle (right) from Conical Hill (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Sunrise and a crisp frost greeted us as we woke at the Routeburn shelter. A geological map made the tramp all the more interesting, especially when I found some nephrite (jade) and talc (make your own talcum powder) rocks at the beginning of the track. The weather was brilliant, and lunch was had at Fall Hut three hours in. Around 2½ hours later we were enjoying views of the Fiordland mountains and Hollyford Valley from Harris Saddle. Now came the hard bit - step making in knee to thigh deep powder snow, for an hour to the top of Conical Hill (mountain!) = 1515m. On the way up Wolfgang kept complaining about the cloud (you can't see the ocean stuff; it's supposed to be third time lucky). Obviously, the cloud follows Wolfgang wherever he goes! Considering we were on the Main Divide we did well to see Mts Tutoko, Madeline, Xenicus and views down the Routeburn. I suggested Wolfgang jumped up and down on the summit as it was only a low cloud which he should be able to 'sea' over.

Fiona was declared an 'honorary bloke' for her effort (our party was Trevor, Diego, Wolfgang Eric, Fiona and I).

Trevor gave us some training on self-arrest (he wouldn't go down until we got it right!). Once we mastered the technique, boy did we come down in a hurry! It's amazing how fast you can descend with PVC overtrousers and an ice axe as a rudder! Some of us went too fast and lost our sunglasses (Diego), amazingly enough however they were found. It was 5pm at the emergency shelter and the sun was going down. Brilliantly we made Falls Hut at 6.30pm just on darkness.



North Routeburn valley (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

I would like to thank my food group Liz, Natalie and Fiona for a lovely 3 course meal. A really weird two hour conversation followed as we established that lakes still have electricity in them before the water flows through the power station. This power then evaporates into the clouds, creating lightning, which then passes into the rivers and streams. Suspension bridges harness this power and have plugs at each end - you can figure out the rest.

Trevor had suggested climbing Mt. Xenicus leaving at 5am Sunday morning, but after a long day on Saturday we decided on an easier option. North branch of the Routeburn it was, on another lovely sunny day. We travelled without packs 1½ hours in, to enjoy views of Mt. Somnus and its chutes and glacier. Also sighted on the Routeburn Flats were some kaka. I particularly enjoyed the tramp out, through the gorge, aqua coloured pools, huge boulders and splintered trees were common. It was impossible to comprehend how much water roared down this gorge in the 1994 flood (frightening, really).

Thanks to everyone who came on the trip. I enjoyed meeting you all and thank you, Greg for organising the weekend.

Paul van Kampen for Ken Powell, Liz Clark, Peter Davidson, Wolfgang Gerber, Eric Bradfield, John and Eleanore Wollard, Molte Stoll, Natalie Foglieni, Paul Gray, Fiona Baker, Diego Seitz, Trevor Deaker and Greg Panting.

POWDER RIDGE – LONG RIDGE - CHALKIES

September 20, 1998

Author: Not recorded

Published in Bulletin 582, December 1998

Sitting enjoying a glass of red wine (scientifically proven to be good for the heart!) this Saturday night has reminded me of a Sunday day trip not so long ago where every glass consumed the Saturday night before was vividly remembered on Sunday morning away tramping at the southern end of the Silver Peaks. A pleasant walk along the Racemans Track was followed by a stiff climb for two hours up Powder Ridge. Feeling more than a little under the weather at first, once the blood started pumping the effects started to dissipate. Halfway up at least two glasses had been sweated out. Some of the others were also feeling the climb - not sure what their excuses were!

Lunch (can it ever arrive soon enough?) was had where Powder Ridge joins Long Ridge. Splendid views of Pulpit Rock, Swampy and out to sea were had. A bit of a plod along the 4WD track on Long Ridge brought us to the track leading to the Chalkies. Possibly named by a home sick Pom, they don't exactly resemble the white cliffs of Dover but are worth a look nonetheless. Back at the cars at 4pm things were positively perky.

The moral of the story? Wine is definitely good for the heart and tramping for the soul (and the after effects of the wine!) NO Sunday trip tomorrow planned so I think I'll have another - Cheers!

Jeff Brown, Sarah Smellie, Lynda Jaket, Richard Barber, Jonette Service (Leader) and Rowan Meddings.



OTAGO RAIL TRAIL – 75TH TRAVERSE

October 17-19, 1998

Author: Bruce Newton

Published in Bulletin 582, December 1998

The genesis for this trip began in the latter half of 1997 when the idea of a South Island traverse was first mooted. I had been keen to do the trail and in discussion with Antony Pettinger it seemed like a good way to clock off a few miles. The trail follows the former railway line from Clyde to Middlesmarch and is 150km long, administered by DoC. Sections have been progressively opened since 1993.



Wolfgang Gerber and Jonette Service on Otago Central Rail Trail, near Galloway (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

The response to the trip showed a large group of bikers reside in the club. On the morning of 17 October, five vehicles and two trailers containing 20 bikes departed from the club rooms for an action-packed three days.

It was fine and sunny when the bunch left the old Clyde railway station, which is not well signposted and headed off on the first section to Alexandra, a distance of 9km. A feature of this part is the impressive Muttontown Viaduct, now converted to Rail Trail use. Lunch was on the outskirts of Alexandra in the lovely sunshine where we met up with the accompanying support vehicles. The ride from here to Chatto Creek was superb, a gentle uphill gradient and well-formed track with many small side tracks to explore. It continued through rich green farmland and some nice bridges until a small detour at Chatto Creek Pub. A cold beer (or two) seemed to be in order on such a hot day. The hotel has a lot of historical photos and

memorabilia and is worth a visit if you are passing. After half an hour, possibly longer, we set out on the last section of the day to Omakau, and our bed for the night at Ophir. Within 10 minutes of leaving a freezing cold snap descended with driving rain and a cold head wind. This lasted long enough to soak us all and coat the St Bathans range with snow. So much for the good weather! It was on this section that we encountered the first of many farmers' gates which were to become a curse over the next few days. DoC certainly has to sort this issue out with the landowners as the constant opening and closing of gates is a real nuisance. Later on we came across complete fences, some topped with barbed wire, which you have to lift your bike across. This is clearly illegal and shows the selfish (and greedy?) attitude of many of the local farmers. This is DoC land and not free grazing at our expense.



Leaving Chatto Creek for the climb over to Tiger Hill to Oamakau (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

It was a wet group that straggled into the Ophir Backpackers in the later afternoon. A hot shower and a good meal had spirits revived. Some cooks had to be cajoled from the Black's Hotel to begin the meal!

The next day was brisk and sunny, and following a visit to the historic Ophir Bridge it was back on the trail. A rest stop at Lauder and we bag the ascent of the Poolburn Gorge amidst some of the most spectacular views so far. This part of the Trail boasts two tunnels which were a lot of fun to negotiate in total darkness. Some high viaducts were also a great vantage point to view the stunning Central Otago landscape. Now began the descent to the Maniototo as the bikers strung out towards Ida Burn. Again, the efficient support team met us along the way with fresh water, nibbles and company. Some even managed a visit to the pub at Otarehua. From Ida to Ranfurly the track is not as yet officially open. In the true OTMC tradition several groups ignored this and carried on. Surprisingly this is an excellent part of the track with a great

downhill coming into Wedderburn. Speaking of Wedderburn, they have a very welcoming pub and as a fair number were thirsty, hungry and suffering from 'bikers bum' it seemed an ideal place for a late lunch stop.

A fast run to Ranfurly followed by a hot shower and it was time for a BBQ tea in the outdoor eating area at the camping ground. The party continued at the local pub where the PNC semi-final was showing on SKY TV. An excellent night after an energetic day.



Manuherikia Viaduct, heading into the Poolburn Gorge, Otago Central Rail Trail (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

The last day was again fine and sunny as the team biked down the plains and the start of the Taieri Gorge. Pleasant willow-lined forever banks gave way to steep rocky bluffs as we wound our way towards Daisybank. Lunch at the Hyde Railway Station and by now a strong Nor'west wind was blowing. At times it made staying on the bike rather tricky and at one stage I was blown off! A long straight completes the run to Middlemarch and the end of a tremendous three days. Well almost all since we also stopped at Clarke's Junction Pub enroute to Dunedin.

My thanks again to our drivers/bikers - Robyn Bell, Fiona Barker, Norman Brown (Jeff's dad) Mark Borrie and James. The trip would not have been nearly as much fun fully loaded.

Bruce Newton for Chris Wells, Doug Forrester, Sarah Smellie, Jeff Brown, Tracy Offen, Paul van Kampen, Tony Fleming, Richard Barber, Lynda Jaket, Mike Brettell, Malte Stoll, Chris Pearson, Jenny Lowe, Fiona Webster, Trevor Deaker, Tony Campbell, Wayne Hodgkinson and Ann Schofield.

OTMC GOES TO THE SEASIDE – PORT CRAIG

October 24-26, 1998

Author: Robyn Bridges

Published in Bulletin 582, December 1998

All week I kept telling myself that it was a good thing that it was raining as it meant that it wouldn't be raining at the weekend (Don't ask me to explain the logic of this but it has worked before). I wasn't feeling so confident though as we drove down on Friday night through hail, sleet and snow (??). But as luck would have it the roads were dry at Tuatapere and 16 of us had an excellent night camping by the sea at Bluecliffs carpark.

An early start the next morning to catch the tide saw a change of plan as we awoke to the Hump covered with a heavy dumping of snow that came well down below bushline. An annoying start was reading a recently erected sign which told us that DoC had removed the 'unsafe' bridge at the Trackburn and recommended us not to use another, which fortunately for us is privately owned and therefore still in place. As one of our party pointed out that at least DoC had posted a notice. At Dusky Sound DoC have removed 7 bridges between Loch Maree and Supper Cove without posting any warning at all! The walk along the beach with the backdrop of the Hump, bush remnants with white drifts of clematis and the rising sun on our back was spectacular. Several hours later we arrived at the old School House at Port Craig (20 bunks (which has remnants of its school garden with flowering tufts of daffodils and snowflakes. We made camp down by the beach and had a lovely time cooking over a driftwood fire, watching Hector dolphins leaping in the bay and listening to the call of the Yellow Eyed penguins and the Shining Cuckoo.

On Sunday we set off following the old rail line track which led us through overgrown cuttings that looked like something from a Lord of the Rings set, to explore the restored viaducts. These are awesome, especially the ones where you could see through the wooden boards to the bottom as you walked along. On a side trip to Sand Hill Point we found families of seals basking on the rocks and the remnants of middens still with collections of discarded shells and cooking rocks.

It was a beautiful walkout on Monday morning. Again the tide was low at the right time and in brilliant sunshine we followed our way round the coast. After the mud and sludge of the bush it was refreshing to be out in the open. The rock formations, fossils, flowering bush, bird song and picnic on the beach put a great finish to an excellent weekend. On the way home we took the magnificent windswept coast road and made plans to come back to do (what seems to be becoming for me) the elusive 'Hump round trip). Just for reference there is plenty of time to get from Port Craig to Bluecliffs, via the low tide route, between tides. Robyn Bridges.

TRAVERSING BY WATER AND WHEEL (75TH TRAVERSE)

November 14-15, 1998

Author: Sharon St Clair-Newman

Published in Bulletin 582, December 1998

A short section of the 75th Traverse was tidied up with a suggestion from Bruce Newton to kayak from Bannockburn to Clyde on 14-15 November. In his usual efficient way he soon had those of us with boats organised as well as the more energetic amongst us on their bikes and over the top.

Private cars saw us arrive at Bruce's parents house at Cromwell for the first night, after meeting at the pub for a quickie (and a drink). Some of us scored beds (it's who you know) and the less fortunate found a spot on the floor or in the sleepout. Breakfast was leisurely and after drink bottles were filled we tried to look enthusiastic about a day of hard physical exercise as opposed to lying around in the sun. All in all six of us set out in kayaks on Saturday morning and the rest opted for the slog past the Nevis turnoff and over the Cairnmuir range to rendezvous at Clyde for lunch.



The weather was one of those early summer days only Central can produce with hardly a breath of wind on the water and just a gentle breeze on the top. Each group had a cell phone which enabled us to check each other's progress, and 10am saw the kayak team just heading

out of the Bannockburn arm into the main lake. My call to Bruce found them at the top of a big climb and I took great satisfaction in describing the mirror-like lake, the flowers along the side and the extreme effort entailed in keeping our boats moving at a respectable pace. He could only appreciate the breeze they had found as they climbed higher (sigh!).

We made a stop at the little stone cottage that can be seen from the road about three quarters of the way down the lake for a drink, photo or two and a snack. Another call to the top had the bikies about 45 minutes from Clyde. Time to put some effort into the paddling and we were soon changing into dry clothes at the carpark before the dam. Time for the transition at the "Last Post" restaurant, a great place for lunch if you are ever passing through. A great meal, a few beers and enough time to talk those of us who were looking forward to a casual afternoon trying out the bikes while others took the kayaks back to Bannockburn for a play around. Bruce took pity on those of us who are not mountain bikers and dropped us off after the worst of the climb, mentioning something about 'not much hill work left'. Michelle had loaned me her bike (brave woman) and what a wee beauty it was, suspension and all! After the initial two hills though, my things were screaming when Trevor noticed my seat was too low (and the bike's) but once he adjusted it I was into it! Uphill anyway, downhill still scared the hell out of me and my fingers were numb from braking by the end of the day, not to mention my bum, which was still sore the following Wednesday. The pro's left us amateurs for dead on the downhill but we met up again at Bannockburn for a quick dip in the lake before carrying to Cromwell.

Jill had organised a great barbecue tea while we were away and we had a great night with a few wines to finish off a great day. Alan left after tea as he had work the next day as did Jill and Mike.

Sunday saw another sunny Central Otago day which left us no choice but to continue extending ourselves and as Pam and Kerry headed for Queenstown, those of us with excess stamina headed for the wineries. Hell, we were in the midst of them, it would be rude not to support local industry. Felton Road was first - the heat was getting to us by now so a bit of sampling was in order (just to keep the liquids up), a few purchases and onto Olssen's. A lovely wee winery here, sheltered lawn with tables and sun umbrellas, a few more samples and a game of petanque. I can't remember who won - Nigel had a unique style, I think he's played cricket in a past life. A couple more purchases and back to the house for a cold lunch and heading home after a very enjoyable weekend.

Thanks to Bruce for a great experience and to his parents for letting us loose in their house. As someone said, it was the best tramping hut they had stayed in. Thanks for the use of your bike Shelly, I'm adding one to my list for 1999.

Sharon St Clair-Newman for the kayaking team of Peter Aitcheson, Pam Quin, Trevor Deaker, Mike Brettell and Fiona Baker and the mountain bike team of Chris Wells, Jenny Lowe, Alan Thomson, Shelley Coleman, Kerry Quin, Bruce Newton, Paul Bennington, and Andrew. Not to forget the support crew Jill Brettell and the dog.

MIDDLEMARCH TO BEN RUDD'S (75TH TRAVERSE)

November 21-22, 1998

Author: Ross Davies

Published in Bulletin 582, December 1998

This story started with my grandfather. Family legend has it he walked from Middlemarch to Waikouaiti in a day. If he did, it was probably in the first decade of this century, with a group known as The Wandering Angels. The story was retold at his funeral and lodged in my head. Sometime after that it caused me to join up with Richard Pettinger for a day trip from Middlemarch to Dunedin. This would have been in the early 1970's. We caught a railcar to Middlemarch one Friday night, 'slept' under the Taieri River bridge just outside Middlemarch in sleeping bag covers and started walking at midnight. (Remember these were the days before closed cell foam) Our packs were not light, we got a bit confused on the top of Lamb Hill in a cloud, Richard fell asleep in the tussock waiting for me going up Swampy and it took us 17.5 hours to Booth Road. We were pleased with ourselves but were absolutely stuffed.



With the OTMC talking of a weekend trip this year, as part of the Great West-East Traverse, somehow Richard and I got to wondering if we were still up to doing the trip in a day. We tried to interest others but nobody else seemed interested. Some did not even seem to believe us.

Others muttered about mid-life crisis but Dick and Wendy Brasier very kindly offered to transport us up to Middlemarch, which was a wonderful gesture. Richard and I spent an evening beforehand pouring over the maps, figuring out who owned what land and a number of phone calls later, we had permission to walk as far as the headwaters of Christmas Creek but not to Jubilee Hut so we figured the high route from Lamb Hill to the Gap instead.

We stayed with Dick and Wendy in a cute wee cabin in the Blind Billies Motor Camp in Middlemarch. The alarm went at 3.30am and we were on the road not long after at 4am. There was a bit of low mist around, but the forecast was good, so I left most of my cold weather clothing behind, in a rare show of optimism. Somehow there was enough light to see our way along the road and torches were not used. I told Richard the entire story of Davies vs HM Government and this took up the first 3 hours. Another hour and we left the road and followed farm tracks through the mist. We left the tracks for a short cut across a pleasant little gully in the Ross Stream catchment as the sun began to break through. By 10am the mist had cleared, and we were at the bottom of Fiddlers Gully in Three O'clock Creek. I tried to call my sister in Wellington to talk over old times we three had had by the old Fiddlers Gully stone house on the original Silver Peaks Expedition 25 years ago but the phone must have been out of range. Richard took the risk of drinking the Fiddlers Gully stream water - no ill effects nine days later despite the many cattle crapping in the water. We forded Three O'clock Creek, keeping boots dry and took the fairly obvious shelter-belt ridge up Lamb Hill with increasing overcast keeping us from getting too hot. On top of Lamb Hill, with increasing overcast skies keeping us from getting too hot. On top of Lamb Hill we headed north to the trig point overlooking Mt. Misery and after a call to Wendy at 12.30pm, headed down and up to the Gap. A misty walk along Rocky Ridge tested our navigation theories and was also very pleasant with no wind and only a little moisture.

There were a few tents at the Green Hut site which we reached at 4pm. It was great to see lots of youngsters out for a tramp! We got our third wind here and set off song Green Ridge at a quick trot. I finally got hold of Julia at the end of Green Ridge and like any good yuppy-wannabee, had a good old yack while walking towards and through Sleepy Hollow. It was then Richard checked out what was for tea as we began the ascent of Swampy and we started to wonder how we had ever got on without one of these phones. Richard mumbled something about disapproving of traveling light in reliance on a bit of technology Swampy was a drag like every other time and a cool wind greeted us on top. We were both starting to stiffen up by this stage and took it easy the rest of the way down the Pineapple Track which we reached 15 hours after starting out. We were relieved to finish and had some trouble getting ourselves into the car, which Tim Brasier brought around after another phone call.

In hindsight, with a further slight adjustment to the route, we reckoned it could be done in even less time. But maybe this was our second and last time to do the trip. Unless we get crazier with age?? Having taken 2.5 hours less than last time, we can now question the midlife crisis hypothesis. Clearly, we are still reaching our prime. We were both surprised at the quick recovery time the next day, with few signs of aching muscles and virtually no sore feet. Because Richard and I did most things opposite, like eating/drinking/footwear etc., it is hard to figure what we did better this time. Which is a pity because we need to identify it, patent it,

bottle it and market it. One of the main common factors was probably the leisurely start to the day with no feeling of having to rush all morning. Maybe that was the key, maybe it was the kind weather, nor too hot or too cold, maybe it was having the bunch of OTMCers just behind us somewhere, maybe it was not getting lost in fog or maybe like good wine, we have matured with age!

Ross Davies for himself and Richard Pettinger

OTMC COMMITTEE (1998-99)

President – Alan Thomson

Vice President – Stuart Mathieson

Secretary – Olive Nielson

Treasurer – Robyn Bridges

Chief Guide / Transport – Greg Panting

Bulletin Editor – Robyn Bell

Membership Secretary – Ian Sime

Social Convenor – Robyn Bell

Day Trip Convener – Vanessa Johnson

Gear Hire – Greg Panting

SAR – Teresa Wasilewska

Website – Antony Pettinger

Weektime Trips – Ian Sime

Committee – Fiona Baker

Property & Maintenance – Alan Thomson

Bushcraft 1999 – Peter O'Driscoll

Immediate Past President – Robyn Bridges

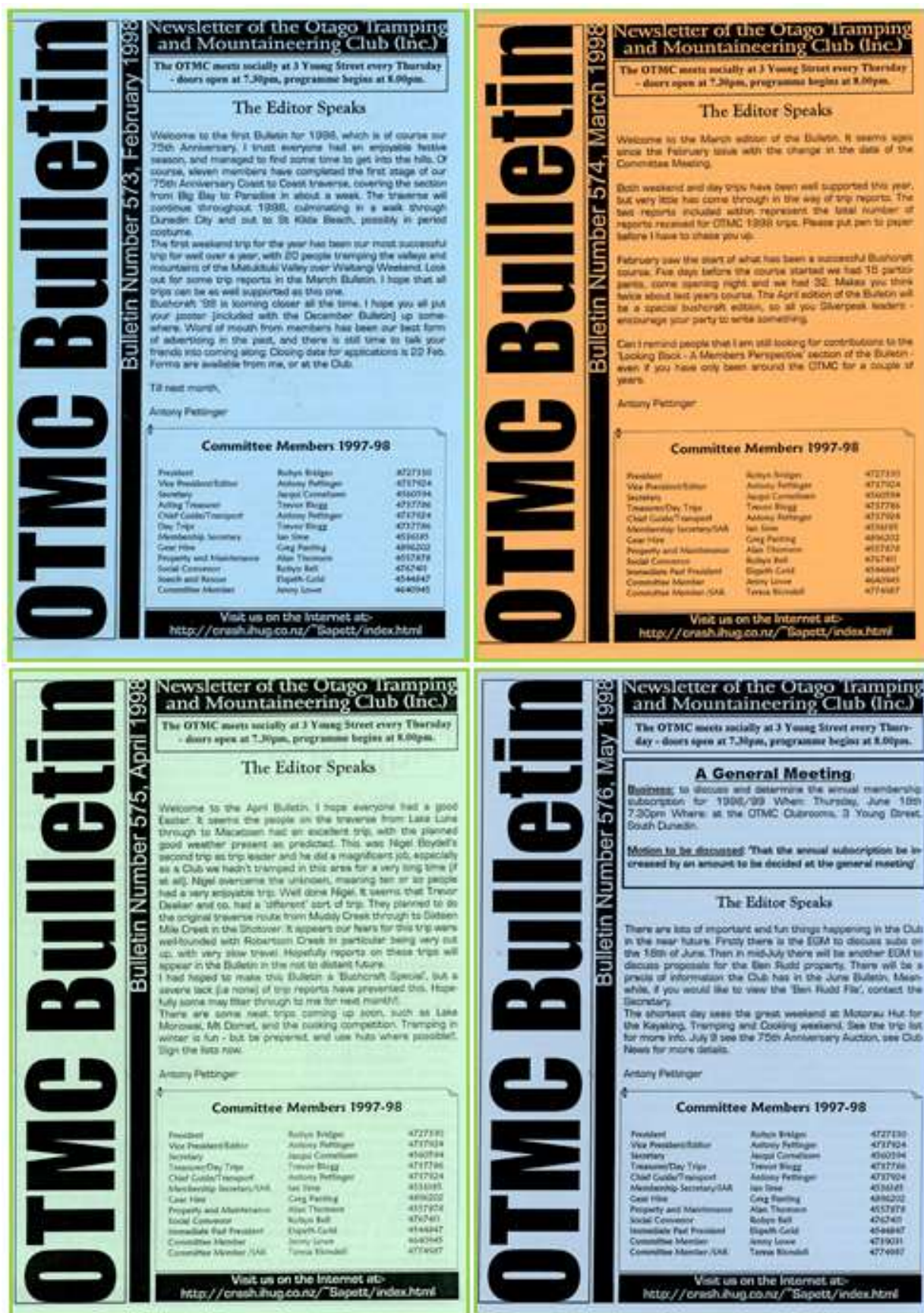
Hon. Solicitor – Antony Hamel

OTMC TRIP PROGRAMME 1998

Month	Date(s)	Specific Trip	Leader
January		75th Anniversary Coast to Coast Traverse (Big Bay to Dart)	Robyn Bridges
January	18	Rock and Pillars (round trip)	Chris Pearson
January	25	Silver Peaks	Zena Webb (Roderique)
February	1	Track Clearing Workparty	Robyn Bridges
February	6-8	Matukituki Valley (East or West)	Lynda Jaket
February	14-15	SAREX (Search & Rescue Exercise)	Elsbeth Gold
February	14	OTMC Silver Peaks Marathon	Antony Pettinger
February	15	OTMC 75th Anniversary Picnic - Long Beach	Peter Mason
February	15	Cycle Trip to OTMC Picnic at Long Beach	Bruce Newton
February	22	To Be Advised	
February	21-22	Greenstone - Caples Area	Antony Pettinger
February	28-1	Bushcraft 1998 (Tirohanga Weekend)	Antony Pettinger
March	1	Kattothyrst Volcano	Michael Hamel
March	1	Practical Compass Instruction (Tirohanga Camp)	Arthur Blondell
March	7-8	Dingleburn - Timaru River	Doug Forrester
March	8	Heyward Point - Kaikai Beach	Pete Strang
March	14-15	Bushcraft 1998 (Silver Peaks Weekend)	Peter O'Driscoll
March	15	Maungatua - Government Track	John Stanton
March	22	Mountain Biking - Silver Peaks	Mike Brettell
March	28-29	Bushcraft 1998 (Optional Ohau Weekend - Hopkins)	Greg Panting
March	29	Dunstan Trail - Historical Goldfields Track	Ian Sime
April	4	Pre-Easter Social	Richard Pettinger
April	5	Bushcraft 1998 (Rivercrossing - Outram Glen)	Antony Pettinger
April	5	Taieri Gorge Loop	Olive Neilson
April	10-13	75th Anniversary Coast to Coast Traverse (Rees Valley to Macetown)	Nigel Boydell
April	10-13	Macetown	Nigel Boydell
April	19	Yellow Hut - Gap Ridge	Tony Malcolm
April	25-26	Mt Cook Area	Chris Wells and Tony Malcolm
April	26	All Day On The Peninsula	David Barnes
May	3	SAREX (Search & Rescue Exercise)	John Cox
May	4-9	Weektime Tramp - Routeburn / Greenstone with variations	Ian Sime
May	9-10	75th Anniversary Coast to Coast (Macetown to Cardrona)	Lynda Jaket
May	10	Yellow Ridge / Gap Ridge	Alan Thomson
May	17	Craiglowan Falls - Lake Whare - Steve Aimes Track	Ken Mason
May	24	Jim Freeman - Swampy - Racemans	Rowan Meddings
May	30-1	Lake Monowai (Queens Birthday)	Trevor Blogg
June	7	Rustlers Ridge	Jonette Service
June	14	The Gap via Yellow Ridge	Lynda Jaket

June	20-21	Kayaking - Lake Manapouri	Bruce Newton
June	20-21	Mid Winter Cooking Competition - Moturau Hut	
June	28	Clutha River Mouth	Nigel Boydell
July	4-5	75th Anniversary Coast to Coast (Cardrona to Cromwell)	Peter O'Driscoll
July	5	An Overview Of Clarendon From Among The Pine Trees	John Galloway
July	11-12	Danseys Pass - Mt Domett	Chris Pearson
July	12	Sandymount to Sandfly Bay	John Cox
July	18-19	Snowcraft One	Lynda Jacket and Jay Piggott
July	19	Raingauge Spur - Racemans	Zena Webb
July	26	Destination to be arranged	Tony Malcolm
August	1-2	75th Anniversary Coast to Coast (Cromwell to Clyde)	
August	2	Destination to be arranged	
August	15-16	Mavora Lakes Area	Chris Wells and Tony Malcolm
August	16	Destination to be arranged	
August	23	Destination to be arranged	Chris Wells
August	28-30	OTMC 75th Anniversary Celebrations	
September	5-6	Snowcraft Two	Lynda Jacket and Jay Piggott
September	6	Destination to be arranged	
September	12-13	Winter Routeburn (Falls Side)	Greg Panting
September	13	Remarkable Rock - The Catlins	Ian Sime
September	20	Yellow / Rocky / Rosella Ridges	Wolfgang Gerber
September	26-27	75th Anniversary Coast to Coast (Cardrona to Cromwell)	Peter O'Driscoll
September	27	Hindon Haunts	Teresa Blondell
October	4	Cycling Day Trip	Bruce Newton
October	11	Destination to be arranged	Tony Malcolm
October	17-18	75th Anniversary Coast to Coast (Rail Trail Clyde to Middlemarch)	Bruce Newton
October	18	Government Track - Maungatua	John Stanton
October	24-26	The Hump - Port Craig	Robyn Bridges
November	1	Silver Peaks for Masochists II	Richard Pettinger
November	8		
November	15	Tunnels Track - Gap - Gap Ridge	Doug Forrester
November	21-22	75th Anniversary Coast to Coast (Middlemarch to Ben Rudd's)	Greg Panting
November	22	To Be Advised	
November	29	Taieri River - Lee Stream	Robyn MacKay
December	5-6	Eglinton Valley Area (Easter)	Ken Powell
December	6	Marathon Route-finding	Wolfgang Gerber
December	13	75th Anniversary Coast to Coast (Ben Rudd's - St Kilda Beach)	Greg Panting

OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (FEBRUARY TO MAY)



OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (JUNE TO SEPTEMBER)

OTMC Bulletin Bulletin Number 577, June 1998

Newsletter of the Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club (Inc.)

The OTMC meets socially at 3 Young Street every Thursday - doors open at 7.30pm, programme begins at 8.00pm.

Another Special General Meeting!

Thursday 16 July in the Clubrooms at 7.30pm

Business: To discuss options for dealing with our Ben Radd property. Three options will be proposed:

1. To leave the property with the Club as at present.
2. To transfer responsibility for the property to the Ben Radd Trust, together with money held for the reclamation of the property to enable them to carry out their work.
3. To negotiate to transfer the property to the DOC Water Department, which would pay all reasonable costs.

A general ballot will be held to choose one of these options.

Tuesday 14th July 7.30pm

"A training evening essential for those doing the Snowcraft course this year, but others are more than welcome to come and listen. This talk will cover gear, alpine weather, safety and route finding." (Being held in the Clubrooms)

Committee Members 1997-98

President:	Anthony Pettiger	4727130
Vice President/Editor:	Anthony Pettiger	4727024
Treasurer:	Janet Cornelissen	4560594
Treasurer/Day Trips:	Trevor Blagg	4727796
Chief Guide/Transport:	Anthony Pettiger	4727024
Membership Secretary/SAB:	Ian Sims	4536381
Gear Hire:	Greg Peeling	4896202
Property and Maintenance:	Alan Thomson	4557678
Social Convener:	Ruby Bridges	4767461
Immediate Past President:	Elspeth Gold	4544847
Committee Member:	Jenny Lovett	4729031
Committee Member/SAB:	Teresa Blundell	4774987

Visit us on the Internet at:
<http://crash.hug.co.nz/~Sapett/index.html>

OTMC Bulletin Bulletin Number 578, July 1998

Newsletter of the Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club (Inc.)

The OTMC meets socially at 3 Young Street every Thursday - doors open at 7.30pm, programme begins at 8.00pm.

The Editor Speaks

It's hard to believe it is July already - time to think about electing a new committee. The AGM is being held on the 27th of August, and nominations and notices of motion will close on the 13th of August.

Nominations are open now for the position of President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer, Chief Guide, as well as seven Committee members. Please see the Secretary for a nomination form. Remember, the more you put into something, the more you can get out of it.

You will read elsewhere in this Bulletin about the outcome of the General meeting to discuss the future of the Ben Radd property. Irrespective of the outcome, I for one am glad to see the issue resolved. I have heard a few members groan over the necessity of general meetings discussing the issue, now we will have to find something else to entertain us at Annual Meetings.

In keeping with past years Winter trips have been reduced to about one every three weeks. A sad loss went off to Mt Donnell, and 20 are heading away for Snowcraft 1 (snow permitting of course). Please note that the deadline for the August Bulletin is the 6th of August to coincide with the posting of the AGM material.

Anthony Pettiger

Committee Members 1997-98

President:	Ruby Bridges	4727130
Vice President/Editor:	Anthony Pettiger	4727024
Secretary:	Janet Cornelissen	4560594
Treasurer/Day Trips:	Trevor Blagg	4727796
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OTMC Bulletin Bulletin Number 579, August 1998

Newsletter of the Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club (Inc.)

The OTMC meets socially at 3 Young Street every Thursday - doors open at 7.30pm, programme begins at 8.00pm.

The Editor Speaks

The big news this month is the 75th Anniversary weekend. As I write this it is just three weeks away. Look out for a new outfitting the change in venues for the Friday night wine and cheese, and the dinner on Saturday night. The open day at the Clubrooms remains the same, as is the picnic at Ben Radd. With over 200 people attending it looks to be great weekend.

With this Bulletin you will find the 75th Annual General Meeting information. Please make an effort to attend the meeting. It is a good place to take any issues you may have, and have them discussed. There may even be an opportunity to stand for the Committee if there are insufficient nominations!!

Finally, this Bulletin will be my last one. The time has come for me to stand aside from the Committee after 12 continuous years in various roles. Work and family make it impossible to devote as much time as is needed to do things well. I have enjoyed my time on Committee, and intend to continue working on some background roles for the Club. I encourage anyone thinking of standing for Committee to give it a go - it is well worthwhile. Remember, the OTMC survives by 'give and take'!! I wish my successor well, and offer any help I can give to them.

Anthony Pettiger

Committee Members 1997-98

President:	Anthony Pettiger	4727130
Vice President/Editor:	Anthony Pettiger	4727024
Treasurer:	Janet Cornelissen	4560594
Treasurer/Day Trips:	Pauline Vaillett	4551045
Chief Guide/Transport:	Anthony Pettiger	4727024
Membership Secretary/SAB:	Ian Sims	4896202
Gear Hire:	Greg Peeling	4557678
Property and Maintenance:	Alan Thomson	4767461
Social Convener:	Ruby Bridges	4544847
Immediate Past President:	Elspeth Gold	4729031
Committee Member:	Jenny Lovett	4774987
Committee Member/SAB:	Teresa Blundell	

Visit us on the Internet at:
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OTMC Bulletin Bulletin Number 580, September/October 1998

Newsletter of the Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club (Inc.)

The OTMC meets socially at 3 Young Street every Thursday - doors open at 7.30pm.

Maiden Presidential Speech

Hi there, Well this year AGM must be close to the record for being the shortest, thanks to the efforts of past year's committee in having held two special meetings to resolve the issues of a sub-committee and the Ben Radd property. And didn't the 75th anniversary celebrations go brilliantly? I certainly enjoyed myself and am looking forward to carrying on the tradition that past members of the OTMC have established.

Your new committee has had a's first meeting, and I enjoyed the feeling of enthusiasm that was generated and look forward to working with the team to follow up on some of the ideas that were raised at the AGM.

Add now a little bit about Alan Thomson - born and bred in Alexandra (very back), married with a family of three young adults, 23, 21, and 19 (a close as to how far back). Part owner of own business, plays rock and roll guitar, and enjoys to spend time (when he's not!) I joined the tramping club when doing a bushcraft course in 1992 for the purpose of using some of the skills that our country is famous for and how know why people come from the other side of the world to experience our wilderness areas. I also thoroughly enjoy the camaraderie that is part of tramping and look forward to seeing you all in the hills.

Alan Thomson, President

Committee Members 1998-99

President/Property & Maintenance:	Alan Thomson	4557678
Vice President:	Elspeth Gold	4727130
Treasurer:	Janet Cornelissen	4560594
Treasurer/Day Trips:	Ruby Bridges	4727024
Chief Guide:	Greg Peeling	4896202
Membership Secretary:	Ian Sims	4536381
Gear Hire:	Greg Peeling	4896202
Social Convener/Secretary:	Alan Thomson	4557678
Committee Member/SAB:	Janet Cornelissen	4560594
Committee Member:	Elspeth Gold	4727130
Committee Member:	Janet Cornelissen	4560594

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OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (OCTOBER TO DECEMBER)

