

OTMC TRIP REPORTS

2005

Sourced from the 2005 OTMC Bulletins



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Cover Photo: Head of the Ball Glacier and Ball Pass, taken about 1km away from Caroline Hut, Ball Ridge
(PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

WEST MATUKITUKI – MT ASPIRING HUT (INTO THIN AIR)

Date not recorded

Author: Bruce Bernasconi

Published in Bulletin 648, February 2005

Check

- ✓ Divide vans into two groups (the geriatrics in one van and the young and cool people in the other van – Dave's idea). Check
- ✓ Someone forgot their boots and had to head home to retrieve them (and no it was not I this time). Check.
- ✓ Second van takes off but forgets to lock the clubhouse and has to return back to town as they had the keys. Check
- ✓ Convince Dave that the fish and chips shop in Roxburgh is better than the pie cart in Alex. After all a well-fed driver is a better driver, right Dave? Check.

As a side note, being the driver's friend has its advantages as you get to sit in the front seat.



Aspiring Hut (NZAC, West Matukituki) (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Illegal Camping

We arrived at Raspberry Flat and proceeded to set up tent city (illegally of course), but if you think about it, what is the purpose of the nice flat grassy area next to the car park with toilet facilities just a stone throw away anyway.

Welcome to the Hut

We walked the 2-hour scenic track up the valley to Mt Aspiring Hut where Graeme, the very nice volunteer hut warden, greeted us. Upon our arrival, he made everyone his or her beverage of choice – tea, coffee or Milo. He even let us store our dinner in the fridge, as the air temp was so warm today.



Pearl Flat, West Matukituki, looking north towards Mt Bevan (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

'Into Thin Air'

Ten of us set off to conquer French Ridge after a 'photo op' next to the hut. The first part of the walk was flat as we made our way through the bush before continuing across Shovel Flat. This first flat is where we lost Eooooooooon, as he preferred to wait for a catch up with the women of the group before returning to the hut for a mid afternoon nap. Did you get any good recipes Ian?

We had a scenic lunch next to the river at Pearl Flat, just where the track starts it's steep accent up through the bush before having to follow a snow ridge to French Ridge Hut. Dr (10 things you can do....) Andrew and I began the steep climb along with the 9 remaining hopefuls to make it to French Ridge Hut. We took up the offer of each person in front of us to let us pass him or her, until we reckoned only Ruth was ahead of us. Let me tell you – she is fit! We got to above the bush line without a rest stop in an attempt to catch up to her. When we spotted her way ahead of us, we thought it was kind of rude that she didn't even stop to wait

for us. She was walking with someone...who was she with that was in our group? Whoever she was walking with must have been a bit slow as she left them behind. We walked as fast as possible to find out that it was some lady she soon left behind, oh well, must have been some person she met along the way, but decided they were too slow. Finally, a quarter of the way from the top we caught up to Ruth, but wait, it wasn't Ruth, it was the husband of the lady we passed. Oops! Ruth must be behind us then – now they must be thinking we are rude since we didn't stop and wait for the group to catch up. Andrew and I were the first to successfully make it to the French Ridge Hut summit, and without supplemental oxygen! Upon our descent, we encountered Ruth, Roy, and Gary who were also hoping to conquer Everest, I mean French Ridge Hut. Of the original 10 who set out for this expedition, six of us made it, with Ivan being the final member to make it to the top. The six of us then proceeded to make the descent together, getting back to hut just on 8 o'clock, in time for a late dinner.



'Breakaway', below Mt Aspiring / Tititea (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Whose underwear is where?

After dinner, some very interesting facts came to light. First we found out that Sam is a card shark and spends his lunchtimes at school learning the latest card scamming tricks. And then something happened with Andrew's underwear and it ended up in a spot that Betul was so captivated she had to take a picture. 'Ten things that happens to Andrew's underwear when he is not wearing them...'

The morning after

We awoke (some later than others) to a beautiful day. I reckoned some people thought that if they stayed in bed long enough their dad would deliver them their breakfast in bed.

After make sure nothing was forgotten (except for a jacket and an ice axe) we made the walk

back down the valley to the turn off for Rob Roy Glacier. We left our packs just after the swing bridge before making the one hour walk up to the viewing base for the glacier.

The viewing area came complete with a kea to entertain us while we ate our lunch. The kea did such a good job of entertaining and distracting us, it made off with Jill's lunch. We reckoned that the keas worked as a team, where one kea on the glacier would set off an avalanche, then when everyone was distracted, the kea near us would take off with some unsuspecting person's food.

Bruce Bernasconi for the 22 people on this trip.

ROCK & PILLARS

November 6, 2004,

Author: Susan Pears

Published in Bulletin 648, February 2005

It was a perfect sunny day the Saturday 6 Nov we left Dunedin to go over the Taieri and into Middlemarch. As we were to discover, the good weather remained for the whole trip - no doubling up of jerseys etc for on top of the Rock and Pillars for us...phew!

The route up to Leaning Lodge (our lunch stop), was via the 4-wheel drive zig-zag track which we had a leisurely all day to complete. Views were great from every point and after a while the counting of - what were they called Alan? corners, bend, pins??! - were irrelevant as there was much to admire in the landscape below. Pointing out the volcanic cone across the valley, Maniototo Plains, Saddle Hill and whatever else came into view the further up we climbed.



The tops of the Rock and Pillar Range (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

A quick lunch at Leaning Lodge and then up the track over one small bit of snow and we were on top, with views out to Aspiring, Remarkables etc. on the other side of the Range. And, of course, the huge pillars and rocks on the landscape. There were lots of ideas of what different ones looked like, such as the back of an old man; elephant; or miners' cottage with very big chimney.

That night was spent at Big Hut. Meg, Roy and myself watched the sunset in the distance, with rocks in the foreground. The colours 'managed to appear' and just being in the moonscape-type landscape made it even more worthwhile.

The next morning we all set off to find the famous 'Stonehenge'. Then it was back down the hill, and we managed to get a few bum slides on the tussocks. That is, until the spaniards started

appearing!

The carpark was beside a delightful stone cottage with a dining room which had a huge, long table the whole length. It would be great for a dinner party one day! A very successful trip was had all round, and we had time for a stop in Middlemarch to relax in the hot dry heat.

Susan Pears for Jill McAliece, Jill Dodd, Sonia de Vries, et al

OTMC'S HOME TURF REVISITED

November 21, 2004

Author: Richard Pettinger

Published in Bulletin 648, February 2005

I said it would be easy. Hedonists' Delight. I also promised Historical Things would be seen, (so it was no surprise for us to meet Ian Sime).

Seven turned up at 9 am and after a comfort stop got to Booth Rd to drop a vehicle there. Parking up at Spiers Road, we took off up the hill, following the single legal road accessing Ben Rudd's property. Spiers Road was easy to follow. There has been some good work keeping it clear, and most of the white posts are still in place. Once on the Scenic Reserve, we practised a "wander-at-will" philosophy and enjoyed the uninterrupted views in perfect conditions.



Looking over Dunedin City from Spiers Road – Ben Rudd's Woodside farm locality (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

It was warm and sunny in the clearing the hut sits in, but after a bite of lunch, four of us checked out the rhodos and the bamboo, and did a bit of weed control. The rhodos were pretty much past it. Ian showed up at the hut and, after more leisurely lunch, agreed to take one of our party back out via the Bullring, so the rest of us could descend the Davies Track. Which we did in style, with 11-year old Rosa routefinding the way down the rather indistinct track (good one, Sweetie), pausing only to find several four-leaved clovers. Janet's little bus took us back to Spiers Road and then, instead of doing the circuit one more time, we went home.

Richard Pettinger for Rosa, Vincent & Tracy Pettinger, Adriann Smith, Janet Barclay and Frances Murdoch.

LEADERSHIP WORKSHOP - CRAIGIEBURN

November 27-28, 2004

Author: Greg Powell

Published in Bulletin 648, February 2005

On the weekend of 27-28th November 2004, four of us attended a Leadership Workshop run by the FMC. The venue for the course was the Outdoor Education Centre situated at Craigieburn in Arthurs Pass, and this involved a 6.5 hour drive with an hour for tea at the Jolly Potter in Temuka.

The centre was originally the Craigieburn Forest Park Visitor Centre but has been taken over by the Environmental Education Centre. It's a great setting and the keas are very friendly. For anyone wanting to get away from it all I understand that in addition to the centre itself there are lodges that are available for hire at \$130 a week (but don't quote me). The course was run at the centre itself, which also provided accommodation and kitchen facilities. The meals were provided and our cook, Maree serves an excellent repast.



Greg Powell, Ann Burton & Robin McNeill at Craigieburn, November 27, 2004 (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

There were 15 people on the course, having come from as far south as Dunedin and as far north as Nelson. I was very surprised at the high level of experience of the people attending and believe that the lower the level of one's ability and experience, the more benefit one would obtain from the workshop.

The workshop tutor was Ray Goldring, who I understand features in the River Crossing video OTMC shows at Bushcraft. His teaching style is first class and very relaxed. The programme is well structured and participation levels are high. Ray gets the participants involved and effectively it is the group that comes up with the answers or solutions. The workshop is divided into a series of topics, including Leadership styles, Legal issues, Trip Planning, Hazard

Identification etc. The various subject matter is first of all discussed indoors and then at the conclusion we would venture outdoors to complete a practical exercise on the subject matter, incorporating what we had learned. This involved role-plays and setting up various activities, which were in fact quite a bit of fun.

For myself the three messages that I have stored away in the old gray matter and feel are worth sharing are;

"A good trip leader should always have experience one level above the level of the trip he/she is leading."

"Every decision you make is the right decision at that point in time."

"A party should always stick together".

Greg Powell for Antony Pettinger, Sandra de Vries and Ann Burton.

MACETOWN – LABOUR WEEKEND 2004

October 23-25, 2004

Author: Wolfgang Gerber

Published in Bulletin 649, March 2005

It's always good to leave early and as we drove away from home, in Alan's car, I was contemplating the long weekend trip and what side trips to do. Then for some reason I went over my gear in my head (must be lots of space in there! Ed) as you do sometimes. Boots, billies, stove, food, boots, tent, jacket, clothes. Boots? Boots?!! What!!! Did I pack my boots and tramping gear?? It's OK, they're in my bag. Did I pack my bag?? STOP AND TURN AROUND PLEASE ALAN - I'VE FORGOTTEN MY BI##*Y GEAR. The sweat poured off me like the Sutherland Falls. I could just read the trip report - "Trip Leader Forgets Tramping Gear". We arrived back at my place to find my smiling wife Fiona asking me, "Did you forget something?" I nodded as she gave me my gear and I asked her, "You haven't seen my head anywhere have you?" As I left I heard laughter. Thank Doug* we were only two minutes into our trip. As you can imagine, the conversation was based around my incident for sometime, but at least only Alan S, Fiona W, Hikaru (Peep) and I know about it.



Heading into Macetown, with Advance Peak beyond (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

We arrived in Arrowtown to find that the backpackers had gone upmarket and my favourite "Establishment" had been pulled down to eventually be replaced with a shopping complex. Lucky tourists. We set up our tents beside the No Camping sign and proceeded to talk over our options for the following days at the "New" New Orleans "Establishment" while sampling some of their product.

The trip in next morning was along the river passing: New Chum Gully, Scoles Tunnel, view of the Big Hill track, Opium Bobs Hut, Arrow Falls, the intake weir for the irrigation scheme, and

the Three Sisters Rocks. It was “dry boot” until we reached the junction of Soho Creek (Roaring Billy Creek) when I had to honour my pledge to carry Peep across one river crossing. Which I did. But only once. A lot was done for Japanese and New Zealand relations by my gesture.

We walked past Soho Station, Coronet Creek (Eight Mile Creek) and after a few more river crossings finally hit the outskirts of Macetown, where on our left we noticed the burned remains of a hut. It had survived over a hundred winters only to be burned down by a careless English day-tripper who expected to find a flourishing town at Macetown. Obviously he did not study the area before setting out. I hope he got a good spanking!! No, he might have enjoyed that too much. Perhaps a good telling off might have done the trick. We made camp across the river close to the Anderson Battery and soon “Tent City” was born once the other OTMC’ers arrived. We then explored Scanlan Gully.



Homeward Bound Stamping Battery, Rich Burn, Macetown (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Next day was the biggie for us as we walked beside the Rich Burn past Hanging Valley, Sylvia Creek, the Homeward Bound Battery, and into Sawyers Gully where we found the Maryborough Battery. It used to have five stampers, a ten metre waterwheel, and its mine was situated at an altitude of “1300 metres”. The Premier Co. bought the battery, five more stampers were added and it became the most successful mine in the Macetown area. The gold seekers used cyanide to extract the gold from the ore in big vats. My party then climbed a steep ridge out of Sawyers Gully which would take us down to Sylvia Creek.

The expected weather change soon happened with the clouds moving in, but no rain as yet. Up and over we went and noticed the party climbing the big ridge to Advance Peak. I hope someone took a photo of them in the distance, as it was a cracker of a view. Then we came down the upper Sylvia Creek past the remains of a plane crash site, Smithies, the disintegrating All Nations and United Battery sites, and eventually back to the junction with the Rich Burn.

When we got back to base we were greeted by the expected rain, which only lasted about 20 minutes. Then a yummy tea was consumed and we all socialised 'til it was time to hit the hay. (Would you believe it, we even saw a street lamp outside a certain European's tent?)



**From the Big Hill track, looking over Eight Mile / Coronet Creek towards Macetown and Advance Peaks
(PHOTO Antony Pettinger)**

The following day some people walked back along the river track, and some chose the grunt up the Big Hill track via Coronet Creek. The ones choosing the latter were rewarded with wonderful views of Vanguard and Advance Peaks including the surrounding hills, and as we hit the saddle the Arrowtown Basin made a pretty picture with the blue sky. A debrief in the car park, an ale in the beer garden, a snack, and finally home in good time.

Thanks to all for coming along for a great long weekend trip, and it's heartwarming to see numbers on trips increasing.

Wolfgang for all 23 of us.

PS:- I used the word "Doug" instead of "God" to avoid upsetting any religious people that are reading this. I would like to say that "Doug" is purely a fictitious name, which I pulled out of a hat. (OK, Doug?)

PSS:- No vermin, pests, stoats, wasps or sandflies were harmed in anyway while writing this report. Pity eh?!!

MURKY MEMORIES (LEITH SADDLE – SILVER PEAKS)

Date not recorded

Author: David Barnes

Published in Bulletin 649, March 2005

Thick fog covers Leith Saddle as we prepare to leave the car. That's not uncommon there, but it's usually cold or damp or both. Not today. We hope to climb out of the murk – time will tell. A few minutes road bashing brings us to the familiar climb up to the pipeline. Six years since I was last here but it's very familiar. This was the main entrance to my teenage Silver Peaks. Around the pipeline, to the gap in the trees that marked the start of the Burns Saddle track proper when the track was less distinct. A sign does that job now. Up through the fuchsias – remarkably dry under foot. Out into the open – still in the murk. Chest-high long grass soaks us to the skin, but it is warm enough not to be unpleasant. Beyond the saddle the track has been cleared of gorse and the mud seems to have disappeared too. Onto the Swampy Ridge track. Only a year since I was on this bit. Through Sleepy Hollow and on to Green Ridge before Eucalypt Spur looms up and we hang a right. Thirteen years since I was last here – thirteen!! No longer in the murk – now we're below it.



Looking northish from Rustlers Ridge (above the Burns Track junction) (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

The spur bottoms out and we head upstream, bound for Possum Hut and lunch. Where have the bunks gone – and the doors, and windows? Two young hunters go past. I think hunting in the Silver Peaks is basically tramping while carrying but not using a gun – they never seem to

have got anything, or even seen anything. The stream's taken a hammering in the recent heat wave, so some engineering is needed to obtain a much-needed water refill.

We tackle the grunt behind the hut. Again, the traditional mud is dry. The grunt doesn't last long, and the meandering track along the ridge crest is very pleasant. The murk has lifted a bit and we can see Green Hill, but any higher than that we'd be back in it. We stop for a long break at Green Hut. The hut's been gone for nigh on 17 years, so for most people they've been going to a non-hut for longer than they were going to the hut – if in fact they've even seen it. But most people persist in calling it "Green Hut".



The eucalyptus on Eucalypt Spur (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Ostensibly we're waiting to see if any of the marathon crew are around. The reality is if they're here at 2pm they're doing a Methereil-esque time, so the truth is we're having a nice long spell in a nice spot on a nice day – not that you need to make excuses for that sort of behaviour. Only eight weeks since I was last here but that wasn't a day to linger, with horizontal hail. Ten minutes down the track, we meet some Scouts, who are delighted to hear that they don't have far to go. But we're back in the murk.

At the end of Green Ridge we encounter the marathon support crew and learn that they're looking at more than another hour's wait. Leaving them to their vigil, we retrace our steps toward Swampy. At the Burns track turnoff, we can the proposal to head up over Swampy. It's late-ish in the day (we didn't start very early) and we rationalise (wrongly, it transpires) that we'll still be in the murk up there, so more pain for no gain.

Through to the saddle, a short break, and then we opt for the Rustlers' Ridge option. "Only an extra five or ten minutes," I say to Eric, who hasn't been that way before. Another thirteen-year memory, and this one contains corrupt data – it's more like an extra twenty. As we descend into the cloud forest, we're back into sodden vegetation, and the previous five hours drying out is reversed. Soon we pick up the old pipeline track, which metamorphosises into the

vehicle track we started on. Five minutes on the road brings us back to a fog-enshrouded car. Down the motorway, we see a murk-free city with Flagstaff and Swampy standing guard behind.

David Barnes for Eric Lord.

TAKITIMU TRIP

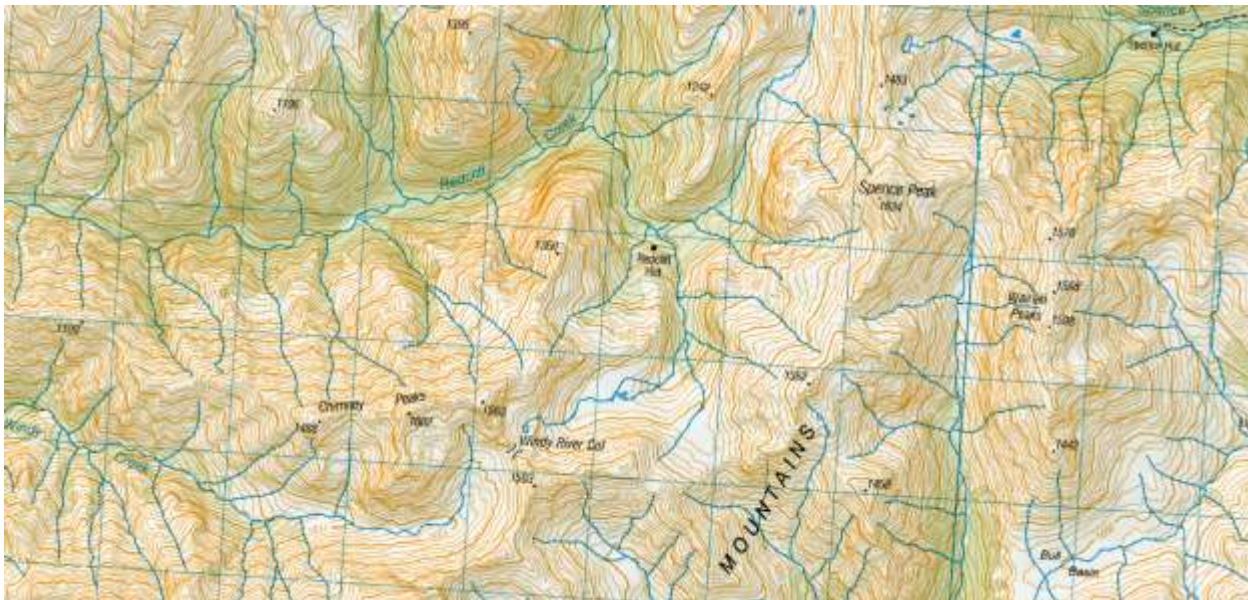
February 12-13, 2005

Author: Philip Somerville

Published in Bulletin 650, April 2005

Our SAS vehicle, or at least that is what Bruce called it, and driver (agent name Tony T) dropped us off at 2200 hrs on a dark and rainy night at Blackmount Hill on the western flanks of the Takitimus. Hassling Bruce to get his gaiters on faster, we soon set off on our two km trudge along a forestry road to what was to be a promising campsite under the pines.

No such luck. Instead, a tent (a late addition because of the weather) and a fly were "pitched" in slanting rain among the debris of a harvested plantation. In the light of the next day, the spot we chose looked like a war zone. As for our route, it appeared severe. To make matters worse, to the weight of the saturated tent and fly were added one wet bivvy bag and wet packs - and we had no option but to stick to the true left of swollen Windy Creek.



"S . . .," said Philip. "F . . .," said Bruce, while Ruth's comment was "thanks guys - that leaves me with 'darn' or 'rats'". We were, for the umpteenth time, facing a wrestle with thick scrub. On this occasion, it was that nasty second growth manuka. Previously, it was a mix of spaniards and I don't know or care what. As we could not cross the raging river, we had to find a route around the bluffs. In the two hours we took to circle above them and scramble back to Windy Creek, the GPS told us the terrible news - we only covered one km upstream in the preceding two hours. That Takitimu tyro, Richard Pettinger, had mentioned that, yes, this valley provided the most direct route to the rugged heart of the range. That, though, was with the option to ford the stream when it suited and when grazing kept the countryside relatively bare. Now, the hillside at lower and mid levels is infested with dense scrub. Noticeable, too, these days are the absence of deer trails.

Thus, Saturday was one of those mentally and physically exhausting slogs. Do we turn back? No way are we going through that hell again! And even if we do, how will we connect with the transport? Do we try the tops? Too misty and Moir's comment that a rope might provide reassurance at one place is decidedly disconcerting. Do we risk crossing the creek for a

modicum of easier travel? We dare not. Finally, the going becomes easier, the col appears briefly through the cloud just in time for us to nail its location before becoming hidden again, and then we are on our way down the next catchment.

The sun even shone briefly when we approached our next obstacle, the Redcliff Stream, between two impressive waterfalls. Although Bruce thought to himself "So this is how it is going to end", a secure and safe crossing place was found.

With this behind us, we were forced to battle more scrub before finding Redcliff Bivvy at the end of our 10-hour day. The oh-so-valuable GPS told us the hut was only metres away, but it proved to be quite a task locating it through the thick bush. While it had pained us all the late afternoon to be heading in the wrong direction, our plans for a high camp and an early Sunday traverse along the impressive spine of the mountains had been long abandoned. The hut itself, a compact, comfortable two-bunker, was last visited, according to the hut book, in April 2004, and then by a Doc work party. But for this tired trio it was true luxury.

Our "shortcut" route down the Spence is now objective number one, requiring a 5.30am wake-up and to start as soon as light allows. It is onwards and upwards, moving towards open country, scree and the main ridge. The chocolate brownie left over from Saturday night desert certainly came in handy, helping to fuel the steady climbing. Stops had to be brief and the pace brisk to have any chance of meeting the van on time at the Aparima or eastern side of the Takitimus. Nagging away, also, is the prospect of crossing the Aparima at the Spence confluence. A damp Sunday and we would have, without doubt, been stuck waiting it out on the wrong side. Meanwhile, ringing in my ears was the Thursday night quip from David Barnes about ambitious Takitimu trips coming out unscheduled on Mondays. We must prove him wrong.

It was soon easy, as the craggy vistas appear, to see why the Takis were so popular with the club in decades gone by, even being used for bushcraft courses. It's winter climbing potential is obvious as well. So, down the tussock, through the bush and over a spur we drop to picturesque Spence Bivvy. From there, the track begins and before long the Aparima is crossed with the aid of "round-the-back and hold-the-pack" mutual support and with a satisfactory safety margin.

Eventually we appear, much to the surprise of some of the others, at the civilized time of 4.10pm. We're buggered but pleased. We've crossed the Takitimus in a weekend in challenging conditions. It's been one of those horrible-at-the-time but great-to-look-back-on tramps, certainly my (Philip's) toughest with the club. And it certainly bonded the three of us for life, or so Bruce reckons. (So much for my first visit to the Takitimus, chosen, in part, because being well east of the divide they are supposed to miss much of the bad weather.)

Doug Forrester had a most interesting loop mapped out in the Princhester area in the north, with Sharon St Clair Newman, Tony Timberley and Fieke Neuman. The rain curtailed much of their plans but did not dampen their enthusiasm.

Jill McAliece's crew of Roy Ward, Sue Barnaby, Sam Paulin, Dave Wilson and Janice Russell (from the North Otago Tramping Club) had their adventures avoiding bloated streams and wading in waist deep water, but were able to spend Saturday night in the large and comfortable Aparima Hut.

Philip Somerville for Bruce Bernasconi and Ruth Goldsmith.

BEN OHAU RANGE

March 5-6, 2005

Author: Roy Ward

Published in Bulletin 650, April 2005

It was a dark and stormy night ... but let's rewind 24 hours to Friday, when we arrived at a locked gate about ten km out of Twizel heading towards Mt Cook. The weather forecast had been for very heavy rain and high winds over the weekend, so we had decided to abandon Ball Pass and go into the Ben Ohau range instead and hadn't had time to arrange a key.

After a calm and rain-free night camped near the side of the road on Friday, we set out on about a seven km walk along a 4WD track across farmland to get to the valley of Gladstone Creek, with the intention of going up, along the tops and down another valley, hopefully Boundary Creek or the Duncan.



The largest tarn in Duncan Stream (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

It was mostly a fairly easy walk up the valley as the weather started to get patchy - I couldn't work out whether to wear a parka or a sunhat. In the early afternoon we were starting to get close to the tarns that we hoped to camp at, so we started sidling up to the right along quite a steep hillside with lots of tussock punctuated by wide areas of scree, getting great views across the valley to all the scree slopes on the other side, and hearing the occasional cries of 'Rock!' as someone dislodged a rock when another person was below them. One suggestion is that it might have been easier to go further along the valley floor and climb up more directly rather than sidling. At one point we saw three chamois just below us.

As we got closer to the campsite we started sending the odd scout (do they come in evens too? Ed) ahead without packs to see what the terrain was like. At mid-afternoon we camped at 1650m on a large enough flattish area with running water and some shelter - probably the best site in that area, although all the tarns had dried up. We had a fairly early dinner, with the wind getting stronger and heavier squalls of rain, although it wasn't too cold, and had an early night (8 pm) amid comments from those in tents not envying those of us sleeping under the flies.

We had a somewhat interrupted night's sleep (it's quite hard to sleep with the tent fly flapping in your face), and at 4.21am a strong wind gust ripped one of the flies. A quick re-arrangement of the inhabitants followed (pun intended). Then another biggie (wind gust) hit us later resulting in a bent pole.



Smaller tarn in Duncan Stream, about 1.5km below the larger one (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Another 6 am wakeup (thanks, Doug), and we got up to find the weather was largely unchanged from the day before. After a quick discussion (from Doug, "any objections, say so now"), we decided to go over the saddle to the MacMillan and see how things looked from there. The most common cry now was "Gust!" as there were strong gusts of wind, and on the rough terrain the best thing to do was to hold on to something or someone and wait for the gust to blow over. At times it felt like we spent more time on our 4's than on our 2's. The country up there is spectacular in its own way - basins with lots of scree, jagged tops, and very little visible life apart from a few hares.

When we got to the saddle (height 2008 m), we could see more scree slopes leading down into a wide basin with some tarns in it. After going down this (more "Rock!" from monosyllabic trampers), there was some discussion about where to go next, with most people wanting to head down the MacMillan. After some persuading that those going down didn't mind waiting for us at the van and taking quite a lot of weight out of our packs, four of us (Doug, Phil, Ruth and

Roy) went to have a look at the saddle over the next valley with hope of going out the MacKenzie.

The Mackenzie/MacMillan saddle looked somewhat forbidding at a distance with lots of bluffs, but as we got closer we could see that it wasn't very difficult at all, with just a bit of a scramble up the last few metres. At the top, we could see that it was very easy going down the other side with gentle downhill tussock, although I think Phil's comment of "it's as flat as a pancake" was a little exaggerated. We could also see that the scree along the tops would be easy going (compared to being very jagged earlier), and if we'd had a little more time and better conditions, we could have got to the top of one of the peaks, or easily gone along to the Duncan or further - another time maybe. The going got a little steeper as we got down to the valley floor, but there was no downhill scree, and the saddle was easier than the Gladstone/MacMillan one.

After having lunch just above the valley floor, it was a very easy walk out along the valley (helped by a 4WD track that cut off a corner), and we made very good time as a small group going fast with not many stops - we didn't want anyone to wait at the van longer than they had to.

When we got down to the plain and farmland, the wind had dropped, but the rain set in and we had a several kilometre trudge to get back to the road. Eventually, about halfway there, we looked behind us, and found that we were just ahead of the other seven people - their valley had been tougher to get down than ours, so we all got back to the van at the same time, soaking wet, about 4 pm.

A most enjoyable tramp - spectacular countryside, a feeling in my muscles afterwards of having really put in some effort, and we had been very lucky with the weather, considering the forecast, allowing us to do most of what we set out to. This is an area I'd certainly like to go back to and explore, with more time along the tops.

So thanks to Doug for his sound leadership and having to cope with last minute change.

Roy Ward for Doug, Ruth, Sharon, Gary, David, Wolfgang, Terry, Paul, James and Wayne

NORTH-SOUTH TEMPLE CROSSING

April 9-10, 2005

Author: Greg Powell

Published in Bulletin 651, May 2005

This trip was part of the Bushcraft 2005 optional trip. It was well attended in general, with 30 souls venturing into the Ohau Area, including Elcho hut and Maitland Valley as well as reverse crossings of the Temple Valleys.

We managed to leave Dunedin before the usual 6 pm start time to give us a good start in fine weather. However, as we got up the coast we struck rain which seemed to get heavier as we went inland. Last time I attempted this trip rain made the trip too risky with the South Temple in high and swift conditions. We ended up driving to Mt Somers instead (via the little-known Myers Pass). Fortunately, the weather was not to repeat this time around.



Mid-way up the North Temple gut en-route to Gunsight Pass, April 9, 2005 (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Most of my group managed to occupy the woodshed (along with the field mice) and we had quite a cosy night despite the light drizzle overnight. By Saturday the drizzle had cleared, and we headed off under an overcast sky. A couple of hours wandering along a well-marked beech forest track had us out in the open and in a cirque where the climb to Gunsight Pass began from.

There is some controversy over the naming of the Pass between North and South Temple, however I note Moirs refers to it as Gunsight Pass and a recent article in the ODT had the

Geographical Society confirming its name. The theory is that it resembles the notch in a gun sight.

I can't remember where we had lunch that day, probably because of my apprehension at climbing such a steep and narrow gut. However, having now been there and done that, I think Moirs is probably right - it looks worse than it is. We met up with Pete Stevenson's group at the bottom of the gut and, thanks to Antony's cunning plan, regrouped according to speed (and agility). Different people coped with the climb in different ways, some wandering up with arms folded and others scrambling on hands and knees. The important thing was that we all made it and a special mention must go to Nic for a real gutsy effort when she found the going the most difficult.



Ascending the gut from the North Temple to Gunsight Pass, April 9, 2005 (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

I was a little concerned when I got to the top as there was a sprinkling of snow on the route down and snow on rocks doesn't make good traction. However as it turned out the North side is only loose scree at the top and the going down was not that difficult at all. We arrived at a small basin below Gunsight Pass and found Matt's group (going South to North) had set up camp so decided to stop there also. We managed to set up the flies before we were hit with the odd skiff of rain (very localized I believe) which was more of an irritant than anything else.

I have to comment on our evening meal. It was absolutely brilliant and included éclairs with real chocolate and cream for dessert. Because of a long and tiring day plus the cold temperatures it was off to bed at 7.30 pm.

Sunday was a cruisy day with all of us in high spirits at having “Knocked the B.....d off” the previous day. Dropping down into the South Temple itself meant a bit of bush bashing and the lesson learnt here was “go right young man and stick to the creek until track markers can be located further down”. We arrived back at the Temple car park about 3 pm well ahead of the 4 pm deadline and met up with the other groups from the Elcho Hut trip. Our group had a real sense of achievement and fellowship.



Campsite in the South Temple, below Gunsight Pass (the one with snow), April 9, 2005 (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Greg Powell for Keryn and Nic Woods, and Toby and Jo Eglesfield

ROCK BURN VALLEY (EASTER 2005)

March 25-28, 2005

Author: Jack (surname not recorded)

Published in Bulletin 651, May 2005

Being a first-time visitor to the OTMC I was keen to see how these Kiwis go bushwalking (sorry, "tramping"). What ensued was an entertaining and very enjoyable weekend, albeit a bit damp. The weekend had started on Friday with a damp forecast for Easter delaying our drive up to the Routeburn shelter by one day. One member preferred his warm dry bed for another night – that right Ewan? (I'm sure Deb had promised great weather when I booked on the trip, but we should have guessed when she was heard chuckling in her coffee shops and attending a wine and cheese festival over Easter!!). Due to the late start we decided to tramp to Rockburn Hut for the first night and at least have a dry place to cook for the evening. It turned out to be a wise choice as the rain started shortly after leaving the Sylvan Lake carpark and progressively increased as we neared the hut. The hut was already filled with trampers returning from a 13 day trip so we prepared to camp out. The Kiwis commenced setting up this tarp-looking-thing while I quickly got my tent up and crawled in to keep dry while I watched the fly-erecting skills of my comrades. (Hmm....Note 1: tarps are slow to erect in bad weather and don't look too inviting in heavy rain conditions from the warmth of a nice dry tent).



Rockburn Hut, near the confluence with the Dart (hut has since been removed following damage from a falling tree) (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

A pleasant night was had around the hut's campfire discussing the meaning of life and the getting of Wisdom from a young Montana lass studying in Dunedin. (She was actually from

Wisdom in Montana but had to leave to get an education!!) Her group had passed us on the trip into the hut carrying all sorts of interesting tools including a large drill bit (about 18" large!). They were heading for the Park Pass Glacier to take samples for a research project one of the girls was conducting. (not the Wisdom girl). Meanwhile Rosy and Ewan attempted to burn the hut down with their own portable club blowtorch which very swiftly cooked their meals! We later retired to our selective sleeping arrangements, Ken's fly looking very rough indeed!

Saturday dawned overcast but dry and some bleary-eyed Kiwis came spluttering out from their flys, extracting sandflies from their bedding and faces. (Ahah....Note 2: tarps aren't sand fly proof.) A late start saw us slushing through the mud and roots towards the Sugarloaf Pass turnoff. Unfortunately, one of our group found the conditions slow going and decided at lunch time he would prefer to give the climbing a miss and return to the hut. A group discussion over lunch decided we should ensure his safe return to the hut and reassess the situation that evening. At our return to the hut a jet boat was visiting the hut and after a quick discussion with the driver he agreed to take the weary trumper out to Glenorchy where we would pick him up on Monday. We later learnt he enjoyed a hot shower less than one hour afterwards!!

So another night spent at Rockburn Hut with the Kiwis taking the four bunks and this lone Aussie getting the top ten campsite out on a beautiful grassy area, looking from my warm, cosy and mouse free tent up the Dart River!! (Yep....Note 3: hut preferred over tarps!)



Theatre Flat, Rockburn Valley (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Day Three and finally the sun came out to provide glorious views and warmth to our bones!! Again, we headed up the Rockburn Valley and this time we progressed much quicker, stopping at a beautiful little campsite on the Rockburn River for lunch. It was gear off and sun baking time for the sun deprived Dunedinites. Various postures and belly rings (no names, heh, Rosy and Betul!), were compared with a few photos for evidence. Eventually, suitably warmed and

relaxed, we continued up the valley and made good time, finally arriving at the glorious Theatre Flat to catch the last rays of sun and dry out our damp equipment. With the peaks all around us and the gurgling Rockburn River alongside, we enjoyed a lovely evening around a smoky campfire (it was already prepared and begging to light up!), while Ivan recovered from his sandfly attack with a Turkish backwalking massage! Were they groans of pleasure or agony Ivan? Apparently Betul is very good at Turkish massage techniques so sign her up on your next tramp for free muscle relief. She can't help sandfly bites in private areas, but her massage therapy may take your mind off it!! (Note 4: keep tent a safe distance from tarps due to snoring and kicking sounds!).

An early start on Monday and we retraced our footsteps back to the Sugarloaf Pass turnoff where my pack decided to go for a swim headfirst down a small waterfall. (Lesson 1: Don't put your pack down at the top of a waterfall when it's all muddy. Or maybe it was the weight of that tent, smirked the Kiwis!!). A hasty retrieval of the wayward pack and the group grunted up to the pass in quick time just as the weather closed in and light rain began to fall. Fortunately, we enjoyed views all around before slipping over the pass and finding a sheltered lunch spot for lovely hot soup all around. Thanks Ivan and Ewan for getting the club's blowtorch stove out for lunch.



On Sugarloaf Pass, heading for the descent to the Routeburn (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

We slipped and slid down the pass in intermittent showers before hitting the Routeburn Highway track and arriving back at the shelter and a quick car shuffle and change of clothes. (Ivan being seen naked and running around the shelter with his sandfly mates in gleeful pursuit soon cleared the on-lookers, heh Betul and Rosy?)!!

We headed into Glenorchy to pick up our missing comrade and retired to the pub for a welcome beer and chips. Too soon we were on the road and into busy Easter traffic for the trip home. Weary legs, damp and muddy gear and good memories were warming thoughts of a

very enjoyable Easter in NZ. Thanks, guys, for a great Easter and to Rosy for sorting us out and to Deb for planning the trips and ordering the weather!! You Kiwis can keep your tarps though, (sorry, flys)!

Happy Tent Camper (Bloody Ozzie)!! Jack for Rosy, Ewan. Betul, Ivan and Ken

ALL DRESSED UP WITH NOWHERE TO GO!

April 3, 2005

Author: Gary Moss

Published in Bulletin 652, June 2005

So, there we were outside the clubroom, 9am Sunday morning, 3 April. Doug was sick and Cathy was looking for a volunteer to lead the trip. Kevin Blair (a non-member who had turned up just for the day) outlined a trip we could do, we all said "Yes", so off we went.

We parked our two vehicles just by the ford on the Mt Allen road and set off at 10.20 am. We followed the track alongside Big Stream and from there made our way up and onto Long Ridge. On this section we were passed by several runners coming towards us who were doing the Pulpit Rock Pursuit Race. From Long Ridge we walked up and onto Pulpit Rock where we stopped for lunch at 1.20 pm. From there we continued down past the Painted Forest and along the Wenita Forest track, returning to the vehicles at 3.55 pm - a round trip, Kevin informed me, of about 20 km.



The view from Pulpit Rock, Silver Peaks Scenic Reserve (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

It had been a great day weather-wise and the sun was still shining when we took a group photo before heading home. I would like to thank Janet and Jeremy, our two drivers, for getting us there and back safely, and Kevin for standing in at a moment's notice to lead the trip. Gary Moss for Sue, Jill, Hilda, Janet, Nina, Dave, Jeremy and Kevin.

MAITLAND VALLEY

April 9-10, 2005

Author: Judy & Barbara (surnames not recorded)

Published in Bulletin 652, June 2005

We departed Dunedin on Friday night, hoping that the rain wouldn't last (and it didn't), in fact the weather was perfect for the rest of the weekend. Betul maybe had an ulterior motive in recommending a stop at the new Turkish restaurant in Oamaru for tea, where the owners spoke with Betul in her native tongue, but the kebabs were delicious, and we enjoyed gratis Turkish coffee and apple tea. It was a bit difficult agreeing on a camping spot in the dark, eventually setting up camp at Freehold Creek about midnight. Those in Ivan's group were thankful for his advice earlier in the week that pillows and travel clothes were welcome (and could be left in the van Saturday night).



Maitland Hut (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Saturday morning saw Ivan impressing us with his fishing prowess, catching a fish for (his) breakfast. A short drive past the turnoff to the Ohau Ski Lodge took us to the beginning of the Maitland valley. At the end of the 4WD track skirting the valley we crossed three magnificent scree slopes, walked through cool grey-green beech forests, and eventually stopped for lunch in the sunshine by the river. Shortly after lunch we had the chance to put our river-crossing skills into practice.

We reached Maitland Hut midafternoon, and inspected the facilities before heading on through more beech forest (to the chagrin of at least one new tramper who thought this was it for the day!). Half an hour later saw us setting up our flies on the river flats. Dinner was competitive - Ivan's group enjoyed a daunting quantity of spaghetti bolognese (but no custard for dessert),

while Ewan's group had stir-fried noodles, with gingernut and sherry log for afters (and then Ewan did all the dishes! :-). It got cold as darkness fell - one group fell into bed by 7.30, while the other enjoyed (?) a game of euchre before diving into sleeping bags.



Above the bushline in the Maitland (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

On Sunday morning some of the new Bushcraft trampers were initiated into the dubious pleasures of putting on socks that had frozen solid and wet boots crusted in ice, while Barbara demonstrated the legendary hardness of Mosgiel women by wearing shorts in 0°C. The rest of us waited until Maitland hut, which was drenched in sunshine, to take off our polyprops (and appreciate the facilities). Lunch was had in the sun at the top of the 4WD track where the flies were laid out to defrost. A leisurely stroll back down to the van, a change into travelling clothes, a celebratory drink at Omarama, and we were back in Dunedin by about 7pm. A great weekend!

Some quotes from the weekend:

"Does your partner want to order now?"
(lady at kebab place to Betul, referring to Ivan)

"Those guys have big ... ["You shouldn't be looking", interrupted Greta] ... bladders" *(at what appeared to be a lengthy comfort stop taken by Ivan and Ewan)*

"I've waited so long, I would have faked it anyway"
(Greta when asked if the soup was good)

"You're never in the dark with a headlight on" *(although Rosie later discovered this wasn't true!)*

"Did you see that? It looked like a bum, only bigger"

(Anon, referring to the bare buttocks protruding menacingly from the Maitland loo)

"I don't know if it's a quote, but Ewan did put his hand up my shorts"

(Ivan wanting to make "the list", and not realising he already featured twice)

Special thanks to our leaders, Ivan and Ewan (who also did most of the driving) Judy & Barbara, for Betul, Daniel, Greta, Ran, and Rosie

PINEAPPLE – SWAMPY – LEITH SADDLE

May 15, 2005

Author: Tracy Pettinger

Published in Bulletin 653, July 2005

After the wake-up call from Robyn it was all on to get to the clubrooms by 9am, but we did it. The moving of two cars to Leith Saddle and returning of drivers to Booth Road took 15 minutes. Then we set off at a brisk pace. We looked for signs of rusty pineapple tins at the Bullock Track junction fence. The rusty stain was probably "ochre" or burnt clay, said Richard, but I thought he was being unromantic about it all. There was a cold wind on the tops, so much so, that we just kept on going, and then had to hide behind the building on the top of Swampy Spur to eat lunch.



Mt Cargill from the Leith Saddle Walkway (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Down Leith Saddle was a lot more muddy than it was when I had done this walk a month or so ago and there was some ballet/snowboarding techniques in practice to stop us from falling into the mud. There were no winners in the Most Muddy Bottom Contest. (No losers either.)

Roy and Rob found the trip much too short and so they went on ahead and went home over Mount Cargill, needing an extra few hours to fill their day, while the rest of us went home early and drank cups of tea.

Thanks to drivers: Janet, Robyn and Richard. And big thanks to Robyn for the wake-up call at 8.20am!

Tracy Pettinger, for: Janet Barclay, Roy Ward, Robert J Greenhough, Matt DeCook, Robyn Bell, Rob Seeley and Richard Pettinger

CATLINS RIVER WALK

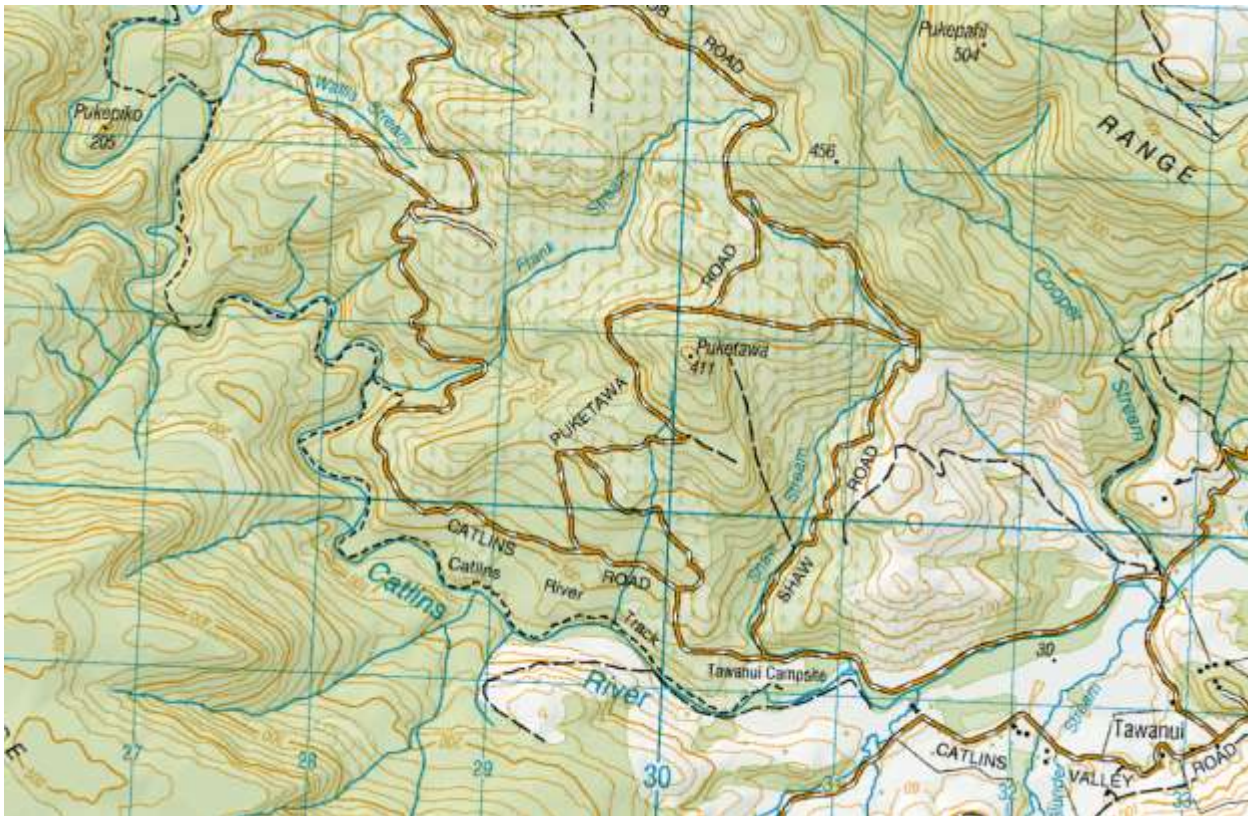
May 13-14, 2000

Author: Fieke Neuman & David Eggleton

Published in Bulletin 653, July 2005

It dawned fine and sunny (oops - somewhat overcast) for our exploration of the stunningly beautiful Catlins River valley - the childhood back yard of our own Ian Sime. The hour and a half drive was unusually long compared to most Sunday trips but well worth the extra travel.

Car juggling (and waiting around for men to organise their gear) commenced at Tawanui but our plans to drive all the way up to the Wisp at the other end of the track (and site of an old homestead at the base of the Wisp range) experienced a reality check at a sign half way up the road suggesting more fun and games with potholes if we took our vehicles any further. So we started the walk by heading up-stream from where Frank's Stream joins the Catlins River. The damp beech forest was awe in-fungi in a surprisingly diverse range of colours. Though we kept our eyes peeled for them, we saw no paradise ducks, mohua (yellowhead) or even any fish but we did see lots of little boxes by the track (with little ink-pads and paper in them to record the predators in the area).



After a couple of hours we made it to the Wallis stream picnic area for lunch. We decided not to go to the Wisp after all and out of curiosity about the state of the road (which proved to be not that bad after all) walked along it back to the cars to complete our first circle of the day. Our detour took in young pine plantings and fine views over the native bush across the river.

After consulting our watches we found we still had a couple of hours until sundown so most of us decided to go back down to the river and follow it out to Tawanui. Those without torches set off at a rapid clip but were pulled up short an hour down the track by danger tape around an

area of clearance work that had pushed mud down over the track. Regrouping, we explored the muddy hillside above and eventually followed a bulldozer track up to the road again. It was annoying that there weren't any signs at the track ends to warn about this obstruction.

A bit more road walking got us all back into the cars and the long drive back to Dunedin. For an "Easy" rated trip this one turned out harder and more complicated than planned - in the classic, time honoured OTMC fashion.

Fieke and David for Ian, Janet, Bruce, Sue, Wyn, Nina, Ken and just-in-time Greta.

FLAGSTAFF FAMILY DAY WALK

July 10, 2005

Author: Jade Pettinger

Published in Bulletin 654, August 2005

On Sunday 10th July we went on the family daytrip up Flagstaff. It was a cold morning and we set off up the hill at a brisk pace. It was a clear day so we could enjoy the views. Once we got up to the top, we headed down the other side quickly because it was cold and a little windy. We followed the track to where it joins the 4x4 track. It was muddy and there were lots of icy puddles on this track where we had fun breaking the ice. We followed the track back to the car. We were tired and happy to have completed the walk.

By Jade Pettinger (9 years) for Dylan, Debbie, Ken and Wendy.



Flagstaff Summit on a winters day (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

BEEPERS & BLEEPERS (SAR)

July 10, 2005

Author: Ian Sime

Published in Bulletin 654, August 2005

For months there had not been a callout for land search volunteers, so Teresa and I have had it easy. Then last Sunday at lunchtime there was a call for searchers to go to the north end of the Kilmog to help look for a person who had probably been in a car which had crashed. The drunk driver was not sure, but believed he had a passenger who may have wandered off dazed, so the Police asked for help to locate him. There was no answer from Teresa's phone, so I prepared to contact people on our volunteer list. But while I was speaking with the police search contact, she got a message. The supposed passenger had been seen in a taxi travelling from Dunedin to Palmerston as it passed the crash scene and was identified as the missing person.

Then two days later, on Tuesday 12 July about midday, my SAR pager beeped wanting land searchers to assemble at the Police Station. I rang the station, but the buzz I got was the one that indicates this number is no longer connected. How long was it since I had last rung them? So I looked up the phone book for the current number, explained who I was, and was referred to the Search Controller - none other than David Barnes. He explained that an Israeli tramper was overdue in the Silver Peaks. His car was still at the track end but there was no sign of him, and he was due home the previous day. A First Response group had been called out, but they wanted other searchers who had Track and Clue training to assemble as a backup and be prepared to spend the night out in the stormy and cold weather of the Peaks. So I rang Teresa. She knew the situation because her husband, Arthur, was the First Response Leader this month, and was already out. We went through our lists, noting the people we thought would be most appropriate for the job. Then she had another important job to do till 1.10 pm, and I had an appointment at 1.30 pm, so we arranged that I would start ringing, and she would take over later.

The first person I rang had his family coming home from the UK that afternoon. The second was busy at work and could not really leave. The third one was also involved in work he couldn't leave, but if people were still needed late in the afternoon, he could help. Number 4 was at lunch; could I ring back after 1pm? Same for number 5. Number 6 was OK! He could be ready in an hour. Number 7 was at lunch but his receptionist would get him to ring when he returned. There was no reply from #8's home; he works all over the place and I didn't have a cellphone number. #9 had shifted from his previous work. #10 would be available after 4pm. #11's wife answered; I could ring again after 6pm.

It was now 1.10 pm so I rang Teresa. I gave her the vital parts of the information I had, and she prepared to ring the remaining few people we had nominated. Then both our pagers beeped. STAND DOWN!

It turned out the guy had spent an extra night at Jubilee Hut because of the conditions and had been met by Arthur and his team not far from his car. Teresa agreed to ring the person who had been ready to search, and I was able to keep my 1.30 pm appointment!

Ian Sime

BALL PASS

March 4-5, 2005

Author: Antony Pettinger

Published in Bulletin 654, August 2005

A group of us decided to cross Ball Pass as part of the club trip, leaving Dunedin early on the Friday with the aim of camping that night in the Caroline Hut vicinity and crossing over to the Hooker on the Saturday. So, come 9am on Friday, a party of eight departed Dunedin for Mt. Cook. Clear skies all the way bode well weather-wise, and early afternoon saw us signing in and checking conditions at DoC in Mt. Cook Village. The forecast was for very strong winds around 1000m, not quite so windy at 2000m (Ball Pass is 2121m) with a deterioration in the weather during Saturday. To us that was good enough, hopefully we would have crossed Ball Pass before the front came through.



One of the various Ball Huts / Shelters, Tasman Valley, March 4, 2005 (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

As we had 4WD vehicles we managed to drive to the very end of the Ball Road, just past Husky Flat and about 1000m directly below Caroline Hut. Clear skies afforded great views of the surrounding mountains and Tasman Glacier as we headed off for Ball Shelter. Here we met two people who had just crossed Ball Pass from the Hooker and they were very enthusiastic about the crossing. By this stage it was about 4.30pm, so we had about three and a half hours of useable light remaining – better get going!

From Ball Shelter the route heads further up the Tasman to a point where you head west and climb up to Ball Ridge, rather than climbing the ridge from the corner near Ball Glacier. Once on the ridge the route is very well defined and is really just a scramble between rocks. Of course,

you are constantly rewarded by the view of the surrounding mountains, including the Caroline Face and Mt. Cook high above the Ball Glacier.

There are not too many spots on the ridge where you can camp, funnily enough, but there is a great spot near point 1824m that allowed us to pitch our two tent flies. To some it may seem odd to be spending the night in a tent fly above 1800m, but this evening was perfect. In fact, bivvying out was even better. We arrived at the campsite at dusk and were very quickly treated to a spectacular sunset over Lake Pukaki. We had had a decent lunch in Twizel, and had planned a light dinner at this campsite, requiring no cooking. We found that this worked very well for us and saved time, weight and effort. We planned to be away at first light if we could due to the forecast, so an early night was had.



Sunrise on Ball Ridge, looking up the Tasman Valley, March 5, 2005 (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Saturday morning dawned clear in the east, but there was significant cloud growth in the west. We could see Ball Pass clearly in the distance, but Mt. Cook was now shrouded in cloud, not to be seen again during the weekend. We headed away in a weak sun towards Caroline Hut – from point 1824m this is a rock scramble, with the size of the rocks increasing as we got closer to the hut. As Caroline Hut is about the same height as our campsite this section was more or less level.

After a quick chat with two guides at Caroline Hut we headed onwards again towards the pass. The weather was definitely changing for the worse, but we judged we would have enough time to cross the pass as long as we didn't hang around too long. The route from Caroline Hut takes a decidedly steeper turn as the buttress directly behind the hut is climbed. Looking back down gave some neat views of the hut with the grey Tasman Glacier a kilometre below. After climbing the buttress and a short sidle, the first of the snow was reached. Before too long we were at the point where you drop down onto the top of the Ball Glacier - time to put on the crampons for the traverse across the top of the glacier and onto the pass. The snow/ice was

certainly very firm, and although not steep it was not somewhere you would want to slip – the glacier seemed to go for miles. It was here it started to rain. The route got a wee bit steeper as we approached the pass, but very soon we were on the gravel scree and on Ball Pass. Due to the weather the celebrations and antics we had planned for the pass did not happen so after a couple of photos it was downwards towards the Hooker.



Climbing above Caroline Hut and the Tasman Glacier, March 5, 2005 (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

The first part of the descent was very steep, possibly the steepest of the trip, but was clear of snow. Soon we were back on the snow, which again was hard but not particularly steep. After skirting around the end of a fairly significant crevasse we were off the snow. Rain was falling steadily as we took off the crampons and headed to the ridge where we would drop from to gain access to the Playing Field. We were aware of the need to maintain as much height as possible on this section, but we still ended up climbing – in fact one section here was the most hair-raising of the trip. In hindsight, with better conditions an easier route wouldn't be hard to find.

Over the ridge and down to the Playing Field was straight-forward enough, but a head for heights is required in places, as well as sure footing. A quick bite at the Playing Field sufficed for lunch before we headed down the steep gut that leads to the Hooker. We went down in teams of two to reduce the risk of dislodged rocks hitting someone below. After a couple of tumbles in the gut we were safely on the Hooker valley floor.

We had planned to camp on the alluvial fan at the foot of the gut, with Peter and Sue Stevenson coming in to join us. The weather deterred us pretty smartly, especially as we only had the two flies. A quick wander down the Hooker saw us totally drenched in the increasing rain and at around 5pm we were at the shelter in the camping ground, where Pete and Sue had the magical billy on. After changing and retrieving the vehicles we decided that the weekend

had been very successful, nothing more would be achieved so we should go home, which we did, arriving back in Dunedin around midnight.

The Ball Pass crossover is a great trip and highly recommended. It is also a very serious crossing and should never be undertaken lightly. The club was very careful in the lead up to this trip about what sort of ability people had to have to participate in the crossing. It requires a good sense of route-finding, as it is an unmarked route, and a head for heights as well as experience in traveling steep, rough terrain is required. Alpine and snowcraft skills are essential at any time of year. As Chief Guide I would do nothing differently in the lead-up to a future trip to Ball Pass.



Cramponing across the top of the Ball Glacier, March 5, 2005 (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

The quote of the weekend undoubtedly goes to George, who was quite pleased to be back in Dunedin in time to attend church on Sunday as 'he had just been to hell and back'. I'm not quite sure what he meant, as this was a particularly satisfying trip!

Something that affected every one of us was the triple fatality on Bass Pass 3 days later. It was very hard for us to comprehend what had happened in an area that we considered no more or no less dangerous than anywhere else on the crossover. It certainly hit home quite hard the risk involved in this crossing.

Thanks, team, for a great trip. A special thanks to Pete and Sue for their support.

Antony P for Debbie Pettinger, Ann and Chris Burton, George Kemmett (Ann's Dad), Dave Chambers, Barry Atkinson and Ralph Harvey.

ROUTEBURN CROSSOVER (VAN RELOCATION)

May 14-15, 2005

Author: Deb Carr

Published in Bulletin 654, August 2005

So, Deb...how long does it take to hitch a ride from the Divide to Te Anau?

Well, third time lucky and the Routeburn Cross over has finally happened (two previous occasions were delayed due to snow and my reputation was in tatters [ok, what reputation?]).

Allan and Matt kindly drove the third minibus to The Divide on Friday night and (mostly) happy trampers got changed by the minibus lights in the pouring rain. The last person left me after about 30 minutes and I settled down to sleep on the back seat of the minibus (there are some advantages in being vertically challenged). Peter the possum was in residence in the shelter and I didn't fancy sleeping with him.

At some stage a big gust of wind hit the minibus waking me up, so I thought I'll move the bus to the other side of the shelter. Turned the key and nothing...not even a click...ok, back to bed...

The first vehicle driving from Te Anau to Milford woke me just before 6 am. I knew it would be some time before a car/campervan traveled from Milford to Te Anau, so I amused myself by brewing coffee (there's a surprise), standing on the road in the rain (with no rain-jacket and jeans on - ack!), and counting cars and camper vans...and tourist buses, all heading the wrong way. Five vehicles pulled into the shelter, three asked if I was ok, none had jump leads, and one wanted to roll me down the hill (umm, in the minibus). 67 vehicles (and about 3 hours later) a car came from Milford and I jumped in front of it, much to the occupants surprise. Two very nice American ladies from Boston drove me to Te Anau Downs, where I thawed out in front of the log burner in the backpackers - wonderful people

After an hour or so the AA arrived, we got the van going, and I left the Divide at about 1 pm heading for Alex. A beautiful if windy drive, and several hours later saw me sitting in a spa drinking beer [thanks guys :-)]

Sunday morning 7.30 am time to leave...no visibility and ice on the windscreen...ok leave at 9 am instead

Routeburn road end - cold at the carpark, but sunny at the shelter. Good to see folk arriving, and that everyone was ok.

Cheers to Allan and Matt for doing the driving.

Debs Carr for Routeburn Crossover, 14-15 May

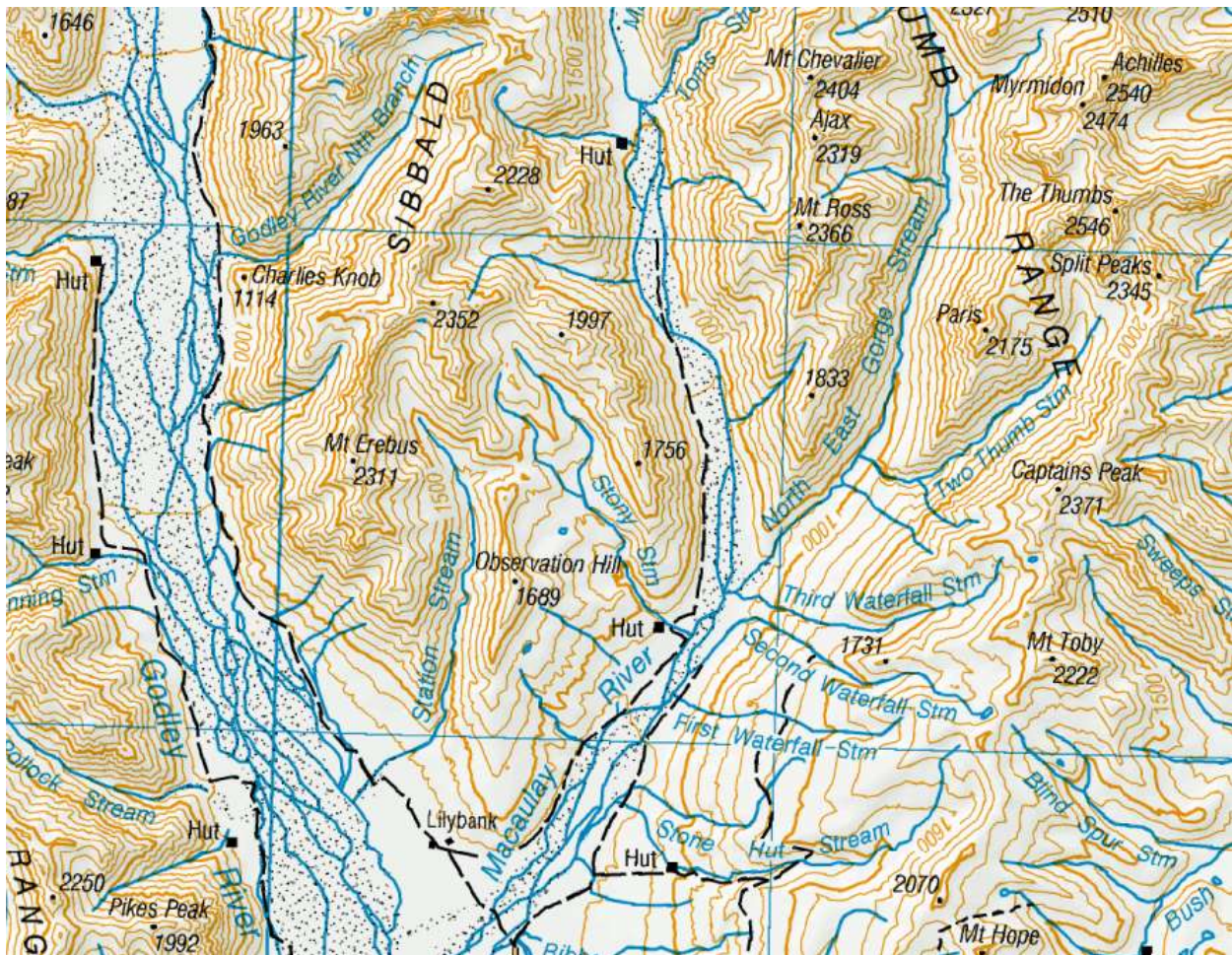
MACAULEY RIVER

June 25-26, 2000

Author: Allan Perry

Published in Bulletin 654, August 2005

My first task for this trip was to pick up a van. I knew Antony had booked a 12 seater but had only a hunch it would probably be the new model. They handed me the keys and said, "It's that one." First task, "Where is the hand brake?". ("It's like they were in the seventies", was the answer). Then out into the 5 pm traffic with this huge van and a gear stick poking out of the dashboard. By the time I had got home, picked up my pack and arrived at the club rooms, I was getting used to finding the gear stick and not hitting the curb when turning left.



Everyone was on time at the club so we left promptly. Just after 9pm we arrived at Omarama to pick up Zena who had emailed me the directions to her house, "It's the one with the white fence". (Next time you're out walking, Zena, count the white fences in your street!) Friday night we stayed at the Tekapo Camp New Lodge, and I think from now on the camp manager will give better instructions to those who will be arriving late at night. Saturday morning was a short drive to the end of Lily Bank Road and the start of our walk up the Macaulay River. The valley is a very large open river flat and there is not a single hill between the road end and the trust hut about 3.5 to 4 hours up the valley. By the time we reached the hut the weather was starting to change with a definite chill in the wind. Some climbed the mountain behind the hut

or explored the valley opposite. Others stayed out of the cold and kept the fire going in the great log burner in the hut.

On Sunday we rose to a slight covering of snow, and after a long breakfast headed back down the valley to explore some side creeks before arriving at the van and driving home.

Macaulay Hut is a great place to visit, but instead of wasting a weekend walking in and out it would be a great place to 4WD in as there is some great tramping once in there. Many of the peaks are well over 2000m and are quite climbable for the average tramper.

Allan Perry

MT COOK

August 6-7, 2005

Author: Not recorded

Published in Bulletin 655, September 2005

Dave Chambers led another of his fine-weather tours into the mountains returning to Thar Lodge deerstalkers hut just up the road from The Hermitage. It was impeccably organised with a 6pm departure, Alan Thomson phoning the café in Kurow to ask them to stay open until we got there for takeaways and a smooth, if a bit foggy, trip into the high country. Thar Lodge has the luxury of a generator, gas lights and heating so you can picture fourteen weary workers luxuriating in style while bunks were sorted and plans were made for Saturday.



Aoraki / Mt Cook from Sealy Tarns (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

The intrepid six; Dave, Fieke, Jonette, Ralph, Luke and Gary made it to Mueller Hut for lunch and then a short hop up for more magnificent views from the top of Mt Olivia. The snowline didn't start until above the Sealy Tarns and they made good time both ways in windless, sunny conditions. The occasional roar of an avalanche made it all very adventurous and we were privileged to see a falcon and half a dozen keas in the cloudless skies. Christine, Alan, Carmel Terry, Sue, Peter, Kerryn and Nicola all went to Sealy Tarns. Some made a day of it by going on up the Hooker Valley afterwards, others moseyed around the smaller walks and sights near the camp.

Wolfgang would have approved the pre-dinner drinks in the plush surroundings of The Hermitage bar (ancient establishment that it is) but of course we were there solely for research purposes. With Thar Lodge having a BBQ and stove, the standard of cuisine was well above the norm that night.

On Sunday a consensus sent us behind The Hermitage in the direction of Red Tarns. These were lovely, but about two hundred (vertical) metres above them is a fantastic lookout rock, so let no-one say we were derelict in our OTMC duty. We climbed the damn hill! It was worth every step as there was a cloud bank drifting below us and a sense of atmosphere developing – very “Wuthering Heights”.



Red Tarns, looking towards the Hooker Valley (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

We confirmed the usefulness of new technologies on the Sunday morning. We had just left the hut but had little view of the Cook area when an avalanche rumbled and crashed way behind us for about three minutes. ‘That was a big one’ was the general consensus and Dave could show us which was the newly-bald rock area because he had a ‘before’ picture from the previous day on his camera which could be instantly dialled up. Don’t you love the gadgets!

We discovered a new watering hole on the return journey at Waitaki Village. The café and bar have excellent coffee and Luke made short work of his quiche.

It was an altogether brilliant weekend with congenial company and a really decent van from Rhodes making the trip that much more comfortable. Thanks Dave!

(Unfortunately, I’ve lost the name of the author of this article, but thanks for it. Ed)

WINTER ROUTEBURN 2004

July 3-4, 2004

Author: Andrew Kirby

Published in Bulletin 655, September 2005

Okay, let's set the scene. You're energised after a day tramping in the fresh air, you have just eaten a carbohydrate rich green curry, some rhythmic tunes are playing in the background (yes, some may call it snoring) and you are being offered the chance to play a mind-bending game with your community of fellow trampers. I'd have jumped at the chance, wouldn't you...?

Routeburn Trip Report. June 2004. "Ten Things" version. (Note: incorrect postage applied, resulting in very slow transit)



Key Summit in Winter (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

.....well, to those of you who wouldn't – I arrived in NZ in May 2004 after a six month stint in Perth, Australia. That was a mistake, too hot on land and sharks in the water. What I needed was a nice cold, ice cold winter. Dunedin (minus central heating) certainly provided it. My first weekend trip away, after learning how to cross rivers repeatedly in search of lost walking poles on the day trips (walking pole still missing in action, I believe) was to be Wolfgang's Winter Wonderland Routeburn trip. A well-executed drive up to the start of the track on Friday night, which disproved the saying "More haste, less speed" (Terry), marked the beginning. Although, strictly speaking, the planning was the start of the trip, which included advice from Philip to bring a "hunk" of wood. Sorry, where was I? Yes, we had arrived. In the darkness I first heard Bruce, as he was unloading the bags, complaining about the weight of one of them, my bag. Funny, I thought I had followed the kit list, and off we went...

Introductions to the trip group made, not sure if we had an official group name, but I will remember them as the "Tops is best" group. This group were unlikely to be taking it easy, I thought. They weren't keen on bush, especially Ralph, "It all looks the same", and thought head lamps were the greatest thing since sliced bread. And they were keen, if possible, to summit Mt Cook this weekend. We had a few hours' walk to the first hut via Key Summit, which provided a less-than-unlocking view due to clouds. And so to bed.

Inspired by Dave I chose to sleep outside in the FRESH air (cold vs snoring). And so to the morning. From my experience on the Matukituki trip, if sleeping outside make sure you retreat inside before the kea wakes up, or they will taste your sleeping bag! Morning, and Wolfgang could now turn on his smug mode, for it snowed overnight and everywhere was now covered in a fresh thick blanket of the white stuff, a true winter wonderland. And in the morning light it became clear why my bag was a little heavy. My generous housemate, who I had asked for hunk of wood, had duly provided a small tree for me to bring along. Now I know how big a hunk of wood should be.

And so to the days walking - along, up, around, down, up, waterfall. and along to the next night's hut. The groups then spilt, being with the "Tops is Best" group I was heading up Ocean Peak - excellent! This was a highlight, which says something as the day had been far from mediocre already. And it was time to admit that Bruce wasn't the only one who missed the avalanche debris that we walked through. I mean the snowballs were only the size of a small car, easily missed, eh? (Notice the bit of NZ lingo at the end of the sentence there?) The group slowly reduced in size as we went up, but "Tops is Best" so I kept on.



Lake Mackenzie from the Routeburn Track (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Unfortunately, the weather closed in and there was too much snow around for an assault on the top of the mountain so after a discussion of all the factors, to which my contribution was,

um, a bit tired, we decided to head back down. I'm still amazed how quickly you can get down compared to going up, but we were helped by a few snowball fights and snowslides down.

In no time we were back in the hut but had to cut the wood before the fire could be started. Then food/wine/banter → quiz. I seem to remember a slight bias to the questions. Bias away from what our group knew, but I think some people must have been studying. And there were some super costumes, some of which took some emergency care, courtesy of Dunedin hospital, to be fully appreciated. →More banter, booze, and warming by the fire. And then to bed. Some people having more mountains to climb the next day than others now.

And when in bed, well on the floor for me anyway, it was time for a game I thought. The mind bending one I mentioned earlier. The game was simple enough, name 10 things you can do with your left boot. Those who were there will remember a slight reluctance to play this game. Was it the late hour, the fact you may have been asleep beforehand, or just that you were worried you wouldn't get to ten? As I remember, I think you only made it to nine before the game was banned by popular approval. Oh well, next time. And no, I still don't accept walking in it or peeing in it. My favourite answer was to use it as a flowerpot.

The next day, avoiding the yellow snow for starters was the trip back to the vans. People chose a number of routes back to the bus, some off to see some rocks, I think. This time Key Summit provided a snow filled, 360-degree view. Mentally the brain was working overtime looking at all the possible routes we could take in the future. And I hope you have kept that cable car scheme at bay. And so back to Dunedin.

Great trip OTMC, Still missing you

Andrew Kirby, Nottingham, England.

THE ROUTEBURN...FINALLY...

May 14-15, 2005

Author: Hans van Ditmarsch

Published in Bulletin 656, October 2005

Well, at least everyone looking forward to walk the Routeburn, after a couple of cancellations, will think that. But also Debs, having asked me to write this report, and most likely despairing by now that I will ever do it.

So indeed, I also had signed up twice already for the Routeburn in wintery conditions and had seen it canceled at the last minute. Now for the third time, this almost seemed to threaten to happen again... at least I thought the weather forecast none too promising. But we took off after all, on Friday night, one van to one end of the Routeburn and two to the other end - I was in the group that left from the Divide side. By the time we were there, rain was more and more steadily falling down, so nothing to do but to take off at top-speed immediately after arrival. Now I happened to see some guys slipping away just ahead of me so I thought nothing but to follow them so as to be guaranteed a beacon ahead of me. This turned out to be a challenge in fast-speed walking, it later appeared I was following Aaron and company. This took 20 minutes to the Howden Hut, if I remember correctly.



The former Howden Hut (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

The next morning it was really pouring down, but "No bother, let's get started". The Howden Hut is a bit small, I preferred breakfasting with cold water and bread over joining the thick crowd at the hut entrance trying to boil five billies simultaneously with ten onlookers waiting for their morning cuppa. Now didn't I sneak into getting some hot water from somebody after all? It turned out to be gradually clearing up that morning, by the time we were all at Lake

Mackenzie the sun almost started to break through the clouds and arriving at the Harris Saddle this still improved. I almost couldn't believe my eyes, at the Harris Saddle. Was I seeing double? The shelter had all of a sudden duplicated into yet another one. I then learned that this was a recent addition, for organized groups and such. Last time I was at the Harris Saddle, also with the OTMC, some years ago, there was only one shelter. Also, that last time with the OTMC we 'climbed' Conical Hill in rather what I deemed to be atrocious conditions, blizzard, and icy cold, with no view ahead - at least not through my glasses on which the snow immediately froze solid. But this time walking up the hill was accompanied by the sun really coming through all the way and burning off the last of the clouds. Finally, that view all the way down Hollyford! Coming up too, was Terry, and of course I had to take the obligatory photograph - trying to avoid all of us blowing away - it was rather windy, even though sunny.



Lake Harris and Ocean Peak from the Conical Hill track, May 15, 2005 (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Back at the hut the group starting from the Glenorchy side had arrived, Ann, Antony, and all the rest. They seemed to have had that nice weather all the time! The weather predictions were really a bit off that weekend, it was by now much better than predicted and it remained much better all that weekend. Well, the rest of that afternoon was a leisurely walk to Falls Hut, where all evening was as usual spent in delicious cooking and non-stop loading up on food. And then Philip made some wonderful dessert on top of all I had already stomached.

The next day promised to be rather short, so I had thought of a small personal detour up Routeburn North Branch, from Flats Hut, precisely timing it so that I would be back at 2 pm at the vans. This is a delicious valley to spend some otherwise spare hours, I could have gone on for ages. When I got back, it turned out I was not even the last, far from that. Poor Debs, who could not join us on this wonderful trip but was so incredibly kind still to organize it and drive round the one needed van, she had apparently been waiting there for a while. After I walked in she took off with those present, in the first van, quickly. I was instructed on what and what not and waited for the others to arrive. Now who was driving that other van? Wolfgang? We still

were rather early, 3ish or so. But the main thing I remember was that it took an incredible seven hours to get back to Dunedin so that after all it was rather late again. This included constant urges for food, beer, and ice of those present. And of course, we found THE fish-and-chips place in Alexandra closed, and spent time looking for an alternative. Alexandra, where a horrible blanket of cold fog had descended upon the whole town. Shivering... Ah well, an unforgettable weekend again! And thanks, Debs: third time, lucky. Next time, I hope you join the trampers yourself again as well.

Hans van Ditmarsch

WINTER ROUTEBURN

July 23-24, 2005

Author: Wolfgang Gerber

Published in Bulletin 656, October 2005

Yes, we do wait for people who are late on our trips. Even 20 min because we care, eh! Mind you, the plane was late coming from Jafa land. This in turn delayed our arrival at Routeburn Shelter, where the last trumper left at 12.45 am in watery, full moonlight. Most people (24) were already tucked into bed at the Flats Hut, so the "Gang of Seven" hardy (?) trampers decided to "pop" up to the Falls Hut at 2.45 am.

As the rain began to fall, I was the last to arrive at 3.45 am, but the first asleep at 3.50 am. In fact it p p p p p persisted down until lunchtime on Saturday, so our day was slightly truncated. Some of us went up to Harris Saddle, some to the Valley of the Trolls, some up to Lake Harris and some up behind the hut. The sun did come out eventually (only because we had Dave Ch. with us) so we were rewarded with great views.



Fog/mist turning into a great day, Harris Basin, Routeburn Track (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

It was back to base for a Xmas Dinner which smelt wonderful, especially Roy's Roast - yes a bl#*dy roast - which he heated up on the wood burner in tin foil. A very good idea.

Since it was a Xmas Theme, Santa (who obviously had a severe hormonal problem) gave out the pressies and took some minor liberties with some of our female members, so he will not be invited back next time. The Quiz had its moments and controversy, but that is always to be expected, especially with Trevor, Ray, Paul and Terry D present. It was a close struggle, but

Honours went to the "Big Pinky" Team, which consisted of Carmel and Terry, Sally, Stefan and Lucky Dave.

The "Best Dressed Table" was also a close call, but it was "Gary's Girls" (Kathryn, Emily the tardy one, Rosie, Helen and, of course, Gary) who took top table honors. A very big thank you to my lovely Quiz Assistant "The Ravishing Robyn" and to all of you who made this trip fun. Sunday was nice and cruisey and we left in good time with a yummy feed in Alexandra, and home at a good time.



Falls Hut and the Routeburn Flats (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

Komendant Wolfgang for Ray and Jill McAliece, Robyn Bell, Ruth Cross, Jeremy Thomas, Terry Duffield, Pam McKelvey, Tim Russell, Ruth Goldsmith, Terry and Carmel Casey, Dave Chambers, Sally Gray, Stefan Rolfe, Kathryn Jeyes, Emily Logan, Rosie Blount, Gary Moss, Helen Tane, Aaron Whitehead, Mat Corbett, Trevor Deaker, Paul Bennington, Roy Ward, Alan Scurr, Fiona O'Reilly and Robbie McNeill. And a couple of Germans and Martha joined in with our fun.

TIEL CREEK – SIBERIA – WILKIN VALLEY

April 18-22, 2003

Author: Antony Pettinger

Published in Bulletin 656, October 2005

Our original plan for the Easter trip in 2003 was the round trip comprising the Makarora / Scrubby Flat Creek / Hunter Valley / Wills Valley. I had done this trip back in 1986 and remember it as being a neat trip in good conditions. With a reduction in trackwork by DoC over the ensuing years, the area was apparently in fairly rough condition. As Ann and Barry were both going on the OTMC Milford trip immediately after this trip we looked for a moderate trip, preferably somewhere none of us had been to before.



Tiel Creek, as seen from the Makarora River (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

The first entry in Moir's Guide North, under the Makarora River section was Tiel Creek. I'd never heard of anyone venturing up there before. A quick call to Barry and he was keen. After telling Ann that this would be a cruisey trip, she was convinced. I was talking to Richard Pettinger sometime later and he mentioned a party spending a very cold time in the valley. Hmmm, won't be that bad in April we thought.

We spent the first night under a badly pitched fly at Boundary Creek, on the shore of Lake Wanaka. This is a great wee camping spot, being drier than a lot of the spots nearer the divide. Good Friday saw us at the Makarora Township, signing in. The Visitor Centre could offer us no information on our route, so we hoisted our packs and headed towards the Makarora River.

After waiting for another OTMC party to depart by jet boat we crossed the Makarora at the ford that leads across to Mt. Albert Station.



Tiel Creek, below the lower flats (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

From here it was a simple matter of walking down the road to where Tiel Creek crosses on its way to the Makarora. Between us and Tiel Creek however, there was a ridge jutting downstream. As the track marked on our map was on the true left of Tiel Creek, we thought we would save some time by climbing the ridge at the upstream point, drop over the other side and onto the track. Perhaps that was our first mistake. After crossing a rather boggy section of river flat, we climbed up beside a small creek through various densities of bush. As we made the ridgeline it didn't seem so easy. We were forced up the ridge, until we could find a way to clamber westwards towards Tiel Creek. We believed, foolishly, that we would soon enough pick up the marked track. After about half an hour or climbing over, under and through various decaying logs Barry shouted out that he had found the track. Great, we will be at the flats in time for lunch (Moir's gave a time of 3 hours, bloody Moir).

The track was like we had expected, not really a track, but more a marked route. We made good time for a while. After a while the track started to climb, rather steeply, which seemed unusual. Eventually we reached a large slip. The last marker was spotted directly below a towering bluff. Great, we thought, we'll just scramble across the slip, and we must be able to find the track again. But no, the markers were now gone completely. We continued on, keeping the same height until we gave up and decided the creek would be a better option. Down we crashed, until just above the creek we found the track again. How the track ended up back down by the creek again we will never know. We followed the route upstream once more,

climbing over or crawling under the numerous treefalls across our path. We reached a clearing about three hours in and declared lunch.

Can't be far to the flats now, we decided. After lunch we continued our battle with the track. At times we gave up on it and opted to follow the creek, but soon enough, house sized boulders pushed us back up into the bush. This went on for the whole afternoon and it wasn't until about 5pm we emerged onto the flats, with the wounds to prove where we had been. There is a very nice campsite just as you enter the flats, on the true left under the bush canopy. The remains of several tin cans and other artifacts confirmed that someone had been in the valley before, but judging by these remains, not for a while. These were historic remains. The weather had been overcast to start with, but now clear skies were above us, with the promise of a good frost and sunny weather the next day.

Saturday did produce a hard frost, and ten minutes after leaving our campsite we had our first rest of the day – on a large shingle fan in glorious sunshine. Our plan for the day was to journey up to the forks in Tiel Creek and set up a base camp there so we could explore the northern branch. The map indicated that there may well be an impressive cirque situated in the head. Moir gave a time for this section of 2 hours, so we weren't in any hurry. We got underway and headed for what we knew would be the only bush-bash section for the day – a 15 min (Moir) section across the top of a bluff. An hour later, after being ripped apart by bush lawyer we emerged back beside the river for lunch.



Tiel Creek, from the top of the lower flats (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

From here it is just following your nose country, alternating on either side of the creek, or in the creek as we headed up to the forks. As we wandered upstream, we had excellent views of the small pass we needed to cross to get to the Siberia Valley. The apprehension of the days ahead also grew during this section. The route to the pass looked steep, and the surrounding slopes even steeper, but we battled on. We did camp at the forks, and another neat campsite was found on the true right, complete with a natural fireplace. The weather remained clear, with another starry night. We decided over the course of the evening to head straight for the pass in the morning. We were beginning to doubt Moir, and his 5 hours or so from the forks to Siberia Hut.

Day three dawned fine and clear, with another frost. We headed up from our camp on the true left of the south branch of Tiel Creek. We alternated between the bush and creek as we ambled up the creek. The creek often offered the best going, but there are still some huge boulders in the creek which require a diversion into the bush. We passed the bushline, then the scrub line where we rested in the snowgrass. This is where the sun set for the day (in this part of the valley) at 10.30am. It would be a cold valley in winter. Our route to the pass looked easier now, and with high hopes we left the snowgrass and hopped up the boulders in the creek until we got to the junction where the creek from the pass joins Tiel Creek itself. This is where the climbing began. Initially the route is on the true left of the creek draining the pass. After about 200m of climbing, you need to cross the creek on a small ledge (head for heights required) and scramble up the snowgrass on the other side. The going was steep, but safe. It would be lethal in wet or snowy conditions. A quick lunch, followed by more scrambling through snowgrass saw us at point 1714m, or the pass between Tiel Creek and Siberia Valley.



Tiel Creek, from the saddle with Siberia Stream (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

The view from the pass was incredible. Siberia Valley looked like it was miles below us, The Crucible was directly opposite, complete with icebergs. Even the Tiel Creek we loathed looked magnificent. After a few photos, and with our confidence restored we looked forward to camping in Siberia Valley that night. We traversed south-west from the pass under Mt. Turner. The first ominous thoughts that this wouldn't be an easy descent started to cross my mind. The Siberia side was just as steep, with no obvious route down to the valley floor. After the first section of rock traversing, we found a deer trail that headed to the prominent ridge. Must be the deer trails that Moir's talks about. Initially the ridge offered excellent travel, until the scrub line was reached. After that it was all downhill. Literally. There was a bluff after about every 100m of ridge. Above the scrub it was no trouble to pick a way down. Once we reached the scrub it was a different story. There was no easy way through, and the shorter your legs, the harder it became. We're sorry we couldn't help more, Ann (just 'forty-five degrees to your right' was all Barry could come up with).



Siberia Stream, The Crucible and Mt Alba from the descent to the valley floor (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

We had by now reached the bushline. With growing apprehension, we entered the first tongue on a leading ridge, very unsure of what we would find inside. We still seemed miles above Siberia. We found the going inside the bush to be very bluffed. We would travel down until a vertical cliff stopped us and try and scramble due south to the next ridge and start the whole procedure over again. It turned into a very time-consuming task, with daylight quickly fading. There was a complete lack of water, and now no hope of reaching the valley floor before nightfall. We came across a piece of bush that was not quite as steep as the rest and decided

to camp there the night. Although we never actually discussed it, we never bothered with tea. The day had been quite exhausting mentally, and we were quite happy to lie there and talk about this and that. We drifted off to sleep with the very real thought of the rest of the descent. We estimated we had about 300 metres to descend to get to the valley floor.

After using the last of our water from Tiel Creek for breakfast we continued down in a similar pattern to the previous afternoon. The going wasn't too bad for a while, but we soon encountered a major side stream to our right that there was no way to descend into. This meant that we had to head in a northerly direction. At one stage we thought we were well and truly bluffed, but we found a wide (1 foot, though Ann says 2 inches) ledge running downwards through a bluff. Once we had conquered that bluff the going once more got easier, with the bush becoming quite open. At last, we could see the valley floor temptingly close in front of us. Just to spite us, the hillside had one more bluff for us to drop down, right onto the valley floor. It was with some relief we staggered away from the bush edge to the comfort of the track through the Siberia Valley.



Siberia Stream and Mt Doris (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

We had entered the valley about five minutes below Siberia Hut, so we wandered up there for a cup of tea. Here Barry met the warden whom he knew and talked him into putting the billy on. While at the hut we were well and truly entertained by the antics of some Aussies who had flown into Siberia. As the airstrip is on the other side of the river from the hut, we observed several different methods of crossing the river while trying to keep dry. Although the weather was fine, all they wanted to do was start a fire for the 15 minutes or so they spent at the hut before they had to walk down to Kerin Forks to catch the jet boat.

After leaving the hut and heading for Kerin Forks ourselves we couldn't help but look back from where had come the day before and marvel at how we got though the bluffs safely to the valley floor. The trip down to Kerin Forks was nothing like Tiel Creek. We met people, the track was over a metre wide and being continually upgraded and there were signposts. Give us Tiel Creek any day. Day 4 and still no rain, and the Wilkin was showing the effect of it. The jet boat could not reach its normal mooring place, so tourists were forced to walk an extra couple of km to get to Kerin Forks Hut. The couple struggling up the other bank with a huge chilly bin provided some enjoyment for us.



Lower Wilkin Valley (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

We camped about halfway down the Wilkin, under some beech trees. The occasional roar of a jet boat reminded us of where we were. Our last night out was very pleasant with a nice fire and good company.

Tuesday consisted of a walk down the remainder of the Wilkin, crossing as necessary due to its low level, (there is a track available in the bush for when the river is in flood) and up the Makarora back to the village in time for lunch. Our fifth day out, and our fifth day of exceptionally clear weather.

This is the kind of trip that to me typifies the OTMC. The sense of adventure was present, we saw some country not many have been to, and we tested our Bushcraft skills extensively.

Moir's gives a time of 10.5 hours from the Makarora to Siberia. We took three and a quarter days. We weren't in a hurry, but I doubt the route could be undertaken in 10.5 hours with the

bush the way it is now. Besides, you wouldn't have time to get that intimate with Tiel Creek, which is truly beautiful.

I could not have had better companions for the trip. We had a lot of laughs, even when the going got tough, which it often did. We stuck together and we achieved our goal. Thank-you, Ann and Barry, for a superb trip.

Antony Pettinger

BASIC SNOWCRAFT

August 20-21, 2005

Author: Matt Corbett

Published in Bulletin 657, November 2005

After the trip list hic-up 14 participants and 3 instructors left the clubrooms on Friday heading for Frankton (plan C) to the Christian camp. Saturday morning saw us at the Remarkable ski field for the start of the course. First off we went over the basics of travel on snow, staying close to the ski learner area before we moved further up the slopes. After stopping for lunch we strapped on our crampons and followed the Alta chairlift to find a suitable slope for self-arresting.

Once we had stopped for a quick bit to eat and gone over the basics we let the group at the slopes. The snow was quite soft after being in the sun all morning, so it was ideal learning conditions. By the end of the day we had the entire group sliding down head first on their backs and stopping comfortably. That evening found us at a local pub in Frankton for an enjoyable meal and some light banter.

Sunday morning we went straight up to the same slope as the previous day to do some more self-arresting practice. After a clear night the snow was quite a bit firmer, hence most of the group took a few runs to get their confidence back. After lunch we split into two groups. Aaron took one group up over Wye saddle while Paul and I took the other around Lake Alta and checked out some old snow caves from another course.



OTMC Snowcraft Course near Cascade Saddle (PHOTO Matt Corbett)

I'd like to thank Aaron and Paul for all their help running up to and during the course. I also thank all the participants: Allan Perry, Alan Scurr, Steffan, Fieke, Robbie, Phillip, Sue, Kerry, Karin, Rosie, Ewan, Anthony, Robyn, Tony. I hope you all had a good time and, most of all, learnt some new skills.

Matt Corbett

KAY CREEK – SCOTT CREEK

September 25-26, 2004

Author: Rob Lawrence

Published in Bulletin 657, November 2005

I was recently rung by the OTMC Bulletin Editor requesting a report for a club trip - my first thought was 'You've got to be bloody joking – that was last year! How the hell am I going to remember anything about that?' So my first task was to try to work out when the trip actually was. (Would I be so cruel as to not mention "Sept 2004"? Ed.) My belief that you can find just about anything on the internet was verified when I typed in 'Kay Creek' into Google and did a New Zealand search. Well you wouldn't read about it - the very first hit came up with the following from Richard Pettinger:

Good morning

I feel compelled to write about this last weekend's trip: the Caples, Kay Creek - Scott Creek crossing. What a fabulous trip!

I was so proud to witness 16 OTMC folk all complete this alpine crossing, and get out to the vans comfortably by 3 PM. Snow was effectively down to bushline, but this put none of those 16 off for a moment. They were determined and keen, and also quite competent for such an ambitious trip. The level of good humour and mutual support was fantastic.

I think the Club is in extremely good heart, in fact I have rarely seen such enthusiasm and good organisation come together in my 35 years OTC/ OTMC experience. The weather helped, too.

Oddest moment: Roy Ward deciding he couldn't be bothered chewing his raisins, so he arranged for cars and trucks to soften a bag of them for him, by placing them on the road to be run over. He chose to make use of the Blossom Festival traffic, for an extra creamy consistency. You may ask about what is in the mind of such a man. Especially when he chose to do this in the middle of the Manuka Gorge! The well-organised man picked the right moment to open the van's sliding door and place the bag neatly in the most effective place for perfect food-processing. After leaving them for the required several minutes (the time it took to find a turnaround spot) on our return they were just perfect for his needs.

Proudest moment for me: Being away tramping with Tracy, on her second ever alpine pass in snow. My wife's first time ever with an ice axe. And our first time tramping together in fourteen years, without our kids Vincent or Rosa with us.

Richard P

The above was dated Mon 27th Sep, 2004, so I figured the trip must have been the previous weekend – 25th-26th September. (That shall do for the purposes of this report anyway!) Next step was to remember the route. Again to the trusty PC but this time the South Island topo map. The magic phrase 'Kay Creek' swiftly directed me to the relevant part of the map and my memory banks started to stir.

For the geographically uneducated, Kay and Scott Creeks are respective tributaries of the Caples and Dart Rivers, both of which flow into Lake Wakatipu's northern end. This occasion saw us travelling from the Caples carpark up to the head of Kay Creek, then crossing over the tops into Scott Creek and down to the Routeburn road.

This circuit is the perfect length for a moderate weekend trip and could be done in either direction. However, unless you want a 25 odd km walk down a gravel road there are some logistics to sort out transport at either end of the trip. The Kay Creek Hut is no Park Royal so take a tent – from memory the flattest camping spots were about 15mins upstream of the hut.



Kay Creek Hut, Kay Stream (near Death Valley confluence) (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

It's amazing how details fade over time but here are two which seem to have stuck:

- After lunching near the top of the pass we took off down the hill, only to hear a shout from the tail end, 'Is this anybody's ice axe?' A certain Bruce Bernasconi had a sudden realisation that he didn't have one. Surely that doesn't sound like Bruce...???
- Solar radiation had weakened the snow crust on the way down into Scott Creek, making conditions a little floundery. For most people this meant breaking through into knee to thigh deep snow – but for poor Kathryn it was up to her waist and she had to be dug out several times down the hill.

That proves a point really – the best memories are forged by pain, suffering and embarrassment (preferably someone else's). So the next time you're thinking about taking the soft option, think again...

Rob Lawrence

BETHUNES GULLY -MT CARGILL – GRAHAMS BUSH

October 30, 2005

Author: Jacqui King

Published in Bulletin 658, December 2005

Sunday morning dawned cloudy with drizzle but a definite patch of sunshine peeping through the clouds, so I was feeling optimistic that by lunchtime we should have views from either Mt Cargill or Buttars Peak. But alas that was not to be!

Eight trampers ventured on this trip, with eventually all of us meeting up at Bethunes Gully at 9.45am. I had arranged to meet a couple of friends with their vehicles at Grahams Bush, so as to leave two vehicles there for when we came out. Unfortunately, one of them was late, so we finally began our tramp at 10am. The drizzle looked like it would clear but was intermittent most of the way. We stopped briefly for a snack at the loop lookout at 10.30am, where we were rewarded with a view of sorts over Sawyers Bay and part of the harbour, but Mt Cargill itself was shrouded in mist.



Roseneath and the Otago Harbour from Mt Cargill (PHOTO Antony Pettinger)

After setting off again 10 minutes later, I discovered that Betty, who had left her car at Grahams Bush, had left her keys in my car, which was parked at Bethunes Gully. Never mind, at 11.20am, when we reached the T-junction of the Mt Cargill/Organ Pipes track, she phoned her son who was going to drop her spare car keys off and leave them in her unlocked boot.....more on this later!

We unanimously decided that there was no point in walking to the Mt Cargill lookout or Buttars Peak, as there would be no view, so we continued on to the Organ Pipes, getting there

at 11.50am. Views of Blueskin Bay and a small piece of the Silver Peaks area were glimpsed from here while Camilla and Richard clambered over some rocks to get a better look at the Organ Pipes. Various discussions were had about DoC's removal of the viewing platform and earthquakes in the area during the early 1990's.

Soon after, I suggested stopping for lunch in a little grotto, off to one side of the track, which would shelter us from the elements while we ate. Lunch was had amongst conversation topics of peoples' middle names, travels in the U.K. and Turkey, and bumping into people from home when overseas. After 20 minutes or so, we were getting cold again, so we set off for Mt Car-gill road at 12.20 pm. The track opens out in a few places along this route and as the weather was beginning to clear, more views could be seen of the surrounding hills and a bit of the harbour. Grahams Bush track was reached at 12.40 pm and was walked within the hour. Due to the recent rainfall, the waterfall was putting on a better display and even though the fallen tree was still across the track, we were able to get around it no problems. Thanks Camilla, for the push from behind!

We finished the tramp at 1.45 pm, earlier than was anticipated, so Betty's keys had not been dropped off as yet. Dot took Roy, Gavin and myself to Bethunes Gully, got Betty's keys, dropped Roy off and returned to Betty at Grahams Bush. Meanwhile Gavin picked his car up and returned to Grahams Bush for Greta, Camilla and Richard and took them back to the clubrooms. I was able to take myself home and have a nice hot shower!

Apart from the weather obstructing most of the views, an enjoyable tramp was had with pleasant company. Thanks to Dot Johnson, Betty Perry, Gavin MacArthur, Greta Doo, Camilla & Richard Bennett, and Roy Ward.

Jacqui King

THE ANGEL'S STAIRCASE (SILVER PEAKS)

October 16, 2005

Author: Richard Pettinger

Published in Bulletin 658, December 2005

The Club would soon get a bit boring for everyone in it if every trip was on a well-beaten walk or cycle track. Some of us have for years been keen to see the OTMC do more trips off the beaten track. Antony has argued strongly for this – but it's not just a family thing.

Sure, easy trips like on the Great Walks are still Great Fun, but we need something more, to round the Club out. All of us may one day appreciate the skills to navigate in untracked bush. Some of us enjoy the chance to experience the Otago bush like the pioneers did. There are a hundred reasons for doing something a bit more challenging, and what other club in the world CAN cater for this kind of trip in these hills?

The "Silver Peaks for Masochists" annual daytrip was designed to meet this need locally. It was rebranded as "Unexplored Silver Peaks" and has now been going for quite a few years. It has always been great fun and is very satisfying for me.

This year's was no exception. Tracy and Vincent were keen to come along, so the family was well represented. Four others were at the clubrooms, and I thought that was great, as seven is an ideal number. I was worried that the perfectly fine morning would bring out too many, because if we get into rough terrain, a large number gets too slow. We did not want to risk being benighted, although that is a delicious prospect, so we chose to look for options not too far out of town. Some wanted to be back at 4 pm. Fine. I had an idea of a place few would have been to, and sure enough it was chosen, seemingly without undue trepidation. We would have a do-able escape plan if the weather turned nasty. The forecast was to stay fine and sunny.

Now, I'm sure you want to know where this place is that we ended up calling the Angel's Staircase. But I'm not going to tell you. David Barnes and I are still flinching from the consequence of naming Rosella Ridge, i.e., some people now want to track that beautiful ridge which only a few years ago afforded both a wilderness experience and a valuable bushcraft training opportunity. It seems like some people will not rest until every part of the Silver Peaks is covered with boring, highway type tracks and our precious hills are turned into a miniature Great Walks venue. And it seems to stem from giving a place a name. I want YOU to go and find the Angel's Staircase, and have the same wonderful experience we had, and to do so in a way that doesn't get it turned into something less wonderful. So there!

We drove to a relatively handy car-parking area and followed a well-used track. We crossed a creek three times, kept on going up a stream then branched off up a tributary which led to a tiny creek, only a foot wide. We ascended that creek and came to a ridge, which took us onto another well-worn track, which we descended back to the cars. The creek and the ridge had no non-native vegetation except for a solitary, nearly full-grown pine tree. It was a very attractive place and was a bit challenging. It is a satisfying round trip and got us home in good time.

Highlights for me: Sunbathing among tussocks. Photos among the really fat tree ferns and by the tiny, picturesque mossy waterfall. The lack of sign of human impact on most of the trip, which gave us the feeling we were seeing this country the way it was a thousand years ago. The attempted murder on sight of the pine tree, using Vincent's Swiss Army knife, Roy's walking poles, our fingernails, and teeth (not ours!). The equal enthusiasm and ability level of seven trampers. The lovely show of clematis this year. The smell of the bush changing as we

passed through different areas. The rough gorge section which was filled with ferns and pools and rapids. The impenetrable wall of ferns we had to swim up through, over and under in quite steep terrain (that slowed some of us down!!). The big rimu tree and lots of sapling podocarps. My son seeing his Dad in his element, and then saying afterwards that the trip was awesome. The great company of six neat people to share the day with. Thanks for all that!

Also, thanks to Antony Hamel and David Barnes for not making the destination selection process much more arduous. (I missed you guys though, and you too, Jonette.) I hope the detailed intention sheet we filled in and left at the clubrooms has been conveniently lost. And I trust those who attended will keep the venue to themselves. If you wanted to know, you should have been there! And of course, you're very welcome to come along next year, and be part of this section of the Club. It can be great fun without a Great Walk track.

SAREX

November 12-13, 2005

Author: Rob Porteous

Published in Bulletin 658, December 2005

For those of you who have never had a go I really need to explain how much fun Search And Rescue (SAR for short) can be.

The scenario went like this. Everyone put their name down and indicated when they were best able to help out. This is the major advantage over a "real life" callout - you pick your own hours. Other than that, you just go on with life as normal and wait for the phone call. I had volunteered for a night shift as that was the main time when my services weren't need with the children (why waste what precious free time you have by sleeping?). Thus, I got "the call" at lunch time to report to the central police station at 2 pm.

From there we shipped by various volunteer vehicles to the dam at Lake Mahinerangi where search HQ had been set up. Naturally enough when I arrived two things were happening... it was raining (it is, after all, a rescue mission), and David Barnes was organising things. Now I know there are lots of people who do this sort of thing but every time I get called David is the one in the control room (is he the only one who specifies OTMC members I wonder?).

Anyhow, by 4:30 pm a team consisting of myself, two Red Cross volunteers and a 4WD club member for transport was heading to our designated search area. Once on site we were briefed by the departing team on the present situation and sent off to search. This briefing consisted of position and type of clues found and ground covered so far. The searching was a bit more complicated.

The old image of a large force moving in a straight-line searching inch by inch has been pretty much dispensed with these days. Now they send in small teams with specific training to do things in a very particular fashion. Our team of three entered the search area, checked out what clues were already found, then moved to the outer perimeter of what had been covered so far. Then it was a matter of moving methodically over the ground looking for signs of passage through the forest. What you find are boot prints, disturbed foliage, broken sticks and even discarded items.

In this manner we eventually found where someone had eaten their lunch (an orange and two bananas). We were able to ascertain their direction of travel into the area and to a certain degree out of it again. From this, especially if you confirm that it is the party you are trying to find, you can narrow down the search area very quickly. By 9 pm we were getting a bit tired, so we were pulled out for a rest while search HQ sent another team in to take our place. After getting into our warm bags about 10 pm we were woken again at 2 am for another stint in another area of forest. By this time the search area had been whittled down such that we were told that we had a high likelihood of finding our "lost" person in this area.

Sure enough, five hours later we woke him from a deep sleep in his wet sleeping bag. I think he was quite happy to be disturbed after sitting around for 36 hours waiting to be rescued! As he had supposedly hurt his knee we then had the entertainment of stretchering him out the road. Something accomplished in the end by a group of some 18 people. All this was finished off by a debrief and a huge breakfast of sausages, beans, spaghetti, hash browns, eggs and toast kindly put on the Salvation Army "Jesus Bus". All home by lunch time!

In many ways all this was no different from tramping. However, you are looking at your surroundings in a different way which all adds to the fun. Another thing being involved in SAR has done for me is help me know that if I do get into trouble, what should I do to maximise my chances of being found.

SAR organisers in the Dunedin area are always looking for volunteers and trampers are one of their most valued resources. I've done a total of three weekend courses and attended a couple of short evening exercises. Combine that with a mere four callouts in two years and you'd hardly say it was arduous community service. Consider giving it a go, after all you never know when it might be you, your kids or your parents that need help.

Rob Porteous

OTMC COMMITTEE (2005-06)

President – Antony Pettinger

Vice President – Barry Atkinson

Secretary – Heather Deason

Treasurer Ann Burton

Chief Guide / Transport – Antony Pettinger

Bulletin Editor – Robyn Bell

Membership Secretary – Ian Sime

Social Convenor – Fiona Webster

Day Trip Convener – Cathy McKersey

Conservation & Recreation Advocacy – David Barnes

Library – Wolfgang Gerber

Publicity – Wolfgang Gerber

Funding – Greg Powell

Gear Hire – Greg Powell

SAR – Teresa Wasilewska

Website – Antony Pettinger

Clubrooms – Terry Casey

Committee – Alan Thomson

Committee – Dave Chambers

Committee – Allan Perry

Bushcraft 2006 – Antony Pettinger

Immediate Past President – Terry Casey

Hon. Solicitor – Antony Hamel

OTMC TRIP PROGRAMME 2005

Month	Date(s)	Specific Trip	Leader
January	16	Boulder Beach	Terry Casey
January	23	Chalkies - Powder Ridge	Roy Ward
January	29-30	Homer Area (Gertrude Saddle / Barrier Knob)	Alan Thomson
January	30	Orokonui Ecological Sanctuary / Tallest Tree In NZ	Linda Groenewegen
February	5	OTMC Silver Peaks Marathon	Roy Ward
February	6	OTMC Picnic - Pipikaretu Beach	Committee
February	12-13	Takitimu Mountains	Philip Somerville
February	13	Otago Peninsula (Cycling Trip)	Bruce Newton
February	20	Silver Peaks Classic Circuit	Wayne Hodgkinson
February	22	Bushcraft 2005 (Introductory Evening)	Antony Pettinger
February	26-27	Bushcraft 2005 (Tirohanga Weekend)	Antony Pettinger
February	27	Silverstream Area	Jonette Service
March	5-6	Ball Pass (Mt Cook) or Ben Ohau Range	Doug Forrester
March	6	Bushcraft 2005 (River Safety Day)	Antony Pettinger
March	12-13	Bushcraft 2005 (Silver Peaks Weekend)	Antony Pettinger
March	13	Lawrence Round Trip (Otago Pond - Victoria Pond)	Bill Wilson
March	15	Bushcraft 2005 (Concluding Evening)	Antony Pettinger
March	19-28	Matukituki - Shotover - Lochnagar - Rees - Dart - Matukituki	Antony Pettinger
March	25-28	Head of Lake Wakatipu Area	Deb Carr
April	3	Mt Charles	Deb Carr
April	9-10	Bushcraft 2005 -OTMC Trip (Maitland / Temple / Huxley)	Greg Powell
April	10	Truby King Reserve	Jan Piggott
April	17	Mt Allan / Mt John / Mt John Hut	Doug Forrester
April	23-25	Eyre Mountains (Jane Peak Side)	Antony Pettinger
May	1	Heyward Point / Aramoana Salt Marsh	Alan Thomson
May	8	Government Track / Mahinerangi (Cycling)	Peter Stevenson
May	14-15	Routeburn Track (Crossover)	Deb Carr
May	15	Pineapple Track - Swampy Spur - Leith Saddle	Tracy Pettinger
May	22	Careys Creek	Antony Hamel
May	29	Rosella Ridge	Roy Ward
June	4-6	Greenstone / Caples	Ray & Jill McAliece
June	12	Berwick Forest	Ken Powell
June	19	Catlins River Walk	Ian Sime
June	25-26	Head Of Lake Tekapo (Macaulay River)	Allan Perry
June	26	Government Track	Karin Staufenbiel
July	3	Raingauge Sour - Steve Aimes Track	Bill Wilson
July	9-10	Kepler Track (Luxmore or Iris Burn)	Ralph Harvey
July	10	Flagstaff / Pineapple Track	Debbie Pettinger
July	17	Burns Track / Rustlers Ridge	Doug Forrester

July	23-24	Winter Routeburn (Falls Hut)	Wayne Hodgkinson
July	24	Debs Café Trail	Deb Carr
July	31	Leishman Falls	Ron Minnema
August	6	Visit Of Ancient Establishments of Central Otago Part Deux	Wolfgang Gerber
August	6-7	Mt Cook Day Trips II	Dave Chambers
August	7	Burns Saddle - Possum - Green - Burns Track	David Barnes
August	14	Picnic Gully / Otago Coastal Forest / Taieri Mouth	Cathy McKersey
August	20-21	Snowcraft (Iceaxe and Crampons)	Matt Corbett
August	21	Tomahawk / Boulder Beach / Tomahawk	Bill Wilson
August	28	Yellow Hut / The Gap	Ralph Harvey
September	3-4	Mavora Lakes (Kiwiburn)	Alan Thomson
September	4	Peninsula	Judy Wilson
September	11	Sutton Salt Lake	Sandra de Vries
September	17-18	Ahuriri - Canyon Creek	Matt Corbett
September	18	Rustlers Ridge	Gavin McArthur
September	25	Pulpit Rock	Greg Powell
October	1-2	Makarora Region (Climbing Options)	Gary Dawe
October	2	Pre Rail Trail Warm Up	Gary Moss
October	9	Grand Traverse Of Saddle Hill	Alan Scurr
October	16	Unexplored Silver Peaks	Richard Pettinger
October	22-24	Otago Central Rail Trial (Clyde - Middlemarch)	Antony Pettinger
October	30	Bethunes Gully / Mt Cargill / Grahams Bush	Jacqui Cornelissen
November	5-6	Jackson Bay / Stafford Bay	Barry Atkinson
November	6	Skyline Track	Terry Casey
November	13	Somewhere In The Silver Peaks	Ross Davies
November	19-20	Timaru River Area	Ann Burton
November	20	Spiers Road / Davies Track	Richard Pettinger
November	27	Government Track (Cycle)	Peter Stevenson
December	3-4	East Matukituki Valley	Antony Pettinger
December	4	Bobbys Head / Tavora Reserve	Tony Timperley
December	10-11	Silver Peaks Tramp and Train	Antony Pettinger
December	11	Kakanui Peak	Rob Seeley
December	18	Raingauge Spur	Kerryn Woods

OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (FEBRUARY TO MAY)

OTMC Bulletin

Bulletin Number 648, Jan/Feb 2004

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.

3 February

Jay Piggott - "Getting High in Canada and Alaska". Jay tells us about his climbing and ski-touring adventures in the northern hemisphere.

10 February

B.Y.O. - for those of you who missed the first B.Y.O. this year (probably still on holiday, lucky things!), this is your chance to show us what you got up to over the summer break. And photos from the Homer area trip or any daytrips are also most welcome.

17 & 24 February, 3 March

Fiona is still organising the next few evenings - they will be advertised at clubnight, or phone her or a committee member to find out what is on!

Any ideas, and contact names in particular, are welcome for the Thursday evening activities. Please contact Fiona Webster (Social Convenor) at "fionaw@otktago.ac.nz", or 487 8176 if you can help.

Visit us on the Internet at:
www.otmc.co.nz

OTMC Bulletin

Bulletin Number 649, March 2005

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.

March 10

Under the Skirts of Erebus - Fieke Neuman recently went to Antarctica on an Arts Scholarship, where she met marine biologists and was inspired to design frocks

March 17

Rob Lawrence will talk about his recent adventures to the Olivines

March 24

Easter - no club night - enjoy your break

March 31

B.Y.O. - bring your own trip pictures and tell us what you got up to

Any ideas, and contact names in particular, are welcome for the Thursday evening activities. Please contact Fiona Webster (Social Convenor) at "fionaw@otktago.ac.nz", or 487 8176 if you can help.

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OTMC Bulletin

Bulletin Number 650, April 2005

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.

7 April

Hans van Deitmarsh will talk about his travels through the Australian Alps

14 April

Jo Woolley will tell us about her time spent as a warden at French Ridge Hut

21 April

Erika Rawlings-Blackmore tells us about her time and tramping experiences in France as an exchange student

28 April

B.Y.O. - tell us about your own trips, including photographs, slides, video etc.

5 May

James Higham from the Dept of Tourism at the University of Otago will talk to us about ecotourism, and particularly the effect of large numbers of walkers on our tracks

Any ideas, and contact names in particular, are welcome for the Thursday evening activities. Please contact Fiona Webster (Social Convenor) at "fionaw@otktago.ac.nz", or 487 8176 if you can help.

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OTMC Bulletin

Bulletin Number 651, May 2005

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

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5 May

James Higham from the Department of Tourism at the University of Otago will talk to us about ecotourism, and particularly the effect of large numbers of walkers on our tracks

12 May

Brian Benn from NZ Police will talk about his involvement with Search And Rescue

19 May

Ian Helleman, Lecturer in Sport and Exercise Nutrition, will tell us about nutrition for trampers

26 May

B.Y.O. - show us your favourite photos and slides from recent trips and club events, or even a great private trip you did.

2 June

Queen's Birthday - no club night before the long weekend. Have a great time, whether you head for the hills or spend time at home

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OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (JUNE TO SEPTEMBER)



OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (OCTOBER TO DECEMBER)

OTMC Bulletin

Bulletin Number 656, October 2005

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.

6 Oct

Brian Patrick is an internationally recognised lepidopterist who works at the Otago Museum and has studied the Rock & Pillar moths & butterflies extensively. He is a trustee of the Leaning Lodge Trust and has a wealth of great stories to tell.

13 Oct

Sally Carter is a Petrol importer and will talk about headlamps, crampons, and their cookware range

20 Oct

Labour Weekend - no club night. Whether you're out in the hills, or doing other things - if you're not enjoying it, flag it! (But not in the middle of a trip!)

27 Oct

B.Y.O. - tell us what you did (or didn't - see above) get up to over Labour Weekend etc.

3 Nov

Scott Mouat is a graduate of Otago University's Natural History Filmmaker's course, and he will show his film "The Search for the South Island Kokako".

Any ideas, and contact names in particular, are welcome for the Thursday evening activities. Please contact Fiona Webster (Social Convenor) at "fionaw@otkotago.ac.nz", or 487 8176 if you can help.

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OTMC Bulletin

Bulletin Number 657, November 2005

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3 Nov

Scott Mouat, student film-maker with Natural History Unit and the University of Otago, will show us his short film on the Search for the South Island Kokako

10 Nov

Jean Patterson will talk about her time in Korea walking and climbing in Soraksan National Park, and around Kyongju

17 Nov

James Reardon from DOC will talk about the skink recovery program in the Macraes area

24 Nov

B.Y.O. - you got 'em, let's see 'em!

1 Dec

Walk to the penguins from Sandfly Bay, with Pete and Sue

Any ideas, and contact names in particular, are welcome for the Thursday evening activities. Please contact Fiona Webster (Social Convenor) at "fionaw@otkotago.ac.nz", or 487 8176 if you can help.


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MERRY CHRISTMAS and HAPPY NEW YEAR!

24 Nov

BYO - Timaru river, Leaning Lodge work party, Jackson's Bay and day trips - tell us about it.

1 Dec

Peter and Sue will take a walk to see the penguins at Sandfly Bay - depart clubrooms at 7pm

8 Dec

BBQ at Woodhaugh Gardens - see inside for details

19 Jan

BYO - bring along your holiday trip pictures

26 Jan

An evening walk - details to be confirmed

Any ideas, and contact names in particular, are welcome for the Thursday evening activities. Please contact Fiona Webster (Social Convenor) at "fionaw@otkotago.ac.nz", or 487 8176 if you can help.

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