

# OTMC TRIP REPORTS

## 2008

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Sourced from the 2008 OTMC Bulletins



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Cover Photo: Omanui / McKinnon Pass with Mt Hart in background, Milford Track

ALL PUBLICATION PHOTOS UNLESS NOTED Antony Pettinger

## **JACKSON & STAFFORD BAYS**

**November 17-18, 2007**

**Author: Hilary Phipps**

Published in Bulletin 681, February 2008

First things first, I should introduce myself as a newcomer to the club. Having been initiated (I think that is the appropriate word having survived two trips with the ever-enthusiastic Greg Powell), I have been entrusted to give a 'reliable' account of our eye-opening journey to Stafford Bay.

Two vanloads of us set off to wind our way across the island, giving me plenty of time to start to get to know fellow trampers and admire the stunning scenery that the surrounded us. I must say a big 'thanks' here to those who got behind the wheel of both vehicles, making for a speedy and safe journey in both directions.



**Smoothwater Bay, November 17, 2007**

Upon arriving at the Wilderness Backpackers in Haast we were duly informed that the rest of the party were – surprise, surprise – at the pub. Further questioning revealed that they had the only room keys that were on offer, so all that was left was for us to join them (a hardship, I know!). Having unwittingly secured a position in the 'rowdy' bunch, left still supping our beverages as the pub closed around us, I learned that I have some work to do perfecting sneaking quietly into a bunk room without disturbing fellow roommates who had very

graciously left the lights on. Luckily my newly acquired misfit friends are full of advice on how to master this feat. On Saturday we rose early to a stunning day (some especially so, thanks to a non-spectacled check of a watch) and set forth down the remaining leg of the van journey to Jackson Bay. It was my first time on this road, but it certainly won't be my last! Any pre-departure reservations that it might not be worth the epic six-hour van ride over were well and truly quashed. Our rather large party of 19 set off on the track to Smoothwater River where we discussed the option of splitting up, with three groups opting to stick to the original plan (heading up Smoothwater River over the mighty Stafford Saddle to Stafford Bay on the first day, leaving the coastal leg for the second), while two groups (of which I was a member) decided to take advantage of the glorious day and tackle the coastal leg on the first day after figuring that we'd still get the tides right. We said our goodbyes and set off on the easy stroll down the river down to the gorgeous Smoothwater Bay.

We were grateful to strike low tide at this point as it was remembered by those who had gone on the last OTMC trip here as being one of the trickier points. Our progress around the coastline was relatively easy, even where more care was required. The headlands either side of Homminy Cove were the source of the only serious grunting and scrambling, with a slip removing most of the vegetation on our first climb that would have been a help getting up. The track markers at the base of the headlands were a little tricky to find, but once on our way we saw enough markers to find our way up and over alright. I believe the other party had a wee bit of trouble finding the tracks heading back the next day – despite the skid marks left behind by our group!



**Traversing the coast from Smoothwater Bay to Stafford Bay, November 17, 2007**



Homminy Cove itself was a fabulous haven. The sea was so inviting that our esteemed club president disrobed with reckless abandon for a quick swim (no doubt assured that the rest of the party were far enough behind to not obtain reliable photographic evidence). This inspired the rest of us, with the whole group enjoying a fabulous swim and extended lunch break. It was inviting enough to entice some to have their first ocean swim in 14 years!



**Traversing the coast from Smoothwater Bay to Stafford Bay, November 17, 2007**

While enjoyable, our extended lunch break did make the final leg of our trip around the coast a little more 'interesting' with the tide now a bit higher than if we had kept plugging on after a quick lunch break. It was still very do-able, we just got a little wetter than we would have otherwise as Ann can attest.

Stafford Bay offered no shortage of great campsites and dry driftwood to make a superb bonfire. This made for a very pleasant evening, especially given the surprisingly few sandflies to disturb us.

Day two saw the other group setting off early to tackle the coastal route, while we got to enjoy an easy stroll up the Stafford River nursing our sunburns. After a brief pause to contemplate the mighty task of climbing Stafford Summit we set off. It may not be high at 234m, but it certainly worked up a good sweat. All that exertion meant that another rest and extended lunch break couldn't be far away. Then it was back to the vans via Kakapo Creek and Smoothwater River and the return track to Jackson Bay. So all in all, while it may not be the most challenging trip the club runs, it certainly has enough variety to keep it interesting, and the scenery is just stunning! Especially if you are lucky as we were and strike two beautiful days. We had plenty of

time to admire the wildlife, coming across seven Fiordland Crested penguins, a seal showing off for us and lots of great rock pools to admire starfish and other creatures. It is a thoroughly recommended trip!

Hilary Phipps

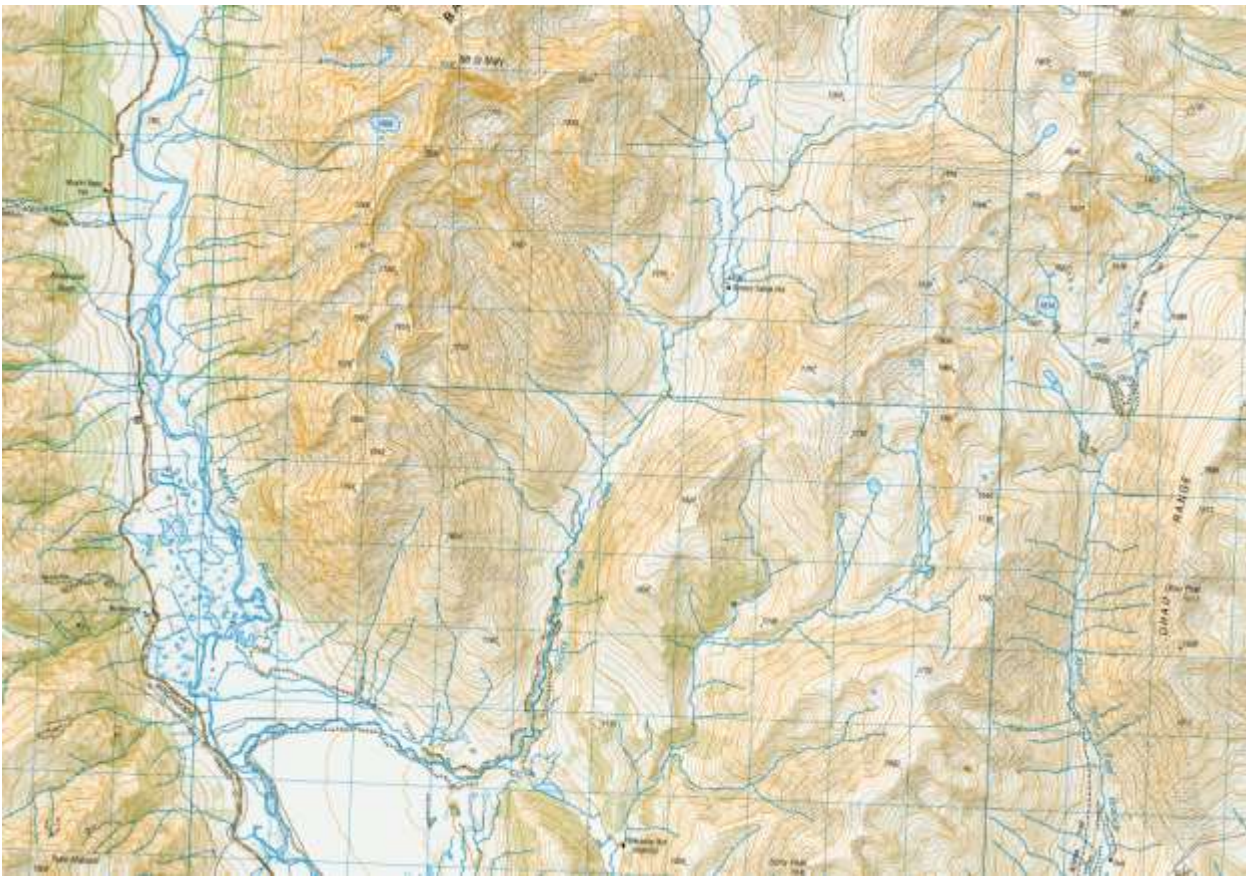
# SNOWY GORGE CREEK

**November 24-25, 2007,**

**Author: David Barnes**

Published in Bulletin 681, February 2008

A newspaper article about a DoC restoration job was the first I heard of Hideaway Bivvy. I found that it was in a valley on the east side of the Ahuriri, and an hour and a half from the road. It wasn't enough to justify driving that far, but a bit more digging suggested it would tie in nicely with a trip into the rarely visited Snowy Gorge Creek.



After a night at Ahuriri Base Hut, Dad and I returned down valley, looking for a crossing spot. The Ahuriri is a deceptively large river and quite deep in places. After a bit of scouting, we found a crossing that was OK, apart from the need to take a slightly upstream approach. At least that meant that it would be easier on the return. We had half an hour of straight-line travel on river flats before climbing around the base of the hill that hides Hideaway. At a large tarn, we dropped packs and climbed up to a low saddle. We found the hut tucked away at the side of the hill. The restoration job is magnificent, and DoC has supplied replica furniture and created a poster detailing all the names and dates graffitied by 140 years of musterers, shearers, and trampers. There's even an entry by Lord Bledisloe, the governor general in 1931.



Returning to our packs, we contemplated our next move. While Moir suggests better travel on the true right, that would involve a significant descent to the stream and climb up the other side. We could see reasonable travel on the true left that would lead us down to the stream eventually, so took that option. When we got to the stream, we had lunch before tackling a demanding crossing of Snowy Gorge Creek.

Easy travel led to the base of a gorge formed by a slip – for all the world like an Otago version of Arthur's Pass's Falling Mountain. Moir suggests the option of a true left route and so, again eschewing unnecessary height gain, we took that approach. It was slow going, but eventually we broke out onto the flats and soon found the hut behind a low moraine.

It was too early to call it quits, so after a short break we headed up valley before taking to easy slopes leading to a saddle with the Maitland. The hut book talks of views of Mt Cook, but cloud was obscuring the Neumann Range so there was no chance of views further afield. However, there were great views of the tops around us. We returned to the hut to finish a fairly full day, which was followed by a very windy night. It's no wonder that this hut, a 1960 Forest Service 5-bunker, has guy ropes.

On Sunday, we opted to go all the way on the true right. The high terrace we'd avoided wasn't much higher than the river at this end, so is definitely the best option, even though it looks discouraging from below. We made good time on the return journey but had to contest with a howling nor 'wester once back across the Snowy and onto the Ahuriri flats. As expected, crossing the river was easier with assistance from the wind as well as the current, and we were at the car at lunchtime. This is a very nice valley although, as it's completely treeless, it could be bleak on a bad day. Probably best avoided if the forecast suggests that the river will go up much while you're away.

A Maitland-Snowy Gorge crossover would be a really good weekend trip, with one longer day and a shorter one, in either direction. The hut book also mentions people coming over from Freehold Creek. Longer round trips mentioned include an Ahuriri –Temple-Maitland-Snowy route and one by OTMC alumni Sue and John Robinson from Quail Burn-East Ahuriri-Freehold Creek-Snowy Gorge-Hideaway-Quail Burn.

David Barnes

## **AORAKI / MT COOK IN SUMMER**

**January 19-20, 2008**

**Author: Michael Firmin & Gordon Tocher**

Published in Bulletin 682, March 2008

Mueller Hut was our destination. We left the clubs rooms at 6 pm and after a four hour ride, we camped for the night at the White Horse camping ground near the Mt Cook Village. Saturday morning, we woke up to a perfect day, sunny with not a cloud in the sky.

Jane and Elizabeth set out about 8:30 am and the four-person Mt Cook Range party shortly afterwards. The last of the Hut group began the walk about 9:30 am after having to wait for the DoC office to open and lodge intentions and pay for the use of hut facilities.



**Aoraki / Mt Cook from Sealy Tarns**

The tramp to Mueller Hut is a 5.2 km long track and includes a 1000 m climb to the hut located at 1800 m on the Sealy Range. We walked at an easy pace with lots of well-deserved breaks to enjoy the magnificent views and the sunshine. The first section of the track to the Sealy Tarns was steep and stepped. The next section was across tussock and alpine scrub, then across a boulder field and up a scree slope to the ridge line.

The adage of the tortoise and the hare proved true for Jean? and Elizabeth, who expected to be the slowest of our group. But they arrived at the hut hours before the rest due to taking only short stops.

Alex Tups was also on the hill that day with his paragliding colleague Zino. Alex trudged up the hill to the ridgeline (1740 m) with us; his bag containing his overnight gear, glider and parachute weighed 30kg! The paraglider was made from very lightweight fabric and a small tear in the hem caused the first launch to be aborted. Various members produced needle and thread and Kathryn used her skills to repair the problem.



**Hooker and Mueller Lakes from Mueller Hut route**

A small crowd had gathered and watched in awe as Alex walked into the wind, jiggled the threads connecting him to the wing and magically floated off in the direction of Mt. Cook. He covered quite a distance in a short time and soon became a very small dot in the distance. About 20 minutes later fluctuating wind caused a minor wing collapse. Alex swooped passed the ridgeline and headed off in search of thermals, but he did not find any and landed beside the road between Mt. Cook Village and the White Horse campground. Being a keen lad, he packed up his gear and walked back up the hill again (without the paraglider) to sleep in the Mueller Hut.

From the ridgeline the track to Mueller Hut was across less steep but very rocky ground. Gordon, Will and Michael decided to climb Mt Ollivier (1933 m), and returned to where the others had found a grassy camp site amongst the rocks. The area gave 360-degree spectacular views of glaciers, ice cliffs, and mountain peaks including Aoraki. Small avalanches could be heard and sometimes seen on the mountains. The paparazzi snapped away at the beautiful sunset and views.

The next morning, we woke up to another beautiful day, packed up and descended the track in three groups. There was much laughter on the descent when Will received a text from his girlfriend who was concerned that he was warm enough, we were absolutely roasting, taking every opportunity for shade and not long after meet a lady ascending the track in a bikini!. Keeping warm was not a problem.



**Mueller Hut**

We assembled in the Mt Cook village, hung around the visitor centre, partook in a few refreshments, then headed home. Big thanks to Sandra for organising a wonderful trip.

Michael Firmin & Gordon Tocher for:-

Sandra de Vries, Antony Pettinger, Ann Burton, Dean Gillett, Sue Barnaby, Jane Cloete, Wilbert Stockman, Kathryn Jeyes, Will Sweetman and Elizabeth.



# CENTRE OF TE PAPANUI CONQUERED

**February 9-10, 2008**

**Author: Antony Hamel**

Published in Bulletin 682, March 2008

At 4:16 pm on Saturday 9th February 2008 the centre of Te Papanui was conquered. A flag raised, toasts drunk, geo cache lodged, and heroic photos taken. The expedition came about from my desire to explore Te Papanui, a vast expanse of rolling tussock land. However, I was unable to find a destination, so I therefore created one by obtaining from DoC the coordinates of the centre of Te Papanui (2258999, 5495430). Finding the centre of an irregular object is quite complex. It is the mathematical equivalent of making a cardboard cutout of the reserve and then balancing it on the head of a pin.



The Te Papanui conservation park was opened in March 2003, so the area has been grazed until relatively recently. A large part of the park is also the Deep Stream and Deep Creek water catchment for Dunedin City. The deep tussock and mosses create a giant sponge that soaks up moisture and results in a reliable run off.

We parked at the locked gate at the top of Eldorado Track. Eldorado Track has become a major gravel road as a result of Trust Power building a small hydro scheme in the area. A reservoir, canals and power houses have been built to generate power from the Deep Stream water that is diverted into Lake Mahinerangi. Eldorado Track will get even further use if the Trust Power wind farm proceeds.

From the locked gate we took the access road to the Trust Power Deep Stream intake and then headed due west over the tussock lands. Terrain alternates between areas of easy-going sparse tussock (presumably still recovering from grazing and burning), wading through denser areas of

larger tussock and plodding through basins of spongy mosses. Navigation relied on GPS as there are no features such as high points or rock tors to use as landmarks. Just before the centre point we found a great camping site in a gully. It had a level, dry moss bank to pitch the tents on and had running water.



**The centre of Te Papanui, February 9, 2008 (PHOTO courtesy of Antony Hamel)**

After the ceremony at the centre point Phil and Corvin went on an evening visit to the site of the former mountain huts that were four km to the north. The next morning, we woke to fog, and it took careful navigation to get to Ship at Anchor where we found another geo cache. After visiting Moodies Workings we were back at the car's midafternoon. An historic trip to an interesting area.

Antony Hamel for Michael Hamel, Matthew Sole, Joe Sole, David McFarlane, Phil Somerville, Corvin Lemke, Kathryn Jeyes.



## TASMAN SADDLE

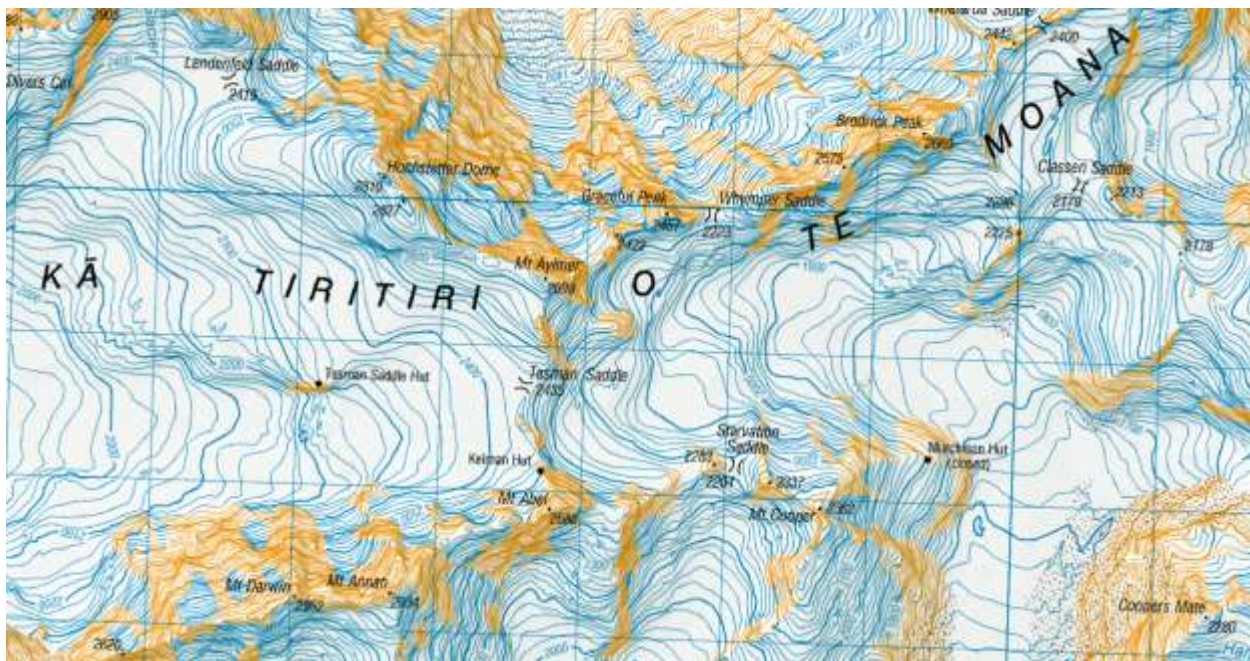
## December 8-16, 2007

**Author: Terry Duffield**

Published in Bulletin 683, April 2008

Four years ago, camped on the unforgiving Haast Ridge, Rob Seeley and I had gazed down on the Tasman Glacier and thought of one day making the long trudge to the saddle and beyond. This year I booked a week's leave and thought "now's the time". The plan was to climb Elie de Beaumont and back via the Murchison Glacier.

We made an early start on Friday morning. The weather was beautiful but also very hot and we were glad to get out of the glare for a while in Ball Shelter, after almost three hours of 4-wheel drive track. On the way we had a good look at the return leg from the Murchison Valley and it did not look encouraging.



It was worse going than I remembered and soon every second step was preceded by a splash of sweat on the sun-heated rocks. Travel was easier on glacier ice past the Hochstetter Icefall, but soon more relentless moraine had us hating every step. I was reminded of the words attributed to Lincoln "This too will pass" and they were to become my personal theme for this trip. More ice followed, and we put on our spiky feet again, making good headway to the Rudolph Glacier confluence. Here we had the choice of more moraine and a steep cliff to the De la Beche hut, or scraping out a spot for the tent in the shingle. We had left our sleeping mats behind to lighten our packs but were so tired we opted to sleep on the stony ground.

Next day, with only ice and snow to contend with, I was able to get some use from my snowshoes. Telltale hogs back clouds began to appear and there was an ominous amount of air traffic. Things started to get a bit broken as we passed the Darwin Glacier and sighted our home for the evening, Tasman Saddle hut on its lofty, crumbling perch. The direct route to the

hut seemed ill advised so we took a long detour, bypassing yawning crevasses and approached it from the NE via a gentle ridge. We entered the hut with five minutes to spare for the scheduled radio contact and weather report - Rain!

There followed three days of rain and near-zero visibility. The seven o'clock radio broadcast was always prompt....and always negative. Finally cabin fever began to take hold and we decided to head off the next morning if the weather wasn't too bad – even if we just made it to Kelman Hut it would be a welcome change of scenery. Thursday morning was not too bad – reasonable visibility and no rain. We plodded over to the saddle and surveyed our options. The steep slope was deeply crevassed with apparently little in the way of crossings. We found a narrow snow bridge across the first obstacle and carefully threaded our way down through the fractured ice. We arrived at Murchison Hut after six and a half hours and a distance of only five kilometers but happy that the bad bit was over.

Here we spent a pleasant night before tackling the ill-reputed Murchison moraine. The first bit of the trip was great (even if the weather wasn't) and we made good time over the ice to the moraine. We opted to descend into a streambed on the true left which led to relatively easy benches. Our destination was Onslow Hut on the far side of the valley and although the going was fairly easy the stream on our right had grown to an impassible torrent. We thought our luck was in when it disappeared under a mountain of moraine and allowed us access to the far side of the valley, but further exploration revealed that the glacial lake had swollen to the extent that Onslow Hut was unreachable. We had been walking all day – mostly over steep moraine, I was exhausted! I looked over the lake blocking our way, sat down and laughed like a maniac. Oh well, "This too will pass." We got to our feet and began the long trudge back. In failing light, we reached a grassy campsite with a convenient stream, the first green spot we had seen in six days, and set up the tent for the night.

At last we were in relatively flat country and the mornings walk was pleasurable. There were bumblebees and birdsong. I spotted chamois sign near a small stream and moments later Rob sighted the animal looking down on us from a high grassy ledge. The Murchison River was swift and deep, so we made our way downstream to a braided stretch and attempted a crossing. It didn't look good, before we were halfway across the first braid our walking poles were humming like the strings on a double bass and we could not safely continue. We tried two more times at different locations with the same result before the river converged at a series of bluffs.

There was possibly further braiding beyond the bluffs, so we decided to climb up and take a look. After a steepish climb through Matagouri the braided section was in sight. We descended to the river, climbed a steeper bluff, fought our way through more Matagouri and Spaniard and down to the river. Three crossing attempts later and we were over the first braid. Things became generally easier and soon we were across. We made our way to the Tasman moraine wall and set up camp under a bivvy rock.

Next morning, we crossed the Tasman moraine and picked our way up the moraine wall back to the 4-wheel drive track. The rain began again but nothing could now dampen our spirits as



we meted out the final hours with soggy footsteps. Two Paradise geese with a brood of chicks (six balls of fuzz with little spindly legs) was a cheery sight and then the car was a better one.

Terry Duffield, for Rob Seeley and Pam McKelvey.

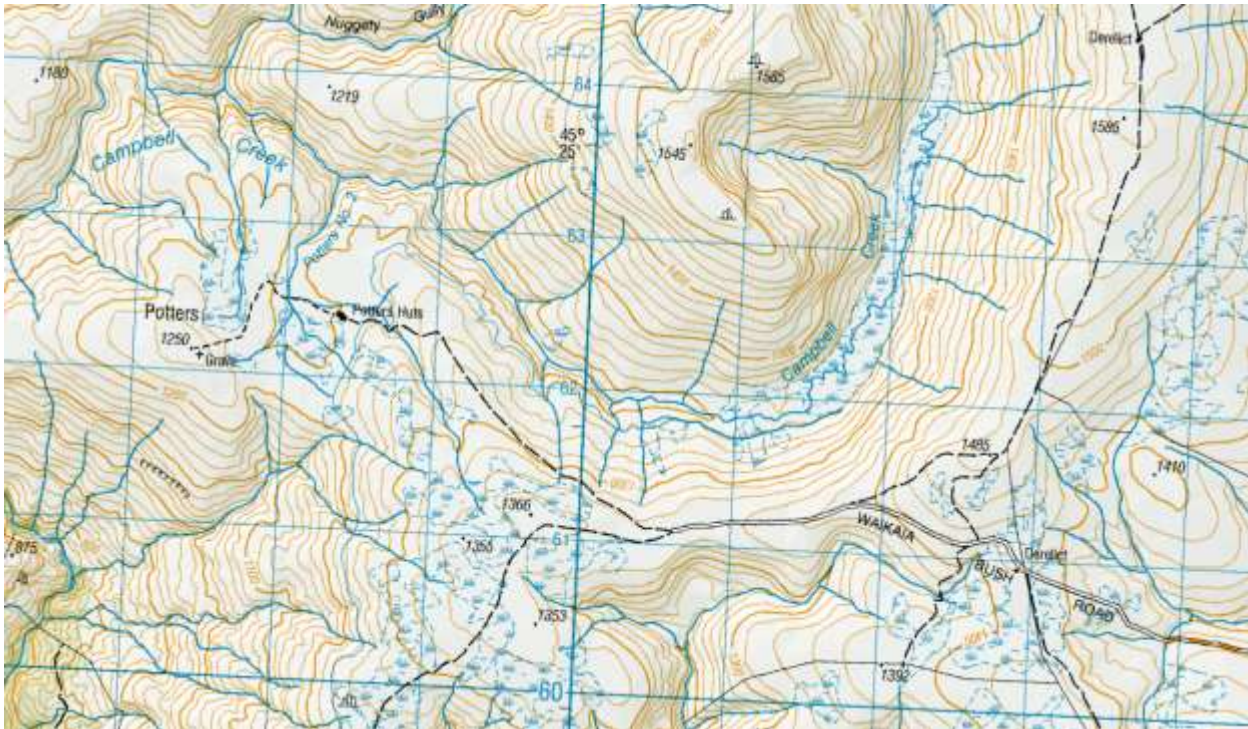
## POTTERS HUT (OLD MAN RANGE)

**January 27, 2008**

**Author: Isabelle Gensburger**

Published in Bulletin 683, April 2008

It was Sunday, 27th of January. The Old Man Range Tramp was a picture-perfect day organised by Ian Sime. It was nice, calm and sunny, and the few clouds protected us from the heat.



After a long drive via Roxburgh, the 15 of us arrived at the top of a hilly gravel road, at the starting point of the track. Diana Munster, Will Sweetman and Geoff Crosswell did a great job driving on such bumpy roads (in fact it was quite an adventurous journey as Ian, Gene and I had to get out of the car at some places to help Diana manoeuvring around the craters while watching out for mountain bikers flashing down the hill leaving big clouds of dust behind.) When we all got out of the cars, the view at the top was impressive! The scenery was mind-blowingly dry with scattered spaniards all around, and the hills were covered with irregular patches of shade from the clouds passing above. It looked like a painting! After about an hour's walk, we arrived at Potters Hut – a very cute little hut with a chimney, a little table with an old candle in a beer bottle, and bunks with mattresses. There was another hut further along the path with stone walls and other reminders of the gold mining settlement that was here in the late 1800's (showing that life must have been tough here, especially in winter!). We had a nice and relaxing lunch break at the huts, and some of us even had a little digestive nap.

On the way back Will and his partner Leanne Pryde, the two love birds of the tramp, went ahead and returned back to the city before the rest of us. I vividly remember the friendly company of Gene Dyett taking pictures with the aid of his tripod stand and Gavin MacArthur

sharing the fresh memories of his exciting adventures in Egypt and other places. Diana, Elizabeth Liefing and I were taking a great pleasure in listening while contemplating the outstretched hills and noticing the many mountain daisies. When we arrived to the cars, we realised that we that we were missing Ian Sime and Liz Bryce. We had been so engrossed in conversation that we didn't even realise they weren't with us. They had been chatting with the local farmers, and it was a relief when they turned up. While waiting for these last ones to arrive, we all had a good chance to have more good chats and snacks. Finally, Geoff & Julie Croswell, Bruce Johnston, Ken Powell, Alan Thomson and Sue Vosseler returned to Dunedin by the same way we came in while the rest of us took a detour via Alexandra, and past parts of the rail trail, including the lovely old train station at Hyde. Ian and Gene very kindly explained various historical events and good places to go (including an ice-cream stop in Ranfurly). I felt quite lucky as I had not been in that part of the country before.

All in all, it was a very lovely day, and I definitely recommend that anyone should go there for a nice bucolic walk, especially as the terrain is quite pleasant to walk on. I look forward to my next adventure with the OTMC!

Isabelle Gensburger



# EARNSLAW BURN

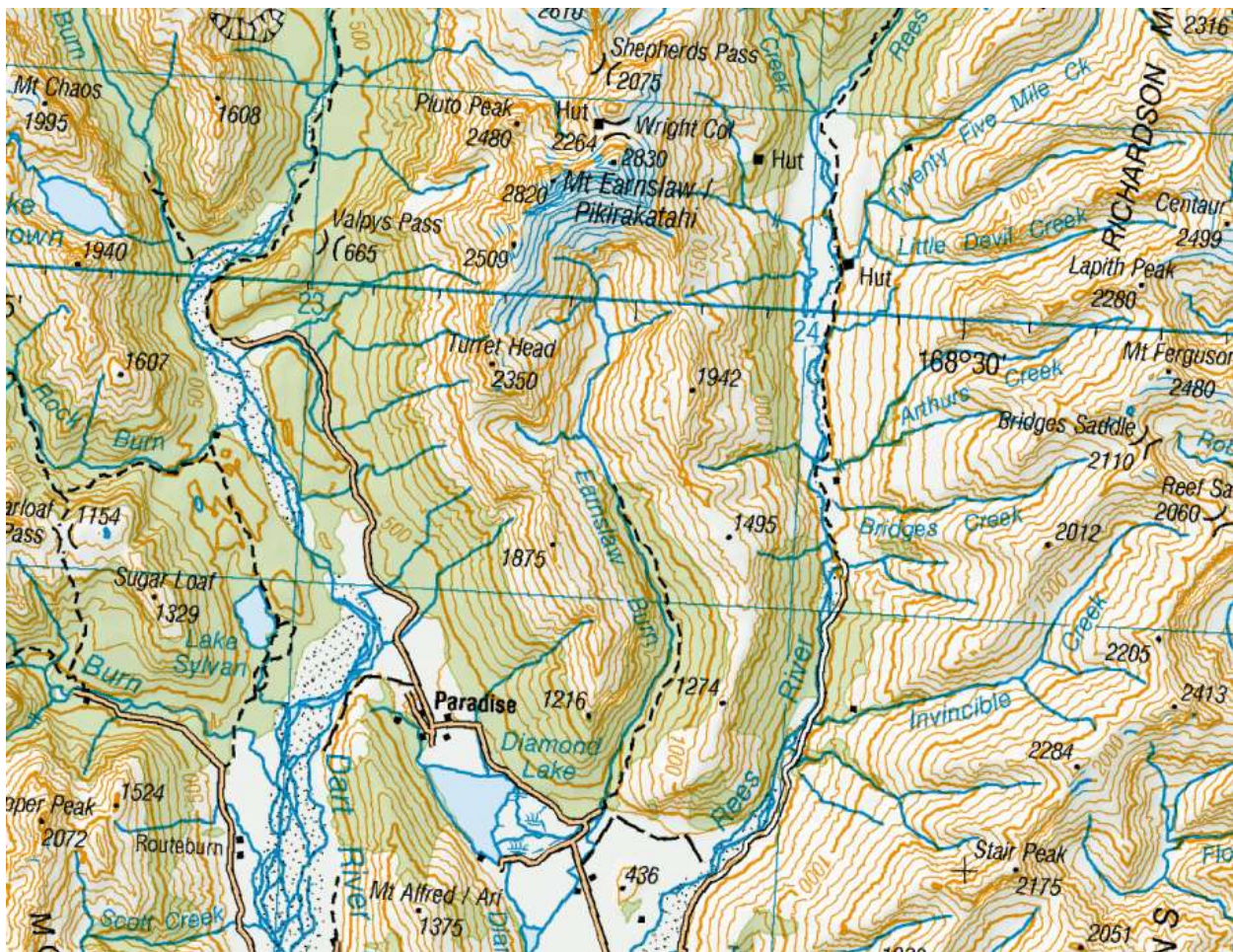
**February 23-24, 2008**

**Author: Greg Powell**

Published in Bulletin 684, May 2008

The Earnslaw Burn is a small valley nestled at the head of Lake Wakatipu and next one over from the Rees Valley. Access is from the Glenorchy / Paradise Road or alternatively from the Rees Valley via Lennox Pass, the latter being a fit option for experienced trampers.

It was originally intended to have one group take the Lennox Pass route. Trevor Mason had already done a reccy trip up to the pass from the Rees Valley and plotted the route on his GPS and was intended to be the party leader. Unfortunately, as we all know, Trevor was accidentally and tragically drowned the week prior to this trip and as a result I decided to cancel this option.



Therefore the route that we did take on Saturday to follow the marked track up the valley and camp at the head with good views of the Earnslaw Burn Glacier that evening. The track is an easy one and mostly in the bush but clearing to open flats at the top end of the valley. There are plenty of good camping sites, although the thick grasses makes sleeping areas a little lumpy. Water is OK to drink but very cloudy and silty from the glacier. There is a rock bivvy on the true right of the river near the bush end, but a crossing is required to gain access and it is probably better (depending on the river flow) to cross upstream and walk back to it. It is well



signposted on the track. Along the way we met a group from the Hokonui Tramping Club who were going over Lennox Pass and out on Sunday via the Rees. Although the forecast was for lots of rain, we were pretty lucky with only the odd spit of rain during the day. On Saturday night it blew and rained most of the time, so it was a little uncomfortable for those of us in the flys. Unfortunately, one of my group got completely soaked but most kept reasonably dry, so apart from a little lost sleep there was no real harm done. A talking point for Saturday evening was the fact that Jimmy and Richard carted in aluminium camp stools – I suspect this is a first for any OTMC tramp!

Sunday started out with no rain and once the clouds cleared, we experienced lovely sunny weather until about 3.30 p.m. when the rain closed in again and it was necessary to don the parkas. However, we had enjoyed the spectacular views from the ridge for most of the day.

The route out on Sunday was to climb to the ridge between the Earnslaw Burn and the Rees and follow it downwards to the head of the Earnslaw Burn and the car park. We trekked back down the valley to the spot adjacent the rock bivvy and then started climbing when we reached the first creek past this point. It is quite a grunt uphill and a matter of just finding your own way with no marked route. Once the ridgeline is reached the vegetation clears and it is pretty easy walking. Plenty of spear grass on the way up so gaiters are an advantage.

One thing we did learn is that you need to allow plenty of time for this route, particularly when the party consists of mixed levels of fitness. It was fantastic to see that all completed the tramp and I know that for some that it was a difficult slog on the Sunday. So, to those people, well done! It was also great to see people helping each other out by sharing loads and giving encouragement. This attitude is part of the spirit of the OTMC, and I am glad to say it is alive and well. Another great OTMC weekend and another trip to tick off my list.

Greg Powell for Derek Mycock, Monica Fry, Richard Powell and James Bennington.

# LOGAN PARK VALLEY–SIGNAL HILL–ST LEONARDS

**February 24, 2008**

**Author: Bronwen Strang**

Published in Bulletin 684, May 2008

I learnt many things leading this “metro” trip. Mainly I learnt not to change the E/M (easy / medium), as it was advertised, to an M (medium). I forgot that most people work from the printed bulletin or Internet information rather than notices given out at Club nights. Two different messages ensure that definite E people come and definite M people too. Thus a real source of potential conflict is created – in the internal workings, physical and mental, of both the E and the M, and in the leader herself. The Es wonder why they are working so hard to keep up; the Ms are frustrated as the challenge they seek is not happening – and I realise the monster I have created by allowing myself to be carried away when planning the trip – making it longer and harder on each reccy! Maybe this tension is present in some form on most trips. I was very dismayed it was full-on in mine – created by my own desire.

The second thing I learnt is that the times one does on one’s own in cool southerly weather, can be very different to times for 16 - in 28 degrees! However, some of the good things on this “metro” trip were:

- Knowing from the beginning that if the trip was too demanding for any, there was a short way home which was explained and accepted.
- Meandering up from Ravensbourne, over to Logan Park and having a fascinating view into the Quarry on the way.
- Being able to ring a taxi from Logan Park to send an ill trip member home; Singing the National Anthem (thank you Jonette) beside Thomas Bracken’s grave for the benefit of three North American visitors with us.
- Having the freedom to reassess and cut out a section of the trip.
- Visiting a possible rock-climbing wall in Signal Hill Rd and eating legendary Tararua biscuits in the shade (yes, we were already shade seekers, and it was only mid-morning).
- Finding a little used track from Opoho School back to Logan Park (worth any reader investigating).
- Grunting steeply up on the other side using perhaps the only non-bike track left on that hillside, with one male in the party doing an honourable thing and assisting with a load.
- Sadly saying goodbye to five of the group, but finding out later on a check-up call that they had all enjoyed the various days they had very much – one had gone to the beach – maybe we all should have!

Meeting the Phoenix club near the transmission poles at the top of Signal Hill to learn they had abandoned their initial plan and were heading back to their cars the shady and easier way – I didn’t feel such a wimp for beginning to entertain a similar idea.

Having a magnificent and shady lunch spot found by the trusty front scouts, looking across to Macandrew Bay, down to Taiaroa Heads and Aramoana and across to Mt Cargill. It was softened by sheep and cattle manure mixed with pine needles.

Here we reassessed – again. We took into account the present time (after lunch so not early), the reccy times (they had been taken at moderate speed and showed there was still a long way to go), the plans some understandably had for the evening (so needing to be home at an early hour) – and the temperature, the roasting temperature. Homeward felt the best direction, so this is the way we headed.



**Flagstaff from the tracks above the Logon Point quarry**

Here I return to the learnings: I found it really hard not to feel a complete failure – which if it had been anyone else I would have told them that was very silly as that is not what tramping is about – one does not have to reach the initially planned goal - there are many things in the journey to get pleasure from. But I didn't feel that at the time and I found it hard to let it go.

But on the way back there were good things too – especially for me the introduction to a little track diversion and then a pleasant wander back along the road to join what seemed like a high proportion of the American tourists in NZ, all enjoying the sun and the views from the Signal Hill Monument. To them we must have looked most odd, especially when we disappeared down the track in front of the monument and were gone from sight, rather like an apparition. We headed home from the cars high in Ravensbourne long before the day was finished. Maybe some even went to the beach.

What extra had been planned to do? For some time I have been interested in the harbour side of Signal Hill and with information from DoC and the cooperation of some good value landowners, had sorted out the plan continuing along to nearly join Cleghorn St, turning right and going steeply down through a rough and bushy gully (Stephenson's Reserve) to St Leonards, walking for half an hour on the road, and heading up across a dreamy brown-top paddock, into a short section of bush (part of Burns Park Scenic Reserve) and out near the top of Signal Hill again. Ah well, this will wait for another time.

Thank you to Ann, Fiona, Janet, Jonette, Gill, Norene, Penny, Sue, Susan, Gavin, Ralph, Ran, Roy, Tony, and Wayne. I don't know what you guys learnt but thank you anyway for your forbearance. The memory for me is a good one - now.

Bronwen Strang



# **CIRCUMNAVIGATION OF THE OROKONUI FENCE**

**March 16, 2008**

**Author: Janet Barclay**

Published in Bulletin 684, May 2008

It was a lovely clear morning as eight of us gathered at the clubrooms for the drive to Port Chalmers and then up the hill to the ecosanctuary car park. Here our numbers swelled to 15 as more people arrived under their own steam, including our hostess for the day, Chris Baillie, and her sister Jo. Chris kindly volunteered her time (her day off from managing the sanctuary) to escort us and talk informatively about the project.



**The high points of the Silver Peaks from the Orokonui Fence**

We walked around the outside of the specialised pest-exclusive fence, which is a hike of over nine kilometres. This is something that volunteers do every day to check for damage and remove pests from the traps. The eradication programme is almost complete and the ecosanctuary is expected to be open to the public later this year. Some of the native birds already establishing themselves in the area include riflemen, tomtits, grey warblers and brown creepers; with kiwi, takahe and many more to be introduced over time. A visitors' centre is also planned with a café, restrooms and education centre for public use. This, together with extensive walkways within the ecosanctuary, will ensure an attractive asset to the area for both locals and visitors.

The highlight of our daytrip was entering the enclosure and meeting the family of kaka - Mum, Dad and the two kids. The offspring are about to be released from Mum and Dads' care to

come and go as they please, and it is hoped that the extra space made available in their enclosure will encourage Mum and Dad to make more babies.

If you want to feel a part of this exciting asset-in-the-making you can have your name engraved on a plaque and stuck on a fence post for a small donation of \$100 - what a nice idea!

Thank you Fieke for leading this trip. Janet Barclay for Jonette Service, Viv and Andrew Oliver, Leslie Norris, Bronwen Strang, Fiona Sanggong, Mark, Genevieve (12) and Marielle (8) Devereux, Gordon Tocher and Peter Woods.

## HOLLYFORD HOBBLES

**March 8-9, 2008**

**Author: Tony Timperley**

Published in Bulletin 684, May 2008 & Bulletin 685, June 2008

This trip was listed as "Mistake Creek/ Hut Creek (U Pass)", but as we approached Te Anau and the rain got heavier, the two van groups (totalling 20) decided to implement Plan B and head to the Divide shelter where we would spend the night. We had lost our leader, Ann, and her group of four who were in the luxury of a 4WD, after leaving Gore but reasoned that if they did not see us at the Cascade Creek camping site, they too would implement Plan B.



**Heading into Hidden Falls Hut, March 8, 2008**

However, they did not, so our leaderless group set about making themselves comfortable in the Divide shelter, except for poor Kathryn who had deposited her gear in the yet to arrive 4WD! When it became apparent that we were to be leaderless for the night Kathryn gratefully received extra clothing and other items to help keep her warm and then she retired to one of the vans to try and get some sleep.

At dawn it was still raining, and when Kathryn emerged from the van with a sprightly bound, the gallant males amongst us asked if she had slept well. "I had wonderfully comfortable night," she replied. In answer to our puzzled expressions, Kathryn explained how in the passenger section the horizontal ergonomic contours of the three-seat row fitted perfectly with her contours when she was lying down. She was so enamoured with this sleeping arrangement that she is seriously considering buying a set of these seats to use as a bed at home!



As we were packing up after breakfast to head for the Hollyford road-end, our leader and her group arrived and chastised the 20 van group members for not camping out at Cascade Creek, but agreed that Plan B was to be implemented. As the leader's group had not yet had breakfast, Leader Ann gave the van groups permission to set off and we would all meet up again at Hidden Falls Hut.

At the start of the track, as we were all donning our wet weather gear there was a cry of anguish from Wayne – "My boots! I've left my boots at the shelter!"

.....But, being the hard mountain man that he is, he stoically accepted that he was going to have to do this tramp in his running shoes. Trying to keep up with the now light-footed Wayne soon had some of us getting wetter inside our parkas than out, so it was not long before we used taking them off as an excuse for a breather. This also gave us the startling sight of Wolfgang stripped down to his macho black singlet. (Stop, enough!!! Ed.)



**Hidden Falls Hut, March 8, 2008**

After a side trip to Hidden Falls we called in at the hut of the same name to rest and have lunch. By now it was fine and sunny, and this gave us the opportunity to dry out by seating our steaming bodies on the veranda. The sandflies soon sniffed us out but these did not cause as much alarm as the very large bumble bees which seemed to want to explore our ears, the inside of gaiters (whilst being worn), and burrow under any blue garment. As we were about to set off for Alabaster Hut, our leader's group arrived and she, seeing we were all refreshed and invigorated, gave us permission to continue, whilst we left them to deal with the bumble bees and sandflies. The new Alabaster Hut is light and airy with 20 bunks, one each for each of us

“van” group members, and plenty floor space should it be needed for sleeping. Despite this, some hardy souls decided to sleep out by the side of the lake – after all, they had lugged their tents in so why not make use of them. This turned out to be fortunate for three middle-aged women and a fit young man who arrived later, as they found vacant bunks. The question of who was going to vacate a bunk for Leader Ann when she arrived was answered when she and Antony arrived, minus their packs. They had decided to stay at Hidden Falls Hut, but had just come to check that we were all well, which we were, before returning there for a worry-free night’s sleep. Despite being leaderless for another night, the van groups also had a worry-free night’s sleep.



**Hollyford River, March 8, 2008**

Sunday dawned fine, but the ageing demographic of our groups made itself apparent again when a check before leaving revealed that someone had not packed his “man-bag”, the contents of which greatly intrigued the elderly female hut warden. (We found the owner but he shall remain anonymous!) The return tramp provided great views of the Darrans through breaks in the bush. The highest point of this part of the Hollyford is a mere 168 metres, yet despite this most of us began to suffer sore feet and aching legs. This we agreed was most probably due to the lack of variation in the terrain which meant that one used the same walking action, which was more like marching than tramping.

Whilst we were resting our feet and legs, Kathryn provided the gallant males another opportunity to come to her rescue by falling down a bank and disappearing into the undergrowth. Their immediate response was, as they continued to munch their muesli bars, “Oh look, Kathryn’s fallen off the track. (munch, munch).” However, being the independent

woman that she is, the indefatigable Kathryn managed to extricate herself with dignity and then cheerfully took photos of the muesli munching males.

As we hobbled the last few metres to the road-end, we were met by Leader Ann and her group who had only walked from Hidden Falls hut. She countered our protestations by claiming she had got blistered feet the night before when coming to check on our welfare. This ploy gained our sympathy as we remembered the Trip Leader's Motto: "Forward trampers, have no fear, I will lead you from the rear!"

Tony Timperley for the nineteen others of the "van" groups, and Ann Bur-ton and her "4WD" group.

Postscript: Wayne got his boots back. The leader's group retrieved them from the shelter.



## ORBELL'S CAVE (OR 'WHAT A LOT OF BULL')

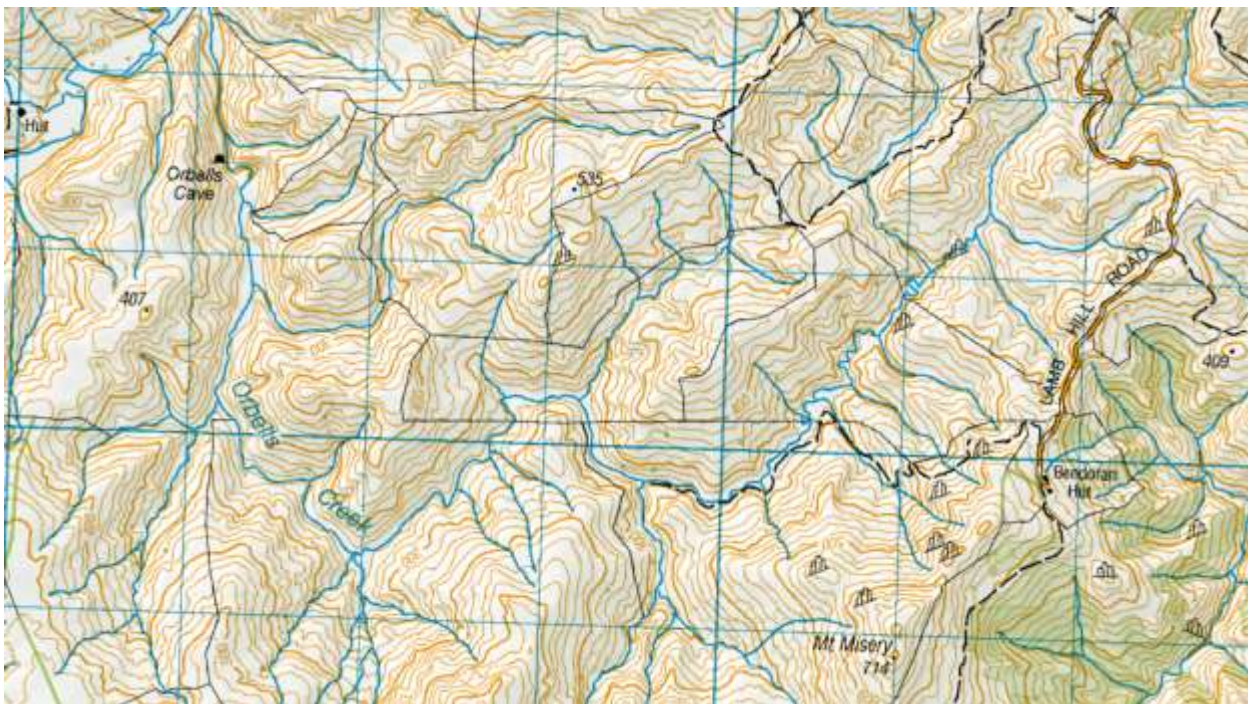
**April 6, 2008**

**Author: Tony Timperley**

Published in Bulletin 685, June 2008

On Sunday, a dozen hardy souls turned up, despite the forecast being for a southerly change and showers to arrive at midday. As the whole of the walk is in open country and some of it along open ridge tops, we were hoping there would not be too many showers.

After surviving the white-knuckle drive along the narrow and winding Blucher Road, we set off walking in cool but fine weather, with patches of blue sky showing through the clouds. Without a chance to warm up, we were straight into a steady climb to about 500m before the track levelled off along a ridge. By this time everyone had discarded their top layer as we ambled along admiring the expansive views westward over the Taieri Ridge to the Strath-Taieri Plain and the Rock and Pillars beyond.



We then began the long descent down a zig-zagging track to Three O'clock Stream. About halfway down Leader Tony, in deep conversation with Jill, (he has to blame someone!), missed a zag and misled the group along a sheep track until it went where sheep can go but humans cannot. Back on track, and after a further long descent, we finally reached the stream bed, disturbed a large flock of geese, before taking a short break and ruminating on the old tramper's adage of "What goes down, must have to go back up again." That "up" was yet to come.

Fortunately, however, the next stage was an easy stroll along the Three O'clock Stream flats until we reached the Orbell's Creek valley, into which we turned and headed upstream. Orbell's Cave itself is further up the valley than indicated on the map and is in fact two caves side by

side. As this was to be the lunch stop, we crossed the creek and climbed up to the caves. We soon found that the caves had been frequented by sheep and so had to pick our seating spots with care. There were some remarks about the possible composting quality of the layers of droppings that made up the cave floors. There were also signs of human habitation with a wire line across one cave, with enamel mugs and other utensils hanging from one end.

By this time of the day (1pm) the sky was sunny and blue as we took our lunches in the shadow of the cave entrance overhang. Our munching was watched from below in the valley by a group of cattle we had "herded" in front of us, (why don't they just move to one side?) and we were treated to the flight of a native falcon. Unfortunately, all good things must come to an end, so, after some procrastination, we dropped back down to the valley, re-crossed the creek, and began the long climb out up the side opposite the caves. After numerous stops to catch our breath and let our stomachs settle, (why do we always have steep climbs immediately after lunch?), the track mercifully gave some respite by levelling out before the next climb. We were following the fenceline but had to turn right through a gate just a short way ahead. Blocking the gate was a large "cow" with a calf. We had seen other such pairings earlier on the tramp but they had moved respectfully out of our way. This the calf did but its "mother" faced us with its legs placed firmly apart. Tony, as leader, suddenly found himself at the front of the group and felt numerous hands on his back pushing him forward. "Don't let it think your hesitating," said an encouraging voice from behind. Dashing fellow that he is, Tony stepped forward, and gave his famous impression of one of the three musketeers by pointing his walking pole at the "cow" and shouting "Shoo, shoo!" Initially the "cow" stood its ground with its head lowered, but then gave a snort, shook its head, turned side on, and disdainfully loped off down the hill. It was then that Tony and the rest of the group saw that the appendages dangling between the legs of the beast were not those of a cow!

After setting a world record for opening a gate, getting 12 people through and closing it again, the group continued the return ascent (again with numerous "breathers") before contouring round back to where we had parked the cars. As we neared the end of the tramp we noticed that the skies had darkened and that there was a feel of rain in the air. Mercifully, however, it held off until we were changed and in our cars, (who has the direct line to Huey?), and as he drove slowly back along Blucher Rd, Tony reflected how lucky he was that it wasn't raining when the group encountered the "cow". He wears a red parka.

Tony Timperley for: Jill McAliece, Roy Ward, Alan and Kerry Scurr, Gavin McArthur, Rob Seeley, Michael Firmin, Bernadette Thompson, Lesley Norris, Wilbert Stockman, and Fiona Sanggang.

## LAKE ROXBURGH

**December 8-9, 2007**

**Author: Jade & Dylan Pettinger**

Published in Bulletin 685, June 2008

The Lake Roxburgh trip in December 2007 was great. When we left, we loaded up Ray's boat with some gear. Then we set off. It was a hot day. We walked for about half an hour, then wandered down to the Clutha River to cool down.



**Enroute to Doctors Point, December 8, 2009, March 8, 2008**

It was a long walk to Doctors Point - about 4 hours. When we got there, we jumped into the Clutha River. It was over our heads, but we enjoyed the swim. It was so hot we had to put the drinks in the water to keep them cool. After that we started the BBQ. It was a yummy BBQ. Then Wolfgang and Wilbert got out their guitars and played some songs, we all sang along. About 9pm we went to bed. We slept under the stars. We got up before the sun had risen. We had breakfast, and then most of the people set off on the walk out. Dylan and I were lucky to get a boat ride out. We waited for a while then we got in the boat. It was super fun jetboating up the Clutha River. It took about 10 minutes. Most people were already out. They only took three hours to get out. We collected our gear and then started on the drive home. We loved it.

By Jade and Dylan Pettinger.



# MARAROA VALLEY

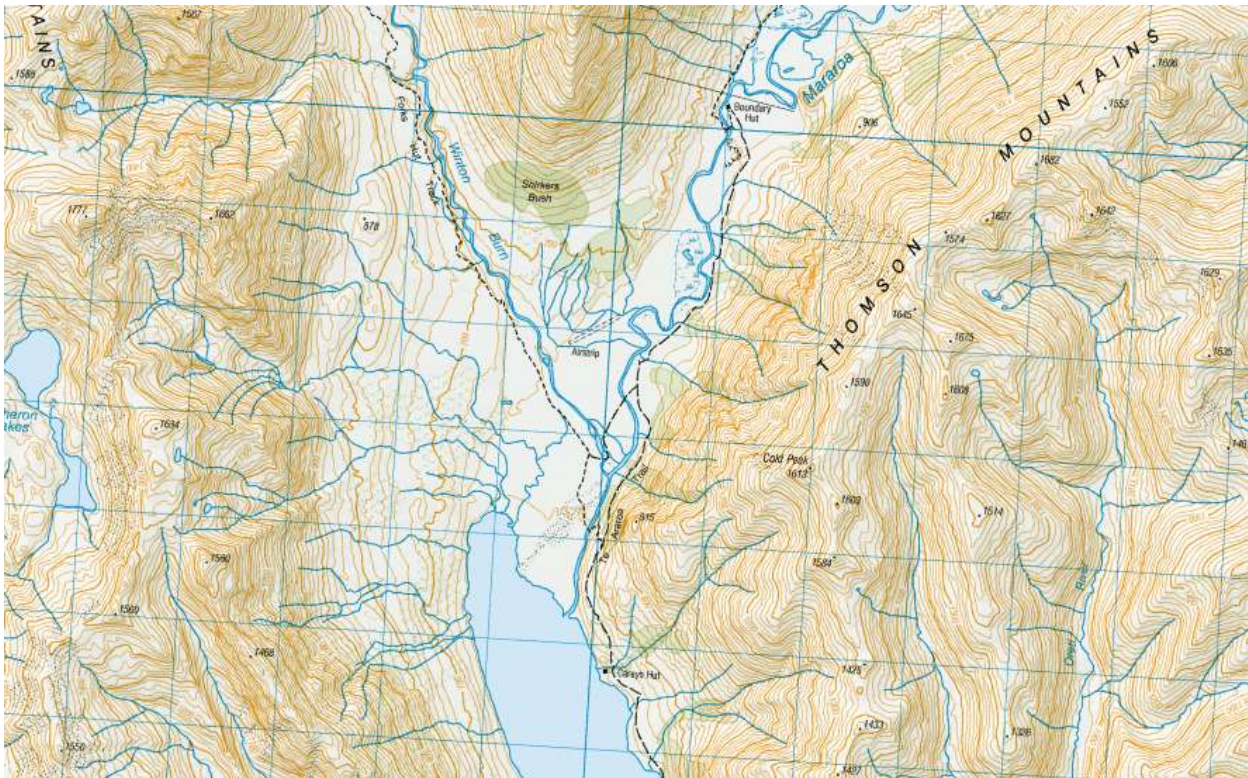
**February 2-3, 2008**

**Author: Will Sweetman**

Published in Bulletin 685, June 2008

This trip was intended to be a repeat of the 2006 trip to Mt Domett, but hunting in that area, meant a late rethink and the decision to walk up the Mararoa Valley instead.

A group of five, set off in Ray & Jill McAlie's 4x4 driving past the Mavora Lakes (the location of several scenes in "Lord of the Rings" - Parth Galen at the end of the first film and Fangorn Forest in the second). Once past the North Lake, the 4WD track got progressively rougher, and Ray's language increasingly colourful. Having been assured by a fisherman in Carey's Hut that the track was passable, we continued until a few hundred metres short of Boundary Hut, and with the light failing, the vehicle bellied out in a deeply rutted section.



The first task on a foggy morning therefore, was to dig out the vehicle. We managed it after a couple of false starts, just as the fog began to lift, promising a beautiful day. Crossing the river, we followed the track up the valley, along a terrace elevated above the valley floor, with views over Alan's (Thomson) Mountains to the east. Although the going was easy, the sun was hot, and we made plenty of drink stops. Shortly before 2 pm, our leader's repeated claim that Taipo Hut was just around the corner, finally proved true. After lunch, members of the Otago Sunbathing & Snoozing Club did their usual stuff. Suitably refreshed, we made individual sorties up the ridge behind the hut (Will) or along the terrace, following the track toward Greenstone Hut (Alan, Jonette). We enjoyed a convivial evening with a solo European walker who arrived after a long walk from McKellar Hut on the Greenstone.



In the morning we had a fairly leisurely walk out in cooler, but still sunny conditions. Ray had no trouble driving us out, and we were back to Dune-din in good time. Several weeks after the walk, Jill heard from an Auckland based tramper who had picked up Will's camera by the river below Taipo Hut three or four days later and had done some impressive detective work using the hut book and the photos on the camera to track down the owner. The camera was returned just in time for the South Temple trip in April.

Will Sweetman - for Alan Thomson, Ray & Jill McAliece and Jonette Service

## **ROUTEBURN IN ONE DAY**

**December 1-2, 2007**

**Author: Sue and Pete Stevenson**

Published in Bulletin 686, July 2008

It was 4.37 a.m. when the first Kea started to screech. By 5 a.m. all its whanau had joined in and we knew there was to be no more sleep so why not rise and shine and get this day started. After a quick breakfast and tidy up, it was count down to a 6 a.m. start leaving Ray and Jill to ferry the van around to Glenorchy.



**Routeburn Track, on the way to Lake McKenzie, December 1, 2007**

Dawn had hardly broken by the time Howden Hut was reached where we encountered some early risers. Asked at what hour we left the Divide, looks of amazement changed to disbelief when told, we were headed to the Routeburn road-end by end of day. We started to meet the first of many groups heading out to the Divide at about 9.30 as we neared McKenzie Hut. After a quick snack then attention to feet troubles, it was into the hard slog up the zigzag above Lake McKenzie, which was dispatched in no time (made so much easier with just a day pack). By this stage the low cloud was lifting allowing views down to Lake McKerrow from the Hollyford Face. We began to encounter the second wave of trekkers, mostly young females, as we approached the Harris Saddle

A DoC sign stating the track to Conical Hill was closed due to dangerous snow conditions prevented our planned trek up the hill for lunch with a view. Lunch however was spent bathing in sunshine behind the Shelter with a few bubbles celebrating another year of great tramps.

After a couple of hours “Team Leader” announced we should be on our way. It was hard to get started again for it was such an enjoyable time sitting out in the sun reminiscing over the past year, sharing all the little stories and generally just having a good laugh. So on our way again. We reached Falls Hut where another quick break was taken and, of course, for Bruce to scrounge hot water for yet another cup of white tea. (Don’t ask, but it’s something to do with antioxidants and free radicals). Carrying on we met up with our drivers Ray and Jill along with Mike Brettell at the Routeburn crossing swing-bridge where we all walked the final leg together arriving at the Routeburn at about 4:30 pm. Onto the Glenorchy camping ground where we all freshen up with a hot shower then lazed in the sun with snacks and more bubbles before heading out for dinner.



**Harris Saddle, December 1, 2007**

A most enjoyable weekend was had by all. Our minds look forward to a similar event next year, but not so sure our bodies do.

Sue and Pete for Antony, Debbie, Chris, Ann,

Ralph, Bruce, Ken, and Gordon and special thanks to our drivers Jill and Ray. (Average age of group, 50 years.)



## GUNSIGHT PASS / NORTH TO SOUTH TEMPLE

**April 24-26, 2008**

**Author: Bronwen Strang**

Published in Bulletin 686, July 2008

The crispness of the air in Omarama augured well for this trip. Ralph, the honourable leader, and Bronwen arrived at the Temple Shelter to a roaring fire prepared by the other 3 of the party, Michael and Andrew Prince and Will Sweetman. However, the fire and the shelter was really all we shared as they had other plans – Mt Maitland, and we were heading up the North Temple and down the South over Gunsight Pass. They didn't even share the cold when the fire died down, as they were on camp stretchers – very different to a concrete floor.



**Upper North Temple Stream, route to Gunsight Pass on left**

Next morning, not early, we said goodbye after 10 minutes' walk. We headed up the North branch of the Temple and they up the South. After a good hour we came out where the North Temple Hut is still shown to be on the map; well, on the other side of the stream, but it is there no longer. We looked up to an impressive circ with new snow and frost clinging to its southerly side. Rabbits Peak dominates. This is said to be straight forward up the ridge, not quite so easy from the head of the valley. Also impressive was the avalanche/wind fall of the trees, similar of course causing the loss of the hut way back.

At this point we were confused, concerned, entranced by a friendly little dog that bounded up to us, but we were relieved to then see it's owner – a mountain runner, who literally, no sweat,



ran past us. He must have been up, over Gunsight Pass and down and out almost by the time we got to the top!

The gut to the pass looked steep and it was, from the north side. But it wasn't awesome, it had been put forward as a medium grade and it fitted that. It was a matter of just grinding upwards. We learnt fairly early on to keep to the gully and in one place Bronwen's arm muscles didn't serve her very well with a full pack on, so that following Ralph was not an option. After negotiating the gully and being passed by a couple of young things, sensibly complete with helmets, we came to an odd section of hard scree which hugged the perimeter rock wall. This was easy to negotiate and satisfying, using good finger holds all the way to assist. Ralph overtook one of the youngies on this section but suffered for it by needing to wait at the top in the growing cold. Time was in danger of becoming an issue, but a photo of Mt Cook from the pass was essential. The view on the other side was impressive too, up to the saddle in the Barrier Range leading over into the Ahuriri.



**Aoraki / Mt Cook from Gunsight Pass**

The only disappointment of the trip however, was a scree slope that looked magnificent and as though it would be jumped down in 20 minutes or so. In fact, it didn't move underfoot, so it was a matter of picking our way down with some concern about the length of day – it was now 3.30 – 4pm. For those of you who do this in future, stay in the middle of the valley at the bottom end. This will bring you out onto the rocks of the stream that flows into the South Temple which is where you want to go. We rectified our short sojourn to the left (we were sick of rocks) and followed the stream down to pleasant little flats where we camped along with the two mentioned earlier.

Bronwen proved how easy it is to be warm in a medium weight sleeping bag on a frosty night. On your top half leave your jersey on plus your extra polyprop; put your legs, already in their long johns, into the body of your polar fleece and down into the arms and pull it up as though a skirt; put your feet into the sleeves of your puffer jacket.... then try to get into your bag! However, the problem comes that the temperature goes up too far and slowly it has to be shed again, but at least you are warm in the morning! Which Ralph wasn't. Ah well, he has had good teaching. The frost was crispy followed by a fabulous day. We meandered down the valley with early lunch at the new/shifted/refurbished (?) South Temple Hut, checking that the others had passed through the day before on their way to climb Mt Maitland and smelling other people's bacon and eggs cooking for lunch. It was certainly a different hut to the one that was nearly a statistic in the flood of the mid 90's.



**South Temple side of Gunsight Pass**

Being back early (like a whole day) and expecting the weather to turn bad, we explored the hill above the carpark, worth it for the view down Lake Ohau, and then pottered back to Dunedin. A very satisfying weekend. We look forward to the report from the Maitland guys.

Bronwen for Ralph

## **POSSUM HUT – GREEN HUT SITE (CIRCUIT)**

**May 4, 2008**

**Author: Bronwen Strang**

Published in Bulletin 686, July 2008

Well, what a good day! I was introduced to two tracks new to me, when I arrogantly thought I knew most of them. I think because of the temperature, I was the only one who turned up for Bill Wilson's trip, so we decided one car made more sense and to change the route a bit. We ended up changing it a lot and having a grand day.

We parked at the usual spot on Mountain Rd at the Semple Rd end, and headed up the track for five minutes. Off we struck, up right at first and then down a "refurbished" old track – down No-Name Ridge. (Anyone able to supply the name?) In only half an hour we had joined with Eucalypt Spur Track and were having a bite to eat at the bottom of the spur.



**Eucalypt Spur, Silver Peaks Scenic Reserve**

On and up past Possum Hut we went; Bill asked, "Do you know Greengage Spur?" "Where...? What...?" So up to Green Hut site we went, which was covered in snow and very cold; past this and when almost onto the ridge back to the car, again we struck up right. I love new tracks so I was very happy. I was even being introduced to it by the maker of it, for Bill spent eight days last year cutting and marking it. At one point the snow on the gorse deceived even Bill, but



following lunch, at a grand spot looking down the spur to Silverstream, he rectified the confusion with some more markers.

We just looked on this trip. If you want to explore it, go on the Club trip on October the 12th, which I believe has been mistakenly called Racemans / Raingauge / Pulpit Rock / Powder Ridge, in the Trip Programme: Winter 2008. Replace the word Raingauge by Greengage and imagine leaving Silverstream when some distance past the top weir, to go up a spur on its true righthand side and you'll get the idea.



**The start of the Greengage Track (5 mins south of the Green Hut site)**

We returned back down the track towards the road, but before reaching it dove down left, down Eucalypt Spur in order to retrace our steps back up No-Name Ridge to apprehend my wayward balaclava which had taken leave of me. Mission accomplished, we were back at the Club in town by 20 to 3pm having had an excellent day and were firmly of the belief that our weather – cold - had been much better than Dunedin's – wet and cold.

Thanks Bill, from Bronwen Strang.



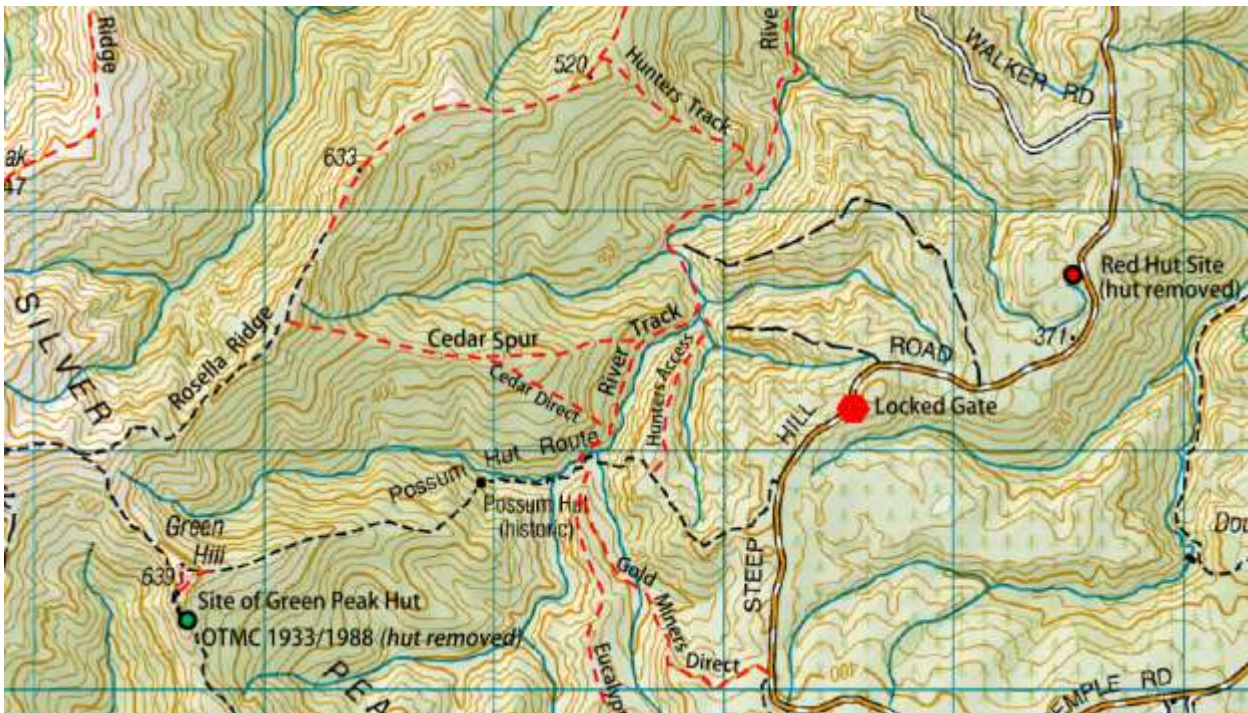
## POSSUM RIDGE AND (NOT) ROSELLA RIDGE

**May 25, 2008**

**Author: Peter George**

Published in Bulletin 686, July 2008

I arrived early for what was not the best choice of days for a first walk with some of the club members. Overcast with low clouds obscuring the hilltops. Four of us met at the clubrooms and decided that we would at least go up Possum Ridge. Unless the cloud lifted it would be a damp wander along Rosella Ridge without any view. Fieke had also managed to get two others interested by the shorter alternate walk and would pick them up on the way.



The short sharp track down from the fire break off Mountain Road was extra slippery today. Once down it was fairly straightforward. The various states of the tent in Possum Hut were discussed over a snack, as was the game of geocaching\*. I enjoy recording my walks on my GPS to see where I went and to share with others, the primary reason for getting it. Having a cache to hunt as well is a bonus but rare this far from conveniences. This time the only one near was one of my own. There are a few caches out in the hills and tracks around Dunedin now, giving more people a reason to get out for a good walk. After the walk up from Possum Hut we paused at the Green Hut site for lunch.

As it was still early and everyone was familiar with the walk along Green Ridge people were happy to add an extra couple of kms of going down simply to go up as it would be on track new to some. It was decided to go down Bluegum Ridge then back up an unnamed but good track that turns off Bluegum about 4/5 of the way down, crosses to climb up the neighbouring spur and rejoins the Green Ridge track 300m from its car park. A quick wander along the road

from there to the cars bought an end to a most enjoyable four hours, thanks Fieke. Thanks to everyone else for the great company.

Peter George for Fieke Neuman, Ron Minema, Antony Mabon, Dianna Munster and Roy Ward.

\*[www.geocaching.com](http://www.geocaching.com)

## LUXMORE

**June 16-17, 2007**

**Author: Debbie Pettinger**

Published in Bulletin 687, August 2008

The mist covered the lower hills when we woke in Te Anau but the luxury of a hot shower soon had us out of bed. It wasn't long before we hoisted our packs and headed over the control gates in the swirling mist. It was a pleasant walk to Brod Bay with glimpses of the lake through the trees and mist.



**Out of the bush on the way to Luxmore Hut, June 16, 2007 (PHOTO Debbie Pettinger)**

As we climbed higher we left the mist behind and came across snow sprinkling the track from the bluffs. It was here that we started to get a taste of the panorama to come, looking out over the tops of trees with mountains in the distance and the lake covered in fog. Once out of the trees the snow became much deeper and we were grateful for those who had done the hard work for us by plugging steps. It was at bush line that we stopped for lunch and spent time enjoying the glorious views. Sitting in the sun, looking down on Te Anau hidden in the fog with the tops of the mountains surrounding the fiords poking through the mist was magic. This is what makes all the hard work of the climb worthwhile.



There was no heat in the sun so we did not linger long as the cold drove us onto Luxmore Hut. The snow was about halfway up our calves as we followed the trail of steps in the snow, being careful not to wander off the boardwalk where the snow was thigh deep.



**Morning fog over Lake Te Anau, June 17, 2007 (PHOTO Debbie Pettinger)**

Luxmore Hut was a welcome haven, and it didn't take long to warm up with the fire going. By this time it was midafternoon. A keen group left their packs at the hut and pushed on towards Mt Luxmore for more spectacular views. The rest of us wandered around to the caves. It was a mission to keep in the steps already plugged for us, getting out of step and falling in nearly to your waist was the cause for much hilarity – unfortunately Ray would not stay down long enough for me to take a photo. The icicles hanging from the rocks were impressive and made this short journey well worthwhile. The big kids amongst us could not resist throwing a few snowballs at the unsuspecting. Back at the hut and we changed into warm clothes before settling in for the night. It was dark by the time the Mt Luxmore conquerors returned to boast of their success. The nights are long in winter and a warm fire with pleasant company makes for a very enjoyable evening.

The morning dawned another beautiful clear day; some of us were up to see a magnificent sun rise while others were content to be told about it afterwards. It was a leisurely pack up with those that had not visited the caves the previous day taking the time to see them while others set off down the hill and back into the mist. The track proved to be very icy in the trees with



the trampled snow having frozen. We ended up walking in the gutters to be able to keep on our feet. We had a lunch stop at Brod Bay before the wander back to the car park.



**Misty sunlight through the forest (PHOTO Debbie Pettinger)**

Thank you to my party of Wendy-Anne and Andrew for helping make this a very enjoyable and relaxing weekend away. The views were magnificent, the company superb, the food sumptuous and the weather perfect.

Debbie Pettinger.

## AHURIRI – SOUTH TEMPLE CROSSOVER

**April 25-27, 2008**

**Author: Not recorded**

Published in Bulletin 687, August 2008

Andrew, Will and Mike drove up past Lake Ohau to sleep Thursday night at the Temple Shelter where we had the overnight company of Ralph and Bronwyn. The next day dawned blue and calm, and R and B headed off to do the North/South Temple circuit while we headed up the South Temple. One and a half hours later we had a break at the hut before beginning the task of finding a route up an unnamed creek that heads South towards Mt Maitland. Going by the snippets of track the route had obviously been used many times in the past but was now quite overgrown with dense bands of young beech filling the valley floor. While it was great to see the regeneration, dead branches in the understory made travel slow and tricky. We opted to skirt above the forest for much of the way before plunging through to some grassy flats and eventually getting above the treeline on the valley floor. The day was still young (2.30pm) but we decided to camp near the trees and have a cosy fire for the night! We did a reccy and thought we had a plan for the next day.



**Upper Ahuriri – Section between the saddle with the South Huxley and South Temple**

Saturday dawned blue and calm again – perfect weather for going up onto the tops! While having breakfast we were joined by two seasoned trampers from Oamaru who had stayed the night at South Temple Hut and had left at 5.30am. They too were heading for Mt Maitland and we had a good chat with them to find out this was their 6th attempt and they had finally identified a route up. Just as well we had met up with them as we would have needed more attempts if we had tried our original plan! We dropped the tents at the bottom of a gully and

headed up the sunny side through rocky outcrops, dried up waterfalls and tussock meadows – did I say how good the weather was!! While struggling up we were amazed to see six thar run across near vertical slopes to cover in five minutes what was taking us two hours! We ended up going up some large scree slopes to gain the narrow ridge line which we followed along to Mt Maitland at 2249m. The view was magnificent from Cook and Tasman in the North to Aspiring in the South-West. It was a Hillary-moment for all of us!



**Ahuriri Valley head from the saddle with the South Temple**

We scanned Sunday's intended route and decided there were too many technical climbs beyond our abilities and resources so decided to head down to South Temple Hut for the night. We discovered why scree is so hard to get up – because it is so cool to come down with all of us doing a fair bit of 'downhill screeing'. We got there just on dusk to find six other hardy trampers settled in and were soon joined by three others. It was a cosy night!

Sunday's threat of rain never eventuated but kept us moving all day. We left the hut (700m) and headed up Shingle Hill (1656m). It was a real slog, especially when we got back onto the scree, but the eventual views down into Maitland Stream and across Lake Ohau were superb! It was a fairly straightforward walk along the tops until we plunged down another long scree slope to meet up with the South Temple track. It had taken us five hours to get 45 minutes from the hut but it felt good! A quick stroll saw us back at the carpark and heading back to Dunners.

With a rare average age of 28 we were Will Sweetman, and Andrew and Mike Prince and we felt we had pushed our boundaries and challenged our bodies and succeeded.



# BULL CREEK TO AKATORE

**May 11, 2008**

**Author: Not recorded**

Published in Bulletin 687, August 2008

It was a foul weather report; it was foul weather en route in the car – but Trevor would have approved. And in fact it got better all day.

Numbers were convenient – only five, so we managed with just two cars, leaving one at Akatore and all going on to Bull Creek in the other.

The sea wasn't pretty, the air wasn't warm, my memory is of a day in black and white, but it was great to be out and being blown back up the coast. Thank goodness we weren't going from north to south!



The birds wheeled and we were introduced to Gavin's poem:

The common cormorant or shag lays its eggs in a paper bag. The reason, you will see no doubt, is to keep the lightening out, But what these unobservant birds have failed to see

Is that groups of bears with buns, are looking for bags to keep in the crumbs.

Mmmm..... we looked unsuccessfully for bears, but certainly a stropky young sealion was around and expressed his displeasure at Gavin and Rob when they attempted to get past. They had to move fast! Some seals chose to head to the sea when they saw us, others just turned over. Our walk was a mix of rock scrambling, platform walking, short beach travel and sometimes being up on paddocks, either grassed or turnipped.

We had lunch on Watson's Beach before Quion Point. This Point is part of family legend for me, because my dad, in the 50s and 60s, was Doc from Lookout Point to Quoin Point. I remember him talking of tending to fishermen in distress; he never mentioned the seals.

Then the beautiful shape of Akatore Beach was right in front of us and we had come to the end of the trip. We had joined up the coastal section for the Club, from Cook's Rock on Chrystalls Beach to the Taieri River. Yes, Trevor would have approved.

While two went back to get the second car from Bull Creek, the others cooked and ate cockles that had been collected from the Akatore Estuary. They had begun to cool down by the time the cars returned, but at least they didn't need the tarpaulin brought to keep them dry if necessary; the weather had improved significantly. A successful day for all:

Bernadette Thompson, Anthony Mabon, Gavin MacArthur, Rob Seeley and Bronwen Strang.



# THE WILD MAGIC OF PORT CRAIG

**May 31-June 2, 2008**

**Author: Gene Dyett**

Published in Bulletin 687, August 2008

"The timber town that pushed boundaries". We started the trip in fog all the way to Bluecliffs Beach car park. We set up camp at Rarakau, the main starting point of the track. Saturday morning saw more fog, but clearing. A good breakfast and off we set, a track along the wild cliffs led us to our first swing bridge, then following the track to 'Track Burn'. Landrovers can take you this far to save you walking along the beach, if you wish to use this service.



This part of the track saw towering rimu, wild coastal views, then onto Flat Creek, the turn-off point for those wishing to do the Hump Ridge Track. Shortly after was a new swing bridge that somebody just had to give the bounce test, which it passed. Lunch stop was at Breakneck Creek, just after two magic beach walks with private camp spots and reefs at low tide which make your own private swimming pools. Then on to Mussel Beach and Port Craig Village, bird life a plenty with bird song after bird song. The schoolhouse was to be our home for the next three days. The rest of the afternoon was spent checking out the Port Craig Heritage Trail. At first glance it is hard to believe that this site was once crowded with buildings and the activity of a timber milling operation. There were relics everywhere and, with a bit of imagination, the



smell of hot engine oil, fresh cut timber and the deafening clamour of working machinery. 1916 was when it all started, John Craig and Daniel Reese foresaw high production levels through innovative technology. Sadly, they under-estimated the cost of working in such an isolated, rugged environment and the volumes of timber. The approaching great depression saw the decision to close Port Craig in 1928.

Every facet of the enterprise, from logging to shipping, presented daunting challenges, each overcome by resourcefulness, ingenuity and determination. That legacy continues to inspire those who explore the viaducts, . tramways and relics of Port Craig. A warm hut, plenty of food and card games saw the end of the day.

A not-too-late start to Sunday was needed, but who needs alarm clocks when bang on 7.20am the Fiordland Express came roaring through with a shake, rattle and roll?!!! (Earthquake 4.5) So with that wakeup call it was time for breakfast and off to the spectacular viaducts, Percy Burn, Edwin Sandhill and Francis Burn. The track was mostly the old tramline itself,

14.6km long, and the construction of the viaducts was more in keeping with a main trunk railway line rather than a bush tramway. But they were needed because of the size and weight of the Lidgerwood hauler which pulled the log wagons to the mill. An awesome day with side trips as well. It was just brilliant to finish the day, there was heaps of food to share and another round of cards. What a day!

Monday saw us homeward bound. On the way, if you were lucky, you could see Hector's dolphins and seals just off the Port Craig's old wharf. Once again coastal panoramas, alpine views, rock pools, sandy beaches, sandstone outcrops. The area is rich in the history of the Maori and European cultures. Too much history to write about but well worth a visit to Port Craig if you have a spare long weekend.

Footnote - 'Fred and Myrtle' who owned the famous Paua House at Bluff met and worked at Port Craig for a short while. They were both 18 at the time and shortly after got married.

Recommended reading - "Viaducts against the sky" by Warren Bird

Written by Gene for - Matt, Kathryn, Roy, Ralph, Bronwen and Daniel. Thanks to Kathryn and Gene for the use of their own cars

## STONE HILL & PUREHUREHU POINT

**July 8, 2008**

**Author: Gordon Tocher**

Published in Bulletin 687, August 2008

The day dawned with one of the heaviest frosts of the year, and I was wondering if some of the group might have problems getting to the clubrooms. However, after a few phone calls it was arranged to pick several folk up on the drive to Waipuna Bay.

The freezing temperatures ensured there was no dallying, eleven intrepid trampers set off from the shore of Otago Harbour up the slopes of Stone Hill in a quest for sunlight, the award for the most hardy goes to Gavin being the only one to show up in shorts. There was no breeze and the ground gave good traction as all the boggy areas were frozen. After a couple of stops to remove layers of clothing the party duly arrived at the snow-covered peak of Stone Hill (294m). We basked in the very welcome sunshine and took in the vista of the Peninsula and a mirror-flat harbour, the view extended all the way to Dunedin.



**Purehurehu Point at the far end of Kaikai Beach, from Heyward Point**

A short amble across the ridge bought us to the Heyward Point Rd and a comfortable descent beside Jennings Creek to Purehurehu Point for lunch. Just before reaching Kaikai Beach there is a very well-appointed cave used by the Lewis Family of Deborah Bay for generations. The cave has a couple of bunks, table, cupboards etc and the remains of a door and window. Lunch gave a chance to explore Kaikai Beach and the rocky base of Purehurehu Point, not to mention plenty of practice at pronouncing Purehurehu. The return journey took a slightly different route

scaling Purehurehu Point for a view of Murdering Beach and up the ridge, while trying to avoid the attention of the cattle in the paddock, to the abandoned concrete homestead of Harrisons Farm. Apart from the lack of a floor, the building is in remarkably good order considering its age.

Our good deed for the day was to assist the farmer muster his sheep from the top paddock of Stone Hill down to Aramoana Road. This entailed scrambling through trees atop Stone Hill to get to one corner of the paddock, then fanning out to sweep the sheep to the gate diagonally opposite. There was a slight breeze, and we were now in the shade, the ground was still frozen and it is obvious why sheep have such thick fleeces. Eleven OTMC members played sheepdog so well that the farmer later declared it to be the quickest muster of that paddock ever.

All in all, a very enjoyable day in the great outdoors in the middle of winter, rewarded by stunning views made clearer by the crisp frost, so don't hibernate – get out and enjoy yourselves.

Gordon Tocher for Rob Seeley, Jonette Service, Teresa Gutteridge, Annette Winter, Lucy Jones, Roy Ward, Gavin MacArthur, Bronwen Strang, Trevor Mason and Janet Barclay.



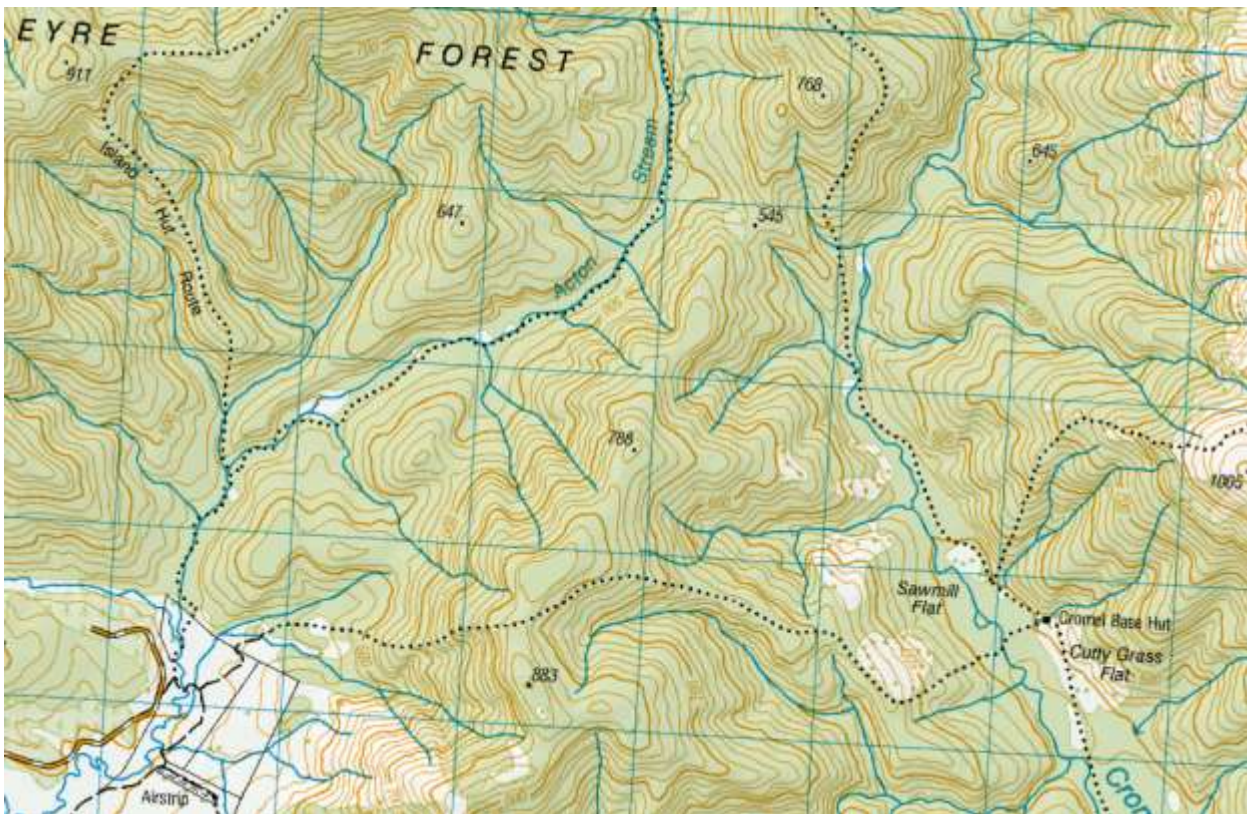
# EYRE MOUNTAINS

**September 8-9, 2007**

**Author: Andrew Jarvis**

Published in Bulletin 688, September 2008

Only six intrepid souls set off from Dunedin in two vehicles on Friday night. After tea in Gore we headed to Mossburn before turning off towards Five Rivers. Having found the road end we wanted and checking in with the local farmer, we set up camp in the dark on the side of the farm road. The weather was fine and all slept well. We didn't seem to be in any huge rush to get moving early, except for Trevor who, having packed his tent and devoured a hearty breakfast of cold fish cakes, was sitting on a tree stump waiting for the rest of us to wake up! He seemed to get a bit bored with this and was also seen striding up and down the paddocks in full wet weather gear (it wasn't raining) checking out his new GPS unit.



After breakfast we drove to the road end and set off down the muddy and rutted forestry road that follows the Cromel Stream. We reached Cromel base hut and took a short break before we hit the track proper. It became quickly apparent that the tracks are little used and pretty much unmaintained. Going was slow with the track overgrown and blocked with windfall in many places. Those with less than average-sized legs spent lots of time scrambling over and under fallen trees. There is a steady climb to the saddle between Cromel and Acton Valleys before the track winds down to the Cromel Branch Hut, which is set above the river in a large clearing. It is a four bunk ex-forestry hut with resident possum in the entrance way, and four dead ones in the long drop. Cause of death remains unknown! This was our stop for the night with the

following days route still under debate. We could return by climbing and following the ridge line or via the bush. Bruce and Trevor decided they would try and find the track to the ridge, while the rest of us would return via Acton Valley and climb over a low saddle back to Cromel Valley and the vehicles.

The next morning was fine with a heavy frost. Those who had foolishly left their wet boots at the door woke to solid blocks of leather. Much moaning and groaning! After watching another of Trevor's cold fishcake breakfasts the party split for the trip out and were on the tracks by 8 am. Bruce and Trevor headed for the hills and a track they didn't ever find. So after some time looking they were forced to abandon plan A and retrace their steps back to the hut, and from there return via the previous day's route.

Our group was, by this stage, well down the Acton Valley where the track seemed to be a bit better marked and maintained than the previous day. Reaching the end of the valley it was time to start the climb. Quite a slog it was too! Up and over the top with the bush closing in as we crossed the saddle. Not much in the way of track markers and plenty of scrambling over fallen trees again. After a descent that seemed to take forever we found ourselves back at the Cromel Base hut with a note from Bruce and Trev who had passed through some three hours earlier. We finished our trip in the dark to find Trevor in his tent waiting for us; he had decided we may have stopped for the night at the earlier huts. A long eleven hour day followed by a drive home with Pizza at Gore to finish.

All round a great trip and company and perhaps an area to be visited more often.

Andrew Jarvis for Jonette Service, Kathryn Jeyes, Wendy-Anne Miller, Bruce Bernasconi and the late Trevor Mason.

## MILFORD IN WHITE

**May 2-5, 2008**

**Author: Debbie Pettinger**

Published in Bulletin 688, September 2008 & Bulletin 689, October 2008

It was an ominous start to the trip when we woke to snow and rain at Te Anau. Donning our parkas we headed off to meet the bus taking us to Te Anau Downs for the boat ride across the lake to the start of the Milford Track. We were pleasantly surprised to find we were travelling in a covered boat so no standing out in the cold and rain for us – although two brave souls did take that honour and travelled in the smaller boat. After the obligatory photo shoot at the sign marking the beginning of the track it was off. Reaching Glade House in time for a light shower of rain, we carried on over the large suspension bridge and into the trees. We wandered along, enjoying the sneak previews of the river through the trees. The Mil-ford Track is one of the Great Walks with a wide gravel surface, no chance of going astray and mile pegs along the way to ensure we kept on target. The weather continued to be dull and overcast and the odd shower of rain to keep us cool. The walk from the beginning of the track to the repositioned Clinton Hut takes about an hour, and we reached it in time for lunch and just before a heavy shower of rain. We picked our bunks, ate lunch and settled in for a long afternoon by the fire.



**Short nature walk near Clinton Hut, Milford Track, May 2, 2008**

We whiled away the hours by playing cards and went for a short walk to the Wetland Board Walk. From here you get some great views up the valley and surrounding mountains. The moss that covers the ground is the most amazing colours with burnt reds, orange and yellows.



The next morning dawned clear, and after packing we headed away early in order to give us plenty of time to enjoy the views we hoped to get. After leaving Clinton Hut the track continues to wander through the beach forest, following the Clinton River. We took the time to visit the old Clinton Forks Hut site and were surprised at how far the river had encroached on this site. It had been around 15 years since we had been here before and the Clinton Forks Hut had still stood on this site. Further on we came across the dead lake. This is a fascinating place where a slip in 1982 created a lake, with many dead trees still standing. Further on we took the short walk to Hirere Falls and the Guided Walkers lunch stop. When we came to the sign proclaiming a view of McKinnon Pass we were disappointed to find it clagged in with cloud. Still, we wandered on enjoying the splendour of the rock walls on either side of the valley boxing us in. We took the short detour to Hidden Lake and spent some time capturing the feathery waterfalls on camera. Further on we took a compulsory stop to visit Pompolona Hut (the guided walkers hut). This is an interesting place with many huts hidden in the bush.



**Mintaro Hut, Milford Track, May 3, 2008**

It was not far on that we entered a large flat with good views of the surrounding mountains. We were heartened to see the cloud clearing from McKinnon Pass and again took time out for more photos. The closer we came to Mintaro Hut the colder it got until there was snow on the sides of the track. Mintaro Hut was a pretty picture, covered in snow and looking very inviting. Only problem was the fire was cold and nothing to start it with. Some enterprising males in our group were determined to get the fire going and for this we were grateful when the hut eventually heated up. It was a full hut at Mintaro with other groups arriving well into the night, having started that morning at the start of the track and missing staying at Clinton Hut. Some

people were forced to sleep on the floor near the fire as there were not enough beds, one didn't even bring a sleeping bag! We had a marvellous tea here at Mintaro Hut, in celebration of Antony's birthday, complete with birthday cake and candles. What a great place to spend a birthday!



**Omanui / McKinnon Pass memorial, May 4, 2008**

We were up and away reasonably early as we wanted as much time to spend on McKinnon Pass that we could, particularly with the short daylight hours available. It was cold as we wandered along the track through the bush and headed slowly up the zig zag to the top of the pass. The clouds were marvellous to watch with the dark colours changing the higher we went. We eventually reached the top about an hour and half from leaving the hut, coming to the large memorial cairn honouring Quinton McKinnon. The top was covered in mist and a cold wind blew around the cairn, resulting in a short stop for photos then on towards the shelter. This is another half hour along the top of the pass and was a magical walk through the swirling mists, ankle deep snow, admiring the frozen tarns, watching people disappearing and reappearing like ghosts. We reached the shelter and spent some time inside warming up and refuelling on chocolate. As others arrived the shelter became crowded so we shouldered our packs and headed down the track. It was marvellous to come out of the mist and feel the warm sun on this side of the pass. We stopped for a short break to warm up and watched the mist swirl around the pass, clearing and then reappearing. The further we wandered down the pass the more determined we became that the mist was clearing and eventually we stashed our packs on the side of the track and headed back up the pass to the shelter. We were rewarded for this extra effort with the mist clearing from the pass and wonderful views back down the Clinton River. We spent quite a lot of time on the pass, admiring the views, then reluctantly we eventually headed back down the pass towards our packs. We stopped for a late lunch,

enjoying the last of the sun before we headed down into the gloom of the Arthur Valley. It became noticeably colder when we walked out of the sun into the shade of the valley and the trodden snow on the track had frozen making it quite slippery. The track follows a series of wooden and metal walkway/stairs down into the valley. The metal stairs were particularly slippery in the ice. There are a number of waterfalls that are well worth stopping to look at. It is quite a walk down from the pass and eventually we came to Quinton Hut.



**Mt Hart & Omanui / McKinnon Pass, Milford Track, May 4, 2008**

Again we dropped our packs and grabbed our parkas to head along the track to the impressive Sutherland Falls. They have a massive drop of 580 metres and are one of the highest waterfalls in the world. We could feel the pressure of the water falling before we came out of the bush. Of course we had to put our parkas on and do the obligatory walk behind the waterfall. It was extremely wet, water coming up under the parka as well as down on top of us. We completed the full circle walk behind the waterfall by crossing the river where the falls hit the bottom. It was great to know that my new parka was well worth all those \$\$ as I was completely dry inside. Time was getting on and so we didn't linger long at the falls, heading back to Quinton Hut and our packs. This short diversion took about an hour and a half. The walk to Dumpling Hut seemed to stretch out before us and we pushed along at a good pace with darkness falling early in the bush. We managed to get to Dumpling Hut just on dusk. We were pleased to find a few beds left but not so for those behind us, who arrived in the dark. It was another full night in the hut but this time the hut was lovely and warm as others ahead of us had already gotten the fire roaring.



The next morning was another cold start and we were entertained by a few errant keas. But with the long walk out to Sandfly Point ahead of us and a boat to catch by 2 pm we needed to get on the track. It wasn't far until we came across a pair of gaiters which had fallen off a pack, and picking these up we carried on along the wide, gravelled track. A stop here and there for photos of the surrounding mountains but never lingering long as the valley bottom is a cold place to be in winter. We had a short break at the Boat House before crossing the large swing bridge and towards Bell Rock and MacKay Falls. Bell Rock is an interesting rock where the water has eroded inside, creating a bell shape and high enough to stand in. MacKay Falls is a beautiful waterfall and both are well worth a stop.



**Arthur River from Boatshed, Milford Track, May 5, 2008**

The track past the falls is an impressive piece of engineering. It was laboriously cut into the rock by prison gangs in the late 19th century, creating a platform to walk along. There are some great views of Lake Ada, and we remembered there was a jetty that we thought would be a good lunch stop. We were most disappointed to find the jetty gone and the lakeshore still in the shade of the valley, making it very cold. We decided not to linger and carried on to Sandfly Point where we would stop for lunch. Just as we arrived at Sandfly Point the boat also arrived, which we were quick to hop on. It took us out to Milford Sound and the first sun we had seen since yesterday. The valleys are deep and the sun does not reach to the bottom. It was at Milford in the sun that we eventually had our lunch, which was left over birthday cake. Thanks to Antony and Ann for being such great company on one of the best trips of the year (so far).

## SILVER PEAKS 1, 2 & 3 CONQUERED

**June 15, 2008**

**Author: Tony Timperley**

Published in Bulletin 688, September 2008

Despite the cloud base being just a few metres above the clubhouse roof, 14 optimistic souls turned up to tackle the Silver Peaks: perhaps we all wanted to have experience in route-finding in heavy mist.

This certainly appeared to be what we were going to have when we arrived at the Semple Road carpark. But nevertheless people were eager to get started, so much so that at 1000 hours when Tony was taking his usual 15 minutes longer than everyone else to get his boots on, Jonette took over the leadership and led off the group. (Note: Tony – hereinafter referred to as the “True Leader” – disputes this interpretation of events: he insists that he delegated Jonette – hereinafter referred to as the “Nominal Leader” – to head the group for the first part of the ascent, so that he, Tony, could show true leadership by keeping an eye on his flock from behind.)



**The hills and ridges north of pt 767m, Silver Peaks Scenic Reserve**

As we ascended, the mist showed no signs of lifting and at one point it rained briefly. After a brief morning tea stop at the Green Hut site, we clambered up the steep, muddy track then along the ridge until Silver Peak No.1 (above Pulpit Rock at 760m) loomed out of the mist. The Nominal Leader, eager to make the most of her delegated responsibilities, raced through the mist to the summit, bidding the others to follow. However, it was not until the True Leader,

carefully shepherding his flock before him, crested the summit to the accompaniment of heavenly choirs, that the mist lifted. This cloud lifting miracle is recorded on camera, but unfortunately, we don't have the accompanying soundtrack, which only the True Leader seems to have heard.

The mist continued to clear as we headed towards the 767m high Silver Peak No. 3, which has the status of a trig station and is at the beginning of Rocky Ridge. Our conquering of this summit was also duly recorded with the New Zealand flag fluttering from an ice-axe held proudly aloft.



**View south from the highest point of the Silver Peaks**

With clear blue skies above us and completion of our mission assured, we set off to climb the highest peak, the 777m high Silver Peak No.2 (don't ask about the numbering system!), which was triumphantly conquered at 1300 hours – a good time to stop for lunch, but not before some photos of ice-axe and flag waving. The whole of the Silver Peaks now lay below us and we knew how Sir Ed and Sherpa Tensing must have felt when they looked over the Himalayas after conquering Everest.

Taking heed of Sir Ed's maxim that a mountain is not conquered until you are safely off it, after a leisurely lunch we descended No.2 and began our trek back to "base camp" (the cars on Semple Road). As we neared the end of our journey, we were able to look back and see the three Silver Peaks outlined against the western sky, which gave each of us a sense of the enormity of our achievement. Just before we emerged onto Semple Road, the group insisted that the True Leader lead them out in order to address the cheering multitudes who would be



waiting. Unfortunately, no one was there so we all quietly got into our cars and drove off. (The Nominal Leader's version of this is that the True Leader ran ahead and when the rest of the group emerged at 15.30 hours, he was waving his flag-bedecked ice-axe in the air and shouting " We knocked the three bastards off!" at a non-existent crowd. Ah well, we all have our fantasies – heavenly choirs and all that.)

True Leader Tony Timperley (tongue-in-cheek) for: Jonette Service (Nominal Leader), Gavin MacArthur, Paul Bishop, Ron Minnema, Debbie Nicholas, Maryann Darmody, Kim McEllea, Sandra Francis, Paul Cunliffe, Jo Baillie, Colette Nicholson, Pete Holmes, Julie (?).

Postscript: In acknowledgement to the contribution made by the Nominal Leader to this expedition, a photo of her on the summit of Silver Peak No.1 is now on display in the clubrooms to the right of the library cupboard. Any resemblance to the photo taken by Sir Edmund Hillary of Sherpa Tensing Norgay on the summit of Mt. Everest is purely co-incidental.

## DALEYS FLAT HUT – DART VALLEY

**June 21-22, 2008**

**Author: Tony Timperley**

Published in Bulletin 689, October 2008

Although it was the shortest day, therefore mid-winter, it was not cold when we left the road-end shelter and headed for Chinaman's Bluff, packs heavy-laden with supermarket bags full of coal. After rounding the bluff and then dropping down onto the flat, we could see up the valley with the Barrier Range on the left and Earnslaw on the right, with Pluto Peak sharp against the sky. Despite some cloud hovering around, all the tops were clear with remarkably little snow on them for this time of year.



**Dart Valley**

Coming off the flat at Spaniard Stream and climbing slightly above the Dart River, we came into a section of forest that appeared to be teeming with native bird-life. First we saw a flock of rare mohuas, their bright yellow heads dancing through the branches. No sooner had we got over this excitement, when just a few metres further on there were four or five kakariki (yellow fronted parrots) in the branches above us. Also keeping us company were friendly robins and fantails, along with rifleman who were hopping vertically up tree-trunks.

We stopped for lunch at a left-hand bend in the track which gave us an attractive view up the river. It was here that we became painfully aware that the Dart Valley was sandfly country – with a vengeance! They were in clouds hovering over any exposed skin before landing and biting. With anguished cries we called to each other for repellent – but each time the reply was

the same: "I didn't bring any as I thought that with it being winter there wouldn't be any sandflies." How wrong we were!

Not lingering any longer than it took to eat a quick lunch (with sandflies for extra protein) we continued on the track above the Dart. In the river along this stretch were numerous extremely large rocks around which the river surged. It was obvious that they were too large to have been washed down river - so they must have come crashing down from above us! This realization brought a quickening in pace until we came out onto the next wide river flat, before the very interesting Sandy Bluff.

The route over this bluff has warning notices informing trampers of vertical cliff drops and a steep descent on the northern side. However, bowels were kept in control with the help of hand rails, fixed ropes and a staircase; but it was still a relief to complete this section. From here it was a straightforward tramp along flats, then through a section of bush before emerging at Daley's Flat Hut.



**Dart Valley**

This hut is very well situated facing north, with a magnificent view up the valley. On the front deck we were shocked to find a dead kakariki. After determining that it was not doing an impression of a Monty Python dead parrot, we gave it a decent burial in the bush. (As it appeared to be recently dead, we guessed that it had broken its neck by flying into the glass ranch-sliders that open out onto the deck.) Before settling into the hut, the more energetic of our party, WendyAnne, Andrew and Antony (still wearing his pack and carrying the coal!) walked further along the flat to the Margaret Burn footbridge where they crossed the Dart River



to have a potter around on the other bank. When he finally took his pack off, Anthony, like the rest of us, saw that it had not been necessary to lug coal for five hours as there were large sacks of the stuff already at the hut.

Following good food and drink, all of us were climbing into our sleeping bags shortly after nine. By this time it had begun to rain and the wind was beginning to strengthen – a precursor for what the night was to bring! Those who were in the front bunkroom were subjected throughout the night to the Daley's Flat Hut version of Chinese water torture. As there was no downpipe connected to the guttering, the rainwater poured straight off onto the ground. The sounds which were produced (and echoed around the bunkroom) varied from a drip-drip-drip to a passable impression of the Niagara Falls in full flood. Also, just as one was about to nod off, the hut would be shaken by a strong gust of wind, accompanied by much door banging and rattling. It was a long night for some of us!

Mercifully the wind had dropped by daybreak, and when we set off for our return tramp it was raining only lightly. As we came off Sandy Bluff the rain stopped, the clouds parted and the tops were again revealed, this time with more snow on them. Unfortunately, the fine weather also allowed the sandflies to come out in their swarms, as Tony found out when he stopped to take a photo of Pluto Peak. By the time he had finished, the exposed part of his legs looked as though he had been attacked by someone wielding a hedgehog!

The sandflies were also waiting for us when we reached the van at the Chinaman's Flat road-end. They were so bad that some of us elected to get changed in the long-drop with the door closed, rather than in the shelter. A tourist couple drove up, got out of their car and asked us if they were at Paradise. At first they probably wondered why most of our group were sitting in a van with the windows steamed up, and those outside were waving their arms around. The woman quickly found out she was not in "paradise" and jumped into the car and refused to come out, despite the entreaties of her partner.

Despite the sandflies and the overnight water torture, this was an enjoyable trip, with its varied terrain, and is preferable to tramping to and from Alabaster Hut on the Hollyford, which with its unvaried terrain and hard track surface, is more like a route march.

Tony Timperley for: Jill McAliece, Alan Thomson, WendyAnne Millar, Andrew Jarvis, Antony Mabon, John McBurney, and Gene Dyett.

## WEST MATUKITUKI

**July 5-6, 2008**

**Author: Greg Powell**

Published in Bulletin 689, October 2008

Not to be put off by the severe weather warnings during the week, our hardy band of 11 set off from Dunedin at 6.30 pm. I put our late departure down to ladies and their make-up. I had few worries about the tramp, however road conditions on the way there was a major concern. As it turned out it wasn't too bad with only a few snow flurries after Lawrence and Roxburgh. One of the locals we encountered at the fish and chip shop in Roxburgh was giving us very strange looks when we told him what we were up to, and although he didn't say, I suspect he was thinking "what a bunch of loonies". After Alexandra the road conditions were excellent but the gravel road into Raspberry Flats was white with frost and the speed was a little slower. We arrived at Raspberry Flats shortly after midnight, donned our winter woollies and commenced the two-hour tramp into Aspiring Hut. While it is an easy walk during the day, at night when the terrain is covered in snow and one can only see as far as a headlight beam it becomes a little more onerous, hence the walk in took closer to three hours.



**West Matukituki Valley, below Aspiring Hut**

However we all enjoyed the experience and Sandra even decided to take a swim in one of the creeks. All were in bed by 3 am and asleep, I suspect, by 3.02 am. On Saturday morning we all treated ourselves to a lie in and a catch up of lost sleep from the previous evening. A hasty meeting after breakfast saw the group split into two with seven taking the steep route up

towards Cascade Saddle and the remaining four heading off to explore the upper reaches of the valley. I was part of the valley party but I understand the Cascade party reached the bush-line and would have been treated to some magnificent views. I am told that above the bush-line there was fresh knee -deep powder snow. The valley party made it to the head of the valley and part way up the French Ridge track before we hit our "turn back" time. I think at this point I need to confess to Wendy-Anne that there is no French Ridge Winery. In summer I think the valley walk would have been somewhat boring but in winter it is an amazing place. A real "Winter Wonderland" with an untracked expanse of white frozen snow. The snow seemed to absorb all sound as it was very quiet apart from the crunching of snow underfoot and the occasional conversation amongst ourselves. We arrived back at the hut at 5 pm to find the Cascade party was already back and had lit the fire with the coal we had carted in. The common room had a nice warm feel about it, which was great as the outside temperature had already started to drop for another overnight frost.



**Aspiring Hut, West Matukituki Valley**

Next morning, we awoke to ice on the inside of the windows but a beautiful day with clear blue skies. The group split up again with Kate following our footprints from the previous day up the valley, and Sandra and Collette staying behind to give the hut a good spring clean. (This was their penance for something they had done wrong the previous evening.) The rest of us headed back towards Raspberry Flats and the detour to the Rob Roy Glacier.

For me the trip to the glacier was the best part of the weekend. It is not difficult at all with a nice easy gradient, but the winter conditions made the trip that much more special. The trees were nicely coated with snow and as the sun came up they would occasionally drop dollops of



snow on this tramper as he passed underneath. Korven and I made a new friend in the form of a very gregarious kea. After the bush came beautiful soft powder snow, the occasional “crack” of an avalanche off the adjacent glacier, and, of course, great views of the Rob Roy Glacier.

We arrived back at the vans at the designated time of 3 pm only to find that we were missing three of our ladies. They arrived about 40 minutes later (I put it down to make-up again) so it gave us time to have a quick brew and warm up the cold hands.

The snow, the weather, the hut and most of all the people made this a great weekend and my thanks to all in the party for their company.

Greg Powell for James (Mt Cook) Harrison, Sandra (I luv swimming) De Vries, Colette (I luv the French) Nicholson, Adrian (I’m on a diet) Perreux de Pinnacle, Daryl (can’t cook a main) Wood, Andrew (Brmmm Brmmm) Jarvis, Wendy Anne (I luv teenagers) Miller, Korvin (not so fussed on the French) Lemke, Kate (I luv old cookers) Dobson and Anthony (dicky knee) Robins.

## HEYWARD POINT

**July 13, 2008**

**Author: Brent Vink**

Published in Bulletin 689, October 2008

Not just another Sunday, being the Sunday after a historic rugby win or historic rugby loss, depending on which team you were supporting. Carisbrook will never be the same and while many a rugby supporter nursed the side effects of such a night, others were gathering for the OTMC daytrip titled "Heywards Point Plus".

A trip of contrast with regard to weather and numbers walking from my first daytrip with the OTMC being the Berwick Forest daytrip two weeks prior. From soaking rain in the forest to soaking sunshine on the coast and a fourfold increase in numbers walking. The Colmar Brunton poll taken by Gordon gave the statistics for the party that four or five were there as a direct result of the article in the D Scene advertising the scheduled daytrip and the number of members was close to the number of nonmembers.



**Taiaroa Head and the Mole from the Heyward Point track**

So after gathering at Aramoana and a quick rundown on safety we made the initial climb from sea level to the farmland hill tops above. From there it was a gentle meander along the hill tops to Heyward Point where lunch was had amidst the local wildlife. The marine life on the island opposite provided the spectacle of a one-on-one rumble between two playful youths. Had they been wearing rugby jerseys one might have thought they were watching highlights from the night before.

After lunch we retraced our path for a while and then detoured across farmland, as arranged with the local farmers, which involved skirting around cattle before we descended down to Aramoana Rd. Here our exit onto the road coincided with the farmer shifting sheep from one paddock to another, resulting in a gate being open, giving the sheep a sniff of freedom which they duly took. Some sprinted by the trip leader and other members of the party took place to round up sheep, and in no time at all freedom was over for the sheep and calm restored.

Now Gordon took it upon himself to not only carry your typical equipment and clothing for a daytrip but to bring his home library as well, so throughout the trip at every point of interest a huddle was formed, a mini lecture on history given and the appropriate literature and /or photos passed around. With this along the way we learnt about sea caves, stinging nettle, spits, moles, local wildlife, local vegetation and points in history such as the smelter that never was or the wayward pilot of a ship.

Naturally, with any collection of people not only do you take part in the chosen activity but as an aside, and a very important aside at that, you meet people. With this you become educated in little facets of other peoples lives and occupations from botanists and doctors recently arrived in New Zealand, people in the education industry, small business owners, mechanics and a GPS enthusiast (geocache.co.nz). The “plus” in the title perhaps. Without taking anything away from the stunning views of the coast, harbour entrance and back towards Port Chalmers, an understanding of the history of an area you walk through always enhances the experience and while I cannot speak for others I think most would agree that Gordon’s passion for what is in essence Gordon’s back yard was clearly evident and the history passed on throughout the daytrip invaluable to all. Thank you, Gordon.

Brent Vink for Gordon Tocher (Trip Leader), Alan Thomson, Keith Murphy, Colm O’Shea, Murray McGregor, Shanon O’Sullivan, Janet Barclay, Jonette Service, Peter George, Julie Nailard, Darryl Wood, Constance Scheppach, Gavin MacArthur, Bronwen Strang, Adrienne Dearnley.



## MT KETTLE / MIHIWAKA

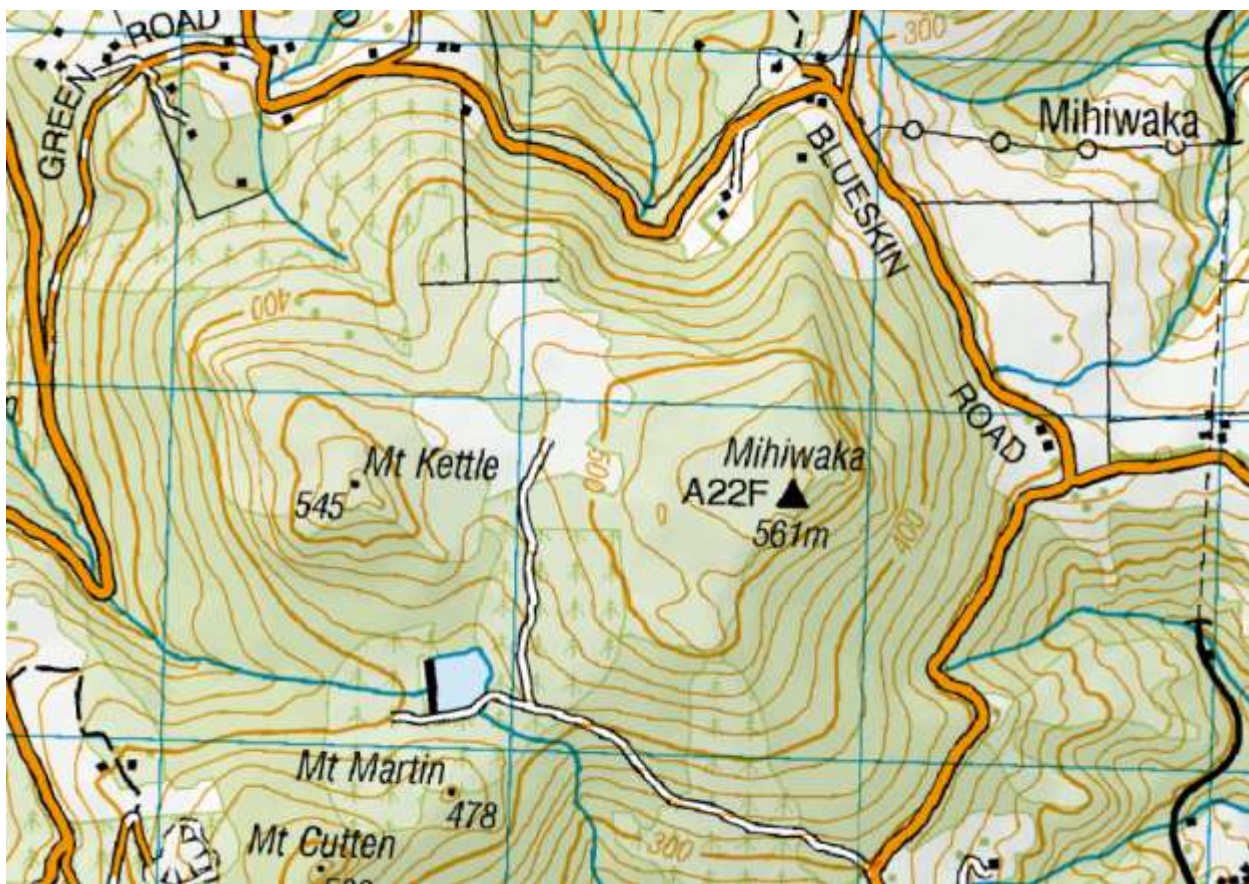
**August 3, 2008**

**Author: Gavin McArthur**

Published in Bulletin 690, November 2008

After meeting at the clubrooms, 14 intrepid trampers headed for the Mt. Kettle/Mihiwaka area. Recent heavy rain had caused the area to be very wet and boggy. After attaining the summit of Mihiwaka we took in the fine vista from that point. Following lunch, we tackled the downhill section. With much hanging on we slipped and slid our way down. I've never seen 14 happier faces knowing that they had made it to the road. We followed the road to the carpark and then headed to Port Chalmers for a well-deserved ice-cream.

Gavin MacArthur



# BEN OHAU AND THE CONQUERING OF BEN DHU

**April 12-13, 2008**

**Author: Andrew Jarvis**

Published in Bulletin 690, November 2008

This trip began with a nearly full vanload on Friday night, which was pretty good, as trips to this area, have had trouble of attracting much interest in the past. We started out with the traditional stop at Big Ev's fish'n chip shop at Hampden. We were saddened to find Big Ev had been replaced by small and confused Ev! Things took a while, but we got there in the end. Friday night was spent at a rocky campsite near the shores of Lake Pukaki in perfect conditions; in fact, the whole weekend was blessed with fantastic weather.



**Duncan Stream, from the saddle with Boundary Stream, April 12, 2008**

We headed out the next morning, finding a parking area beside the main highway next to Lake Pukaki. DoC had hidden the sign well, so the start of the track wasn't that obvious from the road. The track started with a steady climb towards the hills which were shrouded in morning mist. A bit of a bonus was that it hid how far we actually had to climb! After several hours of uphill open tussock and scrub we reached the ridge over-looking Duncan Stream and our campsite for the night. When the cloud cleared there were stunning views over Lake Pukaki, towards Twizel and of the surrounding mountains. Over a gourmet lunch we debated the best way down to the valley floor - the quick way down, a huge scree slope away to our left, or a long steep descent through rock and tussock. With building confidence, we chose the scree slope. Once at the top and looking down this confidence quickly disappeared. It looked almost vertical, not the place to practice scree running for the first time. The sight though only seemed to get Antony excited and as the rest of us beat a retreat back to the ridge to start a long scramble, hanging onto scrub and tussock, he took off and ran in five minutes what would take

us an hour and a half. A cunning ploy to get the best campsite maybe. Once at the bottom and the tents pitched, we headed off up the valley following the stream to check out a largeish lake contained by an old slip. A good hour or so walk each way with a bit of boulder scrambling. Those who stayed behind at the tents for a wee nana nap (you know who you are) missed a beautiful spot. The light was going as we ate tea and the coming frost sent most of us off for an early night.



**Aoraki / Mt Cook from Ben Dhu**

Ice covered tents in the morning made getting up a bit of a chore but promised another perfect day. Looking across at the hill we had to climb first thing didn't help either. In fact, going up was probably easier and certainly faster than coming down the day before. A close encounter with a native falcon, which posed for photos at the top, was a delight. After a rest we decided that to retrace our tracks from the day before, which would be all downhill, would take us back to the van too early. Since we were most of the way there a trip up and over Ben Dhu would fill a few hours. This was an easy climb rewarded with great views towards Aoraki Mt Cook. The summit was shared with only a couple of dead sheep of Shrek proportions that probably wished they hadn't missed the muster. Coming down was a long steep descent through loose scree and rock, and hard on some ageing knees. A sunny late lunch-spot let us dry some wet tents before the last leg back to the van and a fairly quiet trip home with a few snoozers. Group thanks to Peter for his organizing.

Andrew Jarvis for Peter, Antony, John, Gene, David, Wendy-Ann (the honorable bloke) and Korvin



# SNOWCAVING

**August 30-31, 2008**

**Author: Tracy Pettinger**

Published in Bulletin 690, November 2008

Richard had been going on for years about how much fun snowcaving was, and he referred to them as the most "unique" trips on the OTMC trip card. I was talked into having a go two years ago when Phil Somerville and his son James came with us, and it was really neat. So, I signed up for Matt's "traditional" snowcaving trip this year. The trip started out not particularly traditional, but ended up that way. It was loads of fun and we all had a worthwhile experience. Matt unfortunately had to pull out at the last minute, and left Richard to lead the trip. Others also pulled out in the last week, so we had only 10 on the trip at the end. We set off at 8.30, after waiting for one person. Naughty them! This was a fair bit later than we would have wanted, and predictably the road had thawed out making it very difficult to get a 2-wheel drive van up the road.

Richard did an Intro discussion in Roxburgh's main street. A crowd gathered and about thirty young farmers from the area were interested in coming along with us in the end. It sounded so exciting. But, unfortunately it is the time of year for young lambies to be born, 3 to one mum I noticed in lots of paddocks. Poor mums! So, the young farmers had to stay to help pregnant sheep unload their babies. That bit wasn't true...

The intro discussion was about what to expect and safety etc. All very necessary in an entertaining 'Richard way'.

And then we piled back in the vehicles for more excitement sliding around on the Waikaia Bush Road in the mud and slush. Gordon's van, as was expected, couldn't get to the top, or anywhere near, so we had to get out and Andrew ferried the first load of people and packs as far as he could get up the road, then very kindly came back for the rest of us.

We had to walk a gruelling two kilometres at the most, to our site that was most suitable for two snow caves. Five people in each one. It was a very un-tramping trip in that regard. Most of us walk more than that on your average trip, don't we?

Well the snow was hard and took lots of digging. Some people are very good at digging and I noted that if we ever have a working bee in our garden those people will be at the top of the list for invites. The mother of enthusiasm may be necessity and digging a snow cave with four other people is very much more enjoyable than digging a row of spuds. It has to be noted that the little shovels that we had that the Club have for such occasions are quite crap at digging in snow and are just a snow clearing implement in much the same way as my eating bowl is! The best shovel was a proper garden shovel that we took along as a back-up. It has a rounded business end, (the Club ones have square ends) and it has a long wooden shaft that you can push to the full extent of your body when you are upside-down inside the cave trying to scoop out the roof. Unfortunately, it is heavy, but it is a good design.

It was almost dark when the two caves were finished. The weather had been perfect. The stars were out, as we quickly threw together a meal, washed out the bowl with a handful of snow and dived into our sleeping bags to thaw out our feet. Meanwhile...in the other cave there was an air of decadence. Wine was drunk and the hardy bunch sat around a mound of snow that was pretending to be a warming fire. They had a party and in this happy land, (just next door) they had rosy cheeks and dry warm feet. Oh, how I wished to be one of them.

Sleeping inside a snow cave is extremely quiet and extremely dark. Bliss. As long as you like that sort of thing.

The next morning the party people next door got up bright and early and had breakfast in the bright sunlight. Richard, Darryl and I were sloths. We got up last. As soon as we got up, the party party went off to find a steep slope to practice crampon techniques and be energetic for a couple of hours, courtesy of Ron, who knows about that sort of thing. Thanks Ron. James and Richard summited the mountain (well, almost) and then we all met in the vicinity of the little rock bivy hut near the road to have lunch and admire the view. The sunshine was so warm and lovely to lie in and contemplate lichen and very slow, cold flies. I had one for a pet for a while, but I wasn't disgusting enough for him. He tired of my hygienic ways and left me, off in a slow buzz into the distance. I always remember him. Sob.

We all met back at Andrew's 4WD at 3 pm and some of us marched down the mountain and some of us had an exciting ride down in that wagon, which was originally blue but now was brown. Thanks Andrew. Pity you couldn't find the shake button to flick the mud off. We sorted out the gear when we all arrived back at Gordon's van and hopefully everyone has their own gear at their own houses by now.

A brilliant trip! Thank you to Richard for leading it, Matt for organising crampons etc, Andrew and Gordon for driving and Ron for crampon instruction. Thank you everyone for your boundless enthusiasm and digging power. See you next time.

Lessons learnt: We should have left the clubrooms at 6 am. Yoiks, but worth it. IF the road is frozen, you get started much earlier, which is safer if the weather turns bad. Luckily for us, Andrew's 4WD helped get us all up the hill, eventually, and we began digging at 1 pm, about two hours later than Richard had wanted. If the traditional gully is not suitable, the next gully off to the left of the road, about 400 metres away is usually just fine. Enough room for the traditional busload of thirty people, if necessary. Oh, and don't rely on gear-hire shovels if you have only got four hours to dig!!

Tracy Pettinger for Andrew Jarvis, Wendy-Anne Miller, Ron Besuijen, Lynley McCristell, Gordon Tocher, Darryl Wood, James Harrison, Jill McAliece, and Richard Pettinger.

## **MCNALLY TRACK**

**August 31, 2008**

**Author: Russell Barclay**

Published in Bulletin 690, November 2008

We started off meeting Kevin Dalton from the Rotary Club at the church in Milton. Jane was waiting there too, then we drove to the start of the track. We started walking up this steep hill and we finally got to the top of the first hill in agony. Lovely Jane gave everyone a strong mint for senior moments. We carried on up a little slope and decided to go the Kowhai Loop way. We saw some early lambs enjoying the morning sun. Mum sneaked a little photo of the backs of trampers. Then we went through a couple of gates and started sliding down a muddy slope. Luckily nobody fell over. Then we went up the second decent hill and jumped over a sty and entered the bush. We walked through the bush and finally got out and crawled up another hill where we stopped for lunch and Kevin left us to head back.

After lunch we headed a different way down the hill. We spotted a big hare racing down the hill and it scrambled into the bushes. We carried on down and came to a bridge that a tree had fallen down on. We managed to get across and found another tree had fallen on the track, so we went around it and started to go up the last hill. I threw a stick onto the ground and unfortunately it scraped Mum's knee.

We at last got to the top of the hill and raced down to the cars. We all got our boots off and drove to the dairy for a much-needed ice cream. Then most of us went to see whale bone fossils at the lime works. And then we all drove home safely.

Written by Russell (9 years) for Mum (Janet), Kevin, Roy, Gavin, Ran, Jonette, Laurel and Jane.



## **LAKE MCKENZIE / IRIS BURN / MOTURAU TRIP**

**August 16-17, 2008**

**Author: Wolfgang Gerber**

Published in Bulletin 691, December 2008

The idea was to end up at Lake MacKenzie Hut, on the western end of the Route-burn, but snow midweek soon put an end to our plans. Thanks must go to Ron M. for the regular updates of the condition of the Road to Milford, and when the news came through that the road was closed at Knobs Flat, I made the decision to go to the Iris Burn Hut on the Kepler Track. When I arrived at the club people already realised the Iris Burn was the place to go because of the high volume of snow that had fallen, a low altitude hut was the only option.

Another snow bearing front was due that night for the lower South Island, so an interesting trip was in store, and if we got into trouble Derek was there with his 4WD.



**Moturau Hut, Kepler Track**

As we had tea in Gore the rain turned torrential, and I thought to myself here we b\*\*\*\*\*y go, however once we were back on the road the weather cleared up. "Hoorah!".

We signed in at Te Anau and in no time, we were on the track to our beds at Moturau Hut. Once there, we spoiled a romantic night for two foreign trampers, who informed us of a slip 1.5 hours up the Iris Burn, so the trip was renamed right there and then to "Day walks from Moturau Hut." As this was a social trip nobody seemed to mind.

Saturday saw groups explore the local area, and some even checked out where the slip had occurred. Those who ventured past it ended up quite muddy but it was a wise call not to go further as a group. The sun even popped out for a while which raised our spirits. When we arrived back the fit ones replenished the hut's firewood store. Well done.

Then three schoolgirls arrived from Invercargill. They were on a Duke of Edinburgh trip, and I just had to ask them, "Shouldn't there be a teacher with you?" To which the 6th former replied, "I am their teacher". She Qualified as a teacher two years ago. Oh boy! and they talk about policemen looking young nowadays!!! The festivities started about 4 pm with everybody dressing in the "Black" theme, and black balloons, tablecloths, serviettes, and candles also appeared. A really great effort by all. After a yummy tea the Quiz was a quiet affair this year, mainly because Ray wasn't there. A big thanks goes to Jill for being my lovely assistant, not an easy job, just ask some of my previous ones: Fiona W, Robyn McK (the cute Ed), Jenny W, Anne B, Barry A and Brenda. The eventual winners were The B Team ably led by our Locksmith, Alan ("There is no such thing as a locked lock") Thomson.

On Sunday we walked out in brilliant sunshine via Shallow Bay Hut, then a late lunch in Te Anau and home at a reasonable time. A big thanks go to the food party leaders Alan Th, Marina H, Jill Mc and Derek M.

Wolfgang for Peter Fineran Wilburt Stokman, Margaret Ryan, David Mackie, Alan Thomson, Peter George, Adriene Dearnley, Jill McAliece, Antony Mabon, Colette Nicholson, Sandra Francis, Brent Vink, Derek Mycock, Luzy Kelly, Gene Dyet, Korvin Lemke, Marina Hanger, Dave Chambers, Matt Corbett, Constanze Sheppach, and Ron Minema.



# UNEXPLORED SILVER PEAKS

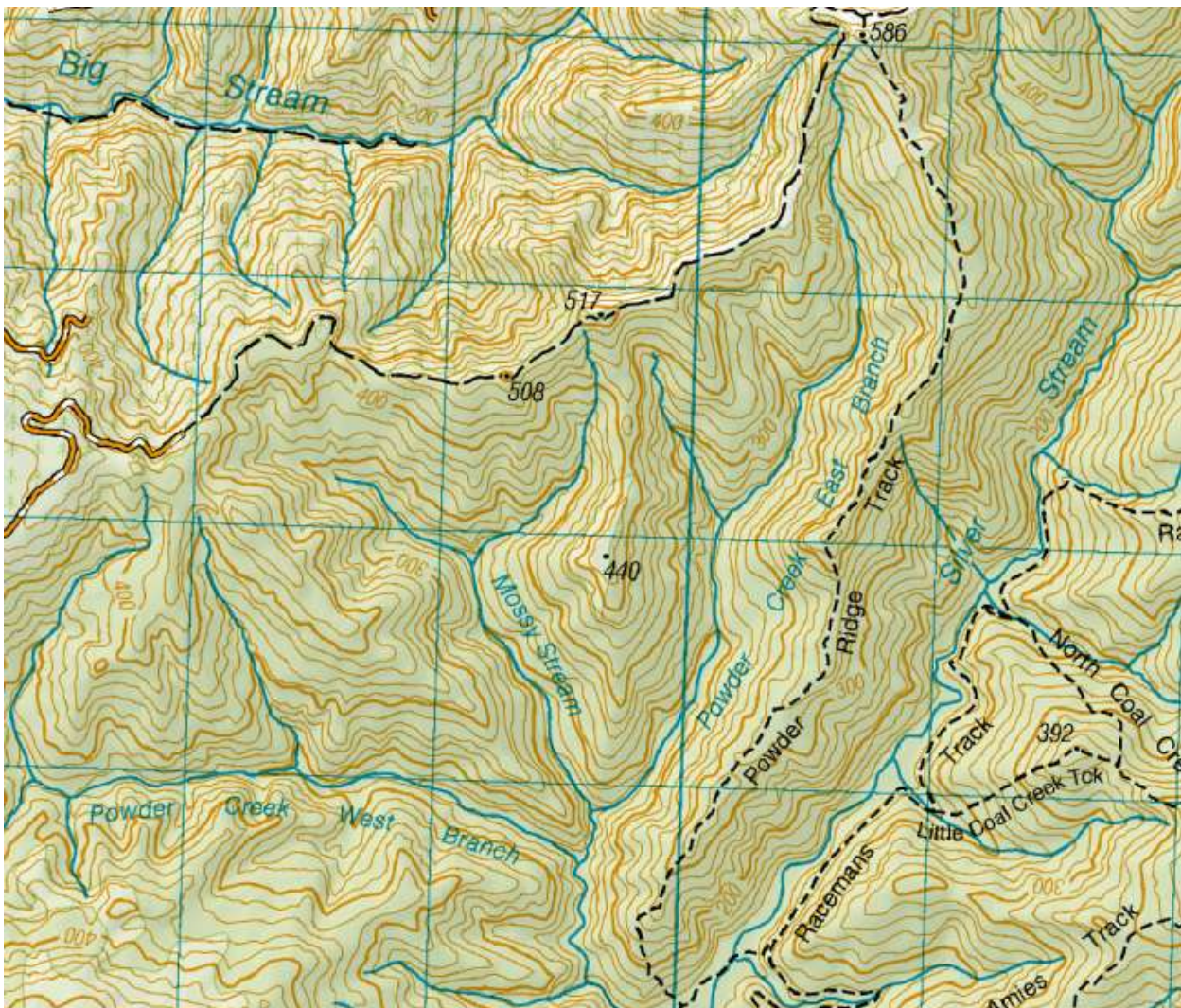
**October 5, 2008**

**Author: Richard Pettinger**

Published in Bulletin 691, December 2008

The forecast was for clear cool weather. Seven of us were keen to explore, so we decided on a location and off we went to Whare Flat. None of us had completely explored Powder Creek, and most of us had never heard or cared about it. So, we went there.

The stream was clear and cool, and the gorge lovely, but the water was a bit too tall sometimes. All good cool fun. We passed the bottom of the Angel's Staircase, and then went beyond our lovely route of two years earlier. This time, we found all the creek junctions, and found one creek, Little Mossy, to be quite nice-looking. So, we went there.



We arrived at the top forks not long after lunch and some interesting bluff scrambling, and then went straight up and up on the apex of the ridge to Long Ridge. I thought the ridge a bit



unrelentingly tough and decided an appropriate name might be the Bishop's Passage, the back variety. Tracy, Antony, and Peter forged a path through the scrub, and it was reassuring to hear their happy banter up ahead. They bashed a good bush, and wayed a good path, and soon we broke through the scrub line to the road, now getting ridiculously overgrown. We chose to turn right and headed in the warm afternoon sunshine over the top of Powder Ridge, then had a very pleasant descent to the clear cool crossing of Powder Creek.

On our way down, Julie announced she had lost her Lekki pole, somewhere before lunch. A quick check of the photos taken revealed it was with her in Silverstream, but not with her as we dropped into the gorge of Powder Creek. It was a brief side trip on the way home to retrieve it. (You could tell where the seven of us had been, such was the vigorosity of our earlier pathwaying.)

A quick skip down the road and we were heading home. It took us seven hours or so of walking, a bit longer than planned, but it was so enjoyable nobody seemed to care.

Richard Pettinger, for Julie Nailard, Peter George, Antony Mabon, Wayne Hodgkinson, Sebastian Clar and Tracy Pettinger

## **RACEMANS – GREENGAGE – PULPIT ROCK – POWDER RIDGE – POWDER CREEK**

**October 11, 2008**

**Author: Gordon Tocher**

Published in Bulletin 691, December 2008

The day dawned clear and calm, a perfect day for a nice long walk in the hinterland. Six keen trampers arrived at the Whare Flat carpark and set off for a smorgasbord of tracks in the area.

The initial section beside the Silverstream lead us to Racemans Track following the disused municipal water race through manuka forest. It was pleasantly cool as the day was clearly going to be hot. The track is wide, well maintained and benched in places. Living up to his reputation, Bill Wilson set a cracking pace in keeping with the distance we had to cover.

Bill has been leading an active retirement, one of his hobbies is creating interesting places to go walking. The next section of our travels was the recently cleared route referred to as Greengage. This links areas close to the Raingauge Track and the track leading to the site of the former Green Hut. Working on his own Bill has resurrected a long-overgrown route, which is a most impressive effort and should give many people pleasure in years to come. The area is mixed low forest varying from quite open to places with a lush under storey. There are many large kanuka trees, including quite a few windfalls which most of us wished were sitting in our backyards as firewood. The route follows a contour for its early section, then drops down to Silverstream, followed by a short steep section up to a spur running off the track to the Green Hut site.

Lunch was taken at 1 pm in an open area of the spur, then about half an hour later we were into Titri scrub and the blazing sun. This section of the route is less open and contains a spot of bush bashing with the first gorse encountered for the day. Just as well we were eased into the yellow peril in a minor way so the later encounters were not such a shock. By 2.30 pm we had reached the old Green Hut site for a short break.

While heading to Pulpit Rock we passed a couple of former OTMC club members from years gone by. Dick Frazier and Logan McGhie had popped over to see the new Jubilee Hut and had a quick chat on their way home.

We passed underneath Pulpit Rock at 3.15 pm and turned down Long Ridge Track. This was the farthest point from the vehicles, which gave rise to some questions as to whether our planned exit time of 6pm was achievable. Yet again Bill set off at a pace to see us out on time, progress was slowed only by the need to avoid the man-eating ruts on the track (up to 1½ metres deep) and thick gorse and broom – where is a herd of goats when you need them? We emerged from the gorse patches with rather less blood than we entered, safe in the knowledge that Jonette will never go missing in such circumstances - the yelps will always pinpoint her whereabouts.

None of us know how Bill knew where to leave Long Ridge Road and strike uphill to the fence line to access the route leading to Powder Ridge Track, but we are glad he did. It was now 4 pm so we were not too far off schedule.



**The river route between the bottom of the Greengage Track and the Top Weir in the Silverstream**

Powder Ridge Track is in rather good order and a pleasant way to get back down to the Silverstream Valley floor. It was good to be out of the sun again and into the forest. Progress was swift with a couple of sustenance stops seeing us intersect Powder Creek Track about 5.30 pm for the easy if somewhat muddy walk back to the 4WD track up the valley floor. We made it back to the vehicles about five minutes after six, tired and a little footsore after over 20 km and about 8½ hours walk.

I had not met Laurie Kennedy before, but it was clear from conversation that he is a rather experienced tramper. A couple of days later Ian Sime informed me just how experienced - Laurie edited an edition of Moir's some years ago, which just goes to show that you meet some very interesting folk on OTMC trips!

A big THANK YOU to Bill for leading us and clearing the track through beautiful terrain, yet another excellent day in the great outdoors. If you plan to follow in our footsteps take plenty of water as you are away from watercourses for most of the day.

Gordon Tocher for Jonette Service, Bill Wilson, Laurie Kennedy, Michael Firmin and Tony Timperley.



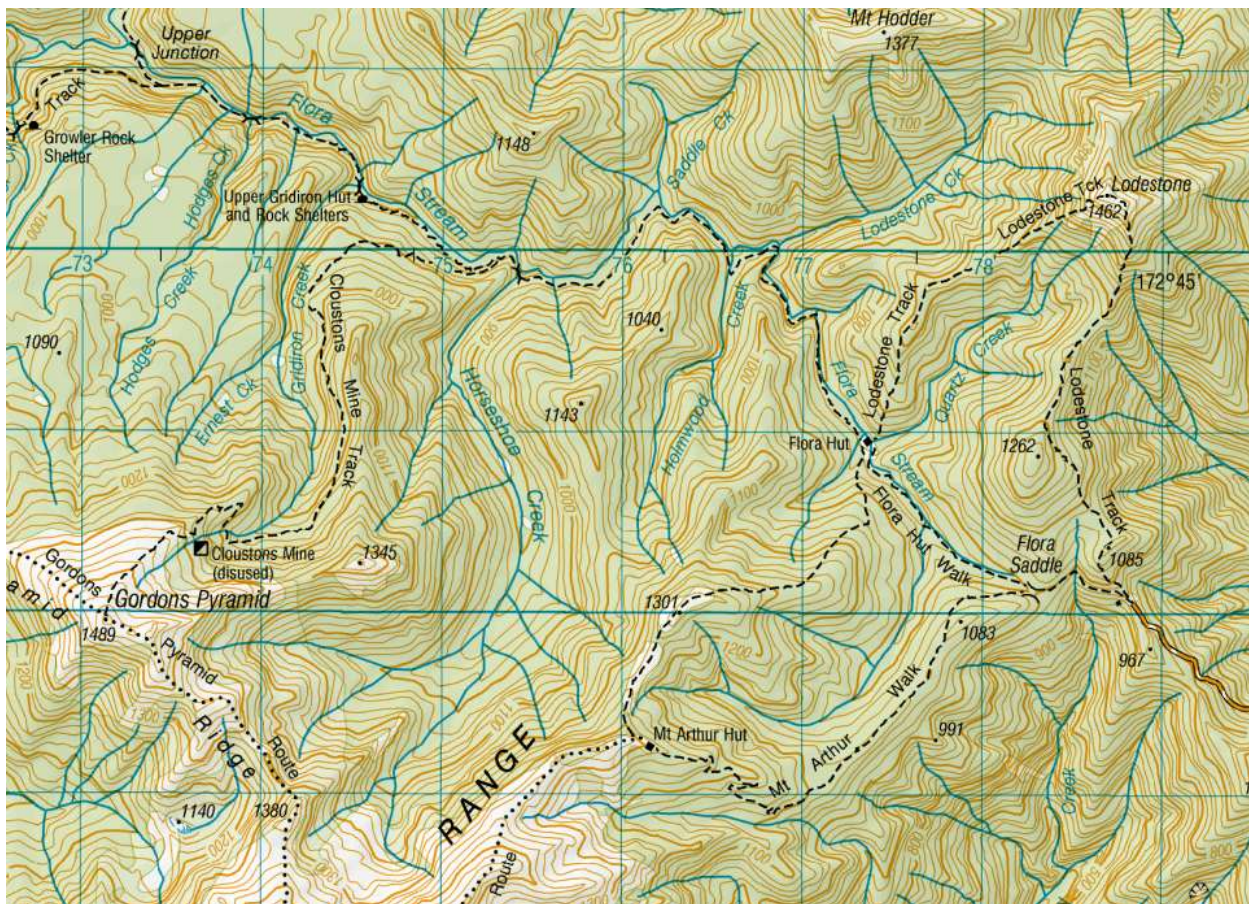
# TABLELANDS – KAHURANGI NATIONAL PARK

**November 9-11, 2008**

**Author: David Barnes**

Published in Bulletin 691, December 2008

An hour earlier, my brother-in-law Peter and I had stood at the Flora carpark, noting the snow on the shelter roof and fact that we couldn't see Mt Arthur. We could have made a call then and headed down the Flora. Instead, we'd headed up through increasing amounts of snow to the Mt Arthur Hut – stopping en route to stalk a weka family with our cameras – and then popped up above bushline to be confronted with the obvious: lots of soft snow and near-zero visibility meant the route over Gordon's Pyramid wasn't very practical, and the detour to the Mt Arthur summit was totally impractical. So we headed over a knob and dropped down to 99-year old Flora Hut for lunch.



From there, the track – an old packhorse road – follows Flora Stream to where it becomes Takaka River. On the way, we met a couple of ornithologists who gave us a good steer on where to look for a pair of whio that they'd seen. Sure enough, ten minutes later we were exercising our zoom lenses as we watched the ducks playing around in the stream.

Our next stop was Gridiron Gulch, home of the two famed rock shelters. The first is a three-bunk hut built under the rock so that the rock provides one half of the aframe roof. The second, five minutes down the track, is a more conventional rock biv, albeit a bit more upmarket than some, with a wooden sleeping platform and mattresses at the top of a four metre ladder.

Carrying on down the valley, we came to a track junction, with one branch dropping down to cross the nascent Takaka River, while ours headed round a bend and into the Balloon Creek tributary. A gradual ascent eventually brought us out into an open area labelled the Salisbury Clear. Parkas reappeared at this point. Soon, a track junction gave us the choice of 15 minutes to Salisbury Lodge or an hour and a half to Balloon Hut, higher on the Tablelands. We'd heard from several people that Balloon was a nice hut, with the subtext being that Salisbury wasn't, but an hour and a half of up hill at that time had little appeal. In the event, Salisbury Lodge proved to be quite pleasant, with gas cookers, a gas heater and a really impressive solar-powered composting dunny.

It rained all night. The view of Gordon's Pyramid was intermittent. Monday meant decision time. Having missed out on Mt Arthur, we really wanted the option of going out that way. That meant carrying on to Balloon Hut, along the ridge above the Cobb Reservoir and down into the Takaka was no longer possible. We plumped for a quiet morning in the hut followed by an afternoon trip up past Balloon Hut. This took us up gentle slopes, past the turn off to Leslie-Karamea Track, which connects with Wangapeka Track, and past some hints of the karst topography that is a feature of nearby Mt Arthur. Balloon Hut is in a nice spot near bushline. We pushed on from there to a point overlooking Lake Peel, a cirque lake that we would have passed had we stuck to Plan A, before returning to the hut. Just before Salisbury, we detoured to have a look at Dry Rock Shelter. It wasn't – dry, that is. The mattresses on the wooden platform were damp, as most of the other flat ground that ostensibly was under cover.

Back at the hut, we were cooking tea when a guided group of eight turned up. The firm usually uses Dry Rock Shelter, but had decided that conditions favoured a hut. We could confirm the wisdom of their choice. We also established that twenty four bunk Salisbury Hut would be pretty crowded with that number in residence. Ten was fine.

Tuesday dawned with more of the same. We figured we might as well take the tops route out rather than retrace our steps. The ascent of the Pyramid was a steady grind. Once out of the bush, visibility was poor but it wasn't actually raining, so a fleece sufficed rather than a parka. The top was really only identifiable by a more ornate marker pole, although the descent after it confirmed it had actually been the top. The route then meanders along a ridge before entering an area pocked with sink holes. Many were half filled with snow, and we contemplated what it would have been like two days before, when a complete filling of snow would have made many of them dangerously invisible. One last climb brought us to 1565 m on the Mt Arthur track. Decision time. The cloud was still shrouding the higher tops, and we knew that the scree slope that had to be traversed would be laden with soft snow. I had a plane to catch, so turn around time was in an hour, and the top takes an hour on a good day. It didn't stack up, so we headed

down to the hut, noting just how much snow had disappeared, then retraced the first part of the trip to the car. A nice trip to an area I'm keen to see again.

David Barnes



## **OTMC COMMITTEE (2008-09)**

**President** – Antony Pettinger

**Vice President** – Greg Powell

**Secretary** – Jill McAliece

**Treasurer** Ann Burton

**Chief Guide / Transport** – Antony Pettinger

**Bulletin Editor** – Robyn Bell

**Membership Secretary** – Ian Sime

**Social Convenor** – Tony Timperley

**Social Convenor** – Ralph Harvey

**Day Trip Convener** – Roy Ward

**Conservation & Recreation Advocacy** – David Barnes

**Library** – Kathryn Jeyes

**Publicity** – Ralph Harvey

**Publicity** – Tony Timperley

**Gear Hire** – Matt Corbett

**Gear Hire** – Ralph Harvey

**SAR** – Marina Hanger

**Website** – Antony Pettinger

**Bushcraft (February & November)** – Antony Pettinger

**Clubrooms** – Terry Casey

**Hon. Solicitor** – Antony Hamel

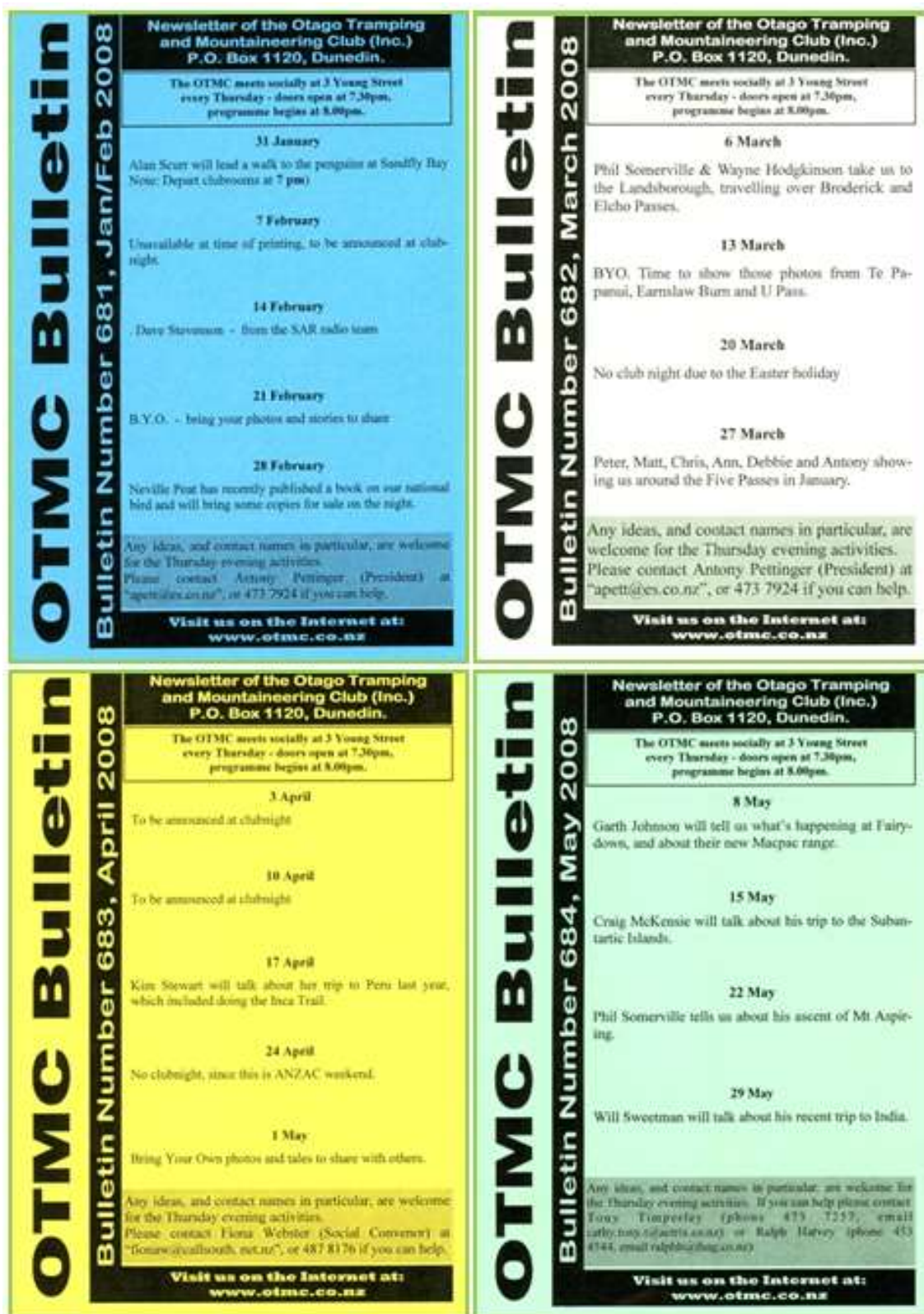
## OTMC TRIP PROGRAMME 2008

Month	Date(s)	Specific Trip	Leader
January	19-20	Mt Cook In Summer	Sandra de Vries
January	20	Rustlers Ridge	Gavin McArthur
January	27	Potters Hut (Old Man Range)	Ian Sime
February	2-3	Mt Domett Area (changed to Mavora Lakes)	Alan Thomson
February	3	Classic Silver Peaks Circuit	Wayne Hodgkinson
February	9-10	Journey To The Centre Of Te Papanui	Antony Hamel
February	10	Bull Creek / Cook Rock	Roy Ward
February	16	OTMC Silver Peaks Marathon	Roy Ward
February	17	Trotters / Horse Ranges	Bill Wilson
February	23-24	Earnslaw Burn / Rees Crossover	Greg Powell
February	24	Logan Park Valley / Signal Hill Explore	Bronwen Strang
March	2	All Day On The Peninsula	David Barnes
March	8-9	Mistake Creek - Hut Creek	Ann Burton
March	9	Taieri River (Walk / Swim)	Antony Hamel
March	16	Circumnavigation of the Orokonui Fence	Fieke Neuman
March	21-25	Headwaters of Lake Ohau	Antony Pettinger
March	30	Raingauge Spur / Steve Aimes Track	Jonette Service
April	6	Orbell's Cave	Tony Timperley
April	12-13	Ben Ohau Range	Peter Stevenson
April	13	Maungatua Traverse	Roy Ward
April	20	Skyline Track (Mt Cargill Section)	Kathryn Jeyes
April	25-27	Ahuriri / South Temple Crossover	Antony Pettinger
April	27	Hare Hill / Hodson Hill	Gordon Tocher
May	2-5	Milford Track	Antony Pettinger
May	4	Hunters Track / South Waikouaiti / Walkers Road	Bill Wilson
May	11	Akatore / Bull Creek	Bronwen Strang
May	17-18	Jubilee Hut	Ray & Jill McAliece
May	18	Mt Cargill / Graham's Bush	Roy Ward
May	25	Possum Ridge / Rosella Ridge	Fieke Neuman
May	31-2	Waitutu - Port Craig	Matt Corbett
June	1	Mt Watkin	Rob Seeley
June	15	Pulpit Rock / Painted Forest	Tony Timperley
June	21-22	Daleys Flat (Hut)	Jill McAliece
June	22	Mt Charles	Kathryn Jeyes
June	29	Berwick Forest	Alan Thomson (2)
July	5-6	West Matukituki Valley / Aspiring Hut	Greg Powell
July	6	All Day On The Peninsula	David Barnes
July	13	Aramoana / Heyward Point	Gordon Tocher
July	19-20	Routeburn Falls (Lake Harris / Climbing Options)	

July	20	Nuggets	Ian Sime
July	27	Swampy Summit / Pineapple Track Return	Wilbert Stokman
August	2-3	Mt Armstrong / Brewster Hut	Philip Somerville
August	3	Mt Kettle / Mihiwaka	Gavin McArthur
August	10	Hill At Palmerston / Matanaka	Jill McAliece
August	16-17	Wolfgang's Winter Routeburn (Falls)	Wolfgang Gerber
August	17	Rongomai - Honeycomb Track	Wayne Hodgkinson
August	24	Possum Busters	Gavin McArthur
August	30-31	Traditional OTMC Snowcaving Weekend (incl. Snowcraft)	Matt Corbett
August	31	McNally Track	Janet Barclay
September	7	Yellow Ridge / The Gap / ABC Cave	Roy Ward
September	13-14	Day Trips From Omarama (Ben Ohau and Benmore)	Ann Burton and Peter Stevenson
September	14	Green Hut Site / Silverstream / Raingauge	Jonette Service
September	21	Saddle Hill	Alan Scurr
September	27-28	Mt Somers In Spring	Dave Chambers
September	28	Taieri River Walk	Roy Ward
October	5	Unexplored Silver Peaks	Richard Pettinger
October	11-12	Luxmore Hut / Mt Luxmore	Wendy-Anne Miller & Andrew Jarvis
October	12	Racemans / Raingauge / Pulpit Rock / Powder Ridge	Bill Wilson
October	19	Woodside Glen / Lee Stream	Ran Turner
October	25-27	Otago Central Rail Trail (Clyde - Middelmarsh)	Antony Pettinger
November	2	Racemans Track	Roy Ward
November	8-9	Mistake Creek - Hut Creek	Ann Burton
November	9	Spiers Road / Ben Rudd's / Davies Track	Richard Pettinger
November	16	Classic Silver Peaks Circuit	Wayne Hodgkinson
November	22-24	Motatapu Track (complete)	Antony Pettinger
November	23	Skyline Track	Roy Ward
November	30	Mihiwaka Bush Bash	Gordon Tocher
December	6-7	North / South Temple (in One Day)	Antony Pettinger
December	6	Signal Hill Exploration II	Bronwen Strang
December	7	Pulpit Rock / Mt John Hut	David Barnes
December	13-14	Pigeon / Pig Islands	Antony Pettinger
December	14	Sandfly Bay / Sandymount	Michael Firmin
December	21	Possum Ridge / Rosella Ridge	Fieke Neuman



# OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (FEBRUARY TO MAY)



## OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (JUNE TO SEPTEMBER)

<b>OTMC Bulletin</b> Bulletin Number 685, June 2008	<p><b>Newsletter of the Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club (Inc.)</b> P.O. Box 1120, Dunedin.</p> <p>The OTMC meets socially at 3 Young Street every Thursday - doors open at 7.30pm, programme begins at 8.00pm.</p> <p><b>5 June</b> Paul Hersey will talk about his book "Where the mountains throw their dice", which is about risk in the hills and mountains. He will have some copies for sale at a discounted price.</p> <p><b>12 June</b> Garth Johnson will tell us what's happening at Fairydown, and about their new Macpac range. This talk is rescheduled from 8<sup>th</sup> May.</p> <p><b>19 June</b> Peter Strang climbed Mt Hirschell in the Antarctic with Ed Hillary. He tells us about the climb, and stories about Sir Ed.</p> <p><b>26 June</b> Bring your own photos and stories about your latest trips in the hills.</p> <p>Any ideas, and contact names in particular, are welcome for the Thursday evening activities. If you can help please contact Tony Timperley (phone 473 7257, email cathy.tony.t@actrix.co.nz) or Ralph Harvey (phone 453 4544, email ralphh@ihug.co.nz)</p> <p><b>Visit us on the Internet at:</b> <a href="http://www.otmc.co.nz">www.otmc.co.nz</a></p>	<b>OTMC Bulletin</b> Bulletin Number 686, July 2008	<p><b>Newsletter of the Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club (Inc.)</b> P.O. Box 1120, Dunedin.</p> <p>The OTMC meets socially at 3 Young Street every Thursday - doors open at 7.30pm, programme begins at 8.00pm.</p> <p><b>3 July</b> Do you know what a Fairy Prio is? No? Well come and be enlightened by Greene Loh from DOC, who will talk on this and other wildlife protection issues.</p> <p><b>10 July</b> Joseph Donnelly was in an 18-strong University of Otago research team doing physiology studies, sometimes on themselves, at the Pyramid laboratory near Base Camp Everest, the highest laboratory in the world.</p> <p><b>17 July</b> Many rivers in the Southern Alps used to flow in different directions, and some of the passes used to be lower than they are now. Dave Crow will explain why.</p> <p><b>24 July</b> Bronwyn Strang spent 16 months in Japan teaching English. She will tell us about some of the trips she did in the Japanese hills.</p> <p><b>31 July</b> Bring your own pictures to show us.</p> <p>Any ideas, and contact names in particular, are welcome for the Thursday evening activities. If you can help please contact Tony Timperley (phone 473 7257, email cathy.tony.t@actrix.co.nz) or Ralph Harvey (phone 453 4544, email ralphh@ihug.co.nz)</p> <p><b>Visit us on the Internet at:</b> <a href="http://www.otmc.co.nz">www.otmc.co.nz</a></p>
<b>OTMC Bulletin</b> Bulletin Number 687, August 2008	<p><b>Newsletter of the Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club (Inc.)</b> P.O. Box 1120, Dunedin.</p> <p>The OTMC meets socially at 3 Young Street every Thursday - doors open at 7.30pm, programme begins at 8.00pm.</p> <p><b>7 August</b> All trampers have suffered from blisters and maybe other foot problems. Richard van Plantergen, podiatrist, will talk about foot care and suggest ways to prevent foot trouble when tramping.</p> <p><b>14 August</b> Noeline and Jim Glass travelled to Vietnam, going to Hanoi, north to the Chinese border, through the central coast, on to Saigon, and finished with a trip up the Mekong river.</p> <p><b>21 August</b> Adrian and Jenny Chamberlain cycled from Malta to Norway, through lots of countries and some water in the way. Which countries did they cycle through? Find out at their talk.</p> <p><b>28 August</b> Annual General Meeting. Your chance to have your say on things you do or don't like about the club, and vote in the new club committee.</p> <p>Any ideas, and contact names in particular, are welcome for the Thursday evening activities. If you can help please contact Tony Timperley (phone 473 7257, email cathy.tony.t@actrix.co.nz) or Ralph Harvey (phone 453 4330, email ralphh@ihug.co.nz)</p> <p><b>Visit us on the Internet at:</b> <a href="http://www.otmc.co.nz">www.otmc.co.nz</a></p>	<b>OTMC Bulletin</b> Bulletin Number 688, September 2008	<p><b>Newsletter of the Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club (Inc.)</b> P.O. Box 1120, Dunedin.</p> <p>The OTMC meets socially at 3 Young Street every Thursday - doors open at 7.30pm, programme begins at 8.00pm.</p> <p><b>4 Sept</b> Roy Ward spent two months in the USA, going on a ten day hike to the Eagle Cap Wilderness area in Oregon. Hear of this and other hikes he did in the Oregon area.</p> <p><b>11 Sept</b> Garth Lawson (from R&amp;R Sport) is Chairman of the Mountain Safety Council Dunedin Branch, he will tell us about the MSC.</p> <p><b>18 Sept</b> Alan Scurr has been on several of the Otago Cavaliades, he will tell us about them.</p> <p><b>25 Sept</b> Bring your own pictures to show us.</p> <p>Any ideas, and contact names in particular, are welcome for the Thursday evening activities. If you can help please contact Tony Timperley (phone 473 7257, email cathy.tony.t@actrix.co.nz) or Ralph Harvey (phone 453 4330, email ralphh@ihug.co.nz)</p> <p><b>Visit us on the Internet at:</b> <a href="http://www.otmc.co.nz">www.otmc.co.nz</a></p>



# OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (OCTOBER TO DECEMBER)

## OTMC Bulletin

Bulletin Number 689, October 2008

**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.

**2 October**  
Yvonne & Stu King manage Glade Lodge, a private hut on the Milford Track. They have 50 trampers to look after each day, and will tell us what this involves.

**9 October**  
Anthony Pettinger and other club members, will explain what's involved in being a trip or party leader, so that you can confidently be a party or trip leader in your club.

**16 October**  
Dave & Penny McArthur will tell us about their trip to Switzerland, and possibly part of their trip to Sweden as well.

**23 October**  
Bring Your Own - show & tell.

**30 October**  
Anthony Hamel will tell us about the good, bad and ugly of Dunedin Tracks. He will also tell us about his new book "Dunedin Tracks & Trails", published in October 2008, and the successor to "From Sea to Silver Peaks".

Any ideas, and contact names in particular, are welcome for the Thursday evening activities. If you can help please contact Tony Timperley (phone 473 7257, email [cathy.tony.t@iactrix.co.nz](mailto:cathy.tony.t@iactrix.co.nz)) or Ralph Harvey (phone 453 4330, email [ralphh@ihug.co.nz](mailto:ralphh@ihug.co.nz))

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## OTMC Bulletin

Bulletin Number 690, November 2008

**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 November**  
Don & Joey Goodhue will tell us about The South West NZ Endangered Species Trust, their project is located in Preservation Inlet Fiordland, centred on Coal Island.

**13 November**  
Margaret Ryan will show a DVD on the Fiordland area, filmed from the air, a "must see", she tells us.

**20 November**  
B.Y.O. Bring your own pictures of trips you have been on.

**27 November**  
The return of the World Famous OTMC quiz night, your quiz masters Graeme & Kathy McKersy

Any ideas, and contact names in particular, are welcome for the Thursday evening activities. If you can help please contact Tony Timperley (phone 473 7257, email [cathy.tony.t@iactrix.co.nz](mailto:cathy.tony.t@iactrix.co.nz)) or Ralph Harvey (phone 453 4330, email [ralphh@ihug.co.nz](mailto:ralphh@ihug.co.nz))

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## OTMC Bulletin

Bulletin Number 691, December 2008

**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.

**4 December**  
Bryan Fitzgerald, Macpac shop manager, shows us some equipment and tells us about the new Macpac owners plans for their shops. We will be auctioning a dry pack, with money from the auction donated to the club.

**11 December**  
Baroque at Woodhaugh gardens. See page 3 for details.

**18 December**  
B.Y.O. Show your photos of the Town Track, North South Tangle in a day, or U Pinn that you didn't go on to.

**18 January**  
B.Y.O. Some of you will have been to some great places over Christmas, there should plenty of pictures to show.

**22 January**  
Leave the classrooms at 6pm sharp, walk up Nichols Creek - Moonlight track to Swamps track, back down the Potapoti Track. Bring a torch in case we are late back.

**29 January**  
Adrian & Jenny Chamberlain will tell us about their cycling trip in Japan. If it is as good as their talk on cycling from Malta to Norway, it will be a great night.

**5 February**  
No club night, Warming day Friday.

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