

OTMC TRIP REPORTS

2011

Sourced from the 2011 OTMC Bulletins



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Cover Photo: Camp by tarns in left-hand branch of Freehold Creek, Ahuriri Conservation Park

ALL PUBLICATION PHOTOS UNLESS NOTED Antony Pettinger

OTAGO PENINSULA WANDERINGS

December 12, 2010

Author: Not recorded

Published in Bulletin 713, February 2011

A warm, windy overcast sort of day saw eight of us head to the Sandymount car park for a walk to the trig on top of Sandymount. Great views were had up and down the coast with Gavin pointing out various landmarks. We descended about 50 metres and joined the track that takes you over farmland to the very impressive Lovers Leap and further along The Chasm. It takes about an hour to do this walk.

We then drove down to Otakou and up Pipikaretu Road as far as we could before walking over farmland to Quoin Cliff at 121 metres high. Excellent views looking towards the Penguin Place, the Yellow Eyed Penguin tourist attraction at Pipikaretu Beach and some sea lions lazing in the sand. From the trig on top of Quoin Cliff there are views below to Ryans Beach and the wreck of the Hananui just visible in the sand. The Hananui ran ashore here in December 1943.

Beyond Ryans Beach there is Victory Beach and Papanui Inlet with Mount Charles rising in the distance. Back to the cars and down to Te Rauone Beach for lunch along with hundreds of seagulls that were feasting on the Juvenile Munida that had been washed up on the south end of the beach. This time of the year great shoals of Mujnida can be washed ashore and these are an important food web for birds, fish and whales. We checked out the Gun Emplacements and Tunnels just past Harington Point then onto Taiaroa Head and the Albatross Colony. We also visited the Otakou Marae and Urupa before heading back to Dunedin.

Many thanks to Gavin, our Leader for the day. Lucy, Peter and his wife, Ian, Laurel, Chris and Greg.

FREEHOLD CREEK

October 23-25, 2010,

Author: Richard Forbes

Published in Bulletin 713, February 2011

I have been to the Ohau area quite a bit, but I usually head up to the Hopkins River. So, this trip was a bit of a change for me to an area I have always noticed but never visited. There was quite a bit of traffic towing caravans and boats on the road on Friday night and also a massive police presence, and the fish and chip shop in Hampden was very popular (and rightly so as the blue cod was superb). The 11 of us on the trip camped that night at the Lake Middleton Camping Ground on the outskirts of Lake Ohau Village. The camping ground was well sheltered as the wind could be heard brushing through the tops of the pine trees, but the tents were not moving.



Ben Ohau from near Lake Middleton, Oct 23, 2010

Saturday dawned sunny and clear, with a bit of a breeze. We headed to the Parsons Creek track near the Ohau Ski Field Road. The track headed up through black beech forest covered with native red mistletoe that only occurs in a few areas of New Zealand and is in decline due to possum browsing and declining bird numbers. The mistletoe relies totally on native birds for flower pollination and seed dispersal. We then poked out into farmland and then headed to Sawyers Creek and then eventually onto Freehold Creek an hour after starting. The track through the forest to the bush-line was very well marked and well formed with a new bridge

across the creek and evidence of loads of rock removal to make the track quite wide. After another hour, the bush-line was reached.

The temperature out of the shade was quite warm and we were all sweating and drinking frequently. A poled route was followed beside the creek and then headed to the right on a terrace until a large tarn was reached. It was decided to camp here for the two nights. The ground was reasonably flat but covered in tussocks so not so smooth. There were pieces of snow here and there and a little ice on the tarn.



On the tops between Freehold Creek and Snowy Gorge Creek, Oct 23, 2010

After lunch we decided to head up the snow-free ridge to point 1834. The ridge was quite straightforward on tussocks and then it was a rock scramble to the top. A few of us were suffering from cramp but we all managed to make the top. Some of us headed south towards point 1966 and the more adventurous ones north to point 1922. The balance of us chose to head back down to the campsite. The view from the top was great with Lake Ohau below us and views towards Aoraki Mount Cook and the mountains of the Maitland, Hopkins and Dobson catchments. Sunday dawned fine but unsettled weather was predicted later on. So the more adventurous people led by Andy and Ralph headed south to some peaks while the rest of us went back up to point 1834 and then traversed the range as far as we could go. On the way we saw Lake Dumb-bell and many crisscrossing snowmobile tracks which even went over frozen tarns and Lake Dumb-bell! Those guys must have known what they were doing. We crossed many snowfields which most of the time were easy travelling. But occasionally we encountered deep snowdrifts with our legs disappearing under the snow. We got almost as far as the Ohau Ski Fields (Mt Sutton 2007m) and spotted a couple of the hairpins of the access road.

We had lunch here as the wind was hardly noticeable. Great 360-degree views here. We then retraced our steps and the wind got very strong. Hard to stand at times and sore on the ears. Back at camp as evening fell, a light drizzle set in which sounded worse when we were in our tents. That night from midnight through to 3am it blew really hard with gusts giving our tents a good flex.



Dumbell Lake and Mt Sutton, Oct 24, 2010

On Monday it was quickly back down to Lake Ohau and our cars and then through to Dunedin. Temperatures quite warm.

Many thanks to the drivers for the use of their cars, and to Debbie for organizing, and to everyone for the great company and conversation.

Richard Forbes for Debbie, Antony, Peter, Michael, Brent, Will, Alan, Andy, Ralph and Becky

FREEHOLD CREEK – DUMB-BELL LAKE

October 23-25, 2010

Author: Andy Cunningham

Published in Bulletin 713, February 2011

Apart from a quick look at the map, I knew nothing about this area before we left Dunedin. Eleven people in four cars converged on Lake Middleton, next to Lake Ohau, for the Friday night; very pretty place, lots of sand-flies.

At 8am on the Saturday we parked at the start of the track to Freehold Creek. After crossing a few paddocks, a well-defined track entered beech forest and climbed easily alongside the Creek to around 1100m, where open tussock, Hebe and Spaniard announced our emergence onto the hill slopes. It was a great spot, the peaks above were a mix of rock and snow, and we were warm in the sun.



Becky Cameron, Andy Cunningham & Debbie Pettinger en-route to Freehold Creek, Oct 23, 2010

Antony suggested we follow the poled route to Dumb-Bell Lake up to the lower of two small tarns, at around 1480m. With the heat and the weight of our packs, we ground slowly up the hill till camp was made. The tarn was a lovely place, snow was still around in places, and the water was sweet and ice-cold. When we had set up the tents and had a bit of lunch, the whole group set off to climb the obvious peak (1834m) above the tarns, at first following the poled route. Then a rocky, loose ridge reared above us to the left, offering an interesting alternative, and we climbed up this way, emerging on the ridge to be bowled over by the views to the North – snow-capped peaks all proudly strutting their stuff.

Here the party split into three: four headed south to wander along the ridge to two more tops (1915m and 1966m respectively), exploring the area before coming down via the poled route, two headed down, the other five headed north over another top (1922m) and then followed the ridge round before descending snow slopes and crossing back to the tents. All in all a great day.



OTMC party in Freehold Creek, Oct 23, 2010

On the Sunday the weather was still holding so six of the group headed back up the poled route to the ridgeline again, where they encountered a chilly, strong wind. They kept heading northwards across point 1922m and another top further north at 1817m, following the ridge to the east of Dumb-Bell Lake, until the Ohau ski field road was seen down to the right. They then headed back to the camp with the wind now behind and urging them along.

The other five headed south from the camp and traversed around till an obvious snow line appeared to lead up towards the top at point 1915m. At this stage five became four as Becky had knee trouble, and decided discretion was the best course of action. The going was mixed snow and rock, with the hardest bits right at the top of the ridge, but after a couple of hours the remaining four emerged on the ridge, and feeling the force of the wind decided to curtail extending

their plans, so traversed back down to the campsite. That night the wind became a gale and clawed at the tents for several hours, but by dawn it had vanished, and the straightforward but enjoyable walk down to the car park was once more blessed with sunshine.

Oh, and yes, I'd definitely go there again. It's a great place.

AN ACCOUNT OF AN ATTEMPT AT THE WORLD RECORD FOR THE SHORTEST OVERNIGHT TRAMP

Date not recorded

Author: David Barnes

Published in Bulletin 713, February 2011

Flagstaff's a special place. The first hill that I climbed, it's been a venue for bushcraft training and birthday celebrations, gorse clearance and guided walks. I've been there in mist, thick snow and blazing heat, at dawn and by moonlight. I've lugged toddlers up it and a stretcher down it. Reflecting on all this, I realised one thing I'd never done was spend a night on top. A plan was hatched. Surprisingly, I found someone else who didn't think it was a silly idea – Antony Hamel.



Flagstaff on a foggy day

Setting off from the Bullring, we were on top in time to see the lightshow of sunset over the Silver Peaks. After a couple of warming whiskeys and much faffing about with cameras trying to get arty shots of the city lights, we retired to the bivvy bags just metres from the OTMC anniversary plane table. The full moon made a valiant attempt to break through the cloud cover but was unsuccessful till about 3am. At that point, I decided a dry night was assured, but twenty minutes later the drizzle descended, and I was rapidly trying to understand the myriad zips in my borrowed bivvy bag. The drizzle didn't amount to much, but by daybreak it had morphed into a fog which scotched our plans for sunrise photography. So we scuttled back to the car and returned to our sleeping households.

BALL GLACIER

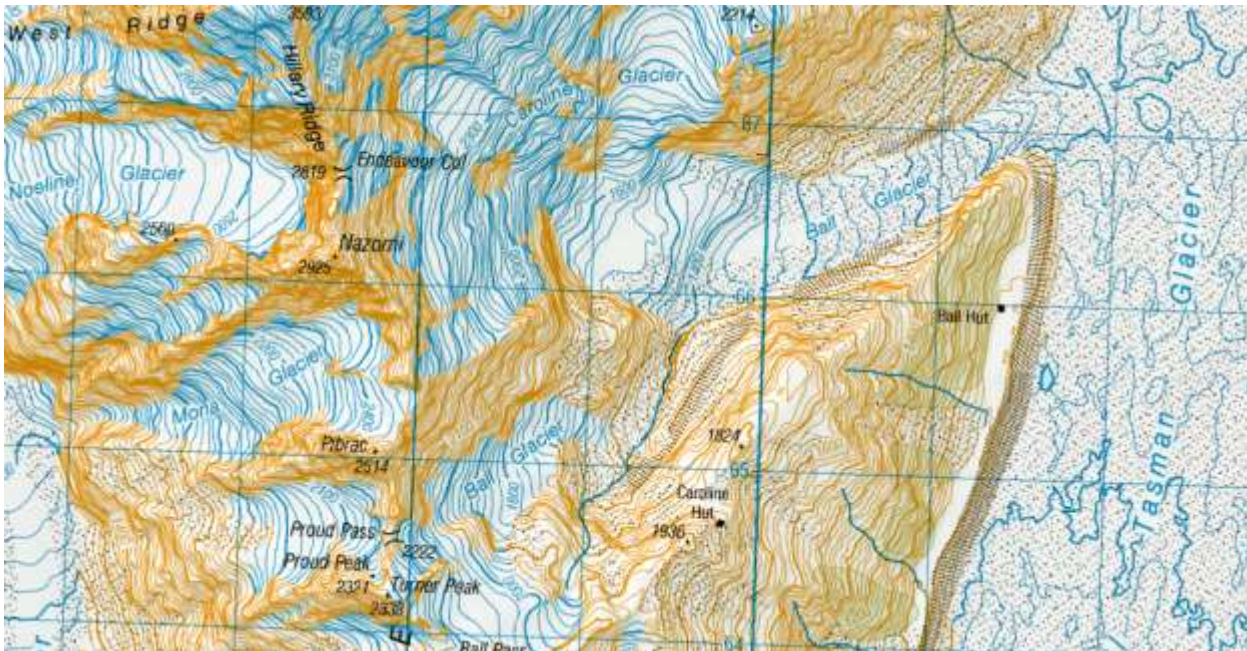
January 7-9, 2010

Author: Not recorded

Published in Bulletin 713, February 2011

On Friday 7th, James, Sarah and Andy drove to Mt Cook area; they headed up to Ball Shelter and bivvi'd the night there, then on 8th headed down onto the Tasman Glacier and round to the Ball Glacier. After some grinding up the rubble-covered glacier they reached white ice and set out towards Cinerama Col on the east side of Mt Cook, below the Caroline Face, James getting furthest before time made them turn back. On the return, an alternative line was followed which cut across the glacier to meet the Ball Pass route about 20 minutes above Ball Shelter. On 9th they headed out and back home.

A pleasant trip with wonderful weather and superb views.



WAS ROUTEBURN, NOW CAPLES IN A DAY

November 20-21, 2010

Author: Ian Woodford

Published in Bulletin 714, March 2011

The original plan had been to complete the Routeburn track in a day with a small trip on the Sunday. However, avalanche conditions on the Routeburn were bad enough for DoC to close the track.

Ann canvassed those on the trip list for an alternative and it was agreed to attempt the Caples track in a day.

The party set off in two groups at 6pm, 10 in a van driven by Ray and 4 others in Ann's car. The trip in the van was enlivened by Ray's great choice of music and the journey to Gore flew by. After a stop for tea, it was all aboard again to Cascade Creek where we prepared camp in a light drizzle. All of us had our heads down by midnight with instructions to be up and about at 5am.



The now historic Howden Hut, Nov 20, 2010

Camp was duly broken, the trailer loaded and off we sped, for a few metres! All out to push the van off some greasy grass, obviously a few in the party needed some exercise to lighten the load, no names but that Pom in the back's a bit lardy!

Onwards to the Divide, day packs were sorted out, laces tightened, and loins girded for the off by 6.20am. The weather at this stage was about right, low cloud and warm enough so that top layers were soon being shed as people warmed up on the ascent to Howden Hut.

At the hut a light rain began that accompanied us down to the flats by Lake McKellar where the Greenstone and Caples tracks separate, and the slog begins. We made our way past the snazzy camp, with satellite dish and no doubt full wet bar, of the contractors who're developing a new higher track route and into some very waterlogged beech forest. How waterlogged? Well, if you need to know what it's like to tramp in wet underwear after depth testing some waist deep pools several members of the group could supply the details.



Exiting the Greenstone to the McKellar Saddle track, Nov 20, 2010

The hard work now began as we slipped and slid our way up hill to the highest point, the McKellar Saddle. Unfortunately, the visibility was limited to about 500m at best, so the views were missing and then it really started to rain. After the boardwalk we dropped down into a dry stream bed and then back into the bush, avoiding tripping over rocks and roots became the priority as we slogged towards Upper Caples hut.

As the hut and thoughts of a lunch break hove into view, we breathed a sigh of relief, it was a short-lived respite as sandflies soon made their presence felt. So, after 20 minutes it was packs on and off again.

The going was getting better, as was the weather. The rain had stopped, and the sun was trying to burn off the cloud as we passed through woodland to the valley floor. We now began

to meet parties from the Glenorchy end, which made us swap our stoic grimaces for cheery grins.

As Mid Caples hut was reached the day had completely changed and the temperature was into the 20s, it was great to lie back and bask for a bit. Once we'd all had a breather we were off again on the final leg.

Our path now alternated between sunbaked grassy flatlands and bush, the track was well defined, and stumbles were due to fatigue more than roots or rock. Just to ensure that we knew we'd done a good day's tramping the track started to climb again and the last couple of Ks seemed to last forever.

It was here that a member of the party felt that a trot to the end would be a good plan, his 20 seconds of jogging reduced his trip time by at least a minute, so the effort wasn't entirely wasted.



Mt Crichton Loop Track, Nov 21, 2010

The Glenorchy Road end car park and the van finally came into view, and it was a relief to shed packs and unlace boots. The party finished in good spirits and all within the guesstimated time of 10 hours tramping.

It was then into the van for the trip to Glenorchy Campground where most of us would be sleeping in bunkrooms. On arrival a shower was the first order of business followed by a few drinks and nibbles, before heading to the Glenorchy Hotel for a meal and more drinks. Despite our long day we managed to cope with in taking beer until 11pm!

The morning was greeted with groans and cautious movement as muscles, joints and other bits protested at the thought of getting out of bed, but once up and fed and watered the idea of a walk up a section of the Mount Crichton circuit to Sam Summers hut didn't seem too bizarre.

The walk was a steady climb on a good track so most went for shoes or trainers rather than boots. The climb was worth it as the old hermits hut, a habitable dry stone 2 bunker, was out of the ordinary. As were the water nymphs frolicking above the nearby waterfall.

Broad hints that it was time to head back down were heeded and the new Frankton shopping precinct was raided for coffees and food, Lake Hayes Domain was our picnic spot. Then it was the long-haul home.



Sam Summers Hut, Twelve Mile Creek (or Few Creek) Nov 20, 2010

I think we all felt a measure of satisfaction in having accomplished the trip and I'd certainly sign up for more 'In a day' tramps.

Finally, all on the trip would like to give a vote of thanks to Ray McAliece and Chris Burton for their sterling efforts at the wheel. Without them ferrying us all from pillar to post and meeting us at the track end the trip wouldn't have been possible.

Ian Woodford for Ann, Antony, Debbie, Diane, Jill, Lucy, Peter, Sara, Tomas, Wayne, Alan and Wolfgang.

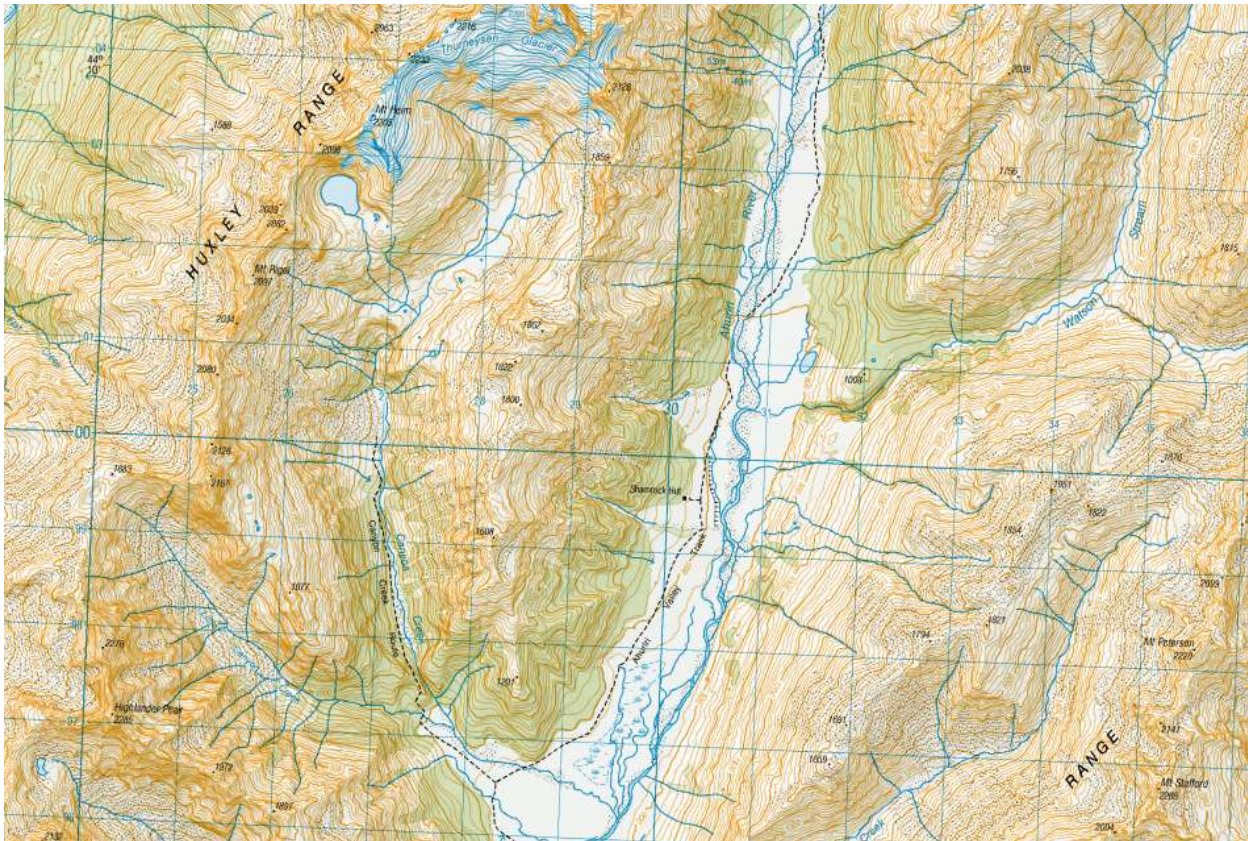
MT HEIM

Date and author not recorded

Published in Bulletin 714, March 2011

Ahuriri Base Hut. The alarm clock trills loud at 5.45am. No matter, we're already up and moving. An hour later and we start our walk into Canyon Creek, the air warm and still.

The Creek's a great place, a bit of a sharp rise to get into the valley, but once there it is open bush and fast walking. Then, the steep climb out of the lower valley into the upper, the heat becoming oppressive. Thanks, goodness, for all the melt water-filled streams.



Near the edge of the drop down to the lower valley, we leave the camping gear under Kea-proof rocks and climb onto the flanks of Mt Heim; it's intricate route finding, steep and unrelenting. Not for the fainthearted, or amnesiacs. Then suddenly the gradient eases and we are confronted by a spectacular corrie. A frozen lake, cliffs and snow in a magical ring, the outlet river bubbling and gushing, moraine debris all around. Awesome place.

After a short rocky section we don harnesses and helmets, extract ice axes and set off up the snow slopes. No sign of avalanche activity – good – though the snow's a bit slushy in places. The trail we make sidles round a series of large rocky bluffs, and up steepening snow. The task of step kicking changes from one to another, till we stand together on a small col just below the summit dome. Dumping our packs with a grin, we set off up to the top, light as air.

Great view – Brewster, Aspiring, Castor and Pollux, a big bergschrund on the 'normal' route up Barth (note to self: try a different route on the Club Trip in February 2011). We're happy but

tired and hot. Down we go, the snow soft, occasional slushy snowballs rolling down the slope. It's changed a lot, even in a couple of hours. Then gently, slowly, down the steep tricky approach section to our camp site, and a warm sandfly welcome; they've all come out to cheer us back.



Ralph Harvey on Mt Heim. PHOTO: OTMC Bulletin

Tomorrow, we go down to the car and back to Dunedin. But that's tomorrow; today is something to savour.

Al Williamson, Ralph Harvey, Andy Cunningham

LEE STREAM – MT HYDE

January 16, 2011

Author: Sam Patrick

Published in Bulletin 714, March 2011

On a cool grey day the troops gathered at the clubrooms. Amongst the six there assembled was a visitor from California. Julia was here for summer school at the University, studying astronomy and botany (plants and planets!) and her presence ensured we were all on our best behaviour.

After the 40-minute drive we parked up beside the Lee Stream bridge deep in a gorge below Mt. Hyde. A quick “which way is north?” quiz proved that quite a few had no idea but it seemed we all knew which way was up.



Although the climb was only a few hundred metres it was mostly bush bashing, but a moderate rate of ascent made sure no-one was overtaxed. Throughout the walk the discussion was dominated by the kiwis passing on their extensive local botanical knowledge to our overseas guest. Once clear of the bush a leisurely amble along the hill, with the odd electric fence just to make things interesting, brought us to the peak of Mt. Hyde.

Lunch was taken quickly with an eye on the approaching rain front. Although the clouds were low, obscuring the major hills and ranges around the district, good views were had of the closer and lower points of interest. On the way back we decided to take a different route but after a bit more bush bashing, (bashing? Gordon had secateurs!) it was time to make a dignified run for it. Well actually we decided to use the highway for the last kilometre to avoid getting drenched (and avoid the bush lawyer.)

The drive home was uneventful being punctuated by a stop at the berry farm for real fruit ice cream. Yum! Our timing was impeccable because while finishing our cones the rain started to fall.

All in all an interesting day, not too difficult but not too easy. Good company and weather that held off just long enough ensured that everyone had great time. Thanks Gordon.

Sam Patrick for Gordon Tocher, Alan Thomson, Lucy Jones, Gavin McArthur and Julia Schneider

ABEL TASMAN COASTAL TRACK

Date not recorded

Author: David Barnes

Published in Bulletin 715, April 2011

Most people equate the Abel Tasman Coastal Track with sunny days on golden beaches. My memories were clouded by my last visit, where the tone was set as we dashed from the boat to the shelter of the beach to avoid cold, driving rain – rain which continued largely unabated for two of our three days. So my heart lifted when the forecast looked good for a return visit.

My plan was to walk the whole track, from Wainui Inlet in the north to Marahau in the south. Bus timetables and hut bookings meant the trip was planned with military precision, or so I thought until I rechecked the tide times before I left Nelson. Somehow, I'd misjudged this crucial factor, so was under quite a bit of pressure as I headed for Awaroa.

The track starts with the biggest hill of the whole journey. However, as it follows what is probably an old packhorse track, the gradient isn't too bad. It's largely in the open, and on a scorching day the camelback was getting drained quickly.



Whariwharangi Hut. PHOTO: OTMC Bulletin / David Barnes

The high point is the junction with the Gibbs Hill track, which is part of a seasonal trial of mountain bikes in the national park. The descent was cooler, being largely in manuka forest, and in just over an hour I was back at sea level at Whariwharangi Hut. This has to be one of the neatest huts I've ever visited. It started life as a two-storey farm homestead in 1897 and was used as such until 1926, when it became a stockman's hut until the early 1970s. DoC restored it from a derelict state and it now provides accommodation for up to twenty trampers. There are idyllic campsites surrounding it, and the lovely Whariwarangi beach is nearby. The tyranny of the tides kept me from lingering long, and soon I was regaining lost height again. I passed the turnoff to Separation Point, a detour I'd been keen to do. Another day, perhaps. Mutton Cove was the classic Abel Tasman beach – golden sands, backed by lush bush and bookended by granite headlands. I had lunch at the campsite, warding off a weka that coveted my lunch. Another headland to cross, then another beautiful beach – Anapai Bay. I'd been here with Anne-Marie over twenty years before, on another golden day. She'd been so disappointed with our wet trip in 2007, and I really wished she'd been able to join me on this one.



One of the bays on the Abel Tasman track. PHOTO: OTMC Bulletin / David Barnes

The next bush section was followed by a crossing of an estuary to bring me to the sparsely populated Totaranui camp. In high summer, this place is a seething mass of humanity paradoxically trying to get away from it all.

Goat Bay was my last beach of the day and as I crossed it I was doing the maths on the tides for the umpteenth time. The received wisdom is that Awaroa estuary can be crossed up to two hours after low tide. I knew the tide was a relatively low one, which gave me a bit of flexibility, but I also knew that the hour either side of mid tide is the time of the greatest flow. I'd contemplated just taking it easy all day and bivvying on this side of the estuary. That was going to leave me either crossing at 2am or being stuck till lunchtime and moving my pressure cooker itinerary to the next day. So I steamed on, arriving at the crossing point some two and a half hours after low tide and just in time to avoid wet shorts.

As I sat on the deck of Awaroa Hut watching the tide complete its journey, I thought that those trampers who only walk the track south from Totaranui or Awaroa south are really doing themselves a disservice. They miss what is undoubtedly the most scenic part of the track, without the legendary crowds or the intrusion of water taxis, and the best hut. That's not to say that the rest isn't good, and I was looking forward to revisiting it in the following days.

BREWSTER HUT

January 2011

Author: Not recorded

Published in Bulletin 715, April 2011

Ralph, Abby and Andy went up to the Brewster Hut in late January with a view to climbing the three named peaks in the area: Topheavy, Brewster and Armstrong. After a damp climb to the hut on the Friday afternoon, on the Saturday they set out at 6am to attempt Mt Brewster. Reaching the glacier at 8am, their progress was slowed as Ralph's crampons kept coming adrift, but they eventually reached the West Ridge and scrambled up through cloud and rising gusty wind, till around 150m below the summit they were halted by the unexpected presence of a sugar-crust snow coating over boiler-plate ice, where crampons were ineffective. With no way round the obstacle, they retreated back down the ridge, and had a close call when a fall caused Ralph to hurt ankle ligaments; fortunately, he was still mobile as the team hadn't carried a spare Zimmer frame.



Abby Lute & Ralph Harvey on Topheavy with Brewster behind. PHOTO: OTMC Bulletin / Andy Cunningham

Still with plenty of time that day the three decided to return to the hut via the summit of Topheavy, which at this time of year was a straightforward walk across the Brewster West Ridge. The return journey across the glacier consisted of hopping across multiple melt water streams and minor crevasses, then back to the hut for a well-earned cup of tea.

On the Sunday, Abby and Andy wandered up Mt Armstrong and gained a superb view all round, then headed back to the hut and down that afternoon, so Ralph's ankle could be x-rayed. Injury aside, a good trip in great weather.

Ralph Harvey, Abby Lute, Andy Cunningham

HERBERT FOREST

January 30, 2011

Author: Jane Cloete

Published in Bulletin 715, April 2011

Seven of us assembled at the clubrooms on an overcast day at the end of January. Taking 2 cars we drove the 95km to Herbert Forest with no problems – barely another car to be seen (The good people are at church and the bad people are still in bed!). Boots on, a quick look at the information board at the bottom of the track and we were walking by 10.20am. The first 500 metres should have been easy-peasy but after clambering over 3 fallen trees I wondered just what I was leading the group in to. However, after those three, the track improved, and we had no more trouble with windfalls. We started to climb on a good track, but just as everyone wanted a break we came to 'the caves'. Well, more of a rock bivvy really and I guess that you could have slept in them, but if you are only half an hour from the road end ...!

Just a little more climbing and then we came to a junction of forest roads. They've done a bit of felling recently and it put me off finding landmarks. So the others had 5 minutes rest whilst I tried to find the track, and in the end we found it very clearly marked a few metres further on! Still on a good track, the route goes through an open area and downwards before re-joining native bush. Following the true right of the stream we climbed onwards and upwards – bellbirds singing and Gavin telling us all about the local trees. There was one bit of a scramble (I'd remembered it as much steeper and much longer than it actually is) then nearing the top the track divided. My instinct was to go left, but the track markers were absolutely clear that one should go right, so like good trampers we followed around to the right. Five minutes further on saw where the left-hand track re-joined, so we could have gone that way after all. But lunch was pulling us up to the top and we soon had an almost sunny wee spot at the top of another forestry road. It had only taken just over 2 hours (I'd allowed 3 hours). Back down we took a slightly different route – a sort of figure-of-eight – and were treated to the sight of some MASSIVE rimu trees. The biggest I've ever seen. More birds to serenade our walking, but not as many as when I was last in the area.

Back to the cars by about 3pm, and then home, fortified by an ice-cream at Hampden, arriving at the clubrooms by about 4.30pm.

Jane Cloete thanks her tramping companions Lucy Jones, Susan Main, Derrith Bartley, Gavin MacArthur, Mary Donovan and Ian Woodford.

SUTTON HILL TO SALT LAKES

February 6, 2011

Author: Lucy Jones

Published in Bulletin 715, April 2011

It was a very hot day and a good turnout. Six of us set off from the clubrooms and drove up to my family farm, Matarae, near Middlemarch.

We set off with my Mum in very, very, hot 34-degree weather down through the paddocks to the Sutton hills. Most of the tramp was amongst the rocky tors which are especially large there. Everyone was fascinated with the landscape, shapes and formation of the rocks. There was one particular big rock that we climbed, where there was a magnificent view over-looking the Strath Taieri Valley and the surrounding hills and mountains.



We kept heading round the hills to the Sutton Stream, which was the perfect spot to have lunch on such a intensely hot day. Some of us went in for a refreshing swim, clothes and all, while for others it was great to cool off their feet. We still had an hour of walking after lunch to Salt Lake.

We saw lots of hares/rabbits just sitting or running through the paddocks. We saw a mob a Merino sheep being mustered.

When we reached Salt Lake, we looked for a shady rock. Salt Lake was very smelly, muddy mess. Normally it is very dry; it is the only inland Salt Lake in New Zealand.

It was a nice surprise to meet Richard and Tracy Pettinger from the tramping club out for a walk at Salt Lake; they helped transport some of us back to the homestead.

We were all desperate for a cold drink or a cup of tea.

It was such a lovely day with lots of gorgeous views and very good company.

Many thanks to Bronwyn Strang, Ralph Harvey, Gavin McArthur, Janet and Russell Barclay for such a wonderful day—Lucy Jones

LANDSBOROUGH RIVER

January 2011

Author: Terry Duffield

Published in Bulletin 716, May 2011 & Bulletin 717, June 2011

(Photos published in the original Bulletins, no captions provided)

It has been three years since our last trip in this area where we flew into Creswicke flat by helicopter then walked out via Broderick Pass, the Huxley valleys, the Ahuriri and the Hunter. This time I had been captivated by the idea of visiting the Valley of the Troggs at the head of the Troyte River starting at the Haast and finishing at the Copeland. I arranged a suitable time with Rob and Pam a few months in advance and, although Pam had a few misgivings about the steep grade of the Karangarua saddle, the trip was on.

We had some atrocious weather in December and early January but, unbelievably, as the start date approached the long-range METVU forecast showed a whole week of beautiful weather – fortune was smiling on our venture. The Landsborough is a serious river to cross at any time and the side creeks become impassable when swollen with rainfall so two or three fine days are essential. Seven was a real bonus, so much so that we opted for bivvy bags and a small cycling tent.



I had hoped for a Saturday start but Rob was delayed by family commitments, and we set off at 8:00 on Sunday morning in two cars. I left my car at the start of the Copeland track, and we went to the DOC office at Fox for updated info on the Karangarua track. Unfortunately, they were closed so we had an early dinner and Pam drove us to the start of the Landsborough and as far up the 4-wheel drive track as her little RAV 4 would go. We walked for perhaps an hour before encountering the deserted, and open, hut marked on the map and settled in for the night.

Staying in the hut allowed us to get an early start the next morning and an easy walk of less than 2 hours brought us to Strutt Bluff. The track over the bluff from this end is very well marked now though a bit vague at the end and we crossed it in an hour and set off for the Queenstown Rafting camp on Harper Flat for lunch. The Rafting company are very generous with their tents, allowing casual trampers to use them when they are not otherwise utilised (the only stipulation they make is that you collect your own firewood). We hadn't come far enough to be able to use them so had lunch and set off up Harper bluff. We took the direct ridge route to the saddle but suspect there is a much easier way up (with a week's supply of food in my pack the climb was knacker, and I was sweating bucketful's). On the far side there was a pristine campsite with minimal sandflies, and we stopped for the day at about 5:00.



Tuesday 11th, start time 7:15. We had determined to stay on the true left, seeing little benefit from crossing the river, and had to take to the forest for most of the next leg to Golden Point following trappers' lines (the problem being, they tend to gain height unnecessarily as they are

there for the setting of stoat traps and not for casual trampers). DOC says to use at your own risk, but they can be very helpful. After lunch it was easy river travel to Frazer Hut. Next stop Toetoe Flat but first a steep crumbly ascent to avoid another bend in the river. This is probably a good time to point out that people who are at all nervous of exposed tenuous climbing should avoid the area – it only gets worse from here onward!



Somewhere around this time Pam slipped and hit her cheekbone (later it darkened to a textbook black eye). A second climb and sidle brought us to the Flats where we camped. Unfortunately, the area was also popular with sandflies, and we were eaten alive. Pam found a sun-warmed pool for a bath and after a quick dinner we retired to our bivvy bags away from the winged piranhas.

Five minutes' walk the next morning brought us to the second rafting camp. We could have spent the previous night on camp beds protected from most of the insect vermin! Philosophically though it would have detracted from the wilderness feel of the trip. Mixed travel through more open country now brought us to McKerrow Creek where we were entertained by a foraging blue duck. The going had become much easier, and we were finally covering some real distance. We reached Hinds flat at 6:15 and started looking for a campsite. Rob found just what we needed on the terrace above the river – a lovely flat grassy bench with a stream flowing through it. Now my fuel pump packed in and we were on emergency gas – a big bottle but some frugality was in order.

Thursday; our fourth day and the hardest so far. Above Hinds Flat the house sized boulders, for which the Landsborough is famous, proliferate. Most of the day was spent bouldering and rock hopping with the odd gully climb to change the pace. It was a full body workout with every muscle being called into play. Camping areas were few and far between (prickly scrub and rocks) and we were starting to get tired.



That is the time mistakes happen and we couldn't afford as much as a sprained ankle with the Karangarua Saddle looming! We proceeded upriver at a slow, deliberate and exhausted pace and came across an unmarked bivvy rock on the true left just before the Sentinel. At about 10 meters above the river, it had a fireplace with a collection of dry wood and several small grassy areas for camping – perfect!

Friday. 7:20 start. We left our liquid fuel in the bivvy and had an easy trip up to Romping Water where we crossed to the true right of the Landsborough and climbed up to the terraces. Here we had our first look at the cliff with its 30-degree band of scree providing access to the saddle. It was a formidable sight but still some way off. We had lunch in a glaciated stream then set off for the scree fan, which provided the access for the route. Initially things went well, and we proceeded upward staying close to the cliff face. Two thirds of the way up, however the scree peters out and we followed a promising line that ended up on a bluff overlooking the obvious route. Down climbing was tricky and the exposed grassy corner around to the scree

bench was uncomfortably exposed (probably this is why there is no route description in Moir's – they may not want to encourage people to go this way).

Again, I should stress, if you're nervous of high places – stay away from here!

We reached the saddle at 5:30 and broke out the Minties to celebrate. Clearly, as time was getting short, the Troyte option had to be abandoned and we decided to make for Christmas Flat. The saddle was behind us but sadly our troubles were just beginning....

.... First though a note on the saddle. Flat and grassy with the headwaters of the Karangarua beginning in a depression and flowing in a shallow stream over a smooth rocky bed. It is an idyllic location with nice grassy campsites and sheltered from the worst of the wind.



The sun-warmed water trickles down a cascade into a series of pools warm enough to bathe in and actually steaming at this altitude.

On the other side of the saddle notch things change considerably. The ground is steep and bluffy and covered in West

Coast scrub. We could see Christmas flat a few kilometres away and expected to be spending the night there. The scrub became worse, and we decided on the lesser of two evils, taking to the dry streambed.

Unfortunately, it didn't stay dry and within the hour we were forced into tangled detours to avoid waterfalls. Finally, we had to stop and make some kind of camp. It was 9:00 and getting dark, we settled down in a damp patch of softer vegetation cooked up a meal and retired at 11:00.



Saturday and the previous days bush-bashing had taken its toll, Pams tramping pants were trashed and mine, likewise were ripped to shreds. I put on my waterproof replacements and we set about extricating ourselves. We had camped at the head of a waterfall and the line of bluffs continued unabated to our left. We picked our way through the forest using animal tracks and losing height wherever possible, before dropping down into a dry creek bed and following it to the main river.

Open space at last!! The next stretch to Christmas Flat was quite pleasant.

It had taken us 2 ½ hours to travel just over 1km. The devil was about – two hunters had flown in to the hut and had left a slab of beer on the doorstep. We avoided the temptation, had a quick snack and set off for Lame Duck Flat. The tree fall was diabolical, in places we had to remove packs and crawl underneath. Closer to Lame Duck Hut we came across evidence of the last time DOC had raised a chainsaw in anger – the sawn trunks were festooned with moss and fungus – clearly no work has been done in recent times.

The new hut has an interesting story. Apparently, it started life as the new Christmas Flat Hut but was dropped from 100m or so during transport to that site when windy conditions made it unstable and the helicopter pilot had to jettison. Lame Duck was reconstructed with the scavenged materials (nice hut it is too). The track must have been cleared about the same time as for the next few hours it was in excellent condition, taking us through a magical area of cascades and scoured eddy pools.

Next we reached the cliff described in Moir's as 'chain assisted'. There was no chain (perhaps it was removed by DOC on legal advice after the Cave Creek incident)? The trouble is the DOC markers still lead you up and over a steep cliff face (with a magnificent view downriver) then leads you back to a tricky section that would give pause to a mountain goat! We believe the chain would have been here somewhere, but without it we were forced to backtrack to a spot where pink ribbons indicated a lower route. In our opinion the DOC markers constitute a hazard leading trampers to a spot where they may come to grief, and should therefore be removed!! The rest of the track was uneventful. Christmas Flat to Cassel Flat – 9 ½ hours. There were 4 hunters in residence. Then it started to rain. Rob tented outside until the wind broke his tent – and the rain continued all night and most of the next day.

We made an attempt to leave on Sunday but the first creek we encountered was a wall of white water (and that was the smaller of three) so we returned to Cassel hut to wait it out.

Monday's weather was good. Five hours walking brought us to the Copland Road end and civilisation once more. My thanks to my walking companions – Rob especially has amazing route finding skills.

Terry Duffield

For Pam McKelvey and Rob Seeley.

SILVER PEAKS CLASSIC

February 20, 2011

Author: David Barnes

Published in Bulletin 717, June 2011

Only four people fronted up for the Silver Peaks Classic, despite a reasonable forecast. As we set out from Hightop, swirling nor'easterly mist meant there wasn't a view but at least it also kept the temperature down. We climbed out of the mist as we approached Pulpit Rock. The summit detour was mandatory, as Ian hadn't been there before. As we now had good visibility, I opted to do the trip anti-clockwise – my preferred way.



Rocky Ridge near Yellow Ridge, with Gap Saddle in the background

So, we scooted along Rocky Ridge and had lunch at the top of Yellow Ridge. The vegetation has been cleared on the new marked route over the ridge west of the Gap, so it is probably now the fastest route to ABC Cave despite involving the most uphill. After a detour to the cave I was pleased to see that DoC staff have cleared a way through the nasty gorse patch on the vehicle track that climbs out of the gully. They've also cleared and marked the old route down the ridge to the old hut site. We took another detour, this time to Jubilee Hut, and then headed for home. Looking up the Devil's Staircase at 4pm, I was thinking "I've already done a day's tramping. Why am I tackling this hill now?" We climbed back into the swirling mist, and two of the group didn't recognise the summit of Silver Peak until they realised they were heading down hill so must have passed it. Passing the Rocky Ridge turnoff, we'd completed our loop



Cave Stream, with the Devils Staircase in the centre and the new Jubilee Hut in the upper right

and just had to retrace our steps past the Green Hut site. We were at the car at 7pm, feeling slightly weary. This really is one of the best day trips around.

David Barnes for Ian Woodford, Gene Dyett & Lindsay Bartlett

MT CHARLES

March 6, 2011

Author: Tracy Pettinger

Published in Bulletin 717, June 2011

We didn't know how many people to expect at the club rooms. As we drove there it was raining quite a bit and people were sheltering under trees, but the sun was shining quite brightly too!

Anyway, 15 people came on the trip. Quite a few new faces. As it was the first time for a few it was good for them to start with a very easy trip.



Mt Charles / Poatiri from Harbour Cone

On the way up the Mount, although it was steep in places and there was a cool "breeze" blowing off the Antarctic waters it was still easy. These trampers must be fitter than the last ones I took up here as this time we were on the summit at 11.15am. Most of us ate our lunch then anyway and had a chat, played with a sheep skull etc.

Those from the UK remarked how a view like the fabulous one to the north and to the Silver Peaks would be virtually unattainable in Europe. We are fortunate to live in a nice place.

We were back down at the cars by 12.30. Only 2 with muddy shorts. They only fell over to entertain the rest of us. J

So, we took a vote and the trip ended as all English rambling trips do – at the pub!

Tracy Pettinger for Richard Pettinger, Dave Wilson, Ian Woodford, Aldon Wright, John Bardsley, Geoff Thomas, Sarah Bond, Nicholas Lam, Yu Takazawa, Christian Holtorf, Keith and Sue Wigglesworth, Sophia Leon de la Barra and Alan Scurr.

HOPKINS – HUXLEY

February 5-7, 2011

Author: Ian Woodford

Published in Bulletin 718, July 2011

This trip was made in place of the planned North Routeburn /Rockburn 3 Passes tramp, which was cancelled due to predicted gales and heavy rain in the Mt. Aspiring NP area.

The trip to the Ohau area was made in private cars on Friday evening, followed by a night tramp along the 4x4 road to Monument Hut. This moon-lit amble would give the party a full day to get to the Huxley Forks Hut and then decide on further activities.



Hopkins Valley, below the Huxley confluence

The next morning's weather was overcast, and all were on the move by 8.30ish, the going was easy enough, although it could have been easier if we'd taken the low water route rather than hightailing it along the high water route!

By late morning the temperature had risen, and it was with some relief that the Forks Huts were sighted so we knew that a break for lunch wasn't far off. The trek up the creek divided Huxley valley seemed to take an age, but at least at this point most of the creeks were dry and those that weren't were crossed with boots hardly wet.

Once 'refueling' at the Forks Huts was complete it was decided to carry on to Broderick Hut in the hopes that if the weather held on the Sunday AM an attempt could be made to get to the

top of Broderick Pass so as to get some views down the Landsborough and incidentally tick another box in the 'Passes Knocked Off' book.



Trampers in the Huxley Valley

The track wound upward through native bush and along the bank of the North Branch of the Huxley and it wasn't long before the glacier on the slopes of Mt. Mackenzie was sighted.

Getting to the Hut would take a bit longer, the addition of a side trip up a dry creek bed and then through some dense bush to get back on track didn't help matters, but I'm told that navigational embarrassment of this sort is character building so my lips are sealed as to who was leading at the time.

Finally, Broderick Hut was reached and it's fair to say we all knew we'd had a good days tramping. I for one was more than ready for my bunk once our meal was out of the way.

That night the weather finally broke with intermittent heavy rain and by Sunday AM it hadn't let up much.

The pass was well fogged in, so there was no rush to get out of sleeping bags. But eventually we were all up and even though a trip up to the top of the pass was out of the question we thought a trip to at least the approach of the pass would be worth it to get a better view of the track up to the tops.

A heavy drizzle set in, but we trudged on to a narrow snow/ice field in one of the gullies running down the slope of Mt. Strauchon, that was riven with holes cut by rain and melt water running down the hill. One of these holes was large enough for 7 of us to stand upright in.

Sadly, there were no takers for the inaugural Ice Hole Sleeping Mat Riding Challenge. Ah well, maybe next year.

After happy snappies were taken, we trekked back across the scrub to get to the hut, due to our late start it was now time for a quick lunch followed by the downhill trip to Forks Hut, the Huxley and creeks were already higher than the day before and it didn't look as if it was going to clear anytime soon.

It was midafternoon by the time we got back to the Forks and it was with some relief that packs were shed and thoughts turned to a good meal and some well-deserved rest.



Huxley Forks (in 2006)

It was just as well there were enough beds available as that night there was a terrific storm with plenty of thunder and lightning to go with the high winds and rain. The area around the huts was certainly well waterlogged the next morning. The waterfalls from the tops were also in full spate and as we still had to cross the creeks running into the Huxley this didn't bode well.

We set off for the tramp back to Monument Hut in good time, gazing in trepidation at the Huxley which was in full flow with water to both banks, most of the gravel beds well covered and lots of flood borne trees and debris floating past or hung up in shallower waters.

After crossing several smaller creeks we came to one that was being fed by a huge waterfall from the tops, various river crossing theories came into play with several of us heading upstream while others headed closer to the creeks confluence with the Huxley. The ones at the bottom found a good crossing point hopping from gravel bed to gravel bed. A creek that had taken a few minutes to cross on the way up to the Forks now took at least a half hour.

Soon enough we came to another raging torrent that a day and a half before had been a trickle. Fist sized rocks were being thrown out of the water as they hit submerged rocks, so this time we waited it out and after another half hour the water level and its speed had dropped enough for a crossing to be made. Proof indeed that a wait is often the best option when faced with a potentially dangerous crossing.

Once the side creeks were passed, we could resume a faster pace and were soon on the flats heading towards the wire bridge via the High Water track as even from a distance the Huxley could be seen raging around the bend at the start of the more usual route to the bridge.

Once the bridge was crossed, we plodded on across the flats towards Monument Hut and a lunch break.

At the hut we had a stroke of luck as an employee of Ohau Lodge was there for a look see at the river and offered to drive our packs out and leave them with the cars at the road end.

The trek along the 4x4 track was therefore a bit faster, there was plenty of evidence of how high the river had risen with debris strewn along fences and through the scrub on both sides of the track.

Once back at the cars we dashed off to Ohau Lodge to put a tab on the bar for 'Red' for his big help with the packs then it was back to Dunners.

Overall, a good long weekend away with some wet and wild creek crossings thrown in.

Ian Woodford for Brent, Darryl, Gordon, Polly Richard, Ross and Tomas.

EARNSLAW BURN

January 26-27, 2011

Author: Will Sweetman

Published in Bulletin 718, July 2011

Eleven set off for Earnslaw Burn with good weather forecast. After the obligatory visit to the pie van in Alexandra we bedded down at the road head about 11pm. The morning was warm and slightly overcast, but we opted to keep our feet dry by crossing the road bridge before picking up the track on the other side of the burn. On entering the trees, a short climb soon had us pausing to shed layers, during which we were entertained by group of fantails and a bell-bird. The track was for the most part easy, but a number of fallen trees necessitated some clambering or crawling in places. With the exception of a short section across a grassy paddock, the whole morning was in forest.



Earnslaw Burn with glacier at head of valley PHOTO: OTMC Bulletin 718, July 2011

By the time a couple of us broke out into a clearing with a first glimpse of snow on the mountains at the head of the valley, the sun was out, and we gratefully dried our shirts and socks while waiting for the rest of the group, who had stopped for lunch in the forest, to close up. As they did so, we were overtaken by another group of four lightly laden trampers heading for the rock bivvy. By early afternoon we had passed the bivvy and the last of the trees and entered the open valley beyond the river gorge in warm and sunny conditions.

As promised the views were dramatic, accompanied occasionally by the thunder of falling ice on the glacier. The gnomes' furniture which Gene remembered from an earlier trip has been dismembered.

After choosing a campsite, most of the group went on up the valley to get a closer look at the glacier and one of the several helicopters which had been flying overhead during the morning, before returning to eat. After dinner, whisky and cigar were served. Later Darryl's wish for a performance from the Swedish beach volleyball team was granted. Unfortunately for Darryl, he had failed to specify that it was the women's Swedish beach volleyball team he wanted to see, but the topless press-ups, crunches and star-jumps they performed before their evening dip in the river drew appreciative comments from the female members of the group. We learned afterwards, when they joined us to roast their sausages over the fire, that they were in fact a part-Finnish, part-Swedish team. There were other trampers also in the valley, around 25 in all by someone's count (including the four in the bivvy and the OTMC group).

In the morning eight of the group were up early under clear skies to tackle the route out via the ridge dividing the Earnslaw from the Rees valley, leaving three to walk out later through the forest. The route to ridge leads up along the side river which enters Earnslaw Burn just south of the bivvy. The river has been deeply gouged, however, and within fifty metres we had reentered the forest and followed animal trails to emerge above the bushline somewhat further south than planned. We still had some way to go over tussock before finally gaining the ridge at about 1450m, having climbed about 650m in just over two hours. We were rewarded with views up the Rees, south over Wakatipu and across Mount Alfred to the start of the Routeburn. Although it had begun to cloud over, the sun broke through occasionally and there was little wind. Two hours' easy walking along the ridge and a little boulder-hopping brought us to lunch below the bluffs across from Muddy Spur on the other side of the Rees. At this point the group effectively divided again - the first group stayed below the ridge, following the contour at about 1200m before returning to the ridge just before the final descent, while the second group stayed on the ridge somewhat longer. The descent to the marked track is a full 700m over lumpy tussock, hard on the knees and would be difficult in wet weather (as the last OTMC trip to take this route apparently discovered). It ends with a narrow belt of bracken and Matagouri just above the track. Here the some of the ridge party met up with those who had followed the track out. We emerged to cool our feet in the river just over seven hours after leaving the campsite. The leaping Scandinavians further impressed us all by taking only two hours and forty minutes to exit the valley by the lower route. Ice-creams in Frankton and chips in Alexandra rounded off an excellent weekend's tramping - many thanks to Richard for leading the trip and to Gene for expert advice on the ridge route.

Will Sweetman for Brent, Clorinda, Darryl, Gene, Hamish, Peter, Polly, Richard, Susan and Wayne

MT CHARLES / POATIRI

March 6, 2011

Author: Sarah Bond

Published in Bulletin 719, August 2011

The great green bulk of Mt Charles or Poatiri is the highest summit on the Otago Peninsula. Tucked behind Portobello the trig station stands at 408 metres above sea level, and it marks the eastern flank of an extinct volcanic system. The peak itself is not even visible from Dunedin City, which is why people new to the area could be forgiven for thinking that maybe the Harbour Cone is the tallest 'Peak' (the term is used very loosely) out this way.



Mt Charles / Poatiri, from Victory Beach

Exactly who named Mt Charles has been lost in cartographical history. On his hydro-graphical charts Captain James Cook left the inlet and the mountain unnamed in 1770. It was either Charles Hooper or Charles Kettle who named the mountain. Charles Hooper named the inlet while he was working as Chief Officer on the English sealing ship *Unity* in the early 1800's. While Charles Kettle was the enthusiastic surveyor who put the Otago Peninsula on the map, and he may also be the mountains namesake.

This was our first outing with the Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club, and Geoff and I took a carload of fellow trampers out to Allan's Beach Road and the start of the hike. Permission had already been granted to cross the private farmland thanks to our fearless leader Tracy and her fabulous organisational skills.

From the summit, we looked out to the Harbour Cone, which looks suspiciously like one of Madonna's brassieres and to Mt Cargill on the other side of the Harbour. To the East, Tairoa Head and beaches of the Peninsula led to the Pacific Ocean. It only took us two hours to complete the trip which left plenty of time for an ice cream and coffee at Portobello on the way

home. Great company in a stunning location out of sight of the city is always something to be celebrated and that night Geoff and I were once again glad that we had moved to Dunedin.

REMARKABLES AREA TRIP

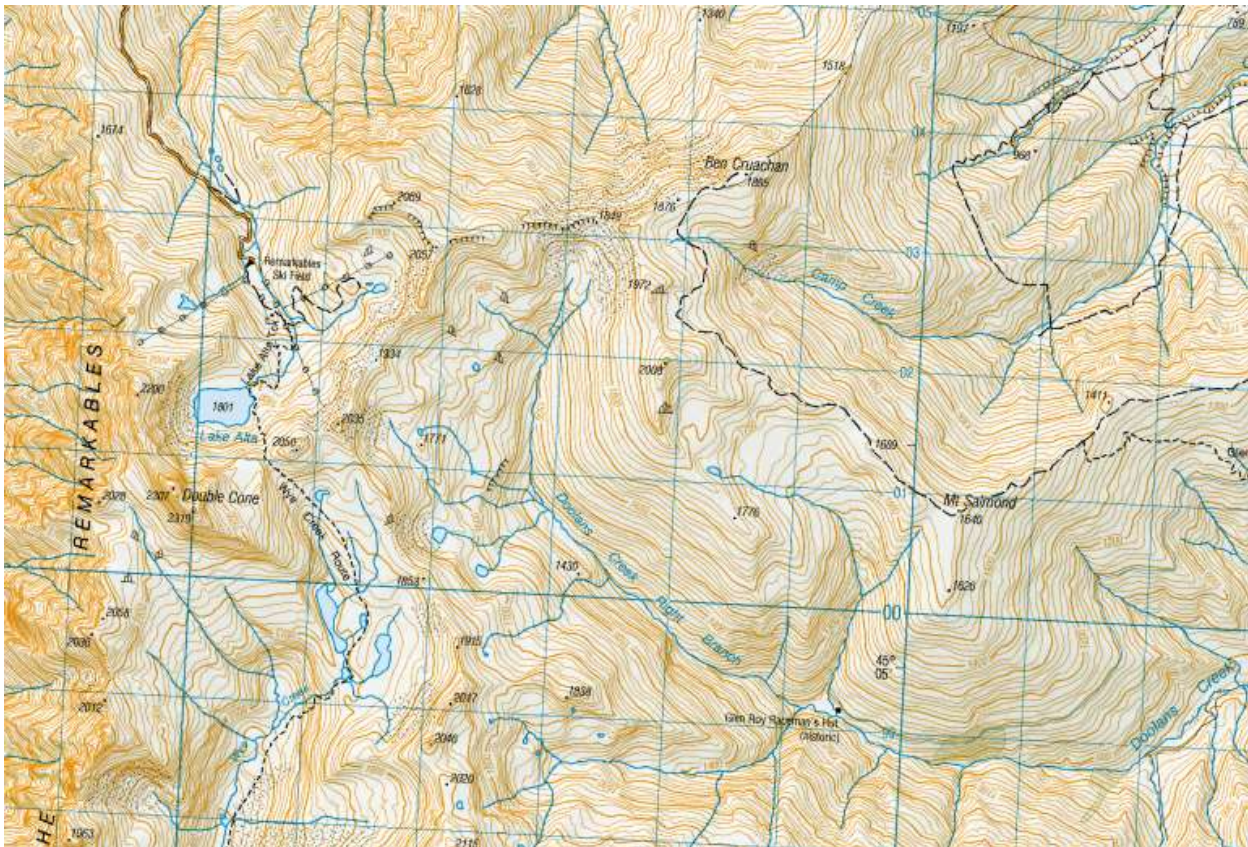
January 22-23, 2011

Author: Gordon Tocher

Published in Bulletin 719, August 2011

What luxury, Jane Cloete had organised a friend's house in Cromwell for our Friday night accommodation. This made for a very unusual arrival at our overnight venue in daylight, and a choice of bed, couch or floor; not to mention a bucket of fresh fruit from a local orchard.

The trip began with a drive up the particularly serpentine Remarkables Ski field Road to the ski field buildings at about 1600 metres – more luxury how many tramps start at this altitude? The occupants of Alan Williamson's 4wd could be forgiven for wondering why the windows were all steaming up during the ascent - was the conversation that racy?. No, just coolant leaking from the heater.



We walked through the Rastusburn Recreation Area to the beautiful cirque containing Lake Alta at 1800m with a great view of the jagged ridges and peaks surrounding it. Then came the climb up to the saddle leading to the upper Wye Valley and our entry into the Remarkables Conservation Area. We had a snack stop here with most heading up the southern end of the ridge to explore the views and try to find the rock bivouac complete with car door entrance, sad news – the car door has been replaced with a toneau cover. The cloud was fairly low at this stage and we discussed whether it was wise to continue and risk having to return through the murk should the cloud ceiling descend overnight. We chose to stick to the plan and take

compass bearings from prominent waypoints to get us back to the saddle if visibility was lacking.

We descended to our chosen Tarn for lunch and proceeded to search for suitable campsites. There being plenty of time to explore we set off for the rest of the afternoon. Our path followed the outlet of our Tarn feeding Wye Creek, then west up the ridge towards Double Cone. The route became moraine rock hopping for some distance, we paused a few hundred metres from the ridge we had been hoping to gain views over the precipice to Lake Wakatipu and Queenstown. The bulk of the group chose to head back to camp while Krzysztof, Brent and Gordon forged on towards the view. The quest was interrupted by the arrival of a sightseeing helicopter with a couple of tourists getting the view without the sweat – a very good sign that we had found a good vantage point.

By 8:30pm most of the group had retired to their sleeping bags to avoid the chill, even in January it can still be fairly cool at 1800m. It was with some surprise that at 9:30pm I spotted a party of five coming down the hill towards us. They were a group of friends from Gore who had set out late following a wedding that afternoon, after a good chat they proceeded to erect the biggest fly I have ever seen and cook tea. fly as the breeze had been flowing straight through. It took an hour of walking to the saddle overlooking Lake Alta until I could feel my toes. On the descent we met a family with 3 children who were off to do some rockclimbing, the kids looked quite young, but their parents assured us they had been climbing since a young age.

The fly was custom made for hunting and designed for 2 metre poles, so covered a fair acreage when held aloft by walking poles. Antony would have serious fly envy if he had been there.

Sunday dawned clear and cool, Peter, Michael and Brent were pretty chilly in their five!.

At Lake Alta the group split into two. Brent, Michael, Peter, Krzysztof and Gordon headed up the ridge towards an unnamed peak of exactly 2200m. The telecommunications hut perched atop this peak is testament to the bravery of the engineers who put it there, and there should be danger money for whoever works on some of the components overhanging the several hundred metre cliffs underneath it. The buckled mini wind turbine made it clear what can happen when it blows up there. Needless to say, the views were magnificent. Meantime Jill and Gene explored one of the ski-field runs.

We were all back at the vehicles at 2pm for a leisurely trip home. Thanks to Gene for organising the trip.

Gordon Tocher for Jane Cloete, Krzysztof Dzikiewicz, Gene Dyett, Jill McAliece, Michael Firmin, Brent Dewar, Tina Anderson, Alan Williamson & Peter Stevenson.

AKATORE TO TAIERI MOUTH COASTAL WALK

March 20, 2011

Author: Jane Cloete

Published in Bulletin 719, August 2011

Perfect weather for a day walk! A little bit of cloud, lots of sun, a tiny bit of wind on our backs – what more could you ask?

Well, you could have asked Jane (that's me, the organiser of the day) to check the tide tables a bit more carefully: When I said (back in the spring) that I'd do the walk, I thought that low tide was about 11am, but checking a day or two before I find it was to be at 10.30 approx! So I had to alter the route a bit and instead of walking along the road from Taieri Mouth to Akatore we drove the 5km to the river car park. (Strange thing though – I didn't see anyone in floods of tears about missing a road walk!)

But driving there meant that we then had plenty of time to potter along the riverbank and mud flats to the estuary. The river and sandbanks seem to change their positions frequently and we had a wee rock bluff to negotiate when nearly at the end. The two young 'uns cleverly found a small, natural, tunnel to bypass it! And when we got to the corner there was certainly no danger of getting our feet wet – the equinox full moon had done the right thing and the neap tide was very low indeed. I reckon we could have had about an hour either side of low tide and still got round easily.

A snack and drink stop once we were at the beach and then we turned our faces to the sun and began the coastal walk back to Taieri Mouth. Not only do river sandbanks change their position from time to time: I found that there was much less coastal sand than a few years ago. This meant more walking on sharp rocks and, worse, there were some very steep bits of rock that we had to negotiate from a low level – last time I was in the area there were sand 'steps' to aid you onto the rocks. Again, the two young 'uns often managed to find the easiest route up. However, we had an enjoyable, leisurely morning. Someone found an in-tact skull of a cattle beast (she wanted it for a sculpture?); the boys found some old 'floats' (the sort that mark crayfish pots) which were a bit cracked but did fine as watercarriers when they also managed to catch cock-a-billies. The rock pools were a bit disappointing: no paua shells (not even bits of them), no sea tulips (not actually plants but interesting primitive animals), no big crabs etc. But plenty of black oystercatchers and also paradise ducks to entertain us.

There were also caves to explore and sandy beaches on which to make new footprints, and we tried to identify the footprints of birds, cattle, rabbits, possums and possibly even penguins. There were two skilful surfers out – not on one of the sandy stretches but in a rocky area which they managed to negotiate with ease. The surf looked huge and well worth the effort of getting beyond the rocks. On the cliff tops we could see several new houses (sorry, I do them an injustice, actually several new mansions!). One of these clearly had an eco-architect: you know how in coastal areas you see all the trees bent over in the wind, with their tops smooth and rounded off in the direction of the wind? Well, one house had its roof sloping in just that way, bent low in the south and rising up t'other way.

Lunch was eaten early on a beach – good thing as we needed all our strength to clamber onto some of the rocks. (Note – many thanks to Gavin and Sophia for hauling us up!) But, too soon, we were at the final beach and heading back to the cars, finally reaching the club rooms at about 14.30.



My thanks to my companions for making it such an enjoyable day: Annabelle Tucker, Jill McAliece, Viv Harper, Margaret Dodds, Gavin & Janet McArthur, Sophia Leon de la Barre, Yu Tukazona, Christian Holtorf and Janet Barclay with Russell and Kengi. Jane Cloete

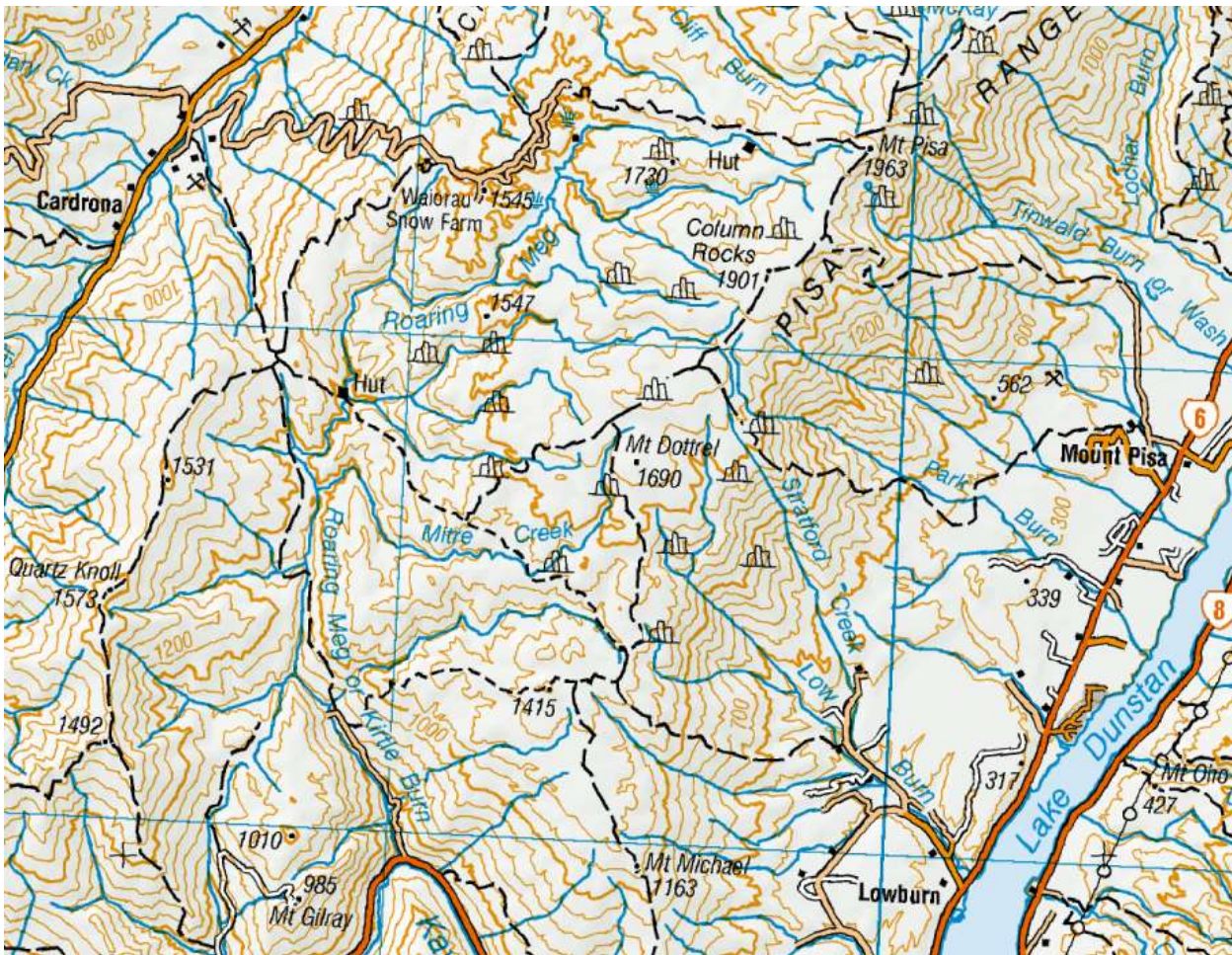
PISA RANGE

April 2-3, 2011

Author: David Barnes

Published in Bulletin 719, August 2011

I've learned a few things in my long association with the club. Two main ones are that the best way to ensure the club goes somewhere you want it to is to offer to lead the trip yourself, and that club trips often offer solutions to tricky logistical issues. And that's how I came to lead my first weekend trip in about sixteen years. I wanted to go to Meg Hut on the Pisa Range. A crossover looked like the best option, and early autumn looked like a good time to go.



So seven of us found ourselves swapping cars & contents at the Cromwell petrol station at 10am on a sunny Saturday morning. My group took Gordon's car to Swann Rd, Lowburn. A small DoC sign marks the start of the track up Pack Spur. Originally a miners' track, it's now a farm road. The views were good, and continually became more expansive as we looked up and down the Clutha Valley, and over to the Dunstan, Cairnmuir and Old Woman ranges. Eventually the gradient eased off as we reached the summit plateau and enjoyed views of the Remarkables, Hector Mountains and Garvies. We passed a sign indicating a route to Mt Pisa – much too far for a detour – before dropping into the head of the east branch of the Roaring Meg. The first accessible water we'd seen was where the track passed a mustering hut. From

there, the track got more interesting. No more were we on a farm track; rather, we were following a ground trail worn down by miners 150 years before. We climbed up past a water race, and then spent the next while meandering across broad ridges and in and out of gullies. It was really nice country. Finally, it was time to lose much of our hard-won altitude, as we dropped nearly 500 metres into the main Roaring Meg valley. Twenty minutes from the hut, we met Gordon heading upwards in search of cellphone coverage. It was frustrating to find that getting to the hut involved an unavoidable boot soaking – the only one of the trip.

The hut was built for musterers in 1958 and has been nicely renovated by DoC. The concrete floor could be bit cold, but there's compensation in a ready supply of firewood – not something you expect in the barren hills of Central Otago. A stand of pines – presumably planted as a firewood source – has been poisoned, and some of the trees have been partially blown over.

With the eastbound group of three and our four, we had a convivial and cosy night. On the Sunday morning, having made certain that each group had the correct car keys, we headed in our separate directions. For us, this meant a couple of hundred metres ascent to Tuohy Saddle. A sign indicates a route to the southwest, over Queensbury Hill and Rock Peak to the high point on the Crown Range Road. If I was repeating this trip, I'd put the second car there, as it would make for a fuller day. We contemplated a side trip, but the other group had done that the day before and reckoned we'd have to go a fair distance to see a lot more than we could from the main route. So we headed down the long descent of Tuohy's Gully and were at my car near the bottom of the Waiorau ski field road a mere two hours from the hut.

David Barnes for Diana Munster, Sarah Chisnall & Eric Lord. The other group was Gordon Tocher, Simon Barr & Gareth Powdrell.

BUSHCRAFT 2011 – SILVER PEAKS WEEKEND (1)

April 9-10, 2011

Author: Not recorded

Published in Bulletin 720, September 2011

On a glorious autumn day, we met our mess group, Julie and Laura at 3 Young St, the club rooms then drove to Waitati and turned onto Double Hill Rd and drove along Semple Rd to Mountain Rd where we met the rest of the group at the scenic reserve sign.

Debbie's group went to Jubilee Hut via the Devil's Staircase, and we would meet them at the campsite. The others piled into two cars and were driven by Julie's husband and Antony P through locked forestry roads until we reached the beginning of our longer 7-hour walk.

Initially we walked through pine forests and heard bell birds, saw gorgeous red toadstools, and made a slight detour to check out the gold miners' tunnels. We followed the water course made for the gold diggings until we reached the river where there was a lot of evidence of pigs. We started to climb and stopped briefly at Yellow Hut. It was a very tough climb. We paused at the top then followed the ridge where the bush gave way to open country and at the top was a magnificent view out to sea and the Silver Peaks. We met a hunter with antlers on his back. Following the ridge line, we stopped at Middle Peak for lunch and basked in the sun. We made a brief detour to The Gap.

After lunch we were walking along the ridge line in open country when Mike saw three wild piglets basking in the sun on the track. Luckily the parents were not there, and we were not disturbed.

We followed the river and met university students staying at ABC Cave, which had been adapted so that you could sleep there. There were pockets of native bush in the gullies. We then had a steep slippery descent with glimpses of Jubilee Hut and the yellow tents of 30 medical students in front. We did not visit Jubilee Hut but went past it following the river to the camp site where Debbie's group had already arrived at a flat area by the river. We pitched our tents. We all shared food in our cook groups and had three course meals – Julie had bought along yummy caramel squares for us. Andrew had a delicious salmon dish. The kids played spotlight but were disappointed that the adults were reluctant to play. We were unfortunately not allowed to have a campfire.

We were up early to ascend the Devil's Staircase which was somewhat easier than the day before – but still pretty tough. There was mist wafting around at times that added to the rocky outcrops. We followed the ridge line, took a slight detour up middle peak and saw the catchment area of the Silverstream that provides water for Mosgiel.

The descent was muddy and very slippery in places before lunch at the site of the old Green Hut. After lunch on a woody narrow steep section, we met three horses and riders. One horse had slipped down the bank

30 metres and landed sideways in the scrub. Luckily the horse had no injury and with clearing some bush and ropes the horse was able to get back onto the track. The accident had occurred

because the riders had tried to turn back but the track was too narrow. We were surprised that the horses were allowed on this track and noted that the hooves had cut the trail. The sign at the end banned many activities but not riding. We made a note to contact DOC about this, as clearly the track is unsuitable for horses.

We arrived back at our cars at 2.30pm and took a group photo of our cheery band.



OTMC Bushcraft 2011 – Silver Peaks Weekend

BUSHCRAFT 2011 – SILVER PEAKS WEEKEND (2)

April 9-10, 2011

Author: Peter Boeckhout

Published in Bulletin 720, September 2011

It started a few weeks ago, (no actually more than 7 years ago but that's another story) going to the OTMC clubs' organised bush craft course, river crossing and today was the day. April 09, 2011

Our group: group leader Debbie & son Dylan, Doug & Janet, their son Russell, and me.



The party at the starting point on Semple Road

Doug and family picked me up from Maitland Street. We were the first, with Debbie, Antony, and Dylan just behind us arriving at the Mountain Road car park. We geared up and divided some gear among our packs and off we went.

Janet was just recovering from a cold and our group was going to do the easier trip and the others were going to push themselves over a steeper range towards Jubilee Hut and Cave Stream. I found out that there is nothing better to get in shape than a good hike, we'll explain later.

This was the first time I did a weekend hike here, so I was eager enough to take the lead for the first part. I managed (with some applause from our leader) to add some extra mud to our boots.

On the first break and while we had a good view of the range in front, Debbie took the opportunity to let us do some compass practice. We hiked up to Green Hut site and found out Green Hut is no more, except for some roof parts. Nice place to have a break, as we did again on our way back.

This was the beginning of a very muddy hike up the track. Going back the next day was a lot easier than it looks up the muddy track.

We had a very nice day and hiked up towards Pulpit Rock. We had magnificent views overlooking the Silver Peaks.

Our lunch on top of Devils Staircase was with superb views again. We headed down to the valley, I can now understand why during rain it would be no fun to be here. The views from the Devils Staircase are very, very nice.



Camping in Cave Stream, Silver Peaks (Bushcraft 2011)

We arrived down the valley and looking back up hoped not to go back this way.

We dropped our gear and headed up to Jubilee Hut, here we found some more muddy tracks leading up to the hut. Beautiful views from the hut and we were looking for the other groups' arrival. Instead, we greeted 30 medical students. We headed back to our site and set up our camping gear.

Dinner was served, 3 courses with a more than tasty main course. A warm drink to end and more skills learned, not the last lesson! After gently inviting the sand flies to leave and welcoming the other group we slowly went to our quarters and fell asleep.

5 am and try finding a lost flip flop at the pee site is not a good idea,

I put the breakfast water on the stove at 6:30am and started to wake up fellow hikers with its jet engine sound. Breakfast was consumed as if not eaten for days.

Our leader chose the safe option, so we hiked back the way we came and we were first up the Devils Staircase, not so difficult as it looks.

We reached the top and took a break and enjoyed the views, a bit further down the track Janet mentioned that she was totally recovered from her cold. You see, nothing better than a steep hike outdoors and you get in return good health. We slid over the muddy track down to the Green Hut site, took in the sun and waited for the other group.

We continued along the track and were all witness of how not to use a track. A lady + daughter with 2 horses and a man down a steep bank trying to get a white horse off its back, and up on the track a few meters above, badly in need of a Bushcraft course.

I think in the car we all were thinking and preparing for the next hike on our way home

A very good weekend, thanks to our leaders and the people who make this happen.

BUSHCRAFT 2011 – SILVER PEAKS WEEKEND (3)

April 9-10, 2011

Author: Janet Barclay

Published in Bulletin 720, September 2011

We were in Debbie's group for the overnight tramp in the Silver Peaks. In our group there was Debbie, Dylan, Peter, Doug, Russell and me—the only group unaltered from the planning night.

We were met by an enthusiastic Debbie as we arrived at Semple Road. She was keen that we try the 7-hour option that the other groups were doing as opposed to the 5-hour original plan—but I knew my limits. I wasn't used to carrying an overnight pack (even though it was only half the size of Debbie's!!). It was so old and uncomfortable (green canvas, metal/wood frame!) and nicknamed 'Hillary'. I was recovering from a cold and breathed a sigh of relief as the rest of the group kindly agreed to take the easier option and we headed off on the track to Green Hut site.



On the Devils Staircase - The start of the descent to Cave Stream

The weather was lovely, but the track proved quite muddy from all the recent rain. We practiced our compass and map reading skills to make sure we weren't lost and set our sights on where we were heading—Green Hut site and Pulpit Rock.

After morning tea at Green Hut site, we set off up Green Hill. Here the mud was considerably worse, making for an interesting climb which would have been impossible without tree help. We were all keen to see the view from Pulpit Rock. Peter really impressed us by wearing his pack to the top. Too windy here for lunch, so we carried on to a more sheltered spot at the top of the Devils Staircase. After lunch it was just a matter of descending to the valley below. Wow, it was good to get down. They don't call it the Devils Staircase for nothing.

After setting up the fly in a nice spot beside the stream we took a wander along to Jubilee Hut. It wasn't long before our afternoon of relaxing in the sun was broken by man-song, and we were joined by two very athletic looking blokes, wearing not much more than camelbacks. They were just out for a run and planned to get back home before dark! Oh, to be young again!

They warned us that 30 med students were on their way, and it wasn't long before they too descended upon us. The look of horror they gave us was priceless before we put them out of their misery and let them know that they did indeed have the hut to themselves.

Back at 'camp peaceful' the other parties finally arrived and set up. Then it was time for the 'most exciting tea' competition which no one won because we all had the same! Although I must say Peter's 'bikkies' were exceptional. Mike arranged a game of Spotlight and then it was time to snuggle for the night.

We were up at first light and our group was first to leave on the grunty climb back up the staircase. It turned into a glorious day and even the mud wasn't quite as bad as we thought it might be - those 30 students must have spread it around a bit. We rested at Green Hut site and were soon joined for lunch by the rest of our groups. There was just the small incident of rescuing a terrified horse which had slipped down a bank. The owners were very fortunate that we came along to lend a hand. Anyway, before we knew it we were back on our way and arrived at the cars.

I thoroughly enjoyed my first real overnight tramp with the club. Thanks to the great company and the confidence I gained by doing the Bushcraft course. I would recommend it to everyone.

KEPLER TRACK (1)

May 7-8, 2011

Author: Debbie Pettinger

Published in Bulletin 721, October 2011

It was an early start on Saturday, with 12 of us arriving at the Control Gates near Te Anau at the start of the Kepler Track at 6.30am. Head torches were put on as we wandered along the track in the dark. The sun was starting to break through the clouds by the time we reached Brod Bay for a short break. A quick count of numbers found we were missing three people—oops. Sure that the missing three couldn't be that far away, after all, the Kepler Track is hard to lose, even in the dark, the remaining 9 of us started up the hill. It is a pleasant climb through the bush, stopping to catch breath and admire the view when possible through the trees. It didn't seem to take long to reach the bluffs which was a perfect scroggin stop and the 'missing' three caught up. Onwards and upwards to bush line where we stopped to regroup and another scroggin stop. The view when you leave the bush on the Kepler Track is spectacular and is well worth the climb. It was here Al caught up with us and was surprised to discover the plan for the weekend was to complete the whole Kepler Track, he had thought we were stopping at Luxmore Hut for the night, I am still not sure what he thought when we had such an early start.



The party at Luxmore Hut, May 7, 2011 PHOTO: Debbie Pettinger

We wandered along the tops to Luxmore Hut where we refilled water bottles and enjoyed a moments rest in the sun.

Here we left behind two of our team as they planned to stay at Luxmore Hut for the night and return to the Control Gates the next day. We shouldered our packs and set off from Luxmore Hut at 11am. It is a steady climb from here up towards Mt Luxmore. The sun shone down on us, and the views were fantastic as the mist swirled around the fiords and we climbed higher. At the turn off to Mt. Luxmore we again stopped for a rest before most of the group dropped packs and headed up the remaining 10 minutes to the top of Mt. Luxmore where we found a film crew filming and telling their models to try' looking more like those guys'. Something to do with our dishevelled, sweaty state I think.



Above Luxmore Hut with Mt Luxmore ahead, May 7, 2011 PHOTO: Debbie Pettinger

Back to our packs and long the ridge to the first shelter where we stopped for lunch. A cold breeze blew over the tops, but we hunkered down among the tussock for a lunch spot in the sun. Eventually it was time to move on, with the mist rising and starting to spill over the ridge. The temperature dropped and we kept close together as we continued along the ridge. It became quite wet as the mist swirled around us and cut all view from sight. A final scroggin stop at the second shelter before we headed down into bush line. It is a steep descent from here and just when you think you must be nearly there, the trees open and you find there is still a long way to go! Eventually Iris Burn Hut comes thankfully into sight and a welcome rest at 4.30pm.

Beds for all were found and time for a cuppa before tea. It was great to meet up with another two of our group and a very pleasant night was spent eating, talking and eventually sleeping. We were unsure how long the walk out would take so we were up and away at 9am. The walk down the Iris Burn Valley is mostly in the bush and very pleasant. Part of the track has been washed out and a detour which involves quite a climb part way down the valley is a bit testing

and one of our team decided to take the quick way down— trouble was he decided to land on top of someone else to break his fall. Luckily no broken bones and we carried on to Rocky Point Shelter where we had a stop. From here it was a fast walk out to Moturau Hut, arriving in time for lunch.

By now most of us were starting to feel our feet and were happy to rest for a bit in the sun. Too soon it was time to pick up packs and head along the last hour or so of track to Rainbow Reach. A unanimous vote decided that this would be the end our trip and no one felt the need to carry on the last three hours or so back to the Control Gates.

Thank you to those on the trip for a brilliant weekend away. The weather was great and the company even better!

Debbie Pettinger for Alan Williamson, Trevor Deaker, David Barnes, Jill McAliece, Lucy Jones, Ian Woodford, Brent Dewar, Tina Anderson, Peter Boeckhout, Penny McArthur, David McArthur, Richard Forbes,

KEPLER TRACK (2)

May 7-8, 2011

Author: Lucy Jones

Published in Bulletin 722, November 2011

I had a great weekend. 14 of us went down altogether in a van and a private car. We stopped in Gore for tea. We got to Te Anau just after 10pm and Jill and I were dropped off at Rainbow Reach. We walked in to Moturau Hut in the dark. It was a lovely walk in the dark on a very good track. We got there just after midnight. The next morning we got up at 7.40am and set off at 9.00am on a beautiful morning. We took our time and had a few stops. We saw some wildlife especially a wee bird just hopping around. It was rather sweet. The track was excellent—good and wide. We got to the Iris Burn Hut at 1.30pm, a bit earlier than we thought we would. We had a look around and found the one toilet, which was a long drop and had live and dead sandflies in it. Sandflies absolutely love me! Jill and I went and explored the waterfall which is just 20 minutes from the hut. The waterfall was just amazing. On the way back we collected some firewood for the fire at the hut.



From the Kepler Tops, May 7, 2011 PHOTO: Debbie Pettinger

We were having a hot drink when the rest of the party started arriving. Everyone sorted out where they were sleeping, and we started cooking tea on our gas cookers. Jill and I were together for the meal. Everyone went to bed early.

The next morning, we set off at 9.00am. We had morning tea at Rocky Point shelter. It was a lovely walk out along such a great track. It turned out to be a warm day. We stopped and had lunch at Moturau Hut looking out at the calm Lake Manapouri. We headed out to Rainbow Reach. I loved it at the end walking over the swing bridge before heading home to Dunedin.

It was a real challenge for me because it was the first time for carrying a big pack and was a long way. It was a wonderful weekend.

I would to say a big thank you to Jill for doing it with me and supporting me and helping me out. Thank you for just being there and encouraging me, also to Debbie for encouraging me too.

THE TARARUA SOUTHERN CROSSING

Date not recorded

Author: David Barnes

Published in Bulletin 722, November 2011

A belief that the Tararua Range is really just a bigger version of the Silver Peaks keeps drawing me back to the place that is arguably the spiritual home of tramping in New Zealand. The range was the original stamping ground of the very first tramping club, aptly named the Tararua Tramping Club and still going strong ninety-two years later. Its founders explored the ridges and valleys, and left their names scattered across the map.

My interest in this legendary range has been aided by having a few mates who are Tararua enthusiasts living within striking distance of the range. They don't need too much arm twisting to head for the hills with a Dunedin boy whenever I can tag a few days onto a trip to Wellington. Sometimes the gentle arm twisting is mutual. When Hutt Valley Tramping Club life member Graeme Lythgoe proposed a Southern Crossing, I leapt at the opportunity. Fellow OTMC member Rob Mitchell made it a party of three.

We set off from Otaki Forks on a muggy Sunday morning. The tops were clagged in – legend says it's that way on two hundred days a year – but the heat gave us hope that the cloud would burn off. After a brief detour to Parawai Hut (okay, maybe I am

a hut bagger) we headed up the wide gravel path. Otaki Forks is popular with day trippers and campers, so the path reflects the needs of those users. Eventually the regenerating scrub gave way to mature forest and the track became the expected muddy trail weaving amongst trees. A spot of downhill suggested that we'd crossed Tiro-tiro Knob and shortly we reached the clearing containing Field Hut. The oldest purpose-built tramping hut in the country, dating to 1924, it was the Tararua Tramping Club's first major project and was named for one of the club's founders, local Member of Parliament Willie Field.

The hut was a good spot to stop at for lunch, and then it was a short climb to bush line. Judd Ridge stretched towards Dinnan above us, while behind us were views of the coast and Kapiti Island. The cloud had burnt off and the day had morphed into a summer scorcher. Tussock ridges above bush-filled valleys – this was my sort of tramping. When we reached the junction with the Main Range route towards the Tararua Peaks it seemed like a good spot for a long break to just enjoy the surroundings. No doubt many trampers scurry past this post, unwilling to incur the wrath of the weather as they race for the shelter of Kime Hut, quarter of an hour further on. Eventually it was time for us to head that way too, but not before I'd dashed up Bridge Peak, one of many innocuous bumps along the way to be named for local back country identities – in this case, 1950s search and rescue guru Bill Bridge. Kime Hut is the highest hut on the range and, with its high ceiling and no heating, has a reputation for being one of the coldest. But our lovely day had meant that it was cosy enough, even with just five occupants. By bedtime, the hut was surrounded by swirling mist. A few hours later, the mist was gone and replaced by full moon lighting up the tussock. But by morning, it was swirling mist again. Graeme was almost apologetic for us missing the views that he assured us were worthwhile,

but I wasn't too disappointed. There's something quite special about the combination of tussock and mist. A short climb around Hut Basin coincided with a brief clearance and a chance or a quick photo of the hut, and then we dropped a bit before commencing the sharp ascent to Mt Hector. It was great to finally see the famous memorial cross, even if that was all we saw. A whole series of small named bumps – the Beehives, Atkinson, Aston – had to be crossed to take us to the Dress Circle, a wide sweeping ridge that leads towards Alpha. Occasional clearances allowed a glimpse of Wellington Harbour in the distance. From Alpha, the ridge that divides the Hutt and Tauherenikau catchments descends to bushline and soon leads to Alpha Hut to end a short day.



Tararua Range PHOTO: David Barnes / OTMC Bulletin 722, November 2011

Alpha's a pleasant hut, with a split-level layout. In common with many bushline huts, firewood is a scarce commodity, as generations of trampers have removed any bit of wood that's not attached to the ground and, judging by the many stumps, plenty that is attached.

Morning brought rain, which turned out to be our constant companion for the day. The decent to Hell's Gate was followed, infuriatingly, by regaining most of the lost height to join the Marchant Ridge. The ridge meanders along, seemingly not making progress of any sort, until a short climb to Marchant itself. The scene of a big fire in the 40s, I'm sure this was a bleak place for many years. Now there's nice regenerating scrub amongst the charred skeletons of mighty trees, testament to the forest's ability to heal itself. Although the only place out of the bush that we encountered all day, we were again denied a view. A sharp descent took us to the site of Dobson Hut and a turnoff leading to the Tauherenikau Valley. We took the other option, following an old vehicle track to the carpark at Kaitoke to conclude a very good trip.

WEST MATUKITUKI – ASPIRING HUT

June 25-26, 2011

Author: Richelle Adams

Published in Bulletin 722, November 2011

The trip organised by Richard Forbes had 12 people on it including Ian, Brent, Antony, Debbie, Darryl, Peter, Greg, Andrew, Krzysztof, Simone, Richard and me.

We arrived at Raspberry Flat car park at about 11.30 on Friday night and set off in the pitch black for Aspiring Hut. A bit of an adventure as many of us had never been there before so had no idea what was around us. A little bit of rain started to fall so we put on our jackets but after a while it stopped.



West Matukituki Valley, looking towards Shotover Saddle from Liverpool Hut Track, June 25, 2011

There was copious amount of cow poo to contend with, and when a couple of the culprits appeared beside us out of the dark some of us got a wee fright. Poor Simone had come down with a tummy bug and was feeling quite sick but managed to carry on and we all made it into the Hut at about 2am. Antony and Debbie were already there asleep (or had been) having left earlier in the day.

It rained quite heavily in the night and there was some fresh snow on the hills in the morning. After about 4 hours sleep (if that) we were up and heading up the valley - all except Simone who was still sick and stayed in bed.

On our journey up the valley, we heard the helicopter searching for the missing German tourist who had stayed in the hut on the 16th - 10 days earlier and intended to go up the Cascade Saddle and over to the Dart Hut but hadn't made contact as planned on the 22nd. It was very sobering walking along and knowing there was a high probability someone had just died in this beautiful place.

We had lunch in an idyllic spot by the river just before crossing the bridge to the Liverpool Hut track.



Upper West Matukituki Valley from Cascade Saddle track, June 26, 2011

Darryl preferred heading up the French Ridge track and wasn't going by himself so offered \$200 to the person who would accompany him - so Krzysztof took him up on his offer and they were off crossing the river and, on their way, promising to be back down by 3pm and back at the hut by 5pm.

The rest of us crossed the bridge and started the steep climb to Liverpool Hut knowing we might not make it all the way due to the snow and slippery conditions. I'm glad we just had day packs on because blimney it was steep. Thank goodness for tree roots in all the right places to heave yourself up on! There were kea and robins and the views were awesome. As predicted, we didn't quite make it to the hut or even see it - some saw the roof, but we still had a great view down the valley to Aspiring Hut. It was harder on the old legs on the way down.

Once down in the valley Richard gave us a botany lesson - the Silver Beech has small jagged leaves, the small round leaves are the Mountain Beech and the larger leaves are the Red Beech - three of the many things I learned during the weekend.

The weather was beautiful - blue sky, no wind - but it was only 5 days after the shortest day so we headed back to the hut before it started getting dark.

As we neared the hut we saw some fluoro orange up at the bush line on the Cascade Saddle route - SAR still searching.

Darryl and Krzysztof came back about an hour after us having enjoyed lunch about 3/4 of the way up to French Ridge Hut.

Later on we were enjoying the nice warm fire - some beverages and good food - and engaging in social intercourse - as Antony informed us the club's constitution encourages.

Until I went outside to the water tap and thought I was hallucinating when there were four children there in the dark with their headlamps bopping around excitedly who informed me they were just 4 of 14 kids and 4 adults in total from the Arrowtown Scouts who were about to invade us.

The kids were very excited after there 2 - 3 hour walk in the cold, dark night, and hungry - but hadn't brought any gas cookers with them, so some of our kind members let them use theirs. Not sure what they would have done if we weren't there. They didn't realise the gas is turned off in winter. That put an end to our night as we could hardly hear each other so we all went to bed.

I was sleeping in the main living area by the window and I woke up in the early hours to the moon lighting up the sky and mountains and it was amazing.

The next day the kids had to be up early as they had a soccer match in Wanaka at 11am so they were up banging and crashing around at about 6am.

We all got up and cleared out of there and up Cascade Saddle. Debbie set a cracking pace, then Peter took over the lead and we got to a major creek crossing which looked daunting from where I stood - waterfall, rocks, snow and ice and I thought holy moly are we crossing that?! But it wasn't as scary when you got on to it and following in the experienced footsteps of the others - I felt very safe all weekend - the benefits of tramping with the OTMC.

The helicopter was searching again this time right above us - they seemed to be onto something as when we finally broke the bush line they were hovering around one area for a long time. As it turns out they did find the body of the missing tramper in that area that afternoon. Very sad.

The view up from bushline on the Cascade Saddle track brought a lump to my throat and I just didn't want to leave. I felt I wanted everyone to experience it - it is just breath-taking and I can't believe it has taken me so long to get organised and get out there and do it.

We reluctantly began the descent as it was getting cold standing in the snow. We got some great shots of the views and four kea playing around us and then we headed back to the hut for lunch.

On the way down we met three SAR members and their dog heading up the track and stopped to talk with them.

We packed up after lunch and walked out of the valley to the car park seeing the landscape this time in daylight. Simone was feeling better thankfully and made it back to the car park no problem.



The party on the Cascade Saddle Track, June 26, 2011

A fantastic weekend - excellent company and magnificent scenery - thanks everyone, especially Richard for organising everything for us.

ROUTEBURN PEAKS

May 21-24, 2011

Author: Andy Cunningham

Published in Bulletin 722, November 2011

On Saturday 21st May, Abby Lute and Andy Cunningham went to the Routeburn Falls Hut for 3 nights. On the Sunday they attempted Mt Xenicus and got to within 150m of the top when thick cloud meant they could not find the route ahead, so after a frustrating wander round and wait for the cloud to lift, they headed down. On the Monday they headed for the North Ridge of Ocean Peak, and after an epic (and occasionally hair-raising) time with the weather and ground conditions they finally did their route via a combination of North and West Ridges. After the trip they have decided that the following words and phrases should henceforth be banned: heavy rain; thick cloud; high winds; steep snow grass; very steep snow grass; very, very steep snow grass; very, very steep snow grass with snow on top; wet greasy rock; flat tyre; leaking rain jacket.



Mt Xenicus from the Routeburn Track

MT TITIROA

March 19-21, 2011

Author: Polly Camber

Published in Bulletin 722, November 2011

We marched up the Borland Valley track from the 'nature walk,' off the Borland Road, to a well-maintained, large bivouac for a brief stop. Finding that the walk-wire had been washed away, we forded the slippery, but minor Middle Branch of the Borland Burn. Following a steady climb and a determined search for water by some, we stopped near a wee trickle for a late lunch. Just after another small gain, we discovered some lovely rocky outcrops that would make a fine lunch stop for future reference. With panoramic views to sustain us, we trudged onward through the bush to a clearing bordering North Borland Hut. We briefly basked in the sunshine, before crossing the small Borland Burn to the true left in search for the ridge up to the tarn for the night.



Granite sand and boulders on Mt. Titiroa PHOTO: Tomas Sobek

With some bush bashing and steep scrub scrambling, we managed to arrive at our journey's end for the day, with just enough daylight to set up camp. The sun had graced us with its warm presence all day and its departure was noted with a frosty crispness, followed by bundling into our tents quite early. Some kept in jovial warmth with a bit of whiskey, while others retired to a quiet evening. Many party members woke to find their boots or socks had frozen solid in the night. One person also had the misfortune to learn that wet porridge freezes at such temperatures, rather than softening (as presumably) hoped. Many trampers tried various tricks to thaw their feet, but we concluded that heading up the ridge was our best bet for warming up!

Climbing up the rocky side of the ridge revealed some nice ice crystals and a little snow, but we quickly made our ascent to the top for a wee stop. At this point, a few party members decided to return to camp for a nice nap, before the afternoon descent. Meanwhile, the rest of us ventured on towards Mt. Titiroa, with one pioneering party trying out the rugged ridgeline. The second group opted to skirt the ridge and had an easy descent, before climbing back up to meet the others. One couple forged onwards to the summit of Mt. Titiroa, while the rest of us decided that it was getting too late in the day and incoming clouds would hamper any views, so we turned back.



Near the summit of Mt Titiroa, March 20, 2011 PHOTO: Tomas Sobek

One individual took a slight detour by accident but found a nice spot to stop for a break and an easier route of descent. We cruised down the soft, sandy slope from here, instead of the rocky ridge of our ascent, and made good time back to the tarn campsite. After packing up, we found an easier way back down to the North Borland Hut, without any rough scrub or bush bashing to be had. The crew enjoyed some cards and conversation at the North Borland Hut campsite with one additional tramper (Clint Felmingham), coming from the Lake Manapouri side of Mt. Titiroa on his South Island. One group had a before dawn start, after an early night, and managed to exit the valley early the next day. The rest of us woke at a more reasonable time and met up with our new companion, along the way. We cruised to the Borland Road, after encountering some perfumed tourists holding their breath on the 'nature walk,' as we passed.

A great trip to be had by all! Thanks, Pete, for leading the trip!

Polly for Pete, Wayne, Gordon, Tomas, Darryl, Andrew, Hilda, Stefan, Ilka

WOODSIDE GLEN

August 14, 2011

Author: Tracy Pettinger

Published in Bulletin 722, November 2011

The guys doing Snowcraft were scurrying home from Queenstown to beat the forecast Big Snow, while 4 of us ventured out from town to see how far we could get up the Maungatua before all hell broke loose.

To tell you the truth I thought nobody would turn up, but there's no stopping Lucy, for one. Lucy is always keen for a walk.

It was cold, muddy and slippery, but the track soon had us at bush line when we recognised this was quite possibly the Death Zone. So, we took photos of the lovely snow covered bush. We had been walking uphill for an hour and a half when I asked for opinions on whether or not to carry on. The other three were still keen, but we were in the snow and more was falling down upon us, so I got flighty and we all had a turn at slithering down on our back sides (not on purpose) to have hot chocolates in Outram.

While in the café the snowflakes came down even fatter, faster and fluffier than before. We made an emergency escape into the blizzard and nearly bowled over the milkman delivering who said "turned out nice again, in't it?" Yes, it had. We had enjoyed our short burst of energetic exercise and were pleased to get home safe.

Tracy Pettinger for Lucy Jones, Kana Kitayama and Richard Pettinger

DANSEYS PASS

June 4-6, 2011

Author: Monika Fry

Published in Bulletin 723, December 2011

Eleven of us gathered at the Dansey's Pass Holiday Park near Duntroon up the Waitaki Valley on the Friday night. The camp beside the Maerewhenua River is a peaceful place close to an extensive historic gold mining area.

On Saturday morning we walked along the Otekaieke bridle track and back. There were no significant hills but lots of small slopes over tussock and scraps of bush. There were no bridges but wildlife consisted of one rabbit with occasional birds, sheep and cattle. We crossed the river 12 times. Even so three of the party managed dry feet all day - one with the aid of some expensive neoprene socks. The walk finished at a quaint, stone musterer's hut from whence the trail petered out.



On the Sunday we took off for the Dome Hills. The whole area consisted of glorious Graeme Sidney landscapes.

There were lots of up and the occasional down. We saw lots of evidence of pigs on the route but found only pig hunters. Fitting for Queen's Birthday we walked close to the Balmoral forest to Balmoral Estate house - a musterer's hut (with its own bar). Various members tried their hand and body at planking.

On Monday we set off just down the road to Earthquakes. The limestone rock formations look as though the place has just had a 7.5 quake but were actually formed by erosion. Plenty of shell fossils were found. We walked up a local hillock for morning tea and had just enough time to take in views of a flock of merino and surrounds before mist came in.

The weekend consisted of great company, interesting walks as well as superb catering. Many thanks to Jane for the excellent organisation.

Monika on behalf of Jane, Bronwyn, Zena, Lucy, Janet, Russell, Doug (for a day) Peter, Sam and Bruce.

SNOWCAVING – OLD MAN RANGE

August 20-21, 2011

Author: Richard Pettinger

Published in Bulletin 723, December 2011

After a lot of very silly delays (not the least being the snow made the Waikaia Bush Road undriveable), 15 of us set to digging about six entranceways in perfect conditions at our usual site below the road near the rock shelter. This year we had a great turnout from the OUTC, who we discovered were mainly quite experienced and fit. One of these fine people had a snow probe, so we knew how much depth we had. Not enough for Wayne, however, so his early attempt was abandoned and became the loo.



OTMC Snowcaving Trip 2011 – Old Man Range PHOTO: OTMC Bulletin 723, December 2011

The entranceways began quite close together, with a view to making a joined-up sociable sleeping bench for at least half the entire crew, but when the ceiling of one intercepted the floor of another, the diggers discovered they had got their levels wrong. Terry carved out a large block for a chock and the cavers became 100% disconnected, with the gaping hole plugged. Three very fine caves were dug. It turned into a lovely night for al fresco dining, which was just as well. Some appetising meals were soon prepared.

Wayne's cave ceiling was smoothed off to a fine polish, so the six in there had a very comfortable night. Terry hadn't quite allowed enough room for him and 2 others on a sleeping bench – when certain of these were sprawlers and wrigglers – but at least they stayed warm. Peter's cave was a bit cramped, and they hadn't sorted the ceiling – must have been that chock – so there was apparently a drip in there.

Such was the beautiful morning, calm with sun streaming in the entranceways, nobody felt very inclined to leave. Peter set out to get a few studious types home early while the rest of us went up to play above the site. Well, the cold wind was a bit of a shock, and we couldn't find the rock shelter (the door was hidden by a snow drift, although some of us found the chimney!), so we decided to go home. The road was mushy mud as usual, and it was an extra-long way. But we were all keen types, so it worked out OK.

Thanks to the runholder Ash McGregor, who spotted us on Saturday morning preparing to set off up the road and kindly gave our packs and several of us a ride up the hill, to the spot where we usually leave the 2WD cars. That saved us considerable time. Thanks also to Stefan, for inspiring a great assortment of OUTC and OSONZAC folk to come along and join our ranks.

So it all turned out extremely well for: Nina Dickerhof, Zach Hellmann, Wayne Hodgkinson, Robert Schadevinkel, Brad Nicholson, Graham Aufricht, Terry Duffield, Danilo Hegg, Gwenn Le Mee, Ripley Dean, Peter George, Polly Camber, Gavin Duthie, Kat Manno and Richard Pettinger

ROUTEBURN IN WINTER

August 20-21, 2011

Author: Jade Pettinger

Published in Bulletin 723, December 2011

The four of us (Debbie, Antony, Dylan and I, with the other group of 6 to join us the next day) set off at 8.30am on the Friday, ready for a brilliant weekend away on the Routeburn track. After a lunch stop that had a view of Pigeon Island on Lake Wakatipu, we arrived at the start of the Routeburn track.



Routeburn Flats from above Routeburn Falls Hut, August 20, 2011

It was a short two hour walk into Flats Hut, which we all enjoyed. The icicles hanging off the rocks on the side of the track were very impressive, as was the amount of snow on the track. There was about 30cm of snow at Flats Hut, but it was mostly frozen. After a yummy tea and a hot drink or two, we were in bed early. My highlight off Friday night was looking at the stars; they were so bright and pretty.

We were up and away early on Saturday morning as we hoped to reach Lake Harris. We were at Falls Hut by 9.30am, and after a short lolly stop were away through the snow. The snow was over a metre deep in places; though with a frozen base it seemed like we were walking knee-deep in soft, powdery snow. It was a perfect day with clear blue skies, and amazing views of the mountains.

After much hard trekking through snow (luckily some students had been up to Harris Saddle the day before so we were mostly walking in footsteps that had already been made) we reached the lake at around lunch time. We were lucky enough to walk on the lake, as it was frozen and covered in snow (up to 30cm of it!) Dylan and I loved walking on the lake as it was a new experience for us.



Lake Harris and Pt 1647m above the Valley Of The Trolls, August 20, 2011

We ate lunch near the lake and had a breath-taking view of the 'winter wonderland' that we call the mountains. Apart from a few noisy aeroplanes flying around, lunch was nice and peaceful. Soon lunch was finished, and we were back on our way down to Falls Hut.

The trip there took back did not take as long as getting to Lake Harris, mainly because it was now all downhill. This meant a quick and easy butt-slide back down part of the way. I really enjoyed sliding down the steep hills, and that along with walking on the frozen lake was definitely the highlights of the weekend for me!

When we reached Falls Hut, we happened to 'bump into' the other 6 people on the trip. They had walked in that morning and were heading up above the hut for some spectacular views, but not as far as the lake. We enjoyed another quick lolly stop at the hut before beginning the descent back down to our home for the night – Flats Hut. It was an easy trip down and didn't take very long. At the 'big slip' we got some great views of the Flats covered in snow.

We arrived back at the hut to find that around 20 people from the Hokonui Tramping club were also planning to spend the night there. It was a bit of a squash with 30 people in a 20-bunk hut, but the upside was there was plenty of firewood and coal (everyone carried some in!). It

was a fun night of playing cards. We played many different card games, before heading to bed at around 9pm.

The next morning we had breakfast, packed up our gear and were away reasonably early. The walk out was fairly easy, with only a few slippery slopes where the snow had been compacted to ice. Some people said that the amount of snow on the track before Flats Hut was the most they had seen in a long time. We were out at around 11.30am and had lunch at the shelter in the sun, with a view of some spectacular mountains.



Decent snowfall above Routeburn Falls Hut, August 20, 2011

All in all it was a good weekend with clear blue skies, breath taking views of the mountains and excellent company. Thanks to everyone who made it such an enjoyable trip and I look forward to tramping with the club again sometime soon.

Jade Pettinger

OTMC COMMITTEE (2011-12)

President – Antony Pettinger

Vice President – Richard Forbes

Secretary – Peter Stevenson

Treasurer Tina Anderson

Chief Guide / Transport – Antony Pettinger

Bulletin Editor – Debbie Pettinger

Membership Secretary – Richard Forbes

Social Convenor – Tony Timperley

Day Trip Convener – Wayne Hodgkinson

Conservation & Recreation Advocacy – David Barnes

Gear Hire – Gene Dyett

Gear Hire – Sam Patrick

SAR – Ross Hunt

Website – Antony Pettinger

Bushcraft 2012 – Antony Pettinger

Clubrooms – Gene Dyett

Clubrooms – Sam Patrick

Hon. Solicitor – Antony Hamel

OTMC TRIP PROGRAMME 2011

Month	Date(s)	Specific Trip	Leader
January	15-17	Mueller / Annette Plateau / Mt Sealy	Andy Cunningham / Ralph Harvey
January	16	Lee Stream / Nigels Stream	Gordon Tocher
January	22-23	Remarkables (climbing options)	Gene Dyett
January	23	Rustlers Ridge / Burns Track	Ran Turner
January	30	Herbert Forest	Jane Cloete
February	5-6	Rockburn Valley (Two Day Option)	Tony Timperley
February	5-7	North Routeburn / Lake Nerine / Rockburn	Antony Pettinger
February	6	Matarae To Salt Lake	Lucy Jones
February	12-14	Canyon Creek / Mt Barth	Andy Cunningham / Ralph Harvey
February	12	OTMC Open Day	Committee
February	13	OTMC Guided Walk to Swampy Summit (Leith Saddle)	Wayne Hodgkinson
February	19-20	Fox Peak - Sherwood Range	Ralph Harvey
February	20	Silver Peaks Classic	David Barnes
February	26-27	Earnslaw Burn	Richard Forbes
February	27	Woodside Glen / Maungatua Circuit	Bill Wilson
March	5-6	Ohau Valleys (Freehold to Elcho Options)	Richard Forbes
March	6	Mt Charles	Tracy Pettinger
March	11-13	Earnslaw (East Peak)	Andy Cunningham / Ralph Harvey
March	13	Map / Compass Instruction (Practical)	Antony Pettinger
March	13	Central Otago Wine Tasting	Wolfgang Gerber
March	19-21	Mt Titiroa (from Borland)	Peter Stevenson
March	20	Akatore to Taieri Mouth	Jane Cloete
March	26-27	OTMC Bushcraft 2011 (Silver Peaks)	Antony Pettinger
March	27	Various Tracks in Nichols Creek	Bronwen Strang
April	2-3	Pisa Range Crossover	David Barnes
April	3	Mt Cargill from Bethunes Gully	Richard Forbes
April	10	Banks Of Taieri River	Alan Scurr
April	16-17	Gertrude Saddle / Mt Talbot	Andy Cunningham / Ralph Harvey
April	17	Green Hut (site) from Hightop	Richard Forbes
April	22-25	OTMC Advanced Bushcraft (Tiel Creek / Makarora)	Antony Pettinger
April	22-25	Young / Wilkin (via Gillespie Pass)	
May	1	All Day On The Peninsula	David Barnes
May	7-8	Kepler Track (Part and Full Options)	Debbie Pettinger
May	8	Maungatua	Stefan Fairweather
May	15	Catlins River Walk	Janet Barclay
May	21-22	Motatapu Track (Glendhu Bay End)	Jill McAliece
May	22	Possum Hut	Wayne Hodgkinson

May	29	Nardoo 15 (The Return Of...)	Antony Hamel
June	4-6	Day Trips from Danseys Pass	Jane Cloete
June	12	Government Track	Dave McArthur
June	19	Coal Creek (Silverstream)	Wayne Hodgkinson
June	25-26	West Matukituki Valley (Aspiring Hut)	Richard Forbes
June	26	Rosella Ridge	Tomas Sobek
July	3	Outram Glen to Lee Stream	Wayne Hodgkinson
July	10	Near Port Chalmers	Gordon Tocher
July	16-17	Winter Routeburn (McKenzie)	Wolfgang Gerber
July	17	No Day Trip	
July	24	Pipeline Track / Swampy Summit	Wayne Hodgkinson
July	31	Sandfly Bay	Richard Forbes
August	6-7	OTMC Snowcaving Weekend (Old Man Range)	Richard Pettinger
August	13-14	OTMC Snowcraft (Basic Iceaxe and Crampons)	Ralph Harvey
August	14	Woodside Glen	Tracy Pettinger
August	20-21	Routeburn Falls / Lake Harris (Suitable for families)	Debbie Pettinger
August	21	Grahams Bush - Bethunes Gully	Fieke Neuman
August	27	OTMC Annual Dinner	Debbie Pettinger (Williams)
August	28	Sea To Saddle Hill	Alan Scurr
September	3-4	Mt Somers Area	Wayne Hodgkinson
September	4	Orbell's Cave	Tony Timperley
September	11	Fraser's Gully (The Long Way)	Jane Cloete & Lucy Jones
September	18	Carey's Bay - Aramoana	Gene Dyett
September	24-25	Aoraki / Mt Cook	Gene Dyett
September	25	Leaning Lodge (Rock & Pillar Range)	Wayne Hodgkinson
October	2	Unexplored Silver Peaks	Richard Pettinger
October	8-9	Andrews Stream / Casey Saddle	Dave Chambers
October	9	Swampy Summit to Silverstream	David Barnes
October	16	Private Waterfall (Lammermoors)	Alan Thomson
October	22-24	Otago Central Rail Trail (Clyde - Middlemarch)	Gene Dyett
October	30	Mt Kettle - Port Chalmers	Gavin McArthur
November	5-6	Day Trips from Bannockburn	Ray & Jill McAliece
November	6	Hermit Ridge (How Not To Get Lost)	Antony Hamel
November	13	Spiers Rd / Ben Rudd's / Rhododendron Dell / Davies Track	Richard Pettinger
November	19-20	Macetown (Two Day Option)	Antony Pettinger
November	19-21	Macetown (Three Day Option)	Antony Pettinger
November	20	Hermit's Cave	Bronwen Strang
November	27	Obscure Approaches to Jubilee Hut	David Barnes
December	3-4	Lake Roxburgh (Doctors Point - Social Weekend)	Debbie Pettinger (Williams)
December	4	Taieri Ridge	Gordon Tocher
December	10-11	Head of Duncan Stream / Boundary Stream	Antony Pettinger

December	11	The Essential Silver Peaks	David Barnes
December	18	Tomahawk Area	Jill McAliece

OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (FEBRUARY TO MAY)

OTMC Bulletin
Bulletin Number 713, February 2011

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.

The Editor Speaks

Welcome to 2011. I hope you managed some relaxing time with family and friends over the break. Maybe you ventured into the hills, if so I hope the weather was kind and you managed to achieve what you planned. A trip report of your adventures would be most welcome for the bulletin.

This year is shaping up to be a very busy one for the OTMC and this gives plenty of opportunity for all members to become involved. There are the weekend and day trips to go on as well as lead, an open day in February and a number of fundraising activities to support and become involved in. Here's to looking forward to 2011!

Debs

Committee Members 2010/11

President	Anthony Petheridge	475 7624
Vice President	Richard Forbes	453 1327
Secretary	Peter Stevenson	454 4146
Treasurer	Ann Burton	476 2380
Chief Guide/Transport	Anthony Petheridge	475 7624
Membership Secretary	Richard Forbes	453 1327
Bulletin Editor	Debbie Petheridge	475 7624
Gear Hire/Cubrooms	Gene Dyell	455 7465
Outing Convenor	Wayne Hodgkinson	475 3880
Website/Bushcraft Director	Anthony Petheridge	475 7624
Social Convenor	Tony Tinsley	475 7257
Social Convenor/Gear Hire	Ralph Harvey	453 4350
Conservation/Advocacy	David Barnes	454 4492
SAR Committee Liaison	Ross Hunt	477 3326
SAR Contact	Tamara Boudart	477 4987

Contributions (limit of 1000 words) are welcome for the March Bulletin, deadline is 18/02/11, publication 24/02/11. You can submit material by email to: debsnz@iug.co.nz

OTMC Bulletin
Bulletin Number 714, March 2011

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.

The Editor Speaks

A huge thank you to those who helped with our open weekend in February. It is great to feel the enthusiasm created by introducing new people to the club and outdoors. I found it very interesting when talking to our visitors that most had heard about the OTMC before but not been along. Quite often walking in the club rooms door for the first time can be the scariest part and it is up to all of us to take time out to talk to new people. We want to encourage them to come back a second time and hopefully along on a day or weekend trip as well. These people could be our future tramping mates, so please take the time to stop and talk to any new people at club nights.

Debs

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Conservation/Advocacy	David Barnes	454 4492
SAR Committee Liaison	Ross Hunt	477 3326
SAR Contact	Tamara Boudart	477 4987

Contributions (limit of 1000 words) are welcome for the April Bulletin, deadline is 18/03/11, publication 24/03/11. You can submit material by email to: debsnz@iug.co.nz

OTMC Bulletin
Bulletin Number 715, April 2011

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.

The Editor Speaks

April is open as with the days are cooler and the nights growing longer. For some the approach of winter is welcomed as a chance to get into the snow and learn new skills, while for others it means a change in trip destination to areas with less, or maybe it's time to focus on shorter, closer to home day trips. Whatever you choose to do with your weekends, do take the time to write a trip report on your adventures and help inspire others.

Please email it to me at debsnz@iug.co.nz with a photo or two. Thank you.

Debs

Committee Members 2010/11

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SAR Committee Liaison	Ross Hunt	477 3326
SAR Contact	Tamara Boudart	477 4987

Contributions (limit of 1000 words) are welcome for the May Bulletin, deadline is 18/04/11, publication 24/04/11. You can submit material by email to: debsnz@iug.co.nz

OTMC Bulletin
Bulletin Number 716, May 2011

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.

NOTICE OF EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL MEETING

In accordance with Rule 23 of the OTMC Constitution, notice is hereby given that an Extraordinary General Meeting of the Otago Tramping and Mountaineering Club Inc. is to be held at the clubrooms, 3 Young Street, St Kilda, on Thursday, June 2, 2011, commencing at 8pm to discuss the following motion from the OTMC Committee:

MOTION: That all categories of OTMC subscriptions rise by the sum of \$5 (incl. GST), commencing with the 2011-12 financial year (i.e. from July 1, 2011).

NOTE: this will cause the non-member surcharge on weekend trips to rise from \$10 to \$11 as the surcharge is set at 20% of the current full subscription

Contributions (limit of 1000 words) are welcome for the June Bulletin, deadline is 18/05/11, publication 24/05/11. You can submit material by email to: debsnz@iug.co.nz



OTMC BULLETIN COVERS (OCTOBER TO DECEMBER)

