

# OTMC TRIP REPORTS

## 2002

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Sourced from the 2002 OTMC Bulletins



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**Cover Photo: Looking south over the Rock Burn from Park Pass  
(PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

# THUNDERBIRDS ARE GO – SEARCH & RESCUE

**November 2001**

**Author: Gary Dawe**

Published in Bulletin 615, February 2002

A poke in the side and the phone thrust into my hand was my first notion that this would be no ordinary Thursday but my first real Search and Rescue. Cursing myself for still not organising a "Ready to Go" bag I managed to reach the police station at 5am where we were given an update of the situation.

A locator beacon had been set off in the Silver Peaks area at 3.30pm the day before. They showed us on the map where ground teams had been working the night before and told us what the possible scenarios were and where they would most likely send us.



**Silver Peaks Scenic Reserve, near pt777 (top of the Devils Staircase) (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

After what looked/sounded like organised chaos they said that there was one position left on the chopper. I casually volunteered after throwing women and small children out of the way.

So, by 6am I found myself heading towards Silver Peaks on a beautiful clear still morning. A very magic moment.

The signal from the locator Beacon was much stronger and clearer than the day before. It was while trying to identify a ridge on the map to begin our search that one of the chopper crew

spotted a flash that on closer inspection it turned out to be our man who even from the air we could see was hobbling.

The chopper dropped us (the supposed "Ground Team") off near point 777m above the Devils Staircase. The chopper crew then winched the young man and his gear aboard and flew him to Dunedin Hospital to have his leg checked out. While this was happening members from another team in two 4x4s stopped just below us on the track, so we waited with them for further instructions from the SAR control room. Eventually we were told to all pile into the 4x4s to get back to base. The next 1-2 hours were spent in the back of a 4 x 4 transmitter/ receiver from Mt Allan and proceed being tossed around over some rough tracks seeing more of the Silver Peaks from another angle which for me was just as much fun as the chopper.

Back at the Police Station were hot cheese scones and jam and a quick debrief of sorts. By 11am I was back at work telling tall tales, so all in all what should have been a sober occasion was bloody good fun though.

I'm sure the next time will not be nearly as easy though I hope it has the same result.

Gary Dawe

## **TUNNELS TRACK (SEARCH & RESCUE)**

**January 9, 2002**

**Author: David Barnes**

Published in Bulletin 615, February 2002

Four OTMC members (Markus Milne, John Cox, Greg Panting and David Barnes) attended the SAR operation at the Tunnels Track on January 9th. Three adults and two kids, aged 9 and 12, had gone to Yellow Hut for the night. With the arrival of a sou-easterly storm, the Waikouaiti had risen to a level that they assessed as too dangerous to cross.

The Police were notified by cellphone mid-morning. SAR advisers were consulted, and a decision made to see if the river dropped during the day. The option of walking the party out via Rocky or Gap Ridges was discounted as unsafe.



**The South Waikouaiti River below the Tunnels Track, on a calm day (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

When the river hadn't dropped by 3pm, the First Response Search and First Response Rescue teams were called out. The combined team, with its ranks augmented by people who would be manning the base on most SAR jobs, headed out to the Mountain Road. Despite the enthusiasm Land Rover Owners Club drivers, walked to the river.

A group of 4 managed to cross the swollen river. A 'zip line' was erected. Essentially this is low-level flying fox at 45 degrees to the current. The person is attached to the line by a sling and

karabiner, and the force of the river provides motive power. Another rope attached to the person can be used to haul them in.

One by one the stranded party was brought across, given chocolate and warm clothing, and walked up the grunt that us the Tunnels Track.

All in all, a very successful mission, utilizing the skills learnt by three SAR people at a recent Swift Water Rescue workshop.

David Barnes

# MAUNGATUA TRAVERSE

**December 9, 2001**

**Author: Paul Van Kampen**

Published in Bulletin 615, February 2002

9am: After a week or more of rain we were all looking forward to getting into the hills.

10:20am: Straight into a steep climb beside a fence line across vivid green farmland. Christine seemed to want to follow the road, but we put her back on track (oops I mean off track but right direction).

10:30am: Terry did his test not to follow or find a track of any kind through the bush, well, not until we were AT the bushline, and a track was not needed!!

10:31am: Terry complained about a newly cut track in the gorse as we can't have the pleasure of winding and wearing through, under and over the gorse - masochist.

10:32am: Terry tells one of his very funny jokes. "What do you call a guy buried under a pile of leaves?" "Russell", "What do you call a guy who has been buried under a pile of leaves for 100 years?" "Pete"! Very apt for the bogs we will later discover.

10:45am: Christine is finding the hill too easy and is picking up lots of quartz.

10:50am: Discussing our rest/ food stop at the 3 Kings rocks. Terry has Christine on, "See that rock way up there on the skyline", "Yes I do", pause "Well that's NOT where we stop, the 3 Kings are well past that!"

11am: Stop at 3 Kings, Roy tries some dehydrated Mango.

11:15am: Wish I had a bungy cord, found out the sugar gives Roy an overload and he damn near runs up the hill!

11:30am: Terry explains how the actual top of the hill is much further than the skyline we see, thanks Terry.

12 noon: Damn, its cold up here in this wind, no rain but I will need to wear my jacket anyway.

12:15pm: Near the top, time for lunch, ground far too wet, so we will all try and sit on this small rock.

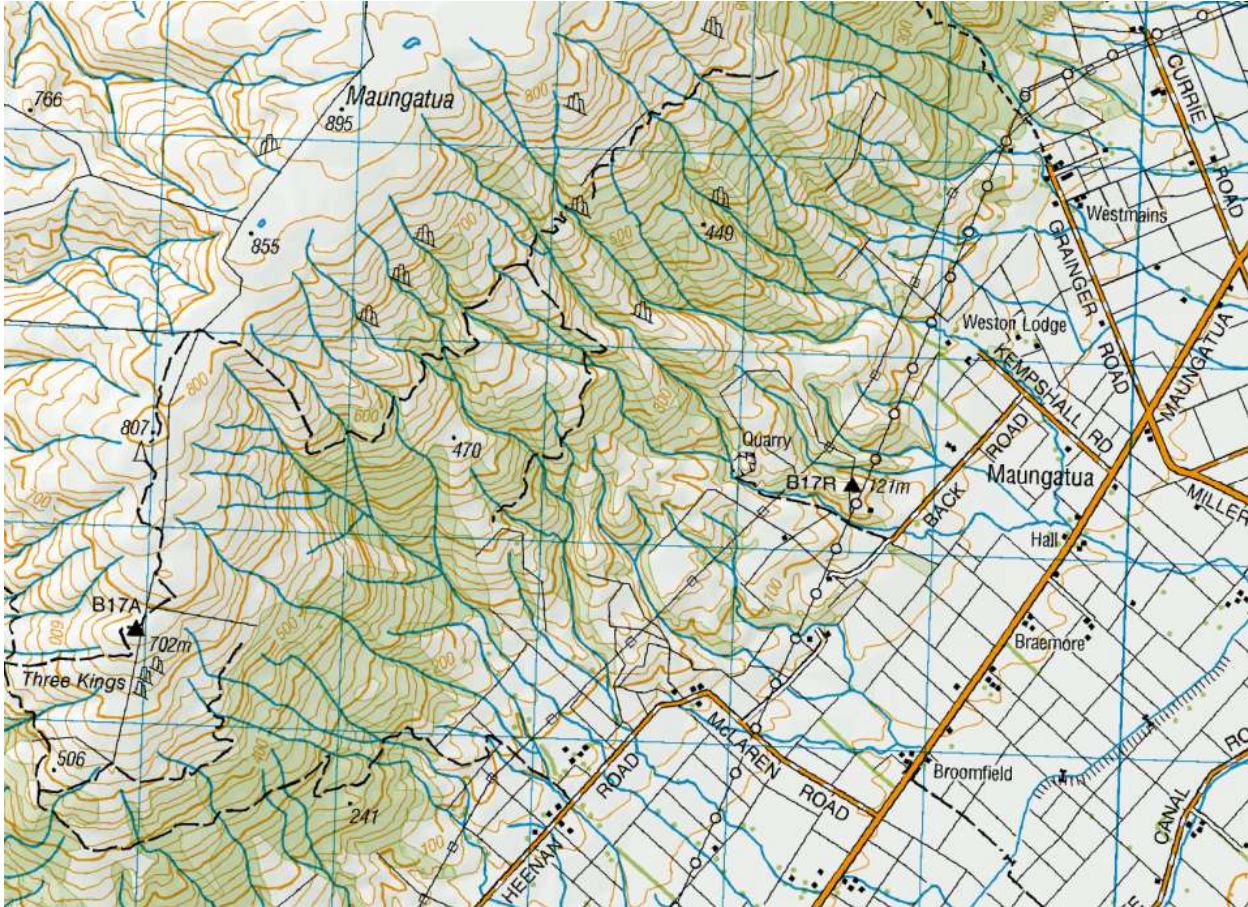
12:17pm: Christine slides off the rock on her small ground sheet!

12:18pm: Terry again pulls out his flask and sips on his HOT coffee saying how wonderful it is, especially when it's so cold.

12:30pm: I estimate the temperature, 1C off for each 3kmph of wind, 1C off for every 100m of altitude, Max temperature forecast for today 13C - Conclusion, damn near zero and I had better move before I freeze to this rock! It is summer, isn't it?

12:40pm: Wonderful views, Dunedin hills, sea, Mosgiel, Airport, Waipori and Waiholā, Milton, Mahinerangi etc.

1pm: Awesome mosses, lots in flowers, great colours, brilliant views and lovely tarns excited by a fresh NE wind.



1:01pm: What's Christine doing with her face on the ground? She fell over. Sorry, Christine says there was a fascinating plant she wanted to have a closer look at, yea right.

1:20pm: I check to see I still have a nose as I cannot feel it. Yes, there it is. Is it raining? No, it's my eyes watering and my nose dripping. Yuck, another reason not to get cold.

1:21pm: Observation - rest of the group have dripping noses, must be just as cold as me. Make sure I'm not downwind!

1.22pm: Hilda has shorts on like I do so it can't have been a silly idea? I can't be bothered getting out my over trousers or thermals.

2pm: Moving down now, hard to believe I was too hot last time I was up here in a NW wind.

2:20pm: Moving into tussock, Roy falls over, I fall over, everyone falls over. Lovely soft tussock this, don't mind falling over. OUCH, didn't realise it was full of Spaniards! Something on my knee, soft and sticky, what is it? Oh, it's pig shit!!!

2:30pm: Afternoon tea, Terry talks about his coffee, AGAIN. Terry gets threatened this time.

2:31pm: Terry asks me to move back a little. I therefore move forward. You guessed it, behind me was some pig shit.

2:40pm: Looking at the view with my binoculars, can see my car way down there. Would be a buggar if I could see someone stealing it from here! Wonder how much faster I would come down?

2:41pm: Terry asks "See how big the plain is?" We all look for it, "What plane Terry???" "Oh, you mean THE plain, why didn't you say so and add in the word Taieri !"

2:50pm: Christine really really wants to get a tooth from a skull on the track, but it wouldn't budge, sure wish Bruce was here!. The best I could do was to offer more rocks, see how they sparkle, especially this really really big one. I'm good like that!

3pm: Greg comes up from the Woodside Glen side, he joins us on the way down.

3:01pm: I play hide and seek in the tussock, popping up all over the place with my whistle and then hiding before they look. A big kid really. Shame there is no snow so we can ambush people like one of our tramps eh Greg.

3:30pm: Christine falls over with Greg and me following. We help her up and Greg points out to me that it's slippery. Really!

3:50pm: We get speared by vines in the forest.

4:10pm: OUT.

4:30pm: Driving Terry back to his car at the other end, Terry is behind me in his car with his indicator on. This next turn must be the turn off!? still doing 100 kmph better hit the brakes hard before I over shoot. Funny this road is gravel it should be sealed. Now stopped across the turn off. Terry has stopped beside me. Shrugs his shoulders and carries on. I'm confussed, I mean confused. Later ... I question Terry about all of this, answer "I got carried away, the turn off was later" so I found out!!!

5:30pm: Icecreams

Thanks for leading the trip Terry and great to get out in the hills with you all. I look forward to our next outing together.

NB All comments in jest

Paul van Kampen

# THE MT COOK TRIP

**February 9-10, 2002**

**Author: Allan Perry**

Published in Bulletin 616, March 2002

We all gathered as usual and with time to spare at the clubrooms at 6pm on the Friday evening. Had all received notice to bring tea or be stuck with a pie when the vans stopped for fuel. It was about 10.15 when we arrived at the White Horse campsite at the start of the Hooker Valley.

First job was to find a place to pitch tents among the many camper vans and tents. I don't think it went down that well all us wandering around with torches discussing where to pitch tents. Sites decided, the few Ball Pass people who travelled in the vans loaded all their gear into the smaller van and headed off into the dark Tasman Valley.



**Mueller and Hooker Lakes and surroundings from Mt Ollivier (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

Saturday, we rose to see cloud covering the mountain tops and it took a while to decide we should head for Mueller Hut as the cloud would most likely burn off. Lucky we chose Mueller this day; the cloud did burn off when we were about half way up. What a fantastic view. Every aspect of the trip up was great, clear blue sky, Mount Cook in full glory, all the glaciers and the fantastic views in all directions. Lunch was enjoyed over-looking the Mount Cook Village from the top of Mount Ollivier.



**Aoraki / Mt Cook from Hooker Lake (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

Sunday morning a group of us decided on a trip to the Hooker Glacier, while a few from the Ball Pass group (with a few from our group) decided on a lie in and a light day around the village. The Hooker is an easy walk along the Hooker River and keeping the river on our left we got right to the glacier. Time was short so it was photos then back to the camp to pack up and off home.

Allan Perry

# THE HALF MARATHON

**February 9, 2002**

**Author: Ron Minnema**

Published in Bulletin 616, March 2002

On a cool clear morning three likely lads rocked up to Booth Road for the start of the Half Marathon. The weather was fine, but dark and halfway up Booth Rd one had to question 'what is the point of this?' Anyway, a quick drink at the Pineapple track turn-off and then along the Pineapple Track. Gary was 'on point' and his gym fitness was showing. We made good time down to Whare Flat where we met Ian Sime who was assisting Roy Ward. Up a shortcut (Leishmans Falls). No sign of Ann and her team. A bit of a grunt up to Powder Hill, another quick rest and away. The day wasn't too hot and then we did Long Ridge. Still hasn't changed and in spite of a few stops it seemed to take a long time to get to Pulpit Rock. Maybe the effort required at Mt Cook was showing through. But at least we were there.



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

Other than a few pig hunters, stray dogs, mountain bikers (no sheep) the trip was uneventful, other than meeting Jonette Service at Pulpit Rock doing a recce for the following weekend's day trip.

Still no stops and Allan was starting to apply the pressure although he had a slight limp. Met a few tourists on the Swampy Ridge, no time to chat, we wanted to break the 10-hour barrier. And we did, by five minutes.

Oh the refreshments by Gary's support team were much appreciated. I am not sure how the went as they were going out that night, but from all reports no-one seized up.

That definitely is the last time. One question – what happened to the red team – too tired, sore legs, colds?

P.S. I understand that Roy finished the full course – well done. Hopefully we will get more doing it next year now there is no Masters Games at that time. We are quite happy to cart in some water to Green Hut. So start training!!!

Ron for Allan and Gary.

## **GRAHAMS BUSH – MT CARGILL**

**January 22, 2002**

**Author: Phil Keene**

Published in Bulletin 616, March 2002

This trip promised to start to wipe away some of the excesses of the festive season, and to get folk all keen and eager for another year's tramping, and to fulfil those new year resolutions.

The morning dawned fine and reasonably mild and a great turnout of 12 intrepid day walkers fronted up. We quickly got sorted into 3 cars and off to Sawyers Bay. The Grahams Bush reserve starts about 5-10 minutes up the gravel road. Nice to see all those hobby farmers still in bed as we naturally fell into file. There was a little mist up on Mt Cargill road, but otherwise conditions were great. It was not long before the usual pattern of tramping unfolded and after 20 minutes or so gear started coming off, water bottles out etc.



**Adjacent to the Grahams Bush Track, with views over Otago Harbour (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

The reserve is very pleasant; a steady walk up through maturing bush, some very good trees and overall a surprisingly good quality of bush. About an hour out we emerged onto the Mt. Cargill Road by which time the clouds and mist had intensified. After a quick swig it was onwards and upwards to Mt Cargill. Progressively the weather closed in and became rather damping by the time we made the transmitter tower. Great imagination was required to enjoy the views. Lunch was very brief, huddled in behind some obliging rocks - certainly no time to

observe or share each other's culinary creations. It was up and away back down the way we had come; the weather not encouraging us to venture away on any other variation for the day.

The team were well disciplined and did not break up as we continued a steady descent back down to the road end. Of course, in the valley all was sunny and peaceful again. The group got on really well, with the majority electing to show their true colours as "yuppie trampers" by finishing up and off with some latte, long blacks, lemon tea (oh dear) scones etc. at the cafe in Port.

This walk was quite a surprise to many of us, covering from sea to sky, great views - on a nice day, nice bush and plenty of bird life, and of course still in town.

Thanks to everyone for making it an enjoyable day.

Phil Keene

## **GREENSTONE – CAPLES WEEKEND**

**March 9-10, 2002**

**Author: Fiona Webster**

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We set off from the clubrooms at the usual time. There were two vans of us heading up to do the Greenstone and Caples tracks. I was in one of the groups doing the Greenstone. We arrived at the shelter about 11.30pm and spent the night in the shelter. Some slept on the concrete floor, some managed to sleep on the narrow bench seats without rolling off, while others put tents up outside.

Saturday morning we headed up the Greenstone track. The Greenstone and Caples tracks start together, then branch after about 15 minutes. The track is a well-maintained gravel path for much of the way that is gently undulating, following the Greenstone River. It has very few climbs, apart from a short steep one near the hut which we reached by 2pm, in time for a late lunch. Along the way we saw three lovely waterfalls, and evidence of several large slips which had obviously happened some time ago but must have been pretty significant at the time. We heard a few birds in the trees but one of the highlights of the trip for me was meeting three robins at different times along the track, which all came very close to us and stayed for quite a while.



**Greenstone Valley (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

The hut is a basic but comfortable 12 bunk back country hut, with a great fire (thanks Terry), in the living area between the 2 bunkrooms, and a friendly resident warden.

After lunch some of our group headed up Steele Creek for a look and came back tired but having enjoyed the walk. Since the making of Lord of the Rings people are constantly referring to the bush as Hobbit country or other references to the movie and there were times when I thought the same.

Other members of our party became fixated on the cattle grazing nearby, trying to determine who was the leader and who was the rebel and when they decide to move in a new direction. (If there is anyone else at all interested, I suggest they see Jenni personally).

Sunday, we walked out the same way we came in. We stopped briefly at some pleasant spots by the river, and Roy had a swim. We also saw some fish, but Phil didn't have his line with him.

The weather was fine all weekend. The sandflies were friendly - sending out welcoming committees every time we stopped, though they were much worse at the start of the track. We arrived back at the shelter by about 2.30 in bright sunshine after a very pleasant weekend.

Thanks to Jenni, Sandra, Roy and Phil.

Fiona Webster

## **BUSHCRAFT 2002**

**February – March, 2002**

**Author: Cathy McKersey**

Published in Bulletin 617, April 2002

Attending the bushcraft course was a great learning experience. Our opening evening covered the basics of clothing, footwear, our responsibility to conservation, a slide show of the beautiful scenery trampers can expect and Tirohanga arrangements.

Twenty budding trampers left the clubrooms at 7pm on Friday and headed for a weekend of Bushcraft skills. Members of the club gave their time to instruct us on the use of stoves, crossing rivers, compass skills, pitching tents, map reading and weather. I appreciated the helpful / friendly environment, which made learning fun.

Sunday was a day to head for the hills behind Tirohanga and put into practice those skills learnt. Our group was led by Alan Thomson, and we managed to find our way between markers and eventually found the “road” to bring us back to base. A special mention of thanks must go to Heather, Jenni and Robyn in the kitchen for the fantastic food; it just kept on coming. Unfortunately, we were unable to take part in the Silver Peaks weekend but did do the optional Greenstone / Caples trip.



**Crossing a side-stream in the Greenstone Valley, below Greenstone Hut (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

Deciding what to take was quite hard for a new tramping recruit so as a consequence I packed and unpacked my pack contents at least twenty times. Fortunately for us we were able to borrow a tent from friends but unfortunately for us we could not get to learn how to erect it until 5pm on the Friday night. (Not a good idea.) Stuffing the tent into Graeme's pack we headed to the clubrooms, to depart at 6pm.

Terry and Carmel Casey were our leaders, and we had an enjoyable van trip to our track entrance base.

Now setting up a tent late at night, with handhold torches not to mention feeling slightly tired is an interesting not to mention frustrating experience. By this time most of the group had settled down in the concrete shelter. There was silence by other party members by the time we crawled into our tent hoping it would stay up. We were tired, hot, and sweaty and just ready to fall asleep when the sound of gunfire startled us. Someone shooting possums, followed by the sound of rain. We awoke next morning both feeling a bit unsure about it all.

Leaving base at 9am we headed up towards the Greenstone Valley and had a wonderful 5 hours tramping with Terry and Carmel. They shared information about tramping gear etc, we talked and enjoyed the company, plus the scenery, stopping along the way to look at the birds, the river, the waterfalls, the flora and fauna etc. Reaching the hut, we were welcomed by the other party, Jenni had the billy on for a welcome cuppa. We decided to sleep in the hut as there were spare bunks and wanted to have a "hut experience." It was all I expected it would be and loved every moment of it. On Sunday morning when I got up and organised my pack I didn't want to head back to the van. I wanted to keep on walking to the next hut. We arrived home by 9.45pm on Sunday tired but exhilarated by the experience

River crossing was the next hurdle, thank goodness for a warm day. The group headed for Outram Glen and learnt to cross in gentle water. Then off up the track to Lee Stream where the river was filled with large slippery boulders. Alan, Wolfgang and Ann's support and encouragement were invaluable in mastering this skill.

Our concluding evening covered the role / function of D.O.C, the Mountain Safety Council, Search and Rescue and FMC. Thanks to Andrew for his outstanding slide presentation. The whole Bushcraft experience was great and Graeme and I look forward to becoming members and participating in future club activities.

Cathy Mckersey

# THREE OF US ON A THREE DAYER

**January 2002**

**Author: Doug Forrester**

Published in Bulletin 617, April 2002

Away from town 6pm Thursday. Up early Friday morning, full of go. The cooker wouldn't go without a major overhaul, what the hell, it wasn't going to dampen our enthusiasm. It should have been seen as an omen. We are at the West Matukituki road end and our destination for the day is Liverpool Bivvy, not too bad a day out, even the slabs near the hut have improved. Enjoying the sun outside the hut about 4pm, (Liverpool Bivvy a lovely spot just above the bush line) about 10 Kiwis or 20 Japanese.



**Liverpool Biv, West Matukituki Valley, January 2002 (PHOTO: Doug Forrester Collection)**

We had a couple of Israelis for company. Saturday, early and full of go. Our destination for the day was down to the valley floor, up West Matukituki to Scotts Biv rock, empty half our packs then up to Bevan Col for a peek at Mt Aspiring (what a sight) then back down to Scotts Biv and finally into sleeping bags about 11pm. The fly had more appeal than the bivvy rock. Quite a day that sure had its moments - sheer madness. Sunday, early and full of go (well perhaps not quite) our destination for the day to sidle from Scotts bivvy to French Ridge hut and then out to road end. Sidling on a near enough route that had its moments bought us out right at the hut. The new hut is a beauty. Got out to road-end about - I think I forget. Geez, that sure took us a while. Home about 1am. I think perhaps I should give more time and thought to my planning of trips.



**Sharon St Clair-Newman & Rowan Meddings in front of Mt Aspiring, January 2002  
(PHOTO: Doug Forrester Collection)**

I asked the other two if they enjoyed the trip, they said it was fun. They must have been very busy since we got back, as they haven't returned my calls. Sorry, the privacy act prevents me disclosing any more.

Anon.



**Doug Forrester, Sharon St Clair-Newman & Rowan Meddings at French Ridge, January 2002  
(PHOTO: Doug Forrester Collection)**

## **FIVE PASSES (THERE AND BACK AGAIN)**

**April 29 – May 1, 2002**

**Author: Terry Duffield**

Published in Bulletin 618, May 2002

Question: What do you call four days of wintry purgatory in Aspiring National Park?

Answer: Easter.

A pity that Barry, who did such a wonderful job of organization, left the weather off his 'to do' list. The northwester was already building as we breakfasted at Glenorchy after a comfortable (and quiet) night in the camping ground bunkhouse. By the time we had the cars placed at Lake Sylvan and the Routeburn car park a light drizzle was setting in....and an hour and a half later at the top of the Sugarloaf Pass it was obvious to all that we were in for a very wet day!



**Rock Burn Valley, looking towards Park Pass – well known bivy rock in centre of photo (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

Still, not to worry, after a five-minute break under a sheltering rock we scrambled down into the Rockburn Valley negotiated a few interesting river crossings (including the testicle shrinker) and wended our way across Theatre Flat to our lunch stop at the bivy rock (and not before time - I could have eaten a horse and then looked around for the rider too). More steep uphill climbing brought us to the rock garden, normally a wonderful place to stop but in the prevailing conditions (sleet by this time I think) nobody was inclined to take the short detour. More scrambling brought us to the flats below Park Pass and I must confess, I (and perhaps one or two others) was ready to call it a day right there, but Arthur had other ideas and we pressed on

over the deer trail and up to the welcoming shelter of what must be the crown prince of bivvy rocks. We pitched both tents under our monolithic benefactor and were soon snug as ticks on a dog.

How pretty the falling snowflakes the following morning as we trudged up to the saddle! We had been considering an alternate route down to Hidden Falls Creek via the Shangri-La Valley but again the weather limited our choices so we descended the regular route down the steep spur past the gray and the red scree slopes and eventually onto the flat expanse of Cow Saddle. Not a cow in sight!? And no wonder (bovines have more sense than to be out in this weather) - the sleet was stinging our faces as we sought the shelter of a bleak rock for lunch. Barry had strained a leg muscle and was putting on a brave face; Arthur had dislocated a finger and made a hasty 'Rambo' repair.



**Below Cow Saddle, Hidden Falls Creek (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

Onwards and up-wards with Fiery Col occasionally visible up ahead. I look back to see the others clustered like colourful sheep on the hillside. Doesn't look good! - A few minutes later they call me back. Mutiny!! Arthur and I are keen to go on, the others to seek the sheltered leafy valleys of the return route....and democracy prevails. Like whipped dogs we retreat

to the flats of Hidden Falls Creek with perhaps a variation on our return route - to ascend the scree slopes the following day and up through Shangri-La or not.

During the night the Southerly front (correctly forecasted for a change) has left a considerable dumping of snow and made the scree slope option unadvisable, so a steep morning climb through the beech forest is the order of the day. Then up through new snow to Park Pass (the

others are putting on sunglasses, but I haven't seen the sun for over two days and am not going to hide from it now!) Back at our Bivvy Rock we have lunch then head back to the Rock Garden. For those of you who have not been here it is to be highly recommended (nice rocky outcrops, a lovely tarn for swimming - in the summer, delicate mosses and intriguing natural Bonsai trees). Theatre Flat is our venue this evening: a filling pasta meal, some unexpected pyrotechnics (ask Barry) and a real fire.



**View from Sugarloaf Pass, looking towards Earnslaw and the Rock Burn (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

Monday morning and I'm dragging the chain again (surely it wasn't this steep on the way down?) I get my second wind near the top. We all stop for a break and Barry lurches on but there is something missing - a crutch and a parrot I am thinking (but, seriously, he is doing marvelously well, fuelled by images of a hot shower, a cold beer and any large breasted woman - preferably all at the same time.) Arthur and I shortly pass him and sprint down to the road end in fifty minutes or so. The first beer didn't touch the sides and the 'Kitchen Sink' burger at the Glenorchy pub is a must if you are in the area.

Thanks to Barry Atkinson, Arthur Blondell, Grant Burnard and Rob, for putting up with me: despite the weather it was a great long weekend.

Terry Duffield

## **GREENSTONE – STEELE CREEK - CAPLES**

**March 8-10, 2002**

**Author: Allan Perry**

Published in Bulletin 618, May 2002

Dave, Wayne and I decided Greg's planned trip to the Greenstone / Caples area, gave the perfect chance to take a trip over Steele Creek. A quick plan of attack was hatched, part of which was asking around the club on what to expect. Nearly all said "no problems, you'll be fine, have a go from the Greenstone end, give yourself plenty of time. The advice went on.



**Greenstone Valley, downstream of Steele Creek (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

So off we set at 7am with a great plan in hand, only problem was they were forecasting. 120mm of rain for Friday. No worries says Dave it doesn't rain when I'm tramping. Then to top it off when I filled out our intention form at Glenorchy DOC office the reply was quite a strong STEELE CREEK. You begin, to wonder are we doing the right thing as we head for the Greenstone / Caples carpark. After a quick lunch for us and the sand flies we decided it would be better if we got walking and left the sand flies to THEIR SHELTER.

Still *no* rain and Dave still assuring Wayne it doesn't rain when he tramps. As we reach the turn off to the Sly Burn Hut we caught up on the tail end of a large guided group who had left 2 1/2 hours ahead of us. They were paying \$1500 each for the pleasure of walking up the Greenstone and back the Route Burn. A short time later we arrived at the Mid Greenstone Hut,

Time for a rest as Dave was starting to cramp a bit and had spent the last few km in discomfort.

Feeling a bit better we decided to head up Steele Creek as far as light would allow, giving us an easier day tomorrow. We were still under the impression that crossing the pass tomorrow was not going to be easy. We crossed the swing bridge over Steele Creek on the Greenstone and turned right onto the marked Steele Creek track, straight away we started to climb, and all three of us had the same thought, (hell I hope it's not like this all the way). It soon flattened out and followed a well- marked track.



**Steele Creek, looking towards the pass to the Caples Valley (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

Not long into the bush Wayne soon noticed Dave was not his usual self and finding a camp site for the night would be a good idea. Dave wouldn't have it. We pushed on and soon noticed we were moving away from the river, a quick look at the map showed as soon as we met the river again we would be at the Steele Creek Hut. This is the last place to pitch a tent before you cross the pass four hours further on. Saturday started out with a slight detour. We headed up the grass flats, but soon found we had to back track right to the hut. From the hut you go down to the river and follow it. From here you need to read the river bed a bit as you need to pick where the track would enter and leave the bush.

After about 3 hrs we had left the bush and had started a gradual climb towards the top of the pass. At a rest point which we thought was still some way from the top it was decided we would see each other at the top and go at our own pace. To our amazement we were all standing on the top 45 min later and all commenting on how easy it was compared to what we had expected.

We walked over to the Caples side of the saddle and rested while taking an extended lunch break.

From here it was to be the easy part of the day, all downhill to the Upper Caples Hut. How wrong could we be? The downhill was right, steep and a long way, we were even turning to face uphill when resting. Eventually we walked out of the bush at the Upper Caples to find Andrew and his band of followers well and truly settled in. We soon realised the hut would be full so headed off for the Mid Caples Hut.

Sunday we had a short walk back to the car park to find the sand flies still taking control of the shelter. We threw all our gear in the car and made for the hot showers at the Glenorchy Camp, NO RAIN (THANKS TO DAVE)

Dave, Wayne and I recommend this tramp to anyone who wants to move from tramping the well-formed tracks, it is not a hard tramp if the weather is right, also working as a team helps. In these areas you notice the little things that help, the slight push from behind as you go off balance, the person in front turning to give you a pull up from the riverbed. Also, the regular glance behind from the person in front (just to check you're there and ok) or the person with the A1 eyes (Dave) who constantly found the tags on the trees when no one else could.

Allan Perry, Dave Chambers, Wayne Smith

## **CAPLES VALLEY – KAY CREEK – SCOTT CREEK**

**March 9-10, 2002**

**Author: Greg Powell**

Published in Bulletin 618, May 2002

Our intrepid group consisting of Antony (I love paddling) Pettinger, Shirley (I can't go to the loo and get lost again) Crook, Ann (I love straddling trees) Burton and yours truly, set off from Dunedin at 1-00 p.m. heading for the Greenstone carpark on the shores of lovely Lake Wakatipu.

I can't actually remember what time we started up the Caples Track, but it would have been somewhere between 6 and 7 p.m. Anyway, we did manage an hour or two of daylight walking, but darkness set in just before we reached the mid-Caples Hut. Had a bit of a rest stop here and a chat with the Rastafarian Ranger to let him know that more were following and that the club would organise collection of hut fees from the various parties.



**Swing bridge at Upper Caples Hut, providing access to the Fraser and Kay Creeks (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

We continued walking in darkness and it was difficult to keep to the track in the open grassy areas with the lush growth that has occurred. With the grass, of course came the cattle, and it was quite eerie seeing large numbers of reflected eyes peering at you from out of the darkness. Would have made some good shots for a Lord of The Rings movie. Antony took the lead and took us a small detour so we could experience the joy of getting wet feet by crossing a couple of streams (or was it the Caples River - I don't know it was dark). Arrived at the Upper

Caples hut at 11-30ish to find the only occupant was a possum lounging on the veranda. It was great to be able to spread ourselves out and we all had a great night sleep (and I admit a wee sleep in the next morning).

Our real challenge started next morning. Three of us crossed the swing bridge over the Caples river while the other party member waded across (guess who?). We headed back downstream on the true left to meet up with Kay Creek. It pays to start climbing about 2-300 metres before you actually reach the creek, as the lower reaches are quite rocky and bluffy. We had lost the route markers at this point but picked them up again as we started to climb. The route itself is generally well marked right up to the Kay Creek Hut. There is access to water all the way so no need to carry great quantities. A beautiful area to tramp in and I got a couple of good photos including a picturesque moss bed growing beside the track and an example of the awesome power of nature in the form of a tree that had recently been struck by lightning.



**Looking from the head of Kay Creek and over the Caples to the crossing to Steele Creek (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

The Kay Creek Hut has three bunks and a very uneven rock floor and would suffice in really bad weather or an emergency. From the hut there are no longer any route markers, and it is a matter of following the creek up to the pass. The climb to the pass is steep and bloody hard work but really satisfying. There are various routes up, but we followed the creek as far as possible and then veered off up a small gut just to the left of the waterfalls. The terrain then levels out and there are a number of good camping spots to pick from.

It had drizzled most of the afternoon and it was great when the cloud vanished about 7-00 and the stars came out and enabled us to sit on the bank of a small stream to cook our meal and

enjoy the peace and serenity. We were also treated to a spectacular sight of mist rising rapidly from the valley and again it would have made a great shot for Lord Of The Rings.

Next morning dawned bright and sunny and the small stream we had camped beside had disappeared overnight. We completed the climb to the summit of the pass sparing a moment of sympathy for those in the valley who were completely misted in while we had the benefit of superb views, particularly of Mount Earnslaw and her lovely white peaks. Once over the summit the terrain again levels off and again plenty of good camping sites. Stopped here for a brief chat with Wolfgang's party who had camped here and were enjoying a late breakfast. From here we descended on the true right of Scott Creek to a large basin. The Scott Creek hut is on the lower side of this basin just in the bushline and can be hard to spot. To revert to the language of the 60's - the hut is grotty. From the hut you enter the bush and follow a well-marked route down the true right of Scott Creek. The destruction of the storms in 1994 is still evident. The descent is quite moderate and leaves the bush on a knob overlooking the Dart River and follows a well-marked route through thick scrub and then down to the Routeburn Road.



**Tarns on the saddle of Kay and Scott Creeks, with Mt Earnslaw beyond (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

The intrusion tourism is having on our backcountry areas was brought home to me as we were descending through the bush on our final leg and could hear the incessant droning of jet boat engines on the Dart River.

This is a great trip and one I would strongly recommend however you do need a reasonable level of fitness and times will vary depending on how fit one is, I would rate it as one of the more challenging tramps I have done but the satisfaction of doing it is thus all the sweeter.

Greg Powell for Ann Burton, Antony Pettinger and Shirley Croot.

## **KAY CREEK – SCOTT CREEK**

**March 9-10, 2002**

**Author: Wolfgang Gerber**

Published in Bulletin 619, June 2002

'Heavy rain in Fiordland' This was the forecast on Friday morning and the thought of camping near the saddle in 'heavy rain' seemed a challenge to say the least. At 11.00pm we commenced our walk-up cowpat (oops Caples).

Still, no rain! In fact, a few stars could even be seen. We snuggled into our bags in the, Mid Caples hut at 1.45am but still no rain. We awoke with a lot of mooovement outside with some, inquisitive cows coming to call, making more cow pats along the way. We were then visited by the hut warden A.K.A, Bob Marley.

After a hearty breakfast we were off and arrived in good time at the Upper Caples hut where a morning tea was enjoyed. We signed in and had a stretch. Then up over the swing bridge to begin the gentle climb up Kay Creek at first, but soon it became steep in places. Shortly afterwards a positive sighting of an exotic Blue Bottle was made. Just before Death Valley hut the drizzle finally started.



An earlier OTMC party on the saddle between Kay and Scott Creeks (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

At the hut we rested, for about 10 minutes and then up, up and up we went beside Kay Creek in the drizzle. When we approached the saddle there were a couple of options to cross the creek to the east or follow a rock fall up to the north. Our group took the creek version, but the latter is less difficult. The drizzle stopped as we reached the first saddle. Then it was into a basin then up and over a second saddle where a suitable campsite was found.

At 1500m above sea level the clouds cleared, the sun hit the tops around us and the magnificent twins tops of Earnslaw came into view. Once more a yummy meal was enjoyed by all and washed down by a glass of wine.



**Scott Creek – this valley received extensive damage in the massive 1994 floods (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

Next morning, we awoke to a brilliant day with the only cloud being in the Dart Valley way below. The walk down was uneventful, only stopping for lunch when we came out of the bush overlooking the Dart Valley.

While we waited for the transport to come for us we lazed around Scott Creek soaking' up the sun's rays, as it turned into a gorgeous day. I even enjoyed the bottle of water poured over me.

As the day was so great, we stopped at Glenorchy for some chips and cool drinks.

A tip for future parties in the area; in some places it is quite easy to lose the track especially climbing up Kay Creek so beware.

Once again very enjoyable trip with the club; the company, was superb.

Thanks to Greg Powell for organising the tramp.

Wolfgang Gerber for Barry' Atkinson, Wilbert Stokman, Andrew Fausch & Trevor Deaker

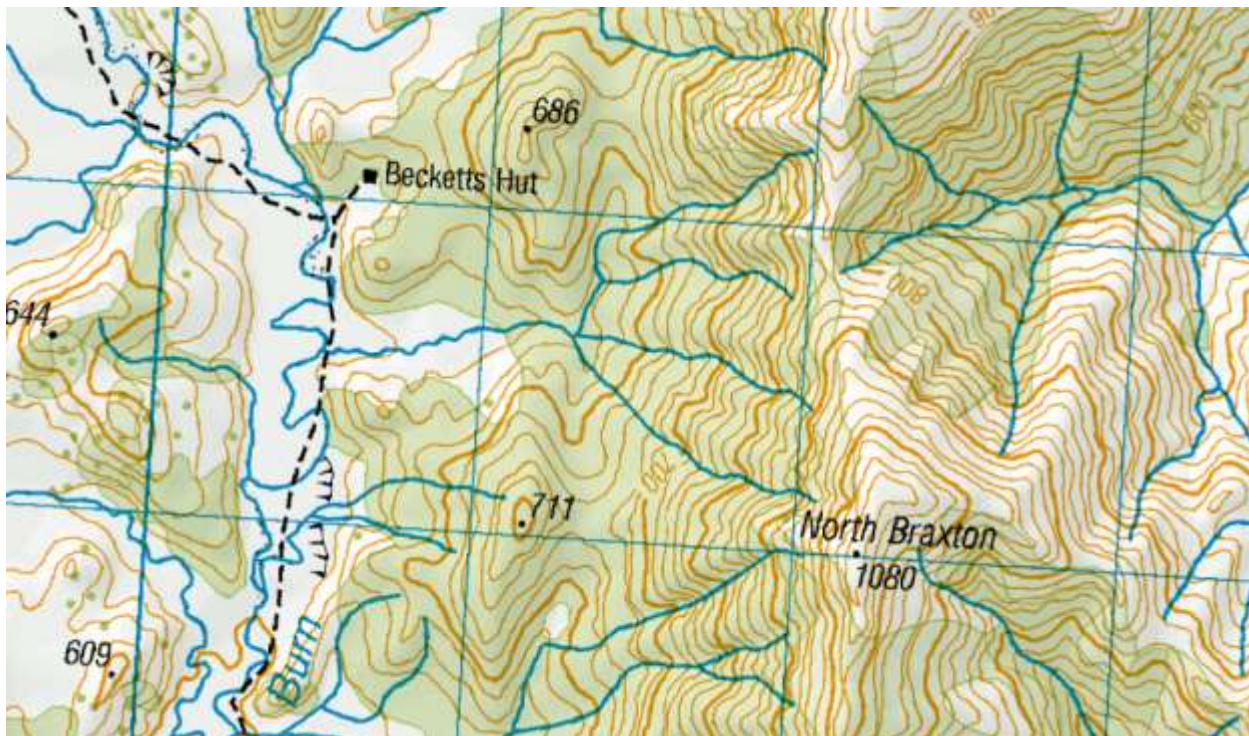
# TAKITIMU TRIP REPORT

**April 13-14, 2002**

**Author: James Craig & Phil Keene**

Published in Bulletin 619, June 2002

On the Saturday, Phil and I left Princhester Hut and passed though the saddle heading southwards by mid-morning. We were glad to have shelter in the forest and bush from the wind. Heading to Beckett's hut, we had an easy walk with the wind, sun, and gradient in our favour. After lunch at Beckett's Hut, we met Bill, Ken, Jeff and Dianne, who tramped up the valley from Aparima Hut.



As a side trip Phil and I attempted to climb North Braxton. Going up through forest and bush was quite hard work and after two hours of working up a ridge we came to a wall of 3m high bush that was virtually impenetrable. Here we turned round and on going back down, saw that this barrier was only 20-30 m wide before the wider and open terrain above this bush.

At Becketts hut Jeff Chappell and George, who took some digital photos for a book he is writing, joined the six of us. Having the fire going made for a comfortable evening and on Sunday Phil and I had a good walk out to Bill's van below Aparima Hut. Here the terrain was tussock, and the use of cattle and sheep trucks made the going easier. After lunch, we drove back around to Princhester Hut and waited for the others to arrive later on that afternoon.

Overall, this tramp is quite easy and best done with another team heading the opposite way to leave a vehicle at each end.

James Craig, Phil Keene.

# TAKITIMU'S

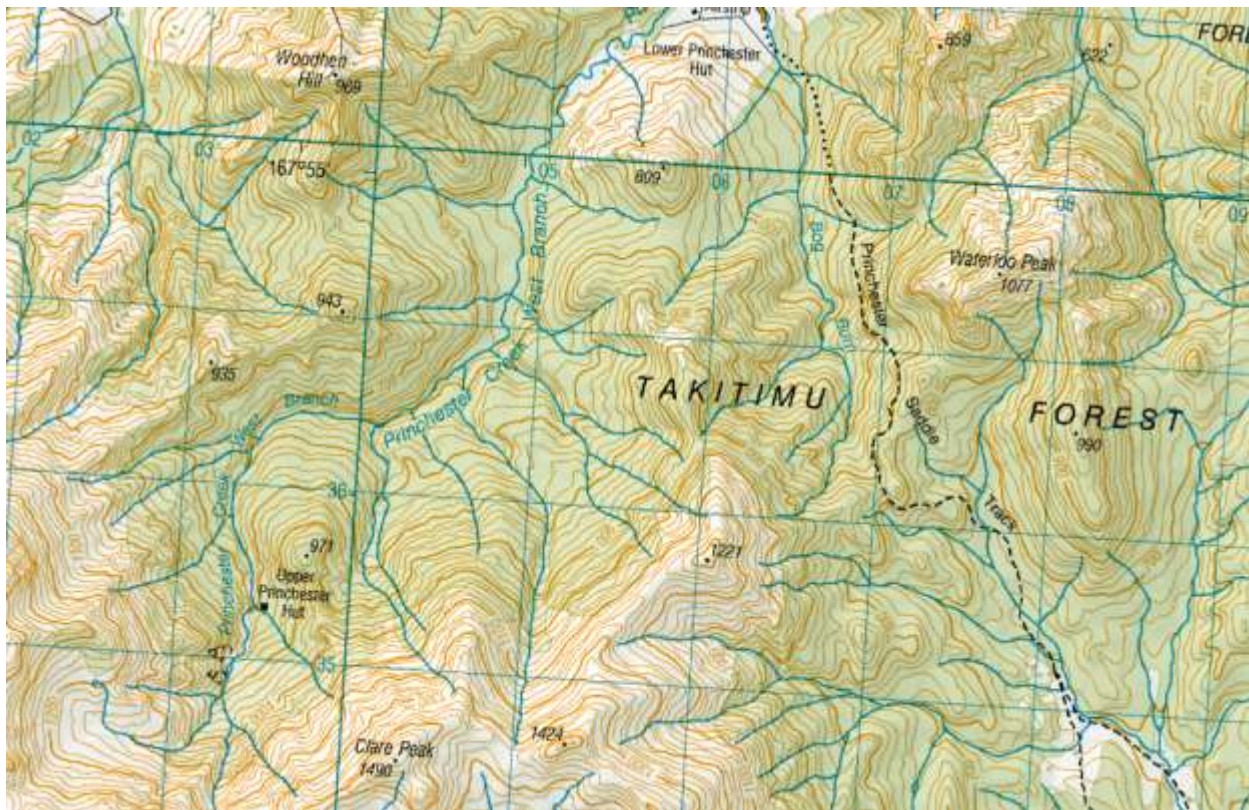
**April 13-14, 2002**

**Author: Robyn Bridges**

Published in Bulletin 620, July 2002

For a moment or three it seemed as if some expectations were not going to be met, but the adage 'it will be alright on the.... day' in this case, was proved true yet again. The uncertainties of Friday night melted away as four parties set off on Saturday morning on their chosen routes.

Two parties into the Princhester Stream to climb Clare Peak and two parties into the area of the Waterloo Burn and Beckett's Hut: each starting at opposite ends and, by handing over car keys mid-way, achieving a round trip. Saturday had dawned calm but overcast. With a wonderfully fine week behind us, I was hesitant about the weekend's weather; how long would it last?



The view heading up towards Princhester Stream and Clare Peak is stunning. There is something about the light in the Takitimu's which gives the beech a distinctive shade of green. At this time of the year, it was even more attractive with the contrast of the brilliant berries of the lowland scrub that greeted us as we left farmland and entered the bush. Sadly, no fencing was visible and there were clear signs of weed infestation within the bush margins.

Following the true right of the river, we headed upstream avoiding, some 20 minutes later, the clearly marked possum line on the true left. Dry feet is not an option on this trip as we criss-crossed the stream several times before reaching the distinctive marker indicating the

Princhester Biv, a small two bunked hut about 100 metres above the true right of the Princhester Stream. Having lunched in pale sunlight, but still calm, we headed straight up through the bush picking up a spur, on which at some former time, there had been a possum line. The advice I had been given to keep out of the head of the valley proved correct and though not quite hands and knees stuff, well not all the way, we emerged at bush line with a clear view of a route to Clare Peak. We found ourselves on a saddle with great views over the Te Anau plains and the distant Eyre Mountains. All morning Clare Peak had had variable amounts of cloud clagging it in. Wanting to keep our options open so we would have a choice of moves on Sunday morning, we made camp. There was only one major flaw - no nearby source of water!

Bog Burn (from where you would reach Princhester Hut). Several decided to do this on Sunday morning. A couple of us, watching the swirling mists gathering round Clare Peak, opted for some gentle botanising and the shelter of the Princhester Stream. Sadly, it turned out that conditions were worse on Clare Peak than the day before and the others too had to retreat to the calm of the Princhester Stream. The traverse will keep for another trip card!

For directions to Princhester Hut, (heading to Te Anau from Mossburn) it is the next left past the second turn on your right to Mavora Lakes off SH 94. Access to the Princhester Hut is across De Vaar Station (this is clearly marked as you turn left) and you need to ring the station holder first. To travel from the Princhester Hut through to the Dunrobin end, takes one hour. It took our group, travelling at a gentle pace, three hours to reach the Princhester Biv, one hour to reach the bushline where we made camp, and one hour from the camp to Clare Peak.

Robyn Bridges for James Griffiths, Alli Knight, Marc Doesburg, Grant Burnard, Matt Corbett and Caroline Granger.

## LAKE MONOWAI – QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY

**June 1-3, 2002**

**Author: Party (see end of report)**

Published in Bulletin 620, July 2002

Does tramping in Fiordland with wet feet on an unmaintained, bog-ridden track with hard to locate trail markers or being knee deep in snow with gale force winds sound like a fun way to spend the holiday weekend? Well for this group of ten, the answer is yes, and we all wholeheartedly agreed that it was "basically" an "awesome" weekend. Unaware what the weekend had in store, on the Friday evening shortly after arriving in Manapouri and in keeping with OTMC tradition we supported the local pub near the campground in which we were to stay the evening. After several shared beers and high fives while playing pool, we entered into a game of pool with several of the local "characters". This out of the ordinary game of pool, in which we participated, consisted of stacking 20-cent coins on top of a box of matches and attempting to knock it over by hitting the cue ball and only one other pool ball. At one-point during the game, when a very old man with long gray hair and a long grey beard entered the pub, one of the locals, "Mr. Manapouri" stated "Look, it's Father Christmas"!

After closing the pub, we returned to our cabin at the campground. And in keeping with tradition once again, Andrew would not shut up. Finally, at 2 a.m. after laughing so hard we had tears rolling down our faces, quiet finally settled over the cabin as a frost set in outside.

An ambitious plan was formulated requiring a 6 a.m. start on Saturday. Little did we know that this would be the trend every day. At 200 metres above sea level, we started out on the track in ankle deep snow and things only got worse from there. The following comments best describe our encounters: "A machete would have been helpful for most of the tramp", "If Bruce could put his talking energy into walking, he would be a tramping machine", "Mud slicks on the track a hippopotamus would be proud to call his own". When one is tramping, a song normally gets stuck in the head, and for one poor trumper who fell into waist deep water, then later fell face forward into a mud bog, and found every deep hole possible to step into, the Travis song "Why does it always rain on me" was found very appropriate while saying over and over "I so don't need this right now". While navigating the trail, the question was often asked "Can you see the next trail marker" or "Can you find the trail"? This except for Paul who was unaware that there were trail markers, and for the two unsuspecting trampers who blindly followed him while carrying on a conversation. Rodgers Inlet consisted of a two bunk and a four-bunk rustic hut with no running water, benches or tables. Boots were needed just to step out of the hut in the mud. The logbook, which was started in 1997, was still in use and we were the first visitors in over a month. Quite ironically though the huts were stocked with "Today's Women", "Women's Weekly" and "Women's Monthly". Normally in the hut there would be a notice stating that the particular hut requires either two or three tickets, however we believed by staying in these huts one would be entitled to a credit.

With the weather cutting up and our ambitious time to Rodger Inlet shot, we had to spend Saturday night in the huts. Later two trampers from the Queenstown Tramping Club arrived amazed to see so many people!



Ever wonder what ten guys talk about when alone out in the woods? Well topics of conversation included favourite recipes and a guess on how old everyone was. Speaking of ages, it is helpful to bring people who were born circa 1985. As the older wiser adults enjoyed a cup of tea in the hut, watching James and Graham (both 17 years old) was like witnessing "snap" they cut the wood for a fire, "snap" they make a fire "snap" they get water, "snap" they make some soup, "snap" they set up their tent, etc. It was exhausting just watching them.

Speaking of trying to light a fire in Fiordland, here are some helpful hints: When lighting a fire outdoors, bring heaps of fire starter and waterproof newspaper to protect the fire when it starts to rain. When the log burner in the hut is being utilized, any wood placed on top of the log burner will eventually dry out, thus having the potential to make the hut very smoky when it begins to burn as we found out, it was not because the chimney doesn't go.

We did find it ironic that in the hut there is a sign that states when using a cooker inside the hut to open the window for ventilation, however the hut had no windows.

That evening Terry rattled off joke after joke, we especially liked 33, 56, and 99. The telling of jokes proved to be quite educational for James, and Graham has learned never to ask James to borrow his Dad's car.

Before retiring for the evening, another ambitious plan was formulated for the next day requiring another 6 a. m. wake up which was instigated by an Irish leprechaun accent (who by the way has never been to the McDonalds in Boise, Idaho),

On Sunday morning, at first light we set off with full packs to attempt accomplishing the ambitious plan set out for that day. Still carrying our unused tents (except the “snap” lads), we climbed aggressively to the bush line. We had an early lunch in the deep snow which was accompanied by a gale force wind. The “snap” lads somehow found time to heat water! Gavin held a long lead in the knee- deep snow up to 1315 metres into a driving, freezing wind, with cold showers sweeping across us. It soon became obvious while stepping, when a gust of wind came up, you would soon get knocked over. The whole group of us would in one swift movement shift across one step, mining Gavin’s hard work. Paul offered to lead steps, but everyone decided they would rather follow the wind’s persuasive touch. It should be noted that Owen wore shorts for this entire expedition.

Gavin lost his replacement hat from Ireland. Paul lost his cap but not with-out an “awesome” dive in the snow from James. With the cap at his fingertips, it flicked over the cornice flying down towards Lake Monowai. Bugger!

After a deep discussion in deep snow, “basically” we had to turn back, everywhere was too far except where we had come from! Even the descent presented problems; face plants in snow, tummy slides with arms (seals), and even plastic bags that were used to slide on got blown away by the “awesome” wind! We made good time through the forest by bouncing off tree trucks and bum sliding in the snow.

At this point James decided to take over from Paul and led the party deeply off track in the bush for a “basic” nature walk - nice as the track was, it was not the track!

Ten of us arrived back at the huts to find one Queenstown tramper in each hut. Snoring had split them apart; we simply ruined their day and “basically” took over the huts again.

Another night of discussion - let’s get up at 6 a.m.! This time we hatched an ambitious plan, which simply will not fail even carrying our tents again still unused. We can get out quickly and, um, go to the pub in Te Anau. This time the track got better, what a change.

So, in the cars, but in a direction away from Dunedin (go figure) we drove to Te Anau. We had a lovely outdoor pub lunch on the waterfront with views of snow-capped mountains while we enjoyed the warmth of the sun and several rounds of beer. The laughter continued; it was awesome.

Believe it or not, the two Queenstown trampers arrived at the pub. Yes, the same poor buggers from Rodger Inlet, boy were they glad to see us, NOT! The entire time in the hut, Jane spent in her sleeping bag. All of Bruce’s conversations with her were of course while she was in her bag. He felt like he was talking to a sleeping bag with eyes, and so when he saw her at the pub, he said “So Jane, that’s what you look like!”

Report by: Paul “I am not writing the trip report” Van Kampen, Andrew “It was awesome” Fausch, James “Snap-Dad can I borrow the car?” Griffiths, Graham “Snap-laugh at Bruce” Gibson, Bruce “I so don’t need this right now” Bernasconi

# CANYON CREEK TRIP

**May 11-12, 2002**

**Author: Grant Burnard**

Published in Bulletin 621, August 2002

An on-time departure from the clubrooms saw five of us (increased to six at Waitati, where Liz joined us) speeding away in a spacious van, minus the trailer, to North Otago, and the Ahuriri valley. After rendezvousing with Alan Thomson's group at the Hampden tea stop, we continued in convoy to the access road at the start of the valley, to reach Birchwood Station homestead, where the key to the locked gate (allowing vehicular entry to the upper valley) was obtained. Pausing every couple of minutes to allow Ken Powell to open and shut a succession of gates, we eventually reached Ahuriri Base Hut, easily spotted from a distance by a startlingly intense light emanating from within. On closer inspection the source of this light proved to be...yes, what else, an electric light bulb. (We'd wondered why there'd been a cable laid out on the road all the way from Benmore Dam). We made a quick social call on the inhabitants (Alan 'Sparky' Perry and party) and acquired Phil as another member of our party (he'd complained about the light). This turned out to be quite fortuitous, as the following morning yours truly discovered he'd forgotten to bring half of the main course for the following night, and his breakfasts, but Phil had some extra food.

Another 20 minutes saw us reach the entrance to Canyon Creek, our final destination. We made quick work of erecting the fly, just in time to avoid the rain. A sip of Liz's port and we were settled in for the night, only slightly disconcerted by Ann's talk of taking her 'passion pills'

In the morning the rain was gone, but and a bit claggy around the tops. I despaired of ever seeing what the peaks around here looked like. Several of us had been on the same trip the previous year, and the weather had been pretty much the same, but we were stymied from doing our intended round trip up Canyon Creek and over into the main Ahuriri Valley because mustering was being carried out. This time mustering operations were on again, but we still hoped to do a circuit by going up C.C. and traversing the tops, which divide the two valleys, and then dropping back down into C.C. below the lower cirque.

We set off and followed the well-defined track up a bit of a climb where it avoids an impressive gorge, through bush and then down again to the river, and from there it was reasonably easy travel alongside it and then over a boulder field to arrive at the foot of the lower cirque. This barrier had caused us a few headaches last year when we missed the track turn off where it heads up the hill to the side and did it the hard way over an old sometimes precarious route up through shrub and rock to meet the 'official' track at the top.

This time we knew where to go, and in no time at all were at the top of the cirque, a reminder of the area's glacial origins. There we had lunch in the tussock and were soon joined by Alan T.'s party, who were doing a day trip from the hut, before going over into the Dingle the following day. Parting company from them again, we continued on our way to the head of the valley, ending up at a wonderful large rock bivvy, where we decided we'd stop for the night.

Splitting up, Liz, Ann and Phil took off for a look at the upper basin, while Robyn, Matt and I did a recce of a possible route for the next day, or at the very least try and get a glimpse of the Ahuriri in case it wasn't possible on Sunday. After a fairly steep climb through tussock and then scree, and noting the presence of a few tarns, we were on the tops and taking in the glorious (but somewhat truncated) views of the upper basin of Canyon Creek, with the scarred and imposing cirque the main drawcard, crowned by Thurneysen glacier and the half-hidden Mt Barth. Turning around, we looked down into the Ahuriri far below, and Watson Stream, one of the main feeder streams, almost opposite on the other side. A thick stand of beech started at this point in the Ahuriri and continued as far up valley as the eye could see. Robyn collected some lichen samples, and then it was back down to the bivvy to cook tea and have an early night.



Canyon Creek as seen in 1962 (PHOTO Ron Keen)

The morning dawned clear and bright, and we finally got an uninterrupted view of the peaks. It was worth waiting for. We took a less direct but more comfortable route up the hill this morning and were almost at the top when we became bathed in sunlight. Amazing how that seems to inject you with renewed energy! At the top we did the photo thing and then started weaving our way through large craggy rocks to try and reach the high point of the area, which we did in quick time. More photos, and much admiring of the views. From this vantage point you could see quite a distance up and down the Ahuriri, a wonderful valley. Mt Barth was fully visible now, not quite as majestic as you had earlier imagined it might be, but still pretty impressive. Along the way we couldn't help noticing the rather steep drop off on the Ahuriri side of the hill. We were happy to stay on the Canyon Creek side.

After a morning of reasonably straightforward travel, we stopped for lunch on a terrace above a scree slope, which we hoped to descend to Canyon Creek.

Lunchtime chatter consisted of a discussion about the declining rate of male fertility, and a description of an interesting method of birth control. Armed with all this newfound wisdom, we began the descent. The scree turned out to be not quite as runnable as we had thought, and a little steeper than we really wanted. The presence of large loose rocks meant we had to stick together and pick our way tentatively down so as to keep our footing and avoid setting off rockslides. It was hard work!

Two hours later we rejoiced as the bottom of the incline was reached. A quick drink from the river and we continued on downstream, retracing our steps of the previous day. Since our difficult descent had put us behind time, Matt shot off ahead to get to the van and tell A.T.'s party what we were up to.

Despite the rigours of that scree, on arriving at the van we nevertheless felt we had a really satisfying weekend. Hopefully the club can schedule the next trip into this area in the summer, so that a fuller exploration can be carried out, and that crossover trip might be completed yet!

After meeting up once again with Alan's party (Alan P. had gone out earlier, rolling up his cable as he went) we rolled off back down the lengthy four-wheel drive track to emerge on the main highway. A stop at the Omarama pub for fish n chips, where we rejoiced on hearing the result of the Highlanders latest match, then onwards through rain to reach home at a late hour.

Grant Burnard on behalf of Robyn Bridges, Liz Clark, Ann Burton, Phil Keene and Matt Corbett - thanks for their company and humour, and Alan Thomson for organising the trip.

# BRUCE'S ANNUAL MANAPOURI KAYAKING TRIP

**September 8-9, 2001**

**Author: Paul Bennington**

Published in Bulletin 621, August 2002 (reprint from 2001)

Friday night started with the standard departure from the clubrooms at 6 o'clock (near enough). A pleasant drive to Gore for refueling people and vehicles. Then on to the Manapouri camping ground and the prerequisite drink at the local. And finally, into our respective caves (huts).

Saturday dawned grey with a low overcast sky but still barely a ripple on the lake. A leisurely breakfast and down to Frazers beach at 9am for the Fiordland Wilderness Experiences safety and gear talk. People then sorted themselves and their gear into the kayaks. The storage space might be large but one or two still managed to challenge that! We were on the water by around 11am. By then the cloud had started to lift and the sun was shining through. We headed across a mirror calm Manapouri to Stony Point, and around the corner (500m) to a nice sandy beach for lunch. After lunch we paddled on past Belle Vue Island, on which resided a large rookery of black back gulls, and Mahara Island. Then across the mouth of Hope Arm to Stockyard Cove for afternoon tea. But this was short lived - the local fauna (sandflies) decided it was their afternoon teatime too! A quiet paddle into a light southerly then ensued with a gently increasing chop till we reached the end of Hope Arm and the camp site/hut.



Fiona's insertion: "Mountainous seas and gale force wind in our faces (a smattering of whitecaps and a stiff breeze on the nose), exhausted bodies stagger up the beach (well at least two of us were exhausted)- revived with great food and a wee drop of liquid refreshment, a great campfire and some really bad jokes - ask Terry to tell you the one about the gynecologist."

Sunday morning the weather was similar to Saturday. A crashing of pot and lid being banged together disturbed the morning air - Bruce reminding us time to arise. Time to load the kayaks and head toward the track at the bottom of Monument (a monument shaped hill). The reward of the fantastic panoramic view from Hope Arm around to Frazers Beach/Pearl Harbour was well worth the amble (a little rope assisted rock climb also required). Back down and time for an early lunch.. Oooppss someone didn't get the message that it was lunchtime. Next stop an early afternoon tea (and lunch for the confused ones).

Off round Stony Point and a raft up for photos. Kerry demonstrating her agility by tiptoeing across the kayaks from one end to the other and back. The odd water incursion occurred as the day continued to warm. Then finally back to Frazers Beach to unpack the kayaks and repack the cars.

Once the kayaks were empty Kerry and Paul (yours truly) decided to see what the water world looked like upside down and the right side up again (Eskimo roll time). A slightly chilling experience - I'm not sure how the Antarctic Peninsula guys managed it.

An ice cream in Mossburn, tea in Gore and finally home to Dunedin.

# POSSUM HUT

**July 7, 2002**

**Author: Greg Powell**

Published in Bulletin 621, August 2002

Thankfully we had two four-wheel drive vehicles to transport us to Semple Road. The road is in very poor condition with very bad potholes and ruts. I doubt a car would have made it. In fact, on the way out we came across a car that had slid off the road and become stuck in the mud.

Our original plan was to tramp the following route: Semple Road / Possum Hut / Green Hill / Pulpit Rock / Hightop and back to Semple Road. However, the best laid plans of mice and men often go astray, and we ended up bush-bashing our way down a creek to eventually arrive at the start of the route that takes you to Rosella Ridge. At this point and after much discussion we decided that rather than carry on to Rosella Ridge we would make for Possum Hut as a number in our party hadn't yet visited it.



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

Unfortunately, the bush became too dense to follow the creek back towards the hut and we had to turn back and relocate the tracked route to Semple Road. After climbing the hill back towards Semple Road we found a small signpost indicating the track to Possum Hut so off we set to our original destination. After slipping and sliding down the hill the hut was located without any further problem.

It appears that there has been some poisoning in the area as we found two dead piglets beside the track and a possum carcass in the hut itself. The hut is pretty rugged, and I certainly wouldn't be tempted to spend the night there. There are no bunks in the hut. Of historical interest was the plaque located just before the hut to Clarke and Powell (no relation) who I understand spent a lot of time hunting in the area in the early 50's.



**Memorial plaque on track that leads to Possum Hut (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

A great day and made even more ex-citing by the unexpected route finding involved and seeing a little piece of the Silver Peaks that I had not ventured into before. Thanks to Simon Crowther, Joseph Donnelly, Alan Thomson, Roy Ward, Ann Burton, and Rebecca Francis for sharing the adventure.

Greg Powell

# LUXMORE HUT

**June 22-23, 2002**

**Author: Greg Powell**

Published in Bulletin 622, September 2002

This was truly a social tramp to remember. With 37 trampers the organisation was superb, and it was great to see a number of new faces on the tramp.

We left Dunedin promptly at 6-00 on Friday night heading for the Te Anau camping ground and the very nice backpackers' quarters. The van was abuzz with chatter and the anticipation of how much snow we would encounter. A small problem of not enough beds at the backpackers in Te Anau was encountered thanks to four members having a change of mind about tramping in on the Friday night. However, Wolfgang took charge and solved the problem so we could all venture down to the Moose for a nightcap. We soon had smiles back on the faces of our English compatriots who seemed to be struggling with the fact that England lost to Brazil in the soccer quarterfinals.



**Exiting the bush en-route to Luxmore Hut (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

We started tramping at 9-00 the next morning in light drizzle but despite this it was a nice leisurely stroll around the lakefront to Brod Bay. There is a small shelter here where we stopped for a bit of scroggin and a chat before continuing uphill. The track upward is well formed and of a moderate zig zag grade. A little excitement when we reached the limestone rocks with icicles failing from the top lip of the rocks and this could be a little hazardous given the size of some of them.

Shortly afterwards we reached the bushline and into the snow. It would have been quite pleasant but for the drizzly wet snow and the cold windy conditions. It was certainly a pleasure to arrive at Luxmore Hut to find the potbelly roaring and a number of native Hawaiians, including one in a grass skirt.

Wining and dining started at 4-30 and continued until Wolfgang started his world-famous quiz at about 7-30. I really have to compliment my food group. Each course was a real treat and thoroughly enjoyed by all. But why is it that there is always too much food?



**Luxmore Hut with the Murchison Mountains across Lake Te Anau (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

The poor weather conditions persisted throughout Saturday night but was on the improve by Sunday morning. I left my billy of left-over Chocolate Fondue sauce out on the veranda of the hut and had to dig it out in the morning to find the sauce had transformed into delicious chocolate yoghurt, which 'was consumed for breakfast.

By about 9-30 the weather started to clear and our hanging about in the hut was rewarded. with some beautiful clear views of Lake Te Anau and enabled us to have some fun in the snow. A great way to spend a Sunday morning. It was with some regret that we entered the bush and the cloud came in bringing with it steady drizzle for the rest of the tramp. However, we all made good time and most were back at the vans by 3-00 ready for the trip home but with a quick stop at DOC headquarters, in Te Anau to dry off and get changed under shelter.

All in all, an easy tramp but as a social event a huge success (well done Wolfgang)

Greg Powell for Wolfgang Gerber, Jan Piggott, Nicole Bowes, and Fiona Webster.

## KEPLER TO LUXMORE HUT

**June 22-23, 2002**

**Author: Not recorded**

Published in Bulletin 622, September 2002

We headed off from the clubrooms at the usual time, making for Te Anau via a food stop in Gore. We spent the night in relative comfort in cabins there. (First in got the best beds, and the rest of us on the floor - ask Terry, Bruce and co about that).

The next day we headed off up the Kepler Track. It is a pleasant bush walk on a well-maintained track which starts off fairly level by the lake and gradually climbs on up. It was a winter trip in cold weather. We got warm walking and climbing but had to take care not to get cold when we stopped. It was also raining and while we were well wrapped up it was not unpleasant but finding a dry sheltered place to stop was more difficult the higher we got as the bush thinned.



**Low cloud / fog lying over Lake Te Anau, from Luxmore Hut (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

We saw several curious little robins which hopped around the path in front of us, and some very quiet keas who just sat on a branch and watched us watching them, till they got sick of that and flew away. We came across some massive icicles which were in the process of melting and falling down. Some chunks were bigger than a fist and some that had fallen earlier were easily the size of books. We moved through that area quite quickly. Then there were some very

icy steps to climb. Once these obstacles had been overcome it was a reasonably pleasant winter bush walk.



**Kepler Track, heading for Luxmore Hut (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

At the bushline we met the snow and the cold wind on our faces. Some kind people had made tracks ahead of us which certainly made it easier, but it was still hard work through knee deep snow for the best part of an hour to reach the hut.

At the hut the fire was burning and after hot drinks and food we felt much better. That night was Hawaiian theme night and Wolfgang's quiz.

I think everyone made an effort to dress up, with Caroline winning the overall best dress award. The quiz was challenging but a lot of fun.

That night was an early night for most of us. Overnight the wind howled, and the snow fell. The next morning the wind died down. After a relaxed start, with no one up before 0800, we headed back with Pete acting as track cutter. Even with the poles as a guide it was still a challenge to find the track and we were often up to the tops of our legs in snow. I fell a couple of times and was hauled up again by the person behind me. It was too deep for my arms to be any help. Fortunately, the snow was dry, so we didn't get cold.

It took about an hour to reach the bushline. Heading into the bush was magical with a layer of snow on every branch and twig. Ours were the first prints in the fresh snow. We made good progress and were soon at the icy steps which were still icy, but much of the previous day's ice was now slush. The icicles looked smaller as we went past. We ate our lunch on the flat in the shelter by the lake, then headed back to the vehicles.

Thanks, Wolfgang, for a great weekend

Nicole, Jan, Greg and our leader, Wolfgang

# INFORMATION GLITCH (BLUE MOUNTAINS)

**June 30, 2002**

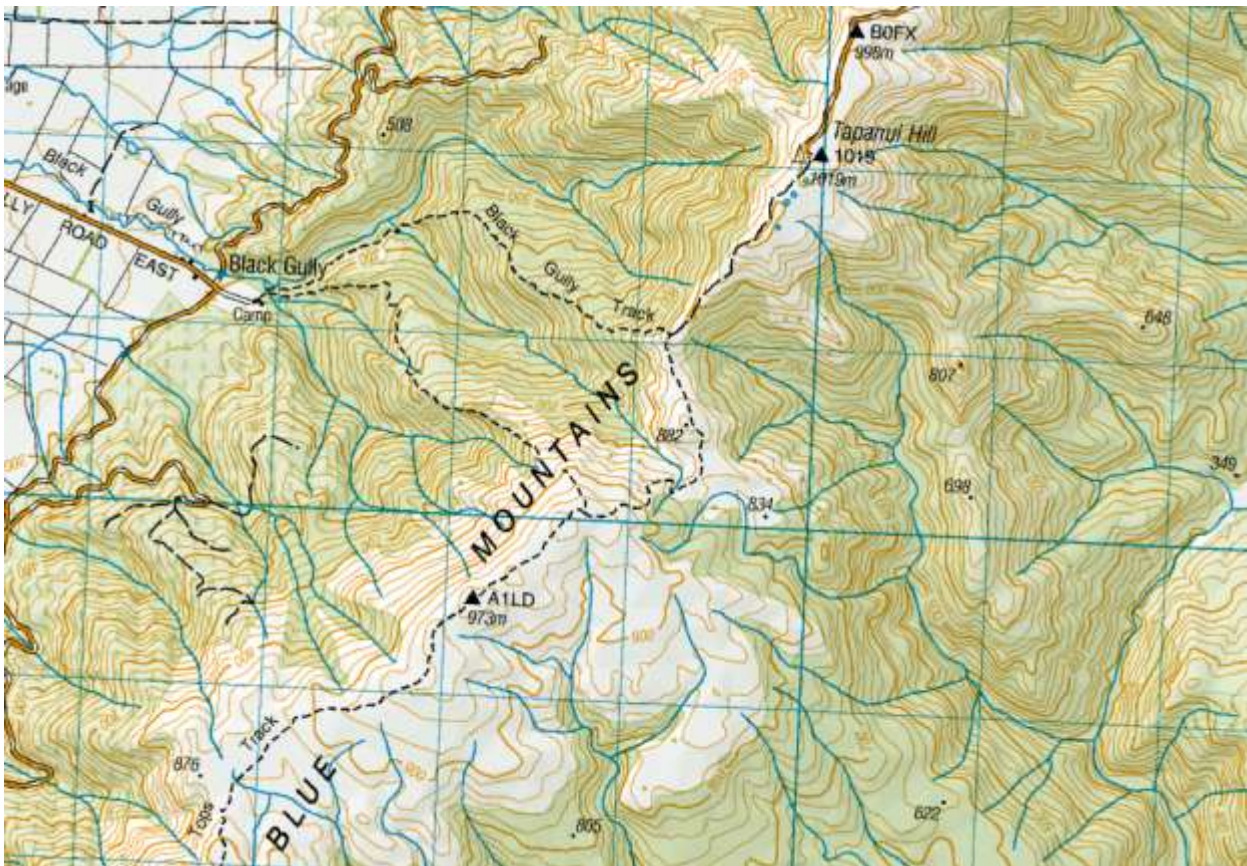
**Author: Ian Sime**

Published in Bulletin 622, September 2002

After I'd walked along the ridge-top road on the Blue Mountains with my two oldest grandchildren last Christmas, it occurred to me that this would be a good day trip for the Club, It was set down for 30 June.

Since the Blue Mountains are closer to Gore than to Dunedin, we invited the Hokonui TC to join us.

They tramp each second weekend, and this was their off one. When we contacted them earlier in the week, they expected three from Gore and one member from Balclutha to come. We arranged to meet at the Beaumont Hotel at 10.30.



A week or two earlier there was a heavy dump of snow on inland Otago, but this had all gone from the Blue Mountains by the previous week. But the forecast for the whole of NZ for the Sunday was miserable. Otago was promised SE winds and rain. Our B Plan was to walk the Beaumont Millennium Track, which follows the line of the old Roxburgh railway up the true left of the Clutha from Beaumont towards Millers Flat.

Five of us met at the Clubrooms on the morning in typical SE weather. My car had been giving trouble starting because of battery terminal problems, so it was good that Nicole had a 5-seater car she could take. But it needed petrol, so she followed my car to the Mornington garage and-filled up while I took my car home round the corner and rang the Beaumont pub so that they could let the Hokonui people know we'd be a bit late arriving.

They were all enjoying the big enclosed log fire in the bar when we arrived in the rain. The Hokonui TC is unique because all its members must be called Margaret, although an exception can be made if your name begins with an M, such as Mavis.

We toggled up, drove down the river-side, up Manuka Ridge Rd through the Earnslaw 1 pine forest, and up Road 100 to the carpark by the locked gate quite near the top. But the cloud was right down to our level, so we opted for Plan B, returned to the pub, and since it was mid-day, ate our lunch, but outside because several smokers occupied the bar.

Margaret from Balclutha in her car, and Nicole and I in her car, drove up the Millennium Track to the top end, left Margaret's car there, and drove back in Nicole's car to meet the other six walkers who by this time were well up the track. The rain never really stopped but was often quite light as we picked our way round the puddles, which filled every pothole on the track.

It was a bit after three when we arrived at Margaret's car. The four Hokonui women and Nicole drove off back down the track, Nicole to bring her car back to pick up us Dunedin people, and the Gore three to collect their car from the pub, and to make their way home through the Rankleburn, close to a stretch of the Pomahaka.

This was where I caused the communication breakdown. I didn't mention to Nicole my intention to continue up the road towards Millers Flat. So, when she returned to the top end of the Track, we were nowhere to be seen - we had walked on and were perhaps a kilometre further up the road. She had expected us to be walking down the track to meet her. She waited for 20 minutes, hoping we'd turn up, then thinking she may have somehow missed us, drove back down the track.

Meanwhile we were wondering where she was. A vehicle came up the road, and the driver told us he had overtaken her. She should be just a couple of minutes behind him. We walked on, but the two minutes soon passed, and so did many more minutes.

At last Sandra decided the only thing to do was go back down the road and continue down the track. We all agreed. After some time, a vehicle overtook us. We asked this driver to keep an eye out for Nicole and tell her we were returning.

When we finally met, it was 4.40 and Nicole had her lights on. She had gone right back to the pub, and then decided we must have gone on up past the track end. The second driver had given her our message. We were all glad to be reunited and returned to the pub to ring and let our contact person know we would be a lot later than our planned 5pm, have something to eat and drink, and travel directly home.

The idea for our Dunedin group had been to continue up past the Lonely Graves to Millers Flat, come back down the main road past Raes Junction, and from Beaumont, travel down beside

the Clutha to Tuapeka Mouth and experience a crossing on the punt there. I'd rung the punt man several days before to check if this was possible on a Sunday. He doesn't normally operate then but would have taken us across if we had called him, say 20 minutes beforehand. I was to ring from the pub. In the circumstances, I did ring, to tell him we were too late to come, but there was no reply.

Ian Sime, apologetically for Nicole Bowes, Sandra de Vries, Kirsten Tootell, Roy Ward (OTMC)  
Margaret Katon (Balclutha); Margaret Hughes, Mavis Johnston, Margaret Johnston (Gore).

## **AND THE HOKONUI CLUB VERSION OF THE TRIP**

**June 30, 2002**

**Author: Not recorded**

Published in Bulletin 622, September 2002

Four of our members journeyed to Beaumont to meet up with members from OTMC to tramp in the Blue Mountains.

Arriving early, we were invited into the Hotel to have a cuppa and wait as the others were not arriving until 11am.

The day was wet, and things didn't look promising, as the tops were not visible, and the rain wasn't looking like stopping.

After the arrival of five keen trampers from our host club, we travelled up into the forestry until we came to our proposed starting point. With low visibility and patches of snow, we stopped only long enough to take photos then retraced our tracks to the hotel where we had lunch, sheltering on the veranda.

It was time for Plan B, a walk up the Millennium Track towards Millers Flat. After some car shuffling, we all met up and walked about 10km up the track. This is an easy stroll with interesting artefacts and rock structure along the way and would be most enjoyable in more pleasant conditions.

Arriving back at the hotel about 3pm, we changed wet footwear etc. then warmed up by the log fire in the bar where we had a nice chat before heading for home.

Thanks to Kirsten, Sandra, Nicole, Roy and Ian, from the 3 Margaret's and Mavis

## KNACKERED: MAKARORA TRIP

**July 13-14, 2002**

**Author: Gary Dawe**

Published in Bulletin 623, October 2002

Not the best choice of headings and I hope it offends no one but it is how I felt in the van. It was the 14th of July, and we were heading home with Paul rambling in the back, my belly full of burger and chips and my head against the window reflecting on the weekend's events.

It was Ann Burton's trip to Makarora and on the 12<sup>th</sup> of July at the usual time we headed off from the clubrooms. The trip was much like the others with the dinner stop etc... although the stop at Hawea to pick up Bess was an excellent opportunity to grab a pint. We arrived at the Makarora camping ground quite late. We were bunked in the two larger "A" frame buildings used by Kiwi Experience people. The heaters were on for us, and it had to be one of the best night sleeps I've had on a trip.



Winter camping at Brewster Biv (now Brewster Hut) (PHOTO Doug Forrester / OTMC Archives)

Usual morning scramble next day, sorting pack and adjusting crampons (something I had not done before). By about 10am we were finally at the Fantail Falls car park. Donning gumboots, we crossed the Haast River whereas luck would have it I found the deepest hole to put my right boot into, still one dry foot is better than none.

It was fairly steep going and I hadn't carried a full pack for a while so by the time we got out of the bush I had blown out a few cobwebs and other things. From the bush line to Brewster Hut

was thick in snow and steep but already we were getting great views and the day was a cracker. At Brewster Hut we pitched tents in the snow which I found trickier than I thought and introduced ourselves to two skiers already residing there.

Once rested Andrew and I headed off to try and knock off Mt Armstrong. Along the way we teamed up with Grant and met Paul coming down who decided to go back up (fit bugger!!).

The climb up was "O" for awesome and I really got to test my crampon and ice axe skills. Cheers to the other guys for putting up with the novice and handing out their advice. The views from Mt Armstrong (2174m) were outstanding and it was the highest I had ever been. I felt on top of the world and looked in awe at Mike and Gavin who were climbing Mt Brewster in the distance. The trip down was just as much fun and I was bloody exhausted by the time we reached camp.

Now there's something about snow because the night was different. Dinner was tricky for all concerned with a sort of rotation going on as the hut was really small, but we were all fed and stood around outside telling tales, some peoples more disturbing than others. At the late hour of 7pm I headed for the tent where I found Shirley trying to break in. I guess it must have been my legends T-shirt, but I sent her on her way. Isn't it ironic that you get yelled at from nearby tents to roll on to your side but wear earplugs for snoring so you can't hear them. Also, I think concrete is most likely softer than snow to sleep on.

Next day, no doubt inspired by our climb, others set off to climb Mt Armstrong while a small group of us went back down with the intention of visiting Jackson Bay on the West Coast. We made it down in good time, Sandra by far the quickest with her rolling end over end technique. The trip to Jackson Bay was pleasant, with some black ice for added fun. This was a great trip for me so thanks Ann and everyone else.

Cheers, Gary Dawe

# **MATUKITUKI VALLEY**

**August 3-4, 2002**

**Author: Bruce Bernasconi & James Griffiths**

Published in Bulletin 623, October 2002

Shortly after 11:15 pm on Friday night, under a star studded, clear, moonless night, Dr Evil, Brad Pitt, Ben Affleck, Anna Kournikova, and Paul Hogan set out in search of the Aspiring Hut.

Due to the darkness and the inability to follow the trail markers (?), the group became temporarily “misplaced”. As we started to discuss the movie rights to Lost in the Bush the movie - starring the above characters - luckily Ben Affleck got us back on track shortly before 2 am and with a little luck the group found the hut, but not without first wondering if this dark very architectural “luxury lodge” was not indeed someone’s home. Upon finding the front door unlocked, and not caring if it was someone’s home or not, we entered finding Bill and Diana (their real names) fast asleep.

The next morning, after a discussion on how early we wanted to start to get to French Ridge Hut, we ended up starting when everyone was ready. After a group picture in front of the hut, we set off.



**French Ridge and the upper West Matukituki Valley from the Cascade Saddle route (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

The track up the valley to Pearl Flat was pretty easy with only one small climb and two interesting swing bridges (mental note; never go on a swing-bridge again with Jason and it’s probably not a good idea to trust Jason with dynamite either!). When the river crossing was

reached at the bottom of French Ridge, there were thoughts of going the extra 15 minutes upriver to the bridge, but the effort involved soon dispelled these thoughts.

The climb to French Ridge hut takes about 3 hours ~ 3 hours of straight up! Crampons would have been helpful for front pointing up some of the sheer mud banks! When the bush edge was reached, we came out on to a gentle ridge with great views up the valley and across to Liverpool Bivouac and down onto Pearl Flat. From there steps had been kicked into the snow in most places by two Aussie guys whom we met soon after. Funny fellows! They had spent the night shivering in their sleeping bags at the hut. No heating - just a radio, light and frozen water tanks. Well, maybe some heating as some baked beans were eaten. On the way down there were many stops for scenic photos and bum sliding (sorry for spoiling your fun Bruce but there was a cliff!)



**Aspiring Hut, West Matukituki Valley (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

As this was supposed to be a food and wine competition, the dinner turned more into an “everybody give their opinion to Bruce” on how he should prepare the meal - which was “so not appreciated”. There was enough Pumpkin Risotto to feed the food group of five plus anyone else in the hut who was hungry, (even after Jason and Bruce had tried to shower us in it) plus two more lunches for Bruce to eat during the week. We were joined by some friends of Jason from Wanaka who helped make the evening very interesting. Aspiring Hut has a very nice long slippery table that made it perfect for our “table skimming” competition that was held after dinner. The competition involved getting a running start, sliding across the table, and landing on a mattress (hopefully) that was on the floor. We also had a competition to see who would circumnavigate a table the fastest without falling on the floor, and a course in yoga stretches.

On Sunday morning the hut was wakened to the sounds of chopping firewood by Harry. When we looked out the windows, it brought back memories of Christmas in North America as snow fell overnight. After several group pictures inside and outside the hut, we proceeded to make our way back to the carpark. As the skies cleared, the snow-capped peaks exposed themselves against the blue sky - it made for some more group photos.

Back at the carpark, three cars had dead batteries - UFOs? - Aliens? You decide.

Brad Pitt, Paul Hogan and Anna Kournikova, being the fit buggers they are, decided for a bit more adventure and proceeded to climb Rob Roy Glacier which was well worth the trip. Dr Evil, Steve Gurney and Ben Affleck in tire meantime opted to "relax" In Wanaka and get home early coz they missed their Mummies!

For Jason Palmer, Gavin Lang, Terry Dufford, Anja Struss, Bill and Diana Wilson

By Bruce Bernasconi and James Griffiths

# WINTER ROUTEBURN

**August 17-18, 2002**

**Author: Chris Mansfield**

Published in Bulletin 623, October 2002

***Condensed version*** (suitable for busy people Service Station Managers, Financial brokers, Club Presidents, and the like)

Two van loads of people into the Flats and Falls huts, eating, drinking and some walking in the snow (the keen ones went Conical Hill). Then we all come home with some takeaways enroute. Good weekend.

***Reader's Digest Version*** (for the rest of us)

After a slightly late start, we got away and were in Queenstown by 11.30pm. We were tempted to stay there raging in subzero temperatures at the outdoor rave but dragged ourselves away. We finally hit the Flats Hut at about 1.30am, with the keen one's going on to the Falls Hut the same night.



Routeburn Flats from above Falls Hut, Routeburn Track (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

We had a cracking early start the next day at about 9.30am and reached the Falls Hut at 11am. Up to the Lake in the snow was wonderful - snowing all around us with even a break for lunch. Over a scrummy meal plus wine and port we heard that some had walked up Conical Hill, having been put off adventures further afield by the inclement conditions.

I had some clothes on in my sleeping bag for the first part of the night and I was glad that the fire was going in the kitchen on Sunday. The walk down the Flat was lovely with the odd flake of snow. We took a walk up the North Branch of the Routeburn for 45 minutes and were treated to a good drop of snow to make the areas like a fairyland. A bit of a stomp along the track and back to the vans on time.



**Lake Harris and pt 1647m at the head of the Valley Of The Trolls (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

I was fortunate to get my KFC order before a horde of young ski-type people came in. Back in chilly Dunedin at a civilised hour after a novel tramping weekend.

Chris Mansfield

# MAVORA LAKES

**September 21-22, 2002**

**Author: Bruce Bernasconi**

Published in Bulletin 624, November 2002

After the obligatory emergency pub stop on the way to Mavora Lakes on Friday night, Mike and I set off on Saturday morning to climb Cerberus Peak. Ian was kind enough to let us borrow his map from 1950 (I think it may have been the first map he purchased as a wee lad). The combination of the attempt to climb Cerberus Peak with a 50-year-old map and the trek later in the day along Mavora Lake whose water level was 'A Lot' higher than normal, made me think of something I once read called "I've Learned", which goes as follows:

I've learned...

- that you can't hide a piece of broccoli in a glass of milk (age 6)
- that when I get my room just the way I like it, my mum makes me clean it up (age 12)
- that if you want to cheer yourself up, you should try cheering someone else up (age 13)
- that although I don't admit it, I'm secretly glad my parents are strict with me (age 15)
- that you can make someone's day simply by sending him or her a little card (age 44)
- that you can tell a lot about someone by the way he or she handles three things: a rainy day, lost luggage, and tangled Christmas tree lights (age 52)
- that making a living is not the same as making a life (age 58)
- that life sometimes gives you a second chance (age 62)
- that it pays to believe in miracles (age 73)
- that I've still got a lot to learn (age 92)

I would like to add two additional entries:

- that it's not a good idea to rely on a map that is more than 50 years old when you are trying to climb a peak through thick bush, especially if it has not been climbed in 50 years (age not relevant)
- it's not the simplest thing to follow a trail that follows a lake shore, especially when the hail is almost 2 metres below water.

I've also learned that Mike isn't a very good cook (even though he thinks it is)

By Bruce Bernasconi and for Mike Harding.

P.S. Mike is now a trail guide on the Milford Track, and I think he will do okay if he can put up with those bloody American tourists.

## **MAVORA LAKES (KIWI BURN OPTION)**

**September 21-22, 2002**

**Author: Ian Sime**

Published in Bulletin 624, November 2002

The ten of us got away from Young St at 5.59pm - a record for the Club?

After 40 minutes for a snack in Gore, and a stop opposite tire pub in Riversdale which Bruce should explain, we picked up the key from the Hikuraki mailbox and were at Hikuraki Lodge by 10.25. Snorers were directed to one room; others spread themselves around. The potbelly stove was lit so we were all warm.

Bruce and Mike planned to climb, so we took them up to the bridge over the outlet to the South Mavora Lake. Then we other eight travelled down valley to the carpark by the bridge over the Mararoa. It was high! It was roaring through under the wire bridge.

I've always believed it's best to get your boots soaked as you walk out the hut door, then you don't worry about water anymore. Immediately over the bridge the track was a bit like a sheep dip - a foot deep for about five steps, and no easy way round it. In 40 minutes, we were at the mouth of the Kiwi Burn, and 15 minutes later we crossed it, the more cautious of us using mutual support. It was then just 10 minutes to the hut, a common DOC type with a 6-bunk room on either side of a central room, potbelly stove, and verandah right along the front.

After an early lunch we headed up valley for just over an hour to where one track carries on to the Whites tone, and the other returns more or less directly to the Mararoa bridge. Three of us climbed this track for ten minutes to what seemed to be the high point, while Ken and Geoff walked on towards the Whitestone. After a laze in the sun, the rest of us got back to the hut in time for a mid-afternoon cuppa.

The woodshed had a good supply of windfall beech, too long to fit in the stove, but the axe with metal handle welded on, was well used. However, the chopping block didn't stand up to the hammering it got, and soon joined the firewood pile.

There was plenty of daylight left to cook the evening meal. Geoff and Ken returned at 5.20, having been almost down to the Whitestone River.

Most of us had an early night, but this time it was not possible to isolate the snorers. One of them was banished with his mattress to the kitchen floor when his delicately sleeping roommates couldn't stand the din any longer.

About 4am it stalled to rain and continued quite heavily till about 8. Geoff and I went down to the Kiwi Bum crossing before breakfast to check it. Geoff danced across no trouble, so we were able to report back that it wouldn't be necessary to spend another night in the hut. About 9.30 we all headed down, wearing parkas at first, but the rain soon stopped.

Since we were back at the bridge where the van was parked well before 11 o'clock, there was plenty of time to do more tramping. The obvious thing was to walk up the track on the west

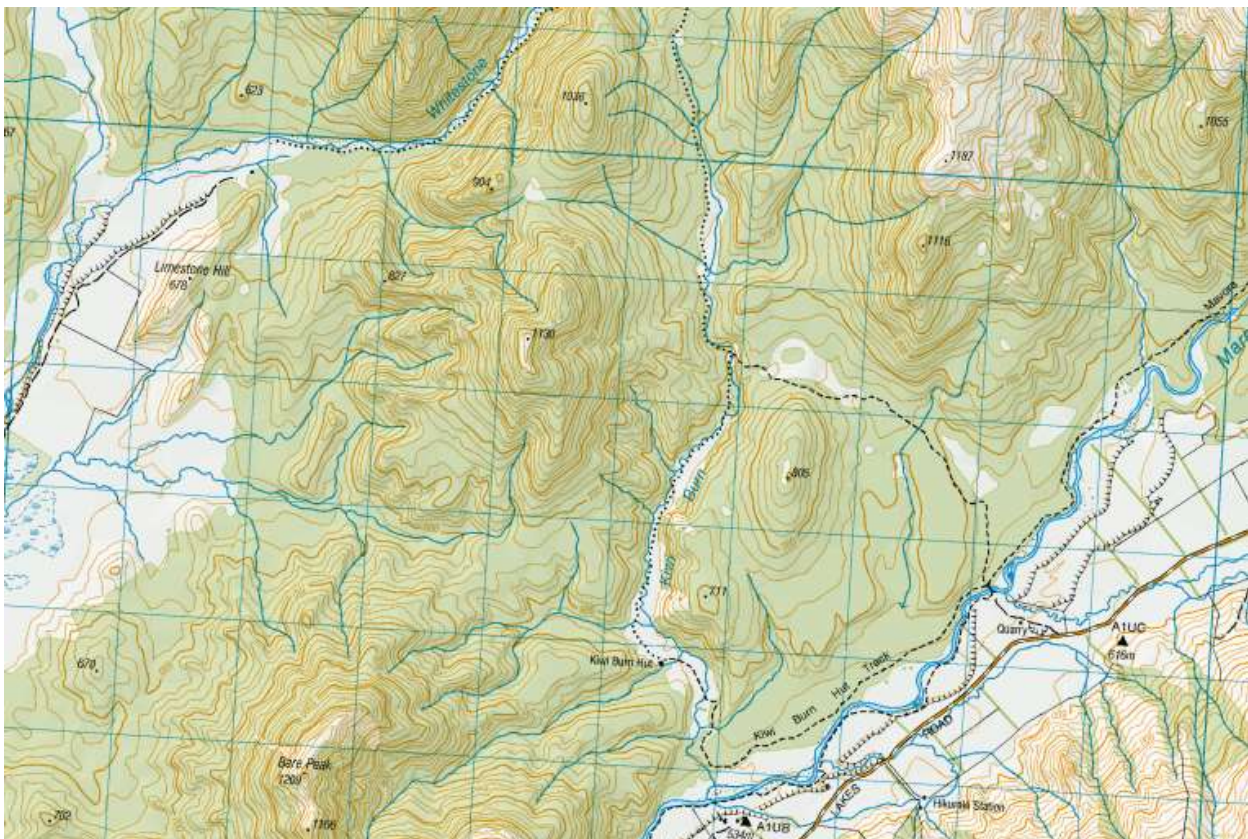
side of the Mararoa to the bridge at the outlet of South Mavora Lake, but the van had to be shifted too. Terry and Carmel volunteered to do that, so the other two groups of three were able to dump their packs and walk unencumbered.

Within half an hour we had to cross a wide rockslide which wasn't very stable. but the only other obstacle was the height of the river. During the last half hour before reaching the bridge, we had to wade several times through water which wet the bottom of our shorts. It wasn't flowing fast, but we were in the river. It was a relief to find the Caseys, and also Bruce and Mike, with the van at the bridge. We were able to drive immediately back to the Lodge and change into dry clothes.

There was no-one at home when we took the keys back to the Hikuraki Homestead, so we dropped them in the mailbox.

After a stop at Gore again for tea, we were back in town by 7.45. An easy but satisfying weekend.

Ken Powell, Geoff Brookes, Simon Crowther; Carmel and Terry Casey; Ramona Clark, Judy Wilson, Ian Sime (Bruce Bernasconi, Mike Harding)



## U PASS

**October 12-13, 2002**

**Author: Terry Duffield**

Published in Bulletin 625, December 2002

Ever have one of those perfect weekends?

Weather conditions for the whole country were not good but a lone unclouded sun on the weather map directly over Fiordland gave us hope for something more than a wet couple of days. Saturday morning was a tad misty but otherwise promising and we were on the track at 8:40am after spending a comfortable night at Knobs Flat. Just under three hours saw us nestled amongst the rocks surrounding the tarn at the junction to U Pass. It was quite pleasant here out of the wind and we had a leisurely lunch while we waited for the others to arrive. One hour and forty minutes later and still waiting. If we were to do U Pass we had to get a move on, at least we could take a look.



OTMC trip preparing to head into the Mistake / Hut Creek valleys, October 12, 2002 (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

It was a simple matter to follow the stream up to the pass with only a medium sized waterfall barring the way. Sunshine turned to snow and we met Allan Perry and Wayne Smith returning from the much larger waterfall up ahead (they came, they saw, they turned back.) They almost had our group convinced on the same course of action, but as they turned to leave, the sun came out again and we decided to give the true right of the falls a try. It was steep but good solid granite with lots of sturdy alpine plants and snowgrass to hang on to.

What seemed like hours later we crested the top of the falls and began to skirt the frozen tarn on snow that can best be described as meringue (just when you felt it was going to hold and started to transfer all your weight onto one foot the crust would collapse, and you'd be in it up to your crutch!) Fortunately, there were more solid sections of old avalanche debris, which provided better footing and enabled some vertical headway. So, by sidling around on the crappy snow and up the firm stuff we gradually made our way around to what has to be one of the most magnificent alpine passes in the country!



**Right hand branch of Mistake Creek that leads to U Pass, October 12, 2002 (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

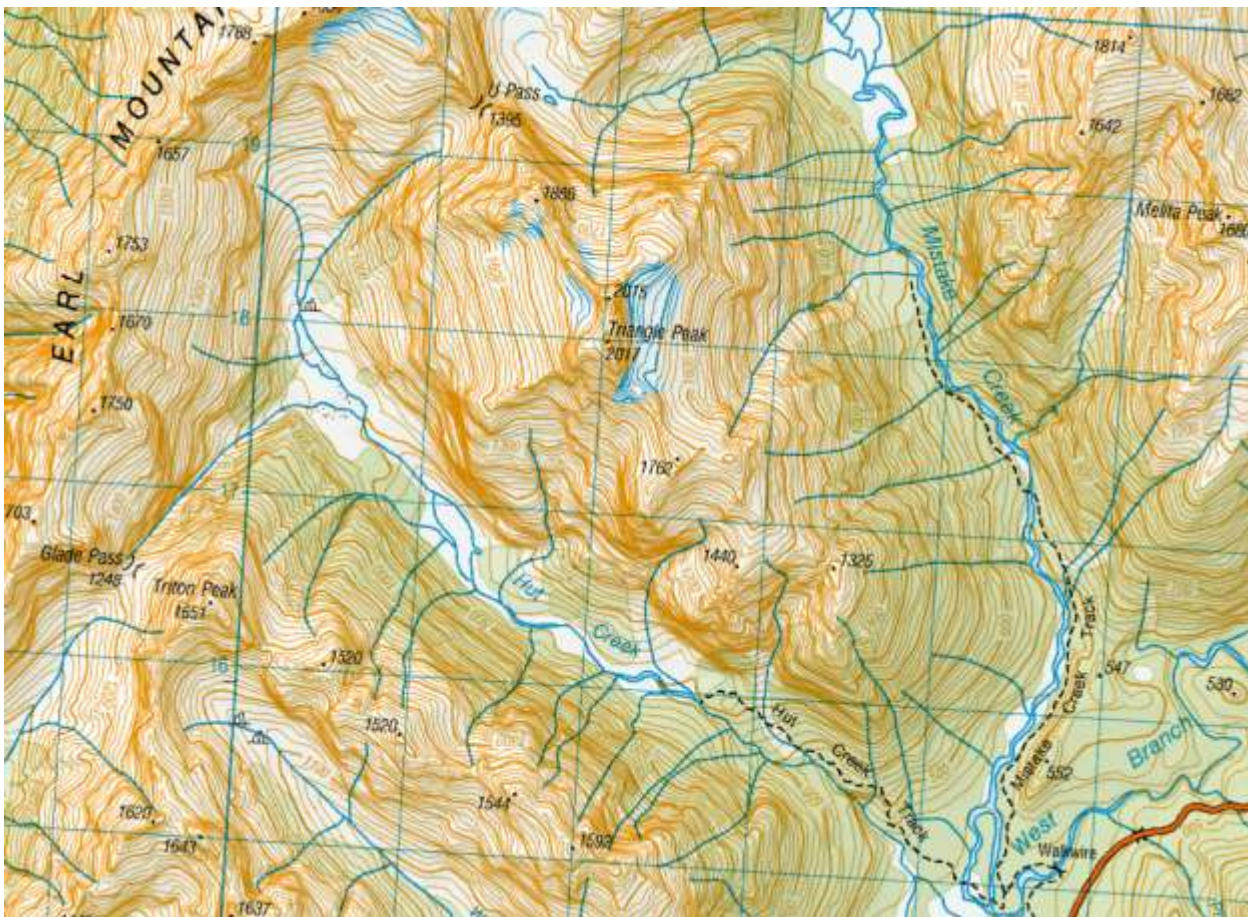
Rob was a real Trojan, doing the bulk of the leading at this stage and I was finding it real energy sapping stuff just following in his footsteps. Hans took the lead for the final stretch and literally crawled up to the saddle like a great yellow spider. From this vantage point we could look across to Glade Pass, which is on the same fault line. We had a bit of a photo session

before glissading down the far side then slogging through more crusty snow to the head of Hut Creek. At the flats we set up camp and ate like kings!

Andrew was keen on a lie in the next morning, but I had a plan that involved a quick exit down the valley before Dave Chambers and the rest of the Fun Police could make it to the vehicle - then off to 'The Moose' in Te Anau for burgers and beer. That got him out of the sack but when we were all packed up the plan was subtly altered. Paul wanted to do a bit of Glade Pass, so we eventually allowed him half an hour, which brought us to the snowline and our turn-back point. Then he reneged on his agreement and with Hans and Rob tackled the left side of the pass. Of course, the correct route is straight up the middle, but they thought they could see a better line and quickly got into trouble on thin snow and had to pick their way down again.

By the time we made it back to the transport the others were arriving in dribs and drabs and The Moose escapade was well and truly scotched! Best we could manage was a strictly timed half hour for a rushed meal and a few drinks. Mission accomplished: Mistake Creek - Hut Creek crossover in winter conditions and nary a drop of rain.

Terry Duffield.



## **THE MOUNT COOK RANGE (PART 1)**

**April 28-29, 2001**

**Author: Doug Forrester**

Published in Bulletin 625, December 2002

A club trip? It was either Ball Pass or Mueller Hut. Two really good trips. Having been to both several times I decided on one I'd thought about often. The Mount Cook Range is between the Tasman and the Hooker Valleys. It starts near the steel bridge across the Hooker River on the Tasman Valley Road. Off the bridge turn left and you find a good camp site. The track starts 30 metres before the Wakefield Track sign (it says closed) there's a mumble/jumble heap of rocks there. Find the track and it's pretty straight forward. That was my first surprise because I expected to be bush bashing - I found it by luck. The track is worn and easy to follow. I've done some homework on it since, they were wandering up there in the 40s. So, I'm on my way on my pat malone. Above the scrub line on a sunny day and can't believe the views. There's Mueller, Sefton, Footstool, Copland Pass. The Hermitage complex, the two swimming dams just down from the complex, way in the distance is Lake Pukaki. Then up the Tasman is Achilles Range, Malte Brim, Tasman Glacier, Minarets and me old mate Elie de Beaumont, but not Mt Cook until later on. The track is on the top of the ridge most of the way, easy to follow, very alpine type travel, reasonably safe going. With lots of stops to enjoy where I am I got to the top of Mt Wakefield about 1pm, after leaving at 7.30am. On Wakefield it's calm and sunny, it's magic and there's Mt Cook.



**On the Mt Cook Range (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

I have lunch and I'm seeing where to go, looks reasonable but a long way. I'm aware the forecast for Saturday night and Sunday is for a storm and I'm away up here. I have my tent fly but decide discretion is greater than valour so I reluctantly turn back. On the way back and I'm looking straight down those massive scree slopes that you see from the Hermitage. That's what I want to try but it looks freaky getting onto them so decide to leave it to the likes of Arthur & Co. Shame because it would be a fast ride down. I quietly retrace my steps. I then wander around the Wakefield Track (closed by the nervous twitches of Cave Creek I guess). I spend the night in the motel at Stocking Stream in the Hooker Valley and fall off the bench in middle of the night to boot.



**View from the Mt Cook Range looking over the confluence of the Tasman (left) and Hooker (right) rivers, and beyond to Lake Pukaki (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

On the way out on Sunday morning I meet up with Paul Bingham & Co who didn't spend the night on Ball Pass either on account of the forecast, so we all wander up to Sefton Biv and I'm looking straight into my planned route on the Mount Cook range. It's a sunny day and I'm wishing I could stay; however, I resolve to return having enjoyed my return visit to Sefton Biv.

## THE MOUNT COOK RANGE (PART 2)

## April 28-29, 2001

**Author: Doug Forrester**

Published in Bulletin 625, December 2002

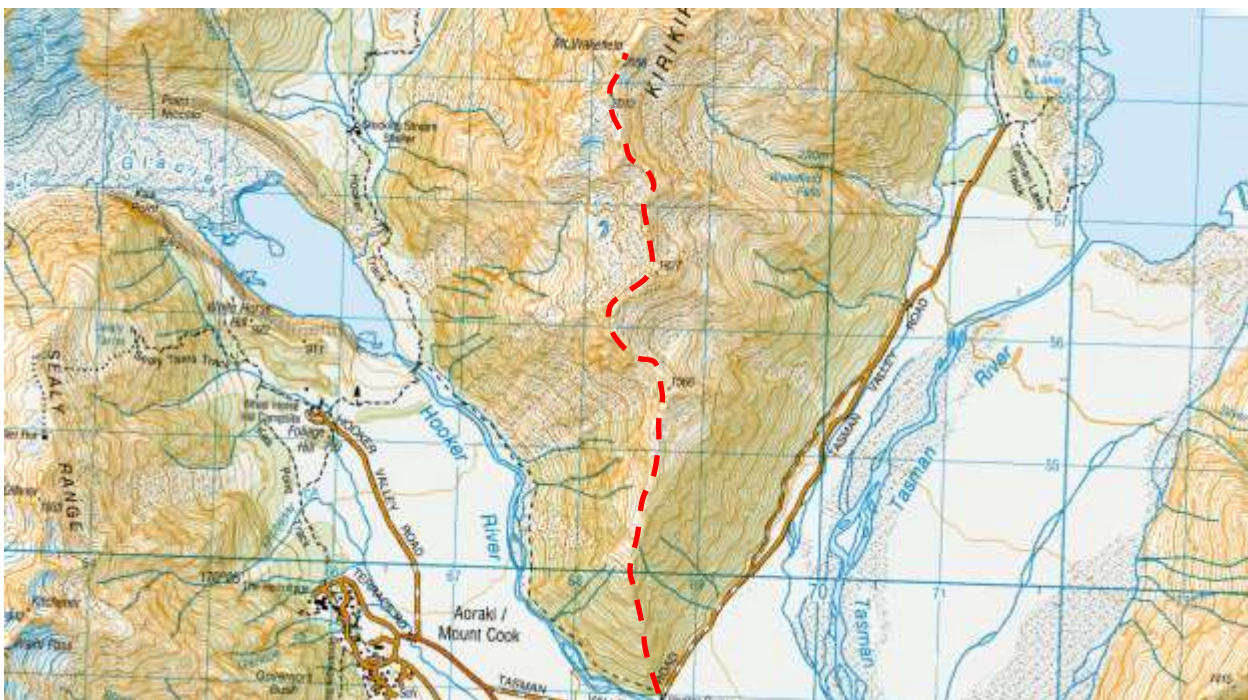
I'm back at work and one day I spy this big high approaching. 2 days leave and I'm off. This time with Joan as my companion /chef, back up at Wakefield, sunny and warm. New territory now. Lovely alpine going, a bit weetbix at times but okay. I take a wrong course and get bluffed, I back off and find the only way seems to be up a hard snow face set on a dark face. Now the problem is from across at Sefton Biv. I had decided I didn't need ice axe and crampons so this time I left them at home. It's about this time I start to feel slightly annoyed with the situation. It's about 2.30pm in a lovely alpine basin with good water, so I leave Joan to set up camp and prepare a 3-course dinner while I wander off for a re-evaluation of our journey, I arrive back and I'm not in a good frame of mind. The food is basic (must learn to cook) I'm going to have to pay her off. There's one good thing about basic tucker in the mountains, its sure good to get out to a greasy shop. So, I go home but I'll be back because it's a good one.

So, trampers, it's out there 'just waiting to be done' and in saying that I got to thinking where have I heard that before and I remembered. I'm strolling down one of the more important streets of Sydney really enjoying the views and my mate makes the same remark.

Anon.

(The Privacy Act you know)

(Doug this up in the forest, Editor)



# GABRIELS GULLY

**November 10, 2002**

**Author: Wolfgang Gerber**

Published in Bulletin 625, December 2002

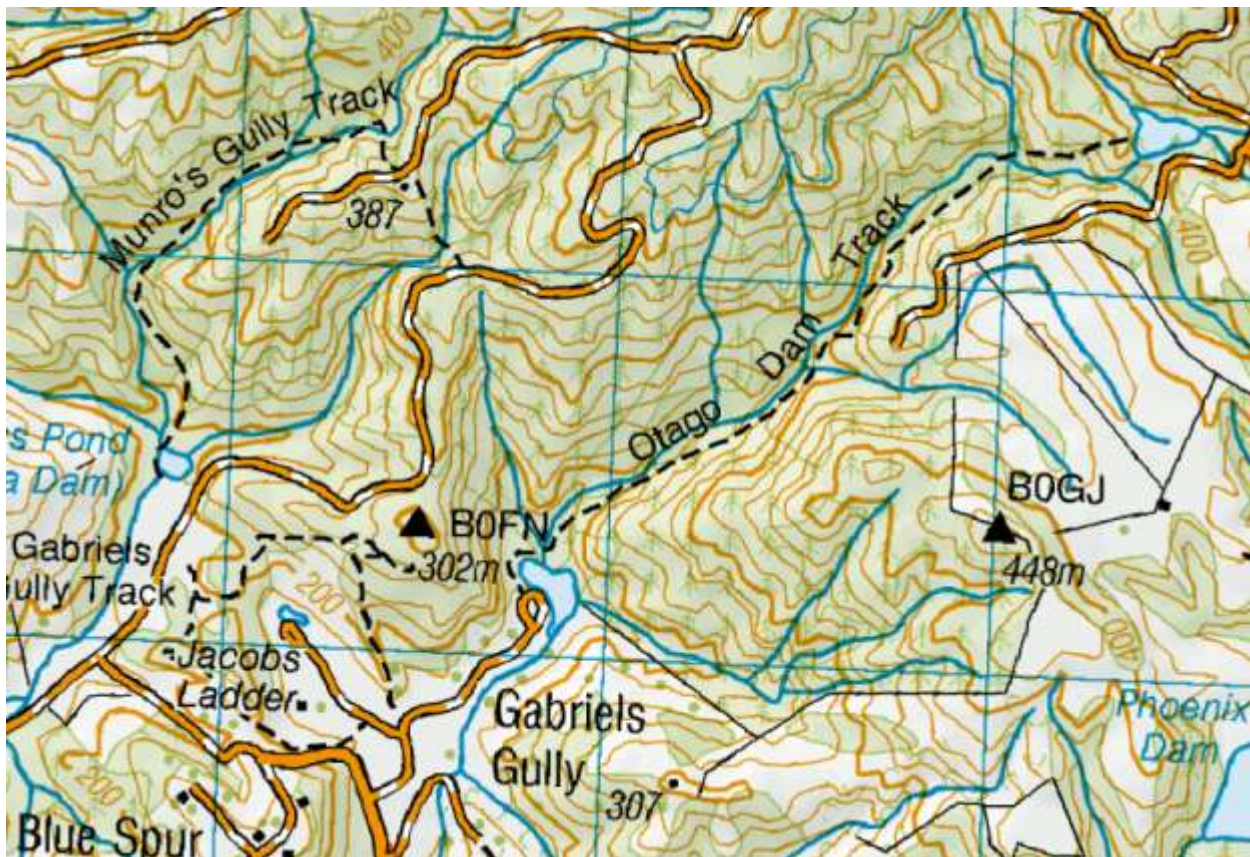
It is hard to believe nearly 11,000 miners worked in the greater Lawrence area i.e., Weatherstons, Waitahuna, and Paddy's Point when Dunedin's population was only 7,000 in 1861. It is also hard to believe that the original creek bed was 50 metres below the present level. Today it's a quiet gully with a couple of easy walks for the whole family.

The first walk we did went around the left gully, which took in crusher remnants, mine shaft, dynamite storage areas and included some informative signs detailing the history.

The second walk started at Grays Dam (right gully) and that goes thru native bush including Red Beech and ended at the Otago Dam.

On the way back down, I was bombed by a couple of NZ Falcons??? The nest was obviously close by. The rain came down just before we reached our cars. An ice cream at Lawrence topped off a great day.

Wolfgang for Christine Rells, Silya Horak, Jenni Wright, Judy Wilson, Vic and Tessa Mills, Nicole Joyce, Lizzy Lukeman, Roy Ward, Rebecca Francis, Risa Matsumura, Janet and Gavin McArthur.



## **RUSTLERS RIDGE**

**November 3, 2002**

**Author: Not recorded**

Published in Bulletin 625, December 2002

Six hearty tampers braved tire blustery/muddy conditions thru to Rustlers Ridge up to Swampy Summit and down via the boardwalk. This was new territory for the majority of the group which was ably led and entertained by our intrepid leader Jonette. This particular route afforded some magnificent views of the Silver Peaks and environs. The rain mercifully held off and we ail thoroughly enjoyed our day.

Thank you, Jonette from Gavin & Janet McArthur, Christine Rells, Jill Dodd and Roy Ward.



**The Silver Peaks as seen from Rustlers Ridge (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

## **OTMC COMMITTEE (2002-03)**

**President** – Alan Thomson

**Vice President** – Terry Casey

**Secretary** – Jenni Wright

**Treasurer** Ann Burton

**Chief Guide / Transport** – Antony Pettinger

**Bulletin Editor** – Graeme Donaldson

**Membership Secretary** – Ian Sime

**Social Convenor** – Fiona Webster

**Day Trip Convener** – James Griffiths

**Funding** – Greg Powell

**Gear Hire** – Mike Brettell

**Conservation & Recreation Advocacy** – David Barnes

**SAR** – Gary Dawe

**Website** – Antony Pettinger

**Clubrooms** – Sandra de Vries

**Property & Maintenance** – Peter Mason

**Bushcraft 2003** – Antony Pettinger

**Immediate Past President** – Robyn Bridges

**Hon. Solicitor** – Antony Hamel

## OTMC TRIP PROGRAMME 2002

Month	Date(s)	Specific Trip	Leader
January	20	Cycling Trip	Paul Van Kampen
January	26-27	Leaning Lodge - Workparty	Peter Mason
January	27	Grahams Bush - Mt Cargill	Phil Keene
February	2-3	Mt Cook (Ball Pass or Mueller Hut)	Ann Burton and Mike Brettell
February	9	OTMC Silver Peaks Marathon	Antony Pettinger
February	10	OTMC Picnic - Long Beach	Committee
February	16-17	OTMC Bushcraft 2002 (Tirohanga Weekend)	Alan Thomson
February	17	Silver Peaks	Jonette Service
February	23-24	OTMC Bushcraft 2002 (Silver Peaks)	Alan Thomson
February	24	Rocklands Pipeline	Ken Powell
March	3	Bushcraft 2002 (River Safety Day - Outram Glen)	Alan Thomson
March	9-10	Combined Bushcraft / OTMC Trip - Greenstone / Caples area	Greg Powell
March	16-17	Moke Lake Area (MTB or Tramp)	Bruce Newton
March	17	Powder Ridge / Chalkies Loop	Allan Perry
March	23	OTMC Pre Easter Social	Committee
March	24	Leith Saddle - Burns Track	Wolfgang Gerber
March	29-1	Head of Lake Wakatipu Area	Barry Atkinson
April	7	Evansdale Glen - Rongomai Atea	Ron Minnema
April	14	The Crater / Taieri Ridge	Alan Thomson
April	13-14	Takitimus	Robyn Bridges
April	21	Classic Silver Peaks Circuit	Barry Atkinson
April	27-28	Blue Lake / The Garvies	Alan Thomson
April	28	Taieri River Track	Dave Chambers
May	5	Outram Glen to Lee Stream	Shirley Croot
May	11-12	Ahuriri - Canyon Creek	Alan Thomson
May	12	Mt Charles	Jim Driscoll
May	18-19	Godley Valley	Barry Atkinson
May	19	Maungatua	Robyn Bridges
May	26	Taieri Millennium Track	Ramona Clark
June	1-3	Lake Monowai - Green Lake	Grant Burnard
June	9	Macandrew Bay To Sandfly Bay	Olive Neilson
June	16	Silver Peaks	Doug Forrester
June	22-23	Wolfgang's Winter Wander - Luxmore Hut	Wolfgang Gerber
June	23	Carey's Creek - Black Gully Dam	Wilbert Stokman
June	30	Tops Of The Blue Mountains	Ian Sime
July	7	Possum Hut	Greg Powell
July	13-14	Makarora Area	Ann Burton
July	14	Victory Beach / The Pyramids	Alan Thomson
July	21	Raingauge Spur	Terry Duffield

July	28	Powder Hill	Greg Panting
August	3-4	Matukituki Valley (Including OTMC Wine & Dine Competition)	
August	4	Heyward Point	Jacqui King (Cornelissen)
August	11	Purakanui	Peter Sanderson
August	17-18	Winter Routeburn	Dave Chambers
August	18	Boulder Beach	Judy Wilson
August	25	The Catlins	Michael van der Hurk
August	31-1	Mt Somers In Winter	Gary Dawe
September	1	Mt Allan - Mt John	Tony Timperley
September	8	Silver Peaks (Obscure Areas)	Arthur Blondell
September	15	Bluegum Ridge	Jacob Feenstra
September	21-22	Mavora Lakes Area	Ian Sime
September	22	The Big Block (Waitati)	Liz Clark
September	29	Naseby Cycling Trip	Ron Minnema
October	6	Dunedin to Taieri Mouth Cycling Trip	Tony Malcolm
October	12-13	Mistake Creek - Hut Creek	Greg Powell
October	13	Sutton Salt Lake	Chris Wells and Jenny Lowe
October	20	Dunnivan Block (Hampden)	Rob Porteous
October	26-28	The Complete Otago Central Rail Trial	Antony Pettinger
November	2-3	Ohau Area (Maitland / Temple / Huxley / Daslers)	Alan Thomson
November	3	Rustlers Ridge	Jonette Service
November	10	Gabriel's Gully	Wolfgang Gerber
November	16-17	Earnslaw Burn	Gary Dawe
November	17	Spiers Road - Ben Rudd Picnic - Davies Track	Richard Pettinger
November	24	Skyline Track (Opening Day)	Peter Mason
November	30-1	Freehold Creek - Sawyers Creek	Antony Pettinger
December	1	Rosella Ridge	James Griffiths
December	8	Tunnels Track to Hightop (via South Waikouaiti River)	Antony Pettinger
December	14-15	Naseby Christmas Social Weekend	Antony Pettinger
December	15	Otago Central Rail Trial (Poolburn Gorge)	Antony Pettinger

## OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (FEBRUARY TO MAY)

**OTMC Bulletin**  
Bulletin Number 615, Jan / Feb 2002

Newsletter of the Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club (Inc.)  
P.O. Box 1120, Dunedin.

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

**President's Piece**

Hi and welcome to 2002, the 70th year that your club has been in existence.  
I hope you all had an enjoyable Xmas and those of you who were not holiday managed to find some reasonably good holiday weather. Barry and I spent a week in Nelson over the Christmas break. We stayed with an Aunt and Uncle of Barry's in Christchurch on the way up and then picked out an holiday up at Pines and stayed with me mum in Nelson. Our daughter Rachelle lives in Nelson so does my younger sister and her three children. My sister's visit had also just moved down from Auckland as it was quite a busy gathering for Christmas. I spent the week watching Radio in drive (with getting her started) and now have a thorough knowledge of the racing system in British Island. I did manage to escape  
(Continued on page 2)

**Committee Members 2001-2002**

President	Alan Thomson	455 7878
Vice President	Barry Bell	476 7401
Secretary	Jacqui Cornelissen	471 9545
Treasurer	Ann Burton	476 2360
Inward Post Pres.	Robyn Bridges	472 7330
Chief Guide	Anthony Pattinson	473 7824
Bulletin Editor	Greene Cornelissen	455 0994
Membership Secretary	Jan Stone	453 4085
Career Help	Mike Beethall	455 1315
Daytrip Co-ordinator	Ryn McNamee	453 0829
Furling	Greg Powell	454 4828
Publicity & Library, S&B	Andrew Mackay	476 7401
Social Convenor	Fiona Webster	487 8176
Property Maintenance	Peter Mason	455 7274

Visit us on the Internet at:  
[crash.ihug.co.nz/~Sapett/](http://crash.ihug.co.nz/~Sapett/)

**OTMC Bulletin**  
Bulletin Number 616, March 2002

Newsletter of the Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club (Inc.)  
P.O. Box 1120, Dunedin.

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**President's Piece**

My wife is complaining!! She doesn't see enough of me!! (She's probably lucky) Just because I was away on the Ratahara last weekend, on the Ball Pass the weekend before and out at Timbanga this weekend (and plan to do the Ratahara at the beginning of March) SHE thinks I'm leaving FUN, but it can be hard work some of the time. After all I LET her go to work to support me and my lifestyle!!! The Ball Pass trip was brilliant because of the weather that had been organised by our Treasurer. The Ratahara was in accordance to accountancy (and the club's auditor) for our regular annual meeting. Obviously the President has to keep in touch with his financial advisers - anyone business at any time.  
(Continued on page 2)

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**OTMC Bulletin**  
Bulletin Number 617, April 2002

Newsletter of the Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club (Inc.)  
P.O. Box 1120, Dunedin.

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

**President's Piece**

Hi folks, life is rather hectic at present as this report is going to be brief.  
Once again I'm impressed with the way in which club members without their time and their enthusiasm to ensure that Bushcraft participants get a good introduction to the basic bushcraft skills.  
Thank you to all club members who helped out at Te Anau, led groups for the SilverPacks weekend, and also the leaders for the Committee/Captain weekend.

**Chair**  
Alan Thomson

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**OTMC Bulletin**  
Bulletin Number 618, May 2002

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P.O. Box 1120, Dunedin.

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**President's Piece**

What could run the country?  
When you look at the quality of the MANP submission and reflect on some of the things that have happened so far this year - Bushcraft course, PMC meeting, letter to the NZ Army, a stand at the Dunedin Youth Expo 2002, managing and planning the new skyline walkway, the ongoing management of the Ben Radd property, the line-up of speakers for our Thursday night meetings, our monthly bulletins, representation at the Track user groups meeting, you just can't help but be impressed. What the collective talents of these club members that are involved actively, bodies wait for the future of tramping in this part of the world.  
Keep up the good work and anyone that may be flogging  
(Continued on page 2)

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## OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (JUNE TO SEPTEMBER)

**OTMC Bulletin**  
Bulletin Number 619, June 2002

Newsletter of the Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club (Inc.)  
P.O. Box 1120, Dunedin.

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

**President's Piece**

There has always been a booking system for the Midland Track, recently a booking system for the Rimburn Track, and soon for the Kepler Track. Following on from this the Ross/Dart Track, and after that for the Greenstone Track. This may be hard to accept, given our heritage of freedom walking these tracks, but inevitable due to the increase in usage. Of course the Huts and tracks must be improved and then the flat charges must be increased to cover the improvements. Slowly but surely our tramping environment is being altered, making a hardship expense for the average Kiwi to enjoy New Zealand's magnificent scenery in the way in which they have in the past.

Your tramping club has a proud history of doing its best to ensure that future generations of Trampers are able to enjoy the mountains as we do now and this tradition must

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Social Convener	Flora Webster	467 8576
Property Maintenance	Peter Mason	453 7074

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**OTMC Bulletin**  
Bulletin Number 620, July 2002

Newsletter of the Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club (Inc.)  
P.O. Box 1120, Dunedin.

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

**President's Piece**

At Queen's Birthday weekend I visited Stewart Island with my wife and a couple of friends. The ferry crossing into a stiff southerly resulted in some queasy stomachs and a tip, maybe an old wives tale that an earplug in one ear may prevent the seasickness feeling. Saturday pm found us exploring Ulva Island for a couple of hours, luckily between showers. Sunday morning we took a walk out to Akaroa cove where the girls turned back while Philip & I carried on to Akaroa Point on the grassed footpaths they were tracks last time I was there.

On the way back we decided to cross over to Evening Star and do a round trip following a track on a pamphlet that I

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**OTMC Bulletin**  
Bulletin Number 621, August 2002

Newsletter of the Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club (Inc.)  
P.O. Box 1120, Dunedin.

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

**President's Piece**

August already! You that means that it's that time of the year when you have the opportunity to be part of the next OTMC committee. Being on the committee means that you meet once a month with a stimulating and intelligent group of fellow club members to ensure that the club is steering for the current needs of its members. It's also a chance to pick up such skills as common business, delegating and teamwork, reporting and running a meeting, and all in a congenial and forgiving environment. The club is currently in a growth phase and with projects both underway and impending you can be assured of some interesting meetings. Meetings take up approximately two hours a month, and the enthusiasm within the committee is both contagious and enjoyable. So give it some thought, or better still, be in a nomination form with this bulletin and give it a go.

Alan Thomson

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**OTMC Bulletin**  
Bulletin Number 622, September 2002

Newsletter of the Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club (Inc.)  
P.O. Box 1120, Dunedin.

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

**YOUR CLUB NEEDS YOU**



ANNUAL AGM, 29 AUG, 2002

CLUB ROOMS, 3 YOUNG STREET.

MEETING COMMENCES 8 PM, SHARP

YOUR CHANCE TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE

Committee Members 2001-2002

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