

OTMC TRIP REPORTS

2009

Sourced from the 2009 OTMC Bulletins



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Cover Photo: Rocky Ridge, Silver Peaks Scenic Reserve, looking over Rosella Ridge to Clump Hill & Hightop to the Dunedin City northern skyline

ALL PUBLICATION PHOTOS UNLESS NOTED Antony Pettinger

SPIERS ROAD TO BOOTH ROAD

November 9, 2008

Author: Richard Pettinger

Published in Bulletin 692, February 2009

Spiers Road – Flagstaff Summit – Ben Rudd’s Hut site – Bruce Campbell Rhododendron Dell – back to Booth Rd via Davies Track.

Eight people turned up at the clubrooms in promising weather. A quick discussion to organise which car might go where, and we were off to Halfway Bush, from where one car was dropped around to Booth Road. At Spiers Road, we were pleased to see our ninth person waiting. “That’s not Marina,” I thought, “it’s Ken Powell.” If we had thought about it faster, Ken’s car could have been positioned at the other end, to save shuffling at the finish of the trip. Never mind. We were on autopilot.



Spiers Road (the legal road to Flagstaff and Ben Rudd’s property)

As on every such trip before, I decided that “next time” I would bring loppers and a pruning saw to keep the track through the gorse open. This time we talked about the history of the area a bit more as we waited for the last folk to push their way through. The white marker posts are in places not so easy to see. One or two are right out of the ground.

It was all very pleasant, and a relaxed pace soon saw us in a light shower as we neared the summit. From here we found a good way to go to the firebreak track and on to the skid site. The track to the shelter is now nicely cut back, but there is a bit of broom in disturbed ground

around the shelter. The Mercier Seat is being invaded by broom, which, if not attended to, may soon obscure the seat from below. I weeded some of it out while we were eating our sandwiches.

Everyone went down to the rhodies, which were at their best flowering yet seen on this annual day trip. The bamboo was in its first flush, just looking for spraying. We found one variety of rhodie (just one specimen tree) is seeding around the place. It's easy to pull out the seedlings, but we will need to kill that parent tree. It would not be a good look if these exotics spread into the catchment from our land, given we have a huge problem with weed trees spreading onto our land from neighbours. Lots of pine trees are coming up through the canopy, as well as up on the Scenic Reserve. Potentially there's a few hundred dollars' worth of Christmas trees. That's quite a resource sitting there for free. Could the OTMC and the Ben Rudd's Trust do a Christmas tree fundraiser and split the proceeds? Someone has shot the Bruce Campbell plaque. I wondered if the ricochet bothered the marksman.



Bruce Campbell rhododendrons, lower section of the Ben Rudd's property

The Davies track is very easy to follow now. Still, it is much more interesting walking than the Pineapple Track. No litter and not such a constant gradient. Holly is invading the track lower down. There's still lots of four -leafed clovers by the track!

It was a great trip, once again. Ken said he was very pleased with himself. That made my day to hear that. All were home by 4 pm. Thanks, Maree, for bringing your car.

Richard Pettinger for Glennis Salmon, Roy Ward, Adrienne Dearnley, Peter George, Maree MacRae, Gavin MacArthur, Julie Neilard and Ken Pow-ell.

CLASSIC SILVER PEAKS PROVES PROFITABLE FOR LEADER

November 16, 2008,

Author: Tony Timperley

Published in Bulletin 692, February 2009

Four of the usual suspects met outside the clubrooms to prepare to tackle the 10-hour Classic Silver Peaks' tramp. The weather was fine and warm, but with high cloud; however, a southerly change with rain was forecast for late afternoon. With this in mind, we decided to leave a car at the Green Ridge track entrance in case we had to bail out and in the other car we went on to Tunnels Track.

On arrival, we synchronized our watches to 10.02 hrs and began to descend the Tunnels Track. As we descended and descended it began to occur to a couple of us that at the end of a hard day we would have to ascend and descend this same track. In any case, after crossing the Waikouaiti South Branch, we were soon into some grunty climbing and being fresh, reached Yellow Hut within the hour.



Looking towards Gap Saddle and The Gap from the Yellow Ridge / Rocky Ridge junction

After some cooling drinks and signing the hut book we were soon on our way and into the open tussock. The weather did not show any signs of worsening, with patches of blue sky beginning to show through the high cloud. When we reached the top of Yellow Ridge, we decided to by-

pass The Gap and, courtesy of a side-track known only to Roy, went straight to ABC Cave. As we reached the cave at 13.02 hrs precisely we decided to have a full lunch stop, but decided against taking full advantage of the luxury facilities provided: camp stool, bed headboard, hashish bong (broken), etc.

Fully refreshed, we headed out of the cave valley and over to Jubilee Hut. It was on this stretch that Leader Wayne had the first of his profitable finds – a new white cap with mesh side panels. The timing of this find was fortuitous as the sun had begun to shine and Wayne had not brought a hat. We decided to also by-pass Jubilee Hut because a) we had had lunch just an hour previously; b) we could fill our water bottles in the stream; and c) it is too far to climb up to when Devil's Staircase is to follow.



Cave Stream tributary of Christmas Creek, looking towards the Devils Staircase and Jubilee Hut

As we began our ascent of the aforementioned, the skies cleared fully, and the sun beat down on our backs as we realized the origin of its name: not just because of its steepness; but because of the hellish temperatures that trampers have to endure when they climb Devil's Staircase on a sunny afternoon. However, for Wayne there was relief as it was here that he made his second profitable find: a flashy analogue face stopwatch with a metal band – and it was in working order! Following this find Tony, Michael and Roy each grappled to be the one in front but by the time we reached Rocky Ridge (at precisely 16.02 hrs) Wayne had re-asserted his leadership, which was just as well for him as halfway along the ridge he made a double find – a gortex parka and an Aussie-style hat! Again, the weather changed to allow him to try out his new find, this time a brief shower passed over the ridge.

As we progressed further along Rocky Ridge, those in shorts began to feel the exposed skin between shorts and gaiters becoming extremely tender. This was the result of having to walk through small manuka shrubs about half to one-metre-high growing densely right up to the track. It was like having one's legs scrubbed with wire brushes. Perhaps they should be called manuka "scrubs" rather than just "shrubs"! Lucky Roy was wearing longs and whereas he had been feeling the heat earlier, he now appreciated the benefit of protected legs. (Note: Tony last walked along Rocky Ridge 20 years ago when, on a visit from Auckland, he tramped the Green Ridge, Rocky Ridge, Gap Ridge route, coming out onto Steep Hill Road. On the Rocky Ridge section, he does not remember having his legs scrubbed raw and he would remember as he did not own a pair of gaiters then. What he remembers is open tussock which "caressed" his legs (sigh!) so he wonders if the manuka has become established in just the last decade or so.)

We reached the Rocky Ridge – Yellow Ridge Junction at precisely 18.02 hrs and after a final stop to refuel, we set off on the final leg back down Yellow Ridge which we had ascended eight hours earlier. With just a brief stop at Yellow Hut to sign out in the hut book, we carried on descending on ever wearying legs, re-crossed the Waikouaiti South Branch to reach - oh no! – the steep ascent of Tunnels Track. What a way to end a 10-hour day of hard tramping!

Roy wisely took a rest before tackling the seemingly endless and ever-steepening uphill grind and so eventually emerged first onto the road; and when all four reached the car and checked our watches – guess what the time was? You've got it – 20.02 hrs precisely! We kid you not – a tramp of exactly 10 hrs to the minute. (The intermediate times may not have been "00.02 precisely" as stated, but they were each about 5mins either way, which was surprising.) We all had a sense of achievement at what we had accomplished; but agreed that next time we would start and finish at Green Ridge, which would have a much more pleasant downhill ending. In any case doing the Classic Silver Peaks Route clockwise (from Silver Peak 777 m) is a different experience from doing it anti-clockwise. Don't you agree?

Tony Timperley for: Wayne Hodgkinson (Leader), Michael Firmin, and Roy Ward

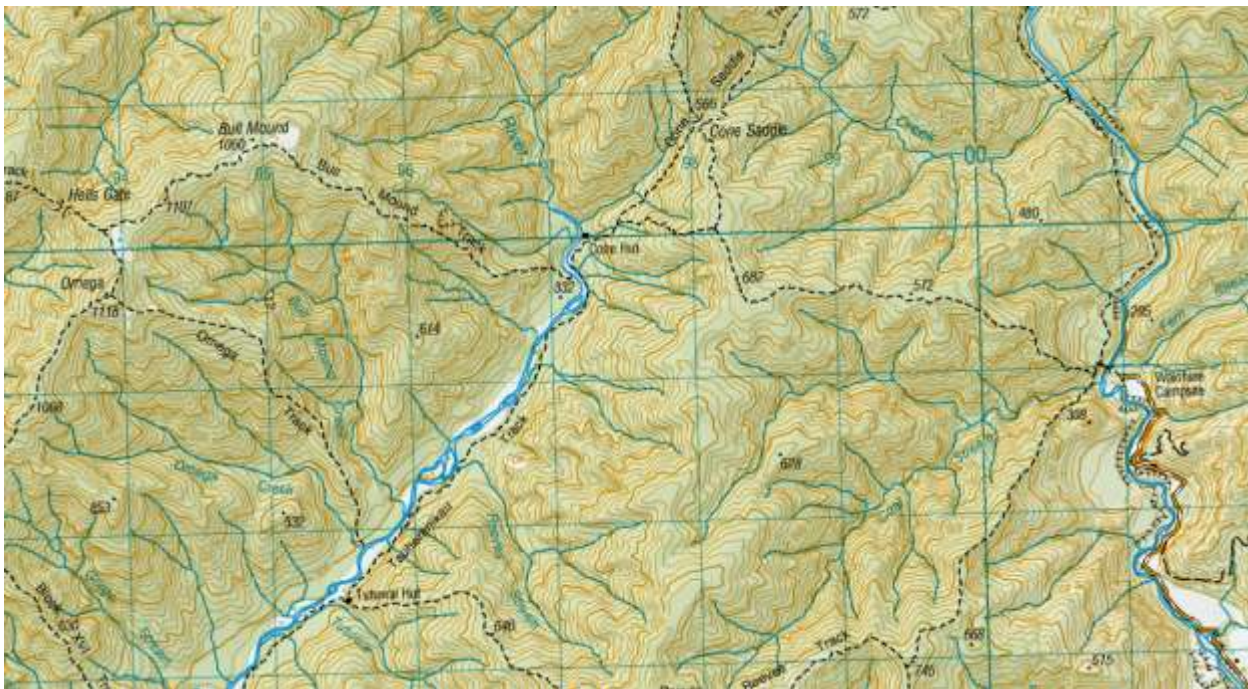
TARARUA PEAKS

November 21-23, 2008

Author: David Barnes

Published in Bulletin 692, February 2009 & Bulletin 693, March 2009

Shaun Barnett had been promising me a Tararua trip for ages. He missed the last one he organised – some lame excuse about his wife having a baby that week – but I still got to Mt Holdsworth in the teeth of a Wellington gale. This time, a conveniently timed conference in Wellington had us again plotting to get to the Tararua Peaks. As the weekend approached, the weather was looking dodgy, and plans morphed from 'tops trip on the west' to 'tops trip on the east' to 'bush trip on the east'.



After scrounging a cup of tea to wash down our chips from erstwhile FMC Bulletin editor John Rhodes in Greytown, we made our way to the carpark by the Waiohine River. A new eight-at-a-time swing bridge spans the gorge at a height of some 35 metres and is the main gateway to the eastern Tararuas. From there, our route was solidly uphill, gaining 300 m in the bush before losing most of it as we dropped into the Tikauauheren catchment. Our destination was the Tararua Tramping Club's Cone Hut, one of the most character-filled huts in the range. Built in 1946 of totara slabs, it was restored some years ago and is in really tidy order. The loo even has a name – the Punga House of Poey

We were up at first light, trying not to disturb the anglers who had turned up long after dark. We retraced our steps for a short while, then began the gradual climb to Cone Saddle. We could have gone through the saddle for a short round trip, but instead chose the solid climb to Cone itself. At about 10 am we broke out of the bush and soon were at the summit. It was clear that the choice to avoid the Tararua Peaks was a good one, as the westerly winds were

strong where we were at 1000 m and any sign of the main range was completely cloaked in thick cloud. Even Mt Holdsworth, which sits well out to the east was obscured.

It only took twenty minutes to cross the top before re-entering the bush and beginning the long descent to the Waiohine. My lunch was, fittingly, Tararua biscuits. It was nearly twenty-five years since I'd last tried them, but thought their indestructible qualities and longevity would be ideal for trips like this one and the one to Kahurangi a fortnight ago, where packing up a few days before the trip and having the pack subjected to various indignities by airline staff were likely to render many other lunch options into crumbs. Ah, nostalgia – the process by which we forget adversity. I'm damned if I know how I ate the things for three weeks on the trot all those years ago.

By midafternoon, we could see the occasional glimpse of clear tops as we descended towards Totara Flats Hut. The hut is similar to the new one at Mt Somers, and we were surprised to find anglers out-numbering trampers for the evening.

Sunday dawned drizzly, and so the morning was a parkas on, parkas off one. After crossing the Totara Flats, the route involved a fair amount of up down up down. The more popular route into Totara Flats is from Holds-worth Lodge, which involves a bigger climb but generally a more up market track and no stream crossings that could be problematic.

Apart from one long photo shoot down by the river, we largely kept going, so when we had lunch some people going the other way informed us we were only ten minutes from the bridge. It's always good to do a complete round trip.

Being out early meant time for more tea in Greytown, followed by a dash up to Rimutaka trig, a 20-minute climb from the top of the Rimutaka Hill on State Highway 2. The views are well worth breaking your journey for if you're heading into or out of the Wairarapa.

David Barnes

MT SOMERS IN FOUR SEASONS

September 27-28, 2008

Author: Gene Dyett

Published in Bulletin 693, March 2009

Six o'clock and time to go, but hang on, we forgot our most important piece of gear - bundles of, you guessed it, COAL! Of course, where would we be without it on our gear list? DON'T LEAVE HOME WITHOUT IT, then we were on the right track for Mt Somers.

Tea in Oamaru was busy, with school holidays and families eating out. On the road again, thanks Ray for keeping us safe on the left side of the road most of the time, the winds were very strong at times, many thanks. Mt Somers Camping Ground, here we come. We then got settled in for the night in two cabins with ten trampers, five trampers in each. Then the fun started - what ratio of snorers and non-snorers do we have for each cabin? Then I'm sure if you are good at math's, you will have some laughs working it out.

On Saturday morning a cool wind but sunny started our day. We all headed for Sharplin Falls Carpark to look at the waterfalls. Then we split into two groups, one of three and one of seven who would take the longer route to Pinnacles Hut and onto the saddle at 1170m before heading down to Woolshed Creek Hut.



Sharplin Falls

The group of three took the van to the other end at Woolshed Creek picnic area and would make their way up to the now defunct Blackburn Coal Mine, (Trig R) then onto Woolshed Creek

Hut where we would all meet for the night. First port of call for the group of seven was Dukes Knob (740m) with good views of the vallies and saddle, some snow around on the tops, then back down to the river. The dominant trees in this area of the track are black and mountain beech, along with broadleaf and marble leaf.

The well-marked track climbed to the subalpine area, and Pinnacles Hut came into view. It was getting hot time and to take a layer or two off; then the hut was a welcome spot to have lunch with views over the Canterbury Plains. The andesite pinnacles that lie scattered over the hillside are how the hut got its name, which, along with the huge columns of rhyolite higher up the mountainside, show that Mt Somers had volcanic origins.

After lunch the weather changed on us very fast while heading for the saddle. Hail was starting to hit us thick and fast, so time for coats. The rest of the day was snow and plenty of it with some parts of the track in white-out conditions. Who said it was a Spring trip? So, no chance of seeing the native falcons which frequent the Morgan Stream area of the track, then we dropped down to the area of the Water Caves, Hydroslide and Trifalls Creek, but sadly not seen that day. We stayed warm by keeping on moving and thinking of a warm fire and hot drink, then "B***er me", one more stream and wet feet later we arrive at the hut to meet up with the "A" team. A roaring fire and hot water for all, well done guys.



The second Woolshed Creek Hut

The new Woolshed Creek Hut is only a few years or so old, just what a tramper needs. The "A" team had a hot day getting to the hut as well, the shorter trip for them was just as hard because even before they left the carpark they had given a pint or two of blood to our mates

the wonderful sandflies. The grass outside the hut was still green when they arrived but soon changed to pure white.

Time for that all important pastime - food! It was more like feed everyone for a week, where do we start?!! While filling our faces with so many choices, naturally you also have a good chinwag about anything and everything. But with daylight saving do you lose an hour of social time or a hour of sleep? Speaking of sleep, the hut sleeps 26 with one bunk room for 10 people and the other for 16. So with our group of 10, a group of 5 and a group of 2, I am sure that equals 17 with some spare beds. For good measure the other groups joined in the fun of trying to work out once again the ratio of snorers to non-snorers. I'm sure that by the time this gets solved it will be Christmas 08 or 09. We finished the day with toasted marshmallows using the hut fire and by this stage of the night there was a brilliant sunset and clear skies.

Sunday morning dawned crisp and clear, and after a good breakfast and we set off following each other's footsteps through the snow. We had a short climb away from the upper part of Woolshed Creek canyon to Trig R (934m), with a fine viewpoint overlooking the extensive glaciated landscape stretching westwards to the Arrowsmith Range and the Southern Alps. Wow, just magic. From this point we dropped down steadily following a poled route across snow covered tussocks to the Blackburn Coal Mine, which was well worth a stop and look around. The mine finally closed in the 1960's, there are still remnants of the industry scattered around the hillside including the old jig railway and hopper lying wrecked at the bottom of the steep incline. With a short walk from here to the picnic and carpark area it was time for lunch and a change of clothes. With the weather so fine, we decided to do a bit of tree hugging at Peel Forest at the largest totara in the South Island, being 8½m around. We also had time to stop at Geraldine for ice-cream, coffee and a quick look around some of the shops, then homeward bound.

Gene for Ray, Jill, Alan, Paul, Jo, Annette, Adrienne, Constance and Collette

TWO FOR THE PRICE OF ONE (TAVORA RESERVE & HURIAWA PA)

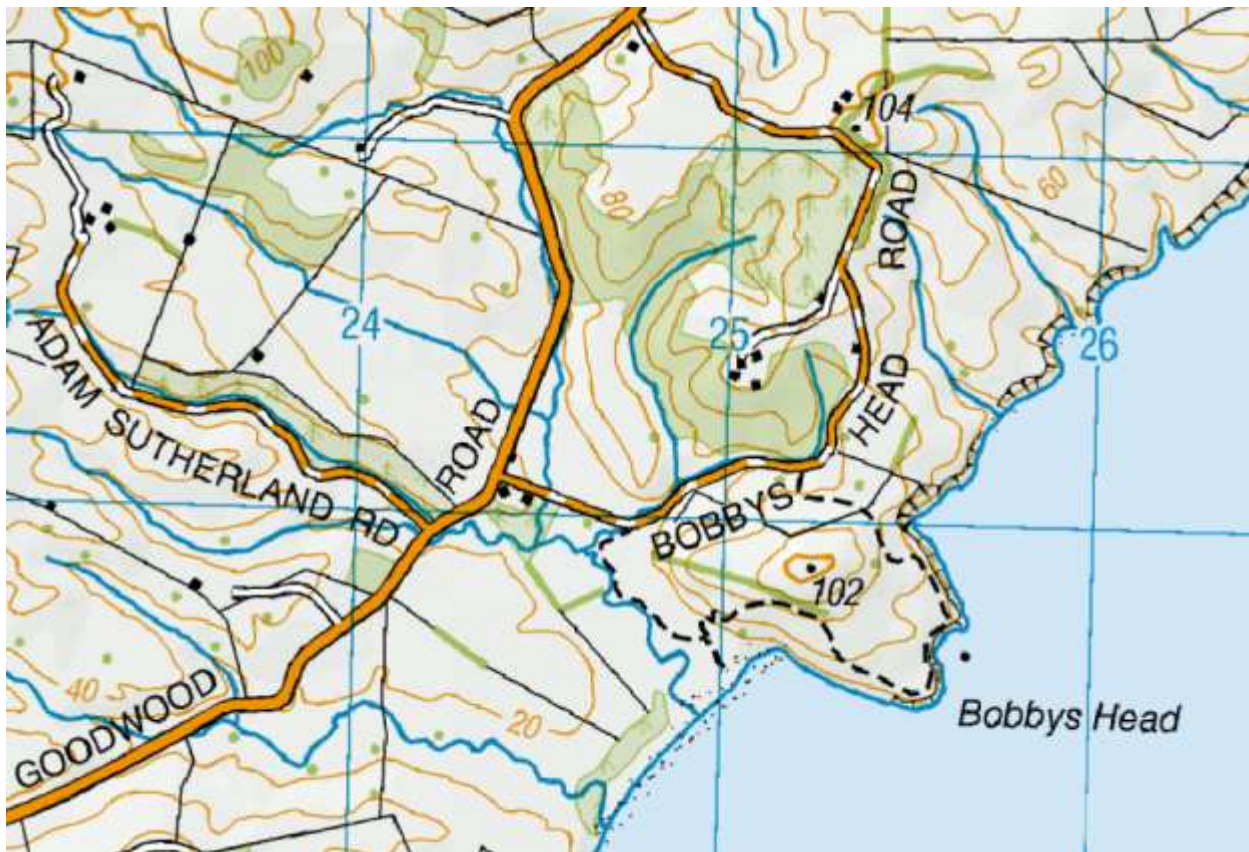
February 1, 2009

Author: Tony Timperley

Published in Bulletin 693, March 2009

Low cloud and light drizzle, with the prospect of a Southerly change and rain, did not deter eleven hopeful souls from committing themselves to an exposed coastal walk. The drizzle persisted over the Leith Saddle but by the time we crested the Kilmog it had ceased, although the skies were still overcast.

The Tavora Reserve (“tavora” is an ancient Māori word for penguin) is located around Bobby’s Head, on the coast about halfway between Waikouaiti and Palmerston. The reserve was established in 1993 by the Yellow-eyed Penguin Trust, which over the years has restored the natural vegetation to improve the area and enhance it as a breeding habitat for the yellow-eyed penguin.



As we set off the southerly was getting noticeably stronger but not colder, so we remained optimistic that we would complete the walk before any rain set in. The first part of the walk ends on the beach where the Trust has planted pikao, a native golden sedge to replace the introduced marram grass. This has allowed the dune system to revert to its original state with many other native plants becoming established, including the strangely named Cook’s Scurvy Grass – which Captain Cook apparently used successfully to combat scurvy amongst his crew.

The next section of track was a short but steep climb up to the head and into the full force of the southerly; however, as we were heading north, it was not too much of a hindrance. Also, we noticed that, rather than rain clouds gathering, patches of blue sky were appearing. At the headland we were able to look down upon rocks below where numerous fur seals were basking, some in very precarious positions seemingly hanging off narrow cliff ledges. How they got to some of these spots was a mystery, given that their lumbering clumsiness on land seems hardly conducive to delicate rock-climbing moves.

As it was “munch” time (that is, a combined morning tea and lunch) we dropped down to the sheltered northern facing slopes to admire the extensive coastal views whilst we ate and drank. On cue the sun came out and as windproof gear came off the repeated cry went up, “Has anyone got any sun-block, please?” The repeated reply was, “No, sorry. When I looked out first thing and heard the forecast, sunblock was the last thing I thought I’d need!”

After munch, compromisingly clothed (that is, trying to be protected from the mid-day sun, yet cool at the same time) we set off up the hill away from the head; but, instead of following the official Tavora track we veered north and dropped down to a small bay which is the main area used by nesting yellow-eyed penguins. We were slowly and carefully approaching the beach along a small gully when – lo and behold! – there on the beach, framed by the sides of the gully, was a young, yellow-eyed penguin preening itself. This is what we came for, so out popped the cameras. The young penguin saw us and paused for half a minute; but after assessing that we posed no threat continued preening, much to our delight.

(Note: I have a confession to make here – the fortuitous appearance of the penguin was pre-arranged with the Tavora Yellow-Eyed Penguin community. OTMC will be forwarding five kilos of regurgitated fish products to the young penguin as a token of our appreciation.)

It was a long haul back up the hill to the track, fortunately this was followed by a sedate amble back to the cars and “laft” (lunch and afternoon tea), which was taken whilst sheltering from the southerly in the warm lee of our cars. During this time everyone agreed to call in at Waikouaiti for an ice-cream then go on to Karitane and walk around the Huriawa Pa. This pa is situated on a small peninsula at the northern end of Karitane beach. This gave local Māori a natural defence of sea and cliffs, which was also helped by the fortuitous location of a small fresh-water spring within the confines of the pa.

Energised by our Waikouaiti ice-cream, we decided to walk round in an anti-clockwise direction so that the by now very strong southerly would be on our backs when we were on the most exposed section of the walk. We still had to take care as we were just above steep cliff faces, which enabled us to appreciate why the pa was in such an easily defensible position. The walk finishes at the Waikouaiti River estuary, and it was here that we saw strange wave patterns which resulted from a strong southerly blowing down the estuary coming into conflict with an incoming tide. Anyone in a small boat amongst where the two met would have been in real trouble!

But we were safe on land and soon in our small cars heading back to Dune-din after two very enjoyable and relaxing walks – plus a preening penguin.



Tony Timperley for: Richard Morrison, Jonette Service, Tina Anderson, Glennis Salmon, Tammy Jackman, Jacqui Colbert, Pam Buchan, Catherine Holdaway, Nick Holdaway, and Ken Powell.

MT JOHN HUT – THE LONG WAY

December 7, 2008

Author: David Barnes

Published in Bulletin 694, April 2008

My phone had been ringing red hot all week, and I was a bit nervous about dragging a crowd of neophytes through the Silver Peaks for nine hours. Everyone got dire warnings of what they were in for, as well as a grilling about their gear. But, with the exception of one that I pointed at the following week's easier trip, they still turned up. So, a dozen of us – 2 members, 3 of my friends and family and seven other non-members from five different countries – embarked on a day to remember.

The route had been chosen as it was an abbreviated version of a 3-day trip I did with my brother Chris and erstwhile OTMCer Paul Olsen exactly thirty years before. That was our first trip sans adults, and the start of three pretty active tramping careers. It was great that Chris was able to join me for this nostalgia fix.



Mt John Hut (photo from OTMC Bulletin)

Setting off from Hightop in thick fog we set a good pace to Green Hut. The climb to Pulpit Rock saw us spread out a bit, and as I waited to check on the stragglers, I was concerned that the enthusiastic frontrunners would hang a right at the Track sign above Painted Forest.

Fortunately, they waited, and we regrouped for the descent towards Mt Allan. With the fog the result of a typical nor'easter, heading west meant we were now out in the sun and away from

the wind. Finding the shortcut, we cut the corner and headed up to Mt Allan itself and stopped for lunch at the corner of the plantation. From there, we dropped to the spot I knew as Sheeppyard Saddle, only to find that the sheeppyard is no more. Carrying on down, we arrived at Mt John Hut, which is still in excellent condition.

One last drop brought us to Christmas Creek, followed by the cruel reality of immediately regaining most of the height on the vehicle track. Time flew, and in no time we were dropping into the creek again and then following Cave Creek to Jubilee Hut. People who had never heard of Barry Atkinson cursed him for locating the hut at the top of such a grunt, but all savoured a break on the deck as we made a serious attempt to drain the water tank.

We'd decided to flag the ascent of Raboh Ridge and instead headed for the Staircase. It's a cruel hill to tackle when you've already been on the go for six hours. The nor'easter hadn't abated, so we were climbing back into the murk, where we were to remain for the rest of the trip. After a brief spell out of the wind at the summit, we soon joined the ends of our loop before carrying on to Green Hut for another spell and regroup before the last hour out to the cars, arriving at 7:15 pm.

Despite such a full day, I'm sure that the group thoroughly enjoyed what for many was their introduction to the club and to the wonders of the Silver Peaks. My thanks to Mike (the member), Chris, Lindsay and Rob (the ring -ins) and David (Oz), David (US), Alex (Germany), Emma (NZ), Polly (US), Shannon (NZ) & Isobel (France) (the non-members) for a fantastic day in the hills.

David Barnes

DUMB-BELL LAKE

February 29 – March 1, 2009

Author: Sue Taylor

Published in Bulletin 694, April 2009

On the evening of Friday 20th Feb, a group of potential trampers gathered under the shop veranda and contemplated the weather forecast which included severe rain warnings for much of the lower South Island. After half an hour debate, we decided to postpone the Lake Ohau / Dumb-bell Lake trip therefore at 6.30 am Saturday 28th February five of the previous eight trampers headed north for Lake Ohau in much more clement weather. We started tramping at 10.30am with high cloud and mild temperatures. We set off, as planned, up the true right of Freehold Creek. There are substantial bridges crossing both Sawyers and Freehold Creeks which allow a safe access from the carpark to the track. We had a steady climb (560 m) up through beech forest for 1½ hours to the bush-line where we stopped for lunch. After this the route to the ridge top, a further 800 m climb, was through alpine meadows with sporadic snow poles and cairns plus the occasional rock splattered with red paint.



Dumb-bell Lake from the route to / from Freehold Creek

About ½ way we hit cloud which severely reduced our visibility. Here it was felt prudent to bring out Malcolm's GPS and log waypoints on it – and so we headed into the murk. The alpine meadow eventually gave way to rock scree, ranging from tiny shards to rather large boulders, which we duly scrambled up. It was fortunate for us that the texture of the rock was exceedingly grippy and that they were generally very secure, but a lot of concentration and

good foot-eye coordination was still required. We eventually reached the saddle on the Ohau Range and popped over the top at the same time that the predicted wind and rain caught up with us – lowering the visibility down to about 10 metres. After a quick snack and donning of wet weather gear we headed more or less north along the ridgeline to just below the high point of 1922 m, still clambering over boulder fields. Half an hour later saw us in rather unsavoury weather, very poor visibility and much doubt as to where we were exactly. (Unfortunately, the GPS was not calibrated for New Zealand, so we were most grateful to be able to back-track along the way-points previously logged into the GPS).



About to drop into Freehold Creek, with Lake Ohau and Ben Ohau beyond

We eventually reached the bush-line at 7 pm with Malcolm suffering from a sore back and feeling quite unwell, and Wayne nursing an injured wrist as a result of a fall on the rocks (apparently, he actually sustained a fracture!). Tents and dinner were both rapidly attended to in the rain, and all were tucked up in bed by 9.30pm. The smaller tent was pitched on the track and we in the 3-person tent were fortunate that Wayne discovered a beautifully formed tent site about 10m off the main track.

The rain stopped sometime during the night and, after a leisurely breakfast and pack-up, we had a quick sprint up and out of the trees to get the views that Gordon had been describing to us the day before. While standing there the mist came up the valley and hid the tops once again so we shouldered our packs and headed on down, we were back at the carpark in time for lunch in the sun. Thanks very much to Gordon for organising and Malcolm for transport. It was an enjoyable first weekend out with OTMC.

Sue Taylor for Gordon Tocher, Wayne Hodgkinson, Jenny Conroy and Malcolm Gollan

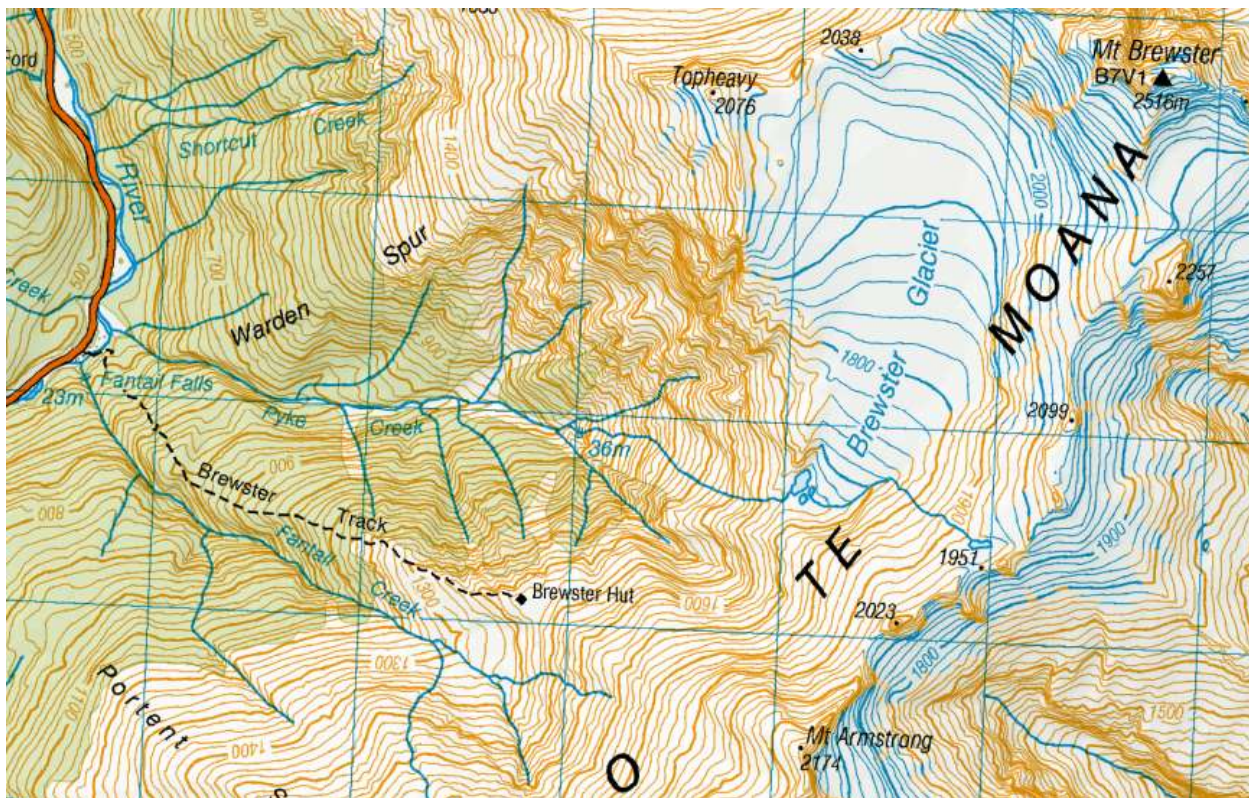
MAKARORA REGION IN SUMMER

January 24-25, 2009

Author: Adrian Chamberlain & Gordon Tocher

Published in Bulletin 694, April 2009

Leaving Dunedin at the regular time of 6 pm, all eleven in our group headed out to Central Otago and then on to Wanaka in the minibus. As always, the journey was straight forward but long. With a break for food in Alexandra, we reached Hawea as darkness fell, and continued the extra hour up to camp at Boundary Creek on the east side of Lake Wanaka. With a muddle over rucksacks and head torches and a fumbled pitching of tents in the darkness, the group had managed to hit the hay by midnight in near perfect conditions. The following morning, we arose early, leaving the site at about 8 am and dropping four off at Makarora. The rest continued north to just short of Haast Pass to start the trek up to Brewster Hut. The route started with the only, but immediate, river crossing over Haast River. Some of the group chose to cross in old shoes, which were then hidden in plants until they returned. The track immediately entered the bush with a short 2 km but very steep climb to about 1000 m. We were in bush for the first 2 hours, before we emerged to a cloudless blue sky with spectacular views over Haast Valley. The final hour consisted of walking a dramatic ridge with stunning views over Mount Arm-strong, Mount Brewster and Brewster Glacier before approaching Brewster Hut. This recently renovated hut sits dramatically on the hillside, with a comfy deck surrounding the hut allowing appreciation of the views from all angles.



Five of the party (Dave, Michael, Colette, Alan and Gordon) left the hut for an afternoon walk uphill with a view to getting to the top of Mt. Armstrong (2,194 m). The weather was perfect, clear and sunny with almost no wind. It was the usual story of numerous phantom summits, but after climbing up through the tussock followed by a fair amount of rock hopping, we got to a point where we could see the jagged ridgeline between us and Makarora Valley. During our ascent we had been trying to keep an eye on a party of five who had lunched at Brewster Hut - they were trying to cross the ridge and head down to Makarora Hut.

We passed the hut warden and her two friends practicing their snow skills on a small snowfield and headed up to choose our path towards the summit. Given our lack of crampons we chose to head to the right of a snowfield and scramble up the rocks, we gained the ridge and the magnificent views it afforded – snow covered peaks as far as the eye could see in all directions. The view down into Makarora Valley gave rise to a few comments along the lines that the party aiming to descend into it had their work cut out (its steep!), we could not see them anywhere.

Travel further up the ridge became difficult, so we marvelled at the sheer drops beneath us, took plenty of photos and decided to head back to the hut. However, a short distance below we spotted three other people walking with relative ease across the snowfield we had chosen to avoid, one of them quickly climbed up a rocky chute onto the ridge and headed off to the summit. This was motivation enough for Gordon and Michael to drop packs and follow, the snow was soft and kicking in gave good grip. A few minutes later we were standing on the top. Shortly after we were joined by two members of the other group, they had aborted their trip to the Makarora having got the wrong pass. The pathfinder turned out to be Rosie Rawlinson, dubbed Rosie Rock-rabbit by her husband, Frank. We drank in the views which included Mt Cook to the north and Mt Aspiring to the south, took lots of photos and scurried back to the hut. Getting to the summit was one of those brilliant moments to be remembered and capped off the day nicely.

The rest of the group had lazed in the sun at the hut enjoying the sound of gushing waterfalls from Brewster glacier, good weather and, most of all, no sand flies. The hut was busy with a number of travellers needing to head back down the hill with no room at the inn. The sun sank to the west, tinting the scene a beautiful shade of pink, whilst in the east a darkening blue sky sat in contrast with the late sun-covered glacier.

Most hit the hay early with a thought of re-attempting Mount Armstrong in the morning. Unfortunately, the weather chose not to play on the Sunday, with wind and showers rapidly moving in from the south. We returned to the minibus and picked up those who had walked Young Valley. The weather left us with little option but to head on home with a memorable stop at Blue Pools. A great weekend had with a relaxed group of folk and perfect weather on Saturday. Many thanks to Jill for leading the trip.

Adrian Chamberlain and Gordon Tocher for Jill McAliece, Matt Corbett, Alexander Wollert, Lisa Blum, Dave Chambers, Jenny Chamberlain, Alan Perry, Colette Nicholson and Michael Firmin.

SILVER PEAKS MARATHON

February 14, 2009

Author: Roy Ward

Published in Bulletin 695, May 2009

Waking up at 3:35 a.m. is never pleasant, but it's part of getting ready for the annual Silver Peaks Marathon. Several of us met at the bottom of the Pineapple Track at 4:30 a.m. to go to various destinations: Brad, Chris and myself to do the full Marathon; Pam to do the half; Janet, Bronwen and Philip to go on a memorial trip to the ford where Trevor drowned during the same event last year; Alyce (Brad's wife) to go back to bed after dropping Brad and Chris off.

Leaving at 4:35 a.m., the groups separated somewhat after Brad set a good pace. At about 6:45 a.m. the front group stopped for a while at the ford, only to find that everyone else wasn't far behind us. Ralph, Gavin and Michael then joined us, along with several of Trevor's family, to say a few words and share some memories about Trevor, finishing with each of us putting a white rose in the waters of Whare Flat Creek.



Mt John and Christmas Creek

Pam, Brad, Chris and myself continued on to the Chalkies, where there were several stops for the taping of feet. Brad and Chris seemed to be noticeably faster than Pam and myself, so by the time we had got to the junction where the half Marathon turns off I had decided that I was going to do the half instead of the full. However, after some peer pressure was applied, I

changed my mind. Pam split off to do the half and we later found that she'd had a good trip and got out about 4.20 p.m., the only problems being the gorse and a little bit of mis-navigation at the start of Long Ridge.

Brad, Chris and I continued down the bulldozer track (which I had spent some time clearing a week previously). As we got to Big Stream, we found the geography had been considerably altered - there were lots of trees that had been felled, and some very wide new roads put in that had obliterated the old ones. We looked for a bit at the impressively large logging machinery. Things were more familiar between Poplar Hut and Mount John, where we stopped and had lunch at about 12:15 p.m.

Coming down from Mount John, what had started as a cool day was getting quite hot, which (along with my relative lack of fitness) is what I think eventually led to a slow time. Brad and I had been having a running disagreement all day about which of the hills was the worst one and heading towards the Gap we changed that to a discussion about whether to follow my preference and go past ABC Cave (disadvantage: have to bash through some tussock) or Brad's preference up the ridge opposite Homestead hut (disadvantage: gain some extra height). We eventually chose the way past ABC Cave, filtering quite a lot of drinking water at Cave Creek, and arriving at the Gap at 4:15 p.m.

I find there is something about reaching the Gap in the Marathon: on one hand it's the point where we turn for home, on the other hand I can see it's a really long way, and my muscles tend to be getting quite tired by then, so I just want to get the whole thing over with. Going along Rocky Ridge, we got led slightly off-course at one point where there is a cut track to Hermits Ridge vs. the route along Rocky Ridge which is not cut. The other change is that the Yellow Ridge end of the Sliver Peaks is becoming a bit overgrown, possibly due to City Forests putting in gates that make access difficult.



Looking south along Rocky Ridge from near Gap Saddle

Brad had arranged for Alyce to meet us, so we had as few stops as possible going past Pulpit rock at 6:45 p.m. I discovered David Barnes (our SAR contact) had noticed how long we were taking and had sent us a text offering to collect us at Hightop, which we all declined. Sometime after 7:30 pm, we met Alyce at the Green Hut site. She had gone to some effort - refrigerated water, Powerade, and lots of goodies to eat - so we had a rest there, then walked with Alyce to the turn -off at Hightop. Walking up to Swampy (I'd been maintaining it was the worst hill because it's the last one, but it's much better with company) I found I was getting very tired and lagging a bit, and the others had to slow down and wait for me. It was full dark by the time we were going to the top of the Pineapple Track, and there we had one final stop (Brad to me: "When you said you were going to put your head down and go, I didn't think you meant go to sleep"), then we staggered painfully down the Pineapple Track to arrive at 11:23 p.m. - my personal slowest time of 18 hours and 48 minutes, but the only time I'd ever done it with a group. The aftermath of the Marathon is mixed - muscles and joints can be quite sore for a few days (although it wasn't too bad this time), but there's also the feeling of euphoria from having taken on a tough challenge and beaten it. On this occasion, there was also the sense of completing a piece of business left unfinished by last year's tragedy. A special thanks to Alyce Wilson and David Barnes - the Marathon would be harder and not as safe without their great support.

Roy Ward for Brad Wilson, Chris Gadd and Pam McKelvey, Janet Barclay, Bronwen Strang, Philip Somerville, Ralph Harvey, Michael Firmin and Gavin McArthur.

NORTH – SOUTH TEMPLE

December 6, 2008

Author: Peter Stevenson

Published in Bulletin 695, May 2009

Four of us took on the challenge to attempt a North – South Temple circuit in one day. This followed on from the previous year's "Routeburn in one day" theme.

An early start to the day was ensured when a helicopter passed directly over the Temple Shelter at 5:30 on Saturday morning. The North Temple River had fallen to near-normal levels and caused us no problems crossing it, unlike the Waitaki School party who were airlifted across it two days previously after heavy rain had swollen the river. We came across their abandoned tents still to be retrieved a short distance up the track.



The high point – thwarted by snow in the next gully, North Temple side of Gunsight Pass, December 6, 2008

A brisk pace saw us at the bush line in just over an hour where we took a quick breather to admire the scenery of the upper valley basin. Then began the hard slog up the grassy slopes to the base of that daunting "gut". The advantage of not having to carry a heavy overnight pack became evident as steady progress was made up the gut without the need to take frequent rest stops.

The first snowdrift was encountered about halfway up. It was easily negotiated by walking underneath it where the stream had melted a tunnel through. However, the next section of snow, which appeared to extend down from the upper basin completely blocked the usual route

up the center of the gut. Matt and James scouted ahead and found a route up a rock ledge on the left flank of the snow. This led up to a broader ridge. With some climbing this enabled us to get to a place just short of the upper basin. At this point the snow met a near-vertical rock face, and we decided it was too dangerous to go further without the appropriate gear. The consequence of a slip on the hard snow would mean a 250m slide down the snow chute to the rocks below. So instead, we spent 20 minutes admiring the views on a perfect day in the mountains before beginning a slow and cautious descent, careful not to dislodge any rocks onto our fellow party members.



Heading back to the North / South Temple junction, December 6, 2008

On our descent we met a party of three struggling their way up the gut with large overnight packs, intent on camping in the South Temple. Later, while having lunch and a snooze in the afternoon sun at the base of the gut, we observed them retreating back down. We were back at the Shelter by 3 o'clock, confident we could have been on the pass by mid-morning and the circuit completed comfortably in 10 hours. We have pencilled it in for next year if conditions permit.

Saturday evening was spent at Round Bush Reserve enjoying a beer and barbeque followed by a game of French Cricket. Sandflies drove us all to our tents early. Thanks to my fellow trampers Matt, James and Antony and support crew of Debbie, Jade and Dylan.

PIGEON ISLAND (END OF YEAR TRIP)

December 13-14, 2008

Author: Debbie Pettinger

Published in Bulletin 696, June 2009

The final trip for the year and it was billed as a social trip, so we packed the car, including the kids and headed off at 7am on Saturday morning for Lake Wakatipu. We arrived at around 10am, a little early for the boat ride across the lake so we spent a few minutes relearning the art of skipping stones.



Head of Lake Wakatipu, with The Dart and Mt Alfred, from the high point of Pigeon Island, December 13, 2008

Not long after we arrived, our local boatie (Ray McAliece) arrived and we were soon zipping across Lake Wakatipu to Pigeon Island. Pigeon Island is an island in the middle of Lake Wakatipu, you can see it clearly from the road to Glenorchy. From the road the island doesn't look very inviting, it's covered in scrub with very few open, flat areas – well that's what it looked like from the road. As we came closer a large bay opened up with plenty of camping available and a small, picturesque hut at one end. This was our destination. We arrived at the island and put up our tents. It was a beautiful day with blue skies, no wind and a fantastic view down the lake towards Queenstown. A truly magical spot.

After lunch we decided that a trip to the highest point on the island was a must, so we set off, following a cut track that took us around the southern end of the island before climbing the 'peak'. The peak is 461m (well, the lake is 308m!) with a trig on top. From the trig we had a tremendous view up the lake towards Mt Earnslaw and the Routeburn. This was a view that none of us had seen before, Mt Earnslaw and the surrounding mountains from the middle of

the lake. With a 360° view it was a picture-perfect day and we couldn't have asked for better. The cameras were busy capturing it all.



Expansive camp site on Pigeon Island, December 13, 2008

After a flag raising ceremony, we carried on with a circumnavigation of the island. We discovered a couple of small inlets during our traverse before eventually arriving back at our campsite. We set up the BBQ and enjoyed a drink in the sun before it dropped behind the mountains, and we adjourned to the hut for the official entertainment. We had a very entertaining night with Wolfgang, Alan and Wilbert on guitar with Richard accompanying on bongo drums. The sing-along was wonderful entertainment and lasted well into the night.

It was a reasonably early start to Sunday and after a relaxed breakfast we packed the tents and loaded the boat for the return trip across the lake. We were pleased to be on our way home as the mountains were covered in low cloud – so different from the day before.

Thank you to Antony for organising 'the best social trip of the year'. A special thank you to Ray, without him and his boat we would not have been able to discover this magic place. Thank you to our musicians who made the weekend so memorable and thank you to everyone on the trip, whose company made this the great trip it was. Sign me up for the next one!

Debbie Pettinger

THE FIVE PASS TRIP

January 29 – February 4, 2008

Author: Antony Pettinger

Published in Bulletin 696, June 2009 & Bulletin 697, July 2009

The 'Five Pass' trip is often called a classic, and for good reason. It is also a trip a few of us had wanted to do for some time. It all came together during the latter part of 2007, and lunchtime on Tuesday, January 29 saw 6 of us loading up at the Lake Sylvan carpark. After shifting our vehicles to the Routeburn Shelter we were off on the well-formed track to Lake Sylvan, heading for Rockburn Hut. The weather was perfect as we enjoyed the view at Lake Sylvan. The track past the lake deteriorates, and becomes muddier, but still easy enough to follow. After reaching what was to be our highest point for the day, 500m, it was down to the lower section of the Rockburn, with a break beside the tranquil glacier-coloured pools. We opted to cross the Rockburn here (it was very low) rather make the detour to the high-water bridge. It was nice to get out of the bush for a while as we travelled up easy flats on the true right of the Dart, heading for the Beansburn. The Dart does (or did in early 2008) cut into the right bank twice, once we were able to boulder hop beside the river, but at the second point we had to detour into the bush, where the remnants of a track was easily found.



Crossing the Beansburn, near the confluence with the Dart, January 29, 2008

As we reached the confluence of the Dart and Beansburn around 5pm, we elected to make the most of the good weather and long January daylight hours and head up the Beansburn to the

first flats. We had been warned by various people of the dreaded track up the Beansburn but were pleasantly surprised to find our most recent information was correct – that the track had recently been cut and re-marked by DoC. This allowed us to make good time to the flats, for once shaving some time off what was printed in Moir. A pleasant night was spent under the trees in the middle of the flats.



Fohn Saddle and Fohn, from the Beansburn, January 30, 2008

Wednesday dawned fine, with valley mist providing a cool temperature. We had no fixed plans for the day, other than a vague idea that it would be nice to get to Fohn Saddle or even the lakes that night. In the end we had a nice cruisy day, enjoying the many ups and downs the Beansburn offers. The track from the flats to the bivy rock marked on the map remains on the true right all the way and has been re-cut and orange triangles installed (late 2007) all the way to the bushline. Once out of the bush it is best to stick close to the river, particularly as you approach the bivy rock, as the tussock is so uneven it seems to take forever to get through. Once at the rock we decided that we would leave Fohn Saddle for the following day. With time on hand, we set up the mountain radio to get the latest forecast, which promised rain on Friday (as forecast earlier in the week). It was also interesting to observe the creek in front of the biv – in the afternoon there was no flow, but by the following morning it was flowing fully. It blew my long-held theory that river flows are lowest in the morning!

Thursday, day 3, and we were finally heading to our first pass. I had a very good route guide from the late Doug Forrester which advised us to cross the Beansburn at the bivy-rock and head up the true left. The river could get interesting to cross above the biv in anything other than normal water flows. If this is the case, then it is possible to remain on the true right to the

foot of the climb to Fohn Saddle. The going was a bit scrubby as we headed upstream, and after about 1km we headed back to the true right and stuck close to the river. The point where you head up to Fohn Saddle is obvious and is marked by rock cairns. The climb starts on a protruding ridge and is steep – coming down in wet conditions could be interesting. The weather was closing in and we weren't helped by heading up to the clag and mist that engulfed the saddle. Despite this, our 400m climb was rewarded with some great views down the Beansburn and through to Lake Wakatipu. A cool wind greeted us on Fohn Saddle, and we hunkered down behind rocks for a short break.



Approaching Fohn Saddle with the Beansburn in the background, January 31, 2008

We had hoped to get across to the Fohn Lakes and camp but given that heavy rain was forecast we elected to head down towards the Olivine Ledge and see how far we could get before the front arrived. We headed down from the saddle and continued to descend on the true left of the creek draining the lakes. At about the 1200m contour you need to cross to the true right where easy tussock slopes avoid the steeply eroded creek bed. There is a reasonable bivy rock slightly north of this point. A short traverse to the southwest took us back across the Fohn Lakes creek and onto the Olivine Ledge. The Olivine Ledge is a broad shelf about 300m above the Olivine River and provides relatively easy, though boggy in places, travel to Fiery Col. The ledge ends abruptly at Fiery Creek, but a scrubby scramble on the true right of Fiery Creek leads to the last small basin before the final scramble to Fiery Col.

We decided to camp here as we were not confident of finding a spot on the far side of Fiery Col near Cow Saddle, given the terrain and time of day. Our camping choices were limited given

that we had tent flies, but we soon had the two flies up right beside the rather innocuous looking 'Fiery Creek' that could be easily hopped across...



Camping before the rain, Fiery Creek, January 31, 2008

After setting camp on the true right of Fiery Creek we had time for a bit of rest and recreation. With the weather looking ominous a couple of us decided to take a stroll to Fiery Col to get an idea of the country ahead. The col was about 1km due south of our camp and, without packs, took about 40 minutes to reach. The gut leading up to the pass is very impressive, with a very distinct line between the grey and fiery red rocks—a feature of this region. Having satisfied ourselves that the descent to Cow Saddle was achievable (we had iceaxes, but no crampons) we returned to our camp for a leisurely dinner beside the creek. We set up the radio, with one end of the aerial on the far side of the creek secured with an iceaxe. We didn't need the forecast that night to tell us that rain was imminent—as we lay in our bags, we sensed that the front was upon us.

The rain did indeed come with a vengeance throughout the whole night, and it was 6 trampers who woke to varying degrees of dampness on Friday. With the creek up (and now completely uncrossable) our only option was to stay put—we did consider the rock biv behind us but knew we wouldn't get across the stream draining Fohn Lakes so stayed put. It was around midday when Pete suddenly stirred us from our thoughts with the announcement that the creek was about to break its banks and come through both flies. With gear flying in all directions, it was amazing to see how fast we could actually move—but not as amazing as the amount of water crashing down all around us in our small amphitheater.

With our camp now shifted to higher ground we waited for the rain to stop—by mid-afternoon every available drying place sported an item of gear as we urged the sun to stay out. At the time it seemed quite miserable, but in hindsight it doesn't seem that bad—tent flies still have their place in the hills—you just need to choose the right time and place.



Drying out after the rain, Fiery Creek, February 1, 2008

Saturday dawned fine with a slight frost, and we headed off early (my camera says just after 6am) as we intended to get down into the Rockburn that night. The climb to the saddle is straight-forward, we kept to the true right (grey rock) side all the way, scrambling over the rocks and boulders. With heavy packs we were slower, and it was after 7am when we were on the col itself.

After admiring the view of our departed camp, Cow Saddle and the surrounding mountains we headed down towards Cow Saddle. We chose the true right, or red rock side, and angled to the west to avoid the chasm shown on the map. There was very little snow on the south side of the col, which was easily skirted. A rock scramble followed by a steepish scree ridge led directly to the Olivine River, not far from Cow Saddle. A short traverse saw us on the 'saddle' 75 minutes from Fiery Col. Cow Saddle itself is a very broad and swampy saddle and at just over 1000m is the lowest pass on this trip.

Yesterday's rain was forgotten as we headed down Hidden Falls Creek under a sunny blue sky. We generally followed the true right, sticking close to the creek. Travel here is good boulders and tussock - the creek here can be easily crossed in good conditions if required. We crossed to the true left at D40 291145 and picked up the remains of a track on a low terrace. In hindsight

it probably would have been easier to keep to the true right, keeping low down on the marked scree slope for another km or so. Perseverance paid off and we were at the stream draining Park Pass for lunch. There is enough room here for a couple of tents, with a larger clearing about 30mins upstream.



Cow Saddle, looking towards Hidden Falls Creek, February 2, 2008

Both Moir and Doug's notes emphasize the importance of picking up an old track that leads directly to Park Pass. A small cairn about 100m below the Park Pass Creek indicated where to turn off and we soon found the first marker. Not far from here the track starts to climb and this is where the 'last' marker is. It is imperative to find this marker as there are other tracks on the terrace. This marker has been inscribed 'last marker'. After 90 minutes or so of steep climbing we reached the lower tussock slopes of Park Pass. Another 30 minutes saw us on the pass and back in familiar territory.

We had planned to get as far down the Rockburn as possible to make it easier for our last day. The route down from Park Pass is initially on the true right but crosses to the true left before the creek that drains from the Park Pass glacier. There is a marked track (orange triangles) through the gorgy sections that isn't shown on the map, again on the true left. We reached the top flats around 5pm and decided to camp for the night.

Sunday was a pleasant tramp through familiar ground to the road-end. There is a track of sorts through the top flats and leads to a well-marked track that goes through a cutting and onto Theatre Flat. Point 908m on the map is the well-known 'rock garden' and we spent a short time there. There weren't too many stops from here as we wandered down the valley, crossing

the Rockburn on the bridge below Theatre Flat. The climb to Sugarloaf Pass always seems higher than the last time, but what a view. A last lunch on the pass and then the descent to the Routeburn Shelter brought our trip to an end.



Approaching Park Pass, February 2, 2008

The Five Pass trip is definitely a classic trip. It traverses some great areas of Mt. Aspiring National Park and provides a great challenge in regard to navigation and route selection. The section from the Beansburn bivy rock to Park Pass is untracked and is a good test for those map reading skills we don't use often enough, as well as interpreting Moir and other written guides. I would encourage every trumper to add this trip to their wish-list of trips to do some time - to my mind this is the type of trip that tramping clubs exist for.

Antony P for Debbie Pettinger, Ann and Chris Burton, Peter Stevenson, and Matt Corbett.

HARBOUR CONE

June 21, 2009

Author: Gavin McArthur

Published in Bulletin 698, August 2009

A large group of 15 trampers made their way to Hoopers Inlet. From there we assailed the heights of the Harbour Cone, unfortunately it was a bit misty, so the view wasn't so good. We descended the cone to virtual sea level via the Bacon Street track and then back up the hill, past Larnach's Castle to the summit of Peggy's Hill (still misty). Along the way we visited a number of sites of former farmhouses, you can always identify them by the stands of macrocarpa and stone ruins. There are a large number of former farmhouse sites on the peninsula.



Harbour Cone and Broad Bay

On our return leg we visited some impressive lime burning kilns, a good example of early industry on the peninsula. After the kilns we made our way via the Nyhon Track to the cars. It was a most enjoyable and challenging day out.

Gavin MacArthur.

STONE HILL – PUREHUREHU POINT

June 14, 2009

Author: Peter George

Published in Bulletin 698, August 2009

As I hadn't had a good walk for a while the 'all' grading of Gordon Tocher's planned walk seemed like a good place to start, especially with the promise of a steep hill to start with. Having been out with Gordon to Heyward Point I knew a walk in his backyard was likely to be entertaining and informative.

We were not disappointed. Even the drive out in his van was filled with neat snippets of information about the history of the Aramoana Road area.



Purehurehu Point from Heyward Point

Nine of us left from his house in Waipuna Bay and we were straight into the climb up the steep side of Stone Hill. According to Gordon it was named after the antisocial stone rolling behaviour of an elderly lady defending a rumoured still, however the presence of plenty of rock and stone walls indicates a more obvious if somewhat less imaginative source. The 290m ascent went smoothly with the occasional pause for information and catching of breath. Slow but steady, I wasn't often alone at the back. After 40 minutes we made it to the top in good form and into a brisk cold southerly. The views up and down the harbour were indeed magnificent.

Strolling over the top to the Heyward Point Road and out of the wind we were joined for the second half by a family of three happy walkers including 6 year old Kieran. Soon leaving the

road for more cross country we set off down the hill to the beach. It is important to note that nearly all of this walk was over farmland for which Gordon had already arranged permission.

Walking down, Gordon warned of something I had not heard of before - under runners. Harmless looking bits of erosion or depressions that disguise deeply eroded holes where they go under the surface. Big enough to swallow a sheep. Luckily, we did not encounter any this large. Working our way down the hill, enjoying the paradise ducks and views of remnant bush while avoiding the plentiful onga-onga, we eventually reached sea level on the other side. Here we had a look around the well-appointed cave bivvy. Complete with shelving, short drop, fireplace, and door it was quite impressive. Then the last quick walk to Kaikai beach for lunch. Lunchtime was limited by Gordon who, with the initially clear day clouding over, was keen to get us back before the rain.

Returning to the road by a different route which included lovely views up and down the coast to Blueskin Bay we paused for a quick poke around the shell of the old Harris family home and took turns to use Gordon's monocular to peer at the surfers at Murdering Beach, now far below. Getting back to the road was a relief for 6-year-old Kieran who, despite the odd sit down, had soldiered on. He had discovered that unfortunately when you walk there you have little choice but to walk back.

With everyone from the original 9 declining the offer of a car ride from the top we returned down the hill. A word to the wise... if you go on this walk with Gordon and he offers a choice of ways around an area take the one he goes on. As the ground on the alternate route got muddier and slipperier below the bog those crossing to join him on the drier ridge, he went down were executing some magnificent slides including a classic and undeniably funny muddy set of trousers for Aurelie.

The few spits of rain turned into drizzle shortly after we got back to Waipuna Bay, excellent timing to finish an enjoyable walk in great company. Four and a half hours and 8.2km. Many thanks to Gordon for his time and leadership.

Peter George for Aurelie Jonquet, Sarah Song, Hilda Firth, Marina Hanger, Ran Turner, Gene Dyett, Bronwen Strang, Gordon Tocher, Janet, Russel, and Kieren.

RAINGAUGE SPUR

June 28, 2009

Author: Richard Forbes

Published in Bulletin 698, August 2009

The windscreen wipers were on as I headed to the clubrooms in Young Street at 9.00 am that Sunday morning. After working out who would be travelling with who, we headed over the Saddle Hill motorway and the weather began to clear. Eleven of us started up Racemans Track following into the headwaters of the Silverstream towards the Silver Peaks. The bush was regrowth – kanuka, with emerging Fuchsia, whiteywood, and broadleaf. We followed the old water race and Gavin, the trip leader, pointed out the surveying pegs, derelict iron pipes and tunnels. These were constructed for the Dunedin water supply at the end of the 1800's.



Looking out towards the Taieri Plains from the top of the Raingauge Track

After about an hour, we reached the weir, where we had a short break for morning tea. Two of the group members turned back after the break, and nine continued on. We started the steep and slippery climb up Raingauge Spur. Gavin and I pointed out the various plants to Isabel (from France).

These plants included lancewood, bush lawyer, Coprosma, Hebe and Astelia. After about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour, we stopped for lunch. One member of our party saw he had a signal on his cell phone and checked his messages. He told us there was a family emergency and he had to return home. After discussion, he headed off back to Swampy Road and back to his vehicle. This was also the ride home for four of us, but he agreed to collect us if needed.

After lunch, we continued climbing to the Swampy Road. The vegetation changed to tussock, flax, spear grass, Dracophyllum and plenty of snowberries, which we tasted but their normal sweetness of the summer had faded to a pea-like taste. There was cloud and mist at the top so no view, and we noticed that it had begun to snow very lightly. We then headed down the Swampy Road to the locked gate. After discussion, it was decided that we would not head down the Steve Amies track, because it would be steep and slippery from the precipitation. So it was the long walk down the hard gravel road back to the cars. I was shocked to see a burnt-out Mitsi by the locked gate which, during the blaze, could have easily set alight the kanuka scrub nearby. All the way down the road, there were numerous piles of household rubbish and garden rubbish dumped by unthoughtful people trying to save a couple of dollars by not taking it to the tip or putting it in a DCC-approved rubbish bag. But how much petrol did they use to get to this remote area to dump it? Closer to Whare Flat, we noticed huge mud wallows that 4WD hoons like to drive into, turning the area into wasteland.

Apart from these things down the road, it was an enjoyable trip, to an area with a lot of history and scenery. A call to one of our party's partners to provide transport was successful in getting us all back to the clubrooms by about 4.00 pm. On waking the following morning, the snow was halfway down Flagstaff and Mount Cargill!

Thanks to Gavin McArthur for leading the trip.

Richard Forbes

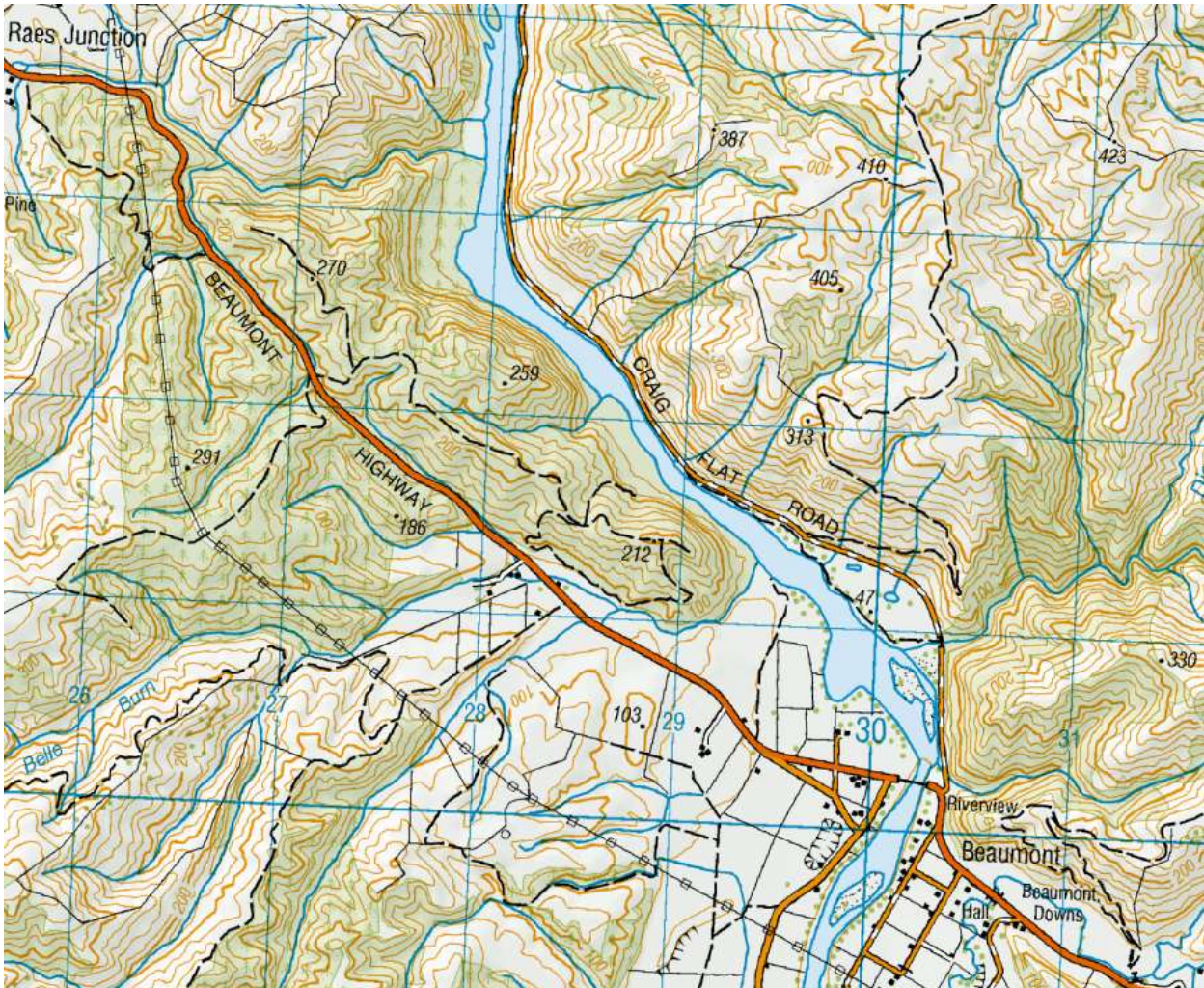
BEAUMONT MILLENIUM TRACK 1

July 26, 2009

Author: Andy Cunningham

Published in Bulletin 699, September 2009

It was a day of wonderful weather. A light frost at the start, weighing on the grasses. The steam from a herd of cows as they crossed a field below the track. The dancing of a pair of Fantails. The glittering Clutha, with a backdrop of dark pine plantations.



The walk began at the Beaumont Bridge, where three or four cars and their occupants parked before setting off. The track itself was hard underfoot, boots were almost overkill, but it was a good feeling to get them on anyway.

The twelve or so of us that went on the walk were treated to a wide, level track that wended its way first close by, then away from, the river. The views changed subtly along the way, as a chilly start in the shade from the hills moved to full sun after about 30 minutes and stayed that way for the rest of the day. After just under two hours, a grassy area with benches was selected for lunch, by the riverside, at the site where an old water pipe had been suspended across the river. After lunch, one or two of the group headed back to the cars, the rest walked

on for about 15 minutes to a steel bridge, where the first of several cars were encountered coming along the track from the opposite direction, making me wonder why this was called a 'walkway'.

A pleasant wander back along the track got us all back to the car park just after 3pm, and each car then headed back to Dunedin, mine via a welcome cup of coffee at Jazz on Java in Lawrence. I'd never been on a walk with the OTMC before and am not [yet] a club member. This was also true for at least four others on this walk. It seemed like a good appetiser for tramping with OTMC, and thanks to Ian Sime for organising the day.

As a final thought for those with mountain bikes, this looks like it would be a good outing, and I certainly plan to take mine back there when things warm up a bit.

Andy Cunningham for Janet & Russell Barclay, Jan Burch, Aldo Cortesi & Zoe Evans, Andy Cunningham, Hilda Firth, Graham and Alison Johnston & Holly (the dog), Gavin MacArthur, Kimberly Mathis, Ken Powell, Kim-Sherrie Taylor, Alan & Robyn Thomson, Chris Pearson & Kathy Woodrow, Ian Sime.

BEAUMONT MILLENIUM TRACK 2

July 26, 2009

Author: Ian Sime

Published in Bulletin 699, September 2009

The weather forecast from the previous Thursday was for a fine weekend - very reassuring. Six people from the Taieri planned to come. One couple agreed to pick up a third person who lived nearby. Another car with two people would pick up their third passenger at the East Taieri Dairy. Twelve people collected at the clubrooms, and we were away in three cars soon after 9.00.

At East Taieri, the two-person car and their passenger had arrived ahead of us. We waited for the other car for quite a while, but finally decided it must have gone straight on, and headed off ourselves.

At the start of the Track, at the near end of the Beaumont bridge, our guess was proved correct - the missing car was there. All this detail is meant to show how vital good communication is. I hadn't made it clear that we would all meet at the dairy, so half an hour was wasted.

The plan was to walk up the track as far as we wished, and then retrace our steps. This meant that everyone could choose a pace to suit, and we were soon well spread out, in small groups or couples, chatting away, often to people we'd never been with before. (For six folk, this was their first walk with the Club.)

We had agreed that 2pm should be our latest turning time. About 12.30 the main group arrived at a picnic spot with an information table - ideal for lunch.

It was when we stopped that I realised the ball of my left foot was sore. The previous day I'd tried on a couple of pairs of tramping socks, but they had shrunk a bit and were tight on my toes. So I had come wearing two pairs of rather thin walk socks, and that was obviously not giving me enough padding. While the others walked on to the Tala Burn, I headed back downstream. While I was walking, the discomfort wasn't too bad, but if I stopped, I knew there was trouble. To occupy my mind, as I rounded each bend I estimated the time it would take to the next corner.

Back at the cars I had no sooner changed out of my boots than the others started to arrive.

Home by 5.30 (I'd told Betty to expect me before six) she showed me my foot with a mirror. The skin had come off quite a large area and was crinkled towards the toes. She dressed it, and Health Centre nurses replaced the dressing three times before discharging me.

So, I hope this trip has taught me two lessons.

Ian Sime

WINTER ROUTEBURN – LAKE MACKENZIE

July 3-4, 2009

Author: Wolfgang Gerber

Published in Bulletin 699, September 2009

At last, the club has put boots on tracks, with the weather during Autumn and early Winter preventing numerous trips, it was great that this trip was GO!

The road conditions between Mossburn and Te Anau were reported as icy in areas, and the Milford Road was closed for towing vehicles from Te Anau Downs!! I thought to myself "Here we go again"!!! as last year's cancelled trip to the same area was still fresh in my mind. Anyway, having experienced drivers, I decided to go. Light rain and warmer temperatures followed us to Te Anau which washed away the icy conditions and made driving easier than expected. We signed in at Te Anau, changed into our tramping gear and were off. As we approached Te Anau Downs there was no sign of the snow.



Wolfgang Gerber en-route to Lake McKenzie (PHOTO: Wolfgang Gerber Collection / OTMC Archives)

We arrived at the Divide Shelter and were soon on our way to Howden Hut. Some of the party nipped up to a snowy Key Summit and we walked around on the top under watery moonlight. Hey no torches needed!! (As promised.) Then down to Lake Howden Hut and to bed after 2.00am. Yawn.

The morning came far too quickly and as we looked out the window, Hey! the Lake's FROZEN. First time I've seen it iced up! No wonder it felt cold.

The walk to Lake MacKenzie Hut was, dare I say, challenging in places and some people found the icy conditions lifted them into the air for a short time, only to end up on their Gluteus Maximus. The Earland Falls were reduced to a trickle but the views along the way were magnificent, especially the Darren Mountains (as promised). Once at Lake MacKenzie Hut, parties went in all directions, from exploring the valley, ice skating on the Lake, up the Zig Zag to get a fantastic view of the lower Hollyford, Lake McKerrow, Martins Bay, Tutuko and Madeline stood out to west. The fit party made it to the Harris Saddle.

Then back for yummy multi course meals. The smell in the Hut was mouthwatering. The theme this year was to wear a sports top and the best dressed table went to the all-girls "B" Team. Now what did the "B" stand for again girls?

My lovely quiz assistant this year was the jovial Jacqui C. who excelled. This year we had a honourable tie in the quiz with The "B" team of Adrienne, Jill, Tina sharing the spoils with the "D" team of Gene, Alan Th., Dave Ch. and the "G" team of Allan P., Graham J., Andrew H., and Caroline came an incredible last.

Sunday morning was cruisy with most people trying ice-skating in their boots on a very low looking lake, some walked around it and some visited Split Rock. The walk back to the Divide was as challenging as the day before with some people surviving the death drop at the Death Bridge. It was back to the Divide in good time, tea in Te Anau for some, and safely home at 10ish.

Thanks go to my fellow drivers: Gene, Allan P., Alan Th., Marina H., and Dave Ch. Also, to my lovely quiz assistant Jacqui C., and for all those dressed up their tables, the hut looked really great.

I trust everyone had a great time and achieved what they wanted. The weather was wonderful as was the company and for the first time for years a complete family came along for the fun.

Wolfgang for Gene Dyett, Alan Thomson, Dave Chambers, Cathy McKersey, Graeme Donaldson, Richard, Tracy, Vincent, Rosa Pettinger, Thomas Gleeson, James Cleary, Marina Eglisias, Harriet Cross, Jacqui Colbert, Adrienne Dearnley, Jill McAliece, Tina Anderson, Philip Somerville, Bruce Bernasconi, Sandra De Vries, Pam McKelvey, Wayne Hodgkinson, Allan Perry, Graham Johnston, Andrew Hale, Caroline Essler, Marina Hanger, Sandra Francis, Aileen Conboy, Simon Wilson, Wendy Ann Miller, and Andrew Jarvis.

MT SOMERS

July 18-19, 2009

Author: Richard Forbes

Published in Bulletin 699, September 2009

I had been looking forward to this trip as the three previous trips I had signed up for had been cancelled due to bad weather. The weather for this weekend was looking a bit dodgy, but the forecast bad weather did not eventuate. It was cold, clear, and windless. Five of us left Dunedin at about 5pm on the Friday evening, and we called in to R&R Sports to collect a personal locator beacon. We stopped at Oamaru on the way for tea, and we stayed overnight at the Mount Somers Camping Ground that night.



Looking towards the Ashburton Valley from near the 'Bus Stop'

Saturday dawned clear and crisp, and we had a good view of Mount Somers from the camping ground. The snow was all the way down to the flats. It was a big frost that day, and the sheep in the paddocks on the way had frost on their backs. The gravel road to the start of the track had heaps of beehives beside it - I suppose to take advantage of all the manuka growing nearby. The decline down to the car park at the start of the Woolshed Creek track was covered in ice and snow. Easy to get down but doubtful if we could get back out. So the vehicle was parked at the side of the road. The intentions book was full so we left our intentions on a separate piece of paper. We started underway at about 10am, walking through beech forest with their trunks black with a fungus that harbours an insect that produces honeydew – this is

a major source of food for the local birds. On this section of the track, the bellbirds' song was deafening.

Along the way up the hill, we came across various remnants of the coalmine that used to be here, including old railway lines, sleepers, wagons, and the old Blackburn mine tunnel. As we climbed higher, the snow got thicker and icier. We broke through the bush into a winter wonderland of about 20-30 cm thick snow with very little tussock showing through. We reached the fence-line, and it was decided to follow the fence to join up with the 4WD track, as this would be much safer than the shady icy slopes up to Trig R (the highest point at 934 m). From the road, there is a great view to the west towards the Arrowsmith Range and the Southern Alps. After a while the Mount Somers hut came into view. We dropped our packs and trudged through the snow to the Trig R point for the view. Then it was down the road to the hut for lunch. We had lunch outside in the sunshine looking at the snow-capped surrounding hills.

We decided that it would not be wise to continue over the saddle to the Pinnacles Hut as we would probably get over the saddle but the next day it would be treacherous getting back again. So we were staying in the Mount Somers hut for the night. We did a small walk to the water caves which were a collection of boulders by a stream on the way to the saddle. We saw lots of ice and icicles. We got back to the hut just as the sun was going down and the wind was picking up. I had to chase my hat down the hill as it blew away. The hut was almost full that night and there was very little firewood to burn because the woodshed was empty. DoC told us there would be plenty.

Having had a good night's sleep, we were away at 9am heading back to the car. The snow was hard and crusty, and the sky didn't have a cloud. The view was great with the sun coming up. At the Blackburn mine, we came across the Methven Tramping Club who were doing a day trip to the Mount Somers hut to have a pot-luck lunch and to judge who had the best cooking. They warned us the track down to the bush was very icy and to take care. They were right – it was very icy. The best going was to not walk on the track. The ice axes we had came in handy. The two small children (not with our party) staying in the hut who were heading out would have found this part a bit tricky. An enjoyable trip with great views and weather. A call home at Geraldine told us that it had snowed in Dunedin that night. Looks like we had the pick of the weather that weekend. Many thanks to Jill for leading the trip, and Gene for the driving.

Richard Forbes, for Jill, Gene, Jacqui and Harriet.

SKYLINE TRACK

August 2, 2009

Author: Adrienne Dearnley

Published in Bulletin 700, October 2009

The weather hadn't been too promising on Saturday night, so it was a relief to wake to cloudy skies and the promise of rain, rather than the rain itself. Still cold though and wasting time making a flask of hot coffee meant I arrived at the club rooms just in time to see everyone else already piling into cars. Fortunately, my frantic "WAIT FOR ME" was heard and we headed off to Sullivan's Dam to meet up with the others. 4 new faces included in the line-up, giving Jacqui a chance to practice her club marketing skills.



Early Morning at Sullivans Dam

Janet was armed with a photocopy from Antony Hamel's 'Dunedin Tracks and Trails' and had a magnificent 4.5-hour tramp organized. We headed off from Sullivan's Dam along the Waters of Leith, trying not to slip too much in the conditions. Then out onto open land close to the motorway. Followed a fence line through a logging area, across a stile and up a steepish hill to the Three Peaks track. Stayed on this track through pine needled forest until reaching Cowan Road. Then along Cowan Road to the start of the Escarpment Track. As two of the 'new faces' hadn't been to Mt. Cargill, we made a diversion along the A H Reed Track to the lookout, with a stop for group photos.

Then the fun really started! Down the Escarpment track. Referred to as a 'tactile walking experience', the sign wasn't joking. We variously slogged through mud up to our knees, rock climbed, tree-hugged and board-walked with a short stop for lunch in a clearing. During the board walk section, we were treated to amazing birdsong, and I saw a tui for the first time in ages! Off down to the Calvert Dell along the Cloud Forests of Leith track, checking out the telephone on the way.

And lastly back along the side of Sullivan's Dam, trying to get some of the mud off before clambering into the poor drivers' cars!



Pigeon Flat and Blueskin Bay from the Escarpment Track

It was an experience not to be missed and thoroughly recommended. Many thanks to Janet Barclay for leading it.

Adrienne Dearnley for Janet Barclay, Gavin McArthur, Geoff Brookes, Paul Maurie (visiting from Chch), Jacqui Colbert, Michael Firmin, Peter George, Paul Raper, Marilyn Barkla and Kirsten Simonsen.

SNOWCAVING 2009

August 1-2, 2009

Author: Richard Pettinger

Published in Bulletin 700, October 2009

The weather forecast and avalanche warning in the days before the trip had me worried about people pulling out, but instead we got 3 last minute confirmations and count-ins. Nineteen folk from Dunedin, Mosgiel, Invercargill and Herbert met up in Roxburgh at 9.30 for a hot chocolate, before seeing how our vehicles would get on, on the Waikaia Bush Road.

A bit of sliding around in deep ruts led to abandoning the lighter vehicles and the two 4WDs ferried people and packs to the place we often park, where this year there was a dog sled team heading out to have a run.



Heading for the traditional OTMC Snowcaving site (PHOTO: Richard Pettinger)

Landholder, Ash McGregor, had said there wasn't much snow in the gully we traditionally use, but we found it was adequate, which was good as it was out of the strong wind in there. The only issue was avoiding as much as we could the cornice that usually forms there. This year it was bigger, but we found it totally stable.

Three caves were dug. One was for 6 people with two living quarters (because they had hit the ground), one was for eight on a lovely big bench after the second entrance was filled in, and the other was a bog-standard cave fitting five. This year all the shovels worked well as the

snow wasn't too icy, but the best headway seemed to have been made using small carpentry saws. The Mansons had learned about this technique from a You-Tube clip.

Saturday's weather was perfect for the job, not too hot. In the evening a bit of a snow skiff passed through, then the moon came out and it was really beautiful. We got a visit from a SnowCat driver, who was intrigued about what we were up to.

Everybody had a warm, comfy night, with the people in the big cave talking about how rabbits sleep in a burrow, and how we had done everything we could to minimise risk.



Home for the night – Old Man Range (PHOTO: Richard Pettinger)

There was only the chance of an earthquake to muck up our plans. Sun-day's weather was a bit crappy, as forecast, so we stayed indoors as long as we could and then it was off the hill in a disorderly fashion and into Roxburgh for hot chips and more hot chocolates. Everyone said they'd had a great time. It was good to see so many young ones on a Club trip.

Thanks to Dave and Graham for the 4WDs, and Wilbert and Jason for bringing their cars.

Richard Pettinger for: Alison Johnston, Graham Johnston, Christina Johnston, Jasmin Johnston, Rosa Pettinger, Jean-Luc Payan, David Man-son, Hamlin Manson, Fien Scheerlinck, Sue Taylor, Tracy Pettinger, Wilbert Stokman, Shelly Coleman, Roy Ward, Tania Henwood, Jason Henwood, Paul Cunliffe and Simon Carey-Smith.

RONGOMAI – HONEYCOMB CIRCUIT

August 9, 2009

Author: Not recorded

Published in Bulletin 700, October 2009

A small group of enthusiastic day walkers parked their car at Evansdale Glen and proceeded up the Careys Creek track to the Rongomai turnoff. We hauled our way up the Rongomai Ridge to the mountain road. It's quite a steep track and required a number of stops to get one's breath back. It was a glorious day, so we had lunch at the gravel pit on mountain road and took in the many fine vistas from that point. We proceeded down the Honeycomb track to the valley floor and followed the creek back to the car park. There had been little rain recently, so the creek was low and the track not too muddy. On the way home we stopped at the Orokanui Visitors' Centre currently under construction and we were very impressed with the scale of the development and its fine view over Blueskin Bay. All in all, an enjoyable day was had by all.



The northern Dunedin skyline from the top of the Honeycomb Track

Present: Sue Taylor, Brent Dewar, Paul Cunliffe, Janet & Gavin MacArthur.

WINDS AND WETAS (ROCK AND PILLAR RANGE)

August 8-9, 2009

Author: Tony Timperley

Published in Bulletin 700, October 2009

With the demise of the historic Leaning Lodge Hut due some time before the end of this century, the club decided to organize a trip, under the co leadership of sexagenarians Ralph and Tony, (Why are these two always “co- this” and co-that?) to check out the hut and give a group some tramping experience in snow conditions. When our party of ten set off on Saturday morning, the weather was fine but with some menacing black clouds lowering over the tops; however, little did we know that it would not be precipitation that would be our problem – but gale force winds!



Inside the original Leaning Lodge (PHOTO: Tony Timperley)

It normally takes about 3-4 hours to climb from Kilmory Station to Leaning Lodge. The route follows a zigzag 4-wheel drive track for most of the way. It is a long climb even in good conditions, but on this day the higher we got the stronger the wind became so were we climbing against gravity but also pushing against extremely strong winds.

On a zig-zag track, logic should dictate that if you have the wind against you on the “zig”, you should have it behind you on the “zag” – but not on the Rock and Pillars! Here the wind gods

conspire against you and have the gale force winds pushing you back on both the “zigs” and the “zags”.

This phenomenon also meant that we could not find a sheltered spot for “mornch” (a combination of morning tea and lunch – get it? - as by now it was about mid-day) so we had to wait until we reached the shelter of the small Botany Hut before a stop could be considered. It was obvious that we could not all fit into such a small hut, so five decided to press onto Leaning Lodge, “... only half-an-hour away” to quote David. But what a half-an hour! One of the group was blown over, another found he couldn’t move when leaning both into the hill and into the wind, and another had his cap blown off. The stress was beginning to tell on Co-Leader Tony as memories of the “Death Zone” came to haunt him whilst he tried to make sure his small flock stayed together. Luckily the wind eased as they turned off the main track towards Leaning Lodge. We were now in quite hard snow and therefore decided to put on our crampons. David had a flash pair of snowshoes which he was able to put on very quickly, then took off at great speed and was already ensconced in the best bunk in the hut by the time the rest of us arrived.



Leaning Lodge (PHOTO: Tony Timperley)

And what of the others being cared for by Co-Leader Ralph? He and Andy were the perfect English gentlemen as they carried their packs beyond the Botany Hut, dumped them, then returned to the hut and offered to carry the packs of Jill and Jacqui. (Poor Sebastian would

have to carry his own!) However, being staunch Kiwi women, the two “Js” politely declined, which was probably a wise decision as the extra weight probably prevented them from being blown away as they climbed higher. Nevertheless, the gentlemen’s assistance in the conditions was appreciated.



On the top of the Rock and Pillar Range (PHOTO: Tony Timperley)

As predicted, it was very cold inside Leaning Lodge, so no layers were discarded; but it did not take long for it to start warming up as we lit cookers and began to melt snow in the billies. (Unfortunately, we could not locate the running water supply.) Soon, we all sat snuggled together in the small room, and with our hands wrapped around hot mugs of tea, it all became very cosy as we enjoyed “luafter” (lunch and afternoon tea combined – get it?)

But there are always some masochists who cannot endure comfort for more than five minutes! Under the pretence of having to go out and do a recce, Co-Leaders Ralph and Tony, accompanied by fellow claustrophobes Andy and Richard, went out into wind and snow uttering the immortal words: “We shall be gone some time.” (apologies to Captain Oates). They climbed to the summit plateau; but with the wind estimated at “half Death Zone” strength by full-strength Death Zone survivor Ralph, they turned to the shelter of Castle Rock, before descending to return to Leaning Lodge. Like the weather, we were all rather gloomy, as it seemed that if conditions remained the same our only option for Sunday would be to go back out the way we came in.

Happily, Sunday dawned cloudless and with much lighter winds, so, with our gloom lifted also, we decided to head over the tops to Big Hut. As we began our climb behind the hut, Jacqui stumbled into a hole - and what did she find there? The running water we had unsuccessfully searched for the evening before! The rest of the climb was uneventful; but when we reached the summit plateau the views were well worth the effort: the whole of Otago was laid out before us, bordered by the Lammerlaw, Remarkable, Hawkdun, Kakanui, and Silver Peaks Ranges.

As we headed across the plateau towards groups of schist tors, some of our group began to feel uneasy as they knew we were heading into the territory of the Giant Rock and Pillar Tramping Weta. This unique species of weta preys upon unwary trampers when they go behind a rock to relieve themselves. It clamps its large jaws on exposed body parts (male and female) thus causing both physical and psychological trauma. Victims usually need extensive counselling. Luckily one of these dastardly creatures was spotted on a rock before anyone fell prey to its jaws. It took all ten of us, wielding our ice-axes and crampons, to drive this large, ugly creature away. If, dear reader, you doubt our word that this giant weta exists, see the accompanying photo and remember that the camera does not lie (or does it?).

After this close encounter, we cramponed quickly to Big Hut where we replenished our courage with food and drink. The ensuing descent to road level is unrelenting, so it was with aching thighs and knees that we finally arrived at the carpark. Nevertheless, we all had a feeling of satisfaction and accomplishment: good weather, clear skies, beautiful views, crunchy snow, great company; and we managed to fight off a giant weta!

Tony Timperley for: Co-Leader Ralph Harvey, David Barnes, Andy Cunningham, Jacqui Colbert, Gene Dyett, Sebastian, Richard Forbes, Jill McAliece, and Sam Patrick.

SNOWCRAFT 2009

August 22-23, 2009

Author: Adrienne Dearnley

Published in Bulletin 700, October 2009

11 neophytes, keen as mustard, headed off for a weekend in the Remarkables to punish our bodies and muscles with 'self-arresting'. A normal arrest would have been much less painful...

A proper mixture of oldies, youngies and 1 unaccompanied minor (well done, Rosa!) made for a glorious weekend with the weather turning up trumps for us. The first stroke of luck/good management was the Christian Camp at Frankton which provided cheap, comfortable cabin accommodation. We woke next morning to fabulous weather and headed off up the hill to start our instruction. A full day of crampons, ice-axe and self-arresting followed, ably instructed by Matt, Ralph and Andy. We learnt how to walk with crampons to suit different gradients and hacked out steps with our ice-axes. Then we learnt 'self-arresting' - on our bums, our stomachs and lastly headfirst backwards! Once the three powers that be'd decided we had been punished enough we took off for a wee stroll over to the frozen lake and on the way back down, punched holes in the snow with feet, ice-axe and hand to step ladder down a slope (my favourite bit).



OTMC Snowcraft Weekend (PHOTO: Matt Corbett)

Then back home for showers followed by a well-deserved trip to the pub for food, drink and entertaining conversation.

Next day dawned murky but cleared after breakfast. Some of us had been hoping it might not, as our muscles were aching so much and the prospect of more self-arresting was not really all that enticing. On our trip up the mountain we rounded a bend to be greeted by a bare

bottomed teenager indulging in the latest craze of sending nude photos of oneself with stunning scenery as backdrop via cellphone. He may regret that when he's 30 and it's still on YouTube!

Once up the mountain, we indulged in another round of self-arresting then headed off for a walk over the saddle. This provided us with a perfect example of how the conditions can change rapidly as the minute we got over the saddle a fierce funnelling wind blew up. Our stop for lunch resulted in freezing fingers and feet, so Matt made the decision to de-crampon and return from the dark side.



OTMC Snowcraft Weekend (PHOTO: Matt Corbett)

Once back over, feeling started returning and we thawed out as we practiced walking down the slope with changes in leader. The snow was so deep that holes were hidden, resulting in some of us sinking into the snow like quicksand and having to be pulled out! On the way back down the mountain, we visited a couple of desirable residences left over from someone's snow caving trip.

Then finally home - tired, aching but very happy.

Adrienne Dearnley for Matt, Ralph, Andy, Alison, Simon, Sebastian, Jason, Tania, Rosa, Andrew, Kathryn, Sue, Marina and Sandra

PS If anyone ever tries the Chocolate Pot at the Frankton pub, please let Tania & me know what we missed!

ORBELL'S CAVE

August 16, 2009

Author: Tony Timperley

Published in Bulletin 701, November 2009

After surviving the white-knuckle drive along the narrow and winding Blucher Road, we set off walking in cool but fine weather. Without a chance to warm up, we were straight into a steady climb to about 500m when the track levelled off along a ridge. Before we came onto the open tops, as everyone was feeling somewhat peckish, we stopped for a morning tea break, sheltered from the cool wind by a high bank. Fully refreshed, we then gained the ridge and ambled along admiring the open views; but unfortunately they were not as expansive as we would have liked because of low cloud.

We then began the long descent down a zig-zagging track to Three O'clock Stream. We finally reached the stream bed and ruminated 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 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. As we took our lunches in the shadow of the cave overhang, there were some remarks about the possible composting quality of the layers of droppings that made up the cave floors.

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 followed the fenceline and continued the long return ascent (again with numerous "breathers") before contouring round back to where we had parked the cars. Although the low cloud had not lifted as much as we had hoped, it was still high enough to allow us to appreciate the open country and have a very enjoyable Sunday tramp.

Tony Timperley for: Jan, Adrienne, Paul, Holiday, Duncan, Jacqui, Bronwyn & John.

IN SEARCH OF HERMIT'S CAVE

September 14, 2009

Author: David Barnes

Published in Bulletin 701, November 2009

The city burghers in Wellington stole my slogan. They say you can't beat Wellington on a good day. I reckon you can't beat the Silver Peaks on a good day. Sunday September 14 was a good day.

Seventeen of us (surely a recent record?) set out from the first Hightop carpark on a day that was already warm and promising to get a lot warmer. After a brief pause on the shoulder of Hightop to look at where we were going, we headed down, around and up to the Green Hut site. Our leader, Bronwen, had said she always regarded this spot as a requiring mandatory break, so a mandatory break was had.



The Hermit's Cave, Silver Peaks Scenic Reserve

By the time we'd grunted up to Pulpit Rock, the party was settling into two distinct groups, and it was becoming apparent that one might struggle to make our destination. Bronwen was confident that Ralph, who was taking the deputy leader role and bringing up the rear, would make appropriate decisions for his companions, so the rest of us pushed on to Rocky Ridge. A lunch spot was selected a few minutes before the cave turnoff, and then when we had been fed and watered, we carried on for the final leg of the outward journey. After briefly inspecting the 'false' cave – which, providing there's no chance of a southerly, is probably more salubrious

than the real one and is certainly easier to get to – we tackled the unrelenting descent to the bottom of the buttress before swinging right to the cave.

Apparently, the cave has been 'adopted' as a weekend hideaway by a couple of blokes that Bronwen and Ralph had met a few weeks earlier while reconnoitering for our trip. They've installed a small stove, complete with flue, and a rudimentary water collection system. On the downside, the old door post has been chopped up and there's no sign of the old bottles that I'm sure dated from the fifties and were still there as recently as 2007.



Climbing from Hermit's Cave back up to Rocky Ridge

A bit of background information about the hermit, Ross Adamson, and his association with the club was provided for those not familiar with the tale. After attempting to take some decent photos – a challenging endeavour, given the contrast between bright sunshine outside and the gloom within – we staggered back up to Rocky Ridge and headed for home. Tony managed to impale his leg on a manuka stump, requiring surgical intervention by Gene.

There was a plan to make sure that anyone who hadn't previously been to the summit of Pulpit Rock went there on our return. Only Sue managed to be far enough ahead to slip through the net. Back at the Green Hut site, after some numerical confusion, we headed for the road. The use of the first carpark, while providing a better view, does also add a sting in the tail by requiring a short sharp climb back to Hightop. However, it was soon surmounted, and we were back at the cars at about 4:30.

David Barnes for Bronwen Strang, Ralph Harvey, Roy Ward, Tony Timperley, Marion Barkla, Leonie Loeber, Peter Loeber, Karen Keith, Mike Firmin, Antony Mabon, Peter George, Hilda Firth, Gene Dyett, Penny McArthur, Dave McArthur & Sue Taylor.

MT COOK DAY TRIPS

September 12-13, 2009

Author: Richard Forbes

Published in Bulletin 701, November 2009

11 of us met at the clubrooms and were underway just after 6.00 pm on the Friday evening. We stopped for tea at Oamaru where the entertainment was the Undie 500 vehicles. A flying visit through Twizel on the way looking for petrol. We arrived at Thar Lodge where we were staying, which is about 2 km from the Hermitage Hotel and next to the DOC camping ground. The lodge is very well equipped with running water, gas hot water, cooking and heating, and a power generator. Solar lighting as well as gas lighting and enough beds for about 17. A toilet and a bathroom with a shower – sheer luxury.



Tasman Lake and Valley, Aoraki / Mt Cook National Park

Saturday morning the weather was overcast with light drizzle and no views of Mount Cook. So it was decided to visit the recently-opened DOC visitor centre which was full of information of the history of the area, flora and fauna displays, and old huts that had been relocated. Then off to the Hermitage to the Hillary Centre to watch a very worthwhile 3D movie where you thought you could reach the ski planes and keas flying through the mountains and valleys. After lunch back at the lodge, the weather was improving all the time, so we drove into the Tasman Valley to see the Blue Lakes and Tasman Glacier Terminal Lake with its icebergs. Asking if I would get a chocolate fish if I swam in the lake, everyone thought I was serious and debated if I would swim clothed or unclothed. But the chocolate fish will have to wait for another time! A rock-

hopping scramble towards the lake revealed a bit of remnant glacier in a huge crater with its own blue lake and gravel and rocks tumbling into this lake could be seen and heard. A very unstable landscape.

Then it was back to the Village for a walk up to the Red Tarns. It was a bit of a grunt because of the many hundreds of steep steps to negotiate. Patchy snow was lying around the Tarns and six of us decided to continue up to the saddle beside Sebastopol to get a view back towards Lake Pukaki. Antony and I decided that we would be in the running for a chocolate fish for trying to walk across a frozen tarn. But after only a few metres, we cracked through. On the way down, Peter and Antony took the quick route down the shingle fan to the Red Tarns. Then it was a knee-crunching walk down those steps back to the Village.



Aoraki / Mt Cook in the evening, from Thar Lodge

That night Lucy and Derek cooked a stirfry in a massive stainless-steel pot for our party of five but after cooking it, realized it would feed everyone. Alan and Daryl headed to the Hermitage to watch the All Blacks get beaten by the Springboks while the rest of us had a few drinks in the lodge.

The wind blew that night, but Sunday morning was clear and calm. Finally, a view of Mount Cook and Mount Sefton. Six of us decided to check out the Sealy Tarns while the rest went up the Hooker Valley track. I chose the former trip which was rewarded with great views of the terminal lakes, glaciers, and mountains (and the odd avalanche). Just before the Tarns, we came across a lot of snow which we managed to negotiate to get to the Tarns. But there were

no Tarns as they were buried under loads of white snow. A poled route above the tarns leads up to Mueller Hut, but that would have to wait for another day.

Back down the track from Sealy Tarns, we went to Kea Point and then we decided to traverse White Horse Hill (behind the DOC camping ground) to the Hooker Valley track. To avoid the steep unstable cliff edge, we went into the scrub that became taller and taller. This was difficult to push aside so we crawled underneath it until we eventually came onto easier grass slopes. Those without gaiters got very scratched legs and the Spaniard Grass drew some blood. My brand-new pack now looked well used. Great views here of the Hermitage and the glacial lake. We arrived just after the others to have lunch.



Hooker and Tasman confluence, from Sealy Tarns, Aoraki / Mt Cook National Park

A tidy up of the lodge, which included draining the water tank, and we were off back to Dunedin just after 3.00 pm. Not far from Lake Pukaki, it was realized that the big stainless-steel pot was put into the cupboard and not in the van, so we went back to get it. We arrived back in Dunedin at around 7.00 pm and were relieved to find that Dunedin had not burnt to the ground during the Undie 500.

Many thanks to Debbie for leading the trip, to Antony for driving the van, and Derek and Lucy for the yummy stirfry.

Richard Forbes, for Debbie, Antony, Jacqui, Harriet, Derek, Lucy, Peter, Daryl, Alan and Ann.

UNEXPLORED SILVER PEAKS

October 4, 2009

Author: Tracy Pettinger

Published in Bulletin 702, December 2009

Well, the weather forecast wasn't up to much. It said snow the night before and, in the morning, clearing later, but the temperature gauge on our car read 4 degrees and, as we drove down in the hail to the clubrooms, I was not expecting anyone to be there. I was thinking of getting back home and settling down with another cup of tea in front of the fire and continuing my sleep. Maybe our bed would still be warm? Could there be any one more insane than us, venturing out when there was all this snow lying on the hills? Sure enough. There were Conor and Peter. Two utter fools had turned up. Oh no! They had even ridden their bikes to the clubrooms in the snow. So, we had to go somewhere for a walk.

None of us had seen that creek from the Green Hut water supply down to the Possum Hut area, except from a distance. Nobody had ever wanted to see it, to Richard's knowledge. I shuddered; there might be a swim in a puddle or something.



Some of the remains of Green Hut have been built into a smaller 'hut' near the original water supply

We didn't wait around to see if anyone else turned up, and in a jiffy we were parking up on Mountain Road and setting off towards Green Hut site. Everything was still and quiet, covered in picturepostcardy white; pretty magical really. The track was a little frozen and less mud slushy than usual - a good start. The bushes were drooping with the weight of fine, dusty crystals and you had to avoid bashing them or you'd end up wet. The clouds were looming and

as we walked I thought that there was a distinct probability that I could mutiny, make them see sense, and still be home for lunch and have my afternoon nap. We did a recce of the weather situation when we got to the Green Hut site. It was looking a bit iffy, but not entirely yucky as it had done earlier. The guys decided that they would like to splash around in the stream, so off we went, down to the water supply. As we pushed through the scrubby bush, powder snow cascaded off the higher leaves and down our necks and into every cranny of our packs. Richard discovered holes and tears in his nylon hoodie he didn't know about. I kept my parka on tight. Conor's pack had a broken zip so filled up with snow fairly efficiently.

Down at the water hole and the dopebusters mini-Green Hut reconstruction of Dave and Jason's, the track was not a track, and it remained so for the rest of the trip as far as Eucalypt Spur. There wasn't much of a stream, either actually. A few metres down, where things got a bit steeper, it completely dried up. Later, it became a stream again, and was added to by tributaries on the true right. When the stream got a bit grovelly, we had a few pig tracks that we were grateful to follow for a while, but the going was wet and cold. When we stopped for lunch, we hardly stopped at all. I didn't want my knees to seize up, so I stood around eating my sandwich and wiggled my legs for the ten minutes. Part of the track was through the stream, part of it meant bending over as tall as a pig and an exciting part of it was clinging around a cliff, stepping through and on tree trunks with air on the other side.

I couldn't believe all four of us remained cheerful. Peter came out with some very interesting things, and Conor regaled us with tales of back home in County Cork. Peter and Richard were discussing good exercises for fitness. I had thought swimming was a good overall exercise. But no! - according to Peter, it is grovelling in thick bush exactly like we were doing. Being a university type, he knows such things. He said the best exercise is one that uses every limb and every muscle of every limb, in every conceivable position. This complete mix of movements - stretches, lifts and lowers, pushing, pulling, grasping, high steps, low squats, chin-ups – tones your body up perfectly and holistically, and there was no better way to get fit known to science, but to do Unexplored Silver Peaks trips. I thought of a better pastime which results in every muscle being exercised in conceivable positions, which could be done in front of the fire, but I had to banish such thoughts quickly as I stepped into another lawyer-infested tangle of manuka poles. Why was I always thinking of our cosy fire at home? "Maybe it's something to do with this situation that I'm in where I'm following a stream and my whole body is soaked in freezing temperatures. Actually, it's stranger than that. I'm wet through, but my feet are dry!" I have been told that Eucalypt Spur is thought of as overgrown, but it was comparable to the pavement of George Street after the bush bashing that we had done hitherto. Walking on footpaths is boring as there's nothing to exercise your brain, so you have to have scintillating conversation. Complicated square dancing must be good for the whole body and mind. It was around this point that we had a brief glimpse of Summer. Jackets came off for about three minutes. Up on the slopes of Hightop, there was now no real sign of the morning's snowscape. Had we dreamed it?

Thanks to Peter for having his whiz-bang technical GPS with him. It was comforting, in a strange way, to know that after 3 hours of stream/bush fighting we had walked a whole 2

kilometres, - "only 2 kilometres". How could that be??? (Richard said he never thought knowing one's precise location on a map could be so depressing.) Thanks to Conor for his lovely Irish accent. Special thanks to Richard for not ever letting me get bored and finding new places to go. Thanks to the lads for good company and a cheery disposition.

Tracy Pettinger for Conor Cleary, Peter George and Richard Pettinger.

OTMC COMMITTEE (2009-10)

President – Antony Pettinger

Vice President – Greg Powell

Secretary – Jill McAliece

Treasurer Ann Burton

Chief Guide / Transport – Antony Pettinger

Bulletin Editor – Adrienne Dearnley

Membership Secretary – Jacqui Colbert

Social Convenor – Tony Timperley

Social Convenor – Ralph Harvey

Day Trip Convener – Roy Ward

Conservation & Recreation Advocacy – David Barnes

Gear Hire – Gene Dyett

Gear Hire – Ralph Harvey

SAR – Marina Hanger

SAR – Teresa Blondell

Website – Antony Pettinger

Clubrooms – Gene Dyett

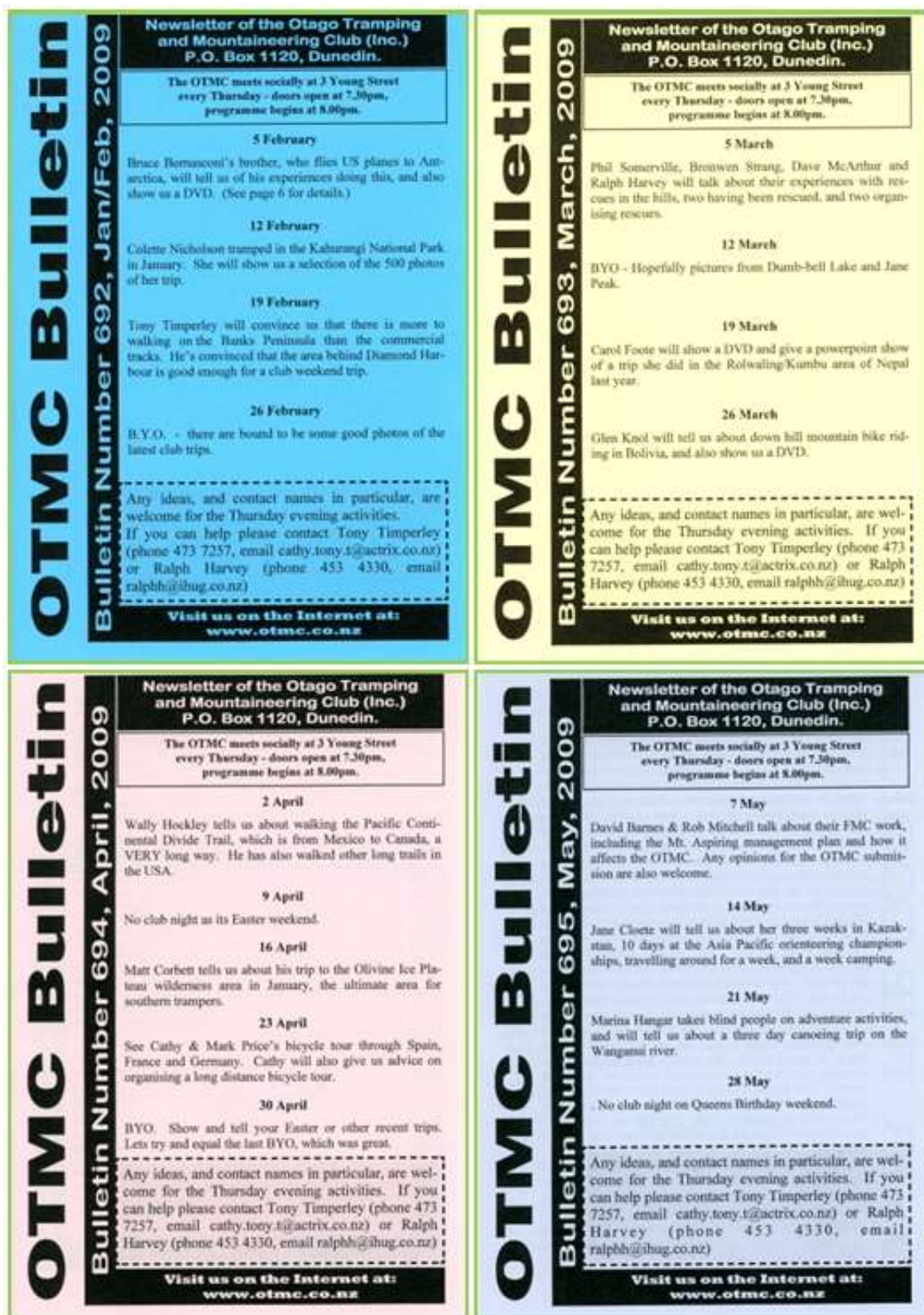
Hon. Solicitor – Antony Hamel

OTMC TRIP PROGRAMME 2009

Month	Date(s)	Specific Trip	Leader
January	18	Chalkies	Roy Ward
January	24-25	Makarora Region in Summer	Jill McAliece
January	25	Ship At Anchor	Kathryn Jeyes
February	1	Bobbys Head / Tavora Reserve	Tony Timperley
February	6-8	Craigieburn Forest Park	Antony Pettinger
February	8	Rustlers Ridge	Gavin McArthur
February	14	OTMC Silver Peaks Marathon	Roy Ward
February	15	Sinclair Wetlands / Taieri Historical Park	Janet Barclay
February	21-22	Dumbell Lake	Gordon Tocher
February	22	A Day On The Rail Trail	Antony Hamel
February	24	Bushcraft 2009 (Introduction)	Antony Pettinger
February	28-1	Bushcraft 2009 (Tirohanga Camp)	Antony Pettinger
March	1	Nicols Creek / Morrisons Burn	Ran Turner
March	7-8	Jane Peak / Eyre Mountains	Matt Corbett
March	8	South Waikouaiti	Bill Wilson
March	14-15	Bushcraft 2009 (East Matukituki Practical Tramp)	Antony Pettinger
March	15	Mt Watkin	Rob Seeley
March	22	Chain Hill / Halfway Bush	Alan Scurr
March	28-29	Greenstone / Caples	Wolfgang Gerber
March	29	Mystery Cycle Trip	Matt Corbett
April	5	Gabriels Gully	Wolfgang Gerber
April	10-13	Skippers / Mt Aurum Area (Easter)	Antony Pettinger
April	19	South Rock And Pillar	Antony Hamel
April	25-26	Kea Basin / Esquilant Biv	James Harrison
April	26	Mt Cargill	Alan Thomson
May	3	Maungatua	Roy Ward
May	9-10	Kepler Track (Incl. complete option)	Ann Burton
May	10	Taieri River Walk	Kathryn Jeyes
May	17	Pleasant River to Shag River	Bill Wilson
May	14	Yellow Ridge / Rocky Ridge / Green Ridge	David Barnes
May	30-1	Green Lake / Borland Area	Peter Stevenson
June	7	A Day On The Rail Trail	Antony Hamel
June	13-14	Jubilee Hut	Roy Ward
June	14	Stone Hill - Purehurehu Point	Gordon Tocher
June	21	Harbour Cone	Bronwen Strang
June	28	Raingauge Spur	Jonette Service
July	4-5	Winter Routeburn (McKenzie)	Wolfgang Gerber
July	5	Seacliff / Huriawa Pa	Fieke Neuman
July	12	Rosella Ridge	Roy Ward

July	18-19	Mt Somers	Jill McAliece
July	19	Boulder Beach	Gavin McArthur
July	26	Millennium Track (Millers Flat / Beaumont)	Ian Sime
August	1-2	OTMC Snowcaving Weekend (Old Man Range)	Richard Pettinger
August	2	Skyline Track	Janet Barclay
August	8-9	Leaning Lodge	Ralph Harvey & Tony Timperley
August	9	Rongomai - Honeycomb Track	Roy Ward
August	16	Orbell's Cave	Tony Timperley
August	22-23	Snowcraft (Iceaxe and Crampons)	Matt Corbett
August	23	Powder Ridge / Long Ridge / Green Ridge	Wayne Hodgkinson
August	29-30	Nordic Cross Country Ski Weekend (Pisa)	Marina Hanger
August	30	Government Track	Roy Ward
September	5	OTMC Annual Dinner	
September	6	Mount Stuart Reserve	Jill McAliece
September	12-13	Day Trips from Mt. Cook	Debbie Pettinger (Williams)
September	13	Hermit's Cave	Bronwen Strang
September	20	Nichols Creek / Morrisons Burn	Ran Turner
September	26-27	Motatapu Taster (Fern Burn Hut and Beyond)	Jill McAliece
September	27	South Branch of Silverstream / Swampy	Bill Wilson
October	4	Unexplored Silver Peaks	Richard Pettinger
October	10-11	West Matukituki (Aspiring Hut or French Ridge)	Antony Pettinger
October	11	Chain Hills / Halfway Bush	Alan Scurr
October	18	Taieri Gorge Aquaduct	Alan Thomson
October	24-26	Macetown and environs	Antony Pettinger
November	1	Spiers Road / Ben Rudd / Davies Track	Roy Ward
November	7-8	Kay Creek / Scott Creek (Caples Options Available)	Antony Pettinger
November	8	Silver Peaks Classic Circuit	Roy Ward
November	15	Sea To Summit Bush Bash	Gordon Tocher
November	21-22	Green Lake / Monowai	Antony Pettinger
November	22	Eucalypt Spur	Tracy Pettinger
November	29	Doggy Day Out	Jill McAliece
December	5-6	Dingle Peak / Corner Peak (Timaru River)	Richard Forbes & Gene Dyett
December	6	Taieri Ridge / The Crater	Alan Thomson
December	12-13	Lake Roxburgh (End Of Year Celebration)	Antony Pettinger
December	13	Waterfalls of Catlins	Antony Hamel
December	20	Bendoran / ABC Cave	Bill Wilson

OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (FEBRUARY TO MAY)




OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (JUNE TO SEPTEMBER)



OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (OCTOBER TO DECEMBER)

OTMC Bulletin
 Bulletin Number 700, October 2009

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.

October 1
 Joao Siqueira and Alexis Belton will tell us about their trip from Martins Bay to Big Bay, through the Red Hills to the Olivine Ice Plateau. Then out through the Forgotten River Col, along the Olivine River to Alabaster Pass, over the Brynna Range to the Pyke River, and down the Hollyford to finish.

October 8
 Craig McKenzie is a member of the photographic Society in Dunedin. He will show and explain to us how to take good photos and then return in March or April to judge a photo competition for us. So after his talk you can be trying to get the perfect shot for the competition!

October 15
 Dave McArthur talks about the other half of the European trip he did last year in Scotland and Sweden. He promises to bring less pictures than he had in his Switzerland talk...

October 22
 BYO - Mt Cook, Motatapu toster, and West Manakiri.


October 29
 OTMC member Pam McKelvey tells us what it is like to spend 9 days alone in a remote West Coast hut. (Rescheduled from August)

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 tonytimps@xtra.co.nz) or Ralph Harvey (phone 453 4330, email ralphh@ihug.co.nz)

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

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5th November
 Phil Somerville will bring along Stephen Jaquary's bird photos, we will form into six teams for a quiz, identifying what bird is being shown. Spot prizes, and prizes for the winning team.

12th November
 The club is always looking for trip and party leaders. We will give you an overview on what skills are required to be a trip or party leader in our club.

19th November
 Dave Chambers and Allan Perry have just returned from walking the Bibbulmun Track in Western Australia. They will tell us about their forty seven day tramp, and how to organize such a long tramp.


26th November
 Walkies time!!! with the long evenings at the end of November. Meet at the club rooms at 6.30pm, we will go up Harbour Cone (easy/moderate grade) bring a torch and \$5 for trip cost. We should be back at the club rooms between 9 to 9.30 pm.

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 tonytimps@xtra.co.nz) or Ralph Harvey (phone 453 4330, email ralphh@ihug.co.nz)

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December 3rd
 Club Barbeque at Woodhaugh Gardens. All family and friends welcome. Bring your own food & drink, DCC barbeque available, start time 6pm.

December 10th
 BYO. The Green Lake trip, Timaru Creek or any other photos you wish to show us.

December 17th
 Last club night for the year. Informal evening, meet for a chat, then have a drink together where ever you like.

January 14th
 First club night for the year. Informal evening, last night to sign up for the Mt Cook in Summer trip.

January 21st
 BYO. Show us photos of your Christmas trips.

January 28th
 Another evening stroll: Nichols Creek --> Swampy Track --> Pineapple then down again. Meet at the clubrooms at 6.30; back by 9.30. Bring a torch.

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 tonytimps@xtra.co.nz) or Ralph Harvey (phone 453 4330, email ralphh@ihug.co.nz)

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